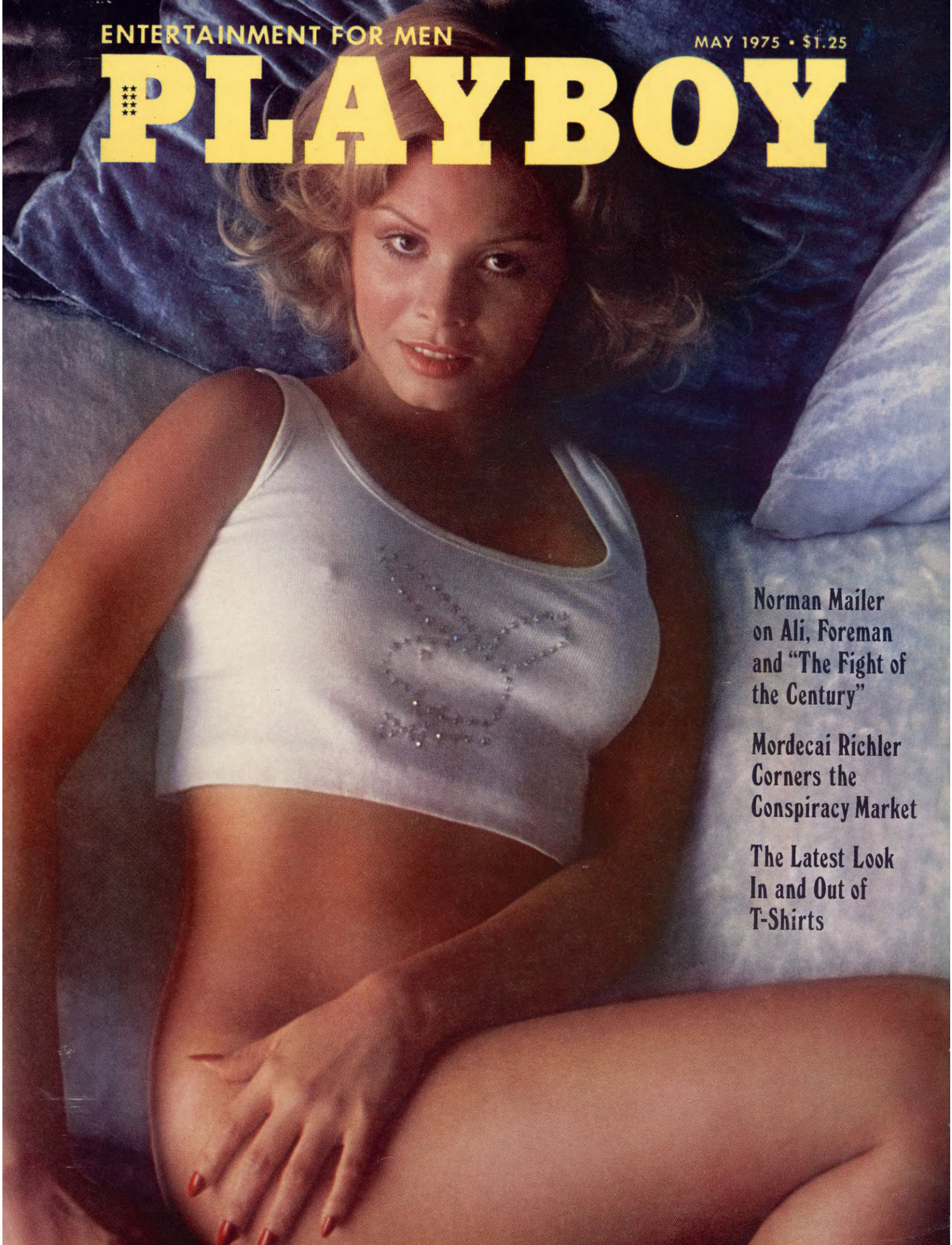


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PLAYBOY



Norman Mailer
on Ali, Foreman
and "The Fight of
the Century"

Mordecai Richler
Corners the
Conspiracy Market

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The Southpaw

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PLAYBILL

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD of Norman Mailer: novelist, Pulitzer, Polk and National Book Award winner, master of personal reportage (he's been described as a "hip Boswell, a Dickens . . . of the New Journalism"), erstwhile candidate for mayor of New York (he lost out to John Lindsay—remember John Lindsay?). If you know very much about Mailer, you know he's a devoted fan of—nay, obsessed with—the manly art of pugilism. Writing and prize fighting, Mailer once told movie critic Roger Ebert of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, are alike. A boxer, he said, "has to convince himself that his cause is just enough to give him the right to do physical injury to another man. . . . With writing, it's the same: You have to reach the point of confidence that what you're writing is, finally, worth reading. It requires a form of auto-intoxication." On another occasion, Mailer staged a play, based on his sex-in-Hollywood novel, *The Deer Park*, in 88 scenes—each set off from the other by the clanging of a ringside gong. The guy just *digs* boxing. So you can imagine that when Mailer called and asked us if we'd like him to cover the Ali-Foreman fight in Zaïre for *PLAYBOY*, we said sure, why not? We'd been planning to skip the whole affair, figuring it would be belabored to death in the daily press, but how often do we get a chance to see how violence in darkest Africa looks through the psyche of Norman Mailer? Oh, yeah—one other thing you gotta understand about Norman: When he sits down at the typewriter, he's a hard man to count out. *Armies of the Night* began as a piece for *Harper's* on the Washington antiwar protests and wound up swallowing virtually its entire March 1968 issue. And the preface for a picture book on Marilyn Monroe ended up running 95,000 words (and selling millions of copies). Well, he sent us so much copy on that happening in Kinshasa that we've divided it into two installments. Start *The Fight* here and return for the knockout in June.

Another literary heavyweight graces our May pages: John Updike, himself a National Book Award winner. In his short story *Australia and Canada*—for which Peter Palombi did the illustration—Updike tells us about the travels of a famous author, Henry Bech. Says Updike, "I have been to Australia and Canada, briefly, and less venturesomely than my older and revered fellow writer, Henry Bech. I write the books and Bech has all the fun." Updike's a frequent contributor to *PLAYBOY*, but our other fictional offerings this month come from a pair of first-timers: Oakley Hall and Julius Horwitz. Hall, who directs the Programs in Writing at the University of California at Irvine, gives us *The Spoils of Buenavista*, which will form part of his novel about the Mexican Revolution, *The Adelita*, coming from Doubleday in August. Horwitz' story, *Going Home*, is also due in book form—next month, when Holt, Rinehart and Winston will publish it in his sixth novel, *Natural Enemies*.

We bought two pieces from Jay Cronley, but since one of them is about football, we're saving it for next fall. *Houston*, herein, marks his *PLAYBOY* debut. Cronley, a sports columnist for *The Tulsa Tribune* and former All Big Eight Conference second baseman, tells us he found it necessary to execute some pretty fast footwork around Houston—"so they couldn't build a shopping center around me." Strange things *do* happen in Texas. Wasn't that the state the Washington Senators skipped to after they refused to hire Fidel Castro, the state where John Kennedy was assassinated *at a time when nobody knew what Howard Hunt was up to?* Confused? That's the kind of tangled skein of apparent *non sequiturs* conspiracy buffs thrive on, as Mordecai Richler discovered while researching *It's a Plot!* Mordecai, you'll be relieved to learn, made it safely back home to Canada, where he's working on another book and enjoying the praise the film version of his novel *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* has earned. (*Duddy* got the Golden Bear Award at the Berlin Film Festival, for starters.)

As everybody knows, a paranoid is a person who takes *everything* seriously. In case there are any paranoid readers out there, let us clearly label *Clark Ghent's School Days*: It's *not* to be taken seriously. Neither, we suspect, is the statement by Robert S. Wieder, author of this apocryphal history of Superman's boyhood, that his current activities include "working in a campaign to integrate pornography into big-time sports, starting with the Oakland A's; thinking of building a plywood helicopter and posing as a dentist at a nitrous-oxide plant."

Frankly, we're not sure *what* our *Playboy Interview* subject, William E. Simon, will be doing by the time this issue hits the newsstands. Some powerful White House insiders have been after, if not his scalp, at least the hat he's worn as Secretary of the Treasury these past 12 months. Whatever happens, we found Simon's insights into the parlous state of the nation's economy intriguing enough to assign *New Republic* contributing editor Peter J. Ognibene (whose critical biography of Presidential aspirant Senator Henry M. "Scoop" Jackson will be published this fall) to interrogate him.

Simon doesn't hold out much hope that the Government will—or should—put bread in the people's pockets. However, our own Thomas Mario (with an assist from artist Bobby Cochran) *does* fill pockets in people's bread. You'll work up an appetite over the tasty stuffings he cooks up for the traditional Middle Eastern version of the staff of life in *Pita! Pita! Pita!* For fashion fans, we offer *The Jock Look*, photographed by Jeff Cohen; for real jocks, off-road bike branch, we present *The Light Brigade*, shot by Don Azuma. *His and/or Hers* demonstrates, pictorially, the fun you can have with all-purpose garments (support your local transvestite?). *The Splendor of Gwen* gives us a second look (the first one was back in November 1972, when she was running around with Roger Vadim) at lovely actress Gwen Welles, who's appearing in Robert Altman's much-heralded new flick, *Nashville*. Finally, for red-blooded American voyeurs, there is "*T*" *Formations*, a collection of erotic T-shirts dreamed up by our West Coast Picture Editor, Marilyn Grabowski, and executed (not with the Instamatic you see here, he'd like you to know) by photographer Phil Dixon. Don't expect to see these models in stores; they were custom-made for us, via a heat-transfer process, by a California outfit called Simon Says. Honest, Mr. Secretary, it was sheer coincidence.



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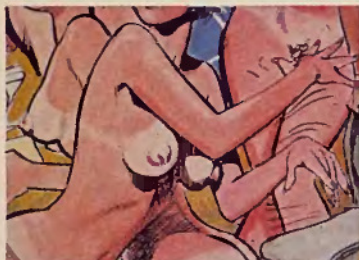
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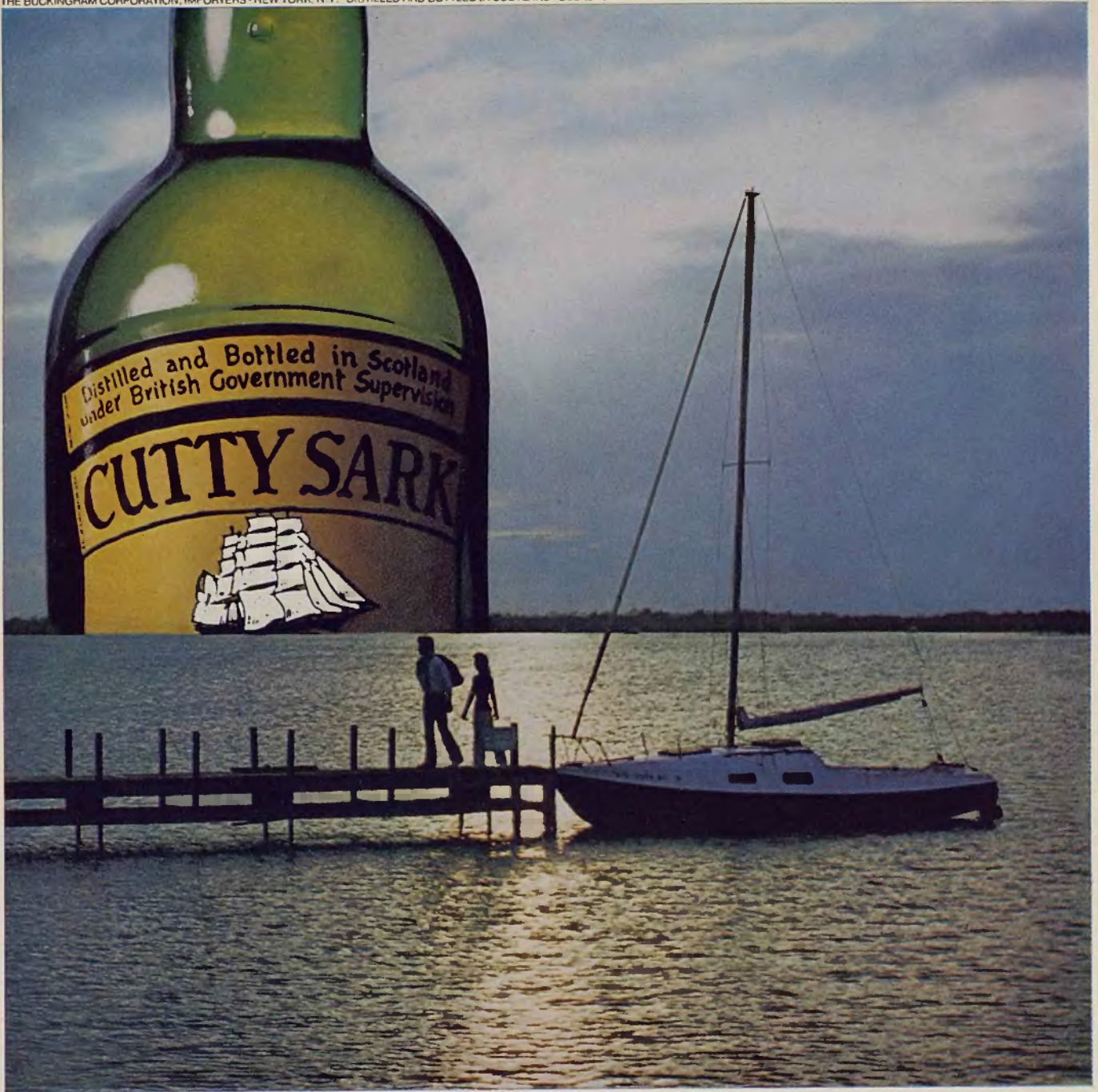
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BABBLING BROOKS

Your interview with Mel Brooks (PLAYBOY, February) is a classic comedy piece in itself. My only complaint is that since reading it, I have had this gnawing need for a Raisinet.

Douglas F. Glant
Seattle, Washington

I was alone in my room at La Costa. I read the Brooks interview. I howled. I laughed and laughed. Brooks is the second-funniest man in the world.

Buddy Hackett
Las Vegas, Nevada

Mel was one of the coterie that always made me laugh. But I was not entertained when, on several occasions, I came upon him in my chair, smoking my cigar, with his feet on my desk, wearing my shoes. The only way I could intimidate him was with my seniority. Then he became the 2000-year-old man and I was defenseless. I'll toast Mel Brooks any time I raise a glass. However, there is something I wish he had told me; but he never did, so I threw lighted cigars at him. I would have tolerated his fast mouth and crazy frick frack if only he had let me know—there were plenty of opportunities. He could have whispered it surreptitiously during a rehearsal. During lunch, he could have mumbled it between nibbles at a ham on rye. But, in all those years, Melvin Brooks never told me he was Jewish.

Max Liebman
New York, New York

The Mel Brooks interview brought on a flood of memories. For example, the time he and I did the 2000-year-old-man routine at a party for Moss Hart. The year was 1959 and the party was filled with people such as Marlene Dietrich, John Gielgud, Alec Guinness, Ed Sullivan, plus some famous people. Here's how it went: Me: "Tell me, sir, who analyzed you?" Mel: "Number one himself." Me: "Dr. Freud?" Mel: "Used to sit there quietly behind me in his off-the-shoulder dress, taking notes." Me: "How much did he charge for the session?" Mel: "A nickel. At that time, he didn't know he had a good thing going." Later on, Mel casually suggested that

Shakespeare was Jewish. To answer my objection, he Brooklynized Hamlet's soliloquy and added: "Some guy, Shakespeare. Writes thirty-seven plays and God knows how many sonnets. And all that time—not one letter to his mother."

Mel Tolkin
Beverly Hills, California

I was greatly disappointed by your interview with Mel Brooks. It seems that he has the same terrible hang-up about his Jewishness as several other so-called comedians. Why is it that people like Totie Fields and Don Rickles have to point out to the American public, with every third word out of their mouths, that they are Jewish? Now Brooks puts himself in this category of losers who have to use religion as a crutch.

T. Ross
Miami, Florida

Your interview with Mel Brooks confirms what I have previously suspected. He is neither very funny nor very brilliant. Rather, he is a cheap comic with a license to fart.

Celt Zimmer
New Haven, Connecticut

We've been fans of Mel Brooks since *The Producers*. He's a grade-A, solid-gold genius and a very lovable fruitcake. He should be declared a national treasure.

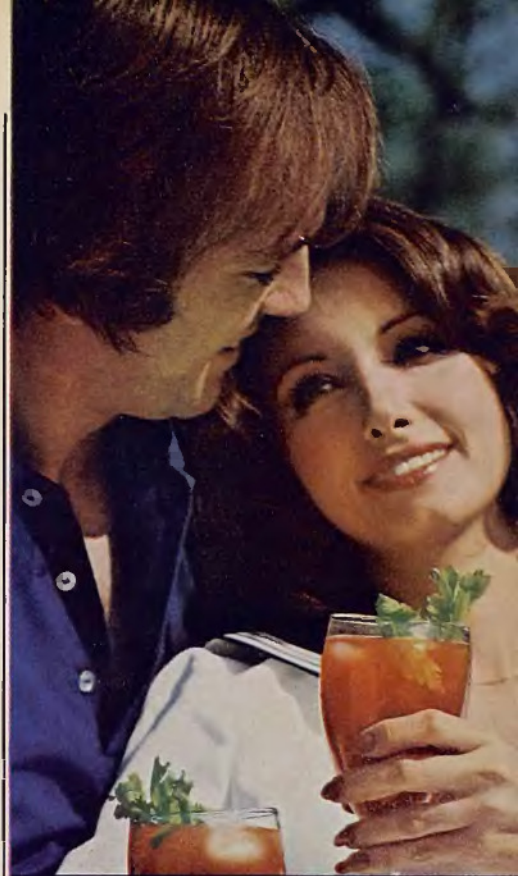
Paul and Jessica Schleiffarth
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

VIEWING VALDEEZ

Harry Crews's *Going Down in Valdeez* (PLAYBOY, February) is a truly magnificent piece of work. Crews has a way of painting a clear picture, while maintaining a wry sense of humor.

Jeff Kennedy
Erie, Pennsylvania

If beauty is, indeed, in the eyes of the beholder, then Crews must have observed Valdez through a film of yellow caused, no doubt, by his fear of flying in a small plane. His yellow so grossly distorted his vision that my light-brown hair appeared black to him. You would have great difficulty finding someone who would describe my hair as black, having been tow-headed most of my life. The only other



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Cool it.



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possible explanation for his obviously distorted view of our city is that he observed it through a bottle of vodka.

Herbert W. Lehfeldt
City Manager
Valdez, Alaska

Thanks for keeping me up to date on a very fine writer, Harry Crews. I met Crews in a creative-writing course at the University of Florida in 1972. My reaction to the man was one of surprise. By God, he's the instructor! With shaved head, gold wire-rims and earring, faded jeans and a droopy basset hound as a companion, this guy was going to show us how to write? I hadn't heard much about Crews at the time. Ten weeks later, we all admired the man. He is a genius.

Wayne T. Mattox
Jacksonville, Florida

Crews's vivid article on the Alaska Pipeline left me quite depressed. It confirms my suspicions (despite the claims of the oil companies) that, once again, people are ruining the earth.

Rick Kline
Columbus, Ohio

STRESS POINTS

I enjoyed Stephen H. Yafa's informative and well-written article *Stress* (PLAYBOY, February)—especially his discussion of Drs. Friedman and Rosenman's Type-A-personality hypothesis. I believe the biggest flaw in their study is that they fail to discuss sexuality. According to many observers, the masculinity crisis is a greater coronary risk factor than smoking or eating foods that are high in cholesterol. Dr. Henk Pelser, a noted cardiologist from Amsterdam, recently stated, "All aggressive, high-powered men who had their first heart attack before reaching the age of 50 were devoted to obtaining power as a substitute for love." Studies have proved that an infant cannot live without love. By the same token, an individual who is under occupational stress cannot live long without affection, especially if he eats, drinks or smokes to excess. Yafa's mention of the three main causes of stress—death of spouse, divorce and marital separation—emphasizes the importance of love and sex in relation to stress.

Eugene Scheimann, M.D.
Chicago, Illinois

Thanks for publishing Stephen Yafa's article on stress. As a professional football player, I certainly agree with John Brodie that stress inhibits the ability to make big decisions on or off the field.

Bob Adams
New England Patriots
Boston, Massachusetts

Yafa's article on stress is a refreshing approach to this often misunderstood topic. Articles of this nature are usually

unreadable and irrelevant. Yafa not only states the problem as well as its dimensions but provides the reader with a bibliography of the latest material on the subject. Unfortunately, if everyone took the advice given, it might mean an end to all those interesting letters you get on sexual hang-ups.

Robert T. Atwater
Hartford, Connecticut

COVER STORY

I thought you might be interested to know that your terrific December cover



was used to grace the cover of the December issue of *Boston Magazine*.

Lloyd Kingston
Boston, Massachusetts

BANK SHOTS

John B. Tipton's article *Banks on the Brink* (PLAYBOY, February) is absurd. If Tipton had chosen the feminist movement for a topic, his conclusion would be the abolishment of sex. The text is a potpourri of hearsay and facts structured to inform the reader that the banking system is out of control. Nothing could be further from the truth. Certainly, there are problems, and good management is at a premium whatever the industry involved. However, with the security and debt markets in disarray, the banking industry has performed admirably over the past few years.

Frank G. Gihak
Tinley Park, Illinois

In *Banks on the Brink*, Tipton does more to alarm than to inform. It's surely true that if all the depositors in the country tried to take their money out of banks and put it in mattresses on the same day, the FDIC wouldn't be able to protect them all. It's also true that if all of a life-insurance company's policyholders died on the same day, that insurance company wouldn't be able to pay off all the policies. There's a fairly well-developed science of calculating

actuarial risks nowadays that tells how high a premium you pay for various insurance risks. Raising capital requirements and increasing insurance will cost the customer money, just as police protection costs the taxpayer. The role of the FDIC is to cover reasonable risks at reasonable cost. Unfortunately, there are incompetents, high rollers and assorted nincompoops in banking as in all business. Consider, however, that there are 14,000 commercial banks in this country and only a mere handful have failed because of inept management. Certainly, the failure of a bank does not mean that the entire financial system is crumbling. Such exaggerated apprehension, like Tipton's thesis, is a product of the Thirties.

William I. Spencer, President
First National City Bank
New York, New York

Tipton replies:

In reference to Mr. Spencer's reassurance of the health of the FDIC, I believe I was careful to lay the blame not at the door of the FDIC but at that of bank managers. The six billion dollars in FDIC reserves must be seen in comparison with the failure in the past two years of three banks that alone had total assets in excess of seven billion dollars.

TENNIS RACKET

Thanks for your February article *Jimmy Connors Against the World*, by Peter Ross Range. Anyone who follows professional tennis knows what a spoiled, arrogant kid Connors is. His success is due in large part to his antics and his childish on-court behavior. Those of us who enjoy tennis are waiting for the day when Vilas or Orantes or Newcombe or anyone gets a crawful and goes over the net during one of Connors' performances and stuffs all five of his T2000s down his throat. I think a picture of him on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* with a mouthful of bloody Juicy Fruit would do more for the sport than Nastase with two broken arms.

William S. Harte
College Station, Texas

I feel sad only because, besides being the best or second-best player in the world, Connors could also be "one of the boys." Laver is, Newcombe is, Vilas is, Smith was—Connors could be.

Arthur Ashe
Washington, D.C.

SPIT SPAT

Your January *Playboy After Hours* says that our Spittin', Belchin' and Cussin' Triathlon wasn't up to its usual standards. Wrong. It wasn't down to its usual standards. You also say that our Watermelon Seed Spittin' contest was a disappointment. Wrong. Our spittin' competition is restricted to chaws and natural juices. Watermelon seeds, like BBs and pebbles, are strictly prohibited. You note that

"It's my money. And I never forget it."

Jerry Sherman, Longshoreman



"I'm careful with money... I always have been. And I've been caught in some bad spots without cash. So I have BankAmericard.[®] I use it just as carefully as I use money. I figure, it *is* money."



When do you use BankAmericard?

"Not all the time, but, you never know...anything can happen. Once, when I was in the army...coming back across the country...my old car was so loaded down that the shocks went out. I mean...it was flat! I was in this little town...and I had to come up with extra money to cover it. So I used BankAmericard. It saved me."

Do you ever use your card when there's not an emergency?

"Sure. Let's say I find a pair of shoes on sale and I'm between pay checks. I get the shoes with BankAmericard, and then, when the bill comes, I can take care of it."

What about the cost of the card?

"It didn't cost me anything to get it.* It works the same as a store card. Only I can use it where I want to."

What happens if you lose it?

"Nothing, if I contact the bank before somebody uses it. Even if somebody's already run up a bill of...say \$600 on it, the most I'm liable for is \$50... if that."

How do you feel about having BankAmericard?

"I'm careful with it. I don't use it all the time. But there've been times when if I hadn't had the card, I'd have really been out of luck. It's a good thing to have."

BankAmericard.
You never have to use it when you don't want to. But sometimes just having it makes all the difference.



defending champ Harold "I Live for Filth" Fielden failed to show up. Wrong. The charming Fielden was on hand but was no match for Chris Gossett, a student at the University of Colorado. Finally, you say some of the spectators mooned the contestants. That, we'll admit, is correct. And vice versa, we might add.

Max Robb and Lew Cady, Organizers International Spittin', Belchin' and Cussin' Triathlon
Central City, Colorado

Sorry about the errors, fellas, but our overzealous triathlon reporter inadvertently stepped into the line of fire and was temporarily blinded.

HISTORY BUFF

Happy 199th, America! (PLAYBOY, January) is a charming portrayal of the lighter side of our history. I found your discussion of Harding, the man and the President, brief yet delightful. I would like to clear up several inaccuracies, however: One, the fact that Harding was poisoned by his wife cannot be substantiated. Two, that striking young lady with whom Harding is pictured resembles no known intimate of his. Three, Harding distinguished his term not only by his philandering but also by his conspicuous excellence as a statesman.

Jonathan L. Lerner
Middletown, Connecticut

One, we never actually said Harding was poisoned by his wife; we said many people believed this to be true; two, whoever the real mistress was, she was not available for posing; three, that's a new one on us.

FOREIGN SERVICE

Your February pictorial *The French Maid* is, for me at least, a fantasy come true. I certainly couldn't have imagined it any better than your photographer, Richard Fegley, photographed it.

Art Stevens
New York, New York

BONS MOTS

I am a spanking, brand-new PLAYBOY subscriber. Never read PLAYBOY before; never saw more of it than an occasional glimpse of its onyxian cover from the bookshelf of a supermarket. Perhaps Ye Omnipotent Editors would like to know the reaction of this novice to the Elysian mysteries of the January issue. First for the good news. The cover, the paper, the typography are excellent. The literary in-nards are most gratifying. Now for the bad news. The girls. Pulchritudinous they are. Callipygian they are. But those behemothian mammae! Siliconed and/or hormoned. This novice was also hurt to the quick by the realization that PLAYBOY still wields that ancient bowdlerizer, the airbrush, or its diabolical equivalent, to obfuscate the womanly hairy escutcheon, below the mount of Venus. It is there, in the feminine Bermuda Triangle, that

PLAYBOY makes the unkindest cut of all, by foisting upon the maidenly delta a peruke of artificial boscage.

J. E. Schmidt, M.D.

Charlestown, Indiana

Who, us, foist a peruke of artificial boscage? Not on your life. As you can see by this photograph, we never, never tamper with the natural shape and



beauty of the pubic triangle. We do, however, take exception when you refer to the pubic triangle as the Bermuda Triangle. To the best of our knowledge, no ships have ever been lost there.

GROUP ENCOUNTERED

We wish to extend our praise to PLAYBOY and to John Medelman for an unusually honest and sensitive appraisal of the SAR program in "Does Your Husband Know You're Bisexual?" (PLAYBOY, January). Although this approach is only a small part of the expanding field of sex therapy, it is an important one. The National Sex Forum and the Minnesota program have pioneered in this effort to use multimedia aids in sex counseling.

Benjamin Graber, M.D.
Georgia Kline-Graber, R.N.
Sexual Therapy Medical Clinic
Marina Del Rey, California

BAD ADVICE

The Playboy Advisor used to be really good, but now it's just smart-alecky. That business in the February issue about John Dillinger's being a woman is just plain dumb.

Samuel Freeman
Far Hills, New Jersey

Actually, we made a mistake on that one. Pretty Boy Floyd was really a woman, Dillinger was a duck.

EXPRESSION

Thank you for your pictorial *Frank Gallo—Sexpressionist* (PLAYBOY, February). It is quite apparent from the photos of his work that Gallo is an expert craftsman with a sensitive eye for the truly erotic. I hope to see more of his work in the future.

Larry Jennings
Chicago, Illinois

FREAK SHOW

I thoroughly enjoyed *Winter of '59*, the January cartoon feature by Gilbert Shelton and Dave Sheridan. *The Freak Brothers* has always been one of my favorite

underground comics (after *Wonder Warthog*), and it captures the mood of the times flawlessly. Freewheeling Franklin is right on when he says that the Fifties were a drag. I was in high school in the late Fifties and can remember a couple of parties that were just like Phineas' (well, maybe not quite so wild . . .).

Percy G. Wood
Salem, Oregon

EYES RIGHT

In your February issue, you say that the girl on the cover is also the girl in the centerfold—Laura Misch. Then how come her eyes are blue-gray on the cover and brown on the centerfold?

D. A. Bothen
Grand Forks, North Dakota

Our Photography Department informs us that the disparity is due to reflected light. The cover was shot with daylight as the main source and the centerfold with artificial light. Miss Misch's eyes are actually hazel, which tends to go either way, depending on the light source.

VOTES FOR LINDA

Thanks to photographers Ken Marcus and Charles W. Bush for a job well done on *Linda Lovelace for President!* (PLAYBOY, February). For the first time, my wife agreed with me that Linda isn't that shabby after all.

Mathew L. Clifford
Mesa, Arizona

I think Linda Lovelace is just what the country needs—someone with grace, intelligence, honesty and nice legs. Just think of the concessions she would be able to extract from the Russians. And whom would you rather watch deliver the State of the Union address—Linda Lovelace or Gerald Ford?

K. White
Columbus, Ohio

FICTION FRICTION

Jordan Crittenden's short story *The Man Under the Front Porch* (PLAYBOY, February) left me in a state of total bewilderment. I read it over and over to see if there was some cryptic code in the wording, but I still couldn't figure it out.

Charles H. Lexa
Racine, Wisconsin

WORK LOAD

I enjoyed *Working?* (PLAYBOY, February), by Laurence Gonzales, very much—particularly De' Medici. Sounds a lot like my character Hobart Foote. I suppose the parody could have been more vicious, and I think Gonzales' gentleness got in his way. But I like the idea of his hitting some of the things I do. It's what keeps my blood in circulation.

Studs Terkel
Chicago, Illinois

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Either you have it.
Or you don't.



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Doing anything interesting after work?

If you're spending more time at home these days, why not use some of it constructively? Send for details about this fascinating learn-at-home program from Bell & Howell Schools. Find out how interesting it can be to build new occupational skills in electronics— at home, after work.

Look into it. Mail the card now.



Let Bell & Howell Schools help you discover electronics at home.

These days, it seems like almost everything is "going electronic." If you've got time after work, spend some of it learning electronics.

Mail the card for details about this fascinating learn-at-home program from Bell & Howell Schools.

Why this program is designed to make learning electronics especially interesting.

Electronics is a fascinating subject! But, let's face it, learning at home means you're on your own a good part of the time. There's no teacher to prod and coax you.

That's why we planned this learn-at-home program to hold your attention and make each principle you learn more vivid... easier to remember!

We'd like to think you'll rush home from work each evening— anxious to haul out your course materials and get down to business!

Let's talk about what we do to keep you interested.

For one thing, we don't just send you books.

Oh, books are important. In fact, this program includes a complete set of carefully prepared texts. And there's no way you can get along without them.

But if you decide to spend some of your time learning electronics at home, you're going to get a lot more than books. You're going to take your jacket off, roll up your sleeves and actually get your hands on modern electronic equipment. You're going to explore it... experiment with it... put it together yourself!

If that doesn't *already* sound like something pretty interesting to do after a day at work, take a closer look.

With the very first lesson, you get a Lab Starter Kit to help you grasp the basics.

If you're a complete beginner at electronics, this Kit will help you make a good start.

It's not complicated. Just a simple voltmeter and "breadboard" you use for basic experiments that help you understand the fundamentals. Now, you're ready to move on to something more advanced.

(By the way, if you're *not* a beginner, we'll arrange advanced standing in the program so you start at the point that's right for you.)

You actually build your own Electro Lab® electronics training system.

One evening, when you get home from work, you'll find a large package waiting for you. When you open it, you'll find a set of electronic components.

Probably that same evening, you'll want



to start working with these components. Following the instruction manuals and course materials—and using the principles you've learned—you'll actually begin to build three modern test instruments. Once assembled, they make up a complete home electronics laboratory you'll use for testing, troubleshooting and circuit analyzing.

Use the design console... to set up and examine circuits. It's completely modular...no soldering!

Use the digital multimeter... to measure voltage, current and resistance. Read data in big, clear numbers—just like on a digital clock!

Use the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope... to analyze modern, "state-of-the-art" integrated circuits. Triggered sweep feature locks in signals for easier observation!

By now, you've spent many fascinating evenings at home learning electronics. And you're really making progress. In fact, you're ready to get into "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry—even some applications of *digital* circuitry!

At this point, you start building a remarkable color TV.

As you build this 25" diagonal color TV, you investigate the digital circuitry that allows the automatic channel selector to go directly to preselected channels—as well as discovering the circuitry behind channel numbers and a digital clock that appear on the screen. You find out why the Black Matrix picture tube makes for such exceptional color clarity. You explore "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry and

the 100 percent solid-state chassis.

Once you've built this TV, you've rounded out your electronic training and gained new occupational skills.

Bell & Howell Schools' step-by-step methods smooth your progress.

Since you're learning at home, on your own, we do everything possible to keep your progress trouble-free.

For example, since it's easier to grasp new ideas one at a time, we send you texts that break the subject of electronics into small segments. You can take your time to master each one before moving on to the next.

Special learning opportunities give you extra help and attention.

In case you do run into a problem or two, we're ready to give you more help and personal

attention than you'd expect from most learn-at-home programs.

For example, many home study schools ask you to mail in your questions. Bell & Howell Schools gives you a toll-free number to call for answers you need right away.

Few home study schools offer personal contact with instructors. Bell & Howell Schools organizes "help sessions" in 50 major cities at various times during the year—where you can discuss problems with fellow students and instructors in person.

The skills you develop could lead you in exciting new directions.

No school can promise you a job or income opportunity. But the skills you learn from this Bell & Howell Schools' program could help you look for a job in the electronics industry...or upgrade your present job...or use these skills as a base for continuing your education in electronics programs.

Taken for vocational purposes, this program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits.

Send for details today.

Why not find out how constructive and interesting it can be to spend time learning electronics. Mail the card now.

For more details, mail the postage-paid card today!

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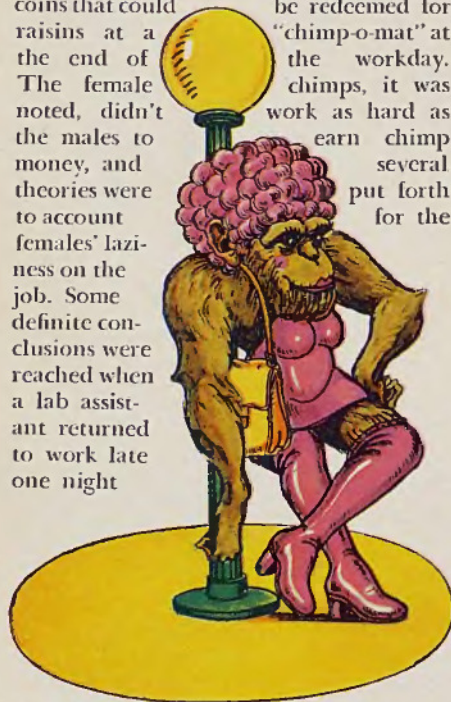
Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

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

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Monkey business: Psychologists conducted an experiment in which chimps were trained to perform various tasks in return for "money"—inedible coins that could be redeemed for raisins at the end of the workday. The female chimps, it was noted, didn't work as hard as the males to earn chimp money, and theories were put forth to account for the females' laziness on the job. Some definite conclusions were reached when a lab assistant returned to work late one night



to find the male chimps handing over their hard-earned coins to the females for "sexual favors." After monkeying around a bit, the girls headed for the chimp-o-mat and cashed in their loot for the raisins.

Cars and buses, maybe: A sign on the side of a telephone-repair truck in New York reads, ASK ME ABOUT BETTER TELEPHONE SERVICE. Written below in a hasty scrawl is the reply: "I don't talk to no trucks!"

What's your union done for you lately? On the island of Fiji, a gold-miners' union is demanding that a 30-minute noon sex break be written into its new contract. The head of the union, one Navita Raqona, argues that a man is too tired to fulfill his sexual obligations to his wife after a long day in the mines

and that lunchtime is the proper moment for that sort of thing. The union has mentioned only married men so far but hopes to propose "alternate arrangements" for bachelors.

We can only assume they must be overcharging at the concession stands at Omaha's Civic Auditorium. When a gunman held up one of the stands, a crowd of about 50 people gathered to watch the robbery—and then cheered the thief as he made his getaway.

The salary ain't much, but... A sign in a Philadelphia massage parlor announces, NO! TIPPING REQUIRED.

Eliminating yet another sexist prerogative, two Toronto-based firms have invented the Jill-Strap, a protective garment used to insure female athletes against injury to their more vulnerable parts. A Denver company now offers a protective bra—two round polyethylene disks connected with elastic, and, for the compleat lady jock, a mint-flavored mouthpiece is also available.

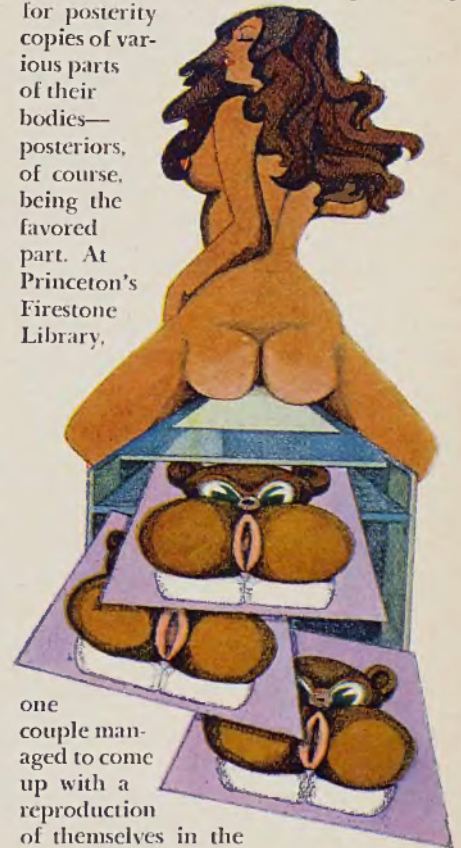
Hot stuff: Before setting fire to a ton of pornography they had confiscated, police in Ocala, Florida, examined it carefully. They were so careful, as a matter of fact, that the assistant state's attorney admitted, "It took us five days to do a three-hour inventory." A policeman watching the fire confirmed, "Every page [of the 1344 magazines and 116 newspapers] and every item [several hundred marital aids worth \$10,000] was obscene."

The Great Impostorvich: The jig is up for David Chakhvashvili, a janitor in the Soviet Union who for three years had passed himself off as a science expert. He earned extra pocket money delivering lectures on such subjects as "The Atom," "The Technological Revolution" and "Modern Medicine." It's not known how David was discovered nor what's to

become of him, but the Communist Party newspaper did say, "He will get what he deserves." A promotion, perhaps?

A popular gay bar in Georgetown, The Sundown, has been converted to a private club. "We wanted to get rid of the riffraff so that our clientele wouldn't be afraid to leave their purses on the table when they went out onto the dance floor," a club spokesman explained.

If streaking was "in" last spring on campus, this season the craze is reproduction. Popping a dime into a photocopying machine, students are preserving for posterity copies of various parts of their bodies—posteriors, of course, being the favored part. At Princeton's Firestone Library,



one couple managed to come up with a reproduction of themselves in the act of reproduction and sold copies of it for \$15 apiece.

Giving 'em the bird: When two masked men entered a Victoria, British Columbia, supermarket and began beating an

employee, other workers grabbed the handiest weapons to fight them off. One grocery clerk hurled a ten-pound frozen turkey, striking one of the intruders. As the pair tried to escape, another employee fired off a frozen chicken, smashing the plate-glass door.

Somehow, Pittsburgh just wouldn't do: An annual medical seminar on Sexual, Marital and Family Problems was held last year at a resort in French Lick, Indiana.

Drawing the line: The Gale Research Company in Detroit compiled an *Encyclopedia of Associations* that lists some 14,000 organizations engaged in various causes. If you're incensed over the mistreatment of mushrooms, you can join The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mushrooms. If you believe that airplanes are a myth, there's the Man Will Never Fly Memorial Society Internationale. Say you like to fly and you happen to be a funeral director. You qualify for membership in the Flying Funeral Directors of America. Not all organizations appear in the encyclopedia, however. The research folks refused to include the American Orgy Association, for example. They felt it was in questionable taste.

Truth in Forecasting Department: We reprint in full a weather forecast for Canberra, Australia: "Canberra can expect the rain to continue increasing or decreasing a little, or remain unchanged."

Foul or fore play? When men took first, second and third places in an unhook-the-bra contest in Copenhagen, the women contestants complained. The judge ruled that the winners, indeed, had an unfair advantage because, having learned to undo the snaps with one hand, the men "could undo two models at the same time."

Details, details. A land developer in Arizona was ordered to stop selling lots when it was discovered that the property reports he had filed were incomplete. For one thing, he neglected to mention that the tracts were located in the immediate area of a bombing range.

Hey, it's pointed, too! It was more than just another exciting adventure on *Star Trek*, according to the TV listing in the Oakland, California, *Tribune*: "Leonard Nimoy is out of action as the Enterprise crew searches for the brain of Mr. Spock after a beautiful woman removes his organ and vanishes."

Facing reality: A former British army tank driver was fired from his job as a garbage-truck driver in Shepway, England, but he bears no hard feelings. On a

Monday, he drove his truck into a ditch. Then on Wednesday, he ran into a brick wall. On Thursday, the clutch on his truck burned out. On Friday, he tipped the truck over in a country lane. "I don't think I'm a good driver anymore," he admitted.

The police department in Haverford Township, Pennsylvania, has done away with a requirement that applicants for the force have chest measurements of at least 37½ inches. Officials acknowledged the fact that the provision may discriminate against some females who might otherwise be able to fill the job.



Sad but true: A Minneapolis radio announcer gave this report of a woman speaking at the United Nations: "She told the delegates that women compromise over half the population."

Guilty conscience? Me? When a grand jury in Salt Lake City announced indictments of 17 people for securities-law violations, it withheld the names because they hadn't been arrested yet. Rather than wait for the police to show up, nine citizens went down to the U.S. Attorney's office and surrendered. It turned out that only one of them was on the list for indictment.

Next question: The FAA commission investigating the upsurge in air disasters has concluded that "the majority of air crashes involving commercial jetliners are the result of functioning aircraft flying into the ground."

Iconoclast magazine carried this cryptic ad: "We have D.D. If you don't deliver \$15 by 10 P.M. . . . we eat him."

Overkill: The city manager of Arvada, Colorado, said he plans to reword the law against stray pets in that Denver suburb. As it now reads, the law says that if a stray pet is not claimed within 24 hours, the owner will be destroyed.

A San Francisco judge instructed the jury that a unanimous decision was needed for a verdict and dispatched the 12 members to the jury room to deliberate.

After two hours, a note came out from the foreman: "Judge, we're deadlocked 7-4-2. What shall we do?" "Subtract one," was the advice from the bench.

Some wise guy made this announcement over the airport P.A. system in Johannesburg, South Africa: "All female passengers will kindly proceed to the left-hand gate and all males to the right-hand gate. Those who are uncertain please proceed to the information counter for classification."

A special notice in the classifieds of a small newspaper in Fairfield, Connecticut: "Boy with sheep would like to meet other teenagers with same interest in Washington area."

The *Los Angeles Times* had a hard time coming up with the "Dumbest Song of 1974" to top the winner of the year before, *If Fingerprints Showed Up on Your Skin, I Wonder Whose I'd Find on You*. Seems it was a tossup between *Making Love to You Is Just Like Eating Peanuts* and *You're the Fingernail Scratching on the Blackboard of My Heart*.

PLACES

Not many people know this—and still fewer believe it—but the first powered flight by a manned heavier-than-air craft may have taken place not at Kitty Hawk in 1903 but four decades earlier somewhere around Luckenbach, Texas. According to local legend, in the middle 1860s, an imaginative German immigrant named Jacob Brodbeck built a winged contraption powered by a giant coil spring and managed to fly it to treetop level before he crashed, breaking a leg and embarrassing the townfolk, who hushed up the incident. Back then, the community wanted no reputation for harboring eccentrics.

Nowadays, however, Luckenbach is entirely in the hands of eccentrics who would like nothing better than to be able to document that historic flight. "What we have here," says Hondo Crouch, Luckenbach's mayor and majority owner, "is a real fine location for the National Air Museum, long as it don't take up too much room or pollute the crick."

Guich Koock, who was Hondo's partner in the purchase of Luckenbach—lock, stock and beer barrel—five years ago, allows as how the museum would be a humdinger of a tourist attraction and probably bring business to the general store. "Hell, enough of them Yankee tourist dollars, you don't need rain." The store, incidentally, is run by Marge

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Wild Turkey Lore:

The keenness of sight of the Wild Turkey is legendary among woodsmen. Because of the position of its eyes, the bird can detect the slightest motion in a circumference of 300 degrees.

It seems fitting that the name of America's greatest native bird is also the name of America's greatest native whiskey—Wild Turkey Bourbon.



WILD TURKEY / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD.
Austin Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

Ottmers, who happens to be Luckenbach's lady sheriff. "We made her sheriff," explains Guich, "'cause she had the best posse—har, har!"

The manufacture and distribution of such bullshit has been Luckenbach's major local industry since Hondo, Guich and another partner, Kathy Morgan, started livening things up. The town, nestled on an oak-tree-shaded bend of a little country road, consisted of a rickety blacksmith's shop, a huge barnlike structure with dance-hall possibilities and a functioning general store *cum* post office, held together mostly by rusty metal signs advertising old brands of motor oil and soda pop. Luckenbach was only an hour's drive west of Austin, making it, by Texas travel standards, a virtual suburb of the state capital. And it had the blend of serenity, history and Texas hill-country beauty that recommended it to Hondo as "the sort of place where a man can get together with his friends and relax a little without waking up too many neighbors." Luckenbachians, when they're relaxing a little, tend to become Luckenbachianalians.

These get-togethers often turn into memorable bashes. In 1972, Luckenbach acquired regional notoriety by hosting an Amelia Jenks Bloomer Memorial Chili Cook Off for lady chili cooks. It turned into a beer drunk of major proportions and the prototype for subsequent all-women's chili contests memorializing Lydia Pinkham, Carry Nation and Susan B. Anthony, with Amelia Earhart coming up. The town attracted statewide attention when a Dallas newspaper columnist reported that the solitary municipal parking meter—whimsically installed as Greater Luckenbach's only source of civic revenue—lacked a key. When word of this reached the parking-meter manufacturer, the company offered to fly a repairman down from Chicago to remedy the situation, but some souvenir hunter solved the problem by absconding with the meter. (The present meter has a key and at one opening provided the civic treasury with a bonanza of nearly three dollars.)

But what really put the town on the map was the Luckenbach World's Fair of 1973. This modest put-on turned into a rousing central Texas festival that, to the pleasure and dismay of its unprepared hosts, attracted some 20,000 people for two days' worth of arts-and-crafts exhibits, watermelon and fried-rattlesnake feeds, rock and country music performances and a black-powder cannon-shooting contest that earned two pages in *Sports Illustrated*—and the disapproval of the Gillespie County Sheriff's Department. (It seems that some of the cannoners, firing at a specially constructed outhouse, were pretty far off target, and local ranchers protested the low-flying cement-filled beer cans that served as cannon balls.) The Luckenbachians have scheduled their 1975



THE THIRD ANNUAL BAND WAGON FILM FESTIVAL

The Third Annual Band Wagon Film Festival will be held again this year in Echo Valley, California, and the number of entries has been overwhelming. Disasters, of course, continue to hold an edge, although other topics have made strong showings—so we offer here a critical sampling of the best:

SUPPER OF '42

Director Robert Mulligan turns his stylishly nostalgic eye to the Donner Pass during the worst blizzard of World War Two. The bitter storm rages around an isolated café, where wet-lipped waitress Jennifer O'Neill has been trapped for a week with a busload of boy scouts. When the scoutmaster perishes while trying to build a signal fire out of Better Little Books, the grippingly trendy question becomes: How long, without food or adult supervision, can they hold out against the rampaging elements and Jennifer's terrific looks? To what unspeakable acts will their hunger drive them? The answer, at the climax of this middle-American allegory, lies in the smile on Jennifer's face—and the 42 uniforms piled neatly on the floor.

SLIT

Part III of the *Shaft* trilogy gives Julie Andrews a real career boost as the star of Hollywood's first fem lib disaster flick. In this dialectical cliff-hanger, *Slit* foils a crazed car pool of suburban housewives called Satan's Sisters, who terrorize Scarsdale and attempt to hijack Burt Reynolds. As usual in a Burt Reynolds movie, the action is risky stuff, with Reynolds performing his own stunts. To her credit, Ms. Andrews relaxes her lip and also does her own dirty work—even in the dangerous Chinatown scene, where *Slit* is lowered 600 feet in a basket onto the bound Reynolds and frees him with her thighs.

KUNG FLU

Lurching out of retirement to make one last lushly Euclidean extravaganza, celebrated and symmetrical director Busby Berkeley gives us the season's cheeriest musical as he tips a dancing

silk hat to the Orient, exotic meeting ground of the ancient martial arts and modern germ warfare. As always, the plot is merely an excuse for the sumptuous production numbers—in this case, it's a negligible bit of froth about a starry-eyed young group of fanatic Maoist revolutionaries who arrive in Los Angeles intending to wipe out the entire city with a canister of deadly virus. But who needs a plot with musical sequences like *I've Got You Under My Skin*, where 2000



chorus girls dressed as deco virus molecules swirl around and finally invade a cell made of men in evening clothes? Some of the death scenes aren't bad, either.

RELATIONSHIP OF FOOLS

Always a master of the cinema's New Wave, Claude Lelouch inundates us with a veritable deluge of aquatic *anomie*. On its maiden voyage, the unsinkable luxury submarine *Malaise* explodes and sinks inexorably to the sea floor, dragging hundreds of passengers to their doom. Amid the chaos, Lelouch has wisely contained *all* of the action within the bathroom of a first-class cabin. Here the true drama resides—the passion between a man, Etienne de Siècle, and a woman, Simone d'Aurevoir. As the scented bubbles spill from the inverted tub and the room fills with brine, the lovers share their last Gauloise and stare silently into each other's eyes. Their flared nostrils and the lack of dialog say it all. At the end, all that remain of their passion are an ominously surfacing oil

slick and some random *escargots*. Not since *The Paraplegics of Cherbourg* have we seen such sensitive work from our Gallic cousins.

THE ABSENT-MINDED EXORCIST

In this wild, wacky, way-out Disney comedy, Fred MacMurray is the beloved but bumbling Exorcist who gets more than he bargains for when he buys Adolf the Talking Volkswagen. You'll learn to love the cute black mustache over Adolf's license plate and his wild, wacky, way-out sense of humor (he quips, after running over Fred's daughter in the driveway, "Easier than Poland, if not so enjoyable!"). The canned laughs come a mile a minute when everyone but Fred realizes that Adolf, hideously dented and dripping green slime, is possessed! A wild, wacky, way-out time is had by all as the possessed Adolf is exorcised by Fred and then repossessed by the finance company because Fred has forgotten to make the payments! Take Grandma!

BANGS AND BLISTERS

In the brooding gloom of the Scandinavian winter, Ingmar Bergman returns again to his timeless characters: Anna, the touching nymphomaniac; Egerman, the doubting cleric; and Vogler, the moody janitor tormented by a secret desire to understand Kierkegaard. The tragic trio are guilt-bound in a rural church during the Festival of Saint Sven, a traditional time of feasting, dancing, trysting and suicide. Overwhelmed by anguished memories of sitting on Egerman's face moments before the film began, Anna stares blankly out into the bleak winter light, shaken by the similarity of angst and sex; Egerman, horribly torn between a need for God and the awful knowledge that the phenomenologists were right, pounds his head on the pulpit until he loses consciousness; and Vogler, struggling for two hours to make a leap to faith, finally lands on Anna, moments after the film ends. Theaters showing *Bangs and Blisters* will be equipped with *Metaphysaround*, which makes you feel like you're right there inside the trauma.

—DAVID STANDISH and
EUGENIE ROSS-LEMING



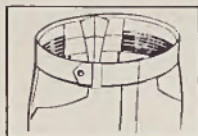
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World's Fair for June 7 and 8, but they are going to hold it at the nearby larger town of Fredericksburg, "which hasn't had a good riot since the Civil War." The goings on at Luckenbach proper recently attracted the attention of NBC's *Today Show*, which gave its audience a quick tour of the town and a chance to meet Hondo—all-American swimming champ of 1939, rancher, sometime journalist and full-time character. (Guich's chief claim to fame is the second place he won in a national singing-cowboy contest in 1974.)

Mainly, the goings on at Luckenbach consist of scheduled dances and impromptu parties. The dances occur about once a month on warm Saturday nights (which means most of the year). Officially, they celebrate anything from the Anniversary of the Invention of Dynamite to National Mohair Week, and they attract the bands, musicians and uptown shitkickers who hang out around "Nashville West," also known as Austin. Willie Nelson, Kinky Friedman, Michael Murphey, Leon Russell and Alan Dameron have been to town. Jerry Jeff Walker



came and brought a mobile recording studio to cut an album called, for some reason, *Viva Terlingua* (a town that's also famous for its chili contests but happens to be a few hundred miles farther west).

The impromptu parties happen whenever enough people congregate at the general store and drink enough beer, and that's just about every day. The store opens around noon (except on Wednesday, which is an official Luckenbach holiday) and soon people start drifting in just to see who else is there. Usually, anywhere from 10 to 40 people, including regulars and strangers, end up sitting in and around the store on benches and stumps, socializing over their Pearl, Lone Star and Shiner out of old-fashioned,

ice-cold bottles, while chickens cluck around underfoot. Things close down around ten on week nights, or whenever Sheriff Ottmers decides she's tired of serving beer. On busy weekends, Luckenbach doesn't really close down at all; at some point, it just quietly passes out. Says Hondo, who teaches swimming at a boys' camp in summer, "I spend about three months of every year buildin' up character—and about nine months tearin' it down."

MOVIES

Claude Lelouch's *And Now My Love* (*Toute une Vie* in the original unsubtitled French) was hissed and jeered by wise-ass insiders at the 1974 Cannes Film Festival. They were rejecting the film's banality and pretentiousness while putting down Lelouch as a shallow, self-indulgent romantic who's been just *too* goddamned successful since *A Man and a Woman* made a bundle. Well, his critics were right to find some fault with *And Now My Love* (considerably shorter and recut since its Cannes showing) but wrong to come down so hard on a pensive, tender, beautifully played love story—with Jean Collomb's limpid photography and Francis Lai's music-for-handholding score to dress it up. More ambitious and personal than any previous Lelouch movie, this is a glossy, tantalizing 20th Century valentine to *l'amour*—in which the hero and heroine (André Dussollier and lovely Marthe Keller, who is Lelouch's lady offscreen) don't meet until the last three minutes of the film, when their two suitcases nudge each other along the luggage track onto a New York-bound Air France 747. Rest assured there are musical cues to tell you that the take-off will be the start of something big, and Lelouch prepares for that climactic final moment by going back two generations to explain how Fate arranges for one particular Woman to experience love at first sight. The Woman is a rich, spoiled Jewish girl who has dabbled with suicide, many men, at least one woman (Carla Gravina), a couple of marriages, big business and an unfinished autobiography. The Man is a onetime juvenile delinquent who goes to jail twice before finding himself as a maker of prize-winning TV commercials, porno movies and—at last—movies very much like Lelouch's own, including *And Now My Love*. There are films within the film, newsreels, flashbacks, pop tunes and carloads of nostalgia in an effort to link romantic destiny with the whole history of modern times—everything from Hitler's rise and fall to the death of Marilyn Monroe. Becoming cosmic puts quite a strain, though, on a director whose real talent is for effortless ballroom glides across the surface of things.

He may yearn to be a Dostoevsky, but Lelouch cannot resist studying Beautiful People in their natural habitat, and finally succeeds almost in spite of himself.

Moviegoers who loved *The Three Musketeers*, as directed by Richard Lester, should find *The Four Musketeers* extremely likable. Part two of Lester's roustabout adventure based on the Alexandre Dumas classic—deftly adapted by George MacDonald Fraser of *Flashman* fame—is more



of the same but somewhat less than a sequel. In fact, it's the second half of a film that merely became unmanageably long and was divided in two. So away we go again with Michael York as the bumbling D'Artagnan, up to his ears in various intrigues plotted by Charlton Heston (as Cardinal Richelieu) and Faye Dunaway (as Milady). The principal mischief wrought by this dastardly pair is the kidnaping of Raquel Welch (as Constance, dressmaker to Geraldine Chaplin's lovelorn Anne of Austria). Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain and Frank Finlay play the original Three—with Jean-Pierre Cassel, Simon Ward and Christopher Lee repeating their previous stunts in the same tongue-in-cheek fashion. In this segment, Dunaway takes center stage to strut her stuff as a spectacularly witchy villainess, who brings an end to Raquel's brightest comic performance by garrotting poor Constance with a rosary. Though familiarity may not breed contempt, it does make *The Four M's* stylish, red-blooded fun seem slightly thinner. So, *en garde*. But swashbuckling heroes and damsels in distress are so rare on the screen today, their encore rates a hearty welcome.

The timely question asked by Neil Simon's *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* on Broadway a couple of seasons ago has picked up a note of desperate urgency on film: "Is the whole world going out of business?" That's what Simon's hapless hero wants to know, and he has

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reason to wonder. He is an also-ran ad executive in the Manhattan rat-race, who loses his job, faces the humiliation of unemployment lines, fights with neighbors and his working wife and is burglarized to boot. Junk food, polluted water and unsafe streets are his lot in life. The slickly Simonized lines are frequently funny, to be sure, though this down-in-the-depths-of-a-luxury-high-rise humor can hardly be called escapism as the 1975 economic recession moves right along. Jack Lemmon plays the jobless exec, of course—producer-director Melvin Frank was not likely to risk any other Hollywood actor in a part so obviously a piece



of Lemmon cake—with Anne Bancroft outshouting and occasionally outclowning him as the supportive, quick-witted wife. They do very well, indeed. Yet they seem the sort of middle-class and middlebrow New York people who might be heard at a party telling Polish jokes, or recounting funny things that happened to them on their way to the analyst. If you'd like to meet them, the address is *Second Avenue*. See ya later. Time to tune in *Rhoda*.


Italian director Vittorio De Sica died last November, leaving *A Brief Vacation* as his final, gallant old-fashioned gesture toward womankind. To the list of beautiful actresses (Sophia Loren in *Two Women*, Dominique Sanda in *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*) who must cherish De Sica's memory, now add the name of Florinda Bolkan, once known primarily as a glamor girl mentioned in

here's johnny!



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European gossip columns with Richard Burton. *Brief Vacation* is far from De Sica's best, yet its typical peasant warmth and compassion may well establish Bolkan as a full-fledged star. Playing an impoverished Milanese factory worker—spiritually stifled by her role as meal ticket for three kids, a malingering husband and some greedy in-laws—she becomes partially liberated when forced by lung disease to spend several months of leisure at a workers' sanitarium in the mountains. There she meets Luigi (Daniel Quenau) and starts reading *Anna Karenina*. What follows is the kind of soap-opera stuff seen countless times before, in films like *Brief Encounter* or a dozen dewy, bittersweet shipboard romances of yesteryear—though seldom, if ever, done with such finely tuned, womanly perception. To balance the painful honesty of Bolkan's performance, *Brief Vacation* offers some brilliant actresses (notably, Adriana Asti), bringing out other secrets of the female soul in bright bits and pieces.

A town full of pleasant, attractive suburban matrons who keep their husbands supplied with sex, nice children and home cooking—and have no personal needs except to discover the benefits of Easy On spray starch—are actually the monsters stalking on spike heels through *The Stepford Wives*. Though they appear to be the harmless *Hausfrau*s of 1001 TV commercials, they are far scarier, in their way, than Frankenstein's monster. Ira (Rosemary's Baby) Levin wrote the book; scenarist William Goldman smoothly adapted it; and director Bryan Forbes has got it all together in a chilling, cerebral thriller that works on more than one level. Taken as a slick modern horror story about robotization, *Stepford Wives* is perhaps a trifle slow for thrill seekers in quest of raw gut-reaction stuff. As a statement about the American woman as an endangered species, however, the movie has some biting implications, both for women's lib types—who may or may not greet it as a minor manifesto—and for any American males who secretly yearn to settle down with a moisturized, huggable Barbie doll. Forbes's basic material is too superficial to persuade us that he intended this slick shocker to be a serious sociological tract; after all, he made the unnerving *Seance*

on a Wet Afternoon a decade ago, and he's still closer to Alfred Hitchcock than to Betty Friedan. What he has here is one of those entertaining contemporary movies that inevitably stimulate discussion and debate by touching a "live" topic, however lightly. Not quite incidentally, Forbes also gives Katharine Ross a fine chance to prove that her tremulous beauty may be matched by real acting ability. Ross is both credible and sympathetic as a bright, ambitious young wife who leaves Manhattan for the suburbs, only to learn that her husband (Peter Masterson) intends to join a mysterious men's association in Stepford. She commiserates with another newcomer to town (Paula Prentiss, in great form as a wisecracking chum) and ultimately learns, to her dismay, that the membership is limited to rabid male chauvinist pigs—all dominated by an ominous club chairman (Patrick O'Neal) who "used to work at Disneyland." Which somehow, in this movie, sounds creepier than "Transylvania."

Though it begins as a brittle, deliciously bitchy comedy charting 24 hours in the life of a horny Hollywood hairdresser named George, *Shampoo* soon tackles something far more ambitious—in effect, the decline of Western civilization as witnessed in the vicinity of Beverly Hills. Director Hal (Harold and Maude and The Last Detail) Ashby takes a cross section of basically unsympathetic idlers and opportunists indigenous to the area and studies their manipulations as if he were the chief handler in a well-upholstered snake pit. *Shampoo* blasts off on November 5, 1968—Election Day—a day when George's world appears to be coming apart just a hair faster than anyone else's. You may not accept some of the sweeping political ramifications the movie labors to disclose, but you won't easily forget them. Dashing from chick to chick by motorbike, a portable blow-drier tucked under his belt, George is played with plenty of pelvic drive and hustling nervous energy by Warren Beatty at his superstar best. Beatty's best turns out to be damned good, since he also produced the film and co-authored it with scenarist Robert Towne (whose previous credits include *Chinatown* and Ashby's *Last Detail*). His female co-stars are no slouches, either. Julie Christie, Goldie

Hawn and Lee Grant portray, respectively (as well as splendidly), Jackie, Jill and Felicia—George's past, present and present-perfect bed partners. Jill, a model, is the best friend of Jackie, a



glitter girl with no visible means of support except Felicia's husband, Lester (Jack Warden, in a tour de force of boordom as a lusty L.A. tycoon). But specific relationships count for very little, since *Shampoo* dissects a deluxe social enclave where love, marriage or whatever are short-term and essentially empty arrangements, not much different from the kind of deal one makes with U-Haul.

The Towne/Beatty scenario echoes the hollowness throughout, strewing sly asides and four-letter words. Comes the dawn, there's hardly any color left in Tinseltown and George is left alone under a peroxide sky. His emotional crisis may seem less poignant than intended, since he is revealed to us mainly as an efficient fuck machine and the focal point of a dazzling late-Sixties light show. Beatty, Ashby and company nevertheless manage to make their cool, raunchy *Shampoo* one of the most original and outrageous examples of fashionable backbiting since Julie Christie went into orbit as *Darling*.

Raquel Welch teams with Broadway's James Coco in *The Wild Party*, a bizarre but stylish blend of vintage decadence and ricky-tick tunes, freely adapted (by writer-composer Walter Marks) from Joseph Moncure March's long narrative poem. Written in bluntly rhymed couplets ("Queenie was a blonde, and her age stood still, and she danced twice a day in vaudeville"), the original saga seems a bit quaint today, but it became a racy semiunderground classic during the Twenties. For the film, Marks adds some rhymed narration of his own that is not

always an improvement, though it serves to switch the scene from early-bohemian Greenwich Village to scandalous old Hollywood—back in the Golden Silent era when Fatty Arbuckle threw an infamous party that brought death to a starlet—and, virtually, to Fatty's career. Coco delivers a bravura performance as Jolly Grimm—a slipping, impotent comedy star à la Arbuckle. As his mistress Queenie, Welch looks great, singing and dancing with verve (*Singapore Sally* is her specialty) and displaying a kind of fallen-angel vulnerability not often expressed in her standard sexpot roles. Perry King, David Dukes, Tiffany Bolling, Don de Natale and 100 or more *Wild Party* guests go to hell with themselves quite



flashily under James Ivory, who directs here

as if he were mounting a lurid melodramatic ballet in jazztime. The entire film looks choreographed—as long stretches of it were—to resemble a trashy Hollywood pipe dream peopled by faggots, lesbians, flappers and flaming youth of every sexual persuasion. Cinematographer Walter Lassally, who did so much for *Tom Jones* and *Zorba the Greek*, transforms *Wild Party's* fanciful sets and costumes into a kind of art-deco delirium. Intentionally corny, this minispectacle in homage to a piece of dated pop literature is a modest "trip" movie that takes quite a few refreshing turns off the beaten path.

Script trouble besets *W. W. & the Dixie Dancekings*, which has box-office insurance in Burt Reynolds, cast as a roguish con man piloting a country-music band from obscurity to Grand Ole Opry in Nashville circa 1957. The idea isn't bad, and director John G. (*Joe* and *Save the Tiger*) Avildsen obviously knows how to treat a bunch of lower-crust losers. He seems much less secure about what to do with a



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star the size of Reynolds, whose flip *machismo* image shows signs of becoming a rigid stereotype. If this job freeze continues, Burt's future roles may become indistinguishable from his last few custom-tailored specials. Art Carney and singer Conny Van Dyke—a newcomer to movies but already known on the Nashville music scene—lend adequate support. Which simply amounts to tidying up a few loose stitches in a movie woefully weak at the seams.

Short Takes: Bare-bottomed dinner guests sit on toilets around a table, excusing themselves only when they feel nature's call to go to the dining room, where one can eat in privacy. So goes *The Phantom of Liberté*, by writer-director Luis Buñuel, who at the age of 74 has decided that most of the rules we live by would make equal sense turned inside out. A sophisticated, episodic and irreverently topsy-turvy satire of rare *esprit*. Incomparable.

Sex and violence are inseparable in *Vampyres*, co-starring Marianne Morris and Anuka as a thirsty team of undead lesbians, luring their male victims to a stately English home for bisexual blood sports. This primitive horror show has a certain gory Gothic style, plus more sex appeal per puncture than any Dracula outing on record.

Lulu the Tool is a new Americanized title for director Elio Petri's *The Working Class Goes to Paradise*, grand prize winner at the 1973 Cannes film fest. It's the classic man-*vs.*-machine, exploited-workers theme—finely played by Gian-Maria Volonte as the wage slave and Mariangela Melato as his oppressed wife. Though first-rate, *Lulu* will appeal mainly to company that loves misery.

Shedding his Matt Helm image, Dean Martin as *Mr. Ricco* plays a cold-sober, 50ish San Francisco criminal lawyer who keeps company with a mature lady (Geraldine Brooks) and endures wry jokes about his age from his young secretary (Cindy Williams). Happily, Dino's *Ricco* looks good and is trimly directed from a tough-minded script about the case of a black militant (Thamus Rasulala) charged with murder.

Director John Waters and his obese drag-queen superstar, Divine (they were cocreators of *Pink Flamingos*, in which Divine's big scene was climaxed by eating dog do oncamera), set out to recapture an audience of bad-movie freaks and fetishists with *Female Trouble*. This so-called "woman's picture" offers another outrageous oral first when Divine bites off a newborn baby's bloody umbilical cord. All in all, more yecchs than yocks.

Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life, aptly described by its title, is an enthralling 1968 Oscar-winning documentary made



I'VE BEEN DRIVING for her family six years now so I know if things don't go the way she plans, Miss Katherine gets furious. This evening, when we pulled into the Pullium's driveway her plans were very definite. "No need to wait," she said, "David will take me, uh, home."

"Pardon, Miss Katherine, but I don't see his car," I said.

"He's simply later than usual," she said. "Good night, William." And into the party she went. I waited, just in case. And ten minutes later, David arrived. I've never seen anybody show up at a classy party riding a motorcycle.

Jimmy — he drives for the McCormicks — he said it was hardly proper. But Roland scoffed, "Nonsense, man, that's a Z-1." I asked him, "What's a Z-1?"

"Maybe the finest touring bike ever made, that's what," he said. And he launched into an emotional monologue, I'd call it, about the bike's 4-stroke, 4 cylinder, 903cc engine, its prestige, world records and how money talks. Even Jimmy was impressed.

So all I can do now is wait for the storm after the party, when Miss Katherine finds out she won't be going anywhere in the back of David's limo. And I'm wondering if David would consider putting a side-car on his Z-1 and hiring a second driver.

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by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris (and belatedly going into theatrical release). "When I play, I make love . . . it's the same thing," says the piano virtuoso, whose life and music are sheer genius. As an example to youth, Rubinstein—now 88—could put a lot of gurus out of work.

RECORDINGS

Bob Dylan was a kind of oracle for the Sixties. He seemed to be singing about us. Those flashing chains of surrealistic images were all about our lives, our own confusions and our own muddled notions, exploding at us with clarity and poetic force. He gave us the images with which we perceived ourselves. In the beginning, he was a folk singer, and his fans were the sincere, often politically committed—or at least concerned—folkies of the Kennedy years. The first time he sang backed by a band playing electric instruments, fights broke out in the audience. After that, Dylan was constantly accused of selling out, as we projected on him our own anxieties about making compromises with the system. But beginning with *Bringing It All Back Home*, he made three albums that redefined pop music. We remember the first time we heard *Subterranean Homesick Blues*. It was on a car radio. We cranked up the volume, trying to make out the words. Here was Dylan hollering out this slam-bang, raggedy-assed rock-'n'-roll song, but what was he saying? "Johnny's in the basement mixin' up the medicine;/I'm on the pavement thinkin' about the government." What the hell was that?

After *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde*, pop music could be about anything. Singers could expect people to listen to intensely personal statements, often full of obscure images. Dylan made us take the time to figure out what the words meant.

Dylan was supposed to be in the forefront of the revolution. To a significant chunk of his audience, he had to be more than an artist. He had to be a man with a plan. He had to know the way to get through all this.

But Dylan wasn't cooperating. Instead, he retired to the country and became a family man. He was seldom seen in public, although no rock festival was complete without rumors of his imminent arrival. He also lost his vogue. People said he was fat and satisfied, spending his time thinking about mutual funds and tax shelters.

Certainly, the quality of his work fell off. The satiric edge was gone and his wit and irony seemed to have failed him. In early 1974, he broke his long silence and went on tour with The Band. The

trip was a great success, but it introduced almost no new material. His audiences loved it, but the question remained unanswered: Could he still do it?

Now, a year after the tour, the answer is in: Yes, he can. His new album, *Blood on the Tracks* (Columbia), has a few songs that are among the best he has done, and the over-all level of quality on the record is extraordinarily high. Stylistically, the album seems a logical continuation of Dylan's best work of the Sixties. Instrumentation is kept simple and the



tuneless harmonica is back. The power is there in his images, but it is much more controlled now. He seems more sure of what he is doing, more mature.

If You See Her, Say Hello is a song about a woman who has gone away, a song at least as good as *Visions of Johanna*. Dylan sings it very well, with pain and sadness and a bit of self-mockery in his voice. *You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go* is a happily hilarious piece with some beautifully Dylanesque lines such as: "Situations are very sad/Relationships have all been

bad./Mine have been like Verlaine's and Rimbaud's./But there's no way I can compare/All them scenes to this affair." *Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts* is a long, narrative ballad told in an indirect, allusive style that lets you fill in the details of the story while it creates a beautifully vivid world.

Dylan's playfulness is apparent on *Shelter from the Storm*, with its half-serious comparisons of the singer to Christ. Dylan enjoys puncturing bubbles, setting up certain expectations and then turning things around with lines such as: "I bargained for salvation, and she give me a lethal dose."

Dylan is a survivor. He came through all the weirdness of the past decade and kept himself together—a tough thing to do, given the pressure he faced. Now that some of the passion of that time has subsided, maybe we will finally be able to see him as an extraordinary talent rather than as a messiah. His voice is a great antidote for down times.

The record companies make some brilliant moves. Classical sales are down, so now within the space of a few months we have two new, superb, competing recordings of Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* from Colin Davis (Philips) and Sir Georg Solti (London), after getting nothing comparable since Leinsdorf's fine RCA set of 1968. Now the reviewers will be arguing over the merits of two sets that are, in their respective ways, incomparable. For those who don't know *Così*, we should say that it is Mozart's most purposefully, carefully made opera, probably the most often performed, certainly the most subtle. During its long eclipse, when it was condemned as libertine nonsense, it was hacked up, bowdlerized, rewritten to conform to 19th Century moral standards. Understandable, since it deals with *in-amorata* swapping and the attractions of the flesh, but Mozart's musical transformation of Da Ponte's libretto makes the work into a serious commentary on the compassionate nature of love. Both man's passion and woman's constancy are shown up as transitory, even silly, as the opera moves beyond cynicism to wit, irony and paradox. The libretto is a classic piece of cliché maneuvering—two sisters and their lovers, the donning of corncob disguises, the machinations of an old bachelor and a lady's maid. But the instrumental writing is tight and motival and uses a greater variety of combinations than in any other Mozart score: This perfection in musical style creates the characters in depth and takes us beyond the superficialities of the libretto. To our taste, Solti and the London Philharmonic have the orchestral edge; yet Davis and the Covent Garden Orchestra have taken a great conceptual leap into

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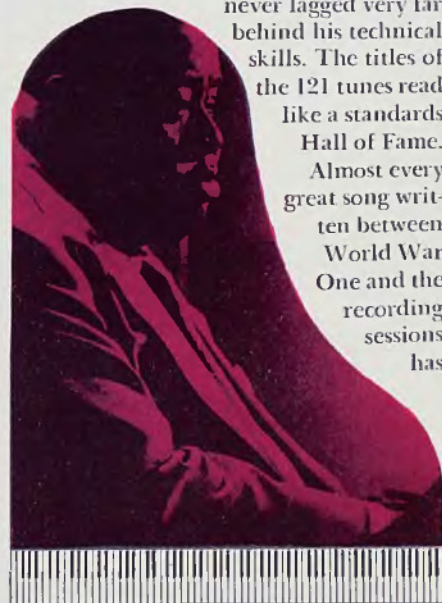


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the comic, stressing the lightness and brightness of the score, clowning and exaggerating the passions of the principals. The singing is without peer in both sets. Richard Van Allan as Don Alfonso (in the Davis set) creates the character better, while Pilar Lorengar (Solti) gives more depth to Fiordiligi than Montserrat Caballé (Davis). But such comparisons, as they say, are odious when the over-all quality of both is so good. The true *Così aficionado* will have to buy both, and maybe that's the strategy of the record companies, after all.


Overwhelmed is a handy word to have around when you're dealing with *The Tatum Solo Masterpieces* (Pablo). A 13-LP (no, that's not a typographical error) package, it was recorded for the most part on two consecutive days at the end of 1953 and another day in the spring of 1954. As a jazz pianist, Art Tatum was without peer. Though almost totally blind, he possessed a virtuosity that drew gasps from his audiences, and it wasn't just "ten flying fingers"—his creativity



never lagged very far behind his technical skills. The titles of the 121 tunes read like a standards Hall of Fame. Almost every great song written between World War One and the recording sessions has

been subjected to the Tatum wizardry, making them all that much greater. To call this album a tour de force is like calling Michelangelo's Sistine frescoes a terrific job of interior decorating. *The Tatum Solo Masterpieces* is unique.

Another Pablo LP provides a marvelous counterpoint to the Tatum project. Recorded last spring, *For the First Time* features the Count Basie Trio, made up of the estimable Count on piano and organ, drummer Louis Bellson and bassist Ray Brown. The Count never uses two notes where one will do, or one, for that matter, when he can get away with none. The hallmark of Basie's pianowork (sometimes deprecated as simplistic) is the pregnant pause, that empathic silence that can mean more than a fistful of notes. Bellson and Brown are, of



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course, two of the premier practitioners of their respective crafts and they provide the rhythmic path along which the Count's sparingly used fingers do their walking.

Country Joe McDonald is an inventive and daring performer, an explorer who isn't afraid to move to new ground. But for some reason, he's never made it big. He comments on this, wryly and bitterly, on a few of the cuts on *Country Joe* (Vanguard). *Satisfactory* is the complaint of a man who is stuck somewhere between the top and the bottom: "I never lose, but . . . I just can't win./It's such a drag being satisfactory again." And *Memories* is a truly poignant and moving song about a man now looking back at happier times, wishing he could live his life over again. If all this seems rather down, it is, but it's offset by the clever punning lyrics of *Old Joe Corey*, about an old drunk who dreams of sailing to a South Sea isle. And *Making Money in Chile* is an ironic, ragtime political song, a satiric look at the *rentiers* who clip their coupons while the Chileans sweat in the copper mines: "They dig the rock, and we get the roll." The song is a solid successor to *I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die Rag*, Joe's famed kazoo and calliope blast at the Vietnam War.

The Baker Gurvitz Army (Janus) features Ginger "Boom-Boom" Baker in collaboration with those perennial favorites—the Gurvitz brothers? We get plenty of thundering war drums from General Ginger, who seems determined to pound his way back onto the charts via the aggressive but dated approach he was using a decade ago. And those Gurvitzes are less than inspiring second lieutenants, with Paul on bass and Adrian carrying the heavy load as lead vocalist, lead guitarist and lead songwriter. While competent enough, Adrian lacks personality and fails to deliver any real substance. There are some tasty guitar riffs here and there, and Baker has undeniable energy, and five or six years ago, maybe this album could have caused some excitement. Now it only seems passé—even with the synthesizer.

Ever since leaving the James Gang, Joe Walsh has been a guitarist on the move—building a quality repertoire and becoming a favorite of other notables such as Peter Dinklage, Jimmy Page and Eric Clapton. Walsh's appeal lies in a distinctive style that lends a unique flavor to his tunes—from tireless rocker to the most ethereal ballad—and, like Hendrix' before him, Walsh's penchant for different guitar voicings makes his music something not only to be heard but to be felt in a very literal sense. *So What* (ABC/Dunhill) is the long-awaited follow-up to Walsh's last solo

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outing and it more than justifies the anticipation. Kicked off by *Welcome to the Club*, side one flows easily from mood to mood, while the flip side stands as one of rock's best, in terms of both continuity and material. Walsh rarely speaks onstage, preferring to retreat into the role of pure dedication to his art, but the elements of superstar status are clearly there. He's a musician to watch and a must for anyone who knows good music.

THEATER

Leaping lizards! What has Edward Albee done now? His new play, *Seascape*, has roused the slumbering critics into a chattering horde of ravers and carpers. Actually, the play is neither a masterpiece



nor a fraud but a comic minorpiece, a mellow *Virginia Woolf* in a sandbox. This is Albee's first play in which the cast is only half human. There are two people—a middle-aged, sedentary married couple (Deborah Kerr and Barry Nelson)—and two lizard creatures emerging into evolution (Frank Langella and Maureen Anderman). The four meet accidentally on a beach and exchange notes on civilization. Speaking perfect English (after all, who wants subtitles in a play?), the creatures tell the people a bit about life at sea, discovering in the process that they share some of the same marital concerns and social hang-ups. For example, Langella is prejudiced; fish, to him, are dirty and stupid. The people, in turn, warn the lizards about life on earth.

Albee has approached this tricky material with tongue in cheek. Veering clear of pomposity, the play is a nice, slight cartoon—dryly understated and salted with laughs. The author is to be credited for his restraint, for not metaphysicalizing *Seascape* into a sandy *Tiny Alice*, but the play is also something of a missed opportunity. The Nelson character, for all his knowledge and curiosity about the origin of the species, never prods the strangers toward revelation. The play ends where it might have started. Begin, says one of

the lizards. And the curtain falls. Still, the dialog is wafer crisp, the situation startling and the actors convincing, particularly Langella, who in lizard suit and tail, easily gives the best reptile impersonation of the year. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.

A fat, middle-aged, bald garbage man from Cleveland (Jack Weston), trying to avoid the Mob wrath of his gangster brother-in-law, takes refuge in the one place no one would expect to find him—a gay New York bathhouse called *The Ritz*. What follows is a frenzied, furiously comic farce by Terrence (*Bad Habits*) McNally. The garbage man is immediately pursued by a "chubby chaser" (fatties turn him on; he festoons the hero with candy bars). A manly private eye happens to speak in a natural falsetto, which could make him the most popular pinup in the steam room. The queen of this randy Ritz is Googie Gomez (Rita Moreno), a Bette Midler with a Hispanic accent as deep-fried as *cuchifritos*. The invading straights assume she's a transvestite. Googie is looking for a big break, and she will take it anywhere she finds it; searching for a producer, she mistakes the garbage man for Joseph Papp. The show itself suffers from no mistaken identity; *The Ritz* is a broad, door-slamming romp, a funhouse of a bathhouse. Straights, gays, everyone, even a garbage man from Cleveland, should enjoy it. At the Longacre, 220 West 48th Street.

BOOKS

At the outset of Tennessee Williams' new novel, *Moise and the World of Reason* (Simon & Schuster), the narrator, a 30ish Southern homosexual living in New York City's West Village, informs us that he is a "distinguished failed writer," with a taste for incomplete sentences, dangling participles and general incoherence. Not exactly a grabber of an opening, but we force ourselves to continue. Several incomplete, dangling and generally incoherent pages later, the narrator



introduces us to the title character, Moise, a female painter who announces to her friends that she is departing from the world of reason and quickly proves this by making no sense. By now, we're scratching our head. Undaunted, the narrator, who is beginning to sound

like a freshman creative-writing major, rambles on. We are introduced to his ex-lover Lance, a black professional ice skater who is very cool, very homosexual and very incoherently drawn. Now we are yawning. Nothing is happening, nobody is saying anything that makes much sense and we are reading sentences such as this one: "Inflamed libido, liking the contours of . . . Hawaii 50 is located in the Sandwich Islands somewhere in the suspiciously quivering space between, sorry, but never catch names." What is this bullshit? At last we get to a part where the narrator tells us about his rejection notices. Seems nobody appreciates his writing. One cynical editor responds by saying his work "reeks of self-pity and should be transferred only by garbage disposal." This makes more sense than anything we've read so far. We close the book.

Tom Wicker was finishing a genteel Washington gourmet luncheon when he received the phone call inviting him to Attica prison. Filled with good wine and an indigestible helping of middle-aged angst, the prominent *New York Times* columnist and editor went to the penitentiary, so naïve about the problem and the place awaiting him that he neglected to take along a toothbrush or a clean shirt, assuming that whatever needed to be done might be accomplished in an efficient afternoon. But Attica is still with Wicker nearly four years later, in his wholly personal account, *A Time to Die* (Quadrangle). Through frequent flashbacks to his North Carolina childhood, Wicker tries to give us a measure of his Southern roots and racial weaning before his arrival in 1971 at a prison mostly filled with urban blacks and Puerto Ricans. Wicker vowed that if there were anything he could do to prevent it, there would be no violence, and he attempted to negotiate with the prisoners. But when 39 men were killed in the police attack launched by then-governor Nelson Rockefeller, Wicker blamed himself bitterly for not speaking a final, brutal truth to the inmates—that their demands for amnesty were not going to be met and that they must release the hostages or face an officially authorized massacre. Though the efforts of Wicker and his observer group could not forestall the slaughter, he has surely, in this deeply passionate book, brought back to life the issues of administrative ignorance, racism and mistreatment and of Rockefeller's allegiance to a rigid order. Wicker has also raised some disturbing, and apparently well-documented, facts—among them that the inmates, even during the orchestrated attack on them, killed no hostages in return. "The Attica

SUN



DOWN
BARMATE

recipes

for great Happy Hour drinks



HOW TO SHINE WITH THE SUN SET AS A HAPPY HOUR MIXER



After the glow of hours spent in the sun, nothing makes your day like a really great drink at Happy Hour time. This new barguide shows you how to mix the best drinks ever—for all your sun-loving friends. Easy-to-follow recipes for luscious tall coolers and cocktails make mixing a breeze. Included are drinks made with all the basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, Southern Comfort. It even shows how to *improve* most drinks, the way the experts do it.

How to improve most drinks: secret of the "pros"

Knowledgeable barmen improve many drinks simply by "switching" the basic liquor called for in a recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of ordinary liquor to create a smoother, tastier base for their Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, Sours, even tall drinks like the Collins and Tonic. The big difference, of course, is in the unique taste of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. Mix one of these drinks the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. Compare them. The improvement is remarkable. But to understand just *why* this is true, make the simple taste test in this guide.



What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create this superb, unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. Thus Southern Comfort was born! Its formula is still a family secret . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try it on-the-rocks . . . then you'll understand *why* it improves most mixed drinks, too.



Tips for better drinks

Don't guess: Measure! The best drinks are the result of exact measurements of finest ingredients. Basic measures: jigger = 1½ oz.; pony = 1 oz.; dash = 4-6 drops.

Shake or stir? In general, *stir* drinks made with *clear* liquors. *Shake* those with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice. For "frothy collar," add tablespoon egg white before shaking.

Ice is important! Use freshly made ice. Change for each round, and don't skimp. Nothing's worse than a lukewarm cold drink. For best results, buy packaged ice. To pre-chill glasses, fill with cracked ice. Let stand; dump ice. Add drink, and serve at once.

**make this simple
taste test
and you'll learn
how to improve
most drinks:**



The flavor of any mixed drink is controlled by the taste of the liquor you use as a *base*. To realize the importance of this, fill three short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, a jigger of gin into another, and a jigger of Southern Comfort into the third. First—sip the whiskey, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely *different* basic liquor—one that *tastes good with nothing* added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better. Try it in *your* favorite drink. Like a Collins? Make both recipes below; compare them. One sip will convince you!

ordinary COLLINS

½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 tspn. sugar • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Sparkling water

Use tall glass; dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir. Now use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in liquor greatly improves this drink.



the smoother COLLINS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP. This is the best tasting—and easiest to mix—of all Collinses.

Comfort* Collins
Shines with swim fans at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach

*Southern Comfort®





Sun-sational coolers :
you've got it made,
with a Happy Hour
that puts thirst
in the shade !



HONOLULU COOLER

*First love of the surf set
 at famous Hawaiian sun spots*

Juice of ½ lime
 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
 Hawaiian pineapple juice
*Pack tall glass with crushed
 ice. Add lime juice, Southern
 Comfort. Fill with pineapple
 juice; stir. Most refreshing!*



COMFORT* WALLBANGER

*Brightens sun set fun at the
 Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.*

1 oz. Southern Comfort
 ½ oz. Liqueur Galliano • orange juice
*Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add
 liquors; fill with orange juice; stir.
 It's delicious, fabulously smooth.*

HARVEY WALLBANGER: Use vodka instead of Southern
 Comfort. Add Galliano last, floating it on top.



RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime
 1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola
*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall
 glass. Add rind and pour in rum.
 Fill with cola and stir.*

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S.C. is to cola.

DESERT COOLER

*As served at The Desert Inn
 and Country Club, Las Vegas*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
 Pineapple-grapefruit juice
*Pack cracked ice in tall glass; add
 Southern Comfort. Fill with juice;
 add an orange slice and a cherry.*





Try both recipes . . . prove it to yourself!

ordinary GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{4}$ lime
1 jigger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) gin
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass; add rind. Add gin; fill with tonic; stir. Now use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in liquor improves your drink.



improved COMFORT 'N TONIC

Sunny choice of skippers & mates at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{4}$ lime (optional)
1 jigger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)
Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort's delicious flavor makes a much better-tasting drink!

*Southern Comfort®



**Great drinks to hoist:
some old, some new—
when the Happy Hour flag
signals day is through!**



PLANTER'S PUNCH

Juice of ½ lemon
Juice of ½ orange
4 dashes Curacao

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Jamaica rum

Shake thoroughly and pour into a tall glass filled with cracked ice.

Stir lightly to chill. Decorate with orange slice and a cherry, and serve with straws.



GIN RICKEY

Juice and rind ½ lime

1 jigger gin • sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass; add rind. Pour in gin.

Fill with sparkling water; stir.

To "rev up" a rickey, use S.C. instead of gin.



**COMFORT*
ON-THE-ROCKS**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add twist of lemon peel. This liquor is so delicious it's one of the most popular on-the-rocks drinks.

COMFORT* COLADA

Smooth one from sunny San Juan!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

1 oz. Cream of Coconut

2 oz. unsweetened
pineapple juice

Shake with ½ cup crushed ice or use blender. Pour into tall glass filled with ice cubes. Add cherry. A delicious coconut accent!



LEMON COOLER

Tall favorite of the sun set, from Palm Springs to Palm Beach

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour S.C. over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.



SCREWDRIIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Orange juice

Put ice cubes into 6-oz. glass; add vodka. Fill with orange juice; stir.

Give your screwdriver a new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.





COMFORT® SUMMER SOUR

Outshines a clear day at La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club, La Jolla, Calif.

½ jigger (¾ oz.) lemon juice
½ oz. orange juice • ½ tspn. sugar
2 oz. Southern Comfort • 7UP

Shake fruit juice, sugar and Southern Comfort; pour over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with 7UP; stir. It's superb!

Quickie Summer Sour: Shake 1 packet Instant Sour Mix, 1 jigger water, 2 oz. Southern Comfort. Pour over ice cubes in tall glass; fill with 7UP. Stir.

**Southern Comfort®*



**Serve each guest
your "sun" day best
... it's a breeze
to mix sure-to-please
drinks like these!**



MARGARITA

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) tequila
1/2 oz. Triple Sec

1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice; strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.



DAIQUIRI

Juice 1/2 lime or 1/4 lemon

1 tspn. sugar • 1 jigger light rum

Shake with cracked ice till shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

Give your Daiquiri a new accent; use S.C. instead of rum, only 1/2 tspn. sugar.

Try both recipes . . . one sip will convince you:

ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Bourbon or rye

1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice

1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add an orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use the recipe at right. See how a switch in basic liquor makes a much better-tasting drink.

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka

1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into chillad cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth. Serve with a pearl onion.



BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice

1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice

Dash of Worcestershire sauce

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) vodka

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.



the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort

1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice

1/2 teaspoon sugar

Mix like ordinary recipe. Then sip it. S.C. makes the smoothest Sour ever!

Comfort® Sour

As served at the Top of the Mark, Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco



**Your Happy Hour
wins a place
in the sun . . .
when these classics
are a part of the fun!**



ROB ROY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
½ jigger sweet vermouth • dash Angostura bitters
*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a twist
of lemon peel. (Often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")*

COMFORT* OLD-FASHIONED

Choice of Chicago's sun set at Hotels Ambassador
Dash of Angostura bitters • ½ oz. sparkling water
½ tspn. sugar (optional) • 1 jigger Southern Comfort
*Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, S.C.
Top with twist of lemon peel, orange slice and cherry.*
Regular Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.



GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka • 1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice
Shake with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass.

Try both recipes . . . learn the experts' secret:

ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)
*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add
a cherry. Now use recipe at right. Learn how
experts improve many drinks. See how a switch
in basic liquor makes a remarkable difference.*



improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)
*Mix like ordinary recipe. A sip tells you
Southern Comfort makes a far better drink!*
**Comfort* Manhattan, as mixed at Paul
Young's Restaurant, Washington, D.C.**

*Southern Comfort®





SCARLETT O'HARA

*Shines in any crowd . . .
a drink as enticing
as its namesake!*

1 jigger (1½ oz.)

Southern Comfort

Juice of ¼ fresh lime

1 jigger Ocean Spray

cranberry juice cocktail

*Shake well with cracked ice and
strain into glass. A famous drink,
with an intriguing, delicious flavor.*

COMFORT* JULEP

*Favorite at Churchill Downs,[®]
home of the Kentucky Derby[®]*

4 sprigs fresh mint

Dash of water

2 ounces Southern Comfort

*Use a tall glass. Crush mint sprigs
in water. Pack glass with cracked
ice. Add Southern Comfort, and stir
until frosted. This great julep
wins laurels where juleps are king
. . . at the annual "run for the roses"!*

*Bourbon Julep: Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint;
replace Southern Comfort with Bourbon.*

ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream

1 part creme de cacao

1 part Southern Comfort
or gin or brandy

*Shake thoroughly with
cracked ice and strain
into a cocktail glass.*



GRASSHOPPER

¼ oz. fresh cream

1 oz. white creme de cacao

1 oz. green creme de menthe

*Shake with cracked ice
or mix in an electric blender;
strain into a cocktail glass.*



ST. LOUIS COCKTAIL

*As served at Stan Musial
and Biggie's in St. Louis*

½ peach or apricot

Chilled Southern Comfort

*Put fruit in champagne
or sherbet glass and add
cracked ice. Fill with Southern
Comfort. Serve with
small spoon and short straw.*



Entertain a crowd with

Punch



OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

Super punch . . . tastes like a super cocktail! Great for weddings, anniversaries, summer brunches . . . serves 32.

One fifth Southern Comfort • 3 quarts 7UP
6 oz. fresh lemon juice • One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice; add orange and lemon slices. Looks and tastes wonderful!

HAPPY HOUR PUNCH Serves 25.

One fifth Southern Comfort • 1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice
1 cup grapefruit juice • 4 oz. lemon juice • 2 qts. champagne or 7UP

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding champagne last. Add ice cubes; garnish with orange slices. Puts punch in any party!

HOSPITALITY PUNCH Serves 8 to 10.

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort • 3 oz. fresh lemon juice
1 cup Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail • 24 oz. Squirr or Wink

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding Squirr or Wink last. Add cake of ice; add citrus fruit slices. Unusually refreshing!

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Direct from the famed Las Piramides bar! The secret's in the way these liquors blend so well with orange juice . . . it's delicious!

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½ oz. tequila
Orange juice

Fill a highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Fill with orange juice; stir. Add a cherry. A most unusual drink. Caramba!

brothers had had more faith in the state," he says, "than the state had had in them." In an afterword, Wicker states that after all the investigations and testimony that followed the riot and the killing, "inmates alone were indicted." No longer.

Corporate capitalism, Karl Hess informs us in *Dear America* (William Morrow), is an act of theft, and state socialism an act of betrayal. The debasing similarities between conservative and liberal make any differences trivial: Both



political ideologies seek to create a social order in which people follow the ruling class. Coming from a man who toiled as Barry Goldwater's chief speechwriter in the 1964 Presidential campaign, these New Left sentiments may seem strangely out of phase, but Hess has traveled far across our political landscape since his love-it-or-leave-it days, and he now embraces Marxist doctrine with all the passion he once reserved for jingoism. Since he started refusing to pay taxes to support a "corrupt Government," Hess says he cannot own property or earn wages without having them attached by the IRS, so for his sustenance he barter his services as a professional welder. By any reckoning, his sudden and complete change in values should provide the basis for a powerful autobiography; unfortunately, Hess buries his personal story in mounds of flaky rhetoric, indulges in long, discursive tirades and plays his themes like a tone-deaf musician flailing away on a squeaky violin. Worse, he frequently adopts the attitude of a pompous teacher, speaking down to us as if we lack the smarts to absorb his lessons. We begin to understand things better when Hess tells us about his joyous new lifestyle, the pleasures of work, good friends and mutual trust. His book might have been easier to applaud if he had reserved some of that trust for his reader, but even with its flaws, *Dear America* makes a proud statement on a man's willingness to sacrifice a career for a commitment.

"Just so you know," Sarah said, "I'm a respectable young woman. I went to

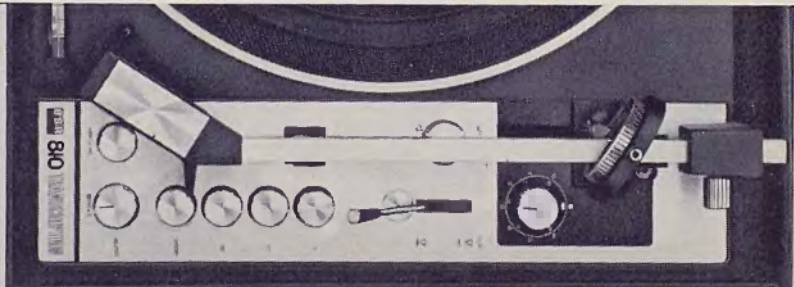
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"Dear American Tourister: I can look like a V.P. on a junior exec's salary."

Martin Sherry, Atlanta, Ga.



Attaches



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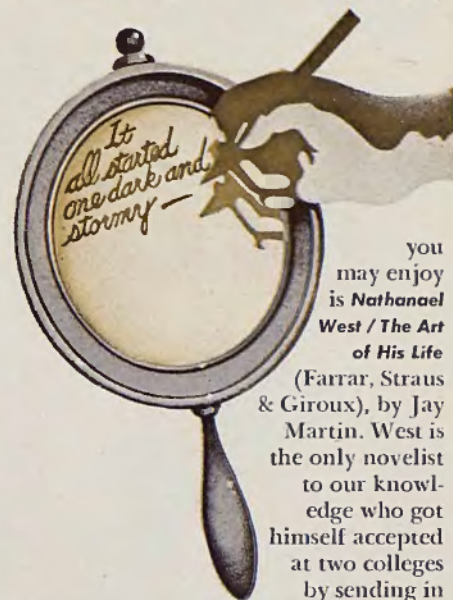
Smith and my mother tells me I was well brought up, and the likes of us do not engage in adulterous liaisons at the Commodore." That, friends, is George V. Higgins doing what he does best and does better, perhaps, than anybody else alive. That is Higgins writing dialog. The words are from his new book, *A City on a Hill* (Knopf). The book is a departure for Higgins, who gave us all those wonderful smalltime hoods in *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* and other novels. This one is about politicians in the time of Watergate. You will never have read such a political novel. It is most certainly not Allen Drury or any of those other Washington writers who describe that city as though it were the setting for some grand Roman pageant. Higgins is at home with the deal and Washington is built on deals. It's not his best work, but so what? He knows what we have all learned so very late: that the difference between hoods and politicians is mostly one of address. And oh that dialog.

Enough is enough. The critics have paid constant court to all the modern Russian novelists. But to continue to rave over every book by every author who has been expelled from the Soviet Union is absurd. And with the publication of Vladimir Maximov's *Seven Days of Creation* (Knopf), the time has come for harsh assessment. It's a huge, depressing, boring novel spanning three generations and the breadth of Russia. To the usual confusion of too many Russian names Maximov adds frequent bewildering flashbacks, repetitious clichés and soapy melodramas. The fraternity of Russian artists forced from their homeland is a noble one, but, like any alliance, it has its weak and strong members. Maximov belongs with the former.

For the past several months, biographies and autobiographies have been sliding across our desk like hockey pucks. We intercepted a lot of them, took them home, made friends with several. Now we'll whack a few in your direction. *Jean Renoir / My Life and My Films* (Atheneum), translated by Norman Denny, is one of our favorites, because the French film maker doesn't even pretend to understand what his life was about. That comes from having been the son of the famous painter Renoir, who, in fact, was an old coot who would pad around the house, muttering such things as "In Protestant schools, you become a pederast, but with the Catholics it's more likely to be masturbation. I prefer the latter." Or "[Sarah Bernhardt] acted like a goat." Warped into zany irrationality at an early age, Renoir the son had only one ambition: to project the images

inside his head onto a silver screen. He then leads you through his career, and it's one of the most unpretentious journeys you'll ever take. He drops fascinating tidbits about the film industry that more reasonable creatures would brush aside: "A custom which I believe to be peculiar to American studios was the suspending of operations while the star was having her period." You need not be a film buff, and you don't have to have seen Renoir's classic *La Grande Illusion* to cherish this book. Just be prepared to have your head turned around. . . . Another autobiography we highly recommend is *All God's Dangers / The Life of Nate Shaw* (Knopf), transcribed from tape and edited by Theodore Rosen-garten. In 1932, Alabama tenant farmer Nate Shaw resisted the sheriff's men who had come to dispossess one of his neighbors of his farm and, as a result, Shaw was sent to prison for 12 years. Shaw (a pseudonym) is black and uneducated and, when he died in 1973 at the age of 88, may have been the best storyteller in America. He worked as a farmer, log cutter, maker of ax handles, hog raiser, hunter, lumber hauler, swamp drainer, housebuilder, basket weaver, blacksmith, mechanic and mule handler. When he reminisces about his life, the powerful narrative flow sweeps everything before it. He speaks about what he knows: the soil, the weather, people he cared for, those who gave him trouble, the skills he acquired—and mules. He loved mules and remembered details of those he had owned 60 years before. Here is Shaw on himself: "If you don't like what I have done, then you are against the man I am today. I ain't goin' to take no backwater about it. If you don't like me for the way I have lived, get on off in the woods and bushes and shut your mouth and let me go for what I'm worth. . . . I'd fight this morning for my rights, I'd do it—and for other folks' rights if they'll push along." It strikes us that Nate Shaw has surmounted the problem. . . . Turning to biographies, we heartily recommend Sybille Bedford's *Aldous Huxley* (Knopf). It's really two biographies in one, for Bedford gives us not only the author of *Brave New World* but also his fascinating wife, Maria. As a biographer, Bedford is most comfortable with Aldous whenever he exhibits the spontaneous brilliance one associates with the intellectually distinguished Huxleys of England. However, when he shows his earthier, less creditable side, as when he abandons wife and book contract for disinherited Lorelei Nancy Cunard, of the boat people, Bedford tries to understand; but between the lines one hears a cultivated, querulous "My God, Aldous, how *could* you do it?" The biography is a magnificent anecdotal history of four decades of avant-garde scientism, because Aldous and Maria were

into everything from Professor Rhine's ESP experiments at Duke to flying saucers and LSD. Even James Joyce puts in a brief appearance, and that's a UFO worth observing. . . . Another biography



you may enjoy is *Nathanael West / The Art of His Life* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Jay Martin. West is the only novelist to our knowledge who got himself accepted at two colleges by sending in

fake transcripts. Paradoxically, he's also the only novelist we know of who fashioned his life out of the pages of the *Boy Scout Manual*. Martin's treatment is a bit too psychological for our taste, but we'll take the author of the incomparable *Miss Lonelyhearts* any way we can get him. . . . Another good literary biography is *New Yorker* editor Burton Bernstein's *Biography of Thurber* (Dodd, Mead). James Thurber, we discover, grew up in *fin-de-siècle* Columbus, Ohio, a city whose conservatives at the time were outnumbered only by its eccentrics. This excellent book traces the career of one of America's major humorists and cartoonists, a man who overcame poor eyesight and a myopic background to become the tutelary spirit of all henpecked suburban husbands. . . . And anyone who has ever wondered why Toscanini loved the little black notes in the score as much as if not more than the musicians who played them (although the maestro often took to bed the women who sang those notes) will enjoy *Toscanini* (Atheneum), by George R. Marek. Marek is appreciative but by no means worshipful. His fondness for Toscanini, especially the Toscanini of opera, is subtle and convincing. Also admirable is Marek's feeling for the business aspects of commercial high art. . . . And finally, a biography that aims at the heart but hits the tenderloin is *The Tragic Secret Life of Jayne Mansfield* (Regnery), by Raymond Strait. If Jayne Mansfield really had an affair with President John F. Kennedy, as Strait implies, its main effect is to make one ponder the difference between a Presidential Inauguration in Washington and opening night at Grauman's Chinese. No difference at all.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A longtime female friend and I are planning a vacation in France. We want to share hotel accommodations for obvious reasons. Unless I miss my guess, those reasons should be obvious to hotel clerks, too, since from what I've heard, it is their policy to collect passports when guests register for the night. Can we expect to be hassled or embarrassed because we're unmarried?—M. L. G., Washington, D.C.

No. Hotels in France sometimes collect passports as insurance that your bill will be paid or as an aid in filling out a fiche policière, an official card that lists the name, place of birth and passport number of each guest. The tactic of paying for your room in advance works just as well abroad as it does when you're not at home. And you don't have to worry about the fiche policière this summer. The French government has abandoned that little bit of bureaucratic fluff as part of its campaign of Liberty, Carnality and Tourist Economy. So chances are hotel clerks won't be asking for your passports in France. Not that you would have any problems if they did. After all, it is the Continent, and you're right: The obvious is reason enough.

While cleaning albums the other day, I noticed an interesting phenomenon. The grooves on the surface of a record reflect light in different ways; some appear to be darker than others. On most songs, the shading seems to be random, but on one or two cuts there is a distinct pattern—not unlike the rings of Saturn. For instance, both Maria Muldaur's *Work Song* and Carly Simon's *That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be* are composed of six alternating bands. The divisions coincide with the verses and choruses, but I can't figure out why. Is it something to help disc jockeys find a favorite passage?—T. P., Sacramento, California.

Old eagle ears strikes again: The diffraction patterns you describe could be used as a visual braille for the tone-deaf, but that is not their purpose. The sound that comes out of your speakers originates in the shake, rattle and roll of the needle as it moves across the record. The walls of a groove are textured when the record is pressed; the exact pattern is determined by the loudness and pitch of a particular passage. The shadings are not random. It happens that the two songs you mentioned have similar arrangements—vocal harmonies and extra back-up instruments are added on the choruses, drastically changing the pattern of the grooves and the way they reflect light.

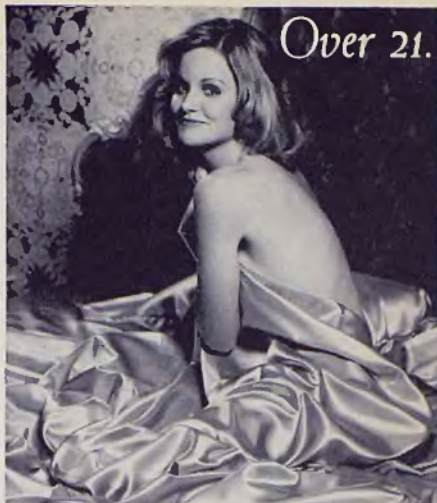
Once you get the hang of it, you should be able to see where the cannons come in on a record of the "1812 Overture." (Look for clouds of smoke and flying debris.)

Over the past few months, I have grown very close to a woman who lives in my building. She and I see each other frequently and usually wind up an evening making love. Although our foreplay is great, she says she loses all desire as soon as I enter her. She is taking birth-control pills and believes that they may be the cause of the problem. Needless to say, I am quite concerned. Could the pills be to blame?—L. C., Memphis, Tennessee.

It may be a bitter pill to swallow, but some women lose their desire for intercourse after they've been taking contraceptives for a while. (This peculiar side effect brings to mind the old joke about the best form of birth control being a firm, polite "I don't feel anything.") We suggest that she ask her gynecologist to change her prescription to a pill with a different hormone level or that she switch to an I.U.D. or a diaphragm. Or you might start using condoms. If the situation doesn't improve, increase the amount of time you spend on noncoital sex play. She may simply be one of those women who respond to oral and manual stimulation but not to intercourse. Two out of three isn't bad.

My social life is a disaster; I can't seem to meet an attractive woman who shares my interests or who is compatible with my personality. I've tried special-activity clubs, but I don't know what to say to other members: "Excuse me, miss, are you here because you like to collect snakes, or are you here because you want to meet someone looking for someone who collects snakes?" I've tried singles' clubs, on the assumption that everyone there shares an interest in meeting other people, but they are governed by a law of unnatural selection: the arrival and immediate departure of the fastest. By the time I find the girl I'm looking for, she's already gone, if she was there to begin with. And then, on top of all of this, I recently saw *Play Misty for Me* on TV—the movie wherein Clint Eastwood picks up Jessica Walter, who turns out to be a homicidal maniac. Now I'm afraid to approach any of the girls I see in bars. Are there more efficient alternatives?—R. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Actually, the anxiety and/or paranoia of singles' clubs are perfectly suited to romance. In a Psychology Today article



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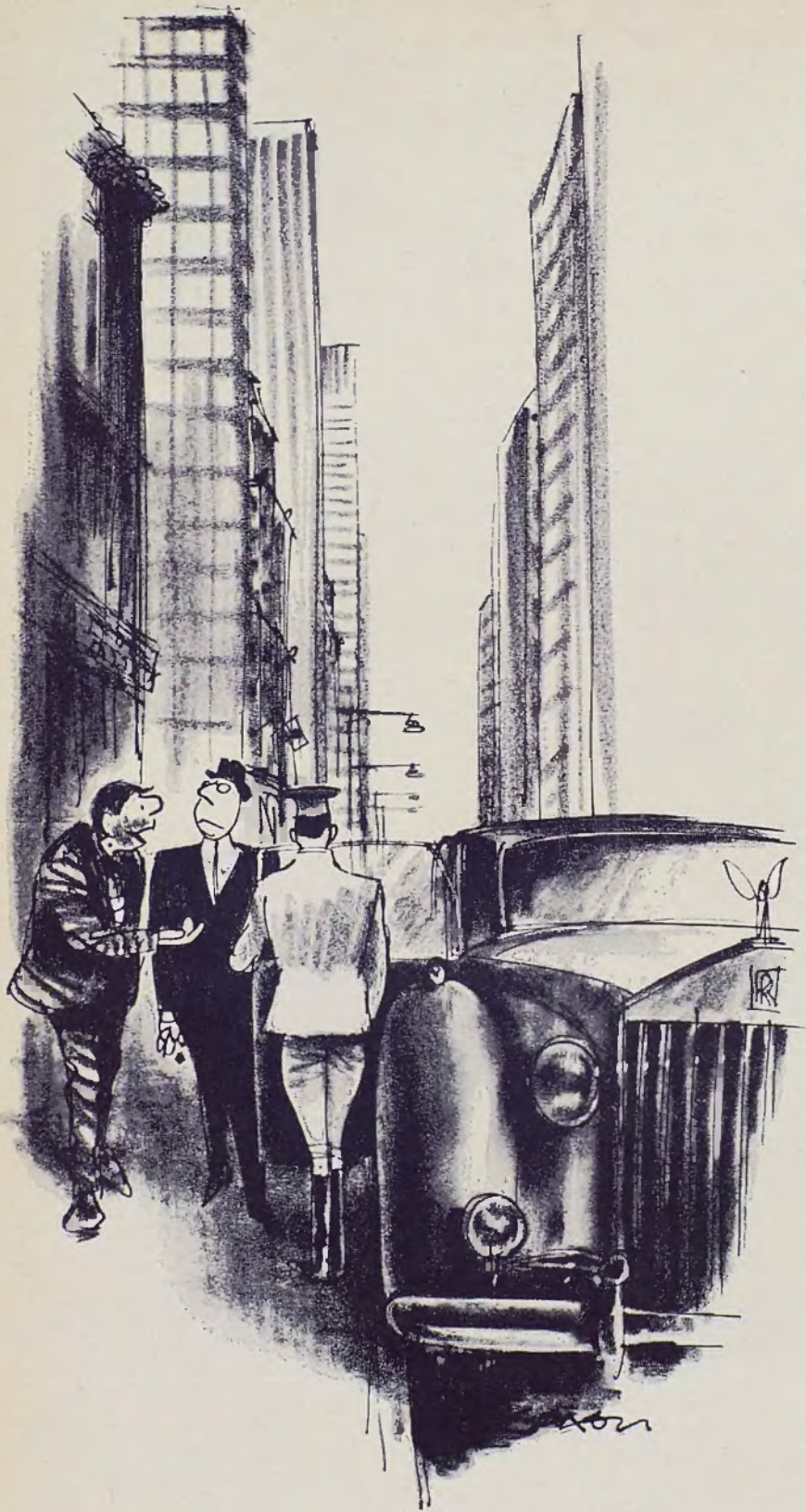
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titled "Adrenaline Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," by Elaine Walster and Ellen Berscheid, H. T. Finck is quoted as saying: "Love can only be excited by strong and vivid emotion, and it is almost immaterial whether these emotions are agreeable or disagreeable. The Cid wooed the proud heart of Diana Ximene, whose father he had slain, by shooting one after another, her pet pigeons." Here's looking at you, Cid. It seems that two conditions are necessary to inspire passionate love: (1) physiological arousal and (2) a reasonable interpretation of same ("This must be love, because it's not indigestion"). Anything that stirs up emotions will do; the more intense the stimulus, the more powerful the attraction. In one of our favorite experiments, researchers told subjects that they were going to give them electric shocks, let them worry about it for a few minutes, then introduced them to an attractive lab assistant. Most of the subjects expressed a significant interest in the girl. (We hear Vincent Price is negotiating for the film rights.) Perhaps you can use your fear as a springboard for an affair: The process, by the way, is reversible. It will help if you are more aggressive. Gestures that intrigue, nauseate, anger or terrify are apparently more effective than manners. Your victim will ask herself, "Why is this happening to me?" and, in the absence of conflicting evidence, may assume that it is love. If you're lucky, you'll win the heart of a woman who hasn't showered since she saw the murder scene in "Psycho."

During the sex act, which part of the female anatomy is the most responsive to the caress, touch or kiss of the partner?—D. B., Flagstaff, Arizona.

The mind.

This summer, I plan to go backpacking in the Rockies. I'm shopping for a light-weight tent to carry along. Most of the ones I've seen are made of rip-stop nylon or taffeta nylon. A friend just warned me that these materials are very flammable. Apparently, the Government has been trying to get them pulled off the market. Is nylon the culprit?—J. M. R., Portland, Oregon.

Yes. A nylon tent isn't exactly in the category of a towering inferno, but it will melt in seconds if it catches fire. Consequently, most companies use a special 1.9-ounce rip-stop nylon that has been coated with a flame retardant. The newer product adds a few seconds of safety (and several pounds of weight). If you don't want the burden of a much heavier canvas tent, buy one of the nylon jobs and camp accordingly. For example, we know a guy who attaches a cherry bomb to the side of his canteen and hangs it

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from the top of his tent. In the event of fire, it blows up and douses the flames. Eat your heart out, Hollywood.

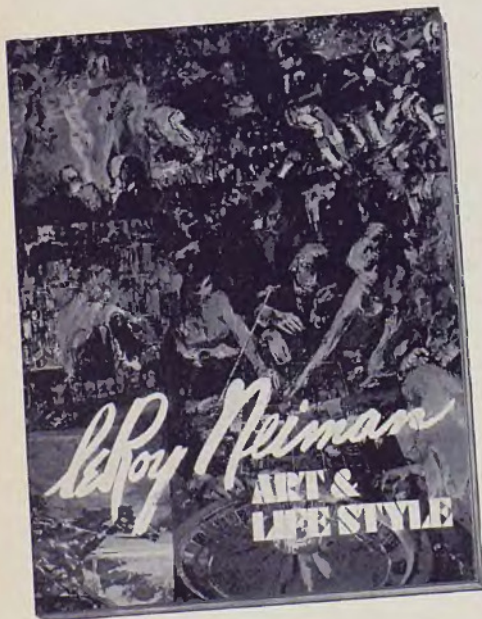
Having recently returned from a tour of duty in Japan, I find that I have a slight problem. While overseas, I had a special bedmate who brought out a mild form of masochism in me. Just as I would reach ejaculation, she would give my balls a painful squeeze with both hands. At first, the gesture was excruciatingly uncomfortable and I would stop in my tracks. But further relations began to revolve around such brutal attacks; the excruciating pain would intensify my pleasure. Now that I am Stateside, I catch myself requesting partners to practice this baseball grip during lovemaking. I fear that this dependence could branch out into a desire for other masochistic assaults. What can I do to keep things from getting out of control?—W. F. M., Las Vegas, Nevada.

At certain levels, pain is indistinguishable from pleasure, and your practice differs only in degree from the biting and scratching that many people enjoy as a part of loveplay. Your desire to be grabbed by the balls hasn't gotten out of hand as long as it isn't a compulsion. It's true that you may become conditioned to expect the baseball grip—if it happens every time you have an orgasm, you will associate the two—but conditioning is not addiction. When you're in the box you can swing whenever and however you feel. An extra hint: Keep a resin bag by the bedside—it will improve your partner's grip.

Can you tell me why there is a large indentation in the bottom of some wine bottles? After emptying several of them at dinner a few nights ago, my friends and I sat contemplating the inverted nipples. We could not come up with an explanation, perhaps because of the effects of the wine. One of my companions suggested that we were getting a little less vino than we had paid for. True?—D. G., Miami, Florida.

No. The hollow in the bottom of a wine bottle is called a punt. It serves to strengthen the bottle, especially for carbonated wines and champagnes, and it helps collect the sediment in aged wines. Also, the punt will accommodate a wooden peg to hold bottles in place during shipping. However, none of these facts accounts for the origin of the punt. Back when bottles were handmade, glass blowers would support the bottom of a bottle with an iron rod (called a punty—from the Italian word puntello, or point) while they formed the neck. Naturally, this rod left a ragged mark in the still-soft glass. In order to finish the bottle neatly, a little bit of glass was

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pushed into the bottom to form a rounded hollow and a smoother resting surface (the circumference of the indentation). Get the punt?

My husband is a wonderful man, a good provider and an understanding, honest, sincere person. However, he has two problems that aggravate me no end. He demands sex constantly. I mean constantly, like two or three times a day. (He usually tries to come home during his lunch hour.) When we were first married, I thought that this was natural, but we have been married five years now and my desire has slipped since the honeymoon. I've asked him to see a doctor, but he says, "What do you want me to be, a queer?" The second problem: He has a very odd leather fetish. He insists on having sex dressed in nothing but a heavy leather jacket and heavy motorcycle boots. He has about three jackets and five pairs of boots, which he mixes and matches for every session. He does not have any other leather items, but these are enough to drive me crazy. He is normally quite gentle; in bed he becomes fairly violent and active. Maybe he is unsure of his masculinity, but that doesn't figure. He's huge (6'5", 270 pounds), very handsome and in his prime (29 years old). He was a football player, wrestler, boxer and weight lifter in college and won many honors. I need some advice to straighten things out.—Mrs. H. S., Dallas, Texas.

If your left breast is bruised from being twisted like a throttle and your thigh scuffed from where he tries to kick-start you in the morning, we recognize the symptoms. Somebody slipped a Harley-Davidson owner's manual into his copy of "The Joy of Sex." All seriousness aside—it appears that after five years of marriage, your husband has learned what turns him on, while you have learned what turns you off. You shouldn't try to even the match by handicapping your partner or by disqualifying him from further play. Instead, try improving your game. Take the issue of frequency: His appetite is still completely natural—it's your attitude that's changed. Your stated preference ("Less is more") comes across as a nonnegotiable demand. Create a compromise that will make meeting in the middle a joy for both of you.

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"*

MISSIONARY ZEAL

Screwing in the missionary position is often the subject of ridicule. Nevertheless, it is the most intimate of all positions; the couple are face to face and can put their arms around each other and kiss while making love. If people want to be acrobats, let them screw standing up in a hammock.

Edward S. Kern
Denver, Colorado

You're certainly right about hammocks. A fellow we know tried the missionary position in one and he sprained his back. Standing up is the only way.

WILDLY DIFFERENT

I am an 18-year-old man who has had anal intercourse with my girl a number of times and I thoroughly disagree with Kenny R. Richter, who claims this practice is unnatural (*The Playboy Forum*, January). As Dr. Alex Comfort states in *The Joy of Sex*, any sexual behavior is normal as long as you both enjoy it, you hurt nobody and you aren't acting out of anxiety. He adds, "People differ wildly in what they need and in their capacity to be satisfied."

Richter writes, "It seems that lots of people get the idea that they can do anything they want; that it's their privilege." So they do and so it is.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

DILDO DALLIANCE

In the February *Playboy Forum*, a letter from an anonymous lesbian criticizes the writer of a *Playboy Advisor* letter who described two women making love with a dildo (October 1974). She says lesbians never use dildos, but she fails to note that at least one of the women is not exclusively homosexual—the one who had previously made love to the author of the *Advisor* letter. It is perfectly conceivable that a bisexual woman could get off on acting out the fantasy of being a man.

Bob Lappan
Princeton, New Jersey

ORDER OF THE GARTER

During 15 years of marriage, I never masturbated. But one night on vacation in Rome when my wife said she was too tired for sex, I started stroking my erect penis while lying beside her in bed. I thought she was asleep, but suddenly she reached out, took over and got me off.

She refused to discuss what had happened, but she made overtures the following night and the same thing happened. Soon I was bringing her to climax in the same way.

She told me that instead of being embarrassed or annoyed by what I was doing that first night, she was excited; and she realized it was because I was still wearing my socks and garters. She thinks it has something to do with a stag film she saw in her college days.

(Name withheld by request)
London, England

SELF-INSTRUCTION

I recently began dating a 24-year-old woman who had previously experienced only two orgasms. I suggested masturbation to her as a means of learning her sexual turn-ons and of teaching herself to reach orgasm more easily. After a couple of months of masturbating daily (and sometimes more frequently; she has grown fond of it), she always reaches orgasm during our lovemaking.

(Name withheld by request)
Las Vegas, Nevada

PROTECTION FROM NURSES

The people who make the rules for nurses in the hospital where I work evidently think we're predatory sexpots. We are not permitted to bathe a man's genitals but must leave the room while he does it himself or, if he can't bathe himself, we must send a male attendant to do it. We are forbidden to catheterize—pass a tube to the bladder through the urethra—a male patient, which requires handling the penis. Only males on the staff may do this. And we are not allowed to prepare a man for abdominal surgery, because this includes shaving the pubic area. In short, only male staff may touch a male staff.

I used to think these rules were made to protect male modesty; however, I have now worked with enough men to think most would actually prefer to have a female nurse perform such intimate services for them. But no one has ever asked their opinion.

(Name withheld by request)
Burlington, Vermont

METERED PETERS

I'm a 22-year-old woman from Switzerland now attending college in the U.S. After reading all the letters in *The Playboy Forum* on penis size, I took it

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upon myself to measure the organs of my two men friends, using a metric ruler since we Swiss are more familiar with that system. One man's penis is 29.21 centimeters long; he's had complaints from women who claim their vaginas are too small to accommodate him. My other guy measures 10.61 centimeters; he tends to be rather shy about undressing in front of women. In lovemaking, I've found each has his advantages: The smaller man never hurts me on entering as the larger one sometimes does, but the bigger man really fills me up. He has a predilection for anal intercourse, though, and as the length goes, so goes the width. It wasn't much fun for me until I learned how to relax my sphincter. Now I enjoy anal intercourse, but I still sometimes find myself wishing it were the smaller man who had that particular interest.

(Name withheld by request)
Wilmington, Delaware

Several years ago, I worked as a registered nurse in a Chicago hospital. On one occasion, I was assigned to help a doctor whose patient had a bladder infection. It was part of my job to hold the patient's penis so the doctor could insert a catheter and flush the bladder with a medicated solution. Flaccid, this patient's penis was about 18 centimeters long and 3.3 centimeters in diameter. After he was released, the patient called me at the hospital and asked me to dinner. I was happy to accept; we dated and eventually were married.

It amuses us to read the letters in *The Playboy Forum* about large penises. My husband's is 26 centimeters long and 5 centimeters in diameter when erect. After a bit of foreplay, my vagina becomes fully lubricated and accommodates him easily. We've decided a large penis is neither a handicap nor an asset. A cock is a cock, and the importance of measurements, in centimeters or in inches, exists only in the mind.

(Name withheld by request)
Geneva, Illinois

For the benefit of curious readers unversed in metrics, one inch equals 2.54 centimeters and one centimeter equals .3937 inches. Do your own arithmetic. Men will love the metric system; it makes everything sound bigger.

HITCHING HORRORS

A word, by your leave, on behalf of lady hitchhikers. I own a car, but can't use it right now and so am reduced to thumbing rides. I have run into some of the worst creeps in the world. There's one kind of lizard licker who drives around tool in hand; he pulls up to a chick and jacks off while he asks her if she wants a ride. He comes all over his hand and lap while talking to her and then zooms off. As if this weren't scuzzy

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

DISPLACED ENERGY

ROME—Five thousand more babies were born in Italy in September 1974 than in September 1973, according to the Italian Association for Demographic Education. The increase came nine months after the government, in a move to conserve energy, banned driving on Sundays and ordered reduced heating, fewer television shows and earlier closing times for bars.

SEX ON THE TUBE

LONDON—Dr. Richard Fox, a prominent British psychiatrist, has told a government-appointed committee on broadcasting that sex education should be a part of regular television programming. He suggested that explicit sex, with



instructions and practical demonstrations, could be useful in combating frigidity and impotence. He also asked would-be reformers and censors to stop worrying about sexual scenes in regular TV shows and to concentrate instead on depictions of "violence and greed."

FRANCE LEGALIZES ABORTION

PARIS—The French parliament, after long and bitter debate in both houses, has legalized abortion during the first ten weeks of pregnancy. The new law ends decades of strict prohibition during which the number of illegal abortions has reached an estimated 300,000 to 500,000 per year. Proponents fear, however, that without a national campaign to promote contraception, abortion may become France's major form of birth control. At present, only 12 percent of French women use any form of contraception and fewer than two percent use the pill.

TRIALS OF THE UNWED TEACHER

AUSTIN, TEXAS—A U.S. district-court judge has ruled that school officials have the right to transfer an unmarried pregnant teacher from the classroom to a nonteaching job. The 29-year-old woman, who planned to have the baby but not to marry, filed suit charging sex discrimination on the ground that male teachers who father children out of wedlock are

not similarly transferred. The judge ruled, however, that while fatherhood is not necessarily evident or obvious, pregnancy is and, therefore, no illegal discrimination occurred.

ONCE-A-WEEK PILL

EAST BERLIN—Researchers in East Germany reportedly have developed an effective once-a-week oral contraceptive. The pill, developed by the state-owned firm Jenapharm and called Deposiston, is supposed to eliminate some of the negative side effects associated with other types of pills.

MORE TROUBLE FOR LEARY

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—Timothy Leary, one-time LSD advocate, has been ordered to pay \$100,000 to the parents of a youth who jumped to his death from a Berkeley apartment in 1966 after taking the drug. The suit claimed that the 20-year-old man was influenced to try LSD after attending a lecture at which Leary allegedly said the drug was "beneficial to human health." The default judgment was issued after Leary, currently in prison, did not answer the suit in defense.

LEGAL POT PROPOSAL

CALGARY—The Canadian Criminology and Corrections Association has called on the government to drive criminals out of the marijuana business by selling pot, like liquor, in government-operated stores. The association, whose membership includes judges, police, parole officers and other legal workers, said that legal pot profits could be used to finance research, education and treatment in the area of alcohol abuse. At present, however, the government is considering only reduced penalties for "soft drugs," such as marijuana.

LAST MAN UP

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA—The last person arrested for draft refusal has been sentenced to two years in prison. Karl E. Love, 25, of St. Albans, West Virginia, was picked up three days before President Ford announced the Administration's amnesty plan. He was a member of the National Guard, but stopped attending meetings after the Kent State campus shooting in the spring of 1971 and did not report for duty when drafted the following summer.

FONDLING THE SUSPECTS

LOS ANGELES—Chief of Police Ed Davis strongly opposes the hiring of any homosexual policemen in Los Angeles. In a letter to the city-council committee

studying an ordinance that would ban job discrimination on the basis of sex or sexual orientation, he explained that gay cops, among other things, might tend to become sexually aroused while searching male suspects.

SCHOLARSHIP FOR GAYS

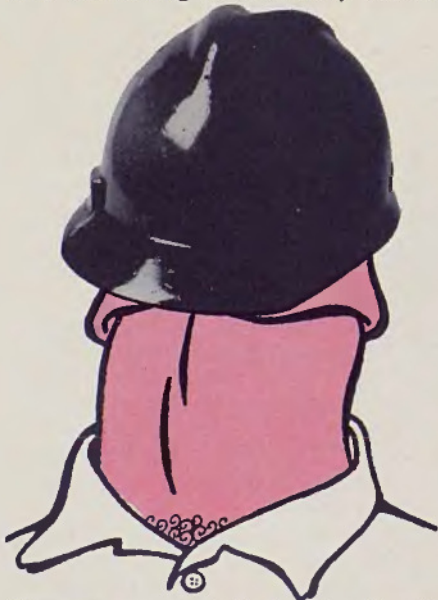
MONTREAL—The Loyola campus of Concordia University reports that an anonymous donor has established a \$200 scholarship for any third-year homosexual of either sex with a superior academic record. Students may apply in writing or may be nominated for the award.

THE LONG NOSE OF THE LAW

SAN FRANCISCO—The California Supreme Court has unanimously ruled that law-enforcement officers may not examine bank records of individuals or businesses without a warrant or a court order. The decision appears to restrict and to clarify, at least in that state, the Bank Secrecy Act of 1970, which compels banks to keep records of all customer transactions and to report to the Treasury Department any financial deal involving more than \$10,000.

PHOTO FINISH

CHICAGO—A 42-year-old construction worker has been accused of trying to swindle his former girlfriend out of \$2600 by threatening to show pictures of their lovemaking to her elderly mother.



The man was arrested when he allegedly accepted the 13th monthly payment of \$200 in marked bills and was charged with intimidation and theft. The woman, 40, said the money demands began when the couple split up a year earlier.

LETTER OF THE LAW

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—FBI agents attending a training course at a local Holiday Inn had to make do with blackboard drawings instead of photographic slides, because of a Cedar Rapids ordinance

prohibiting projected images at places holding liquor licenses. The three-year-old law is intended to keep pornographic movies out of bars and taverns, but the motel manager decided that FBI slides qualified as projected images and insisted on compliance.

CLEAN AIRWAVES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Federal appeals court has upheld the authority of the FCC to determine that a radio broadcast is obscene and to fine the offending radio station. The FCC found an Oak Park, Illinois, radio station guilty of obscenity for two broadcasts of "Femme Forum,"



a call-in talk show, which dealt explicitly with the subject of oral sex. The station accepted the \$2000 fine, but listeners and a civil liberties group challenged the FCC decision on First Amendment grounds. The court agreed that the broadcasts were obscene and held that the FCC did not infringe on the rights of the public.

VICTORY FOR CENSORSHIP

PORTLAND—Oregon voters narrowly approved a new law increasing state restrictions on pornography. Of 700,000 votes cast, 53 percent supported the measure, which prohibits the sale of pornography according to U.S. Supreme Court guidelines. The old law placed virtually no restrictions on sexual materials purchased by adults.

OUTDOOR NUDIES

OKLAHOMA CITY—Movies depicting nudity have been banned from outdoor theaters under a new ordinance passed unanimously by the Oklahoma City Council. The new law, which carries a \$50 fine, is applicable only where the viewing portion of the screen is situated within the view of public streets, highways, homes "or where children under 18 years of age have an understanding view of the picture."

SEX LAW REVISED

BOSTON—The Massachusetts Supreme Court has reinterpreted the state's sex law banning "unnatural and lascivious" acts, holding that the law cannot prohibit such acts between consenting adults in private. The court said its decision was based on an "awareness that community values on the subject of permissible sexual conduct . . . may change with the passage of time."

enough, there's another sort of toad sucker who is presentable enough to get you into his car before he starts to make trouble. He looks like somebody's father, or maybe the man from whom you buy sausages or life insurance. About four blocks after you get in, he begins to stare at your breasts while he talks about his work. Nine blocks down the street you are no longer in the car, just your breasts, chatting with Mr. Nice Guy. Eventually he asks your left breast if it would like to go have a drink and maybe a few monkey-shines in his hotel room. Or maybe he'll offer to give both breasts a ride to wherever they want to go if they will let him suck on them. You and your breasts get out at the first opportunity.

Look, twerps, no chick in her right mind is going to give herself away for a ride five miles down the road. We will walk first or not go at all. There are ladies on the street who need horny men's business and they aren't hard to find. Female hitchhikers aren't interested. Honest.

Monday England
Phoenix, Arizona

PATIENCE PAYS OFF

Too many men seem to have forgotten the rewards of patience; they seem to feel that they're wasting their time with a girl who won't jump into the sack the first or second time out. It's too bad, since their compulsion to screw every woman they meet probably precludes developing many otherwise satisfying friendships. Then, too, one never knows when a long-standing friendship might become something other than Platonic.

Recently, I got a call from a girl who's been a friend, but not a lover, for several years. She sounded lonely over the phone, so I went to keep her company. We talked for a while and then—to our surprise—wound up in bed and enjoyed some soul-satisfying sex. This has happened to me more than once. I'm not saying that I'll end up laying every girl I know but I certainly will never refuse an offer of friendship from a girl just because that's all she's offering at the time.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

WOMEN'S LIB AND EXTRAMARITAL SEX

Many of my married female friends have complained about a lack of sexual excitement within their otherwise tolerable marriages and have admitted being interested in other men. And it's never been a secret that many men would like more sex, and different kinds of sex, than their wives provide. A more open, liberated acknowledgment by women of mutual desires, it seems to me, should help satisfy both sexes.

I'm young, attractive, married and I spend a lot of evenings in a revealing costume working as a cocktail waitress. My husband is often away on extended

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
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The New Rollei

business trips, which means that I don't get as much sex as I'd like in marriage but I *do* have time to find it elsewhere. Of course, I get a certain number of offers no matter what I do, but I've found that if I take the initiative and offer some subtle encouragement, I can have my choice of almost any customer in the place. It's a rare man, indeed, who, when presented with a clear opportunity for risk-free, discreet sex with a reasonably good-looking woman, won't jump at the chance. So, when my husband is gone, I may have several affairs in a week. I'm happy, the men are happy and my husband, who knows what I'm doing and thinks it makes me a more interesting and exciting sex partner, is happy.

I'd bet that as women increasingly exercise new-found freedoms, researchers will finally begin to notice a significant, if not explosive, increase in the practice of extramarital sex.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

SWINGING ON THE DOWNSWING

According to an article in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, two researchers on sexual behavior think that "the sexual revolution is cooling down." At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Columbia University sociologist Amitai Etzioni said, "It's been discovered in varying degrees that all this sexual spice leads to less satisfaction. There is now more emphasis on things other than sexual acrobatics." Robert C. Kolodny, of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, told the meeting, "We have found that a strictly mechanical, hedonistic approach to sex, while espoused by some, is relatively rapidly falling by the wayside." He added, "Swinging seems to be declining and people are looking for committed relationships, for some positive emotional return."

It seems like only yesterday when many social commentators were telling us there was no sexual revolution; it was all just a lot of talk. Now we're told that even if there was a sexual revolution, it's almost over. But the mechanical, acrobatic approach described by Etzioni and Kolodny is not the real sexual revolution, nor is a desire for emotional satisfaction and commitment a rejection of that revolution. The sexual revolution is a change in moral attitudes, a shift from the belief that all sex except married sex is bad, to the view that most sex is good. It has never rejected the idea of love. If anything, at the heart of the sexual revolution is a demand for greater emotional fulfillment than strait-laced American morality permits.

The notion that a relaxing of sexual restrictions must be accompanied by a frenzy of indiscriminate coupling is, I think, a hangover from the days when strict Victorian moralists, with their fear

of sex, thought that if people got a little more freedom they would run wild. Actually, what Kolodny and Etzioni are discovering is that people are using their newly won freedom sensibly. But that doesn't mean there is no revolution. There is a revolution, one that has simply led to the restoration of a more natural way of life.

James Page
Chicago, Illinois

THE DESIRE TO PUNISH

In all the debates about drugs, I have not seen anything quite so clear and simple as the remarks of novelist Gore Vidal in a *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle* interview. Emphasizing that he tries to give solutions to problems, instead of just being a "doommonger," in his lectures around the country, Vidal said:

I tell them you must remove the workload of the average policeman, 80 percent of whose time is involved with people's morals. I tell them you must legalize drugs, then you will be able to walk the streets in safety. And the blue-rinsed heads start to nod in agreement. They are torn between being happy to walk the streets safely and the desire to punish. That and hypocrisy are the principal American traits.

Only the abnormal strength of this desire to punish nonconformists has prevented massive recognition that every man-hour spent spying on Mr. A, the drug abuser, is an hour taken away from pursuing Mr. B, the rapist or burglar. Puritanism is a sadomasochistic neurosis that almost literally leads people to cut off their noses to spite their faces. Our national motto should be "*E pluribus ouch!*"

Francisco Martinez
Los Angeles, California

WILD NARCS

In 1971, armed with almost half a million dollars in Federal and state funds, the 34-member force of Idaho's newly created Bureau of Narcotics and Drug Enforcement embarked on an epic of blundering and bludgeoning. According to a story in *Newsweek*, the Idaho drug cops "had so much money to make buys that they may actually have encouraged more drug traffic than there was before."

Throwing the money around wildly, the agents often were burned when they tried to buy drugs. In one incident, the agents' story was that they were Mafia hoods in the market for guns. This set off a series of burglaries of sporting-goods stores in Pocatello by would-be suppliers. On another occasion, narcs discovered, upon springing an elaborate trap, that they were buying from and selling to one another. In yet another instance, when an agent couldn't make a

I love tobacco. I don't smoke.

Walt Garrison, football and rodeo star.

If I'm a guy who loves tobacco, how come I never take a puff?

Well, because I use "smokeless tobacco."

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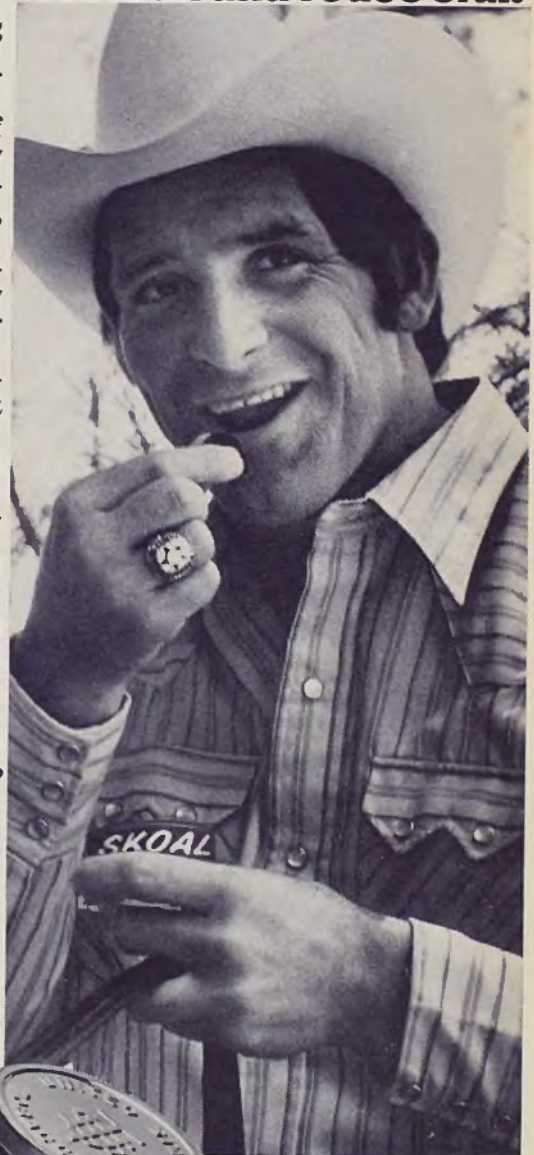
There's Skoal, my favorite, which has a wintergreen taste.

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case, he fire-bombed a suspect's car in a fit of pique. Many cases were thrown out of court because of what one judge called "totalitarian tactics." Eventually, a third of the agents were fired or were forced to resign and several faced criminal charges.

Newsweek summarized the bureau's accomplishment this way: "In the three years since its founding, the bureau has spent more than \$1,000,000 and not turned up a single major drug dealer. The bulk of its arrests have involved users rather than dealers and most of them have been caught with marijuana rather than hard narcotics." Looking back on the disaster, one official commented with unconscious irony, "Drugs were not really the problem people thought they were. But they had tremendous potential."

Daniel Leahy
Chicago, Illinois

HOLY POISON

Tennessee courts have ruled that prohibiting either snake handling or strychnine drinking by members of pentecostal sects would infringe constitutional guarantees of religious freedom. Thus, laws and courts in this country will jail people for polygamy or for smoking marijuana, while permitting them to indulge themselves with poisonous snakes and strychnine. Our system of justice is neither logical nor fair.

Moses Durham
Easton, Maryland

NARC ON POT DECRIMINALIZATION

I have been an assistant prosecutor for Union County, New Jersey, since December 1967 and I am in charge of the Union County Narcotic Strike Force. I am also a member of the New Jersey Drug Abuse Advisory Council and counsel to the New Jersey Narcotic Enforcement Officers Association. My experience and the experiences of other members of the association confirm competent, credible medical findings that the use of marijuana is destructive to human psychology and physiology.

Nevertheless, I am also aware of the undeniable fact that marijuana is a popular drug in the United States and nothing done by the courts, law enforcement, medicine, education or the media has substantially curtailed its use. Further, the people most likely to be arrested for marijuana possession are those who keep small amounts for their own use and who will not go on to a more dangerous drug. Even after conviction, such people almost never go to jail in New Jersey, but many of them nevertheless are denied educational or employment opportunities—even if they stop using the drug. The result is that the police alienate a large segment of the public they are sworn to serve.

In the light of all this, I believe that possession of small amounts of marijuana should be decriminalized under certain circumstances. As a prosecutor and as a parent, I appreciate the possibility that my urging this may actually encourage some people to use marijuana, but I am also concerned about the monumental expenditure of law-enforcement resources on arrests for possession of small amounts of marijuana. I believe that the effective administration of justice is impeded, not enhanced, when officers who are needed in other areas of enforcement spend their time arresting smalltime marijuana users, who in all probability will never commit any other type of offense.

Therefore, I have recommended that Section 20 of New Jersey's Controlled Dangerous Substance Act be amended to make possession of ten grams or less of marijuana or of one gram or less of hashish a nuisance subject to a fine of not more than \$100; and to make possession of from ten to 25 grams of marijuana or of one to five grams of hashish a disorderly person offense. Possession of more than 25 grams of marijuana should continue to be a high misdemeanor and the unlawful use of any controlled substance should continue to be a disorderly person offense.

I want to emphasize that these recommendations are based on my personal convictions and don't necessarily represent the position of any group with which I am associated. And I cannot stress strongly enough the importance of understanding my position: I oppose the use of marijuana; I favor the decriminalization of possession for use of small amounts of marijuana—but only as a solution to an enforcement problem—and I continue to oppose strongly any move to legalize further the possession or distribution of marijuana and hashish.

John H. Stamler, Assistant Prosecutor
Union County
Westfield, New Jersey

ABORTION AND JEWS

A. Clark's letter in the January *Playboy Forum* contains two gross inaccuracies. First of all, Tay-Sachs disease is only rarely carried by American Jews of European ancestry, not by one out of 30 such people, as Clark claims. Tay-Sachs is primarily found in Sephardic Jews (those whose forebears emigrated to the U.S. from the Middle East). It is a disease that can be prevented, in many cases, with genetic counseling before conception and Sephardic Jews would be well-advised to seek such counseling before starting families. But Ashkenazic Jews, descended from middle and northern Europeans, are not in this high-risk group and therefore should worry only if there is someone in the family who had Tay-Sachs.

The second inaccuracy is Clark's implication that it is the Roman Catholics

in this country who are the sole opponents of abortion. Orthodox Judaism is and has been opposed to abortion for the past few thousand years. Orthodox Jews, Protestants and Catholics are working together with people of many other religions to outlaw abortion. The idea that abortion is wrong is older than Christianity itself.

Margaret Meyer
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Apparently, you've got it backwards. According to Dr. John O'Brien of the University of California at San Diego, whose work made possible the simple blood test for discovering carriers of Tay-Sachs disease, it is indeed one out of 30 Ashkenazic Jews, descendants of northern and middle Europeans, who carry this disease. Sephardic Jews, whose forebears, by the way, come from Spain and Portugal, not the Middle East, are only rarely carriers.

Clark didn't say that only Roman Catholics oppose abortion. He stated that proposed anti-abortion constitutional amendments attempt "to force laws inspired by Catholic doctrine on this country." Certainly, there are Jews, Protestants and others who oppose abortion, but the main body of the anti-abortion movement in the U.S. is inspired by the teaching of the Catholic Church.

THE OLD STERILITY STORY

Recently, a feminist friend gave me a copy of *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, by the Boston Women's Health Book Collective. What a change it represents from the kind of sex information that was available when I was a pubescent boy. I remember vividly when I first began masturbating; I was particularly concerned about what it might do to my body, but where could I turn for information? My parents didn't want to talk about it and my peers believed the same myths I did—so I turned to books.

In our house was a shabby copy of an encyclopedia, which contained a medical section. There I learned that masturbation, like premature ejaculation, could cause sterility. The encyclopedia concluded that this was the price a youth must pay for being unable to control his sexual urges.

Needless to say, the information worried me and I vowed that whenever I got an urge I would read that passage and thus subdue the drive. Also needless to say, it didn't work too well, but, luckily, newer information gave me some freedom from fear: One of my father's "dirty" books said that the average man can have 3000 orgasms in his lifetime. After subtracting the number of orgasms I had already had from this norm, I figured I had 2500 more orgasms coming before I lost my ability to procreate.

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TISSUE ISSUE

The *Chicago Daily News* reports that Dr. Fumio Umezawa of Tokyo restores lost, strayed or stolen hymens for Japanese brides-to-be at the rate of one a day. The operation called *maku saisei* ("hymen rebirth") costs \$175 and uses sheep gut to replace the absent tissue. Mores having grown more liberal, Dr. Umezawa now does only a third as many of these operations as just after World War Two, when he invented the technique to help a young woman who had been raped by a GI. "Among many women, attitudes toward premarital sex have changed 180 degrees," says Dr. Umezawa. But old-fashioned couples can still enjoy a traditional wedding-night defloration. Of course, a bit of deception is involved, but the doctor thinks it's the benign sort: "I believe people have a fundamental right to be happy. If people are happy, this leads to a better society." Just a bowl of cherries, eh, Doc?

Charles Ford
Chicago, Illinois

HOMOSEXUAL PARENTS

As reported in the December 1974 *Forum Newsfront*, two lesbian mothers in Seattle won a court decision permitting them to retain custody of their natural children and to maintain a common residence. The trial, which lasted more than a week, clearly addressed the issue of homosexuality. Thanks to the generous support of the Playboy Foundation, the American Civil Liberties Union was able to bring several national experts on homosexuality and child development to Seattle to testify at the trial. Without their testimony, the outcome might have been quite different.

Since that trial, the A.C.L.U. has become involved in several other cases in which child-custody questions have been decided on the basis that so-called evil or unnatural relationships exist between the mother and another person. With the precedent established in the Seattle case, we hope to be able to assert effectively the rights of the mothers who have lost custody of their children solely because some judges disapprove of their lifestyle.

Lauren Selden, Executive Director
A.C.L.U. of Washington Foundation
Seattle, Washington

OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

The information in the letter from the Committee to End Pay Toilets in America (CEPTIA) and in the editorial comment (*The Playboy Forum*, February) is biased and inaccurate. As an ardent reader of your magazine, I ask only that you publish the truth and not the

(continued on page 172)

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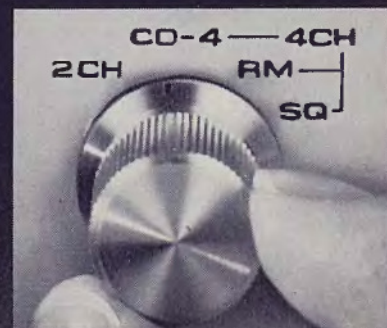
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

WILLIAM E. SIMON

a candid conversation about money, energy and hard times in the seventies with the outgoing, opinionated u.s. secretary of the treasury

The number-one topic of conversation in Washington and elsewhere these days is the sad state of the American economy, and an increasingly angry citizenry is blaming its political leaders for both high prices and lost jobs—and turning to them for help. Except for President Ford, the man who's been under the heaviest pressure is Secretary of the Treasury William E. Simon. In prosperous times, Treasury had been a sinecure for rich bankers and industrialists desirous of some high Governmental title to chisel on their tombstones. Not in 1975. Treasury—not State or Defense—is where the action is in Government today, and no one knows that better than the man who is now in its hot seat.

Simon was born November 27, 1927, in Paterson, New Jersey. His grandfather was in the silk-dyeing business, his father in insurance. Young Bill grew up in comfortable circumstances in Spring Lake, a resort town on the Jersey shore, and attended private schools. After a stint in the Army, Simon went to Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania, where he prepared to study law but also found time to play poker and drink beer—and wound up tipping the scales at 240 pounds. Nowadays, however, he is, at six feet, a trim 165 pounds.

By the time Simon got his B.A. in 1951, he had married the former Carol Girard and was already the father of two children (eventually, there'd be seven). Setting aside his plans for law school, he began a career in finance—which culminated in a senior partnership in the New York investment-banking firm of Salomon Brothers. So hard-driving and aggressive was Simon as head of the firm's Government- and municipal-bond departments that one associate dubbed him "the Vince Lombardi of Wall Street—to him, winning was everything." When President Nixon appointed him Deputy Secretary of the Treasury in December 1972, Simon's share of Salomon Brothers' profits was reportedly between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 a year.

The Simons left behind a 64-acre estate in New Vernon, New Jersey, and went to Washington with four of their children. (Two others are in college; another is working.) They now live in a large stucco house with a swimming pool and stables on seven wooded acres in McLean, Virginia. Back in his Wall Street years, Simon swam every day and played an occasional round of golf or set of tennis. Formerly a surfing enthusiast, he once took his wife on a South Pacific odyssey to Oceania in search of "the perfect

wave." But his present 13- and 14-hour workdays at Treasury leave him no time for such activities. He's up before dawn and at work until at least eight P.M.; at the office, he is constantly in motion. While others are being seen lurching at the Sans Souci and other Washington bistros, this workaholic is gulping down a sandwich, Coke and fruit at a desk piled high with papers. Food is of such little importance to Simon that he sometimes eats the same kind of sandwich day after day for months at a time. (He recently switched from liverwurst and Swiss to ham salad.)

With his thick glasses, slicked-back hair and tailored suits, Simon seems hardly the sort of person who might become a pop figure. Yet last year, when Simon was serving as Federal Energy Administrator, cartoonist Garry Trudeau in his comic strip "Doonesbury" made a staple feature of the pipe-smoking "energy czar" who distributed gallons of gasoline to pleading Toronado owners the way medieval Popes passed out indulgences. No crowds lined Pennsylvania Avenue cheering "Long live the czar!" when Simon trekked over to Capitol Hill; but he managed to give Congress and the American public the impression that something was being done during his



"Government is a menace. We have more government than we need, more government than most people want and certainly more government than anybody's willing to pay for."



"I was misquoted in the press as calling the shah of Iran a nut. What I said was that he's a nut about oil prices. I'm sure the shah understands American slang better now."



ED STREEKY/CAMERA 5

"What the hell happened to the free-enterprise spirit: Did the Pilgrims need subsidies? Did the pioneers in covered wagons need all those things Government promises to do—then does so inefficiently?"

five-month tenure in that office. Simon was appointed Secretary of the Treasury in April of last year and now looks back on his time as head of the Federal Energy Administration almost wistfully. "I must admit that during those very trying days with the gasoline lines and all the hectic activity, I thought Trudeau's cartoons were awfully funny." Unfortunately, Simon has little time to reflect on the "good old days." The action has switched from energy to the economy and, as Simon puts it, "I seem to be in the center of the storm again."

Because his conservative economic theories do not sit well with many on Capitol Hill, Simon assiduously courts Congress, behaves deferentially to its barons and promptly returns the phone calls of even junior members. This approach may not result in any ideological conversions, but it does make friends. After all, if a Congressman can get the Secretary of the Treasury to take—or at least seem to take—an interest in the economic problems of a factory back home, he probably couldn't care less whether the Secretary is a disciple of Adam Smith or of John Maynard Keynes. The most slashing attacks on Simon have come, in fact, not from his potential adversaries in Congress but from his supposed allies in the Ford Administration. In January, syndicated columns were overflowing with news leaks from anonymous "White House sources": Simon was on his way out. Who leaked those stories is a matter of conjecture, but the finger seemed to point to Roy Ash, the former head of the Office of Management and Budget, or to Presidential counselor Robert Hartmann. The rumors got so bad that President Ford finally gave Simon a public vote of confidence—ending the whispering campaign, at least for the time being.

Because what Simon thinks and does in the next few months will affect the health of the American economy, PLAYBOY asked Peter J. Ognibene, a New Republic contributing editor, to interview the Secretary of the Treasury. He reports:

"My first meeting with Simon was late in the afternoon of the day after Christmas. When I walked into his office, I saw him standing behind his desk, staring intently at a paper in his hand. He stood seemingly frozen in that position for almost a minute before he noticed me. Later, when we were talking, he seemed similarly intent when he answered my questions. Discipline and concentration are what make this man tick, and I suspect these qualities have been the keys to this noneconomist's ability to learn and function in this most complex assignment.

"Simon is a believer, and his faith in the American system of private enterprise seems almost unlimited. 'Government is a menace,' he says, asserting that the country would be much better off if business were permitted to operate unfettered

in the market place. He believes this so deeply that at one point in the interview he twice said 'countries' when he meant 'companies'—a telling slip that may be indicative of the sovereignty of corporations in Simon's scheme of things.

"In our first interview session, he came on strong about the need for fighting inflation by cutting Government spending, keeping a tight rein on the money supply and, in general, opposing suggestions that the Federal Government needed to stimulate the economy to fight the growing recession, with its skyrocketing unemployment. Before I left that evening, he mentioned that he was leaving at five A.M. the next day for Vail to meet with President Ford and his other economic advisors. Out of those meetings came the State of the Union message and the Administration's program for dealing with inflation and recession.

"I saw Simon again early this year and noticed a subtle shift in his emphasis from the fight against inflation to the need to stimulate—but not overstimulate—the economy. It soon became apparent to me that he had lost his battle to get the President to take a hard-line, anti-inflation stand. In our final session at the end of the month, he strongly defended the President's proposals to cut taxes, increase the budget deficit and raise the ceiling on the national debt another 100 billion dollars—proposals that were clearly anathema to him.

"Yet, in spite of it all, Simon seems to relish being 'in the center of the storm,' and there is no doubt that he is. I think he feels a strong sense of loyalty to Ford, and neither man would stand to gain if the Treasury Secretary and the President were to come to a parting of the ways before Congress had acted on the Administration's economic proposals. How long Simon will stay—or survive—in office is anybody's guess. I suspect that the key to his tenure will be how well—or, indeed, whether—he can continue to defend, in public, Presidential proposals that run so contrary to his own personal philosophy and preferences."

PLAYBOY: Most people have come to believe there's something fundamentally, dreadfully wrong with the American economy. Opinion polls indicate that not one person in ten believes our economy is well managed. Is this lack of confidence justified?

SIMON: Basically, I agree with those who say our economy has not been well run—despite its good intentions, Government seldom seems to run anything well, I'm afraid. Yet there's a perception in America that there exists a simple, quick solution to our economic malaise and that an action, or a set of actions, will cure this problem instantly. That isn't the case. But before we can understand how to cure the problem, we have to explode a myth that has become quite popular in

recent months: that nobody knows how it all happened. We do know.

Our present inflation problem stems from a series of special shocks that hit our economy. One was the poor weather in 1972 and 1974 that caused a shortage of food, which, in turn, created an explosion in prices. Two, a little-noted, simultaneous boom in every industrialized country in the world created greatly increased demand for internationally traded raw materials: this also had a tremendous effect on price levels. Three, two devaluations of the dollar, while necessary to make us more competitive abroad, had a short-run inflationary effect. Four, the quadrupling of oil prices during and after the Arab oil embargo had a profound effect: Food and oil prices accounted for most of our price increases during 1973 and early 1974. And, lastly, our 1971-to-1973 flirtation with wage and price controls resulted in further distortions, shortages and scarcities.

Special shocks like these have occurred before—but never so many at the same time. Under normal circumstances, the economy absorbs such shocks and price levels recede to what you and I would consider an acceptable rate of inflation. This time, due to the irresponsible excesses in fiscal and monetary policies over the past decade, we have been left with a most unacceptable rate of inflation.

PLAYBOY: Would you define what you mean by irresponsible excesses?

SIMON: We've had budget deficits in 14 of the past 15 years, and the prospect is for budget deficits over the next two fiscal years. There is no doubt that budget deficits during periods of high economic activity create great financial and economic instability. The demands that Government places on our economy during these periods put tremendous upward pressure on prices. Then the financing of these budget deficits puts great pressure on interest rates and creates instability in our credit markets.

PLAYBOY: Yet President Ford's economic program calls for the biggest Federal budget deficit since 1943; and you recently had to go up to Capitol Hill to ask that the ceiling on the Federal debt be raised from 495 billion dollars to 604 billion dollars. How did you personally feel about having to take that step?

SIMON: I thought it was horrible.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SIMON: Because our Federal spending is growing in absolutely alarming proportions, as are the deficits. And everyone knows my abhorrence of this. It took us 174 years to get to a budget of 100 billion dollars—it seems like just yesterday that President Johnson was debating whether or not to go over that mark. It took us nine more years to get to 200 billion. It took us only four more years to get to 300 billion.

These are the fundamentals that we have to deal with, and what must be




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recognized is that this is not a problem that came about overnight. This problem has been a long time coming. I like to say we have a love-hate relationship with inflation.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate on this love-hate relationship?

SIMON: Nobody likes the results of inflation, but we love what causes it. We love the spending, the creation of money and purchasing power. We love Government spending programs, but these lead to massive deficits—so we create more money to finance even larger deficits. What we have to do is shift these policies to promote savings, investment and the increased productivity that will mean more goods and services at cheaper prices and, of course, more jobs.

PLAYBOY: But the more people save, the less they spend. Isn't the purpose of President Ford's tax-rebate plan, and those variations on it supported by Congress, to increase consumer spending?

SIMON: It's true we're trying to generate consumer spending through the broad area of our economy. But saving is also important, because money put into our thrift institutions is good for the housing industry, which has also got its problems today.

Did you ever stop to think that the people in the upper brackets are the ones who provide the vast amount of money for savings and investment in this country? What do we want to do, take all incentive out of our system? Continue this transfer that's been going on in this country, from the people who produce to the people who don't produce?

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you were campaigning on a platform once attributed to Senator Barry Goldwater, the repeal of welfare and Social Security legislation. Are you?

SIMON: Of course not. I'm not suggesting that we shouldn't be compassionate in this country. But when we do it at the expense of destroying our productive plant, or injuring it so greatly that there's no money available for increased productive capacity, we penalize the people at the low end of the income scale, because that means that new jobs aren't created, that additional goods and services aren't provided at cheaper prices.

Of course we're concerned about people in low-income brackets. Take a look at our permanent tax-reduction proposals. They're heavily weighted toward the low-income people. In them, the minimum standard deduction would be raised, the poverty level increased from the present \$4300 annual income to \$5600. In other words, people with incomes of \$5600 or less would pay no taxes at all. The lowest four or five tax brackets would be slashed, the first down from 14 percent to 7 percent, and so on. It's a highly progressive tax, heavily weighted toward helping the low- and middle-income people. The

middle- and upper-income people are going to be spending more in increased costs for energy than they receive in return; the people in the lower brackets will be getting more back in rebates than they're spending in higher gasoline costs. If you're suggesting that we put through a massive increase in welfare, that's not what this program was designed to do. It was designed to be more than fair, which it is.

PLAYBOY: Don't the burdens of inflation fall disproportionately on those with the fewest resources? Cadillac sales, for instance, have been doing well; so have those of other expensive merchandise. The rich seem to have plenty of money to spend.

SIMON: There is no doubt that inflation is highly regressive and, in that sense, is the cruelest tax of all. And Government just as surely levies this tax on the American people as it does the income tax. We have what we consider to be a progressive tax system, in which those with the ability to do so pay more, proportionately, than do those at the lower end of the income spectrum. Yet Government policies are exactly the opposite, because Government policies promote inflation. The best thing we can do for this class of people is to wage a battle against inflation itself.

PLAYBOY: One of the traditional ways Government tries to fight inflation is by making interest rates higher. Doesn't this just raise the price of anything that has to be financed, such as an automobile or a house? Doesn't this just fuel inflation?

SIMON: There again, you're talking about the results of the problem, not the cause. Your Government has always been wonderful at attacking the results or the symptoms of the problem rather than going at the fundamental problem itself. This Band-Aid approach is one of the reasons we're in the mess we're in today. High interest rates obviously accompany high inflation rates, but they don't cause inflation. When the Federal Reserve tightens money, that acts as a restrictive mechanism, but it is a very crude and blunt one. It's been used in the absence of fiscal restraint because we haven't had the discipline in our Government to use the budget in a restrictive fashion.

Above all, our policies must be consistent. We cannot afford to have them take on the appearance of knee-jerk, stop-and-go efforts that one minute are fighting inflation and the next minute are fighting recession, with all the attendant disruptions that occur. Government should try to follow, as nearly as possible, a steady-as-you-go course in fiscal and monetary policies. That'll go a long way toward bringing stability to this country on a long-term basis.

PLAYBOY: You alluded to wage and price controls and some of the artificial effects their imposition had on the economy. Why not reinstitute voluntary wage-price guideposts, such as we had in 1965?

SIMON: Unfortunately, just as there is no such thing as being a little bit pregnant, there is no such thing as a little wage-price control. The effect of voluntary wage-price guidelines in the private sector is to raise prices and wages—in anticipation of the mandatory controls that will surely follow. I think we are seeing that to some degree in our economy today. People are raising prices with the expectation, due to all the public comments by some of our leaders down here in Washington, that controls are not far off and, therefore, they better protect themselves. As competition returns to the market place, the rate of inflation will come down. It is coming down now and it will continue to come down.

PLAYBOY: Because of your devout belief in the market place, some people imagine you to be the reincarnation of Adam Smith, with his faith in "the invisible hand" that supposedly guides the market place. When you talk, as you so often do, about free enterprise, what do you mean? How do you visualize the American economic system in operation?

SIMON: I see the traditional American free-enterprise system, which has provided the American people with the greatest prosperity and the highest standard of living of any nation in the history of our world, operating well only under conditions of maximum freedom. That doesn't mean the Government has no role to play in our economy; its role, as I see it, is to make sure that competition is, indeed, kept alive through enforcement of the antitrust laws and those regulations that protect the public but don't impede enterprise.

And, in the long run, we do that by making sure the economy is functioning properly at all levels in a truly competitive way, opposing anticompetitive practices that can, indeed, hurt the American people. But it is not the role of government—it most certainly is not the role of government—to do for the people what they should be free to do for themselves.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the areas in which you think government ought not to be?

SIMON: Government at all levels today has taken over about 33 percent of the gross national product, and that percentage is growing each year. As government continues to increase its spending and regulatory programs, it removes decision making from the private sector and puts it in government's sector. And when government at all levels finally takes 45, 50 to 55 percent of the gross national product, you've effectively strangled the private-enterprise system. I wish the American people could get a basic understanding of what it means when government removes your economic freedoms, because shortly thereafter, as happened in ancient Greece, your social and political freedoms follow.

PLAYBOY: Why are heavy Government



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spending and the borrowing it entails so dangerous?

SIMON: Well, there is a finite pool of savings in the United States. This pool exists not only in the pockets of individuals but in our savings-and-loan associations, savings banks, commercial banks, life-insurance companies, casualty companies and pension funds, and from it business—large and small—gets the resources it needs to grow, increase productive capacity, build houses and provide the American people with goods and services at the lowest prices of any country in the world. As the Federal Government continues to grow, creating agencies and pre-empting many of the functions of the private system, its demands on this pool of savings grow. Those demands grew in fiscal 1973 to 59 percent of the total market; and in fiscal 1976, the U. S. Government's total take is estimated at 68 percent of this market. Now, when the United States Government, which has the highest credit rating in the world, moves into the capital market, it moves in at the head of the line and pre-empts investment money from all the other borrowers. Who becomes disadvantaged? At first, the housing industry and small business. As the effect of Government borrowing works its way down the ladder, it begins to pre-empt some of the better-rated corporations from raising money. We have to reverse this process, because it creates great economic and financial instability and exerts tremendous upward pressure on interest rates as we force private business to go to alternate lenders—or drive it out altogether.

PLAYBOY: Why has this problem become so serious?

SIMON: We have to go back to what I said at the outset, that our greatest difficulty is *understanding* the problem so that people will have the patience and wisdom to pursue the proper policies to *meet* the problem. This is the third time in ten years that we have been presented with bills for past Government failures due to irresponsible economic policies. Each time we refused to accept them, and the next time the bills were higher. Just to go back and use this simple comparison: In 1966, we had an inflation rate of four percent, interest rates peaked at six percent; in 1969 to 1970, inflation was over five percent, interest rates at nine and a quarter; last year, interest rates and inflation rates peaked at about 12 percent. I suggest that if we refuse to pay the bill this time, it will become unacceptably high in the future. I must admit that on occasion, I really question the ability of democracy to beat inflation.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SIMON: Because it requires the wisdom and patience to do the right thing, to make sacrifices in order to attack the fundamental cause of the problem.

PLAYBOY: What is the right thing? Do you favor cutting the defense budget?

SIMON: No, we've trimmed our defense budget rather dramatically. We're 40 percent less than we were in 1968 in real dollars; and the costs, economically, politically and otherwise, of becoming a second-class power in the world are far too great. We cannot allow this to happen.

PLAYBOY: What's so terrible about becoming a second-class power?

SIMON: We have responsibilities in this world. First of all, the protection of our country and its people and of our borders. We also have a responsibility, as the greatest country in this world, to assure that freedom remains in many other countries. Our military strength gives us strength in our economic and political bargaining positions throughout the world, and we cannot allow these to deteriorate. We also can't allow the military to grow unnecessarily or imprudently, but by any measurement, our defense expenditures have declined.

PLAYBOY: If the United States is so powerful, why were the oil-producing nations able to quadruple their prices with impunity?

SIMON: Well, you're just showing me the natural impatience of all of us in America. You have to recognize that the quadrupling of oil prices is just a year and a half old now. Everyone looks for instant success and policies to accomplish a reduction in the price of oil, a reduction of the inflation rate or a resurgence in our economy. These things take time.

PLAYBOY: Where can cuts in the Federal budget be made, if not in defense? Military expenditures still take almost 100 billion dollars out of about a 300-billion-dollar budget.

SIMON: It's a little bit less than that. But I didn't say I wouldn't cut defense. I would say that we should take a look at everything else, measured in terms of our priorities, domestically and internationally. Every area that you look at as a place to reduce Federal expenditures evokes objections from special-interest groups. I think myself that it's fairer to cut on an across-the-board basis.

PLAYBOY: Just say, OK, we cut five percent of everything?

SIMON: I recognize that an awful lot of the expenditure side of the budget is on a contractual basis, and it's going to take time for the contracts to run out. But we have to contain and eventually cut this massive deficit and the expenditures that are growing at such an alarming rate. It will require a cooperation between the Administration and Congress that so far has not been very evident, though.

PLAYBOY: As far as partnership with Congress goes, there's been speculation that some in the White House consider you a liability in dealing with Capitol Hill—presumably because of your very outspoken views. There were stories in the press earlier this year, supposedly leaked by a White House source, that you were going

to be asked to resign. Do you have any idea who was trying to do you in, and why?

SIMON: No, and I never read where anyone suggested I would be a liability in dealing with Congress. I think it's fairly well recognized that I've always enjoyed very cordial relations with Congress and I expect that will continue. But I really have no idea who the famous White House source is supposed to be.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have any suspicions?

SIMON: No! And I'm simply too busy to ruminate about things like that.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you and the former head of the Office of Management and Budget, Roy Ash, didn't see eye to eye. Do you suspect him?

SIMON: I don't suspect anybody, because I've seen the rumor mill operate in this bureaucracy. These rumors are among the favorite pastimes in the Government; I have no idea where they start.

PLAYBOY: Cordial or not, your relations with members of Congress show strain when it comes to some of the expensive Government programs they propose.

SIMON: My message to those legislators who advocate increased Federal spending is simple: *We have to stop this!* It's time to tell the American people that we're going to have to begin to think about paying for all our expenditures or make them grow a little more slowly. Nobody can continue year after year after year after year to live beyond his means, and we, as a people, have been living beyond our means for many years. Now we're paying the price for it.

PLAYBOY: You've spoken about Government spending and how it affects the economy. What about the other, more hidden Government influences, such as subsidies in the tax code that tend to favor certain businesses over others?

SIMON: You didn't use the term *loophole*, but that's the word people usually use when they're criticizing subsidies. Everybody's loophole is somebody else's subsidy. Congress has enacted a great many of these subsidies to provide incentives to get given results—everything from the investment-tax credit to the deduction of interest on your home mortgage—and they work. The oil-depletion allowance is a subsidy; it's a carrot that enables the independent producer to get money from doctors, lawyers and businessmen to go drill the wells. All of these subsidies written into the tax law are constantly being reviewed and changed as the incentive is deemed no longer necessary.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the specific ways Government intervenes in the economy to help producers at the expense of consumers. Take subsidies to merchant shipping, regulation of airline fares so there's no price competition, the Interstate Commerce Commission's control of freight rates—all of which seem to



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increase the cost to consumers. Would you address some of these points?

SIMON: Well, I think Government regulation initially was established to protect, if you will, the citizen and promote competition. But I think just the reverse has been the result, because special interests have built up constituencies—whether it is the truckers or the shippers or the airlines—that constantly promote price fixing or operating inefficiencies, which are to the detriment of the consumer, of course.

PLAYBOY: Certainly, there must have been reasons for the Government to have established such regulations. How did they come about?

SIMON: I would guess that, as is the case in all special-interest actions, they become embedded in Government regulatory mechanisms. If through Government regulation you end up protecting a particular constituency—whatever that constituency is in the broad category of business or industry—you increase the cost to consumers. But is this the way the system should work? To promote inefficiency? Well, the argument is that without this protection, the industry would shrink and people would be out of work. Maybe they would and maybe they wouldn't. But should we have subsidized the buggy-whip manufacturers or the makers of stagecoaches when the automobile came in? Because, God, what would we do when stagecoaches weren't being made anymore—wouldn't we just have to go on paying their workers unemployment insurance?

What the hell happened to the American free-enterprise spirit: Did the Pilgrims need subsidies? Or the pioneers in their covered wagons who went out and developed the West—did they need all of these things that Government promises to do, then does so inefficiently? Again, Government has a role to play to make sure that everybody has an equal opportunity, an equal education, but, my God, do we overdo the rest of it!

PLAYBOY: Well, of course, one of the incentives the pioneers had was free or cheap land if they were willing to homestead it.

SIMON: Oh, I think that the same incentives exist today for Americans to open businesses; the freedom this country allows its citizens is incentive in itself. But let's not kid ourselves. Politically, that's not the direction in which we're heading. As a matter of fact, we're heading in exactly the opposite direction, and the results are predictable. We've seen it happen in other countries, such as the United Kingdom and Italy. The United States Government, with its gross inefficiency and mismanagement, ends up taking over in certain areas and subsidizing them to greater and greater degrees, and that costs the taxpayers a lot of money, too.

Just take a look at the agricultural

subsidies. For years and years and years we withheld land from production. Well, now we've freed it and we're going to produce food all out. We've removed the farmer from under the thumb of Government. If we could do that in many of our other controlled and restricted areas, we'd have a much healthier and happier America.

PLAYBOY: But you obviously support *some* Government regulation of the economy. Where would you draw the line? Are you opposed, for example, to the Government's requiring that automotive manufacturers make automobiles safer?

SIMON: Why, of course we ought to have safe automobiles. Seat belts, for instance, are a good idea. But we shouldn't go overboard with some of the things we put on.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

SIMON: I mean the seat belts where the buzzers go off and drive you right out of your mind. Talk about the removal of personal freedoms! I think it's absolutely ridiculous—the headrests in the cars and all the rest of it. All that adds tremendously to the cost of the car.

PLAYBOY: Yet the automotive industry resisted mandatory seat belts for many years. Do you think it was the proper role of Government to compel Detroit to install seat belts in new cars?

SIMON: That's the role of Government. Sure. Government should make sure that the American people are protected from a health or safety point of view, and from a price point of view. That's why we propose things like labeling, making sure that the consumer knows exactly what he's buying, whether it's labeling the ingredients when you buy a bottle of X or whether you're borrowing money from your bank and need to know the interest and the effective actual cost you're paying.

PLAYBOY: Where, then, do you draw the line? Do we need a Securities and Exchange Commission to keep people from speculating with other people's money? Do you oppose Government protection of common resources, such as air and water?

SIMON: No, I think it is Government's responsibility, because, as we saw for so many years, the end product of our uncontrolled Industrial Revolution in this country was going to be considerable damage to our environment. I think that sometimes, though, we should sit back and say, "All right, what is the economic impact of this law we're passing now? Are we attempting to do something too quickly?" These problems come about because of a long period of abuse. Our environment, inflation, energy: All three problems came about through many years of neglect in one form or another. Well, it's going to take time to cure those problems, but let's not try to cure them overnight.

We passed a very stringent Clean Air

Act and an Environmental Protection Authority Act that legislate within a very short period of time a complete change in the *modus operandi* of business, the way people live, the way they build their buildings, and so on. We required environmental-impact statements, but no inflationary-impact statement—as is now required—to assess prospective economic damage.

PLAYBOY: You believe some Government intervention is necessary, but you have yet to say where you would draw the line. In a free-enterprise system, along with the freedom to use your resources to produce goods for a profit goes the freedom to fail if you are an inefficient producer. We have seen in recent years the Government move in to prop up inefficient producers, such as Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Can you justify such things as the Lockheed loan?

SIMON: I'd take it on a case-by-case basis. If a compelling case could be made that the Government had helped create the problem of the particular company or industry, then we would have to decide whether we had a responsibility to assist it back onto its feet. And I think in the Lockheed case it was argued quite strongly that, A, Government had had a good deal to do with it, and, B, its impact on our economy was not worth allowing us *not* to assist them. So we decided that it would be money well lent, and it *was* only a loan, to help them through this transition period. But, by and large, any case for Government aid should meet some pretty strict criteria, because I do not believe that Government should subsidize failure due to mismanagement or inefficiency.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about unemployment. At your Senate confirmation hearing last year, you predicted that unemployment would not reach six percent. It is now more than eight percent and is expected by many to remain at that level for some time. Did you misassess the unemployment problem?

SIMON: This is what causes people to get confused; they read about things like this in newspapers and magazines. Forecasting the future, which is the role of economists—not only in Government but outside—is very precarious. At the beginning of 1974, the economic seers were pretty unanimous in the forecasts that were being put forth. What people don't seem to perceive is that making economic policy is an ever-evolving event; that as events change, every action has its reaction. Also, the mood of people, the state of consumer confidence, can radically alter developments. Last fall, double-digit inflation frightened and confused the American people so much that they went on the biggest buying strike in the history of this country. That hurt the entire economy, and it was completely unpredictable. I wish we could get out

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of the business of forecasting, but, unfortunately, in setting policy one must take circumstances as they exist today and make assumptions about what will occur in the future.

PLAYBOY: But don't you see a danger of a serious credibility gap?

SIMON: Not as long as we in Government attempt to explain away the forecast. We should explain to the people that forecasts are tenuous at best, that our ability to foretell the future is as imprecise as anybody's. But we can assure them that as events unfold, we will change our policies, adjust the mix to meet changing conditions.

PLAYBOY: Most people believe the economy is going to get worse before it gets better. What do you say to those who feel we are headed for a depression on the order of what we suffered in the Thirties?

SIMON: Well, my goodness, I think people who suggest that are not making a true comparison. In the depression of the Thirties, unemployment was at 25 percent. Today it's a third of that. We didn't have the basic structural strengths then that we have in our economy today that protect us from really deep cyclical declines in our economy. We have a Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation that insures each individual's bank deposits up to \$40,000. We have a Securities and Exchange Commission, and a Federal Reserve System that is truly a lender of last resort in our economy. During the Thirties, the Federal Reserve contracted the money supply by 33 percent, whereas today it is expanding the money supply. So I'm sorry to contradict the doomsayers, but our economy is much more dynamic today. Every factor is so much stronger than a depression, in my opinion, is next to impossible.

PLAYBOY: But, again, the various things you just mentioned—Federal Reserve, FDIC, unemployment compensation and the like—are all ways in which the Government has intervened, apparently to the benefit of the economy.

SIMON: Government does have a legitimate role in certain areas to protect and to assist. When the system is temporarily out of whack, then it must step in and fill a void and take care of people during this transitional period, and that's exactly what we are doing today.

PLAYBOY: How do you intend to fight the severe unemployment we now are facing?

SIMON: We have to attack the twin-headed monster of inflation and recession, making darn sure we don't exacerbate the recession by attacking inflation too hard, or attack recession with so much gusto that we experience renewed inflation down the road, because then we will come back with an even higher rate of unemployment.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about fighting unemployment on a long-term basis. What needs to be done right now?

SIMON: Well, we're seeing an expansionary budget policy at this point. The Federal Reserve is also quite actively easing monetary policy. This is helping bring interest rates down and causing a reflux of funds into the thrift institutions, thus spurring recovery of the hard-hit housing industry. As the inflation rate comes down, consumer confidence—and spending—should begin to pick up.

PLAYBOY: We were asking about unemployment, not prices.

SIMON: High inflation brings high unemployment.

PLAYBOY: What's your feeling about creating public-service jobs to fight unemployment?

SIMON: I think that's extremely important, along with unemployment insurance. Economic policies, other than being practical and effective, have to be compassionate and humane. We have to make sure that those who bear a disproportionate burden during our economic malaise, such as the unemployed, are taken care of. Even so, we should keep in mind that 85 percent of the jobs in this country are provided by the private sector. This is why it is so important to get the over-all economy moving again if we are really going to reduce heavy unemployment.

PLAYBOY: Some people feel that the unemployment statistics, high as they are, do not reflect reality; that there's a lot of so-called hidden unemployment—people who have given up any hope of finding work and are no longer eligible for unemployment benefits.

SIMON: Well, there are also those who would argue, and perhaps correctly, that a fair portion of the unemployment rolls is made up of people who are never looking seriously for jobs.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider a tolerable rate of unemployment?

SIMON: That's hard to pin down to a specific figure, but it should certainly be far lower than the present level.

PLAYBOY: How many people does each percentage point in the unemployment figures represent?

SIMON: About 900,000. You have to recognize it's going to take time to get back to four percent, which is the full-employment goal. And if we have another severe bout with inflation, we'll have even higher unemployment. What we're suggesting is not a trade-off between inflation and unemployment. We're dealing with inflation *and* recession, so we have to deal not with one in the absence of the other but with both simultaneously. Certainly, there is a need for stimulation in this economy today, but we have to be very cautious that this stimulation isn't overdone.

PLAYBOY: The higher cost of energy has been an important factor in both inflation and unemployment. A basic question: Do we still have an energy crisis?

SIMON: We certainly do. In my judgment, the difference between what we produce and what we consume represents the magnitude of the problem. And the difference is about 6,500,000 barrels of oil a day *and growing*. We have to close that gap.

PLAYBOY: The Ford Administration obviously believes it can close the gap by imposing oil tariffs, which would raise gasoline prices ten or twenty cents a gallon. Obviously, Congress doesn't agree. Why wouldn't rationing work just as well?

SIMON: We examined that option. But as a way of life, rationing is inconsistent with our system and with the spirit of the American public. Even in times of emergency, rationing has never worked fairly or efficiently. Who's to decide which persons need more and which need less of gasoline or petroleum products? Every family, every car and motorbike, every store, school and manufacturer—everything and everybody—would have to obtain a permit. Allocations would have to be changed every time someone was born or died or moved or got married, every time a business was started, merged or sold. And some Government official would have to approve it. What would the bureaucracy do about a poor family that heats a small, poorly insulated house with oil, while a wealthy neighbor heats a large, well-insulated home with gas? Or the Montana rancher who drives 600 miles a month versus the Manhattan apartment dweller who drives under 100 miles? Or the family that moves from New York to California and uses several months' coupons in making the trip? Remember, one out of every five families moves every year. And how do we cope with the collusion, counterfeiting and black-market activities that would inevitably develop? In short, I refuse to believe the American people are willing to trade their basic freedoms—in perpetuity—for ten or twenty cents a gallon.

PLAYBOY: But what about the poor? By pricing oil and gasoline beyond their reach, aren't you imposing a form of rationing by cost, rather than by coupon?

SIMON: First of all, the President's program would rebate more money to lower-income groups than their average increase in energy expenditure. Second, and more important, given the choice between more Government involvement in rationing and allocation programs and relying on cost to reduce consumption, we chose the latter.

PLAYBOY: Other ways have been suggested to reduce oil prices. For instance, Senator Philip Hart has proposed a system whereby an agency of the Government accepts sealed bids from exporting countries—

SIMON: The best way to get the price of oil down is *not* to create another mechanism but to apply stiff conservative measures

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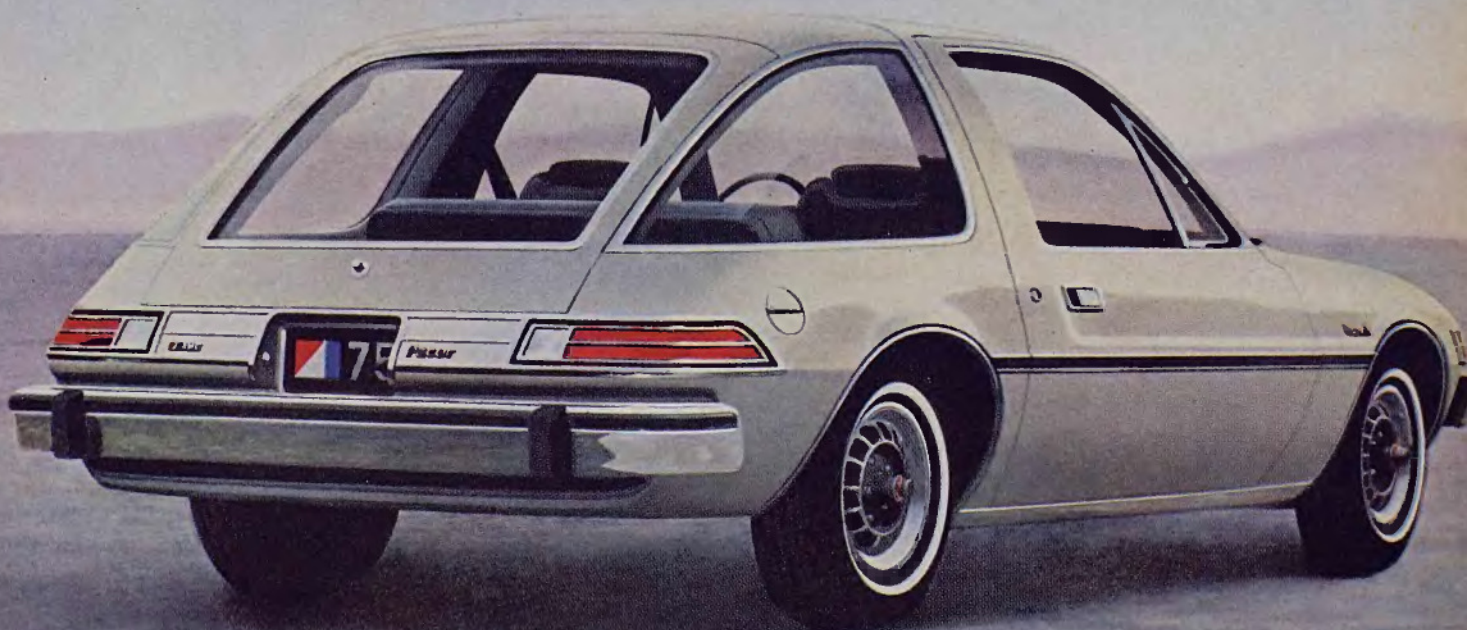
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through the market system so that the demand falls. That's what's happened elsewhere in the world. In most countries, people pay stiff taxes that raise gasoline prices to between \$1.50 and \$2.25 a gallon. So they consume less, and that shows up in the smaller cars they buy and in the relatively smaller proportion of refinery capacity devoted to making gasoline—18 percent in Europe versus 42 to 47 percent in the United States. If the world as a whole, with the United States leading the way, consumes less fuel, then prices will come down. There's a world surplus of oil now, and it will grow larger as we conserve more.

PLAYBOY: What will energy conservation do to economic growth?

SIMON: It depends on how much is consumed. Eliminating waste would have no impact on economic growth; it's when you begin to slice away at the muscle rather than the fat that you weaken economic growth. I believe we can conserve a great deal of energy, but it will take time. There's a short-run period during which we can reduce demand, as we have in the past couple of years, just through changes in our normal living habits. But the longer run involves manufacturing and buying more efficient automobiles: developing more efficient building standards for air conditioning, heating and light in all our buildings. My favorite example is the World Trade Center in New York City; it uses as much energy as the city of Schenectady. All these things are going to have to change.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned more efficient automobiles. Aside from higher taxes on fuel, do you advocate some form of tax that would discourage the use of big gas-guzzling machines?

SIMON: Our automobile industry is experiencing severe difficulty today. Workers in the automobile business make big cars as well as little cars, and anything that the Government does to this industry would have an economic impact that would be deleterious, to put it mildly. Americans still love their big cars—I think the 1973 oil embargo showed how much they love them—but they are going to have to pay higher gas prices to operate them. That should be sufficient to force the auto industry to give the American people more efficient automobiles. There's no doubt that the incentive is there to make the Cadillac smaller and more efficient. And that, as I suggest, is going on right now. But I don't want to see the Government intrude into the market place, and this is the sad thing to me—the direction in which the United States is going, with people demanding more Government and more Government, and not realizing they're giving up their freedoms. Every time Government creates another agency or another regulatory body, it is removing a freedom

from the American people, and it is a danger that is very real.

PLAYBOY: So the Administration doesn't believe that one solution to the energy crisis is to impose taxes on big, inefficient automobiles.

SIMON: Not at this point in time, no.

PLAYBOY: But the Government is financing the development of alternate sources of energy?

SIMON: Of course. Private capital is not always sufficient to exploit new resources. Oil shale, for instance, should be exploited, and we can provide seed money for companies to build pilot plants. And, of course, solar energy needs a lot of research and development. We have a ten-billion-dollar program devoted not only to solar energy but to fission and fusion and all the other renewable energy resources. But that, too, requires tremendous Government participation—the investment of huge amounts of money that will pay off only in the far future. Geothermal energy is limited by geography. The city of San Francisco now gets three quarters of its electricity from geothermal sources, but it has access to wells and geological formations that don't exist on the East Coast or even in the Midwest to a great degree.

PLAYBOY: What about other programs to encourage more efficient energy use? Would the Administration advocate breaking up the highway trust fund, so that that money could be spent on more efficient transportation methods, such as railroads and buses?

SIMON: Well, of course, the Government is already very active in the area of mass transit, and I believe we're becoming more so. The highway trust fund is another one of those special-interest constituencies that have been built up over the years; that is a good reason why people ought, fundamentally, to oppose the trust-fund approach. It remains long after it's needed in Government and just promotes the welfare of a special group of people.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see it end?

SIMON: I would like to see the end of all the impediments that cost the consumer literally billions and billions of dollars and that contribute to distortions, shortages and inflation. But, at the same time, I'm a pragmatist in recognizing the political difficulties. When a proposal is made by the Administration to attack a special interest, there's usually great apathy on the part of the American people. It's the special interests that make their weight felt in Washington. So we very, very rarely succeed.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to another kind of political difficulty. Many Americans believe the price hikes by the oil-exporting nations were entirely political. What's your opinion?

SIMON: The quadrupling of the price of

oil has absolutely no relationship to economic reality, no relationship to the cost of production or alternate sources of energy. It represents the desires of a cartel to take advantage of a temporary—and I stress *temporary*—shortage of energy supplies in the world while additional supplies are being developed. Its effect on the lesser developed countries has been devastating. Every country that is forced to spend more money for oil is going to have much less money for economic growth, food and other necessities. So it's going to impede growth in every economy in the world.

PLAYBOY: But government officials in Iran and Saudi Arabia, among others, insist that oil was underpriced and that only now are prices on a par with other energy sources.

SIMON: Our Government believes that alternative sources of energy can be produced and supplied to the consumer at prices considerably below the current price of OPEC oil. Unfortunately, it will take several years to develop enough alternatives to replace significant quantities of OPEC oil.

In addition, the price of oil has far outstripped the price increases in other commodities. Prices in industrial countries may have doubled in the past 20 years, but the price of OPEC oil is now five times what it was 20 years ago. And equally important to the price level is the fact that the increases have occurred in a very short time frame. This has aggravated inflation around the world, distorted economies and created international payment problems. Such problems actually make high oil prices unreasonable for both consumers and producers, because there will be no real benefits to the producing nations if their short-term high prices damage the world's economy.

PLAYBOY: In a recent interview, Secretary of State Kissinger hinted at the possibility of military action if the oil-producing nations were to try to strangle the industrialized nations of the West. Would you go that far?

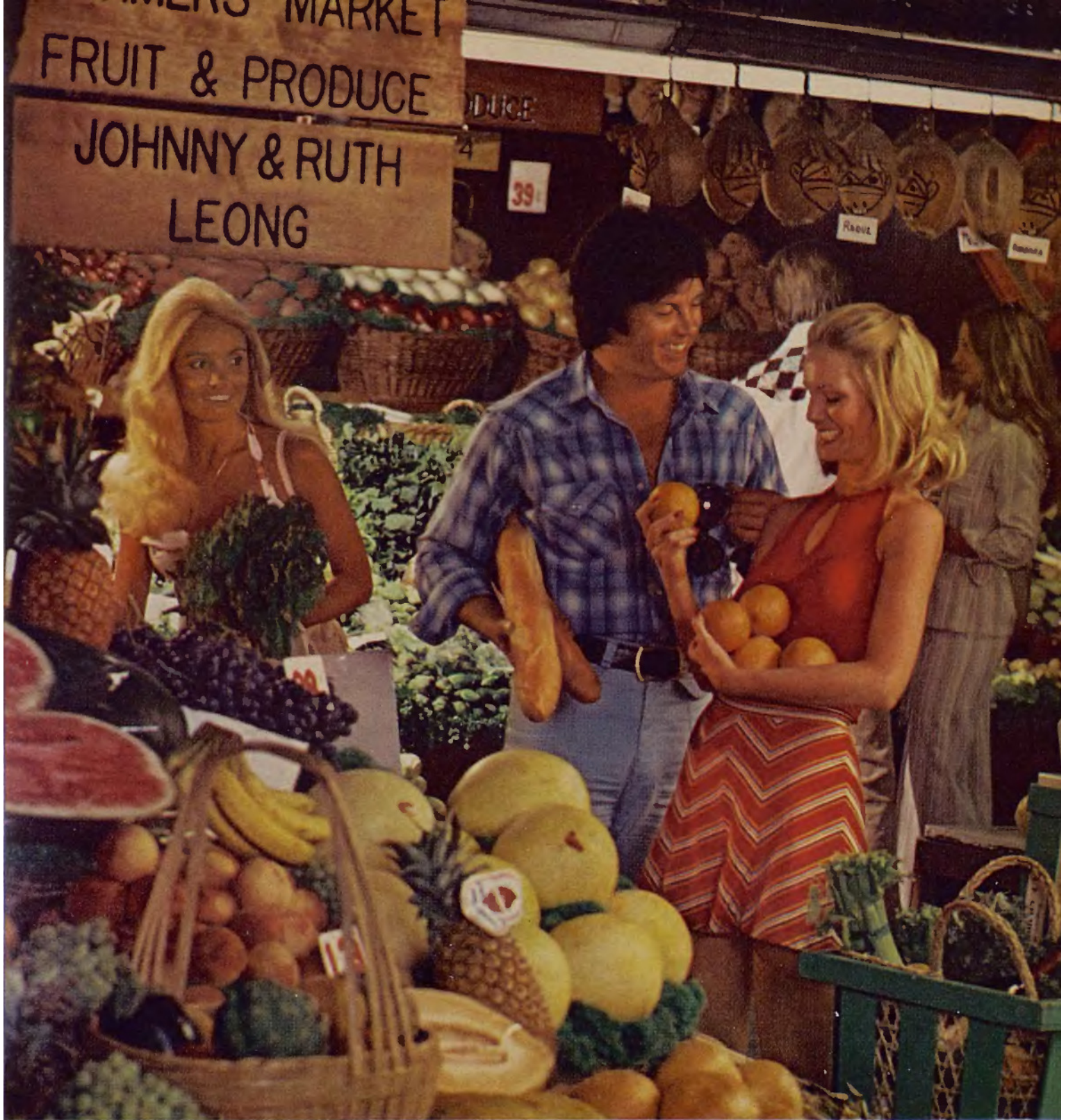
SIMON: Well, I read that interview and, you know, it all depends on the way a question is asked. The notion of military intervention never entered my mind as a means of working out the problems that we have with the oil producers. I believe many other solutions exist that fall short of military intervention.

PLAYBOY: Last year you caused a Middle East furor of your own with your comments about the shah of Iran, didn't you?

SIMON: I was misquoted in the press as calling the *shah* "reckless and irresponsible." What I said was that the shah's comments—and I underline *comments*—were reckless and irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: At another point, you were quoted as referring to him as "a nut."

SIMON: Well, the reporters asked me a
(concluded on page 171)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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★★★ **THE FIGHT** ★★★
by
NORMAN MAILER

Part I

**THE
DEAD
ARE DYING OF
THIRST**

two black heavyweights meet in africa for all the chips and nomin million is there

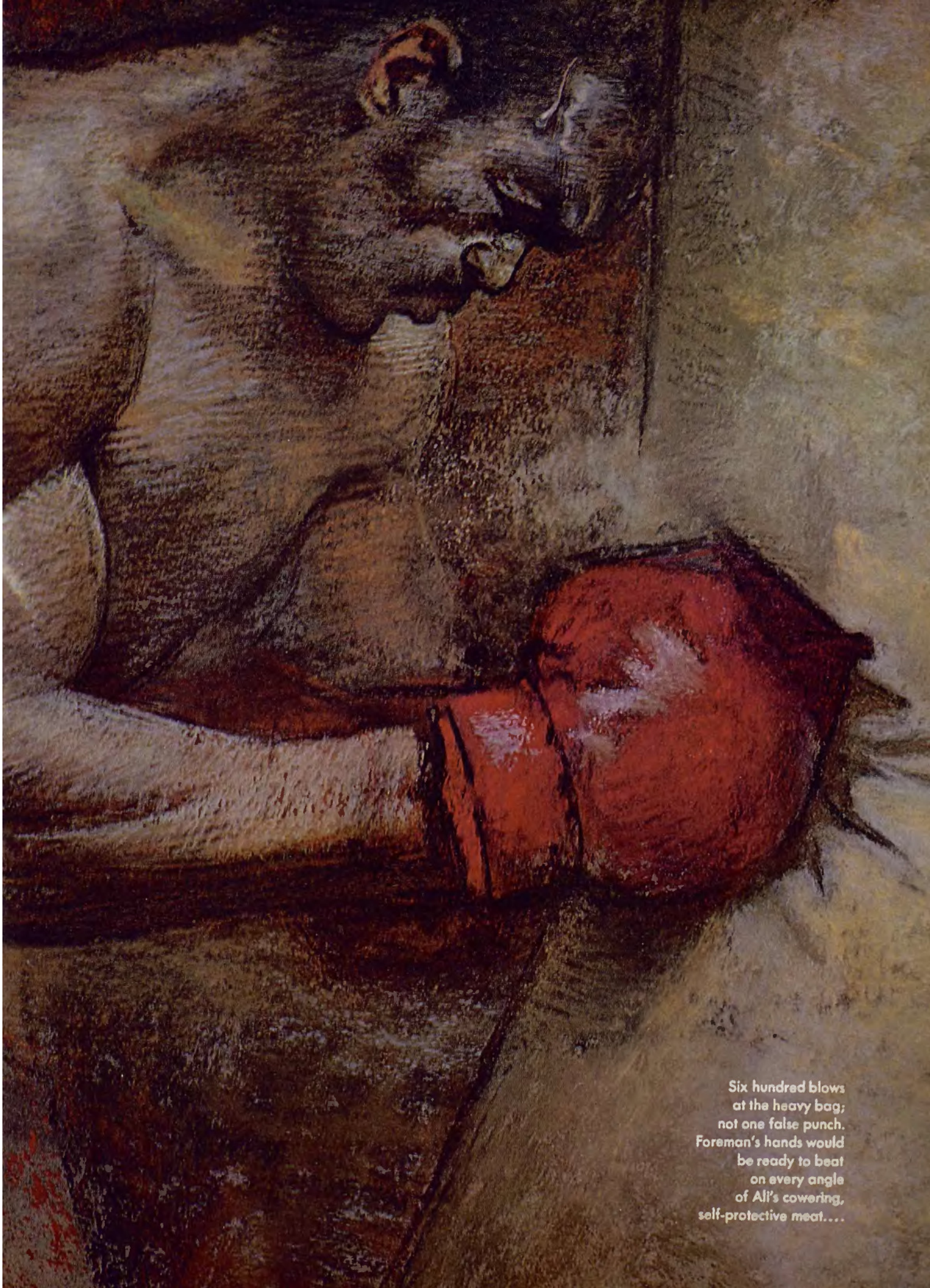
THERE IS ALWAYS a shock in seeing him again. Not *live*, as in television, but standing before you, looking his best. Then the World's Greatest Athlete is in danger of being the most beautiful man. The vocabulary of camp is doomed to appear. Women draw an *audible* breath. Men look *down*. They are reminded again of their lack of worth. If Muhammad Ali never opened his mouth to quiver the jellies of public opinion, he would still inspire love and hate. For he is the Prince of Heaven—so says the silence around his body when he is luminous with confidence.

When he is depressed, however, his pale skin turns the color of coffee with goutts of milky water, no cream. There is the sickly green of a depressed morning in the muddy washes of the flesh. He looks to be not quite well. And that may be a fair description of how he appeared at his training camp in Deer Lake, Pennsylvania, on a September afternoon seven weeks before his fight in Kinshasa with George Foreman.

His sparring this day was spiritless. Worse. He kept getting hit with stupid punches, shots he would normally avoid, and that was not like Ali! There was an art to watching him train and you acquired it over the years. Other champions picked sparring partners who could imitate the style of their next opponent and, when they could afford it, added a fighter who was congenial: someone they could hit at will or who was fun to box. Ali did this, too, but reversed the order. For the second fight with Sonny Liston, his favorite had been Jimmy Ellis, an intricate artist who had nothing in common with Sonny. As boxers, Ellis and

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





Six hundred blows
at the heavy bag;
not one false punch.
Foreman's hands would
be ready to beat
on every angle
of Ali's cowering,
self-protective meat....

Liston had such different moves one could not pass a bowl of soup to the other without spilling it. Of course, Ali had other sparring partners for that fight. Shotgun Sheldon comes to mind. Ali would lie on the ropes while Sheldon hit him a hundred punches to the belly—that was Ali conditioning his stomach and ribs to take Liston's barrage. In that direction lay his duty, but his pleasure was by way of sparring with Ellis as if Ali had no need to study Sonny's style when he could speed up the dazzle of his own.

Fighters generally use a training period to build such confidence in their reflexes, even as an average skier, after a week of work on his parallel, can begin to think he will yet look like an expert. In later years, Ali would concentrate less on building his own speed and more on how to take punches. Now part of his art was to reduce the force of each blow he received to the head and then fraction it further. Every fighter does that: indeed, a young boxer will not last long if his neck fails to swivel at the instant he is hit; but it was as if Ali were teaching his nervous system to transmit shock faster than other men could.

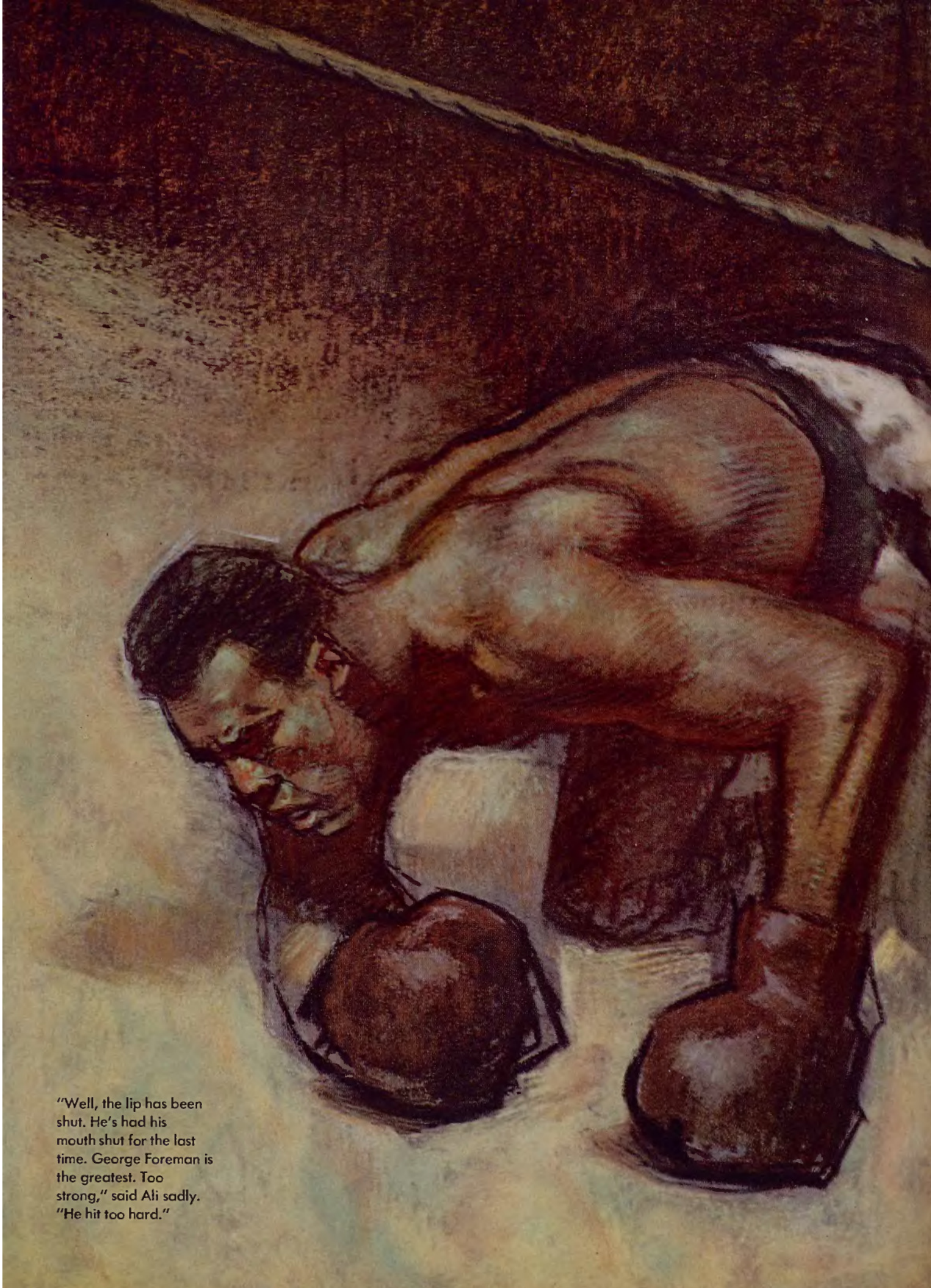
Maybe all illness results from a failure of communication between mind and body. It is certainly true of such quick disease as a knockout. The mind can no longer send a word to the limbs. The extreme of this theory, laid down by Cus D'Amato when managing Floyd Patterson and José Torres, is that a pugilist with an authentic desire to win cannot be knocked out, provided he sees the punch coming, for then there is no dramatic lack of communication. The punch will hurt but cannot wipe you out. In contrast, a five-punch combination in which every punch lands is bound to stampede any opponent into unconsciousness, *no matter how light the blows*, since a jackpot has been struck. The sudden overloading of the victim's message center produces that inrush of confusion known as coma.

Now it was as if Ali carried the idea to some advanced place where he could assimilate punches faster than other fighters, could literally transmit the shock through more parts of his body or direct it to the best path, as if ideally he were working toward the ability to receive that five-punch combination (or six or seven!) yet be so ready to ship the impact out to each arm, each organ and each leg that the punishment might be digested and the mind remain clear. It was a study to watch Ali take punches. He would lie on the ropes and paw at his sparring partner like a mother cat goading her kitten to belt away. Then Ali would flip up his glove and let the other's punch bounce from that glove off his head, repeating the move from other angles, as if the second half of the art of getting hit were to learn the trajectories with which punches glanced off your gloves and still hit you. Ali was always studying how to deaden such shots or punish the glove that threw the punch, forever elaborating his inner comprehension of how to trap, damp, modify, mock, curve, cock, warp, distort, deflect, tip and turn the bombs that came toward him, and do this with a minimum of movement, back

against the ropes, languid arms up. He invariably trained by a scenario that cast him as a fighter in deep fatigue, too tired to raise his arms in the 12th round of a 15-round fight. Such training may have saved him from being knocked out by Joe Frazier in their first fight; such training had been explored by him in every fight since. His corner would scream "Stop playing!" the judges would score against him for lying on the ropes, the fight writers would report that he did not look like the old Ali, and all the while he was refining methods.

This afternoon, however, in Deer Lake, it looked as if he were learning very little. He was not languid but sluggish. He looked bored. He showed, as he worked, all the sullen ardor of a husband obliging himself to make love to his wife in the thick of carnal indifference.

The first sparring partner, Larry Holmes, a young, light-colored Black with a pro record of nine wins and no losses, boxed aggressively for three rounds, hitting Ali more often than he got hit in return, which in itself might not have been unusual—sometimes Ali would not throw a punch through all of a round—but on this afternoon it seemed as if he did not know how to use Holmes. He had the disgusted expression Sugar Ray Robinson used to get toward the end of his career when struck on the nose, a grimace of disdain for the occupation, as if you could lose your looks if you weren't careful. The afternoon was hot, the gym was even hotter. It was filled with tourists, more than 100, who had paid a dollar to get in. There was a late-summer apathy to the proceedings. Once in a while, Ali would set out to chastise Holmes for his impudence, but Holmes was not there to be instructed for nothing. He fought back with all the eagerness of a young pro who sees a maximum of future for himself. Ali could, of course, have given a lesson, but he was boxing in the depths of a bad mood. Part of Ali's strength in the ring was fidelity to his mood. If, when speaking to the press, a harsh and hysterical tone entered his voice as easily as other men light a cigarette, he was never frantic in the ring, at least not since the fight with Liston in Miami in 1964, when he won the Heavyweight Championship. No, just as Marlon Brando seemed to inhabit a role as though it were a natural extension of his mood, so Ali treated boxing as a continuation of his psyche. If he were in a bad mood, he would stay in his lethargy, box out of his very distaste for the staleness of this occupation. Often he trained all of an afternoon in such a bad spirit. The difference this day was that he was running into unexpected punches—the end of the world for Ali. In disgust, he would punish Holmes by wrapping an arm around his head. Over the years, Ali had become one of the best wrestlers in the ring. But then, if karate kicks had been introduced to boxing, Ali would also have been the first at that. His credo had to be that nothing in boxing was foreign to him. Now, however, his superiority was reduced to wrestling with Holmes. When they separated, Holmes would go back to the attack. Toward the end of three rounds, Ali started



"Well, the lip has been shut. He's had his mouth shut for the last time. George Foreman is the greatest. Too strong," said Ali sadly. "He hit too hard."

stinging him with punches. Holmes stung him back.

Ali's next sparring partner, Eddie "Bossman" Jones, was a light heavyweight, a dark, sawed-off version of George Foreman. He couldn't have been 5' 10" in height, and Ali used him as a playmate. Absolutely comfortable with Jones (a fighter reminiscent of other fighters who stood flat-footed and belted away) Ali lay on the ropes and took Bossman's punches when he chose to and blocked them when he wished. For all it demanded, Ali could have been an inspector on an assembly line, accepting and rejecting product. "This piece we pass, this one won't." To the degree that boxing is carnality, meat against meat, Ali was master when it was time to receive: he got the juice out of it, the aesthetic juice of punches he blocked or slipped, plus all the libidinal juice of Bossman Jones banging away on his gut. For all of a round Bossman belabored Ali, and Ali communed with himself. In the second of their two rounds, Ali stepped off the ropes for the last two minutes and proceeded for the first time in the afternoon to throw punches. His master's assortment leaped forth, jabs with a closed glove, jabs with an open fist, jabs with a twist of the glove to the right, jabs with a turn to the left, then a series of right-hand leads offered like jabs, then uppercuts and easy hooks from a stand-up position, full of speed off both hands. With each punch, his glove did something different, as if the fist and wrist within the glove were also speaking.

Now Ali's trainer, Bundini, came alive with cries from the corner. "All night long!" he shouted happily. But Ali did not throw anything hard; rather, he hit Bossman Jones with a pepper pot—ting, ting, bing, bap, bing, ting, bap!—and Bossman's head bapped back and forth like a speed bag. "All night long!" There was something obscene in watching, as if the head were clay on a potter's wheel and into a speed bag precisely was it being shaped. Although he had not been hit with any force, Jones (one score for the theorem of D'Amato) was wobbly when the round ended. And happy. He had been good for the boss. He had the kind of face to propose that thousands of punches had bounced off his persona, that celestial glow of a hard worker whose intelligence has been pounded out long ago.

The last three rounds were with Roy Williams, introduced to the crowd as Heavyweight Champion of Pennsylvania, and he was Ali's size, a dark, gentle, sleepy-looking man who boxed with such respect for his employer that the major passion appeared to be a terror of messing Ali's charisma. Williams pawed the air and Ali wrestled him around. He seemed to be working now more on wrestling than boxing, as if curious to test his arms against Roy Williams'

strength. Three slow rounds went by with the head of the Heavyweight Champion of Pennsylvania in the crook of Ali's bicep. It looked like the terminal stage of a street fight when not much more than heavy breathing will go on.

Ali had now been boxing eight rounds, five of them easy, too easy to show this much fatigue—the green of his skin did not speak of a good liver. The tourists, a crowd in the main of white millworkers in flowered sport shirts, sprinkled with an occasional beard or biker, looked apathetic. You had to be familiar with Ali's methods to have even a remote idea of what this workout could signify. Toward the middle of the last round, Bundini began to be heard again. Hardly unknown to readers of sports columns (for he was the inventor of "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee") he had on average days a personality more intense per cubic inch than Ali's and was now screaming in a voice every onlooker would remember, for it was not only hoarse and imprecatory but suggestive of the power to slash through every insulation in the atmosphere. Bundini was summoning jinns. "Snake-whip him! Stick him! Stick mean!" he howled with his head back, his bald rocketing eyes spearing ectoplasmic ogres. Ali did not respond. He and Williams kept clinching, wrestling and occasionally thumping one another. No art. Just the heavy exertions of overtired fighters so much like the lurching of overtired furniture movers. "Get off," cried Bundini, "get off on him!" Seconds were ticking down. Bundini wanted a flurry, wanted it for morale, for Ali's good conscience tonight, for the confirming of good habit, for the end if nothing else of this wretched bad mood. "Get off on him! Stick him! Come on, baby. Let's close the show on him, let's close this show! Get off. Close him! Close him! Close him!" went Bundini into the final hollering seconds of the eighth and final round, and Ali and Williams, working slowly, came to the end of their day. No dervish. No flurry. The bell. It was not a happy workout. Ali looked sour and congested.

CHAPTER 2

Ali did not look a great deal happier one hour later when available for interview. He sprawled on a couch in his dressing room, the exertion of the workout still on him, so that he looked heavy for once and not intelligent; indeed, not even handsome. His face was a hint swollen. It offered the suggestion his head would thicken and he would look more like a pug in years to come. Most startling was his lack of energy. Usually, Ali liked to talk after a workout, as though the physical effort only teased his energies enough to confirm his passion, which was to speak. Today, however, he lay back on the couch, let others talk to him. There were a number of black men in the room and they approached as cour-

tiers, each taking his turn to whisper in Muhammad's ear, then falling back to sit in audience. An interviewer from a black network held a microphone ready, in case Ali wished to respond, but this was one occasion when he did not.

The workout seemed to have taken too much. An absence of stimulation heavy as gloom was in the air. Of course, it is not uncommon for fighters' camps to be gloomy. The furniture is invariably every shade of dull gray and dull brown, the sparring partners beaten half into insensibility are quiet when not morose and the silence seems designed to prepare the fighter for his torture on the night of the fight. Ali's camps, however, usually offered vivacity, his own if no one else's. It was as if Ali insisted on having fun while he trained. Not today. It was like any fighter's camp. Unspoken sentiments of defeat passed through the drably furnished room.

"What do you think of the odds?" someone asked, and the question, thrown up without preparation, left Ali looking out of phase.

"I don't know about betting," he said. It was explained that man to man, the odds were 2½-1 against him. "That's a lot?" he asked, and said almost in surprise, "They really think Foreman'll win!" He looked less depressed for the first time this day. "You fellows are in position to make a lot of money with odds like that." Thought of the fight, however, seemed to cheer him a faint degree, as if he were a convict thinking of the hour when his time is up. (Of course, a killer might be waiting on the street.) "Would you like," he asked on the spur of this small cheer, "to hear my new poem?"

No one in the room had the heart to say no. Ali motioned to a flunky, who brought up a purse from which the fighter extracted a sheaf of worked-over pages, handling this literature with the same concentration of his finger tips a poor man brings to counting off a roll of cash. Then he began to read. The Blacks listened with piety, their eyes off on calculations to the side.

"I have," said Ali, "a great one-two punch. / The one hits a lot, but the two hits a bunch."

Everybody snickered. The lyric went on to suggest that Ali was sharp as a razor and Foreman might get cut.

*"When you look at him, he will
make you sick,
Because on his face, you will see nick
after nick."*

Ali finally put the pages away. He waved a hand at the obedient mirth. The poem had been three pages. "How long did it take to write?" he was asked.

"Five hours!" he replied—Ali, who could talk at the rate of 300 new words a minute. Since the respect was for the
(continued on page 104)



Sator

"But, dear—you know how fond I am of multiple orgasms."

THE SPOILS OF

he whipped her again with the riding crop and she began to undress. "please," she whispered, "do not hit me anymore"

BUENAVISTA



fiction **By OAKLEY HALL** THERE IS A PHOTOGRAPH of a boy named Robert MacBean, an officer in the rebel army in the Mexican Revolution. For years, I was half-ashamed of that photo's flamboyance, but half-proud also. The photograph could be an illustration from a Richard Harding Davis novel of Latin-American adventure, the hero a half-gringo captain of a troop of irregular cavalry. The likeness was taken in Tepic in the summer of 1914, by a hunchbacked photographer whose name, J. Medina, appears in flowing script in the lower-right-hand corner.

The subject stands in a pose of graceful menace, hard young face under a Texas hat, khaki military shirt, white trousers and high soft boots heavily spurred. A scarf is knotted at his throat and gauntlets held in his left hand, while his right rests with some precise gradation between ease and self-consciousness on the cartridge belt, which is of heavy leather carved and embossed, as is the holster, with its laced seams, which is cut down to the trigger of the revolver. That revolver's seven-inch barrel runs from chamber to muzzle with lines as graceful as those of a girl's leg. Its mechanism works together softly, silently, heavily, satisfyingly, the butt of ebony with arabesques of silver and



mother-of-pearl and set with a ring. For a caliber as heavy as .44, it has an exceptionally long range.

The revolver was a part of the spoils of the Hacienda Buenavista. I possess it still. Recently, my grandson found me with it at my desk, where I had removed it from its concealment to clean, or perhaps merely to fondle it, and I felt as flustered and as short of breath as though some old shame had been discovered.

. . .

In the summer of 1914, the armies of the revolution were everywhere victorious, Pancho Villa in the north, Obregón on the west coast and Zapata in the south, converging on the capital with the dictator's forces everywhere in sullen retreat. I served with Obregón in that movement south and east, through Sinaloa, Tepic and Jalisco, part of a swollen mob of undisciplined soldiery with their varieties of uniforms and weapons, with their horses, their "Adelitas," their children and scavenging dogs and their endless trains filled and covered with humanity moving south.

I remember scouting with the *escuadrilla* on the eastern flank of the Brigada Allende, coming upon evidence of a running fight between guerrillas and *federales*. Turkey buzzards wheeled over the dead horses and three of our *compadres* curled up on their wounds, very small in death, with faces terribly punished by the buzzards. Later we chased a squad of *rurales*, those most hated of the enemy, and killed all of them among the dry washes.

From time to time, we sighted haciendas across the fields of their estates, braced against us, their terror and loathing broadcast on the air as we ragged bands passed them, precursors of the slow, brutal armies of the revolution. We would not have presumed to attack one of these fortresses had we been allowed to pass unchallenged. But in one instance we were not, and I choose to tell the tale of it more formally than in my own person, for I, in my dotage now, am no longer the cruel, young Robert MacBean of that summer and that war.

. . .

Captain MacBean led the *escuadrilla* through a broad valley tinged with green in this less arid countryside. Ahead a low ridge was crowned with tan walls, the corners bulging with rifle-slotted towers. The place seemed to glare with a venomous hostility, and his first reaction to the Hacienda Buenavista was to ride quickly on by. There were corrals below it, a glitter of water through foliage where a river flowed. A higher hill behind was topped by a cross.

A sense of oppression and recognition was very heavy as the road drew closer to the walls. The *escuadrilla* rode in silence. Nicanor, the sergeant, was close behind MacBean, with his brother Fernando and Tertullio with the flag, the others cluster-

ing in groups of four or six, last of all Birdwell leading the mules that carried the two machine guns and the saddlebags of ammunition magazines.

The pile of masonry and adobe passed from sight for a time as the road wound down an arroyo, where only the distant blue of the sierra was visible against a dark-blue sky. Someone began to sing softly: Fernando. The song broke off as the hacienda hulked up again, a dun dreadnought aground in green fields, with the slots in the towers like slitted eyes.

"This place is very like Las Llagas, Roberto," Nicanor said.

The place was so like the Hacienda de las Llagas de Cristo of his youth that he could hardly breathe. It was as though his mother were watching him from one of those rifle ports, cursing him for his treason to her and to those who had ruled Mexico for so long, who were his own class and race.

Years after she died, when at prep school in the United States he had encountered Queen Elizabeth in Anglo-Saxon history books, he had known exactly what that first Elizabeth had been like, for his mother had been very regal, with red hair, eyes the color of brown pansies and skin so white she must never have let the sun upon it. She had always considered herself a Castilian in exile among half-breeds and Indians.

Perhaps once a year his father had appeared at the hacienda, bluff, hearty and freckled. He was reputed to be a very powerful gringo, a friend of the dictator Porfirio Díaz, and the child Robert MacBean understood that his mother and father had settled into this strange, once-a-year marriage because their natures were so strong that they could not endure each other's company for very long at a time.

At the Hacienda de las Llagas de Cristo, he would never forget Eufemio, the sergeant of *rurales*, in his beautiful dove-gray uniform and extravagant hat, who was a swaggerer, a braggart and a bully, and on whom the *campesinos* were forced to fawn because of the life-and-death power of his whim. Nor Félix, his mother's major-domo, less a swaggerer than the *rural*, but more a sadist. Nor Padre Prudencio, the priest, whom the Las Llagas *vaqueros* had hanged when the revolution had exploded in Sonora. He had always considered that the revolution had been made more against these actual oppressors of the people than against the *hacendados* whose vassals they were. In many ways, his mother had been loved by her serfs. She lent them money at outrageous rates of interest, but always lent it, tended their ills from a medical book, gave them advice and concerned herself with their lives. They had been proud of their *patrona* for her hysterical rages, her favoritisms and petty jealousies and stubbornness, her pride of race and her absolute disdain for mixed blood.

But now, as the walls of this hacienda

reared higher and nearer, and the *escuadrilla* obliquely approached its huge iron-studded gate, he was remembering a scene from his childhood. In search of his mother, he had run into her office, where a desk held her account books and a typewriter whose long-shanked keys resembled flowers in a bowl, and where there was a bulky safe with South Sea scenes painted on the doors. The *rural* was present, and Félix the *capataz*, thumbs hooked into his cartridge belt, and Padre Prudencio in his black cassock, his suety face set in its severe and righteous frown. Kneeling before his mother was one of the peons. Her face jerked toward him as he burst in, and his shock at the bloody stripes on flesh, and the whip, was no greater than at the redness of her mouth in her yellow face.

. . .

He saw smoke drift from one of the rifle ports before he heard the shot. Instantly, there was smoke at the other slots, followed by a volley of sharp cracks. Nicanor shouted.

MacBean jerked around to see an empty saddle. There were cries of warning. Everyone headed at a gallop for the protection of the corrals as bullets snapped past. He glanced back again to see Nicanor's horse reined rearing above Fernando, who lay face down in the dust with his hat 15 feet away. Nicanor galloped forward, shouting, as bullets shrilled overhead, and the two of them raced after the rest of the *escuadrilla*, scattering white chickens behind the corral walls. Cattle were nosed to a trough and a terrified *vaquero* stood with his hat in his hands. All dismounted, MacBean starting toward Nicanor but halting as the big sergeant confronted the *vaquero* with his revolver drawn and his broad brown face contorted in a snarl of agony. The *vaquero* sank to his knees. Nicanor holstered his revolver. The men crowded around him, whose brother had been killed.

"Robertol!" Nicanor said in a loud, flat voice. "I think we must take this evil place that would not let us pass in peace!"

Already, Birdwell had unloaded one of the Benét-Merciés, carrying it cradled in his arms to a corner of the adobe wall. MacBean watched worriedly; yet what had happened here was why this war was being fought, against the ruthless arrogance that locked itself inside castles and savaged passers-by, that had killed Fernando, who a moment before had been singing; brother of Nicanor, the best man in the *escuadrilla*; the bravest, most competent and the humblest, who had never before this asked anything for himself.

A bullet kicked adobe dust from the wall where Birdwell was setting up the machine gun. He ducked away, wiping his eyes and cursing. Others were returning fire from the cover of the wall. Birdwell inserted one of the 30-round

(continued on page 92)

HIS AND/OR HERS

*a triumph of technology—
In which all but
the private parts
prove interchangeable*



In the movie *Freebie and the Bean*, starring Alan Arkin and James Caan, actor Christopher Morley started out as a man in a bathtub (top) and turned into a murdering transvestite (above).



On a lark, Morley and friend decide it would be interesting if they exchanged clothes. Nothing kinky, mind you, simply an innocent experiment to pass the time.





Those boxer shorts have never had it so good. Now watch those telltale bulges there, miss. Hey, your slip's showing, fella.



Somebody once said clothes make the man, but Morley's friend must have her own ideas about that particular subject.



SPOILS OF BUENAVISTA

magazines in his gun and crouched, aiming it. The gun stuttered at a furious rate, the magazine emptied in what seemed an instant, flicks of dust climbing the wall to one rifle port and crossing to another. The silence was immense when the machine gun ceased.

Nicanor had remounted. Antonio handed up to him a gunny sack of bombs. Nicanor gripped a lighted *cigarrillo* between his teeth as he swung the sack over his shoulder. He grinned down at MacBean with a mouth like a scar.

"It is crazy, eh, Roberto? But what a bad thing they have done here!"

"Have caution, Nicanor," he said.

The Benét-Mercié began to clatter again. Promptly, it jammed, but Juan Herrera had set up the other and he fired on the smoke of the rifle ports while Birdwell fought to clear his gun.

"I will knock the gate down and then all will come, eh, Roberto?" Nicanor said. "While the gringo of the machine guns keeps these doomed ones occupied?"

MacBean nodded.

"I'll keep them plenty busy if I can just get this fucker unfucked," Birdwell said. Nicanor sat slumped with the sack on his shoulder until this was accomplished and MacBean and the rest had mounted. Then he spurred out of the corral, scattering the chickens again.

MacBean watched the dust kicking around the ports as the machine guns fired. Crouched low in the saddle, Nicanor galloped his big black toward the gate. Now there was the smoke of firing from ports on either side of the gate and MacBean yelled at Birdwell, who swung his gun to stitch bullets there.

Nicanor dumped his load of bombs, lit the fuse of one, dropped it onto the others and, machine guns chattering, spurred back down the road crouched on the off side of his horse.

With a dull crump, dust and smoke rose in a sluggish high blossom while the guns fell silent. The dust fell away, revealing one half of the gate torn from its hinges to lean against the other half, opening a tall black triangle. Already, Nicanor was racing back toward this. One of the machine guns began to yammer again and MacBean yelled, "Let's go!"

With Comanche yells, the *escuadrilla* burst out of the corral and up the short, steep road to the gate, through which Nicanor had disappeared on foot. MacBean had a sense of bullets tearing past him in the clamor of the Benét-Merciés. Then they were all milling before the opening, dismounting to squeeze through, MacBean with his revolver drawn and a fear he had never felt before in any of the *escuadrilla's* actions. With Antonio, he hurled himself into the sudden calm of a sunny space of green foliage, white walls, red tile, beds of red, orange and yellow flowers, a fall of purple bougainvillea.

(continued from page 86)

Across from him, in the shadow of a cypress, Nicanor was reloading close by a flight of steps slanting to a flat roof where there was a clustering of *sombreros*, the gleam of a rifle barrel, a spit of fire. Antonio sprinted forward to hurl a tin-can bomb. There was a scream drowned in the bomb's explosion and instantly Nicanor was springing up the steps three at a time with Antonio behind him, others running to follow. There were shots on the roof and Nicanor reappeared, waving his hat. MacBean shouted to him to take his detachment to the left, where were the snipers who had first fired upon them, the rest to follow him. With a clatter of boots behind him, he trotted along the inside of the wall where huts lined a street paved with pebbles. The cross on the hill loomed against the sky.

Peasants were coming out of the huts, hats in hand, a woman nursing a baby bound to her breast with a *rebozo*, the men making placating sounds as MacBean and his detail hurried past them. Now with his griping of fear was a sense of knowing exactly where he was headed, and he rounded a corner to come upon the *casa grande*.

It might have been Las Llagas ten years ago, with its stucco walls, deep shadows, a sheen of window glass catching the sun, a red-tiled veranda with ferns in hanging pots. A man smashed a window with a rifle butt and MacBean felt in himself a like instinct to destroy. Revolver in hand, he strode into cool rooms through which he could have found his way blindfolded. There was the menacing familiarity of gold *Cristos* on pedestals, tapestried walls and heavy, dark, carved furniture, all the half-ascetic, half-exotic Gothic Castilian pride, that *hidalgo* small-nobility meanness of spirit, that desperate arrogance and contempt he realized had been sucked with his mother's milk and that had oppressed him as it had oppressed Mexico. It was so heavily present in this place that it was like carrying someone on his back as he trotted through the rooms followed by the sibilant comment, boot crack and spur jangle of his men, their noise echoing emptily. With a curse, Antonio flung a vase across a hallway to smash it, and MacBean understood the need to smash not merely the property of the *hacendados* but the library hush as well, though still he was shocked by the presumption. And now the men scattered through the different parts of the house looking for the *patrons*, and, without even thinking the thought, MacBean understood that they were to be killed.

Just as he knew by heart this floor plan, he knew there was a secret room. He jerked a tapestry from a wall, for it had been behind a tapestry that the tiny chapel at the Hacienda de las Llagas de Cristo had been concealed. The others

took it up, tearing down the tapestries, slashing at the paintings with their bucolic scenes, indistinct landscapes and portraits: a fat, narrow-nosed boy dressed in a blue suit with silver buttons, a cardinal in a red cap, men and women in black. There was a shout of triumph and MacBean ran with the rest to where a door had been revealed, squat and low, made of heavy timbers with iron bracing and hinges. Antonio set his shoulder against it, grunting, and others joined him to no effect. Tertullio produced a grenade made of a two-inch section of pipe, with a fuse and wire-loop hanger.

MacBean suspended this at the side of the door opposite the hinges, lit the fuse and, jostling with the others, hurried around a corner. The grenade crunched in a billow of plaster dust, which whitened everything. The heavy door now stood ajar on a dark passageway. MacBean knew exactly how this passage turned after four or five steps, to open into a miniature chapel; there would be an altar with a gold cloth and candles and a white-skinned Christ crucified upon the wall. And, when he stepped through the doorway, it was just as he'd foreseen.

There were three people in the chapel, all in black. A fat priest with a gleaming bald head knelt on a cushion before the altar. Facing them as they entered were a stocky woman, veiled, and a tall, black-haired girl in riding habit. She leaned against a corner of the altar as the priest prayed aloud in Latin, her close-set dark eyes staring at MacBean out of her white face.

The older woman held a crucifix out before her as though to ward off Satan himself. The priest prayed more loudly as Antonio shouted in his hectoring voice, "¡Hola! Fat priest, you have eaten too well in this world; do you pray for less appetite in the next?" The laughter reverberated in the little room, drowning the prayers. The eyes of the girl in the riding habit never left MacBean. The knuckles of her hands clutching a riding crop against her waist were chalky white.

Antonio and Arturo Vargas hoisted the priest to his feet, swinging him around to face them. Fat and sweating, he determinedly held his hands clasped chin-high in prayer, eyes fixed on the *Cristo*, and he looked very much like Padre Prudencio of Las Llagas. The men of the *escuadrilla* hustled him outside, taunting him, laughing when he tripped, the voice of Antonio the priest hater the loudest.

The woman pushed her crucifix at MacBean, crying, "Please, *señor* officer, please do not let the soldiers hurt Padre Cipriano, oh, please, *señor*, you would not hurt a priest of the holy Church, *señor*, you must call to your soldiers and"—on and on in an echoing rush until MacBean shouted, "Silence! Get out of here, old woman!"

She fled, leaving Tertullio in his blue
(concluded on page 168)



*"Put on some clothes, run down to the corner
and bring me back a corned beef on rye."*

PITA! PITA!

YOU PROBABLY didn't know it, but the glory that was Greece nestles inside a *pita* bun. Baked long before "bread" was conceived as a loaf, the flat, hollow *pita*, now found throughout the Middle East, has opened up a new world of easy, delicious eating. You can provide your *pita* mates with a luscious variety of hot and cold Greek-inspired comestibles from which to choose what they want—in any combination—following the whims of their appetites. Then they stuff it inside the *pita* horn of plenty, which can be purchased fresh

food and drink

By THOMAS MARIO

*why should
the greeks
have all the fun?*

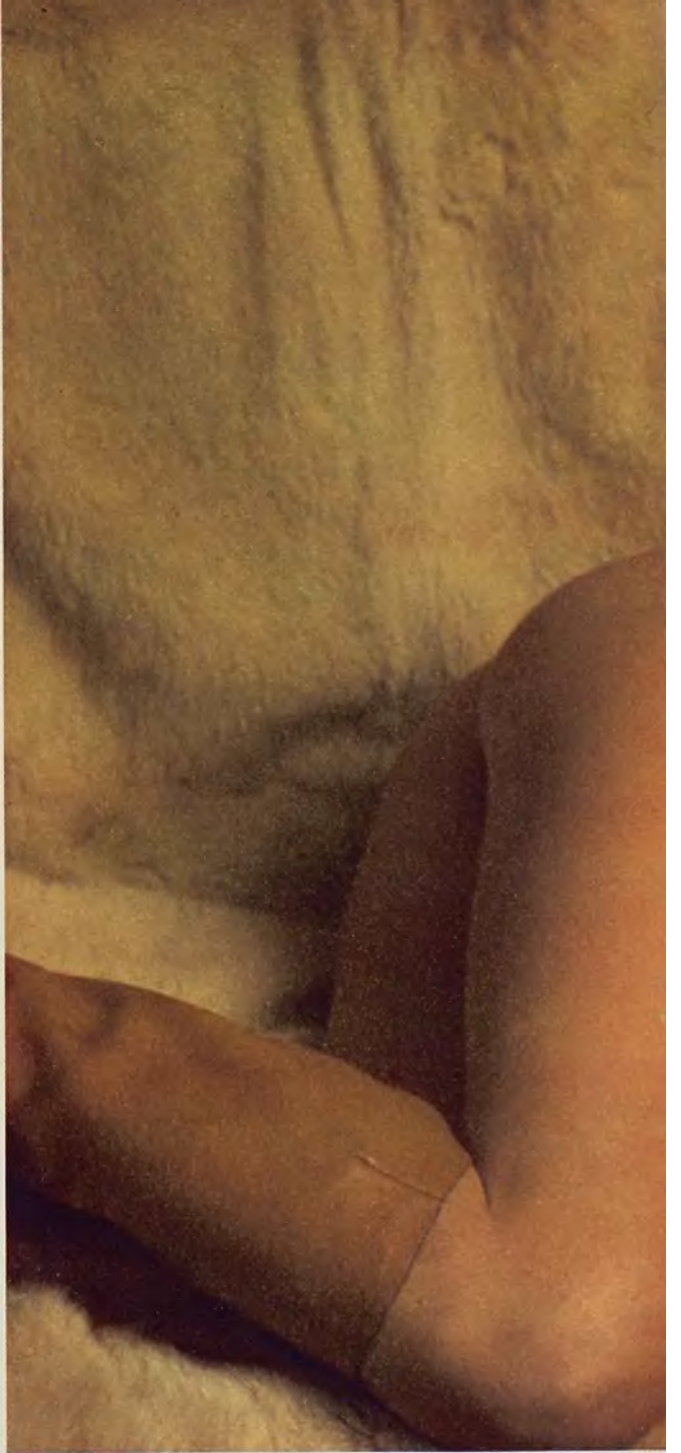


TA! PITA!

in almost all specialty food shops.

The joy of the *pita* is that it's not merely a sandwich but a feast—a delightful repository of Greek cuisine. For openers, think of young lamb, marinated in oil, marjoram, mint and pepper, gently grilled over white-hot coals; or marble-size beef-and-eggplant balls; or chilled, thinly sliced cucumbers, radishes and scallions in a cold yoghurt dressing; or an incomparable garlic sauce that includes pine nuts and olive oil. Almost any Greek specialty will work, be it sliced, diced, minced, (continued on page 100)



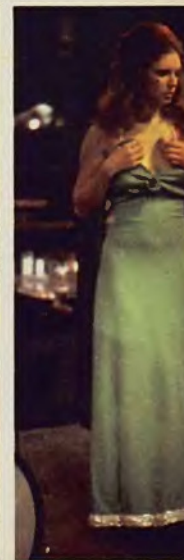


*charismatic, complex
Gwen Welles may prove that
the shortest route to Hollywood
success is through "Nashville"*

The splendor of Gwen

IN A PICTORIAL ESSAY in our November 1972 issue, Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson hailed Gwen Welles as a coming love goddess of the screen. These days, his prediction is looking pretty good. Since breaking up with French star maker Roger Vadim—a rupture anticipated in Williamson's story—she has come back to the States and solidified her claim to stardom in a pair of Robert Altman films: *California Split*, which cast her as a kindhearted prostitute, and the upcoming *Nashville*. There's no one better qualified than Altman to appraise the talent of the 26-year-old actress, and he thinks it's *all* there: "Off the set, she may seem vulnerable and dependent, but when the camera goes on, she's a complete professional." The niece of Gustave Tassell and the daughter of Rebecca Welles, both top Hollywood fashion designers, Gwen sold dresses at 17, then started tagging along

In Nashville, Gwen plays an ingenuous waitress who longs to be a country-and-western star (unfortunately, the poor girl has a slight handicap; she doesn't sing too well). Some unscrupulous promoters back her for what she thinks is a talent audition. Welles discovers all too soon that it's a smokescreen for some local businessmen, and they expect her to strip. When the Tennessee studs start yelling, "Take it off," Gwen is nonplused.



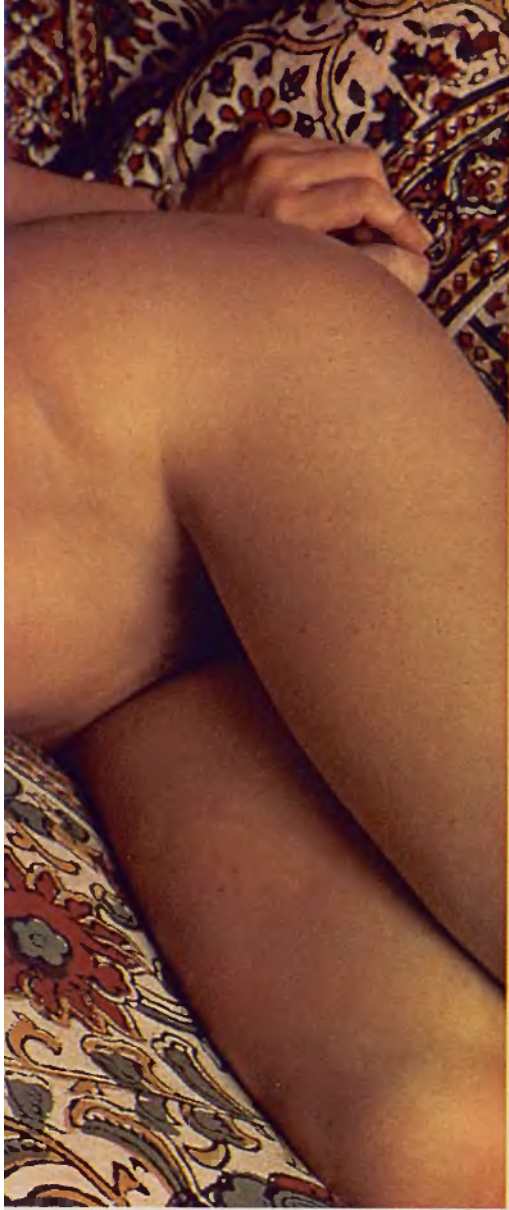


with some friends who went to acting school at night. Her very first attempt at onstage emoting caught the eye of an agent, who signed her to a contract. But Gwen went through the traumatic changes you'd expect of an overprivileged Hollywood brat—plus, of course, her thing with Vadim—before getting herself together. Now Gwen—whose offstage companion is usually record

producer Richard Perry—keeps a vegetarian diet and practices yoga, meditating twice a day to slow down her pulse rate. She's been refining her already formidable dramatic skills by studying with Lee Strasberg, and she's been delighting the Hollywood columnists, one of whom has said she provides the best copy since Marilyn Monroe. Evidently, our charismatic heroine is on her way.

After a brief offstage conference with her sponsors, Gwen—lured by false promises—goes back to work and—looking more like a trapped fawn than a siren—takes it off.





PITA! (continued from page 95)

marinated, herbed, puréed, grilled, poured, blended—or simply fashioned—so it can slide easily into a tender *pita* pocketbook.

Many travelers returning from Greece remember best the fragrance of succulent Greek lamb revolving on a spit, its heady aroma often meeting their nostrils before they arrived at the busy Greek *pita* shop where cooks were carving the meat for *pita* freaks. In metropolitan U.S.A., such shops are called *gyro*—meaning circle within which a chunk of beef and lamb revolves—and they're popping up faster than bay leaves in a Greek garden. But their limited offerings only begin to approach the *pita's* culinary possibilities. Lamb, of course, is the Greek mainstay, although beef and some pork appear in tender meatballs and sausages. It must be spring lamb, with no hint of strong muttiness overtones; tomatoes should be firm and ripe and greens should be garden fresh; oil must be pressed from the olive. The best of Greek cuisine depends not only on the quality of the raw produce but upon traditional details adhered to in native Greek kitchens: the bold use of herbs such as mint, bay leaf, oregano, thyme and parsley; the rich purplish-black Kalamata olives; the *feta* (ewe's-milk) cheese that serves as the base of most salads or the wonderful *kasseri* (ewe's- or goat's-milk) cheese with its subtle almondlike flavor. You'll have to go to a specialty cheese shop or a Greek grocer to find *kasseri*.

When it comes to party protocol, the *pita* is simplicity itself. Although it's supposed to be dripless, the sauces in it can overflow at times if the *pita* is overstuffed; so big napkins are the only essential tableware appointment. Plates may be provided, but most people regard them as a fifth wheel; knives and forks are superfluous. Guests might relax around a dinner table, sit against a terrace wall or stretch out on the floor or at poolside.

At party's start, one should offer clear Greek *ouzo*, a lively spirit with anise as its dominant flavor blended with about ten other spices. *Ouzo* reminds most Americans of the French *pastis* or Pernod. In Greece, the sidewalk crowd tends to sip it straight; most Americans prefer it mixed with ice water or on the rocks. Diluted, it turns milky. Although its anise flavor is reminiscent of a liqueur, it doesn't commit mayhem on your taste buds or appetite and seems to make the slightly bitter Greek olives and the herb-scented lamb even more tempting—if possible. Regarding Greek, resin-flavored *retsina* wine, you can take it or leave it, and most Americans, after the first sip, choose the latter, although it's amazing how *retsina* converts will tolerate no

other table wine. Tankards of beer, the bigger the better, seem to be the perfect accompaniment for most *pita* partisans. After dinner, it would be difficult to improve upon a pony of Metaxa brandy, poured over shaved ice.

• • •

You should provide at least two *pitae* per person, and they should be about seven inches in diameter, so that, when they're cut in half for the filling, they'll be comfortably sized Mediterranean heroes. *Pitae* should be wrapped in aluminum foil, warmed in a moderate (350°) oven for 10–15 minutes before they're brought to the buffet table. Since hot and cold foods will join one another inside the *pita*, it's important that hot foods be offered quickly after they're taken off the fire or reheated; during the party, they should be kept over a trivet flame or buffet hot plate. The portions that follow are for four hefty servings. How much or how little of each you'll wish to enjoy is a matter of knowing your friends. Sage advice was given centuries ago by the scholar Athenaeus, a specialist in Greek cooking, who wrote:

Know then the cook, a dinner that's bespoke

Aspiring to prepare, with prescient zeal,

Should know the tastes and humors of the guests.

ROAST MARINATED LEG OF LAMB

3-lb. half leg of lamb, boned and tied for roasting
 1 large onion, sliced
 2 large cloves garlic, slightly smashed
 ¼ cup olive oil
 2 teaspoons fresh thyme, very finely minced, or ½ teaspoon dried thyme
 ½ teaspoon oregano
 ½ teaspoon cracked bay leaves
 3 tablespoons lemon juice
 Salt, freshly ground pepper

Place lamb in bowl with onion, garlic, oil, thyme, oregano, bay leaves and lemon juice. Rub herbs into meat. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Cover bowl tightly with clear-plastic wrap and marinate overnight. Preheat charcoal fire in stove outfitted with rotisserie or use electric rotisserie. Remove lamb from marinade and fasten on spit. Roast approximately 1½ hours. Rotisserie may be stopped after 1 hour and meat thermometer inserted to test doneness of meat; it should not be roasted to the overdone stage. Slice meat thin for *pita*.

PEPPERED LAMB KABOBS

3-lb. half leg of lamb, boned
 2 large green peppers, ¾-in. squares
 ½ cup olive oil
 ½ teaspoon marjoram
 2 teaspoons dried mint leaves, crushed

1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
 ½ teaspoon cumin seeds, pounded in mortar
 2 teaspoons salt
 2 tablespoons dry white wine
 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 ½ cup butter, soft enough to spread easily

Cut lamb into cubes no more than ¾ in. thick. They should not be as large as regular shish kabob. Place lamb in bowl with green peppers, oil, marjoram, mint, ground pepper, cumin and salt. Toss well. Add wine and lemon juice and toss well. Cover bowl tightly with clear-plastic wrap and marinate overnight. Fasten lamb and green peppers alternately on skewers. Prepare charcoal fire outdoors or in fireplace or preheat broiler. Broil until lamb is medium brown. Brush with butter just before serving.

BEEF-AND-EGGPLANT BALLS

1 lb. boneless beef round
 1 cup peeled, diced eggplant
 1 medium-size onion, sliced
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 1 teaspoon salt
 ¼ teaspoon pepper
 ¼ cup bread crumbs
 ½ teaspoon marjoram
 1 teaspoon parsley, very finely minced
 Olive oil

Place eggplant in pan and cover with cold water. Bring to boil. Cover pan and simmer until eggplant is very tender. Drain well. Put beef, eggplant and onion through meat grinder, using fine blade. In mixing bowl, combine ground ingredients with egg, salt, pepper, bread crumbs, marjoram and parsley. Chill mixture about a half hour. It should be firm enough to shape; add more bread crumbs if it is too soft to handle. Shape into uniform balls no more than ¾ in. in diameter. Sauté in oil until browned. Do not crowd pan while sautéing; pan may be covered to prevent spattering fat.

WHITE-BEAN SALAD

½ lb. pea beans
 Salt, white pepper
 1 bay leaf
 1 large tomato, peeled and seeded
 6 Kalamata olives in oil
 1 hard-boiled egg, finely minced
 1 medium-size onion, minced extremely fine
 2 tablespoons parsley, minced extremely fine
 1 tablespoon dill, minced extremely fine
 3 tablespoons olive oil
 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Wash beans well in cold water. Remove any defective beans or foreign matter. Drain. Place in saucepan and cover with 3 cups cold water. Add ½ teaspoon salt and bay leaf. Bring to boil; simmer 2 minutes. Remove from heat and let

(concluded on page 167)



"We can't continue meeting like this. My husband doesn't like your wife."





THE JOCK LOOK

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

want to come on like a sports superstar? no sweat

Now, Mean Joe Greene may not wish to spend his off hours relaxing in an Oleg Cassini warm-up suit, but no matter. For the rest of us, the jock look is a refreshing alternative to more predictable styles of leisurewear. Sure, you can wear warm-up suits, football jerseys, track pants, sweat shirts, etc., for macho sports—but they're also great when putting a few away in your favorite pub or shoving off for an afternoon's bike ride. And if the right person sees you making like Joe Namath (minus the panty hose, of course), it might even lead to something physical.

Visored brewmaster at far left sports a zip-front nylon/cotton warm-up suit featuring raglan shoulders, angled side zip pockets and elasticized knit cuffs and waist, by McGregor, \$35.

Referee of armed combat boosts cotton velour warm-up outfit with boat-neck top and zip cuffs, by Oleg Cassini for Munsingwear, about \$50, and cotton turtleneck, by Gant, \$14.

Headbanded guy digs Dacron polyester/combed cotton football jersey, by Career Club, about \$7.50, and pants from nylon/cotton warm-up suit, by AMF Head Sportswear, \$45.

Wrestling fan at far right opts for a nylon/cotton warm-up suit, by Catalina, \$32, and a cotton zip-front short-sleeved pullover shirt, by Intercontinental Apparel, about \$20.

THE DEAD ARE DYING OF THIRST

man, for all of the man, including the literary talent (just as one might be ready to respect the squeaks Balzac could elicit from a flute if that would prove revelatory of one nerve in Balzac—one nerve, anyway) so came an image of Ali, pencil in hand, composing down there in the depths of black reverence for rhyme—those mysterious links in the universe of sound: no rhyme ever without its occult reason! Did Ali's rhymes help to shape the disposition of the future, or did he just sit there after a workout and slowly match one dumb-wit line to the next?

Ali's psychic powers were never long removed, however, from any critical situation. "That stuff," he said, waving his hands, "is just for fun. I got serious poetry I'm applying my mind to." He looked interested for the first time this day in what he was doing. Now from memory he recited in an earnest voice:

*"The words of truth are touching
The voice of truth is deep
The law of truth is simple
On your soul you reap."*

It went on for a good number of lines and finally ended with, "The soul of truth is God," an incontestable sentiment to Jew, Christian or Muslim, incontestable, indeed, to anyone but a Manichaeon like our interviewer. But then the interviewer was already worrying up another aesthetic street. The poem could not possibly be original. Perhaps it was a translation of some piece of devotional Sufi that Black Muslim teachers might have read to him, and Ali only changed a few of the words. Still, a certain line stayed: "On your soul you reap." Had one really heard it? In all of Ali's 12 years of prophetic boxing doggerel—the poem as worthless as the prediction was often exact: Archie Moore/ is sure/to hug the floor/by the end of four—some such scheme!—this new line must be the first example in Ali's voluminous canon of an idea not resolutely antipoetic. For Ali to compose a few words of real poetry would be equal to an intellectual throwing a good punch. Inquiries must be made. Ali, however, could not remember the line out of context. He had to recall the entire poem. Except his memory was not working. Now one felt the weight of punches he had taken this afternoon. Line by line, his voice searched aloud for the missing words. It took five minutes. It became in that time another species of endeavor, as if in the act of remembering he might also lay in again some of the little circuits disarranged in the brain this day. With all the joy at last of an eight-year-old child exhibiting good memory in class, Ali got it back. All patience was rewarded. "The law of truth is simple/ As you sow, you reap."

As you sow, you reap! But now Ali's

(continued from page 82)

record was intact. He had still to write his first line of poetry.

The exercise, nonetheless, had awakened him. He began to talk of Foreman, and with gusto. "They think he's going to beat me?" Ali cried aloud. As if his sense of the universe had been offended, he said with wrath, "Foreman's nothing but a hard-push puncher. He can't hit! He's never knocked a man out. He had Frazier down six times, couldn't knock him out. He had José Roman, a nobody, down four times, couldn't knock him out! Norton down four times! That's not a puncher. Foreman just pushes people down. He can't give me trouble, he's got no left hook! Left hooks give me trouble. Sonny Banks knocked me down with a left hook, Norton broke my jaw, Frazier knock me down with a left hook, but Foreman—he just got slow punches, take a year to get there." Now Ali stood up and threw round air-pushing punches at the air. "You think that's going to bother me?" he asked, throwing straight lefts and rights at the interviewer that filled the retina two inches short. "This is going to be the greatest upset in the history of boxing." Ali was finally animated. "I have an inch and a half over him in reach. That's a lot. Even a half inch is an advantage, but an inch and a half is a lot. That's a lot." It was not unknown that a training camp was designed to manufacture one product—a fighter's ego. In Muhammad's camp, however, the work was done by Ali. He was the product of his own raw material. No chance for Foreman as he stated his case. Still, memories stirred of Foreman's dismantlement of Ken Norton. That night, commenting at ringside just after the fight, Ali's voice had been shrill. When he started to talk to his TV interviewers, his first remark was, "Foreman can hit harder than me." His excuses to himself for his two long fights with Norton had just been ripped out of his ego. Because that night Foreman was a killer. Like few men ever seen in the ring. In the second round, as Norton started to go down for the second time, Foreman caught him five times, as quick in the instant as a lion slashing its prey. Maybe Foreman couldn't hit, but he could execute. That instant must have searched Ali's entrails.

Of course, a great fighter will not live with anxiety like other men. He cannot begin to think of how much he can be hurt by another fighter. Then his imagination would make him not more creative but less—there is, after all, endless anxiety available to him. Here at Deer Lake, the order was to bury all dread; in its place, Ali breathed forth a baleful self-confidence, monotonous in the extreme. Once again his charm was lost in the declamation of his own worth and the incompetence of his enemy. Yet his

alchemy functioned. Somehow, buried anxiety was transmuted to ego. Each day interviewers came, each day he learned about the 2½-1 odds for the first time and subjected his informants to the same speech, read the same poems, stood up, flashed punches two inches short of their faces. If reporters brought tape recorders to capture his words, they could end up with the same interview, word for word, even if their visits were a week apart. One whole horrendous nightmare—Foreman's extermination of Norton—was being converted, reporter by reporter, poem by poem, same analysis after same analysis—"He's got a hard-push punch, but he can't hit"—into the reinstallation of Ali's ego. The funk of terror was being compressed into psychic bricks. What a wall of ego Ali's will had erected over the years.

Before leaving, there is an informal tour of the training camp. Deer Lake is already famous in the media for its replicas of slave cabins high on Ali's hill and for the large boulders, some painted with the names of his opponents, Liston's name on the rock you see first from the entrance road. Each return to camp has to remind Ali of these boulders. Once these names were fighters to stir panic in the middle of sleep and a chill on awakening. Now they are only names and the cabins please the eye, Ali's most of all. Its timbers are dark with the hue of the old railroad bridge from which they were removed; the interior, for fair surprise, is kin to a modest slave cabin. The furniture is simple but antique. The water comes from a hand pump. An old lady with the manners of a dry and decent life might seem the natural inhabitant of Ali's cabin. Even the four-poster bed with the patchwork quilt seems more to her size than his own. Outside the cabin, however, the philosophical residue of this old lady is obliterated by a hardtop parking area. It is larger than a basketball court, and all the buildings, large and small, abut it. How much of Ali is here. The subtle taste of the Prince of Heaven come to lead his people collides with the raucous blats of Muhammad's media sky, where the only firmament is asphalt and the stars give off glints in the static.

CHAPTER 5

Witness another black man's taste: It is the Domain of President Mobutu at Nsele on the banks of the Congo, a compound of white-stucco buildings with roads that extend over 1000 acres. A zoo and an Olympic swimming pool can be found in some recess of its grounds. There is a large pagoda at the entrance, begun as a gift from the Nationalist Chinese but completed as a gift of the Communist Chinese: We are in a curious domain: Nsele! It extends from the highway to the Congo over fields in cultivation,

(continued on page 146)

article By JAY CRONLEY I rode into Houston on the firm haunch of a 727, landing in weather that prompted the first in a series of loyalty pacts with God. The weather was a combination of fog and clouds and mist, ideal for ferns.

"Get me down," I said.

The man next to me said he was trying.

God, Who does much of His work at airports, said through a


stewardess, "We have just landed at Houston Intercontinental."

Those arriving on this flight had received a complimentary sauna, just another service of America's sixth largest city, third most proficient port, home of 1,430,000 just plain folks who make Houston a healthy valve deep in the heart of Texas.

I found a folk at the airport who rented (continued on page 158)



what's half the size of rhode island, made of saturn rockets and oil, and is world-famous for plastic grass?



The
Unabridged
Bridgett

*very young, very pretty,
very much taken with life—
here's bridgett rollins, world*

Bridgett has all the exuberance and vitality you'd expect in a girl her age. And then some.



"I DON'T REGRET anything I've done, and I've learned from everything." That may sound like a grandiose statement for an 18-year-old to make. Many a girl her age hasn't done *anything* much, let alone anything to regret—or to learn from. But Bridgett Rollins has been growing up fast. A Tennessee native who's lived in various places—her dad was a career man in the Air Force—she dropped out of high school, in a Chicago suburb, when she was 15: "The kids did nothing but fight all the time, and the teachers did nothing but try to keep them in their seats." She went to modeling school



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



On a visit to her mother in Florida, Bridgett adopts a favorite position for applying make-up: sitting on the bathroom vanity. Later, while touring Disney World, she buys herself a balloon.



"Guys always try to be nice to me, but if they don't respect me as a person, forget it."

instead, with the encouragement of her mother, and worked in fashion shows. A year later, after a three-month courtship, Bridgett married her 21-year-old beau and they moved to Houston, where he kept the books for his folks' apartment complex while she got modeling jobs. It wasn't long before she realized how badly she wanted a career and he realized that he needed a stay-at-home wife. Bridgett broke the stalemate herself by going to Mexico and getting unmarried. She and her ex-husband are now good friends, and Bridgett winces if you call her a divorcee: "I want to be a light, happy person, and labels like that just drag you down." Indeed, anyone who knows her can tell you that she's a most positive individual—intense, articulate and incurably optimistic, even under trying circumstances; when she was a kid, and her mother and father would argue all the time, she chose to believe it was all an



act. She did run away from home several times, because she felt she wasn't getting enough attention from her mom—whose own troubles, she now realizes, were beyond her comprehension at the time. Bridgett's father is now dead and she considers her mother—who has remarried and is living in Ocala, Florida—a very good friend. She's also friends with her three siblings, especially her sister Yvonne, who drove back to Chicago with Bridgett after a recent family get-together in Ocala. The two girls currently share a Windy City apartment. Bridgett was working for a finance company; she's quit that job, though, and is training to be a Bunny. Her original intention was to head for Los Angeles after her Playmate appearance and learn about acting; now, despite her basic confidence, she feels that she ought to get experience first with some of the smaller theater groups in the Chicago area. That makes sense to us—and, of course, we're delighted that the precocious Miss Rollins has decided to stick around the Midwest awhile.





Bridgett and Yvonne—her 21-year-old sister and roommate—paint the bedroom of their new apartment in Chicago, then indulge in a leisurely cleanup (and drink-up) in the tub. "Yvonne really takes care of me," says Bridgett, "and whatever we do, we da together."





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



What's in Bridgett's future? Either modeling or acting would go a long way toward satisfying her need—which she's quite candid about—far a lot of attention. Whatever she does, she intends to give it her best. And for 18-year-old Bridgett, the best is yet to be.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A couple slept in separate bedrooms, and the man was awakened one night by his wife's screams. He rushed into her room and snapped on the light just in time to see a male figure disappearing through the window. "That man attacked me twice!" wailed the woman.

"Then why didn't you yell sooner?" exclaimed her husband.

"Because I thought it was you," she sobbed, "until he began to start in on *seconds*."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male pubic hair* as a dick Vandyke.



On his very first night in the new town, the old-pro ballplayer answered a knock on his hotel door to find an obviously embarrassed young woman outside. "You—you'll have to forgive my nervousness," she said. "You see, well, I'm the wife of the rookie you were traded for and it's my very first swap."

*It began with a horny squid's wink
At a scuba girl nude in the drink.*

*She grew hot as his arms
Fondled mammary charms,
Then succumbed when they tickled her pink.*

We have it from a literary insider that the Happy Hooker's next book will be called *The Hollander Tunnel*.

"How did your date last night work out?" asked the girl's co-worker.

"Well, we had a wonderful dinner," replied the shapely secretary, "saw a hit musical, then went to a *discothèque* and ended up in his penthouse apartment."

"And did you—er—have a little fun?" persisted the co-worker.

"That," sighed the secretary, "was about the size of it."

Body painting was a sea captain's hobby, and just before he left on a voyage, he did a detailed house-and-garden scene on his wife's abdominal region. It wasn't long before her several fill-in boyfriends had smeared the picture badly, but one of them happened to be a professional artist and did a painstaking job of retouching. When the old salt returned home, he peered intently at the artwork and then hardened his gaze as he shifted it to the woman's face. "Wh-what's wrong, dear?" she stammered. "The house is just as you left it."

"Not quite!" bellowed the captain. "There's been some additional planting!"

"Please, dear," pleaded the girl toward the end of an intensive honeymoon, "if you don't stop using it, you're liable to wear it out!"

"I know I should treat it like a lifetime tool, baby," panted her husband, "but right now I'm a firm believer in planned obsolescence."

A Bedouin, lost in the desert and feeling that the end was near, decided to have intercourse one last time with his favorite camel. He was so weak, though, that he couldn't manage to hold the animal down long enough for the act. As they moved aimlessly along, a tiny oasis appeared and a woman ran out to shout greetings. "Wh-what are you doing here?" gasped the Arab.

"My wicked stepfather abandoned me here when I would not let him have his way with me," replied the woman, who, unveiling, revealed herself to be young and beautiful. "But you, my eagle of the desert, you have rescued me," she continued, "and so I will do anything you want, right here and now!"

"Here," grunted the Bedouin, "hold down this camel."

One conceivable defense against rape, says a resourceful young lady we know, is to beat off the attacker.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex-change surgeon* as a gender amender.

The small boy was getting on his mother's nerves, so she told him to go down the street and watch the carpenters working on the new house. When he came home, she asked him if he'd learned anything. "Sure, Mom," he enthused as he held up his thumb to sight along. "I learned to say, 'Move it over just a pussy hair. . . .'"

"Shame on you!" snapped his mother. "Go to the closet and bring me a switch."

"Like shit I will!" shouted the youngster. "I ain't no fucking electrician!"

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.



"Just out of prurient interest, what's your name?"



ILLUSTRATION BY PETER PALOMBI



AUSTRALIA AND CANADA

*beck at fifty—not exactly the
toast of two continents but
still a catch for some women*

fiction

By JOHN UPDIKE

CLEAN STRAIGHT STREETS. Cities whose cores are not blighted but innocently bustling. Anglo-Saxon faces, British once removed, striding long-legged and unterrorized out of a dim thin past into a future as likely as any. Empty territories rich in minerals. Stately imperial government buildings. Parks where one need not fear being mugged. Bech in his decline went anywhere but had come to prefer safe places.

The invitation to Canada was to Toronto, to be interviewed, as Henry Bech, the exquisitely unprolific author, on the television program *Vanessa Views*. Vanessa was a squat woman with skin like orange cheesecloth, who nevertheless looked, on a 23-inch screen, if not beautiful, alive. "It's all in the eyes," she explained. "The people with deep sockets do terribly. To project to the camera, you must have eyes set forward in your head. If your eyes turn inward, the viewers turn right off."

"Suppose your eyes," Bech asked, "turn toward each other?"

Vanessa refused to pick it up as a joke, though a female voice behind the lights and cameras laughed. "You are an author," Vanessa told him sternly. "You don't have to project. Indeed, you shouldn't. Viewers distrust the ones who do."

The two of them were caught in the curious minute before airtime. Bech, practiced rough-smoothie that he was, chatted languidly, fighting

down the irreducible nervousness, a floating and rising sensation as if he were, with every second ticked from the huge studio clock, being inflated. His hands prickled, swelling; he looked at his palms and they seemed to have no wrinkles. His face felt stiff, having been aromatically swabbed with something like that strange substance with which one was supposed, 30 years ago, to color oleomargarine and thereby enhance the war effort. The female who had laughed behind the lights, he saw, was the producer, a leggy girl pale as untinted oleo, with nostrils reddened by a cold and lifeless, pale hair she kept flicking back with the hand not holding her handkerchief. Named Glenda, she had flown from Montreal to do this "show" (show? just poor old Henry Bech apologizing for his life); she appeared harried by her own efficiency, which she refused to acknowledge, brushing aside her directives to the cameramen as soon as she issued them. Like himself, Bech felt, she had been cast by life into a role it amused her not quite to fill.

Whereas his toadlike interviewer, whose very warts were telegenic, inhaled and made her eyes bulge and puffed up as if to fill this attenuated nation from coast to coast; the seconds waned into single digits on the studio clock and a muffled electronic fuss beyond the lights clicked into gear and Bech's heart bloated as if to choke him. She began to talk. Then, miracle that never failed, so did he.

He talked into the air. Even without the bright simulacrum of his head and shoulders gesticulating in the upper-left corner of his vision, where the monitor hung like an illuminated initial on a page of shadowy manuscript, Bech could feel the cameras licking his image up and flinging it, quick as light, from Ontario to British Columbia. He touched his nose to adorn a pensive pause, and the gesture splashed onto the shores of the Maritime Provinces and fell as silver snow upon the barren Yukon. As he talked, he marveled at his words as much as at the electronic marvel that broadcast them; for, just as this broadcasting was an airy and flattering shell upon the terrestrial, odorous, confused man who physically occupied a plastic chair and a few cubic feet of space in this tatty studio, so his words were a shell, an unreal umbrella, above his kernel of real humanity, the more or less childish fears and loves that he wrote out of, when he wrote. On the monitor now, while his throaty interviewer described his career with a "voice over," stills of his books were being flashed, and from their jackets photographs of Bech—big-eared and combative, a raw youth, on the flap of *Travel Light*; a few years older on *Brother Pig*, his hair longer, his gaze more guarded and, it seemed to Bech in the micro-second of its exposure, illicitly conspiratorial, seeking to strike up a mutually excusatory relationship with the reader;

a profile, frankly and vapidly Bachrachian, from his collection of essays; and, wizened if not wiser, pouchy and classy as a golf bag, his face, haloed by wild wool that deserved to belong to a Kikuyu witch doctor, from the back of his "big" novel, that had been, a long decade ago, jubilantly panned. Bech realized, viewing the montage, that as his artistic powers had diminished he had come to look more and more like an artist. Then, an even older face, the shocking face of a geezer, of a shambler, with a furtive wit waiting to twitch the licked and criminal lips, flashed onto the screen, and he realized it was he, he as of this moment, oncamera live. The talking continued, miraculously.

Afterward, the producer of the show emerged from behind the cables and the cameras, told him he was wonderful and, the day being fair, offered to take him for a tour of the city. He had three hours before a scheduled dinner with a Canadian poet who had fenced with Cocteau and an Anglican priest who had prepared a concordance of Bech's fiction. Glenda flicked back her hair absent-mindedly; Bech scanned her face for a blip, marking how far she expected him to go. Her eyes were an even gray shallowly backed by a neutral friendliness. He accepted.

. . .

In Australia, the tour of Sydney was conducted by two girls, Hannah, the dark and somber prop girl for the TV talk show on which he had been a seven-minute guest (along with an expert on anthrax, a leader of the Western Australia secessionist movement, a one-armed survivor of a shark attack and an aborigine protest painter), plus Moira, who lived with Hannah and was an instructor in the economics of underdevelopment. The day was not fair. A downpour hit just as Hannah drove her little Subaru to the opera house, so they did not get out but admired the world-famous structure from the middle distance. A set of sails had been the architect's metaphor; but it looked to Bech more like a set of fish mouths about to nibble something. Him, perhaps. He gave Hannah permission to drive away. "It's too bad," Moira said from the back seat, "the day is so rotten. The whole thing is covered in a white ceramic that's gorgeous in the sun."

"I can picture it," Bech lied politely. "Inside, does it give a feeling of grandeur?"

"No," said Hannah.

"It's all rather tedious bits and pieces," Moira elaborated. "We fired the Dane who did the outside and finished the inside ourselves."

The two girls' life together, Bech guessed, comprised a lot of her elaboration, around the other's dark and somber core. Hannah had moved toward him, after the show, as though by some sullen gravitational attraction, such as the outer

planets feel for the sun. He was down under, Bech told himself; his volume still felt displaced by an eternity in airplanes. But Hannah's black eyes had no visible backs to them. Down, in, down, they said.

She drove to a cliffy point from which the harbor, the rain lifting, gleamed like silver long left unpolished. Sydney, Moira explained, loved its harbor and embraced it like no other city in the world, not even San Francisco. She had been in San Francisco, on her way once to Afghanistan. Hannah had not been anywhere since leaving Europe at the age of three. She was Jewish, her eyes said, and her glossy, tapered fingers. She drove them down to Bondi Beach, and they removed their six shoes to walk on the soaked sand. The tops of Bech's 50-year-old feet looked white as paper to him, cheap paper, as if his feet amounted to no more than the innermost lining of his shoes. The girls ran ahead and challenged him to a broad-jump contest. He won. Then, in the hop, step and jump, his heart felt pleasantly as if it might burst, down here, where death was not real. Blonde surfers, wet-suited, were tumbling in with the dusk; a chill wind began sweeping the cloud tatters away; Hannah at his side said, "That's one reason for wearing a bra."

"What is?" Moira asked, hearing no response from Bech.

"Look at my nipples. I'm cold."

Bech looked down and saw that, indeed, she wore no bra and that her erectile tissue had responded to the drop in temperature; the rare sensation of a blush caked his face, which still wore its make-up. He lifted his eyes from Hannah's sweater and saw that the entire beach was frilled, with pink and lacy buildings. Sydney, the girls explained, the tour continuing from Bondi to Woolahra to Paddington to Surry Hills and Redfern, abounds in ornate ironwork shipped in as ballast from England. The oldest buildings were built by convicts: barracks and forts of a pale stone cut square and set solid, as if by the very hand of rectitude.

In Toronto, the sight Glenda was proudest to show him was the city hall, two huge curved skyscrapers designed by a Finn. But what moved Bech, with their intimations of lost time and present innocence, were the great Victorian piles, within the university and along Bloor Street, that the Canadians, building across the lake from grimy grubbing America, had lovingly erected—brick valentines posted to a distant dowager queen. Glenda talked about the city's community of American draft evaders and the older escapees, the families who were fleeing to Canada because life in the United States had become, what with race and corruption and pressure and trash, impossible. Flicking back her hair as if to twitch it into life, Glenda assumed Bech

(continued on page 126)


THE LIGHT BRIGADE

your pursuit of happiness doesn't have to stop at the end of the road

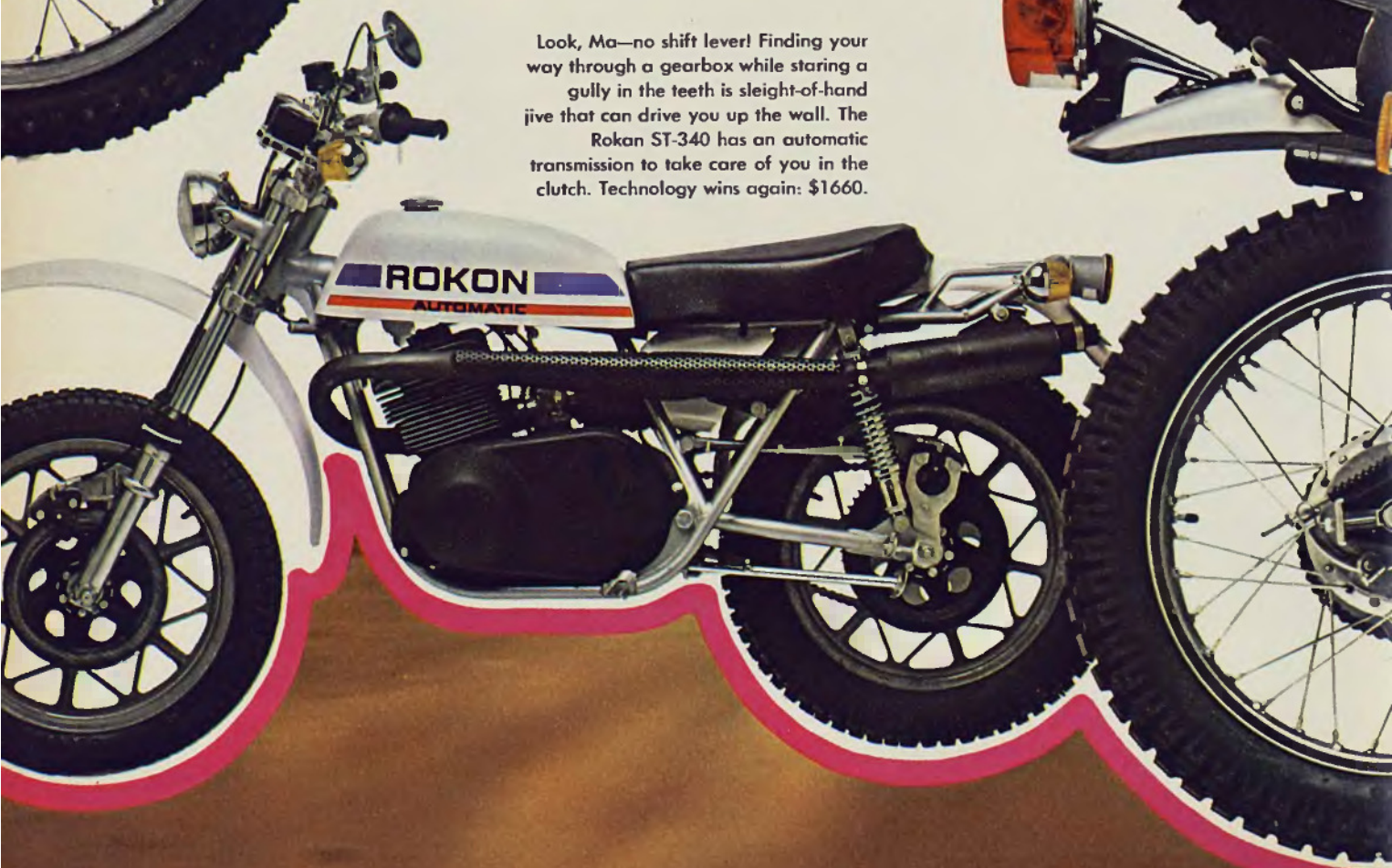
A LOT OF AMERICANS got their first taste of off-road motorcycling when they saw *The Great Escape*. Steve McQueen stole a massive kraut beast and took off across the grassy hills of Middle Europe, eventually to rendezvous with a barbed-wire fence. We will now have a moment of silence for those who tried to duplicate the
(concluded on page 176)



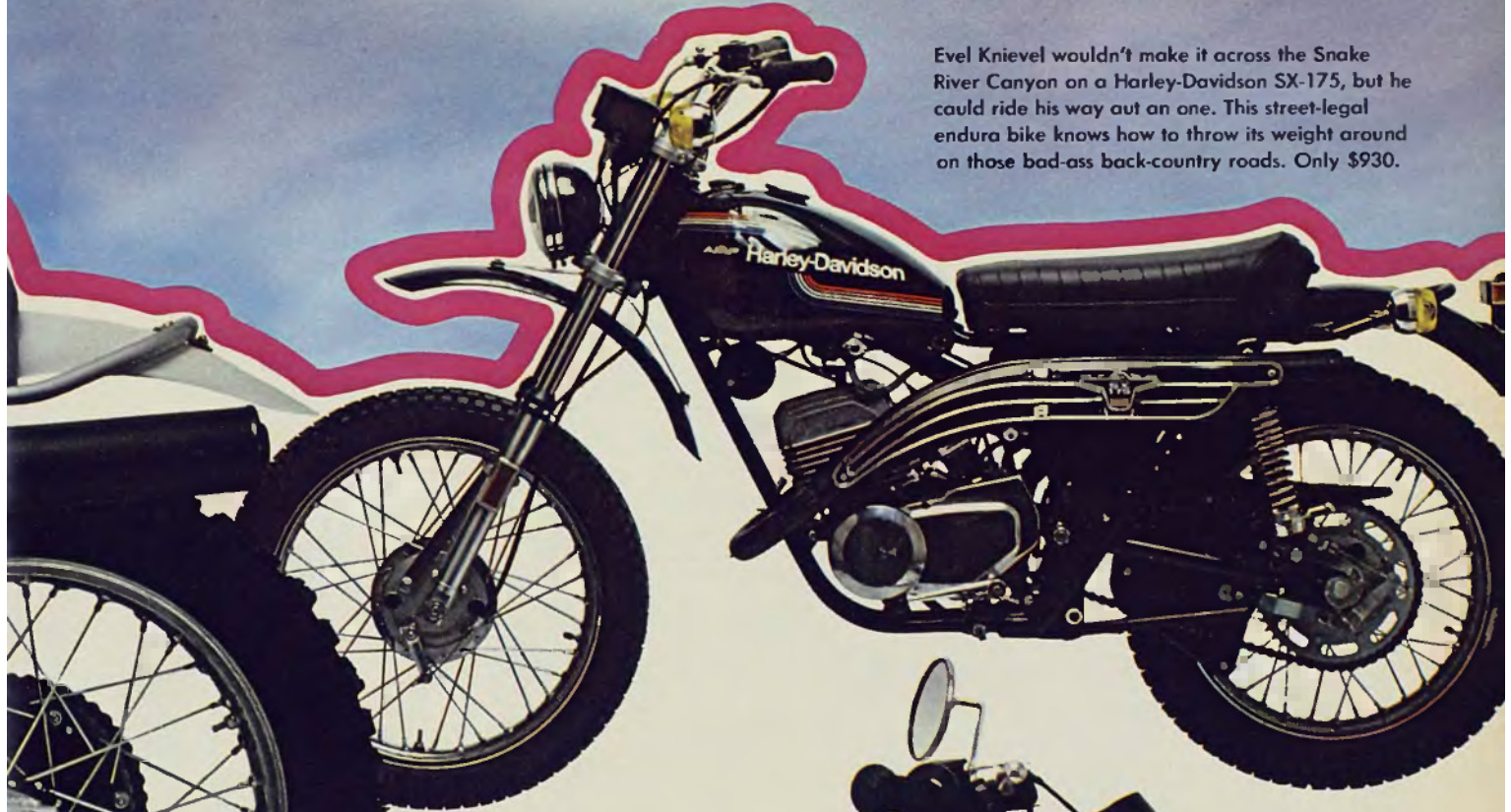
You take the high road and we'll take the rest on a Suzuki TM-250 Champion. Light (220 lbs.), powerful (27 hp at 7500 rpm) and agile (a five-speed transmission), the Champion is ready to race for \$1175.




There must be a few cactus flowers blooming under all that snow in Sweden—the Husqvarna 400 WR has won every major desert race in Mexico and America. A Swedish chrome-moly-steel frame keeps the Husky light (229 lbs.), while a six-speed gearbox keeps it going—all for \$1795.



Look, Ma—no shift lever! Finding your way through a gearbox while staring a gully in the teeth is sleight-of-hand jive that can drive you up the wall. The Rokan ST-340 has an automatic transmission to take care of you in the clutch. Technology wins again: \$1660.



Evel Knievel wouldn't make it across the Snake River Canyon on a Harley-Davidson SX-175, but he could ride his way out an one. This street-legal endura bike knows how to throw its weight around on those bad-ass back-country roads. Only \$930.



The Kawasaki KS-125 is a precision instrument, built on the principle that power corrupts. The single-cylinder rotary disk valve engine delivers just the kick you need for total control and no more (\$749).



Some people won't ride a two-stroke without installing a top deck and speakers, through which they play the sound track of an unmuffled four-stroke. Save yourself the trouble. The Honda XL-250 K2 has the throaty roar and wide power band you crave for a mere \$1090.



Dirt bikes are finicky beasts; unless you live on the edge of a desert, chances are you'll have to haul your mount in a pickup or van. The Yamaha DT 400B has been streetbroken for your convenience—it can do 84 mph on an open road and still dig its heels in on cue (\$1371).

agreed with her and the exiles, and so a side of him did; but another side, an ugly patriotism, began to bristle as she chattered on about his country's sins and her own blameless land's Balkanization by the money that, even in its death throes, American capitalism was flinging north. Hearing this, Bech felt the pride of power, he who lived cowering on drug-ridden West 99th Street, avoiding even the venture of marriage, though his suburban mistress was more than ready, and the last editor who had faith in him was retiring. Bech felt, sitting beside Glenda, like something immense and confusedly vigorous about to devour something dainty. She talked lucidly on; a temperate sun beat down dryly on their windshield. Bech feigned assent and praised the architecture booming along the rectitudinal streets, because he believed that this woman—her body a handbreadth away on the front seat of a Canadian Ford—liked him, liked even the whiff of hairy savagery about him; his own body wore the chill, the numb expectancy all over his skin, that foretold a sexual conquest. He interrupted her. "Power corrupts," he said. "The powerless should be grateful."

She looked over dartingly. "Do I sound smug to you?"

"No," he lied. "But then, you don't seem powerless to me, either. Quite masterful, the way you run your TV crew."

"I enjoy it is the frightening thing. You were lovely, did I say that? So giving. Vanessa can be awfully obvious in her questions."

"I didn't mind. You do it and it flies over all those wires and vanishes. Not like writing, that sits there and gives you that Gorgon stare."

"What are you writing now?"

"As I said to Vanessa. A novel with the working title *Think Big*."

"I thought you were joking. How big is it?"

"It's bigger than I am."

"I doubt that."

I love you. It would have been easy to say, he was so grateful for her doubt, but his sensation of numbness, meaning love was near, had not yet deepened to total anesthesia. "I love," he told her, turning his face to the window, "your sensible, pretty city."

. . .

"Loved it," Bech said of his tour of Sydney. "Want to drop me at the hotel?"

"No," Hannah said.

"You must come home and let us give you a bite," Moira elaborated. "Aren't you a hungry lion? Peter said he'd drop around and that would make four."

"Peter?"

"He has a degree in forestry," Moira explained.

"Then what's he doing here?"

"He's left the forest for a while," Hannah said.

"Which of you—knows him?" Bech asked, jealously, hesitantly.

But his hesitation was slight compared with theirs: both girls were silent, waiting for the other to speak. At last Hannah said, "We sort of share him."

Moira added, "He was mine, but Hannah stole him and I'm in the process of stealing him back."

"Sounds fraught," Bech said; the clipped Australian lilt was already creeping into his enunciation.

"No, it's not so bad," Moira said into his ear. "The thing that saves the situation is, after he's gone, we have each other. We're amazingly compatible."

"It's true," Hannah somberly pronounced, and Bech felt jealous again, of their friendship, or love if it were love. He had nobody. Flaubert without a mother. Bouvard without a Pécuchet. Even Bea, whose sad suburban life had become a continuous prayer for him to marry her, had fallen silent, the curvature of the earth interceding.

They had driven in the darkness past palm-studded parks and golf courses, past shopping streets, past balconies of iron lace, into a region of dwarf row houses, spruced up and painted pastel shades. Bohemia salvaging another slum. Children were playing in the streets and called to their car, recognizing Hannah. Bech felt safe. Or would have but for Peter, the thought of him, the man from the forest, on whose turf the aged lion was daring intrude.

The section of Toronto where Glenda drove him, proceeding raggedly uphill, contained large homes, British in their fussy neo-Gothic brickwork but New World in their untrammelled scale and large lawns—lawns dark as overinked etchings, shadowed by great trees strayed south from the infinite forests northward. Within one of these miniature castles, a dinner party had been generated. The Anglican priest who had prepared the concordance asked him if he were aware of an unusual recurrence in his work of the adjectives *lambent*, *untrammelled*, *porous*, *jubilant* and *recurrent*. Bech said no, he was not aware, and that if he could have thought of other adjectives, he would have used them instead—that a useful critical distinction should be made, perhaps, between recurrent imagery and authorial stupidity, that it must have taken him, the priest, an immense amount of labor to compile such a concordance, even of an *oeuvre* so slim. Ah, not really, was the answer: The texts had been readied by the seminarians in his Systematic Theology seminar, and the collation and print-out had been achieved by a scanning computer in 12 minutes flat.

The writer who had cried "*Touché!*" to Cocteau was ancient and ebullient. His

face was as red as a mountain climber's, his hair fine as thistledown. He chastened Bech with his air of the Twenties, when authors were happy in their trade and boisterous in plying it. As the whiskey and wine and cordials accumulated, the old saint's arm (in a shimmering grape-colored shirt) frequently encircled Glenda's waist and bestowed a paternal hug; later, when she and Bech were inspecting together (the glaze of alcohol intervening so he felt he was bending above a glass museum case) a collector's edition of the Canadian's most famous lyric, *Pines*, Glenda, as if to "rub off" on the American the venerable poet's blessing, caressed him somehow with her entire body, while her two hands held the booklet. Her thigh rusted against his, a breast gently tucked itself into the crook of his arm, his entire skin went blissfully numb, he felt he were toppling forward. "Time to go?" he asked her.

"Soon," she answered.

Peter was not inside the girls' house, though the door was open and his dirty dishes strewed the sink. Bech asked, "Does he *live* here?"

"He eats here," Hannah said.

"He lives right around the corner," Moira elaborated. "Shall I go fetch him?"

"Not to please me," Bech said; but she was gone, and the rain recommenced. The sound drew the little house snug into itself—the worn Oriental rugs, the rows of books about capital and the Third World, the New Guinean and Afghanistan artifacts on the wall, all the frail bric-a-brac of women living alone, in nests without eggs.

Hannah poured them two Scotches and tried to roll a joint. "Peter usually does this," she said, fumbling, spilling. Bech as a child had watched Westerns in which cowpokes rolled cigarettes with one hand and a debonair lick. But his efforts at imitation were so clumsy Hannah took the paper and the marijuana from him and made of it a plump tongued packet, a little white dribbling piece of pie, which they managed to smoke, Bech's throat burning between sips of liquor. She put on a record. The music went through its grooves, over and over. The rain continued steady, though his consciousness of it was intermittent. At some point in the rumbled stretches of time, she cooked an omelet. She talked about her career, her life, the man she had left to live with Moira, Moira, herself. Her parents were from Budapest; they had survived the war in Portugal, and when it was over, only Australia would let them in. An Australian Jewess, Bech thought, swallowing to ease his burned throat. The concept seemed unappraisably near and far, like that of Australia itself. He was here, but it was there, a world's fatness away from his empty, sour, friendly apartment on West 99th. He embraced her, Hannah, and they seemed to bump

(continued on page 176)



"You will beat a tall, dark, handsome man."



GOING HOME

the light at the end of that dark tunnel was death

fiction

By JULIUS HORWITZ

I LEFT MY OFFICE the way one leaves a museum. It would all be there intact if I chose to return—the rosewood box I had bought in Marblehead, the plaster statue of General Grant bought on Third Avenue, my desk chair made in 1775 that Miriam had found in the attic of a cousin living on Block Island, the photos of Tony, Alex and Sheila that stood in the elegant silver frame Miriam had bought at Tiffany's. I would not miss a single possession. The chair could go back to Block Island. We seem to possess everything but ourselves.

By profession I am an editor. Being an editor isn't a profession. One drifts



into becoming an editor. I am convinced the happiest people in America are small shopkeepers and the people who believe they have a profession. The rest of us wander through life looking for the kind of comfort one earthworm can give to another earthworm.

I am the editor and publisher of *The Scientific Man*, a magazine that I bought in 1967 when I decided to give up one of the most exalted jobs on earth, being a member of the *New York Times* editorial board. There had been a thrill to working for the *Times*, a feeling of being part of the awe. The *Times* was sweet and lofty, but I had arrived at the end of my life too soon. I needed a new job and I chose to buy *The Scientific Man*.

The magazine is located on the top two floors of a brownstone on East 37th Street. The magazine was broke when I took over. The articles had deteriorated; so had the professors writing for the magazine. They had slipped into a jargon that even they no longer understood. They quoted one another as though thinking had never existed. The scientific age seemed to have passed them by. I started out boldly, having been trained by the best newspaper in the world for making people feel important. I took a full page in the *Times* announcing a change of publisher for *The Scientific Man* and a policy of interpreting to the readers of the *Times* and others the advances in scientific knowledge that the common man discovered by Thoreau, Emerson, William James and Dewey ought to know and understand if he was not to be crushed by the arctic flow of knowledge. It worked. Manuscripts began pouring into the 37th Street brownstone written by men desperate to share what they had learned before their own knowledge became obsolete. I felt it was my job to keep alive the last glimmer in American life of knowledge other than that of how to make a living or kill an evening.

This morning, when I woke up, Cleo, part retriever, part Newfoundland, looked at me and whimpered. I am always amazed that Cleo lives in our house and shares our life in Redding as though we had given birth to her. She had every right to whimper when she awoke and looked at me. I stood by the window in the bedroom where I sleep alone—Miriam has the larger bedroom to herself—and I stared at the early-morning Connecticut sky as though it were going to fall to the ground like chunks of wet dough. I could understand why people in the Middle Ages believed the earth was flat and that beyond the flatness there was silence. It was a sleep in which I never knew whether I was awake, asleep, lost or dead.

Now it was evening and I entered Grand Central Station, looking for the last time at the taxis roaring down Park

Avenue, at the people on the sidewalks, who seemed unreal, and it didn't seem possible to me that everything nearby, including the Empire State Building, was all there was to the world. The bits and pieces of my life were flying apart like the rush-hour commuters who ran for their trains as though they might be left behind to spend the night in the enemy city, New York.

"I'm going to make the five-thirty train," I said to Miriam from a phone booth in Grand Central.

"I tried to reach you at your office, but they said you were gone."

"I left early."

"I'll pick you up."

"All right."

"Is everything all right?" Miriam asked.

"Of course."

"I'll see you at the station."

"The train may be late. It was late coming in this morning."

"All right," Miriam said.

"I'm going now to get a seat."

"Do you want to eat out or at home?"

"At home," I said, leaving no choice.

"Oh, I thought you would like to drive to Westport and eat a Chinese dinner with the children."

"Not tonight."

"All right," Miriam said again, with the dread in her voice I had heard when she was in the hospital recovering from an overdose of Ritalin, when she described the nurses, the attendants, the locked doors; or maybe it was my own voice, which I tried to keep under control but I knew was coming through strained. It must have left Miriam wondering what kind of scene she would face when I got off the train.

The floor of Grand Central was littered with stubs from the off-track betting windows. The lines of people waiting to bet on the horses always looked like a ragged army in retreat. They succeeded in destroying the grandeur of the station, the last great open space in New York, a city that already had more ruins than Rome. It was the height of the rush hour. Time to go home for dinner. Time to see if we remembered the faces of our children. Time to watch television. The worse the program, the greater its success. I would never see Grand Central Station again. Before I entered the track for the Redding train, I turned to look for the last time at the ceiling painted to look like the sky. I never forgot my first thrilling look at this station, when the beams of sunlight filtered through the great windows and bathed the station in light. It seemed so good then to be young and to be in New York. I don't know the precise time New York City died, but it must have been during the Sixties, when the iron window gates began to go up on the Madison Avenue shops. I wrote the first of a series of editorials for the *Times* warning that

New York faced extinction because, more than any other city in the world, it survived on mutual trust. Now that trust was gone. New York was a city of enemy camps, ruled by an enemy population. When I came to New York from Nebraska, it was a city where everyone trusted everyone else because no one could live in New York without that trust. Now tenants in a thousand apartment complexes were handed leaflets telling them never to enter an elevator in their own building with a stranger. New York is a city of elevators. I could no longer care about New York. I took my last look at Grand Central and its massive ceiling of stars because it was the first great sight I had seen when I left my real home in Nebraska and came to the city.

I didn't buy a paper. The *New York Post* had nothing left to tell me. I settled into a seat by the window. The train wasn't air conditioned. I took off my jacket. I stuck my ticket in the slot on top of the seat so that the conductor wouldn't awaken me. I prepared to sleep for the ride to Redding.

I could no more sleep than can a sky diver in a free fall. My legs tingled. My hand brushed against my raincoat and I felt the box of .22 bullets.

The Danbury train began the slow pull out of the station into the tunnel that ran for a mile under Park Avenue. I began to feel New York pull away from me.

I had no desire to see the morning edition of the *Times*. I would not miss my Lexington Avenue delicatessen with ham, Swiss-cheese and Russian-dressing sandwiches that seemed to have been my main source of food for the past five years. I would not miss the salesmen at Brooks Brothers who never seemed to remember me. The Plaza would not miss me.

The train groaned like a man in pain. We were only minutes into the tunnel. I smelled smoke, but it could have been the diesel fumes. The train stopped with a shudder, as though it didn't want to be alone in the tunnel. The lights on the train flickered, then went out. Even the batteries weren't working. A voice cried, "What the hell is going on?" No one answered the voice. I saw a conductor hurry down the aisle. He knew nothing. Then the entire car went pitch-black. The lights on the side of the tunnel went out, something they seldom did. But it wasn't unusual for the Penn Central trains to break down. The commuters didn't stir. We had learned to sit in our seats and not complain. We had even learned to read our newspapers with the lights out. Somehow the train always got moving again. It was better to sit in your seat and wait than to walk on the tracks or climb out of the train in deserted

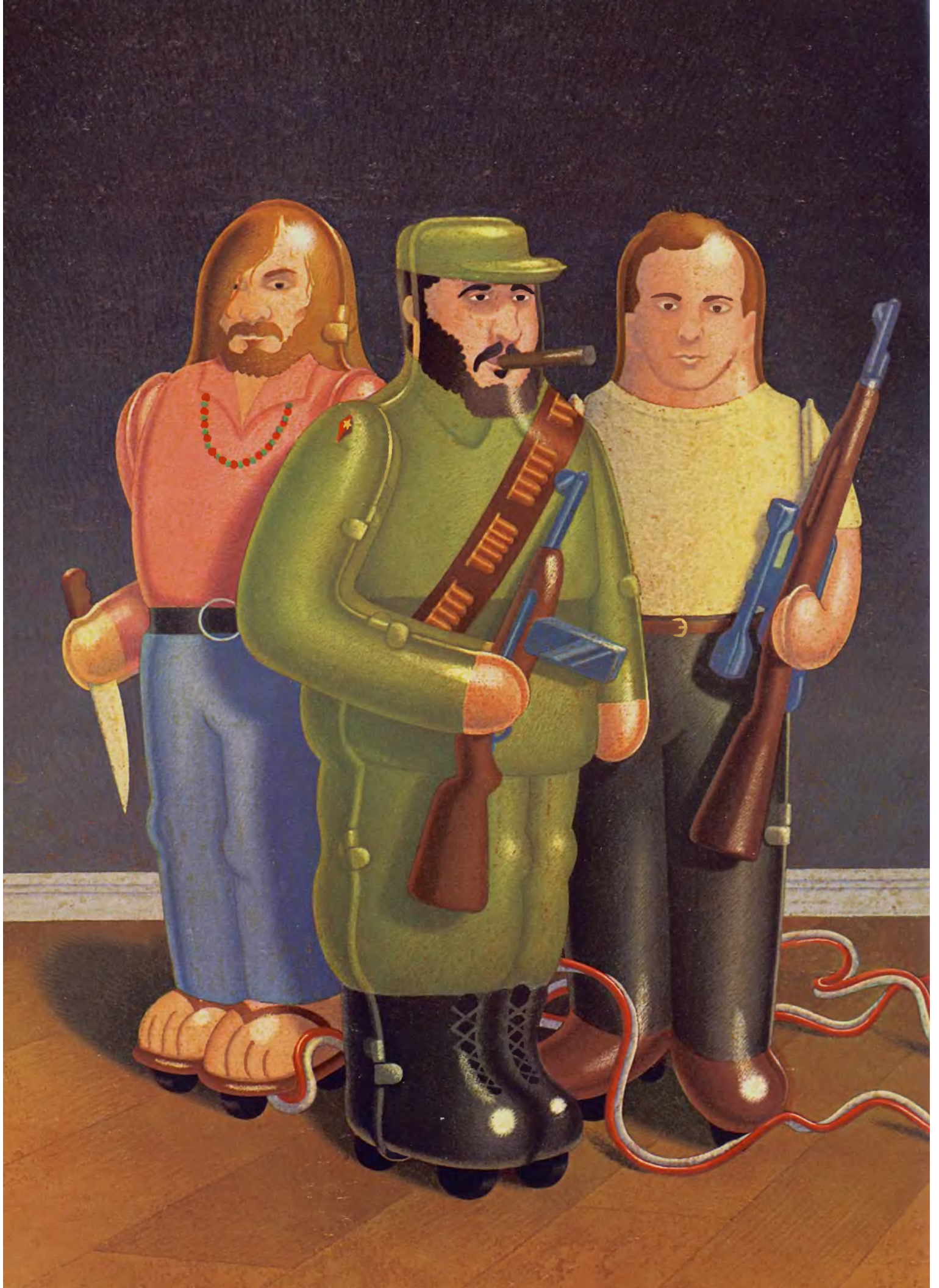
(continued on page 152)

COURT APPEARANCES

*after all, it's
how you play
the game that counts
modern living*



On the bench, left to right: Tretorn tennis trainer, by Bancroft, \$10. Pump tennis-ball canister, by Tennis Ball Saver, \$8.95. Quick Spurt thirst quencher bottle, by Glacierware, \$3.95. Ball press, by Edgeroy, about \$10. Below the bench, left to right: Vinyl tennis bag, by Adidas, \$8.95. Arthur Ashe competition shoes, by Head Ski & Sports Wear, about \$28.95. Tennis Stroke Master practice machine, by Sierra Industries, \$49.95. Open-throat racket, by Yamaha, \$110 unstrung. Ballmaster pop-up cage, by Hill Industries, \$13.95. John Newcombe Tie Breaker aluminum racket, by Rawlings, \$50 unstrung. In and on the lockers: Tennis hat, by Jockey/Alexander Shields, \$8. Rugby jersey, by Viking Pacific, \$21.95. Denim tennis-matiff tie, from Serendipity, \$20. Fiberglass tennis racket, by Valk, \$100 unstrung. Tennis-clothes carrier, by Pegasus, \$25. Our locker jock wears shirt, \$12, and shorts, \$19, both by Jockey/Alexander Shields; socks, by SAI, \$2.35; and a pair of terry sweatbands with watch, from Feron's, \$21.



IT'S A PLOT! article By MORDECAI RICHLER

if lee harvey oswald spied for the navy and if charley manson was let out on a leash, then why was fidel castro kept out of major-league baseball?

REMEMBER, you read it here first.

Charles Manson, ostensibly vile, was actually a victim—an unwitting agent of military intelligence, programmed to kill. On the other hand, an analysis of the Commie master music plan reveals a hitherto unknown weapon called menticide, concocted by the nefarious K.G.B. to bring about suicide of the mind, rendering a generation of American youth bananas. Hence, the Beatles. Lee Harvey Oswald didn't own a rifle, couldn't shoot worth a damn and was a naval-intelligence officer. Like Dick Nixon. The Cult of the All-Seeing Eye, seeking to obliterate the Christian Ideal in America, counts among its covert backers the past presidents of India and Paramount Pictures, as well as Robert McNamara. The reason the so-called leaders of the world's nation-states can happily indulge in tranquilizers, alcohol and sodomy is that they are merely puppet-prostitutes controlled by the globe's true rulers, "the Jewish syphilis minority."

Hold it.

Your enemy may have another name. The Rockefeller family. Led by Nelson, it deliberately manipulates the world of finance, spreading international chaos and confusion and discrediting democratic governments, as witness the "Impeach Nixon" and Watergate frauds. If Jerry Ford gets in his way, Rockefeller will rub him out. The S.L.A., the black liberation armies and—wait for it—even the I.R.A. are all CIA fronts. The air crash near Chicago's Midway Airport on December 8, 1972, which killed 45 people, among them Mrs. Dorothy Hunt, with \$10,000 cash on hand, as well as a purported \$2,000,000 in American Express traveler's checks, was an act of sabotage. Robert Kennedy was not murdered by Sirhan Sirhan but was taken out by a second hit man, still at large. There has never been a more colossal and successful deception—nor one that has been so enormously profitable to its perpetrators—than the myth that Hitler killed 6,000,000 Jews. The truth about Chappaquiddick has been suppressed by some powerful organized force of universal scope and character. The same folks, incidentally,

transformed nonviolent Martin Luther King, Jr., into a "communistoid" agent. Or, conversely, America is run by an invisible government, comprised of Big Business, military intelligence and the Mafia, working together. Or maybe, just possibly, though none dare call it conspiracy, what we innocently call communism is not managed in Moscow or Peking but is the long arm of a bigger plot controlled in London, Paris and New York by cynical men who use P.I.D. (Poverty, Ignorance and Disease) as a weapon to build a jail for us all.

Spin your conspiracy wheel, pick your plot and pay your dues.

Dick Gregory, for one, is a heavy plot subscriber and proselytizer, often on tour. Pronouncing at Concordia U, Montreal, last autumn, he ventured that the kidnaping of Patricia Hearst was a set-up job by the CIA, the motive being to foment terror, thereby giving security agents more heft, an excuse to expand on their hateful activities. "Remember," said Gregory, "the whole thing happened in the doorway of her apartment. She was wearing only her negligee. When her first tape came in, we knew it was she because it came with her father's credit card. Her driver's license came with later tapes. Now, I don't sleep with many rich chicks, but I wonder whether they go to bed with their driver's license and credit cards. . . ."

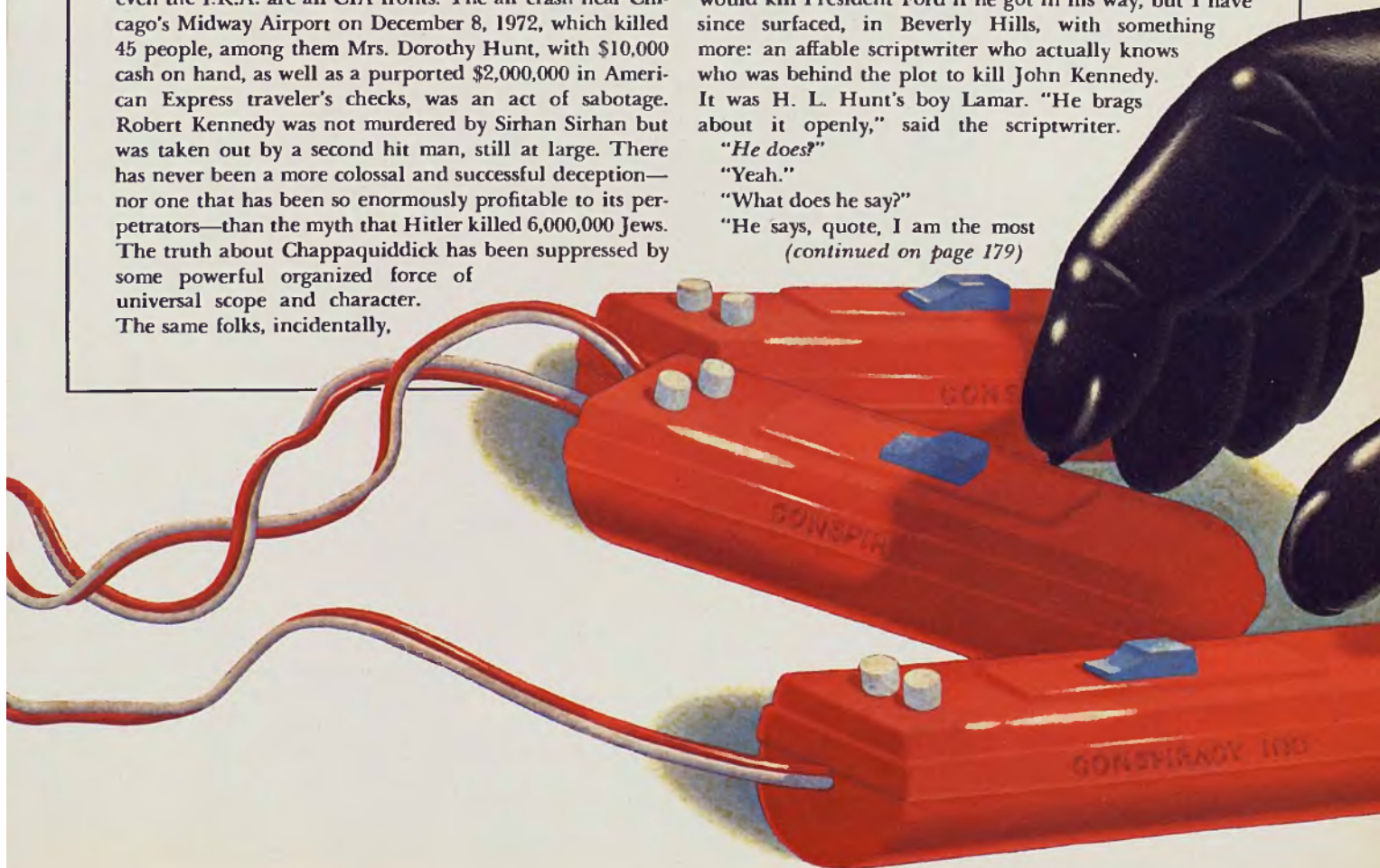
Gregory assured the Montreal students that Rockefeller would kill President Ford if he got in his way, but I have since surfaced, in Beverly Hills, with something more: an affable scriptwriter who actually knows who was behind the plot to kill John Kennedy. It was H. L. Hunt's boy Lamar. "He brags about it openly," said the scriptwriter.

"He does?"

"Yeah."

"What does he say?"

"He says, quote, I am the most
(continued on page 179)





T FORMATIONS

*the proletarian skivvy
has come a long way, baby*

Ah, what a wandrous thing is the T-shirt! Beneath the supple, gossamer fabric, bulges are allowed to bulge, cantours are allowed to cantour and nat one single movement is concealed. There are many variations. The lady above prefers hers with hyperventilation.





T-shirts are good just to hang out in or out of, depending on who you are or where you are. The cigarette girl (left) is a walking advertisement for a certain brand, although most of her customers find it almost impossible to concentrate on the soft-sell message.



As F. Scott Fitzgerald once said:
"The rich are different from us."
That's because they can
get away with wearing sequined
T-shirts with nothing else on
but a smile, like the young heiress
above. As F. Scott Fitzgerald
once did not say: "M & M's melt in
your mouth, not in your hand." If
the young lady in the snug M & M's
T-shirt (right) hasn't melted you
yet, please check your pulse.



T-shirts have been known to have strong effects on certain people. This girl (left) thinks she is on automobile. She's got four-wheel drive, two supple shock absorbers, a rear light, front suspension and a very effective bumper sticker. Above, notice how a little water can bring out certain hidden qualities in the T-shirt fabric. Most apparent is the fact that reality often does follow art.



The only thing that looks more fetching than a well-endowed young lady with her T-shirt on is a well-endowed young lady with her T-shirt off. Shedding a T-shirt (above) can be a relatively simple process, as long as the obstacles are not too big. Notice how the T-shirt tends to lose a great deal of its shapeliness once it has been shed (right). Notice how the girl doesn't.



Colors and slogans abound. His and Hers T-shirts are cute but not necessary, because they don't really tell us anything we don't already know. For example, one of the mattress-testing young ladies (above) is wearing a His T-shirt, but she's not foaling anybody. We all know she couldn't be a he, because hes don't wear pink T-shirts; they wear blue ones, right?



Back in the bad old ethnic-put-down days—thanks to Marlon Brando—the only people we pictured flaunting their undershirts were the Stanley Kowalskis of the world, guzzling beer and watching the ball game on the tube. But times have changed. Now, even though one enjoys drinking beer out of a can while watching ball games, one can still carry off a modicum of style in a T-shirt, as witness the lady above.



Actually, when you come right down to it, what's so bad about going Hollywood? The starlet at left is trying to convince us to watch the birdie. We are, we are. One of the advantages of T-shirts is that they can be removed faster than a speeding bullet (above). With her T-shirt off, this superchick may not be more powerful than a locomotive, but she is certainly more interesting.



In the United States, one of the lesser known variations of the T-shirt is the tea shirt. But it is enormously popular in Great Britain, where it is customarily worn with boots and a teacup. As this young connoisseuress of orange pekoe and Lapsang souchong (above) demonstrates, the tea shirt is best worn while taking tea. Since it is held together by a thin string, deep breaths are to be avoided.



Ideally, Man should have three hands, so that he could keep all the bases covered at all times. The T-shirt above was created to give two-handed Man a hand. Notice how this chap returns the favor by giving the girl a hand in the tricky business of removing her T-shirt. What will happen to the T-shirt once it is off? What will happen to the girl? You're allowed only three guesses.



*"... And a pinch
to grow on."*

Vargas

THE VARGAS GIRL

at the divorce inn

from *The Confessions*
of Arsène Houssaye, 1885

Ribald Classic



ALFRED DE MUSSET, when he served in the National Guard, was no worse a soldier than anyone else and the fact that he was a talented author seemed no great handicap. He smoked the same tobacco and told the same sort of lies as the rest. His romantic adventures, on the other hand, were a bit different from those of the ordinary private.

Women were always charmed by Alfred—his proud looks, his courtesy mixed with a kind of Byronesque impertinence—and it so happened that there were two pretty creatures on his hands at the moment. One was a milliner and one was a real princess.

Just as it occurs on the stage, he grew careless one day by sending two notes enclosed in the wrong envelopes. "My dear Princess," read the little milliner with a thrill, "you are more charming than any woman. . . ." The note ended by saying that Alfred would appear the next day, once he had finished guard duty.

"My dear Margot," read the princess when her letter arrived (Margot being both a proper name and a general slang endearment), "this letter is a road map. Simple National Guard private that I am, I am assigned to the City Hall of the Tenth District. I shall dine at Pinson's with Chevenard unless you pass by to collect me to go to some other restaurant where you will be the spice of the ragout. I present arms for you."

The princess was delighted with the idea of having arms presented for her—but not in a restaurant. Toward six o'clock in the evening, in a thin November rain, Alfred was called to the guard-house and there he found a veiled lady awaiting him.

"Princess! You surprise me!"

"And your impertinent letter surprised me. I really don't know why I came."

Alfred was not foolish enough to lose his presence of mind at the mention of the letter; he guessed what had happened. "Do excuse a wretched joke and

come at once and dine with me at Pinson's."

"Oh, come," she said, "take me someplace more wicked than that!" Alfred smiled, nodded and gave the address to her carriage driver. They were carried off to a secluded inn on Montparnasse called The Divorce Inn, a place where, as the lady discovered, one dined in a little private room. Alfred was full of high spirits, for, treating the princess exactly as if she were the milliner, he had hopes that she'd grant all he wished.

Suddenly there came a loud voice from the next room. "Good God!" exclaimed the lady, "that's the prince. My husband. Did you set up this little comedy?"

"Lord, no! It's just bad luck—of course, he knows this place well and he and I have been here with virtuous maidens now and then."

"I'd love to know what virtuous maiden is having dinner with him right now."

Just then came a loud knock at their door and the voice of the prince crying, "Alfred, my boy! I understand that you are entertaining a mysterious veiled lady in there and I insist that all four of us dine together." De Musset threw all of his weight against the door just as the prince gave it a powerful kick.

"It's all very well for him to live like the Devil," whispered the princess, "but if he found *me* here, he'd slash my face with the first knife he could lay hands on."

"Old friend," called out Alfred, "this is really serious. I'm involved in a bit of adultery."

There was a pause in the assault as the prince digested that news and retreated. Opening the window, Alfred jumped quickly into the garden, caught the princess in his arms as she jumped and then took her to the street, where he got her safely put into a hackney coach that would take her home. Then he ran back furiously and burst through the door of the prince's room.

"*Mademoiselle Héloïse!*" It was his little milliner who was being entertained by the prince. Somewhat astonished, but retaining his aplomb, Alfred dropped into a chair and said, "My own little dear is weeping and being very tiresome, and so I thought I'd come over here to amuse myself with the amusing, if you don't mind."

"Welcome, Alfred!" said the prince. "But now I must catch a glimpse of that beauty of yours," and he went into the next room. He came back immediately. "She has fled. No great loss, I dare say—and now you can dine with us."

In the meantime, the princess had resolved to be bold, not to play the frightened schoolgirl any longer, and so she returned to The Divorce Inn. She went directly to the prince's room and rapped on the door, saying, "I must speak to the Prince of M_____. Is he there?"

"We never heard of him," said De Musset.

"It's on behalf of Count Apponyi," said the princess. "A matter of state. Something extremely important."

At this, the prince decided to open the door. "I just happened to be here for a moment," he said.

"Good evening, dear lady," said Alfred.

"I'm here with Alfred," said the milliner.

"I imagine that you are reading *The New Héloïse* together," said the princess. She took the prince's arm and he could do nothing but accompany her.

Thus it was that Alfred found himself, after all, locked in the embrace of the pretty little milliner, just as he had planned at the beginning of all this. As for the princess, later that evening, Alfred stopped by her house, where, as usual, she was entertaining a great many society guests.

"Dear Alfred," she exclaimed, holding out her hand to the poet, "it has been such a long, long time!"

—Retold by Robert Mahieu



THE DEAD ARE DYING OF THIRST

two miles to the Congo, now called the Zaïre, the enormous river here a disappointment, for its waters are muddy and congested with floating clumps of hyacinth ripped loose from the banks and thick as carcasses in the water, unromantic as turds. A three-decker riverboat, hybrid between yacht and paddle steamer, is anchored at the dock. The boat is called President Mobutu. Next to it, similar in appearance, is a hospital ship. It is called Mama Mobutu. No surprise. The posters that advertise the fight say: UN CADEAU DE PRESIDENT MOBUTU AU PEUPLE ZAÏROIS (a gift of President Mobutu to the Zaïrois people) ET UN HONNEUR POUR L'HOMME NOIR (plus an honor for the black man). Like a snake around a stick, the name of Mobutu is intertwined in Zaïre with the revolutionary ideal. A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO BLACKS IN A BLACK NATION, ORGANIZED BY BLACKS AND SEEN BY THE WHOLE WORLD; THAT IS A VICTORY OF MOBUTISM. So says one of the government's green-and-yellow signs on the highway from Nsele to the capital, Kinshasa. A variety of such signs printed in English and French give the motorist a whiz-by-the-eye course in Mobutism. WE WANT TO BE FREE. WE DON'T WANT OUR ROAD TOWARD PROGRESS TO BE IMPEDED; EVEN IF WE HAVE TO FORGE OUR WAY THROUGH ROCK, WE WILL FORGE IT THROUGH THE ROCK. It is better than Burma-Shave, and certainly a noble sentiment for the vegetation of the Congo, but the interviewer is thinking that after much travel, he has come to an unattractive place. Of course, the interviewer is also looking green. He has caught some viral disruption in Cairo before coming to Zaïre and has been in this country for only three miserable days. He will even leave for New York just this afternoon. The fight has been postponed. Foreman has been cut in training. Since it is over the eye, the postponement, while indefinite, can hardly be less than a month. What a bummer! The day he landed in Zaïre was the day he heard the news. His hotel reservations had, of course, been unhonored. There is nothing like failing to find a bed when you land at dawn in an African capital. Much of the morning was lost before he was finally assigned a room at the Memling, famous for its revolutionary history. A decade ago, correspondents lived on its upper stories at a time when protagonists were being executed in the lobby. Blood ran over the lobby floor. But now the Memling looked like itself once more, a mediocre hotel in a tropical town. The famous floor of the lobby was more or less equal again in cleanliness and good feeling to the floor of the Greyhound Bus station in Easton, Pennsylvania, and the natives at the desk spoke French like men with artificial larynxes. They were nonetheless

(continued from page 104)

as superior in their attitude toward foreigners as any Parisian. What pride in the inability to comprehend your accent! What a lobby to be executed in! The Zaïrois officials who passed through these precincts wore dark-blue lapelless jackets and matching blue pants called *abacos* (from the slogan "*à bas le costume*"—"down with formal dress") and that was the approved bureaucratic revolutionary wear. Since some of these officials even spoke English (with accents more tortured than the Japanese—words catapulting from their gut as they popped their eyes) irritation teemed in every dialog. Between white and Black, arrogance massed against arrogance. The decision of the press was that the Zaïrois had to be the rudest people in Africa. Quickly, relations between Zaïrois and visiting whites became mutual detestations. To obtain what one desired, whether a drink, a room or an airline ticket, a surly Belgian tone was the peremptory voice to offer. If, for example, you hung up the phone after waiting 20 minutes for an answer, be certain the hotel operator would call back to revile you for discommoding him. Then one had to get into the skin of a *cultivateur Belgique* defining reality to plantation hands. "*La connexion était im . . . par . . . faite!*" Manners became so bad that American Blacks were snarling at African Blacks. What a country of old knots and new.

Worse than that. To be in the Congo for the first time and know its name had been changed. More debilitating than cannibalism was this contribution to *anomie*. To reach the edge of the *Heart of Darkness*, here at the old capital of Joseph Conrad's *horror*, this Kinshasa, once evil Léopoldville, center of slave trade and ivory trade, and to see it through the bilious eyes of a tortured intestine! Was it part of Hemingway's genius that he could travel with healthy insides? Who had ever wanted so much to be back in New York? If there were charms to Kinshasa, where to find them? The center of town had all the panache of an inland Florida city of 70,000 or 80,000 people who somehow missed their boom—a few big buildings looked at a great many little ones. But Kinshasa did not have 80,000 people. It had 1,000,000, and it ran for 40 miles around a bend of the Congo, now, yes, the Zaïre. It was no more agreeable than passing through 40 miles of truck traffic and car-stained suburbs around Camden or Biloxi. If there was an inner city full of squalor and color called *La Cité* where natives lived in an endless tumble-down of creeks, lurching dirt roads, night clubs, wall shops and hovels, our traveler was still too queasy with the internal mismanagement of his life to pay a visit and thought only of getting home. Of course, living in such duress, the bile-producing emo-

tions proved most satisfactory. What pleasure in the observation that this black one-party revolutionary state had managed to couple the oppressive aspects of communism with the most reprehensible of capitalism. President Mobutu, the seventh (by repute) wealthiest man in the world, had decreed that the only proper term for one Zaïrois to use in addressing another was *citoyen*. On his average per-capita income of \$70 a year, a Zaïrois, any Zaïrois, could still say "Citizen" to the seventh wealthiest man in the world. Small wonder, then, if the interviewer detested the Presidential Domain. These little white-stucco villas (reserved for the press) and the large white Congressional Hall (reserved for the training of the fighters) were a Levittown-on-the-Zaïre. Stucco buildings painted the color of aspirin were set behind lacy, decorative open-air walls reminiscent of the worst of Edward Durell Stone, a full criticism—since even the best of Edward Durell Stone is equal to taking a cancer pill—no, this pretentious Nsele, with its two-mile drive and its hordes of emaciated workers in the watermelon fields (one could pass a thousand Blacks on the road before one glimpsed a man with the faintest suggestion of girth), was a technological confection equal to NASA or Vacaville, a minimum-security prison for the officers of the media and the visiting bureaucrats of the world. One high white-and-chromium tower with the initials of the party—MPR—stood up as a pillar to mass phallic rectitude. It was a long way from Joseph Conrad and the old horror.

At Nsele, Ali was ensconced in a villa just across the street from the banks of the Zaïre. The interior of his house had been furnished by the government in style one might anticipate. Large rooms twice the size of motel rooms but identically depressing in mood commanded the air. Long sofas and chairs were covered in green velveteen, the floor was a plastic gray tile, the cushions were orange, the table dark brown—one was looking at that ubiquitous hotel furniture known to the wholesale trade as High Schlock or Borox.

It was nine in the morning. Ali had been sleeping. If he looked better than at Deer Lake, the hint of a lack of full health still lingered. In fact, there had been news stories that his blood sugar was low and his energy poor. So he had been placed on another diet. Still, there was not a dramatic improvement in his appearance.

This morning he was twice depressed over Foreman's cut. The fight had been hardly a week away. A TV correspondent, Bill Brannigan, who spoke to Ali just after he heard the news, was to remark, "It's the first time I ever saw Ali have a genuine reaction."

How he was upset. "The worst of all times," said Ali, "and the worst thing
(continued on page 192)

CLARK GHENT'S SCHOOL DAYS

humor By
Robert S. Wieder



*able to spit tacks through a chevrolet!
more brainy than a bunch of carrots!
look! heading for the whorehouse!
it's absurd! it's inane! it's the boy of steel!*

THERE'S BEEN STORIES and funny books and legends and myths about him for 20 years, of course, but I guess I'm the only person alive knows the true story about the guy, though I never was mentioned in the various yarns, which was fine by me. I just want to set the record straight, is all, on account that he really did exist and for all I know still does, and

he'd appreciate it.

I probably never would of knowed the famous "Superboy" of Littleville myself, if my old man hadn't of been such a Redlegs fan, but he was, and so died of a heart attack when Cincinnati won the world series in 1940 and I was four years old. My ma had observed the occasion of my birth by kicking off, so I was thus an orphan and was sent two states away to live with my aunt Martha and uncle John Ghent. They'd been married eight years then, having got hitched the night Roosevelt beat Hoover, back when Littleville High was still a restored flax silo.

Uncle John was a Freemason and a plumbing-supplies jobber, and him and Aunt Martha had this little place on the outskirts of the town where they raised some stock and tried to have a kid of their natural own, sometimes working at it half through the *night*, when winter would throw its bitter weight around. In the summer we'd go on these drives out toward the county line in the Studebaker every Sunday for a picnic, and after the cold chicken I'd go run the Weimaraner and Uncle John would have a couple sips of corn and they'd take a long but canny shot at reproducing on the sly.

No dice.

Until one Sunday. We was going along and I was trying to get just one station at a time on the car radio, when Martha peered upward through the windshield and says: "John, is that balloon in trouble?"

Me and Uncle John peered up likewise and saw what looked to be a big blue sausage spiraling down out of the heavens, trailing this aquamarine smoke from its rear.

"That ain't no balloon," I says.

"Looks like one of them rocket ships like in the Buster Crabbe serials," John says.

"Oh, John, I don't know," Martha says.

Schhchchchclrmbdsnwrrppphhhhhhhhhhhhhghnt! the rocket ship says, plowing into the earth some 40 yards off to our left. We stopped the car and went on over to it and John says if this was a balloon, then Warren G. Harding was a wind sock. There was a sort of hatch on the upper side of its nose. Uncle John went back to the car and got a lug bar and whacked on the hatch awhile and tried to pry it open but only got an attack of the farts for his efforts.

"Look at here," Martha says, down by the tail, and we went down and there on one of its fins was this word etched: KRYPTON. "What's Krypton mean, John?"

Uncle John was kind of pissed off at the thing by now. "How the hell should I know?" he says. "Maybe that's its name, like a boat. Maybe that's the outfit that made it."

"Maybe that's the place it's from," I says.

"Shit," says John. "It's probably from

that goddamn Orson Welles." He went to the car and had just got into the corn jug when, with no warning, the hatch fell open all by itself. An infant's squawl come out of a pile of red-and-blue cloth inside like an air horn.

"Goddamn," says John, spitting out a big spray of corn, "I never dreamt the son-of-a-bitch rocket ship was *pregnant!*"

"Oh, shut up, John," says Martha, who I think had already decided that this was the Lord's way of sending them their own baby, especially when she found out it was both human-looking and a boy, two big pluses in Littleville. "I think we should take him home and raise him as our own; no offense, Lloyd," she tells me. My name is Lloyd. "Otherwise, why would the Lord have sent him here?"

"Sure moves in mysterious ways," John was glassy-eyed.

"That's the Lord for you," she says.

"Who's talking about the Lord?" John is looking back and forth from the kid to the rocket and isn't too wild about any of it. But the maternal voice in Aunt Martha was only a little softer than a Navy attack siren, so we packed up and went home a foursome.

They named him Clark after Martha's daddy, Clark Ghent.

He was the fastest and strongest son of a bitch in the history of the state. Maybe the world. He was also probably the dumbest. Clark could spit thumb-tacks through a car door, but I don't believe he had quite the I.Q. of a pound-cake. There was a popular saying then that lots of folks in Littleville didn't know nothing but that Clark was the only one that didn't even *suspect* nothing. At least it was popular until Kraut Norton used it to Clark's face once when they was at freshman football practice together. Now, Kraut was the dimensions of a phone booth, but Clark went and picked him up and broke the South-state Conference forward-pass yardage record with him. They had a big raffle and sent Kraut to the Mayo Clinic, which later called the county hospital to ask how high the plane was that Kraut fell out of.

However, the word about Clark had got out a long while before that. We in the family knowed he was odd from the start, from such activities as him punching a hole in the bathtub to get his duck, him pulling the engine out of the tractor, him eating two whole sheets of corrugated-aluminum siding. He got the whooping cough one October and blew out every window in the house. You could scarcely feed or wash him if he didn't care to cooperate, and I don't even like to recall what he done to the dog. A spanking was fine if you weren't gonna need that hand for a couple days. John had to use the pick handle on him, and later on, the pick. I remember in the fifth grade or so, when Clark lost his temper at school and tied Miss Fetcher

up with the monkey bars. John took him out in the yard and backed the Pontiac over him two or three times.

Stupid and strong as he was, though, I got to admit he was as easygoing and mild-tempered generally as anybody you'd want to give the ability to destroy a town to.

You take that business about Clark's eyes, for example. He never actually set out to fry anybody. But it was true—whenever he really got worked up about something, he could deliver a look would set your hair on fire, which a number of people found out by annoying him. When he was having a bad day, you'd see sunburns on everybody in his vicinity. This was a fairly late development, however, and didn't really announce itself till his voice begun to change. The scorched and melted places all over the girls' shower wall at school didn't show up till his sophomore year, and I remember we was both driving cars when we snuck into *Peyton Place* at the Rialto and he set fire to the screen. You could hardly ignore it, I admit, but I don't think even he ever understood what it was all about. It wasn't so much malicious as unpredictable. What I'm getting at is, how exactly do you control a thing like that even if you want to?

Then there was people who'd figured out what a gullible oaf Clark was and would con him into all varieties of mischief just for laughs, such as saying, "Holy Jesus, Clark, there's a twenty-dollar bill just blowed under that pick-up, there," knowing that Clark would of turned the truck on its side looking, long before his brain got up to speed.

Bucky Railes was the worst of this lot, as he was a close neighbor to us, and of course isn't nobody can screw you like a good friend. It was Bucky convinced Clark he was being tailed by an Olympic Games scout and got him to shot-put the Danbys' outhouse, which, if there had been any Danbys in it, would have qualified as a suborbital flight, and in fact come down through the roof of the Larchmont Rose-of-Sharon Baptist Church and lit on the pulpit right during services. The minister took it as a Divine Sign and wanted to commission a stained-glass window showing the event, but the elders wasn't that pleased at being signified by the shithouse of God and figured it was more a reflection on the content of the sermons than anything.

And it was Bucky who egged Clark into throwing that bus full of niggers into the Peppit Reservoir just so's nobody for five miles would touch the water all through August. "Just giving folks' convictions a little trial by ordeal," Bucky would call it, but T. R. Mackson, the big beer distributor in Emporia, give Bucky a full scholarship at junior college that fall, so you figure out what was up.

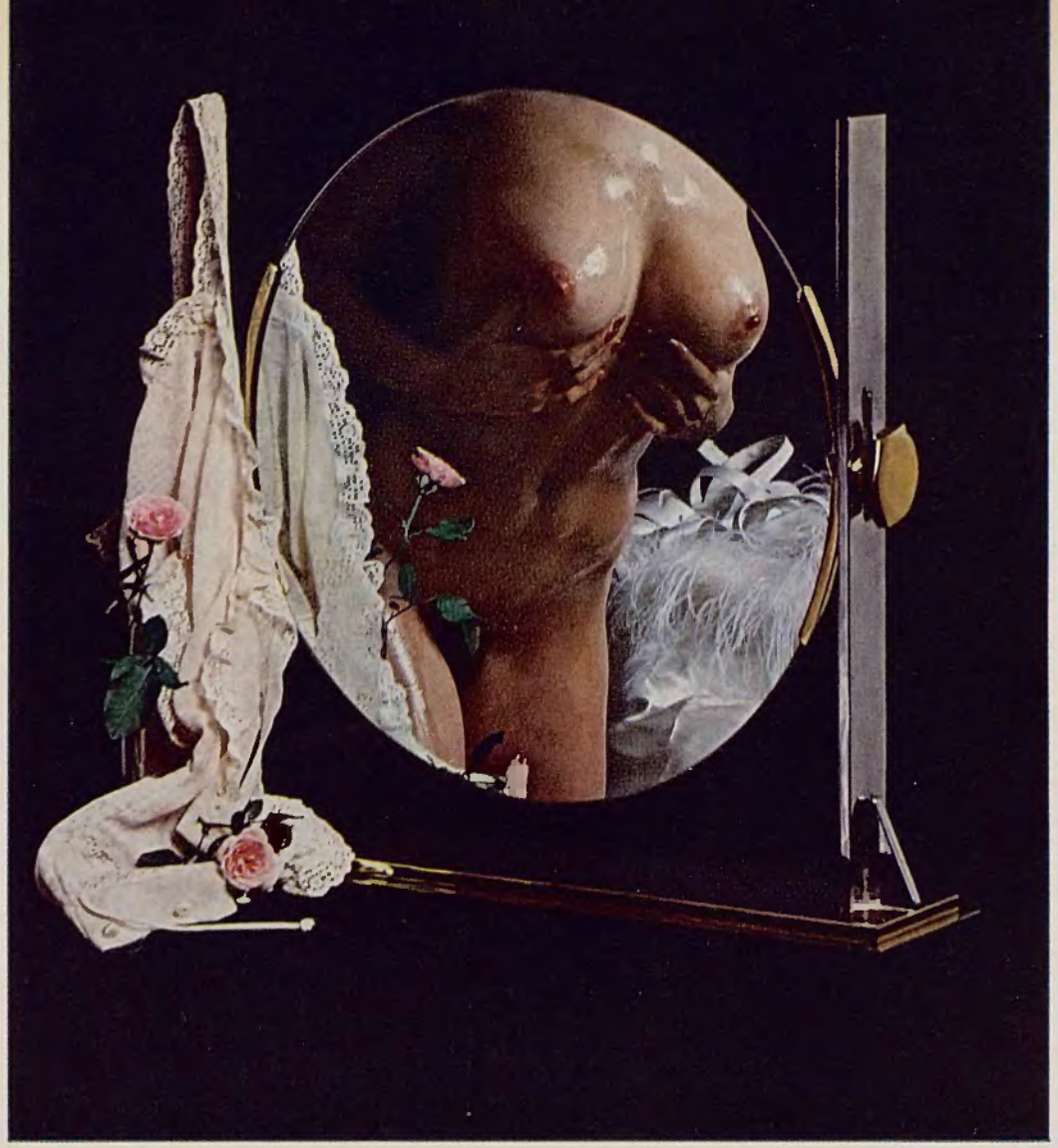
Clark could be rash at times, though, I
(continued on page 169)



REFLECTED GLORY

right-looking looking glasses to help you improve your image

"The best mirror," a wise man once said, "is an old friend." And vice is undoubtedly versa. Think about it for a moment. Without mirrors, how would we know what we looked like? How would we recognize ourselves? How would we shave? Badly, of course. Outer reflection is the first step to inner reflection, and it is therefore important to get a clear picture. The mirror above is guaranteed to make everything perfectly clear. Imported from Italy, this reflector is illuminated with 20 flashlight-size bulbs and is 25½ inches square. Available through Lighting Associates for \$375.



As Dracula knows: A reverse image is better than no image at all. The Vivid Straight Set mirror (right) features a ledged design, by Sharon Binder and Lenny Steinberg for Vivid, measures 36" x 48" and costs \$658.

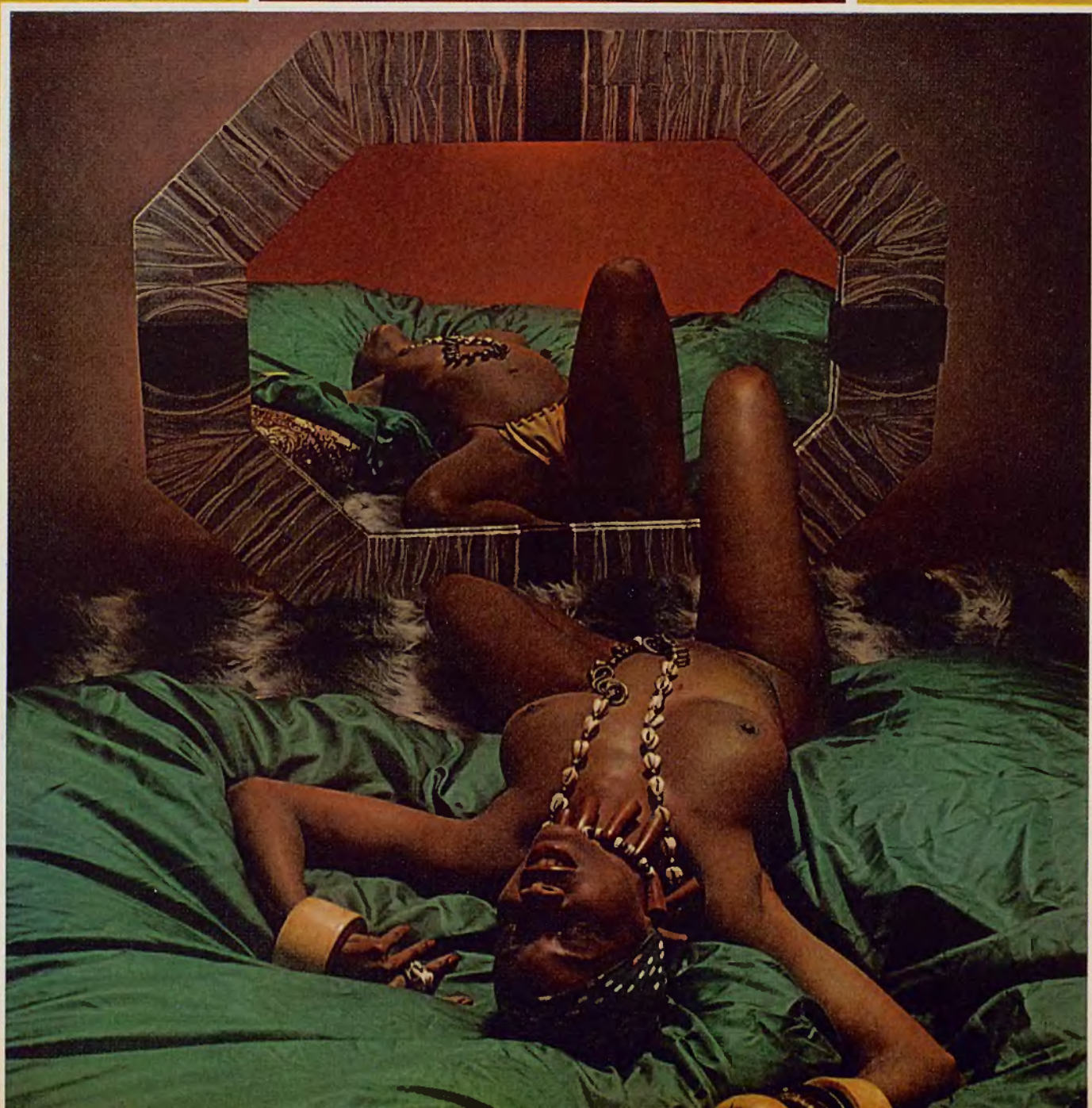


Getting a well-rounded reflection is helpful, especially if you're well rounded. Basically a dressing-table mirror, the glass (above) is 20 inches across. Gold-plated and chrome-detailed, it's from Karl Springer, \$825.

Reflection has come a long way since Narcissus. Reflect if you will on this octagonal mirror (right). Encased in a parchment-lacquered, lighted frame, the glass has a diameter of 42 inches, by Karl Springer, \$1050.



A variation on the octagonal theme, the mirror below is surrounded by a stunning antler-and-ebony inlay and measures 36" x 48", by Karl Springer, \$1650. If it could talk, it would have a lot to say about the view.



GOING HOME (continued from page 130)

sections of the Bronx where whole neighborhoods looked as though they had been exposed to shellfire.

We stopped dead. The conductor came down the aisle with a flashlight. "All the trains have stopped ahead of us. No trains are moving in or out of Grand Central. We are tied up here for an indefinite delay. We think there's a fire farther up on the tracks near 96th Street." He moved to the next car to deliver his message.

I tried to doze, but the pitch-blackness kept me awake. Above us on the street level was all of New York, a fact of slight consideration to the passengers on the train who were beginning to look for other ways of getting home. I welcomed the delay.

We now seemed to have been in the tunnel for 30 minutes, longer than most delays on the Penn Central. I settled back in my seat.

All was quiet. No voice was above a whisper. No one stirred. No one paced the aisles. We seemed to welcome the blackout. The sudden end to clamor. The train would lurch and groan its way out of the tunnel. We were not all Pharaohs being buried in the depths of Grand Central Station.

I realized for the first time that a woman was sitting next to me. She may have moved from another seat. She may have been sitting next to me all of the time and I didn't notice. But now the perfume began to be released from her body. I smelled the body of a woman, a smell that beauty firms working day and night try to obliterate. They should have descended into the tunnel to capture the scent from her body. Her leg brushed against mine. It was not a heavy leg. She said, "Sorry." Her accent was Boston or New York. It was Eastern with that assurance Midwesterners think they have in their speech.

I said, "We've been here for an hour and ten minutes now. In another fifteen minutes, I will have broken my own record for a delay on this train."

"Do you ride the train often?"

"Every day from Monday to Friday."

"Do you like it?"

"No."

"Some men do. My husband does. He has a passion for crossword puzzles. He takes his business papers on the train, but he does the crossword puzzles. I could never understand crossword puzzles. At night he asks me for the meaning of words I never knew existed."

"What does your husband do?"

"He's a lawyer. I thought everyone who rode these trains was a lawyer."

"Just about everyone."

"Do you mind this blackout?" she asked. "I don't. I think we need a period every day when we black out like this. I think it's terrible that our

minds keep going day and night whether we sleep or not. I used to think it was nature's way of telling us that we had so much to learn. Do you think the cave men appreciated the beauty of the world they lived in?" Her voice was now conversational. She was in her early 40s. I knew that voice and I knew those years. I liked her voice.

"I'm from Nebraska originally," I said. "My father told me that when he was a boy, he used to stare in awe at the plains. He said they were like a great sea of grass. I think Spencer Tracy once played in a movie called *The Sea of Grass*. Spencer Tracy would have been a good man to cross those plains."

"I remember weeping all through a movie I saw where Spencer Tracy was a man with one arm," she said. "I kept saying to my husband that the earth should be populated with men like Spencer Tracy. He kept telling me to keep still and watch the movie. I don't watch movies. I swim in them. I go inside the screen. The movie becomes a three-dimensional world. I feel like a spy in every scene. I don't like the new movies. They have become cartoon strips. Comic books. The new movies don't give you a chance to believe in a character, to follow a story, to believe in good over evil, the triumph of goodness. The new movies are like those rides in the amusement parks where a giant machine does nothing but toss and turn your body and shake you up to no purpose, yet people love it. I think there is something ominous and obscene in the new movies. There was something grand about Bette Davis in those early movies; she was like a roving goddess, going from part to part, sometimes a Southern belle, sometimes a hostess in a night club, sometimes a woman dying of an incurable disease. Nobody else could touch her intense sense of being right, good, true, of understanding her own feelings, even able to place herself at the mercy of a man without panic. She was just plain extraordinary in *Now Voyager*. I see it over and over again the way some people go to the Met to see *Carmen* year after year."

"You talk beautifully about the movies," I said.

"It's nice of you to say that. This stalled train reminded me of the movies, I think. Except that we don't have a flickering light and a no-exit sign in faded red. I am always struck by the way people come together in a movie-house. It seems like such a public way to enjoy a private pleasure. It's extraordinary the way we can blot out everyone in the audience. Which is why I get annoyed in a movie if someone talks or puts his feet up on a seat. I can't stand to sit behind someone who is taller than me. My husband thinks I'm mad for

always switching seats. He once got up and walked out of a movie because I said I couldn't see the screen and he wouldn't change his seat. I had the keys to the car, so that wasn't a problem. He came sulking back after eating two boxes of popcorn and he almost had a coronary."

"That would make a good piece for the *Reader's Digest*," I said, "the pleasure of going to the movies."

"Are you a writer?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I have a feeling that writers don't write for the *Reader's Digest*."

"They do," she said. "I have a son who reads it with fascination. To him, those articles are all marvelous. They give him so much information. He can't eat cornflakes without the *Reader's Digest* in front of him."

"Are you a writer?" I asked.

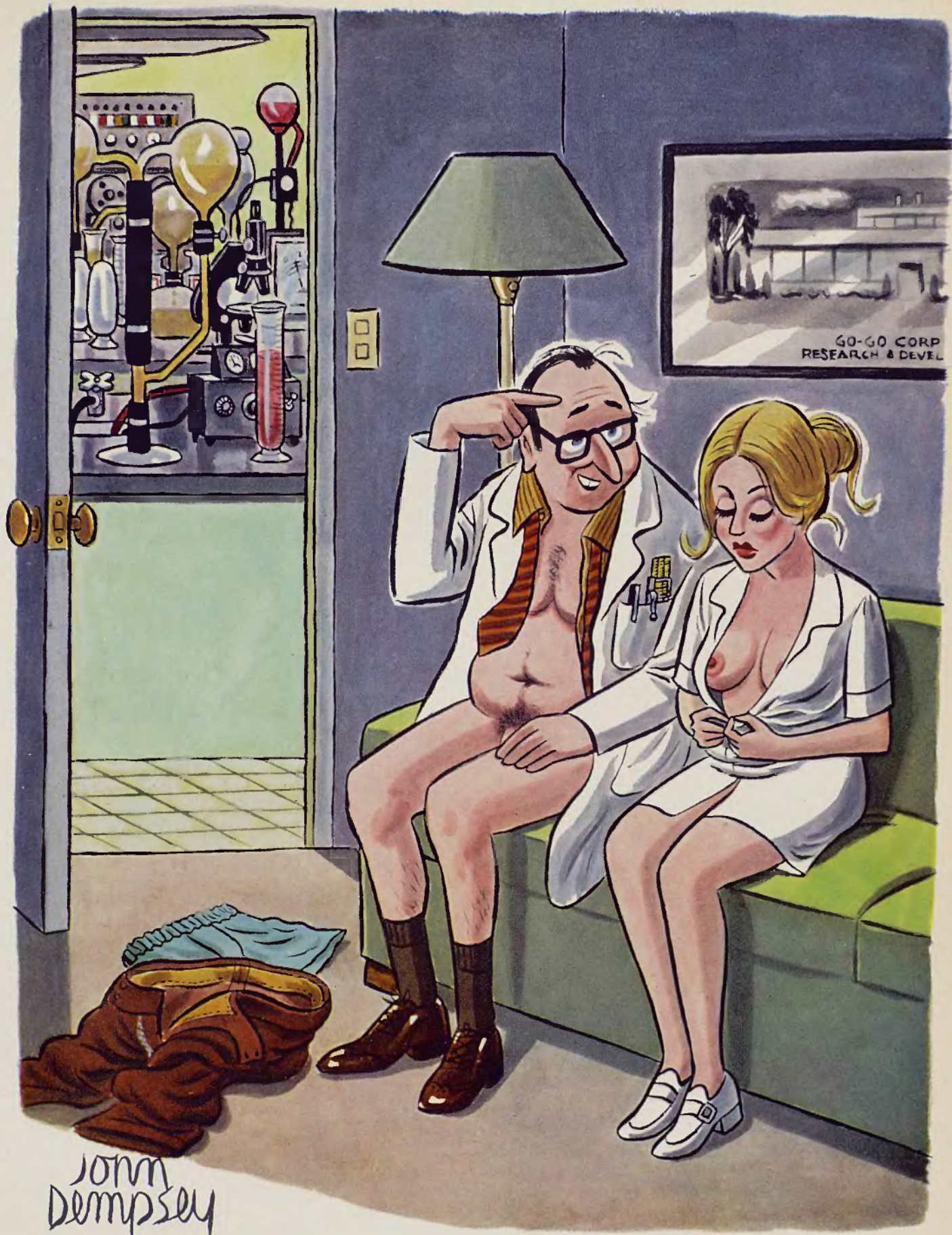
"I write in lined notebooks that no one will ever read."

"A diary?"

"It's more than a diary. I write about the way I feel about things that I can't seem to tell anyone else. I write about things that no one seems to want to talk about anymore. I write about conversations I never have with my husband. I write about everything I think I should tell my son that I somehow find impossible to say to him face to face. I wonder why we are so frightened of confiding in our children. So I write. Every evening, when my husband is watching a basketball game. I have twenty-five notebooks filled already. I think I will leave them in a place that will be easy for my son to find. I think my husband would go mad if he read the notebooks. If he reads the notebooks, he will discover that he never lived with the woman he thought he was living with. I am so absolutely different in the notebooks."

"What do you put into them?" I asked. "I always wanted to keep a notebook."

"Three nights ago, we had dinner in town at a restaurant the *Times* gave four stars to. My husband thinks he is doing me a great honor every time he takes me to a restaurant that has been given four stars by the *Times*. They are always a disappointment. And so stupid. I ordered a shrimp dish. The shrimps were tough, they smelled of iodine. I started to send the shrimps back. My husband objected. I left my plate of shrimps untouched. They cost \$7.95. He started to eat the shrimps on my plate. He began to gag. He blamed me for the taste of the shrimps. When he takes me to an expensive restaurant, he likes to have sex immediately when we get home. In his mind, I am a date and he is spending money on me for one thing and he can't wait to get out of the restaurant and get me into bed. When we got home, I said I had a headache. He



"Well, anyway, I've got it up here."

said, 'To hell with your headache.' I didn't have a headache. I was trying to think of what I could do to assert myself. I hit on a brilliant idea. I decided I would screw my husband like a callgirl who gives her customers their money's worth. I pulled out every stop. I moaned. I kissed him where I haven't kissed him in years. I scratched his back. I dug my nails into him. I thrashed my legs, as they used to say in the sexy novels I read at Smith. I wouldn't let him out of bed to fumble for a box of Kleenex. I kept him in bed and forced him to puff like a heart patient taking a treadmill test. I wrote this all up in my notebook. In the notebook, it's witty, perceptive; I achieve a depth that Willa Cather gets at her best. The writing of that scene was exciting to me, though I know it won't hold together on a printed page in a book. It's too personal, too much of me; I can read meaning into the words that I am certain the words can't claim for themselves. I put into my notebook my desire to sleep with my son. It's not an obscene thought. It's not perverse. I think it's a feeling most mothers have. To experience their sons. I can see it being warm and protective,

full of wonder, and if I could teach my son to sit on a toilet seat, I see no reason why I shouldn't be able to teach him how to know a woman. I don't think we come to these things instinctively. I think we come to them through a whole series of bad habits, bad information, second-rate initiation rites. You are a writer!" she said to me. "You listen like a writer. You don't interrupt. You listen."

I couldn't see her face in the pitch-black of the train. But I could make out a dim outline. She wore her hair pulled back. She had taken off her jacket. She wore a tailored shirt. She sat facing me, turning her whole body, not the way the passengers usually spoke on the Penn Central, holding their bodies stiff, claiming an entire seat for themselves.

"I'm not a writer the way you mean a writer," I said. "I have worked on newspapers. I even used to work for the newspaper that passes out four stars so New Yorkers will know where to eat."

"The *Times*," she said. "Why are people always in awe when they meet someone from the *Times*? It's a newspaper greater than any of its independent parts. The writing in the *Times* is

ordinary. The words are stacked neatly, like crates in a warehouse. You seldom get a line of emotion. Doesn't anybody feel anything on the *Times*? Doesn't injustice deserve its own language? Who dreams up those stories on the woman's page? It makes us seem like a nation of children. You say you used to work for the *Times*. What do you do now?" she asked.

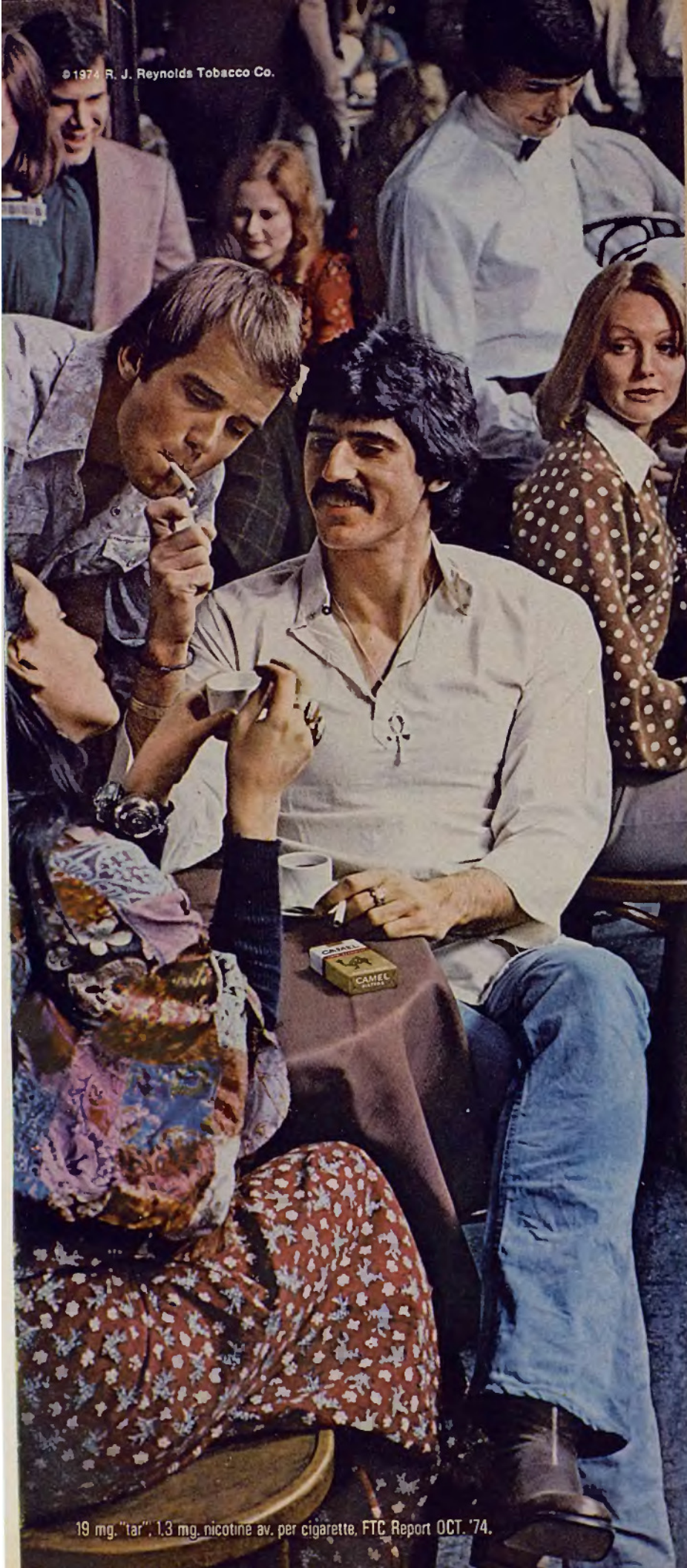
"I sit on trains most of the time. This stalled train is an exception. I feel we're moving faster than any train that ever ran on this line."

"That's a good way of putting it. You are a writer. Writers announce themselves. I don't know how. But they do. I feel this train is moving. I can feel it. We move fast when we feel ourselves thinking. That's why I feel so good when I write in my notebooks." She moved closer to me. I knew she would. Our hands touched, then we grasped each other as though we were falling off the Matterhorn.

"That feels good," she said. "So good." I moved closer to her. We had a seat that usually held three passengers, but no one claimed the middle seat when the train left the station. Her arms went around my neck. Her body was soft, still firm, her breasts were as firm as those of any girl of 20. We kissed like a couple dating in a Nebraska moviehouse on a Saturday night. I was biting her lips. She put her full tongue into my mouth. I had never known that perfume could be so strong. The perfume was under her ears. It came from her breasts. It was on her arms. She rubbed her breasts against my shirt. I slipped one hand into her blouse, fingering her nipple, which was taut, sensitive, and she let her hand go down to my pants. She skillfully took hold of me with her fingers. She stroked me in a way that made me want to be capable of a dozen orgasms. She brought her mouth away from a kiss and whispered in my ear, "I think we can fuck without being seen. I'll turn my back to you and you can get into me sideways. I like it that way, don't you?" She kissed me again on my mouth and then with her tongue, leaving my mouth, turning her back. I held on to her from the side, my hands still on her breasts, and I could hear her slipping off her underpants. I put my raincoat over us. When I put my hand on her, my fingers, she arched her body toward me. I found her on the first try. She pressed herself into me. I could feel the fluttering inside her. It held me in its grasp. I moved into her. She held me in her grasp. Any motion from her would have sent me into an orgasm lasting a month. My arms encircled her. My hands were on her breasts. "Now," I heard her say, "now." She began pushing into me. I plunged into her. I brought my hands down to her hips and pulled her into me. "Now!" she said, "now," suppressing a



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moan but not suppressing the movement against me. I felt her body shudder so deliciously that I was reminded of a dreamlike feeling I remembered of the wind awakening me when I fell asleep on the bank of a pond near our house in Seward.

"My God," she said, "it will never be the same after this." We both sat back in our seats like swimmers gasping for breath. "I don't want the lights ever to come on again. I don't want this train ride to end."

The train was still pitch-black. I could see now like a leopard in the dark.

"On the train," she said. "My God, it was so delicious. That shows you what you can do when you dare. I don't think we could do it again. This time we'll be listening for the conductor. It won't be the same. That was so good. Not to think about anything else. I always hear the water running somewhere in the house or the refrigerator defrosting itself."

"It was very good," I said.

"I won't put this in my notebook. I don't need to be reminded. Nothing went wrong. I usually write in my notebooks about everything that went wrong during the day."

"You must have a book already."

"But not a book anybody else would read. I'm not a writer. I don't care to be. All I care about now is not being overwhelmed by the vulgarity of my husband. That is a full-time job for me. He doesn't sleep. He started taking sleeping pills. He has three drinks before dinner. He still insists on eating red beef every night. His veins must look like a clogged-up sewer. He will die soon. He is a machine that was wound up by the Harvard Law School and pointed in the direction of tax law. You know," she said, "we could never do this again. What you and I just did. I've been thinking if we could meet at the Drake or the Plaza, but where could we find such a marvelous couch at the Plaza for making love as this Penn Central plastic seat? I will never knock this railroad again. I'll tell you what I am going to do. The car is still pitch-black. I'm going to get up and find another seat, in another car. You shouldn't see my face and I shouldn't see yours. I shouldn't talk anymore about what we did. It was too good to waste on conversation. I don't think you want to know more about me than what you now know, which is probably more than anybody else has known. The train will start soon. I don't think there will ever be another train ride like this for either of us. I can't imagine it ever being repeated. I absolutely won't share this with anyone else, not even my lined notebook. But who are you?" she whispered, as though she had been sent from another planet to ask me that question.

This morning, when I woke up, when Cleo looked at me and whimpered, I

heard myself say aloud, "This is the day when you will take the Remington semi-automatic rifle in the closet, load it with 15 bullets and shoot Miriam, Tony, Alex, Sheila and yourself. You will do it about 8:15, after you return from New York on the 5:30, just when Miriam calls you down to dinner. You will shoot Miriam first, then the children, then it will be over; for at least that part of what we think we know of this life and for the rest after that, nobody has told us anything that a schoolboy couldn't imagine." All men think of killing their families. Some men do it. The kitchen would be the scene of the shooting. Miriam would probably be shot at the kitchen sink. The children would be seated around the table, the one true bargain I bought in my life, an original Shaker trestle table I found in a Danbury farmhouse for \$18. I made no provision for any of our possessions to be passed on. Neither Miriam nor I had any family left. We were the only people on earth we knew and we didn't know ourselves. The bigger family I had grown up in always relied on relatives to set our heads straight. No one could ever be pompous in our living room, no dream ever got further than the cutting analysis of my Uncle Walter. Life was lived in the family. It was there we drew our courage as though it were a weekly salary. We are not meant to live alone. A stairway led into our kitchen, one of those rear stairways built in the 18th Century houses. Neither Miriam nor the children would see me enter the kitchen until I was already on them, with Miriam in the sights of the Remington. At the range of 15 feet, I couldn't miss. We will be gone from the world and away from whatever harm the world can bring to the children, Miriam or me. For a billion years, none of it will be able to touch us, the feeling that we can't live with one another because we don't dare to, even though that is what we want more than anything else the world has to offer.

"No," the woman on the seat next to me said. "No, I know too much already; don't tell me who you are," and she was gone, up the aisle, before I could speak.

I leaned back in my seat and looked into the pitch-blackness of the train. I waited for the train to lurch. The wheels didn't move. It was past 7:30. We had been in the tunnel for two hours. No one on the train raised his voice. I half-expected the commuters behind me to lean over the seat and whisper congratulations to me, but apparently they had seen nothing.

How could they see what they would never believe? More than the raincoat shielded us. She had been so skillful with me. The actual intercourse may have lasted only a minute or two, but I had stayed in her longer because of the fluttering, which to me was one of the most

extraordinary sensations on earth, something like the birth of puppies, something I had experienced from Miriam only once and that was in London, not in our own house.

The train lurched at 7:45. We began a slow, halting ride through the tunnel, stopping every few feet, then moving on with caution. The lights came on again. When we reached 125th Street, the train began to glide with its usual speed toward the Bronx. We roared through the Westchester towns toward Connecticut in the vain hope that the train could make up for lost time. I stared out the window at the houses flashing by as though they would go up in smoke in a series of explosions.

The cause of the holdup had been a fire in the tunnel at 94th Street. One fireman had been killed when he stepped on the live tracks. The conductor passed the news to us. I thought the engineer should have let out three loud blasts for the dead fireman. But death is no longer an affair for mourning. We mourn the living more than the dead.

The white Connecticut houses were beginning to appear alongside the track—the white-clapboard houses built in the innocent days. A pitcher of lemonade on a hot July afternoon had saved my father's generation. I was born in a house with white clapboards, a peaked roof, a porch, a swing hanging from two hooks, a musty toolroom where I found old copies of *Liberty* magazine. On Sunday, my father always sat in a hickory rocker that faced the afternoon sun, which was where he died with a copy of Steinbeck's *Red Pony* in his hand. The funerals in Nebraska were stately. I disliked the New York funerals I attended, with funeral parlors on the street level and shops on either side where ladies would purchase costume jewelry. We were approaching Wilton, Branchville, Georgetown, then Redding.

I put on my raincoat and went to stand between the cars, so that the rushing wind would wash me clean of New York. The train rattled and roared. The white houses rushed by, the lights were on in the kitchen windows, the red lights flashing when we came to a station. The cars nervously waited at the crossroads. Redding was only a minute or two from Georgetown. The train swept through the wooded fields. In Redding, there was a siding where the cars waited, a post office; the train always glided into the Redding station like a monster running out of breath.

I saw Miriam looking at the train as though it had arrived from outer space. She waved to me from the Volvo. I walked quickly toward her. I was trembling like a prisoner about to be hanged.

HOUSTON

(continued from page 105)

cars. I said I was here for my compact, and she said it was the red station wagon, and I said I didn't bring friends, and she said that if you can drive a compact, you can drive a station wagon, honey. She gave me a half-moon smile and I swayed off in search of Greater Houston, which has an incorporated area of 501 square miles, nearly half the size of Greater Rhode Island.

I drove 25 miles, not because I wanted to but because I took an exit ramp that was actually a spawning freeway, and getting off a Houston freeway can be similar to crawling up out of the gutter if you are drunk or a bowling ball. A crimson light on the dashboard flashed, meaning we were thirsty, and I stopped in front of Little Caesar's.

Rosebud, or Rose Bud, said come in. Another bathing beauty, pink from pinches and pats, presented her slightly bikinied posterior as an hors d'oeuvre, so I popped her elastic and was led to a very nice table by the jukebox, where Fats Domino, you remember him, had a clear shot at my inner ear.

It was dark, the way Little Caesar would have wanted it. Hanging over the bar were imitation machine guns, and hanging over my table was a friend of Rosebud's, who called me baby. My peripheral vision included both of her breasts, casually supported by material you hardly even noticed.

I said, "Beer, Pearl."

She said Pearl didn't work at this here establishment.

If you have ever ordered peach Melba on the turnpike, you know how things like this can happen.

I said, "You Texans have some kind of sense of humor."

She said, "I am not a Texan."

I said, "What are you?"

She said, "I am a go-go dancer and a fine waitress."

I said, "Beer, any."

Nor does Annie work here. She maybe used to work here.

I said to myself, there is no use in trying to break the ice in Houston, which lies at 29 degrees, 45 feet, 26 inches latitude, roughly the same as Rampur, Cairo and Midway Island.

Sitting in clusters were men who were men. One man, wearing a napkin tied over his head, stood next to the stage, lunging at a dancer, who was doing her Johnny Bench imitation. She was signaling for other than the knuckler.

I asked my waitress if this were a Shriners' convention. She said the only Shriner she knew was Herb. She said these people were surgeons and physicians, part of a convention of 1200 that would be in Houston one week.

In 1974, 277 conventions and 426,455 delegates visited Houston, and it was estimated that \$65,000,000 was spent in the

pursuit of professional and individual self-betterment, which includes lodging, food and some light ass grabbing.

A surgeon at the next table introduced himself, and I said, "Jay Cronley, Tulsa, Oklahoma."

He said, "Hey, boys, we got a goddamn Okie. Goddamn Okie can't even find California." I asked when was the seminar concerning malpractice. He said you can't sue for malpractice if you are dead, and he went off to practice what he had learned chasing nurses. I made a note on a book of matches to do what I could to stay healthy.

I talked some more with my waitress.

I go, "Some weather," and she goes, "Seen it worse in the East," and I go, "Long drive in from the airport, about twenty miles," and she goes, "Not as far as in Dallas," and I go, "The traffic," and she goes, "Easier here than Los Angeles."

I go, "Why do you and so many others live here?"

She goes, "Because it is not bad."

I go to the toilet.

The check was for \$1.65. That is one beer, any. I said that I was not a surgeon.

I went outside. The fog had lifted into what could have been a halo, and the sun was applying midmorning make-up to the buildings that sit up straight as good tulips to form downtown Houston. I stared at the United Gas Building, which I identified in section P-11 of my map, and the United Gas Building stared back, because builder Kenneth Schnitzer wrapped its guts in glass that reflects what the sun says.

As I stood blinking at One Shell Plaza (50 stories), and Allen Center, and Two Shell Plaza, and Dresser Tower, and the Exxon Building, and other monuments to man's reach, one of Caesar's girls tapped me on the shoulder.

"You forgot your billfold."

Whereas many go-go dancers look so fine under *Fantasia* lights, this one did not age noticeably in natural light.

"You know," I said, "go-go dancer-wise, you are all right."

"Yes," she said, "I am not bad."

• • •

Houston has a personality. It is rich. If it were a person, the swelling to the extremities would be diagnosed as gout.

Brothers John and Augustus Allen bought and named Houston in 1836. They purchased 6642 acres for \$9428. It was a good buy. It was their ambition, and the ambition of others, that Houston should become an ocean port, which can be difficult if you are not on an ocean. But Houston brought the ocean inland, creating a navigation system that extends 50 miles.

In 1876, the Clinton floated up Buffalo Bayou, the ship channel, and carved its way into Houston, carrying freight. The *Daily Telegraph* said, "AN OCEAN

STEAMER COMES THROUGH THE SHIP CHANNEL LOADED DOWN WITH FREIGHT, GALVESTON'S CUTTLEFISH—ITS WHARF COMPANY FLANKED AND CHECKMATED."

Houston was in competition with Galveston, which, being an island, had more natural talent. After visiting Houston's early mock-up port, a resident of Galveston said, "If you people could turn the channel into a pipeline and suck as hard as you blow, you'd have deep water at Houston."

Galveston figured that Houston would become a port over its dead body, which happened in 1900, when a storm carrying a six-foot tidal wave destroyed most of the island. Contrary to rumor, the storm had not come from the north. Six thousand people were killed. In the next decade, Galveston's population decreased slightly while Houston's doubled; and ever since, Galveston has served as Houston's finger bowl.

Galveston launched a comeback in 1974, advertising nationally, "Galveston? It's a port. Galveston is south of Houston, in the Gulf of Mexico, not just near it. No, we are not as big as Houston, but being big doesn't necessarily mean being best."

But when somebody says, in effect, screw Houston, there are not always tornadoes.

Houston considers Dallas its country cousin, where you can get a great deal on Western wear. Dallas is West. Houston feels more flexible, very cosmopolitan. It is not that there is anything exactly wrong with Dallas, but whereas Dallas had ample opportunity to become a Superstar, all it could come up with was a money-changer at its airport that gives 95 cents on the dollar. And if there is anything Houston hates, it is a good idea.

Houston does not smell only of success. Another thing it smells of is shit. This is because of what is sometimes dumped into the ship channel and connecting bayous. Which is shit, or its synthetic counterpart, garbage.

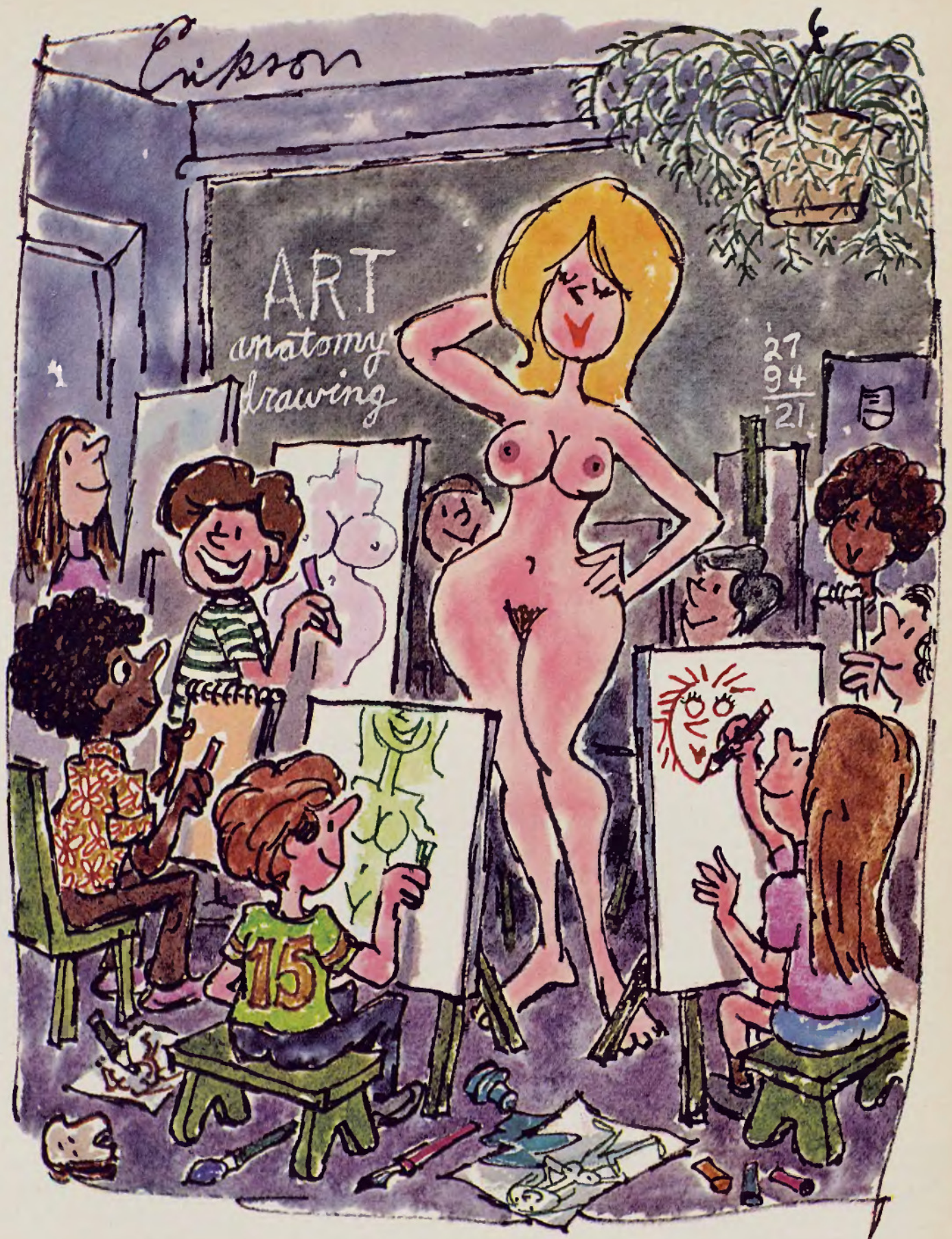
The material dumped into the channel was noticed soon after Houston became a port, because it caused unpleasantness such as plague.

In 1893, a spokesman for the Houston Cotton Exchange said that Buffalo Bayou, named for buffalo fish, was "an immense cesspool, reeking with filth and emitting stench of vilest character."

In 1967, Dr. Joseph L. Melnick of the Baylor Medical School discovered in Buffalo Bayou viruses that could cause "colds, rash, diarrhea, encephalitis and meningitis."

Time does not always heal open wounds.

On April 14, 1974, Professor Eleanor J. Macdonald, chief epidemiologist for the M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute, reported that deaths from lung cancer were highest in sections near the



"Man, you can talk these substitute teachers into anything."



channel and the central city, where air pollution was most concentrated.

Generally, the wind blows toward Galveston, although clouds created by Houston's factories have been reported as far away as Dallas; and when there is nothing man-made to call fog, you can smell Houston's natural by-product, which is money.

Money can also smell like people and fumes.

But if many of the people are employed construction workers (about 1.07 billion dollars in nonresidential and \$713,000,000 in residential construction reported in Houston in 1974); if the banks in your county have resources of 11.8 billion dollars; if salaries and wages paid are roughly 9.8 billion dollars; if you have a space center that contributes \$150,000,000 yearly to your economy; if your port handled 84,000,000 tons of cargo in 1974, it smells like Houston.

Nobody seems to worry about inhaling too much gold dust.

Houston is good to its groupies, the tourists who come to be photographed next to a big-name building or a monument to a champion.

I had my picture taken in the center field of the Astrodome, where Mickey Mantle stood in the first baseball game played there, in 1965. Mantle hit a home run, but Houston won, 2-1, establishing a one-game winning streak that is still thought of as pretty good.

The Astrodome—a creation of Judge

Roy Hofheinz, who borrowed the design from the Romans, then leased the facility to several teams that play like the Christians—is part of a complex including Astroworld (a Disneyland spin-off), astroshops and various hotels that form Astrodomain; and when the sun hits it just so, it looks like the earth has coughed up previously buried cities of gold.

There is only one Eighth Wonder of the World. Residents of Houston dismiss eyewitness sightings of the New Orleans Superdome as swamp gas. Being Eighth Wonder of the World is 121,000,000 times better than being Ninth Wonder of the World. This formula is computed by subtracting the cost of the Astrodome, about \$42,000,000, from the revised, projected cost of the Superdome, \$163,000,000.

The Astrodome is ten years old this year. Buildings seem to age faster than people.

I also had my picture taken with the San Jacinto Monument, because the man from San Antonio said it was truly one of the great pure-D tributes to American history.

"I heard the Washington Monument is more spectacular," I said.

"That is pure-D shit," he said.

His wife and children said nothing.

He said it was like this: Santa Anna, a pure-D asshole in anybody's book, had annexed the Alamo in 1836. Santa Anna had momentum. He followed General Sam Houston all the way to the San Jacinto River, where a colonel of the general's

said, "Remember the Alamo," which nobody could forget; then it happened.

"The Battle of San Jacinto," I said.

"You got it," he said.

"General Sam Houston and his men, outnumbered twelve hundred to nine hundred and ten, made a fight of it."

"Know how long the battle lasted?" he asked.

"Two days."

"Wrong. You should read up on your history, podner. It lasted eighteen minutes. Guess how many Mexicans got killed?"

"All but six."

"Wrong. There were six hundred and thirty killed, two hundred and eight wounded, the rest captured. Guess how many Texans were lost?"

"I have no idea."

"Wrong. Only nine. Nine is not six hundred and thirty."

"We want," said a child, "to go," said his brother, "to Disneyland," said their brother.

"This," the father said, "is why you have undoubtedly heard of the famous Texas Mystique, which says that it is impossible for one or more Texans to be outnumbered."

I said I had heard that Sam Houston was a sissy.

"Son," he said, "you are full of natural gas."

I stood next to the pure-D monument and smiled at the camera, gently cursing Santa Anna, who helped make all of this possible.

It is easy to feel right at home in Houston if you are in a dark lounge with a group of people who are also from out of town.

A man from Mobile says it is a scientific fact that he gets drunk quicker when he is away on business. Somebody said it was the 87 percent humidity. Somebody said it was the salt in the air. Somebody said it was the beer. The man from Mobile said it was because he wasn't allowed to drink at home. Somebody said all four of those were funny ones.

You must have rules. You must be a tourist. It is rule one, page one, paragraph one, written right here on the napkin.

Rule two specifies that the winner gets a free drink from each of the losers. Those are the rules. The unwritten rule is that cheaters never win.

"I," she said, "skated around Galleria at Post Oak shopping center. I am from Shreveport. The Galleria contains one hundred and twenty merchants and was designed and built by Gerald D. Hines of Gerald D. Hines Interests, which is responsible for more than one hundred and forty diversified projects. Hines created One and Two Shell Plazas and Pennzoil Place. Within the confines of the Galleria, I also bought two straw hats for

What? Sip Bacardi before you mix it?



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sixty-four dollars."

"Thank you very much."

The floor was open for questions.

"What exactly is it you weigh, my good woman?"

"One-ninety-two."

I asked if there was an ice-skating rink at the Galleria and, if there was, did she skate around it on skates? The answers were yes.

"Is it true you have skated before?"

"That is a damn lie."

A gentleman with a mustache rose and said, "I rode up the glass elevator at the Hyatt Regency Hotel twenty-five times. I was asked to leave because I was creating a hazard."

"Was this the elevator that President Nixon rode when he visited Houston early in 1974?"

"It was."

"Did you also ride the elevator down twenty-five times?"

"Absolutely."

"Can you spell rhinoceros backward?"

"S-o-r-e-k-i-n-o."

"Were you a guest at the Hyatt Regency at the time of this scenario?"

"No. I was a guest of the Sheraton-Lincoln across the street."

The next contestant said, "I walked through the Texas Medical Center, which is two hundred acres of twenty-five build-

ings, representing an investment of two hundred and eighty million dollars, and approximately seventeen thousand people work there."

He sat down.

"Do you have a son named Hay-soos?"

"No."

"What made your tour so meaningful?"

"I had a hundred-and-two fever at the time."

The next woman had toured the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center.

She did not know when the Space Center was built (1962), the number of acres involved (1640), how many Brazilian astronauts had died in outer space (none) or how far the Space Center was from downtown.

We shouted 22 miles at her.

I rose and explained that between the hours of nine A.M. and two P.M., I had had my picture taken in front of 21 impressive buildings, including Texas Eastern Transmission's downtown project, which will double the size of Houston's central business area. The 74-acre project will alter 33 city blocks. It will require about 15 years to complete.

"How many times bigger than Rockefeller Center in New York City will it be?"

"Two. Twice."

A man wearing a hand-lettered press sticker in his touring cap read from a brochure that the project would be three times bigger than Rockefeller Center.

I appealed.

By a hand vote, it was determined that the woman who had skated around Galleria was Tourist of the Day, for she had sprained both ankles.

Houston is not as kind to its season-ticket holders. There is professional football, basketball, baseball and hockey, but with the exception of the hockey Aeros, Houston's pro teams are best known for possessing the characteristics that come from repeatedly turning the other cheek.

Fortunately, the scoreboard at the Astrodome is a family scoreboard.

The Aeros, winners of their World Hockey Association division, have provided a temporary rallying point. A goal may not be as exhilarating as a picturesque one-foot sneak by a by-God all-American or a double by a by-God rawboned country boy, but ice hockey will do, since finishing first is American heritage enough.

It helps if the hero is Gordie Howe. Sometimes a combination of vowels and hyphens can confuse a Southern accent. Skate Jacques? Bust-his-ass Gordo is much better.

Two of Howe's sons are also regulars for the Aeros. It was suggested that Howe, 47, should wear a helmet to protect his skull and the Houston franchise.

"Helmets are the greatest thing in the world," he said, "for kids, not me."

A nice suntan should never be covered by a helmet.

The Houston Astros joined the old National League in 1961, and in 1962, the first year they played, finished eighth, which is not bad, since finishing eighth is much better than not having a team. This logic was to be debated at later dates, 1963 through 1974.

Since 1962, the Astros have finished ninth, ninth, ninth, eighth, ninth, tenth, fifth, fourth, fourth, second, fourth and fourth. The division of the National League into halves was responsible for the fourths and the fifth.

After combing the archive, the *Baseball Record Book*, you will notice that Houston individuals have, at one time or another, hit. Rusty Staub hit .333 in 1967. Jim Wynn had 37 home runs in 1967, which is impressive, since the only wind that blows out in the Astrodome is caused by shouts.

Staub and Wynn were traded.

Although it takes time to get your feet on the ground and it takes time to rebuild if this process is frequently interrupted by rebuilding, the Astros' public-relations people do not slump. The 1974 ticket campaign was, "Winning in '74. It's in the stars." There you have astrology.

A loyal season-ticket subscriber, when



"Exactly what do you mean, dear, when you say our lifestyle sucks?"

Announcing More a new experience in cigarettes.



Put your cigarette against it.

What's More? It's a whole new look in cigarettes. A whole new feel. A whole new length.

More is more by design.

It's the first 120 mm cigarette. It was conceived and engineered to give you an all-new smoking experience.

It's a longer and leaner cigarette. (Which makes it look terrific.)

It smokes slower and draws easy for more enjoyment. (Which means more time for those relaxing moments.)

It's More. With over 50% more puffs than a 100 mm cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more. (Which means more for your money.) And because More is more flavorful (yet surprisingly mild), it will be one of the most satisfying smoking experiences you'll ever have.

New Filter More.

Like no cigarette that ever was.

Because More is a cigarette that offers so much more, we felt it should look like more, too. So we've put it in an all-new cigarette wrap that's a handsome burnished brown.

More. It looks like more. It tastes like more. It's more in every way except price.

More. It sits neat in your hand like it was made for it and fits your face like it found a home.

New Menthol More.

It's a cooling blast.

If you like menthol, now you can have More Menthol.

More Menthol gives you more coolness, more tobacco enjoyment. It's the new 120 mm menthol cigarette that starts with a blast, and cruises you through the longest, slowest-burning, coolest-smoking experience you've ever had.

And just like More Filters, More Menthol gives you more for your money.

Over 50% more puffs than a 100 mm menthol cigarette.

More Menthol. Long, lean and burnished brown, it looks as cool as it smokes.

More Menthol. You don't have to pay more to get it. And once you've got it, you'll wonder where it's been all your life.



The first 120mm cigarette.

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asked his opinion of the Astros, said, "It's comfortable."

There are always the Texas Rangers of the American League up the road in Dallas. They are also comfortable.

Houston's National Football League team is, if anything, more spectacular, since 11 people per team play football, two more than baseball.

Houston won its game in 1973, defeating Baltimore, 31-27. The winning touch-down was scored with 32 seconds remaining on the clock, thereby proving that on a given day, any N.F.L. team is capable of defeating another N.F.L. team, if it does not mind losing 18 in a row first, which Houston did.

From 1970 through the 1973-1974 season, the Oilers had four head coaches, four defensive-line coaches, three defensive-back coaches, four offensive-line coaches, three linebacker coaches, three trainers, three general managers, three team physicians and several players. The Oilers made up for finishing 7-7 in 1974, their best record since 1968, by hiring another coach, O. A. Phillips. His nickname is "Bum."

Many people in Houston fish.

There are always the University of Houston Cougars.

About the only pros who play well in the Astrodome are George Foreman, Billie Jean King, Elvis Presley and Billy Graham.

Houston had an entry in the World Football League.

Houston has never been accused of not having enough balls.

. . .

All cities are not created equal. Some are born to riches. Spindletop, a major oil field near Beaumont, came in in 1901, creating a network of pipelines with Houston as distribution center.

Time flies, and you could easily conclude that the lack of zoning in Houston was nothing more than an oversight.

Houston has always been preoccupied with luring corporations, such as Shell, which moved 1200 workers from New York in 1970. The best way to attract a chairman of the board is to give him a shovel and a city map, and unless he has poor aim, he will likely build on a freeway, of which there are 193 miles in Houston and 198 more in various stages of development.

Chances are you would like Houston, unless you were prone to heat prostration, and even then, chances are you could build within range of one of the 56 hospitals in Harris County.

Houston got around to zoning most recently in 1962, and residents of Harris County mainly decided to go with what they already had; therefore, about all the zoning you will find is in incorporated communities within Houston's city limits.

There are "office parks" and "industrial

parks" that come equipped with appropriate facilities, but the sound of turning soil on a vacant lot could be enough to make a property owner plow his split-level into a parking lot in self-defense.

Many believe a lack of zoning (actually, it is not a lack of zoning, it is just no zoning) has contributed to Houston's balanced growth—balanced between downtown and suburbs and balanced sectionally.

Gerald D. Hines, who fought for zoning in 1962, has said he would likely fight the other way if it came to another vote. Kenneth Schnitzer, of Century Development, said projects such as his Greenway Plaza, a 127-acre development on Houston's west side, would not have been possible in a city with zoning.

Others believe that no zoning is actually hardening of the arteries, a condition identifiable by roads pointing everywhere.

Whatever it is, it is Houston's business, and in 1974, 34 major businesses moved to town.

. . .

It is man who is created equal. It is the law of God, the theory of man, the decision of the Internal Revenue Service that a life beginning in the ghetto is worth exactly the same deduction as a life beginning in splendid areas of town, such as Memorial and River Oaks. Too bad some people cannot read the Bill of Rights or the Bible.

River Oaks is west of downtown, in a pocket of prospering branches and Bermuda grass.

It is the South restored, great bulks of brick and board that sit well back into landscapes. Whereas some houses are deserving of numbered identification and Zip Codes, the manors of River Oaks suggest more subtle recognition, in honor of prevailing terrain, mood, or proper name of the merger that made it all possible.

Nobody would put a skyscraper near River Oaks, for fear of devaluing the property.

. . .

Go south on McGowan from downtown, past Ennis.

Mention parts of town such as this to the chamber of commerce and you get coughed on. If you do not wish to call it a ghetto, call it terminally poor.

A ghetto factor is proportionate to a city's net worth, because there has got to be somebody to deftly handle the horse-shit jobs, and the wealthier a city becomes, the more horse-shit jobs there are, so you have an ever-expanding society of tops of bottoms.

There are poor white parts of town and poor black parts of town and poor *chicano* and Mexican parts of town. Houston's population is about 20 percent black, ten percent Mexican and *chicano*. That is a lot of labor.

Houston's poor areas are fortunate in

that many of them border downtown, and from where I stood, I could clearly see the buildings that are frequently photographed from the air for brochures. The pictures are generally cropped before you get to where my red station wagon was parked.

. . .

I drove into a driveway in River Oaks, put the station wagon in park and walked across a yard. Somebody turned on the underground sprinkling system, and if you are from an area where moisture comes from the northwest, the sudden expulsion of water from beneath your feet can be startling, when you expected oil.

There is something about a yard connected to a mansion, fronted by aristocratic columns of white, framed by plants breathed on only by wind, that makes you want to explore. I found a dry spot and felt. The yard smelled like mint.

Houston is a greenhouse. Most anything will grow, and if you have an acre, you may choreograph a backdrop of magnolias, willows, mimosas and ivy that virtually feeds on compliments.

A boy came by.

"Hi, kid."

He is attractive. He should talk more.

"You live here, kid?"

"A kid is a goat."

"You live here, goat?"

He lives around here.

"You know how to kick a field goal?"

This yard should be in the N.F.L. Where I come from, the ground gets so hard you cannot make a place to tee up the ball unless you bring a glass of water."

I showed him how to dig your heel into the ground. He said his father was in insurance, which I would need if I kept plowing up yards in the neighborhood. He played soccer.

"You here for the yard?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"You're white."

"So was Johnny Appleseed."

"You don't look like a yardman."

"Horticultural supervisor."

"Let me see your card."

"What card? Look at these hands."

"They're white."

"I wear gloves."

"Pull a weed. Pull a weed or I'll call my mother."

If you cannot beat around the bush, you surround the weed. You then run your thumb and first finger down the stem, loosening the whole arrangement. If the vibes are good, you remove the weed by a vertical movement of the arm.

"That's a holly fern."

"What's a holly fern?"

"What you pulled."

"I know it's a holly fern."

"Why'd you pull it?"

"Holly ferns cause hay fever."

"You're full of crap."

"We in the trade refer to it as manure."

Before leaving River Oaks, I paused in



*"Dash it all, girl—do I have to teach you everything?
Where are the finger bowls?"*

a vacant lot to transplant the holly fern. I found a quarter in the dirt.

It gets dark early just off McGowan, about the 25th of the month, when you get out of money.

A boy wants a half. He does not want to borrow a half. Chances are, if nobody will give it to him, he will still get it, so I make it a lot easier. Sick relative? Sick of being poor.

I walked around the block. There were three young black men sitting in lawn chairs, propped against a building.

"Man is a got-damn detective of police," said the one on the end.

"Be nice," said the one in the middle.

"I'm nice," said the one on the other end.

I figured I was dead. It may be minutes, perhaps even a half hour. It was not that I wanted to die. Far from it. You do not always get what you want here.

"Detective of police," said the one who had spoken first, "I want to report the theft of a 1974 Cadillac convertible."

"Factory air."

"Tape deck."

If I am a detective of police, I must keep my hands in the open, since I am obviously armed to the teeth. One thing I could do is make a dash for my station wagon. Another thing I could do is tell them I am not a detective of police, but if I am, my partner would be lying on the floorboard, since we work in pairs.

"Man looks like Columbo."

"Sergeant Friday."

"Ain't Shaft."

I began to think of myself as a detective of police, and Houston-area policemen are not regarded as all that brilliant. The crime rate, particularly the number of murders, generally puts Houston in the first division of deadly cities. Police received much criticism for not solving any of the mass murders of the Heights area, discovered in 1973, until Wayne Henley shot Dean Corll, then told police where to find the 27 bodies, and the police took it from there. People are all the time demanding more officers, more protection. *It is difficult for us to anticipate the times and locations of murders. We mostly catch the crooks. Talk to the parents.*

"Police brutality."

"I'm hurt."

"Me, too."

A man looked up from across the street. An attractive woman walked by, wearing tight pants and not too much shirt, and the three young men began talking to her, proving that there is a contrary reaction to every action, as Newton said.

I got into the station wagon and drove away.

It seems that not many strangers visit the poorer areas of town. Except maybe detectives of police.

Some days, it can be difficult to establish an identity in a large city.

. . .

Sam Houston Park is downtown. Houston has more than 250 parks; Sam Houston is part of the 5450 acres that do not hold up water. In the park are reconstructed dwellings representing various periods of lifestyles and architecture.

There is a log cabin, below where freeways and parkways and ramps synchronize as if directed by Busby Berkeley, and the before-and-after illusion seems to imply that Houston is capable of defending itself against bullies, such as time.

As I looked at the log cabin, a Lincoln nearly ran through me, since I was in the street, and in Houston, pedestrians have all the rights of claim jumpers.

I sat on a park bench, next to the log cabin, where one may temporarily exempt himself from all but the fringe benefits of reality.

Houston has always been unlikely.

When the roads were dirt, they were described: "They were impassable; not even jackassable."

In 1954, the city traffic engineer, who was on Houston's side, said, "There is absolutely nothing more that can be done to speed up downtown traffic, except to further curtail curb parking or push the buildings back."

French journalist Pierre Voisin came directly to the point in 1962:

"There is no plan. I am horrified. Everyone is doing just as he pleases, building here and building there. Houston is spreading like a spilled bucket of water. If something isn't done about it quickly, it will be horrible, horrible."

Others complain about a lack of adequate mass transportation.

Houston dismisses such material as so much libel. There are 1,006,986 cars and 222,513 trucks in Harris County, which create plenty of mass.

Texas is politically conservative. When President Nixon visited Houston in 1974, he was asked news-conference questions such as, "How's your dog?" or "What do you think of cattle?" or "Is it true you ended the war, and would you care to elaborate?"

In 1973, however, Houston elected a liberal mayor, Fred Hofheinz, 37, son of Judge Hofheinz.

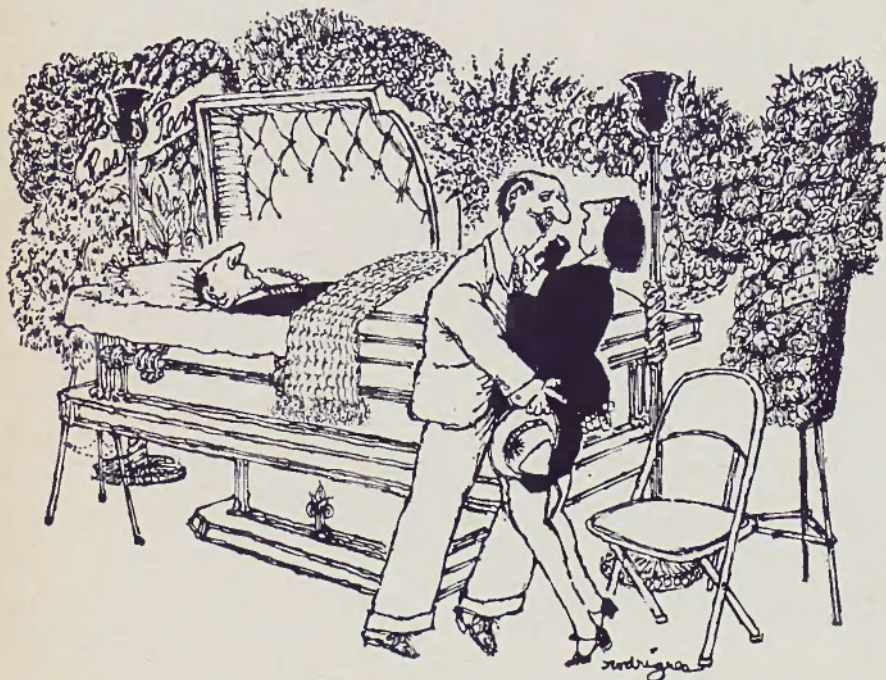
It will not sit still for analysis.

Houston's beauty is as much created as natural: Some 15 major, modern architects have been imitated in developments, and, therefore, the city's charm is in its almost flaunted individuality, which often requires a loved one to fully appreciate.

It has shrugged off as inconveniences a reduced space program, an energy crisis, whatever the hell that was, more than the usual office-space vacancies and shock waves from prevailing economic trauma, as if Houston has been assured that its greatness is permanent.

An airplane passed over me and the log cabin. It lolled contemptuously before banking to the left. It is one of ours. Go get 'em, boys. Give 'em hell in Acapulco.

Despite repeated assaults at a person's health, possessions, relatives and subconscious, you can almost feel indestructible in Houston.



"Hey! Be nice! You think I send a twenty-five-dollar wreath for nothin'?"

PITA! (continued from page 100)

beans stand, covered, 1 hour. (This step eliminates overnight soaking of beans.) Again bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer until beans are very tender—1½ to 2 hours. Do not undercook. Add more water, if necessary, to keep beans covered during cooking. Drain well. Remove bay leaf. Chop tomato coarsely. Remove pits from olives and chop coarsely. In salad bowl, combine beans, tomato, olives, egg, onion, parsley, dill and olive oil. Toss well. Add lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Toss well. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving, add more oil or lemon juice, if desired.

GREEK SALAD FOR PITA

- 1 quart mixed greens (lettuce, romaine, escarole, water cress, etc.)
- 8 Kalamata olives
- 4 ozs. *feta* or *hasseri* cheese
- 8 anchovy fillets, finely minced
- 2 large tomatoes, peeled and seeded
- 1 medium-size cucumber, peeled, thinly sliced
- 1 tablespoon very finely minced parsley
- 4 scallions, white and green parts, very thinly sliced
- ¼ cup fresh mint leaves, finely minced
- Olive oil
- Salt, freshly ground pepper
- Red-wine vinegar

Wash and dry greens. Use a paper towel, if necessary; there should not be a droplet of water left. Cut greens into thin strips. Drain olives. Crumble *feta* cheese or shred *hasseri* cheese through large holes of metal grater. Place greens, olives, cheese, anchovies, tomatoes, cucumber, parsley, scallions and mint in salad bowl and toss. Add 3 tablespoons oil and toss till all ingredients are thoroughly coated with oil. (If Kalamata olives are packed in oil only, 1 tablespoon of this oil may be included.) Add more oil, if desired. Season generously with salt and pepper. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar or more to taste. Toss thoroughly. Chill well.

CUCUMBER-AND-RADISH SALAD WITH YOGHURT

- 1 medium-size cucumber
- ¼ cup thinly sliced red radishes
- 2 scallions, very thinly sliced
- 1 tablespoon very finely minced fresh mint
- 2 cups yoghurt
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 medium-size clove garlic
- Salt, white pepper
- Peel cucumber and cut into ¼-in. dice. Combine cucumber, radishes, scallions,

mint, yoghurt, oil and lemon juice. Force garlic through garlic press into mixture. Toss well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill well.

GARLIC SAUCE WITH PINE NUTS (1½ cups sauce)

- ¼ cup pine nuts, lightly toasted
- 2 slices stale white bread
- 1 egg
- 1 cup olive oil
- ¼ cup lemon juice or white vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 2 or 3 large cloves garlic

If pine nuts (*pignolias*) are not toasted, place in moderate oven 5 to 8 minutes until they turn light yellow (they should not be browned), then cool. Place in blender and blend until they are finely pulverized. Soak bread in cold water. Squeeze gently to remove excess water. Break into small pieces. Add egg, oil, lemon juice, salt and sugar to blender and blend until smooth. Add bread. Force garlic through garlic press into blender and blend until smooth. Add more salt, if desired. Chill well. As sauce stands, it tends to become thicker. Thin with cold water or lemon juice, or both, if desired.

Now, all you have to do is enjoy yourself—for *pita's* sake!



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SPOILS OF BUENAVISTA

overalls looking ill at ease and grinning in a way MacBean did not understand. Suddenly, he vanished after the others.

The girl stood motionless, tall as he was, full-breasted, full-hipped, wearing black boots, a black, full skirt, a black jacket with a profusion of white ruching at the throat. Her nose was the nose of the boy in the blue uniform in the painting. Her shining hair was wound into a bun on the left side of her head, and now her left hand rose to touch it, while her right hand, holding the riding crop, fell to her side.

"We are at your mercy, *Señor Capitán*," she said in a low voice. "Will you abuse us?"

"Who is the *patron* here, *señorita*?"

"Don Pedro de Valdivia, my father, *señor*."

"And where is he, *Señorita de Valdivia*?"

Her pallid lips half-opened. She touched them with the pointed tip of her tongue and closed them again. "Here?" he asked, and she inclined her head. Now her left hand was at her throat and a crucifix had appeared in it.

MacBean said harshly, "My men were fired upon and one killed when we had

(continued from page 92)

offered you no abuse, *señorita*."

"What will your men do with Padre Cipriano?" she whispered.

"They will shoot him." They would shoot her father also, and probably shoot her unless he prevented it. He watched her lips work. Her eyes were so dark they seemed to be all pupil.

She said, "But you do not speak the truth, *señor*, when you say you offer us no harm. You have come to rob the decent and to violate the pure. We know of your doing, you see."

He was touched in spite of himself, nor could he help grinning. He had captured something very rare here, but so much a part of himself it was as though he had known her all his life. No doubt she was a stupid, arrogant woman like all her class, clad in those fanatic Spanish obsessions of honor and virtue and religion, like a coat of mail.

Now she slumped a little. "Please, *señor*," she said. "You do not seem to be one of these degenerate murderers—please, if you could help me to make my way to Guadalajara. There are friends there who will. . . ."

Her voice faded to silence. She stood straighter, staring at him, and he was

touched again by the fear in her great-pupiled eyes. He strolled past her, thumbs hooked into his cartridge belt. It pleased him to realize that she was in his power. Her request was simple enough to gratify. He would send her into Guadalajara with an escort and a note to General Justo. Possibly she would be grateful to him, but more probably she would accept his assistance as no more than her due. Outside there was a volley of rifle fire.

As he turned toward her, pain exploded in his face. He reeled away from her riding crop. He tripped on the pillow the priest had knelt on, stumbling to his knees, a hand raised to fend off the slashing whip. She had a revolver. Dropping her quirt, she aimed it at him with both hands. He flung himself aside. The blast seemed to burst his eardrums. He thought she had killed him, but he leaped at her with hot fluid pouring into his eyes, to twist the revolver away. He couldn't see: He heard the crack of her running heels. He swiped with his sleeve at the blood dripping into his eyes.

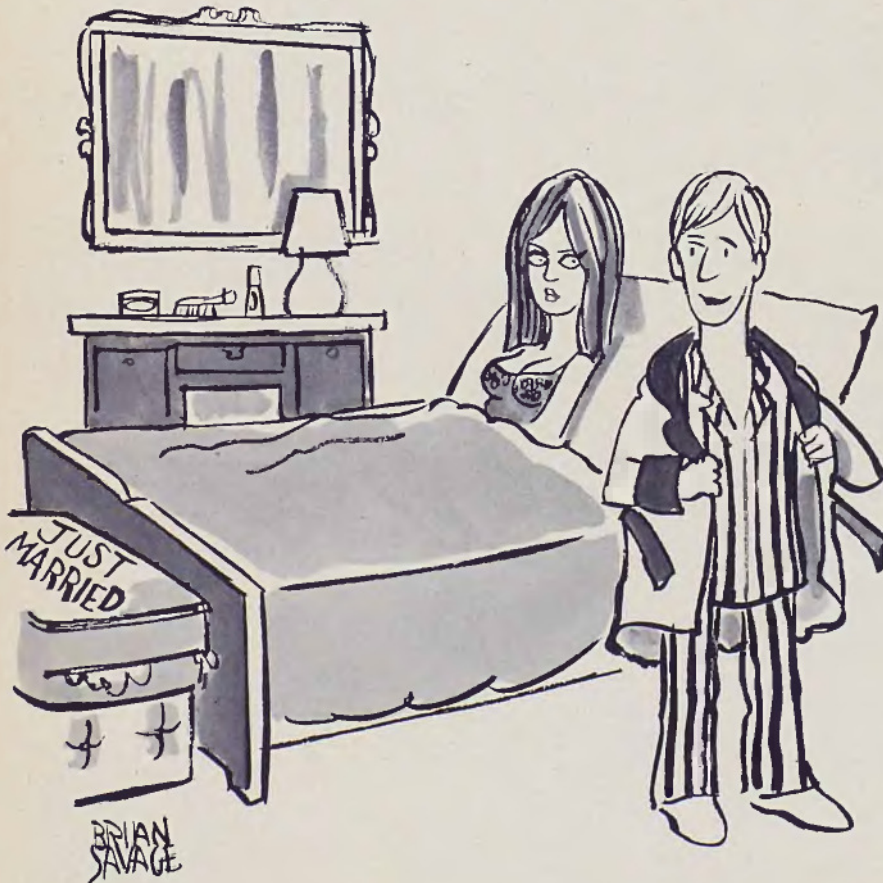
He caught her in the hall, jerked her around and slapped her with all his strength. She fell, bunching herself into a black-clad ball as he stood over her, panting. He reached down to catch the knot of hair and dragged her back along the hall over the polished tiles and into the chapel again. He released her hair, grasped her jacket and, hauling her to her feet, tore it off. She shrank against the altar while he stood spread-legged before her, swiping at the blood that ran into his eyes. The blood on his hands infuriated him. With another jerk, he tore her blouse away and wiped his face with it. She was murmuring; she was praying.

She faced him in her shift and skirt, a torn sleeve of her blouse still on one arm, arms folded over her breast. On her white cheek was the shape of his hand, part pink bruise, part bloodstain. Her hair hung loosely down one shoulder. He bent to pluck up the riding crop she had discarded for the revolver and, with a sudden vicious movement, slashed her arms.

She cried out. Her upper teeth showed in pain. They made flat grooves on her lower lip. Gently he brushed his forehead with her camellia-scented blouse and looked at his blood staining the cloth.

"Please, *señor*," she whispered. "Do not hit me anymore."

Holding the riding crop poised in his right hand, her blouse in his left, he slashed her yet again before she began to undress. He was cautious enough to place her revolver, a heavy .44, its butt opulently inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, along with the encumbrances of his own revolver and cartridge belt, on a chair on the other side of the little chapel from the sobbing girl, the altar and the pillow before it.



"A virgin? Really? I've always liked virgins!"

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DIONNE WARWICKE

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86 PROOF

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CLARK GHENT'S SCHOOL DAYS

will say that. Like when them six Arnold County truckers found him and Beth Ann Pease parked on a turnout one night and thought they'd have some fun and Clark couldn't stand it. The Red Cross seemed happy to have the work.

And then when Beth Ann told him one day between classes how she'd gone and missed her period, Clark give a great howl and run right through the chemistry lab, and I don't mean in one door and out another, but right through both walls, lab tables, sinks, desks, everything.

He got an A once in chemistry, by the way, as amazing as that sounds and considering his intelligence, which wasn't much more than a rumor. He got perfect scores in analyzing unknown compounds and such. He could tell what was in them by taste. For two bits he'd drink an Erlenmeyer flask full of sulphuric acid.

Now, right there was a big part of the problem, you understand, that you couldn't hardly hurt old Clark with anything less impressive than a flame thrower or antitank gun. And even then it wasn't so much that you couldn't punish the big ox without blowing your own self all to hell, but that I don't expect Clark ever did get a clear idea of the notion of *pain*, or *harm*, other than that they happened to everybody else and were not regarded favorably. I know for a fact you couldn't poison him, as he would drink a half gallon of gas on a February morning just to cut the chill. We cut his hair with an acetylene torch.

Even so, he always was jumpy around electricity and deep water, and loud noises would set him off like a hare, as I will relate shortly.

But a lot of damage he done was on account of that he wasn't normal and couldn't live a normal kind of life, which is not so important in a big metropolis, but which in Littleville was like spitting on the cross or being made out of live toads. For instance, the place was absolutely crazed over high school sports, but they wouldn't let Clark compete, though they would have had to give over whole chapters of the record books to him, on account of such early incidents as with Kraut and the fact that the other teams wouldn't show up, nor even Clark's teammates. Because all he had to do to attract ambulances was to sneeze in a crowd.

It wasn't easy on him, is what I'm trying to say.

His sex life was no bed of roses, either, for your information. You take a guy can put his middle finger through a sheet of boiler plate or drop-kick a cement mixer with one toe, you can imagine the potential of some of his other extremities; you get my meaning. I mentioned Beth Ann—she was one of the rare few women could accept Clark's favors without repenting later on the critical list. Beth Ann

(continued from page 148)

had rode state rodeo for five years or she would have gone into traction.

The only woman who would—or could—take him on regular was Buffalo Rose, who was one of the girls at Annie Wakely's Towne House in Gummon. Rose was built like a jukebox and wrestled mules at the state fair. It was Rose first called Clark the "man of steel," and she'd spent World War Two in San Diego and could bust a Nehi bottle with her thing, so she should have knowed.

In addition to which, whatever power Clark carried in his hide was in his seed, too. Clark could get a woman pregnant by fooling with himself in the next room. Beth Ann, as I say, got knocked up the only time he humped her, and even then he swore he was wearing four dollars' worth of Trojans. Beth Ann miscarried after two months.

Doc Ganch told some guys at the Rotary that it looked like the fetus had been trying to make a break for it.

And finally Clark had naturally in his imbecility come down with a rash of the crabs, which of course proved to be some fierce mutant strain that laughed at blue water and thought A-200 Pyrinat was Kool-Aid. This was no real nuisance though, since he could just mash the buggers by banging away at his crotch with a ball-peen hammer. Guys would pay half a buck to watch.

The consequence of all this was that all you had to do was get Clark alone in a room with a girl and she'd yell for the sheriff.

So anyway, you eliminate fighting,

sports and fucking from a teenage boy's schedule, and you get some real tension.

Like, there was the evening I was trying to fix the radio. Clark had burnt a hole through it with an angry glance the previous winter, when the Browns lost the N.F.L. championship to Detroit. Me and Uncle John and Aunt Martha was on the porch just before dusk with the cool and the crickets and all.

"Clark gone off to see the Brockwaite girl again?" John asks.

"Yes he has," frets Martha, "and I'm worried. Lamar Brockwaite don't trust Clark at all, ever since Clark went showing off for the girl and bent Lamar's plowshare into a big sword. Lamar Brockwaite keeps a loaded rifle by his door when they're together, and I don't feel right about it."

"Well," John comforts her, "I'd worry about the U.S.S. Lexington before I'd worry about Clark. He's a big——"

This assurance was broke through by a loud report from down the post road, followed by this dazzling blur of color, which swooshed toward us across the open fields and then through the yard, sucking up dust, leaves, tools and a few chickens into its wake. This blur was Clark. Behind him, losing ground, was a slug from a Remington 306.

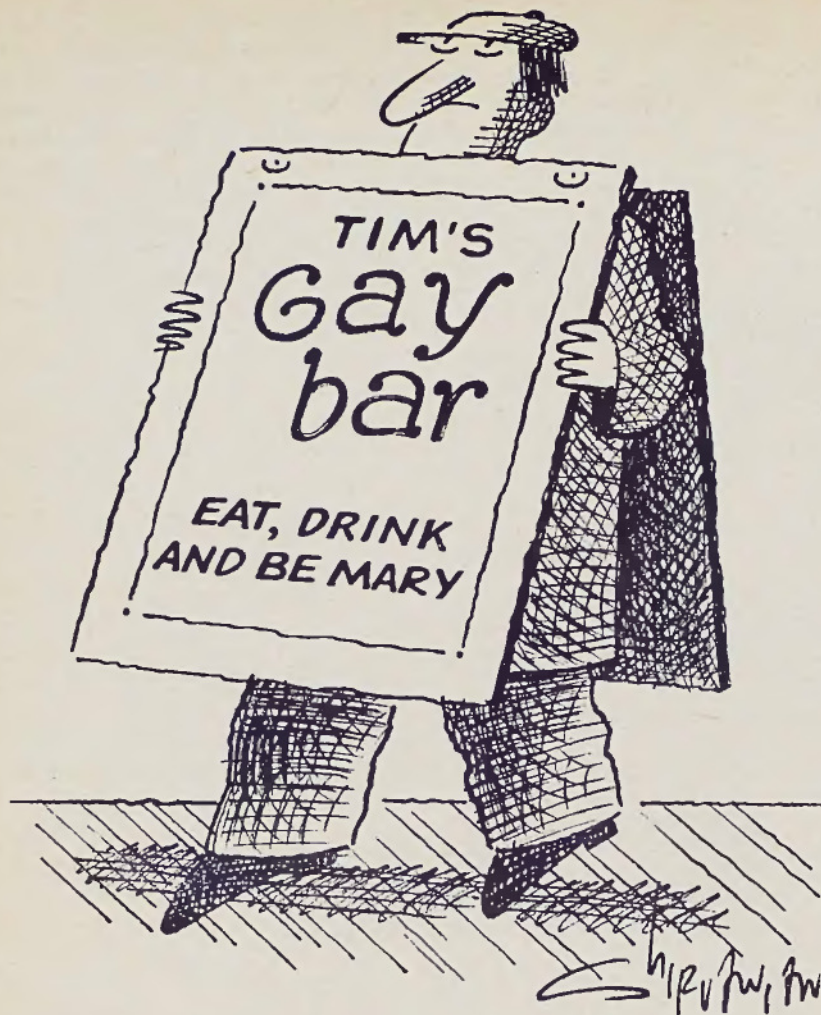
"God Jesus," I says in a croak, "he's goin' faster than a speeding b——"

"I know," John cuts me off, scratching his chin with thought.

And there was some real edgy moments in his senior year, but finally they graduated Clark along with the rest of his class. "A carrot could have gotten better grades," the principal told John, "but in



"Got you at last, man of a thousand faces!"



another year the school would have looked like Pearl Harbor."

After the ceremonies and all the snuffling had subsided, we took Clark back out to the house and had a chat in the yard.

"You got superpowers, you know that, boy?" says John.

"Yeah, I been thinkin' about that, Pa," Clark nods uneasily.

"Well, your pa and I have been doin' some thinkin', too," says Aunt Martha, taking the reins, "and we've decided that what with your superpowers and all, you owe it to mankind to fight for truth and justice and the American Way, and so on."

"What if mankind don't want the American Way?" says Clark. You got to remember, this was before Jack F. Kennedy.

"Horseshit," says John, impatient. "You just cross that bridge when you come to it. I seen you make more trouble than a B-49. You shouldn't have no problem getting your own way."

"Now, I sewed you a suit, here, out of your baby blanket," says Martha, "and I want you to wear it when you're fighting for truth and justice, since it's strong like you are, what with it being from the same

place you are and all, and it's the only thing you got that never come apart while you was wearing it."

"Aw, Ma." Clark shuffles his feet and goes all red in the face. But around here, "Honor thy father and mother" is not loose talk, and so he went and put it on.

It was the most ridiculous goddamned thing you ever saw.

It was all blue and red, with a big S on the front, and I'll be damned to this day if I know why Martha put an S there, unless maybe it was because her maiden name was Stanyard and she figured Clark took after her half of the family, or maybe it was for Sweetheart, which she would call him as, or a dollar sign without the lines. The best and most appropriate thing would be Stupid, of course, but I wouldn't give Aunt Martha that much credit nor so cold a heart.

And it had red boots and a sort of red jockstrap and some trim and it fit the poor simple son of a bitch like a coat of Kem-Tone. I mean, it didn't leave a whole lot to the imagination, it being a stretch fabric and him having grown some in 18 years. Grown some! I tell you, he looked like the most dangerous queer that ever

lived. Kind of like a cross between Sonny Liston and Tinker Bell.

The damn thing even had a big red cape hanging down the back, because Martha had never had a train at her wedding, and no daughters, and always wanted to sew one, so there it was. Growing up at the knee of that woman, I sometimes am amazed that kid didn't go out and destroy the whole planet with his bare hands.

What actually did happen was that John finally says, "Well, you best be getting along now, Clark. Go off to the big city and knock around a spell."

"Pa," Clark brightens, "I ain't got any money."

"Get a job!" John snaps at him. "You big dumb clod, you got a body like King Kong. You could do two weeks' work in 45 minutes. Go look up the Green Bay Packers or the Defense Department or the Ringling Brothers. Be somebody else's headache for a while."

"But till then, though." Clark was still hanging on. "For train fare and like that."

"Listen, bud," John lectures at him, "them legs of yours, you ought to be able to jump all the way to Baltimore. What you need a train for? Love of Jesus, you're stronger than a goddamn locomotive. Never did see how far you could jump. Hell, I bet you could jump over goddamn Lake Michigan if somebody told you there was a cathouse on the other side. Go on, jump the hell out of here."

"OK, Pa," Clark says reluctantly, and he goes and flexes these great roppy muscles of his till they are coming out on his legs like hawsers, and takes a series of whooshing deep breaths until we are hanging on to the fruit trees in the gusts. And finally he says, "Here goes!" and crouches down and poises and then springs away in this huge, volcanic, roaring, mighty, supersonic leap, straight up. You should of been there, there was tornado warnings all the way to Council Bluffs, and I broke my shoulder when I landed on the garage. He leaped straight up and went straight up and up and up, till he was a bird and then a fly and then a pinhead and then nothing. I mean, straight up.

"Well," says Martha, getting to her feet, "that's that."

And, by God, it was.

We really figured we'd hear about the big simpleton on the TV or in the news. You'd think a guy can burn holes in a bank while balancing boxcars on his head would get some attention. But we never heard a thing.

Hell, we didn't even know which way to listen. After all, he left home traveling straight up. Or straight out, if you want to take that view. Like Uncle John would say afterward: "Big dimwit; didn't know his own strength."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 76)

question about my planned trip to the Middle East: "How are you going to be able to talk to the shah about the price of oil?" And I said, he's "a nut about oil prices."

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the problem was that the shah did not understand American slang?

SIMON: Oh, I think he does now.

PLAYBOY: After your Middle East trip, you predicted that the price of oil would drop to about six to eight dollars a barrel. It is now more than \$11. Do you still feel the prices will come down?

SIMON: Why, of course, they're going to come down. It's not a matter of whether prices will come down, it's *when!* And no one knows when. Unfortunately, when I make a statement like that and a reduction isn't reported in the next day's newspapers, everyone gets worked up and assumes it won't happen. The fact is, that's a political as well as an economic question. The economics of a cartel, the politics of the entire Middle East and the Arab-Israeli problem—all of these are intertwined in this very complex area and will require very delicate negotiations. It's in the best interests of the producers as well as the consumers to have lower oil prices so they can have an assurance of a long-term market. So they'll come down. They cannot sustain the oil prices at this level for a prolonged period of time, given the economic damage that it's going to do to the nations of the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the goal of Project Independence, which would make us free from dependence on any foreign sources for energy requirements ten years from now, is still realistic?

SIMON: Of course it's realistic. We're blessed with a superabundance of natural resources in this country; so we have the ability for self-sufficiency. That doesn't mean that we're not going to import oil. We've always imported oil. But I presume we would not deplete our reserves the way we did the last time.

PLAYBOY: Why not establish a Federal oil-and-gas corporation to test the feasibility of new methods and perhaps to set up a sort of yardstick?

SIMON: I think the fellow who proposed the Federal Oil and Gas Corporation had a marvelous sense of humor, because if you look at its acronym, it's FOGCO. And any person who makes a suggestion that the Federal Government can do better than our great free-enterprise system—well, he and I part company immediately, both philosophically and realistically. The Federal Government does almost everything that it attempts in a most inefficient and wasteful fashion. Government is a menace. We have more government than we need, more government than most people want and certainly more government than anybody's willing to pay for.

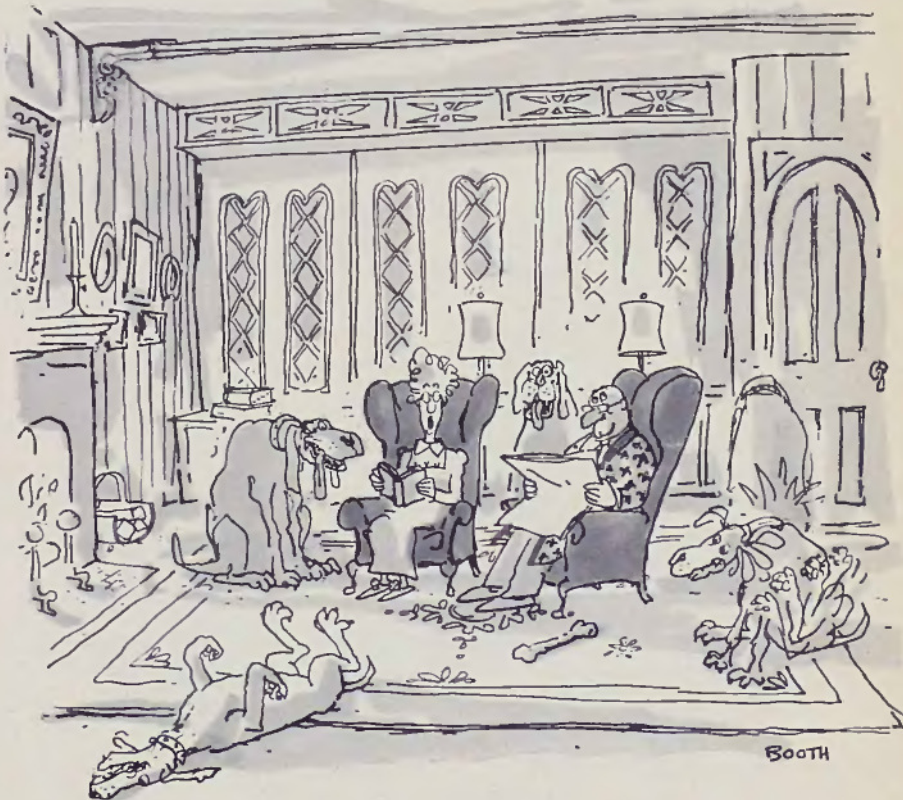
PLAYBOY: Well, at this point, early in 1975, what do you foresee happening over the next year—as best you can predict it?

SIMON: I'm glad you added that last part. We see the first half of the year as a period of negative growth, with the economy bottoming out this summer and then starting an upturn. This upturn will continue in the fourth quarter and into 1976, with a diminution in interest rates, which will help restore consumer confidence. This, of course, is based on the assumption that we don't do anything as silly as Government has done in the past—such as overstimulating the economy. That would lead us down the same road we've traveled so many times, where the Government presents the American people with more bills to pay for its irresponsible policies. We refused to pay these bills in the past, and each succeeding time they came due, the amounts were larger and larger. But, see, this is the central problem: We hardly ever do anything in Government for the long-run good of the country. Most everything we do in Washington is aimed at the next election; that's the long run here, and that's too bad. Government *can* do better, and it's up to an enlightened American public to see that it does.

PLAYBOY: You've been under quite a lot

of pressure in Washington for a couple of years now. How has it affected you?

SIMON: I've got a few burns and bruises to show for it. And I suppose the past two years must surely be equivalent to ten years in any other field. But I must say, I wouldn't have missed out on all of this, and I think the country would be better off if more people left the private sector to help fight these battles in Washington. Some people say I work too hard, but I frankly don't know any other way of coping with the many problems that cross my desk. Some have also said I'm too hard on my associates, but it's simply that I'm impatient with inefficiency—people already get plenty of that from their Government. Obviously, we Americans expect an awful lot from their public leaders; we harass them and blast them or we set them up on pedestals, pretending they're not like other mortals. Even so, some survive the ordeal and manage to do a real job. One of those, I might add, is President Ford. Another President, Harry Truman, summed it up by saying, "If you can't stand the heat, you should stay out of the kitchen." Well, I think I can—at least I have so far. And I'm going to stay in there, fighting for sensible Government policies with all my strength. The people have every right to expect nothing less.



"Sinclair . . . life seemed more genteel before the dogs."

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 59)

propaganda circulated by this group of capitalistic youngsters who have a profit motive in the making.

Let's face facts! Toilet rooms in public places are the most abused parts of buildings. Someone must pay for supplying, cleaning and repairing toilets. This is how coin locks help keep rest rooms in good condition.

I have been in a toilet-related business for more than 30 years and I feel I know more about this field than any of the CEPTIA kids. Let's start a worthwhile campaign to stop the abuse of public toilets instead of publicizing a group that is helping to destroy building managements' incentive for providing clean facilities.

Robert L. Stambach
Toilet Sanitarian
The Nik-O-Lok Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

It's really not our wish to be sucked

any more deeply into the swirling pay-toilet controversy but we can't imagine what profit motive the CEPTIA people have, unless they're a "capitalistic" front for some powerful Washington towel-and-toilet-paper lobby that considers free toilets good for business.

DOWN-HOME DRAGON

Oklahoma City district attorney Curtis Harris has been coming on like a dragon of late—threatening to imprison a bevy of fair maidens who have aroused his wrath. Harris, who snorts fire at the mention of anything to do with sex, launched a massive campaign against nude dancing resulting in the arrest of two dozen young women entertainers. To the rescue rode attorney Stephen Swanson, who succeeded in having cases against 21 topless dancers dismissed. He defended two more women in a trial that ended in a hung jury (*Forum Newsfront*, January). Finally, in the trial

of still another nude dancer, he not only won acquittal for his client but also brought the dragon himself to bay, calling Harris as an expert witness on contemporary community standards.

After examining some magazines, including PLAYBOY, Harris testified that he was not aware these magazines were sold in the Oklahoma City area. Shown a copy of the November 1974 issue of PLAYBOY and asked specifically if he felt that the magazine would be patently offensive to the ordinary person, Harris turned to the centerfold and said, "I see a picture here that I think any law-abiding citizen in Oklahoma City should be offended by." He also testified that he had never heard of Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci and said that he had never seen, in any art museum or elsewhere, nude paintings or other depictions of the human body intended for public exhibit. Adopting a down-home defensive posture, Harris said, "I was raised on a farm picking cotton. I'm not familiar with classical artists." Not disarmed, Swanson pressed Harris over his methods in prosecuting obscenity cases, which led to a shouting match that was stopped by the judge. After 20 minutes' deliberation, the jury acquitted the accused young woman. And the dragon withdrew to lick his wounds.

(Name withheld by request)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

EQUAL PROTECTION

Police in Franklin County, Ohio, charged a theater operator with exhibiting obscene material and seized copies of *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* as evidence. When municipal judge James A. Pearson viewed the films, he discovered that all the scenes of explicit sexuality had been deleted, and he therefore declared the films not obscene under the most recent U. S. Supreme Court ruling. But, noting the theater had advertised it was showing "the one and only *Deep Throat*," he criticized the police for totally ignoring this fraudulent claim and declared, "Citizens who enjoy pornographic movies are entitled to the same protection of law-enforcement officers as those who enjoy religious movies."

John E. White
Westerville, Ohio

THE FRENCH CORRECTION

Historical research I've been doing has turned up an interesting bit of information. To wit: The activity we call French kissing may first have been recognized as a method of sexual stimulation not on the Continent but in Merry Old England. It seems that when Henry VIII tired of his second wife, Anne Boleyn, and became interested in Jane Seymour, he accused Anne of infidelity, alleging adultery with numerous courtiers and even her own brother. One of the counts of



MIKE BROWN

"Well, I'll be damned. A Peeping Uncle Tom!"

indictment returned against her reads, in part: "The Queen . . . procured and incited her own natural brother, George Boleyn . . . to violate her, alluring him with her tongue in the said George's mouth, and the said George's tongue in hers."

Thus, Henry's second wife may have played the definitive role in promoting what we blithely refer to as Frenching. Of course, it's unlikely that common usage will be corrected in the interest of historical accuracy; I don't think the act will be referred to in the future as "Englishing."

Ed Moore
Durham, North Carolina

THE SPANKING JUDGE

The *New York Times* carried a story about a judge who's a hands-down, no-competition candidate for Wowser of the Year. For moralism at its meanest and most malevolent, meet the spanking judge, His Honor Daniel Futch:

A 20-year-old woman with a congenital heart defect, convicted last year for marijuana possession, began a two-year prison sentence yesterday because she violated parole by living with her mother.

Daniel Futch, chief judge of the Broward County [Florida] Circuit Court Criminal Division, ordered probation revoked . . . on the ground that Elizabeth Ortiz had resumed living with her mother, deemed unfit by the judge because the mother's boyfriend sometimes spent the night with her.

"It's like raising a child," Judge Futch said in a telephone interview. "They have to know that if they violate parole, they're subject to be spanked."

The judge said he believed the girl would be better off in prison than with her mother who, in his view, holds "improper moral values."

We treat judges like little gods. We dress them in black robes, stand up when they enter the courtroom, seat them on high benches and address them in servile tones. We give them virtual life-and-death power over those brought before them. Is it any wonder some men so deified forget themselves and behave with capricious cruelty? Thank you, your honor; it's been an education just reading about you.

Robert Fleming
San Francisco, California

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BILL SCHWARTZ

ON THE SCENE

EUGENE FODOR *first fiddle*

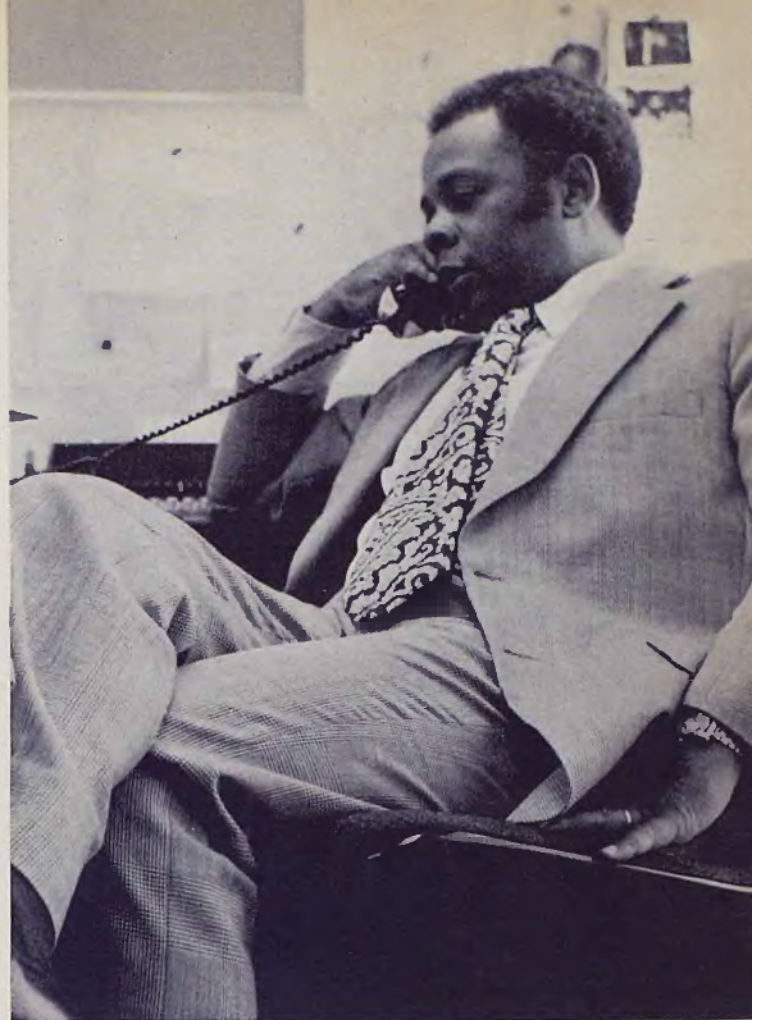
"I'M A BORN extrovert—I'm not going to lie about it. At the age of eight, I knew I wanted to be a soloist. And if I had ever thought I would be buried in an orchestra, I probably would have quit." That's the confession of Eugene Fodor, a 25-year-old violinist from Turkey Creek, Colorado, who is currently the hottest thing on the classical-music circuit. He enjoys that status partly because, last summer, he won top honors at Moscow's Tchaikovsky Competition—the first American since Van Cliburn to score there; as a result, Fodor is assured of 100 concerts a year for the next few seasons (and a long-term recording contract with RCA). But, as he points out, he was doing fine before that, since he'd already toured most of the world and played with its greatest orchestras. It figured that Eugene would be able to handle a violin: His father, a contractor, handles one pretty well as an amateur, and his older brother handles one professionally for the Denver Symphony. But our hero—who started at seven, after pestering his parents for a year—has always been something special. By his middle teens, he had pretty well mastered the technical stuff: "That's just teaching your fingers their surroundings—the strings of the instrument—the same way blind people become acquainted with the furniture in a room." Since then, it's been more a matter of living and loving, learning about emotions and how they can be expressed in music. "I've had several love affairs—in fact, I almost got married—so I *feel* a hell of a lot more than I did at eighteen," says Eugene, who has been called the Mick Jagger of the concert hall. Of course, there are other things in his life—such as motorcycling and horseback riding. And Eugene feels that *all* his interests contribute to his artistry: "I can't think of anything worse than to be practicing twelve hours a day or to be thinking music, music, music all the time." Which is an OK attitude for Fodor, because he's been given something even he can't explain. The rest of us had better practice.



WILLIAM RASPBERRY *capital improvement*

A FELLOW JOURNALIST has called him the Lone Ranger, but William Raspberry, 39-year-old, widely syndicated urban-affairs columnist of *The Washington Post*, gets the bad guys with words, not silver bullets. His column zeroes in on his personal interests and on those issues that affect the black community—notably, drug abuse, public education (“Massive busing solely for the purposes of racial integration is a waste”) and criminal justice (“People who believe it pays to get tough do not admit they were wrong when it doesn’t work; they simply get tougher”). When digging for information, he skips press briefings in favor of conducting personal interviews. What’s important to Raspberry is asking the right questions: “We keep asking and answering the wrong questions and, as a result, we don’t solve any problems.” Although Raspberry is deeply concerned with the plight of the black, his skepticism about simplistic solutions to complex problems has irritated both militants and Uncle Toms. That, to him, is a plus; he sees himself as a member of the radical middle and his column as a living organism, within which his views can change and grow instead of being firmly set for all time. Born and raised in Mississippi, Raspberry moved North, was graduated from Indiana Central College and worked as a reporter-photographer-editor for the *Indianapolis Recorder*. In 1962, he landed a job at the *Post*—as a library assistant. Quickly working his way up through a succession of jobs—teletype operator, general-assignment reporter, copy editor and assistant city editor—he earned his own column in 1965. That first year, he received the Capital Press Club’s Journalist of the Year award for his coverage of the Watts riots in Los Angeles, and he’s been piling up the prizes ever since. This year, Raspberry was selected to serve on the juries for both the Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Award and the Pulitzer Prize. We suspect his fellow journalists are more than a little relieved that he’s a judge, not a competitor.

BEN MARTIN



ED STREEKY/CAMERA 5

BAD COMPANY *good company*

ANYONE FOR BASICS? Bad Company, a metallic blues-based British rock group, has resuscitated and revitalized a style and sound all too rare on the current music scene—rock ‘n’ roll without the gimmicks. “It wasn’t any kind of master plan,” says Mick Ralphs, 27, who left the lead-guitar slot and stagy antics of Mott the Hoople to form Bad Company. “It was just a shared feeling that we wanted to put more reality into the scene.” In 1973, he got together with Paul Rodgers, 25, former lead singer with Free, a band wracked by personality clashes, and began scratching out the music that, with Rodgers’ gutsy voice, distinguishes Bad Company’s hard-ass approach. Simon Kirke, 26, the rocking-soul drummer (also out of Free), compares Bad Company’s music to British rock of the late Sixties—“ballsy, down to earth, without pretensions.” The epitome of cultivated scruffiness, Bad Company tours without glitter or even platform shoes and there are none of the murky mind trips that bassist Boz Burrell left behind when he split from King Crimson. “All those bands, throwing in everything but the kitchen sink, the whole thing has gotten out of hand,” says Rodgers. With the firm conviction that rock is *simple*, Bad Company retreated to the English countryside, plugged into a mobile studio in an Airstream trailer and put together a carefully underproduced album, *Bad Co.*, which sold over 1,000,000 copies within months of its U.S. release and was nominated for a Grammy. These days, due to a second hot album called *Straight Shooter* and a world tour that’s tearing ‘em up, Bad Company is increasingly tagged as a supergroup; but in a time when you can’t tell the supergroups without a score card (or at least a subscription to *Rolling Stone*), it’s in no hurry to claim that distinction. Says Ralphs: “Supergroups are people who don’t know each other but are brilliant musicians. We do know each other, and that makes us what we are—a band.”

LIGHT BRIGADE

(continued from page 121)

feat on their Harley-Davidson 74s, or Norton Atlases. Those reckless pioneers soon discovered the meaning of ground clearance (a well-placed rock could tear a low-slung exhaust pipe right out from under them) and traction (the rubber-band-sized treads on a highway tire couldn't pull a quarter-ton bike out of a ditch or a sandy beach). Obviously, a different kind of motorcycle was needed. (Fans of *Then Came Bronson*—the TV series of a few years past—may have noticed that whenever their hero took his chopper off the road, it miraculously changed into a dirt bike outfitted to look like a Harley.) The few riders who got bitten by the desert bug stripped their Triumphs and BSAs down to the frame and added knobby tires, but those make-shift changes weren't enough. A road bike is built for main-line comfort—the weight, steering geometry and gearing are designed to handle highways that were intended for cars—where a driver isn't expected to make more than one decision every hour. A few companies responded to the demand for off-road vehicles with "scrambler" versions of their road bikes—upswept pipes, knobby tires, a larger sprocket on the rear wheel, a steel plate to protect the underbelly of the engine. A slight improvement, but you can't break a thoroughbred for range riding. Eventually, engineers realized that a different breed was needed and

set out to build the mechanical equivalent of the quarter horse.

The bikes shown are the result of several years of research and development—projects fueled by an awesome market. During the early Seventies, increasing numbers of Americans took their pursuit of happiness to the end of the road and beyond, leaving a trail of dollar bills. Because form follows function, the similarities between off-road machines are greater than the differences. Superlight materials, a simplified frame and an eye for the absolute necessities of travel have brought the weight down to under 300 pounds. Narrow tanks and seats, longhorn handlebars, larger wheels, higher ground clearances and flexible suspensions make the machines more maneuverable, if somewhat less comfortable. And most of the bikes have single-cylinder two-cycle engines that are light, easy to repair and develop incredible stump-pulling torque when channeled through a high-ratio gearbox. Climb into the saddle of one of these machines, find a desert, a fire road or a plot of land about to be claimed by a housing project and you'll experience a total involvement with the environment that people in four-wheel portable living rooms will never know. As William Blake wrote, close to 200 years ago, "Improvement makes straight roads; but the crooked roads without improvement are the roads of genius." To say nothing of the land beyond the barbed wire.



AUSTRALIA AND CANADA

(continued from page 126)

together like two clappers in the same bell. She was fat, solid. Her body felt in his arms hingeless; she was one of those wooden peasant dolls, containing congruent dolls, for sale in Slavic Europe, where he had once been, and where she had been born. He asked her among their kisses, which came and went in his consciousness like the sound of the rain, and which traveled circularly in grooves like the music, if they should wait up for Peter and Moira.

"No," Hannah said.

If Moira had been there, she would have elaborated, but she wasn't and didn't.

"Shall I come up?" Bech asked. For Glenda lived on the top floor of a Toronto castle a few blocks' walk—a swim, through shadows and leaves—from the house they had left.

"All I can give you," she said, "is coffee."

"Just what I need, fortuitously," he said. "Or should I say lamently? Piously?"

"You poor dear," Glenda said. "Was it so awful for you? Do you have to go to parties like that every night?"

"Most nights," he told her, "I'm scared to go out. I sit home reading Dickens and watching Nixon. And nibbling pickles. And picking quibbles. Recurrently."

"You do need the coffee, don't you?" she said, still dubious. Bech wondered why. Surely she was a sure thing. That shimmering body touch. Her apartment smuggled under the roof, bookcases and lean lamps looking easy to tip among the slanting walls. In a far room he glimpsed a bed, with a feathery Indian bedspread and velour pillows. Glenda, as firmly as she directed cameramen, led him the other way, to a small front room claustrophobically lined with books. She put on a record, explaining it was Gordon Lightfoot, Canada's own. A sad voice, gentle to no clear purpose, imitated American country blues. Glenda talked about her career, her life, the man she had been married to.

"What went wrong?" Bech asked. Marriage, and disease, fascinated him.

She wanly shrugged. "He got too dependent. I was being suffocated. He was terribly nice, a truly nice person. But all he would do was sit and read and ask me questions about my feelings. These books, they're mostly his."

"You seem tired," Bech said, picturing the feathery bed.

She surprised him by abruptly volunteering, "I have something wrong with my corpuscles, they don't know what it is, I'm having tests. But I'm out of whack. That's why I said I could offer you only coffee."

Bech was fascinated, flattered, relieved. Sex needed participation, death needed



"Oh, you're alone—I thought I heard voices."

only a witness. A loving witness. She was lovely in her movement as she rose and flicked back her hair and turned the record over. The movement seemed to generate a commotion on the stairs, and then a key in the lock and a brusque masculine shove on the door. She turned a notch paler, staring at Bech; the pink part of her nose stood out like an exclamation point. Too startled to whisper, she told Bech, "It must be Peter."

Downstairs, more footsteps than two entered the little house and from the grumble of a male voice, Bech deduced that Moira had at last returned with Peter. Hannah slept, her body filling the bed with a protective turnip warmth he remembered from childhood kitchens. The couple below them bumbled, clattered, tittered, put on a record. It was a Chilean flute record Hannah had played for him earlier—music shrill, incessant, searching, psychedelic. This little white continent, abandoned at the foot of Asia, looked to the New World's west coasts for culture, for company. California clothes, Andean flutes. "My pale land," he had heard an Australian poet recite; and from airplanes it was, indeed, a pale land, speckled and colorless, a Wyoming with a seashore; and then tilting beneath the wing the red-tile roofs of Sydney like some westernmost suburb of London. A continent as lonely as the planet. Peter and Moira played the record again and again; otherwise, they were silent downstairs, deep in drugs or love. Bech got up and groped lightly across the surface of Hannah's furniture for Kleenex or lens tissue or anything tearable to stuff into his ears. His fingers came to a paperback book and he thought the paper might be cheap enough to wad. Tearing off two corners of the title page, he recognized by the dawning light the book as one of his own, the *Penguin Brother Pig*, with that absurdly literal cover, of a grinning pig, as if the novel were *Animal Farm* or *Charlotte's Web*. The paper crackling and cutting in his ears, he returned to the bed; beside him, stately Hannah, half-covered and unconscious, felt like a ship, her breathing an engine, her lubricated body steaming toward the morning's harbor of love, her nipples relaxed in passage. The flute music stopped. The world stopped turning. Bech counted to ten, 20, 30 in silence, and his consciousness had begun to disintegrate when a man laughed and the flute, and the pressure in Bech's temples, resumed.

"This is Peter Syburg," Glenda said. "Henry Bech."

"*Je sais, je sais,*" Peter said, shaking Bech's hand with the painful vehemence of the celebrity-conscious. "I saw your gig on the tube. Great. You talked a blue streak and didn't tip your hand once. What a con job. Cool. I mean it. The

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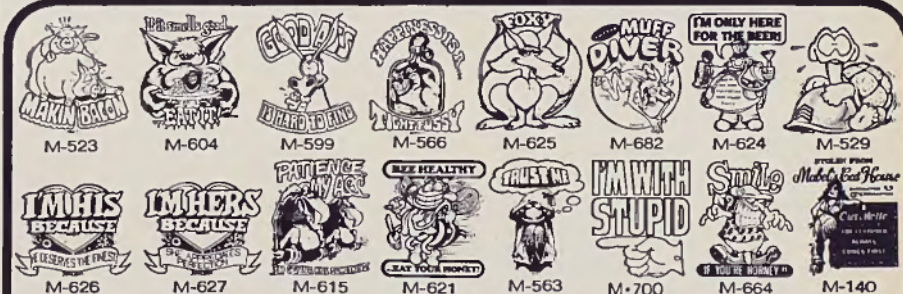
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"Up until now, Margie and I never got too involved with neighborhood activities."

medium is you, man. Hey, that's a compliment. Don't look that way."

"I was just going to give him coffee," Glenda interposed.

"How about brandy?" Bech asked. "I need my spirits fortified."

"Hey, don't go into that act," Peter said. "I like you."

Peter was a short man, past 30, with thinning ginger hair and a pumpkin's gat-toothed grin. He might have even been 40; but a determined retention of youth's rubberiness fended off the possibility. He flopped into a canvas sling chair and kept crossing and recrossing his legs, which were so short he seemed to Bech to be twiddling his thumbs. Peter worked on the margins of television, in some sort of problematical film making, and used Glenda's apartment when she was in Montreal. Whether he used Glenda when she was in Toronto was not clear to Bech; less and less was. Less and less the author understood how people lived. Such cloudy episodes as these had become his only windows into other lives. He wanted to go, but his going would be a retreat, Montcalm wilting before Wolfe's stealthy ascent, so he had more brandy instead. He found himself embarked on one of those infrequent experiments in which he tested, dispassionately as a scientist bending metal, his own capacity. He felt himself inflating, as before television exposure, while the brandy flowed on and Peter asked him all the questions not even Vanessa had been pushy enough to pose ("What's happened to you and Capote?" "What's the timer makes you Yanks burn out so fast?" "Ever thought of trying television scripts?") and ex-

patiating on the wonders of the post-Gutenberg world in which he, Peter, with his thumblike legs and berry-bright eyes, moved as a successful creature, while he, Bech, was picturesquely extinct. Glenda flicked her hair and studied her hands and insulted her corpuscles with cigarettes. Bech was happy. One more brandy, he calculated, would render him utterly immobile, and Peter would be displaced. His happiness was not even punctured when the two others began to talk to each other in French, about calling a taxi to take him away.

"Taxi, non," Bech exclaimed, struggling to rise. "Marcher, oui. Je pars, maintenant. Vous le regretterez, quand je suis disparu. Au revoir, cher Pierre."

"You can't walk it, man. It's miles."

"Try me, you postprint punk," Bech said, putting up his hairy fists.

Glenda escorted him to the stairs, and down them, one by one; at the foot, she embraced him, clinging to him as if to be rendered fertile by osmosis. "I thought he was in Winnipeg," she said. "I want to have your baby."

"Easy does it," Bech wanted to say. The best he could do was, "Facile le fait."

Glenda asked, "Will you ever come back to Toronto?"

"Jamais," Bech said, "jamais, jamais," and the magical word, so true of every moment, of every stab at love, of every step on ground you will not walk again, rang in his mind all the way back to the hotel. The walk was generally downhill. The curved lights of city hall guided him. There was a forested ravine off to his left, and a muffled river. And stars. And block after block of substantial, untroubled emptiness. He expected to be

mugged, or at least approached. In his anesthetized state, he would have welcomed violence. But in those miles he met only blinking stop lights and impassive architecture. *And they call this a city*, Bech thought scornfully. *In New York, I would have been killed six times over and my carcass stripped of its hubcaps.*

The cries of children playing woke him. The sound of the flute had ceased. Last night's pleasure had become straw in his mouth; the woman beside him seemed a larger sort of dreg. Her eyelids fluttered, as if in response to the motions of his mind. It seemed only polite to reach for her. The children beneath the window cheered.

Next morning, in Toronto, Bech shuffled, footsore, to the Royal Ontario Museum and admired the Chinese urns and the totem poles and sent a postcard of a carved walrus tusk to Bea and her children.

Downstairs, in Sydney, Moira was up, fiddling with last night's dishes and whistling to herself. Bech recognized the tune. "Where's Peter?" he asked.

"He's gone," she said. "He doesn't believe you exist. We waited up hours for you last night and you never came home."

"We were home," Hannah said.

"Oh, it dawned on us finally. Peter was so moody I told him to leave. I think he still loves you and has been leading this poor lass astray."

"What do you like for breakfast?" Hannah asked Bech, as wearily as if she and not he had been awake all night. Himself, he felt oddly fit, for being 50 and on the underside of the world. "Tell me about Afghanistan—should I go there?" he said to Moira, and he settled beside her on the carpeted divan while Hannah, in her lumpy blue robe, shuffled in the kitchen, making his breakfast. "Grapefruit if you have it," he shouted to her, interrupting Moira's word tour of Kabul. "Otherwise, orange juice." *My God*, he thought to himself, *she has become my wife. Already I'm flirting with another woman.*

Bech boarded the plane (from Australia, from Canada) so lightheaded with lack of sleep it alarmed him hardly at all when the machine rose into the air. His stomach hurt as if lined with grit, his face looked gray in the lavatory mirror. His adventures seemed perilous, viewed backward. Mysterious diseases, strange men laughing in the night, loose women. He considered the nation he was returning to: its riots and scandals, its daily derelictions and gnashing metal. He thought of Bea, his plump suburban softy, her belly striated with fine silver lines, and vowed to marry her, to be safe.

IT'S A PLOT!

(continued from page 133)

powerful man in America."

"So?"

"Prick. Only the most powerful man in America could have killed John Kennedy."

America, America, is crawling with conspiracy freaks. impassioned researchers, ranging from outside right to farthest left, and if the theories they clobber you with are more than somewhat contradictory, they do have one blessing in common: certitude. And none is more fiercely convinced of the absolute justice of her cause than Mrs. Mae Brussell, sole begetter of the *Conspiracy Newsletter*, a feature that has all but gobbled whole the once bracingly skeptical *Realist*.

Mrs. Brussell, understandably suspicious of visits from strangers, had to be approached obliquely, in my case through the distinct pleasures of a Chinese lunch in San Francisco with her editor, Paul Krassner, of *The Realist*. Krassner and I got off to a spiky start. As a friend of Ken Kesey's, he objected to a deprecating piece I had written for *The New York Times* about Kesey's last book, a scissors-and-paste catchall titled *Kesey's Garage Sale*. And, as I took to Krassner immediately, I felt honor-bound to tell him that I wasn't much impressed with another friend of his, Tim Leary. Leary, I recalled, had written that he had taken the LSD trip more than 300 times, his appetite just possibly whetted by a pioneering voyage into inner space, wherein, among other illuminations, it was revealed to him that he "may well be one of the wisest men born before 1945." Which struck me as nice, very nice, for Tim, but did create problems in my own earth-bound mind. Leary's primary claim was that LSD was mind-expanding, more nourishing for our kids than crunchy granola. Being a nontripper, I couldn't say for sure. But what aroused my suspicions was that if Leary found LSD so incredibly mind-expanding, he had, on the evidence of his published work, the decidedly unfair advantage of there being so much room to begin with.

Krassner, unlike me, did not believe that our time was characterized by inchoate violence, chaos and mindless brutality. Instead, he espied sinister connections everywhere. G. Gordon Liddy, he pointed out, served his apprenticeship pursuing Leary. "Our country is run by an unholy trinity. Organized crime, military intelligence and corporate bureaucracy." Maintaining a Communist threat was in their interest. "You can't have an anti-Communist regime unless you have Communists to hold up as a specter."

Krassner was, he said, in correspondence with Charles Manson. Though Manson's letters tended to ramble incoherently, they were shot through with genius. "Manson was let out of prison

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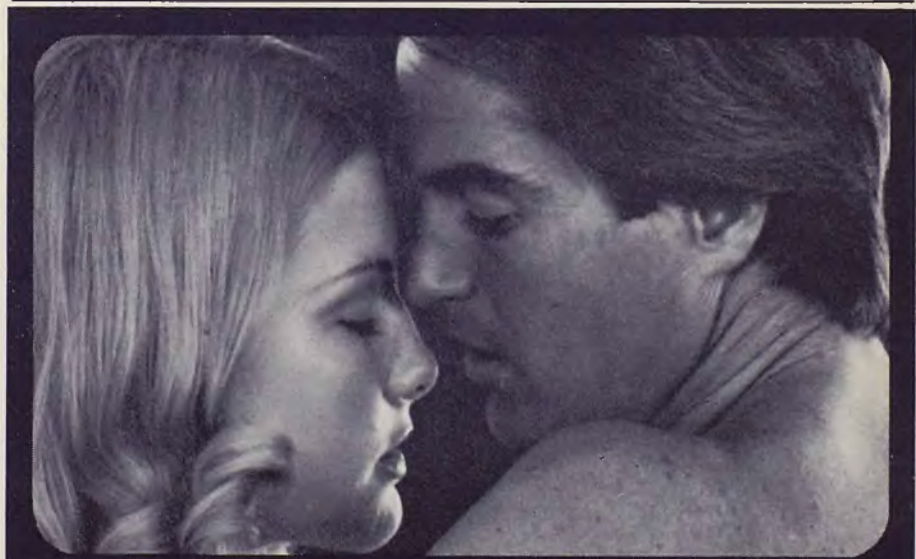
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on a leash and protected, until he did what he was supposed to do, discredit the counterculture."

After lunch, I phoned the elusive Mae Brussell in Carmel. She still wasn't sure she would see me. Her time was valuable, she said.

"Mine, too," I allowed.

"How do I know you're not with the FBI?"

"Aw, come on."

"Or the CIA?"

"I'm a Canadian," I protested, "from Montreal."

"Montreal. There's a foundation up there, Permindex, that runs an assassination school in Mexico."

"You mean like in *The Parallax View*?"

"That film was telling you something. It was a mind-blower for people new into conspiracies."

"Do you think I'd say I was from Montreal if I had been sent out from there to, um, kill you?"

"You never know."

Finally, grudgingly, Mrs. Brussell agreed to an interview under certain conditions. It would be taped. I would sign a prepared statement beforehand.

In the end, the interview was not taped, at least so far as I know, but she did present me with a statement, which I duly signed.

That I, Mordecai Richler, a White Male Caucasian, 43 years of age, did on the 20th day of October 1974 introduce, and represent myself upon recommendation of the PLAYBOY magazine to one Mae Brussell . . . for the stated purpose of writing an article for the said PLAYBOY magazine having to do with current theories and research projects pertaining to Government conspiracies and assassinations;

That my reason for meeting with Mae Brussell is to put into writing, in an article, the findings of her research of the past 11 years;

That any information shared during this meeting will be credited to her name in any articles written by me, Mordecai Richler, on this subject matter;

That all findings and opinions of Mae Brussell will be described as accurately and objectively as possible, stating her findings and opinions;

That I will not follow these remarks with snide suggestions, derogatory statements or generalities and false conclusions;

That these conspiracy theories will not be intended to be accepted as having a basis in fact, inasmuch as I have spent only one or two hours interviewing the said Mae Brussell

and have not done the 11 years of research on the subject matter as she has;

That all I will endeavor to do is present my viewpoint and let history decide for itself the accuracy of the conclusions reached therein;

That in the event this agreement and/or contract is broken or disrespected or dishonored to any substantial degree, I, Mordecai Richler, agree to be sued for breach of this agreement/contract and the good faith of our visit. In addition, in the event of any adverse publicity or jeopardy accruing to the research efforts and good name of one Mae Brussell having no basis in fact, I shall agree to be sued or held liable and expect to make a financial settlement with the said Mae Brussell for no less than \$10,000, avoiding the necessity of legal expenses and a long delayed court procedure. . . .

But before actually meeting with the incomparable Mrs. Brussell, I did some homework. Cautionary homework.

Mae Brussell, a divorced mother of four in her 40s, is the daughter of a reform rabbi. She was raised in affluent Beverly Hills and majored in philosophy at Stanford. She first became obsessed with conspiracies after reading and annotating the full 26 volumes of the Warren Report, a study that convinced her the J.F.K. assassination was an intelligence operation and Oswald himself a Government agent. Mrs. Brussell, who devours eight newspapers daily, does an hour-long weekly radio show, *Dialogue Conspiracy*, for station KLRB-FM, Carmel, and also conducted the first accredited university course in Conspiracies and Assassinations, at Monterey Peninsula College. She has written a piece for the *Berkeley Barb*, asking, "Is S.L.A.'s Cinqué the first black Lee Harvey Oswald?" as well as several lengthy articles for *The Realist*, all of which I read the night before I met her.

Mrs. Brussell, alas, is an appalling writer; her syntax is unnerving, her prose muddled, lumpy and uncommonly repetitive. Put plainly, until history decides for itself, the viewpoint of this White Male Caucasian, 43 years of age, is that she writes without wit, style or even a rudimentary grasp of language. But there is no denying that her ferocity, her flat statements, stacked one on top of another, often without connection or qualification, leave me breathless.

Mrs. Brussell is convinced that a web of conspiracies has been strangling this nation. "It is impossible," she writes in *The Realist* (December 1972), "the way the courts are constructed, to force any revelations that would damage the existing power structure. If Richard Nixon

moves out of office, Spiro Agnew moves in and Ronald Reagan will follow him." In the same issue, she observes that "J. Edgar Hoover did not have an autopsy. His body was not removed in a hearse. There was no indication of poor health. There is reason to exhume his remains; the possibility of poison in the apple pie might be discovered as his last American supper," and she goes on to promise a piece, not yet delivered so far as I know, titled, *Why Was J. Edgar Hoover Murdered?* Meanwhile, she notes that Hoover, who didn't mind helping a couple of Kennedys get killed, did fear a CIA take-over and a destruction of all civil liberties.

In an earlier issue of *The Realist* (August 1972), Mrs. Brussell states flatly that the CIA killed President Kennedy and that Richard Nixon was offered the money he needed for his 1968 election if he took political unknown Spiro Agnew as Vice-President. Ted Kennedy's car, she writes, was pushed into the water at Chappaquiddick at a time when nobody knew in what capacity Howard Hunt was serving the CIA. Even so, she has no doubts that the entire Chappaquiddick affair "was CIA-staged for the purpose of removing Ted Kennedy as a Democratic candidate." Furthermore, she notes that "the widow of Drew Pearson, Jack Anderson's former boss, could have in her husband's files important information that was passed to J.F.K., on October 28, 1963, saying: 'Cancel Dallas trip. Arrest Lee Harvey Oswald.' Anderson refused to help find this memo, passed it off as 'too farfetched.'" Mrs. Brussell is also of the mind-boggling opinion that "Germany, like England, Italy, France, Austria and other conservative, authoritarian and militaristic ruling class, changed its political system after its World War One defeat. Behind the back of the public ruling class developed an illegal, secretive, sadistic, well-organized second government."

Mrs. Brussell writes that if Sirhan Sirhan and Charles Manson were free to talk, they would shake American "justice" and conspiratorial processes down to their very roots, and yet—and yet—she ventures, in another article, that Sirhan was hypnotized and told to forget the persons who associated with him and controlled him before he became a patsy in the Robert Kennedy murder, and so one can't help but wonder how much he could tell us, if he were free to speak.

In *Why Was Patricia Hearst Kidnaped?* (*The Realist*, February 1974), Mrs. Brussell states in her typically unequivocal manner that the S.L.A. was created by the CIA, the goals being no less than World War Three and to plunge the Third World masses into starvation and slavery. Other motives, if needed, were

to set up conditions for martial law and prevent free elections in 1976. Furthermore, she writes that we are being brainwashed by the mass media if we believe Ted Kennedy was actually responsible for the death of Mary Jo Kopechne.

William F. Buckley, Jr., is a CIA agent.

The CIA kidnaped Frank Sinatra, Jr., immediately after the John Kennedy assassination to divert news and attention from political events.

Pass it on.

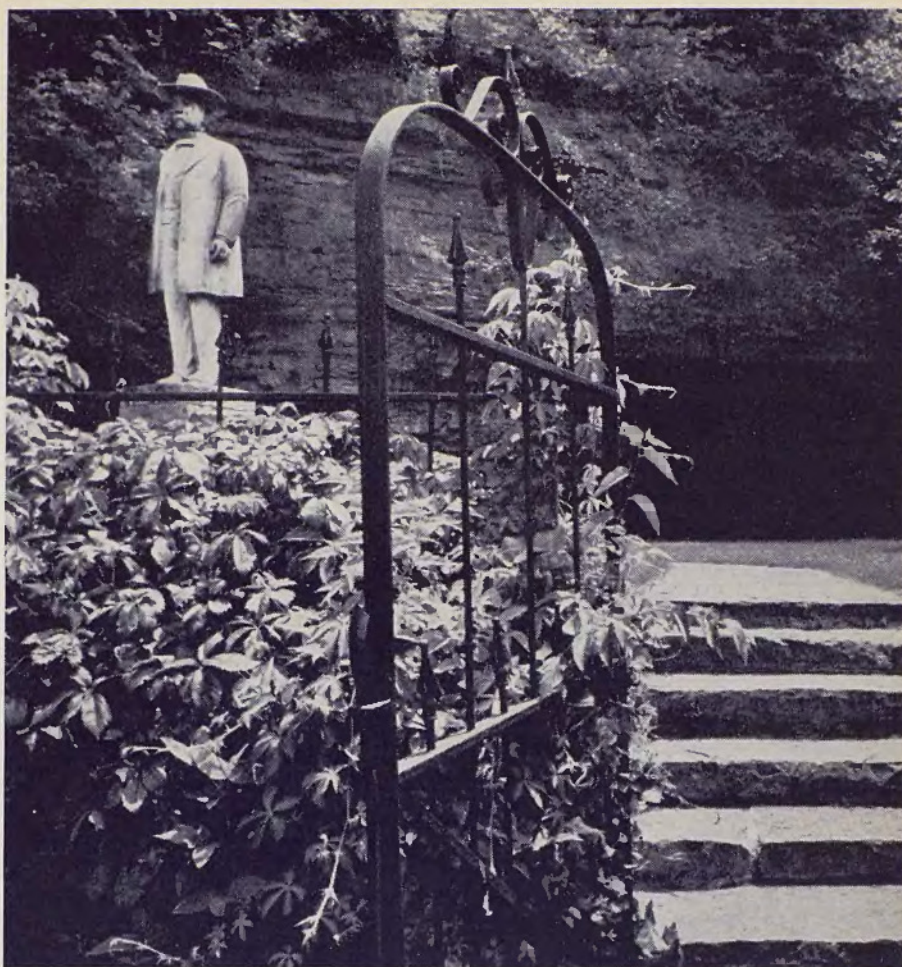
• • •
 Illumination I: Starting out on the two-hour drive to Mae Brussell's house, tooling past the artichoke farms and seemingly endless fields of pumpkins, taking in Pebble Beach, then turning onto the Carmel Valley Road, a sort of munchkin's suburbia, I was sorely tempted (even at the \$10,000 risk of appearing irreverent) to apply philosophy major Mae Brussell's logic in order to illuminate the hitherto unexplained connection between the emergence of Fidel Castro, the ultimate transfer of the second Washington Senators baseball franchise to Texas, the boom in Southern tobacco crops, the so-called suicide of Ernest Hemingway and the funding of Rockefeller's enormously expensive campaigns for the Presidential nomination.

Look at it this way: If Fidel, reputedly a good glove man, had not flunked in his tryout with the original Washington Senators, he would obviously not have repaired to the Sierra Maestra, wherefrom he emerged such a sorehead. Certainly, if it has not already been deep-sixed, a skilled conspiracy researcher should seek out the original scouting report on Castro. Maybe, like countrymen Tony Perez and Luis Tiant, he had the makings of a major-leaguer. Possibly, the CIA dirty (sports) tricks department, recognizing him for a grudgy type, kept him out of the original Washington Senators' undeniably porous infield because it knew he was bound to stir up the Cuban sand lots. Otherwise, how do you explain the fact that the once threatened antitrust laws were not invoked when the Washington Senators skipped to Texas, where John Kennedy had been assassinated at a time when nobody knew what Howard Hunt was up to?

By not making Fidel a bonus baby, cheap even at 200 laundered thou, the CIA, at a stroke, accomplished the following:

1. Established a bona fide Commie menace in the hemisphere, which enabled the CIA budget to leap millions, maybe billions.

2. Which led, inevitably, to the Cuban Missile Crisis, making for higher TV Nielsen ratings, at least for slumping news shows, and, therefore, more profits for NBC, a network in which the Chase



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Our limestone cave spring runs at 56° year-round and is completely free of iron. That's why Jack Daniel built his distillery right alongside it in 1866. And why folks from neighboring counties still bring jugs to our Hollow and haul water home for making coffee. You see, Jack Daniel always said iron was murderous to the taste of sippin' whiskey. And from what our neighbors report, it doesn't do coffee a speck of good either.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
 Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
 Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government. 181

Manhattan Bank has an interest; that is to say, the ubiquitous Rockefellers, who were consequently enabled to bank-roll Rocky's campaigns, not to say his no-fault loan program to Henry Kissinger, among others.

3. In the sudden absence of Monte Cristos and other fine Havana cigars, there was a boom in inferior Southern tobacco crops. Payola for Nixon country.

4. And, most likely, murdered former Cuban resident and onetime fellow traveler Ernest Hemingway, who, if you remember, in his last days was convinced that he was being pursued by IRS agents. Paranoia? Or did Hem know too much?

. . .

Even as I ruminated over these terrifying possibilities, I found myself at Mac Brussell's door.

"May I see your driver's license?" she demanded.

"Why?"

"How do I know you are who you claim you are?"

Good thinking. Sheepishly, I turned over my tattered license. Mrs. Brussell noted the numbers on a pad and then we sat down to coffee and her delicious banana cake.

"This country," Mrs. Brussell said, "is run by bullets and blackmail."

"If," I said, quoting from one of her articles in *The Realist*, "J.F.K. was, indeed, the victim of a CIA plot, why

didn't his brother Robert speak up?"

"The Kennedys had a proclivity for promiscuity. Robert's dalliances would have been revealed had he talked."

"Well, maybe. . . . But he would have had to have been especially vile, don't you think, to acquiesce to his brother's murder merely to conceal some commonplace adultery?"

"Why do you think they killed Marilyn Monroe?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"She was murdered. Absolutely. It was set up by military intelligence to look like suicide. In fact, it was a warning for Robert."

"Well, OK, then after he was killed, why didn't Ted speak up?"

"He was warned, too. Or don't you recall the private-plane crash where he injured his back? Then they set up Chappaquiddick."

"You mean . . . ?"

"His drink was drugged. They put something in it. He still doesn't know what happened that night."

Before I could put in a supplementary, Mrs. Brussell was into the Manson case. "You realize that was also a military-intelligence operation. They groomed and protected him, putting him on a leash. . . ."

"Why?"

"A new generation of antiwar kids had arisen, there were the communes, and if they caught on, it would have meant

an end to consumer society as we know it. Manson was used to discredit the counterculture. Murray Chotiner was murdered, too; they're getting rid of the old-timers. Why, Oswald never even owned a rifle."

"But I remember the famous photograph of him holding a rifle."

"That's a fake. A cropped photograph. His head, another man's body. Now, what's your angle? Who else are you talking to?"

"Well, I've already spoken to Nicholas Von Hoffman in Washington and—"

"He's a CIA agent."

"Can you prove that?"

"It doesn't matter whether he's actually on the payroll, his columns clearly reflect their line. There are the agents and the assholes. An asshole," she explained, "is anybody who spins the CIA line."

"I see. Now, when we talked on the phone, you mentioned a foundation in Montreal, Permindex. . . ."

"Yes. They run an assassination school in Mexico."

"Could you give me their address, please? I'd like to look into that."

"Remember what happened to the reporter in *The Parallax View*?"

"Ha, ha."

Even so, she let me have the address. Later, I discovered there is no Permindex listed in the Montreal telephone book; in fact, there is no such address. Clever bastards, those conspirators.

"One final question. If so many have already been murdered because they knew too much, how come you . . . ?"

"If I were reaching more people, I wouldn't be alive."

. . .

Illumination II: PLAYBOY has a circulation of 6,500,000, which means maybe 20,000,000 readers. Shit. What if Arthur Kretchmer, PLAYBOY's Editorial Director, were a CIA agent, like Buckley, like Von Hoffman, and had cunningly brought me down from Canada only so that Mac Brussell could reach enough people to justify her being killed? That would make me an accomplice to murder. Worse. An asshole.

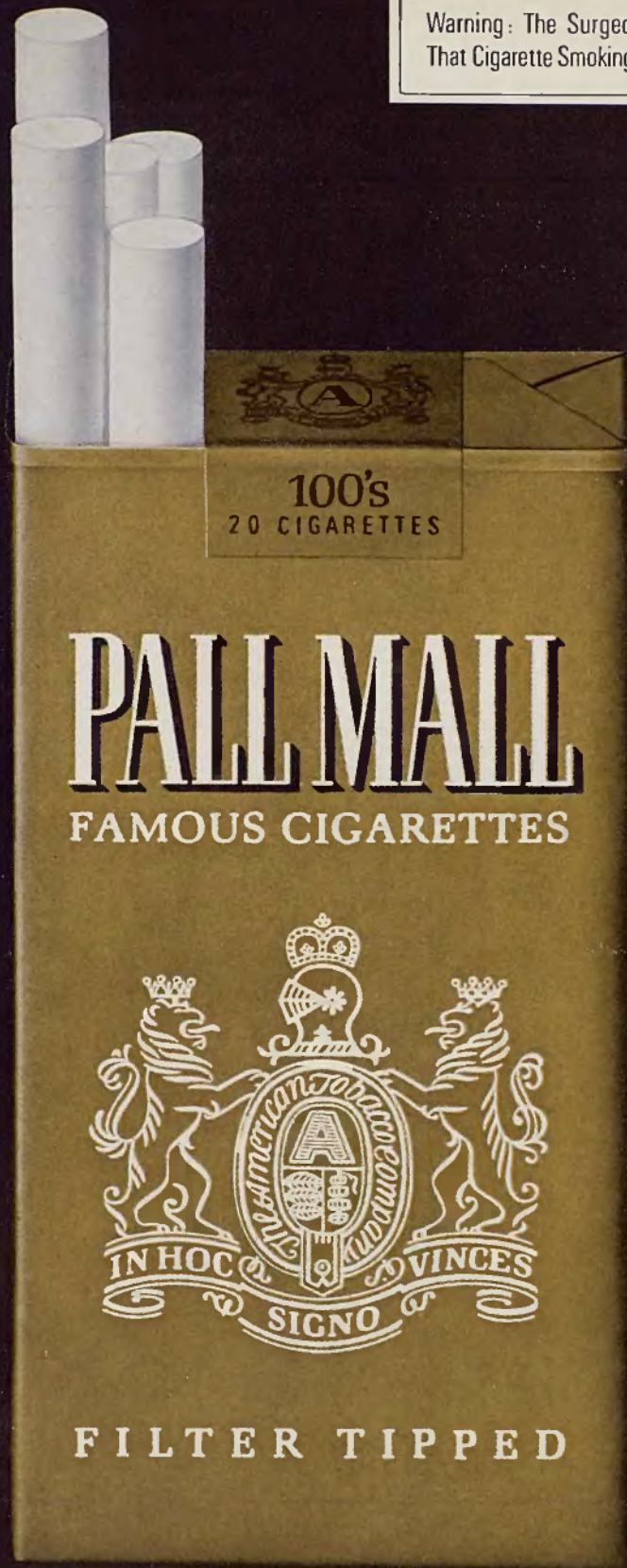
. . .

Los Angeles. To those of us who live smugly and bemused in North America's attic, it seems, increasingly, that America, America, is going paranoid. Maybe, after all, the center won't hold, everything flying apart. Certainly, my sojourn in post-Manson Beverly Hills was far from reassuring. The canyons echo not only with fabled affluence but also with terror. Electrified fences, Doberman pinchers, private security guards. But, above all, the fear that the coming crash, manipulated by the gnomes of Zurich, the Jewish syphilis minority, the CIA, the cynics who control P.I.D., or whoever,



"For the time being I'm going to take you off Valium and put you on Valerie."

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



Longer...
yet
milder



Pall Mall Gold 100's

may shortly render all monies, all properties equally worthless.

Gold, that's the stuff. The overachiever's security blanket. Or is it?

The president of one of Hollywood's major studios, an astute man, told me that for months he had been professionally consulting a broker who had written a best seller about how to make money when everyone else was losing his. They never met, but spoke on the telephone, often for an hour at a time. Again and again, the broker argued for selling absolutely everything and converting to gold. Finally, the dancing to bullion stopped. There was a breakthrough. "Look here," said the broker, "I get the feeling, after all our talks, that you're a sophisticated man."

"Sure."

"Don't buy gold. It's a load of shit. It's my bag and I've got to peddle it, but the truth is there's only one thing to do. It's a four-point plan."

"Shoot."

"How many niggers did you see on

your way to work this morning?"

"Well, I—I'm not sure."

"You saw lots."

"OK."

"And where do you think they're going to be when the shit hits the fan? Out on the streets, that's where."

"Uh-huh."

"You've got to get yourself four guns, get it, and lots of ammo. Sink all your cash into canned and dried foods. Then you hunker down somewhere to wait it out. Me, I recommend Utah; the Mormons don't like niggers, and my guess is they can hold that territory."

"Trouble is I'm a boat man myself."

"Can you get to your yacht in twenty minutes?"

"Yes."

"The only problem is you'd be inclined to sail south. Right?"

"Right."

"No good. Those fucking Mexicans will be out there, pirating. Running amuck. On the other hand, if you got yourself a couple of bazookas, that would

certainly surprise them when they pulled alongside."

• • •

Definitions.

It strikes me as neurotic, maybe, yet still reasonable, to be charged with terror on any airplane flight; but if, like me, you also tread in fear, even crossing the street, that you might be struck by an errant, possibly anti-Semitic missile, then you are more than likely paranoid.

Coming from Canada, being a writer and Jewish as well, I have impeccable paranoia credentials. Digging into my childhood, I can recall that my father was utterly convinced of the *Detroit plot* and could embellish on it lovingly at the kitchen table. Dunking his bagel into hot milk, he would assure us that *they* had long ago developed an automobile engine that required no more than a pint of gas to run 100 miles, but the bastards were keeping it under wraps to protect the oil industry. A chip off the old block, I quickly grasped as I grew to pimply adolescence myself that any neighborhood girl who wouldn't "go the limit" with me was clearly a part of the lesbian conspiracy. In our home, nobody's fools, we also learned early to appreciate that the gentiles were constantly plotting against us, though a joke current at the time did much to undermine this thesis.

It's the story of the Jewish boy, a would-be radio announcer, a rank-one scholar, who studies at the very best diction school, working day and night, graduating at the top of the class, before he finally goes to New York, only to be rejected by the three major networks.

"Why? Why? How could they turn you down?" wails his mother, slapping her cheek, appalled.

"B-b-because they're a-a-all a-a-anti-Semites," he replies.

Many Canadian writers, most of whom tend to feel unfairly neglected, are convinced this is not due to any inadequacies of their own. They are not published abroad, they insist, because London is a closed faggot's shop and the New York literary scene is no less than a Jewish cabal. Even more of my countrymen, especially those inclined toward nationalism, can smell a Yankee plot wherever they turn. In fact, one of 1973's best-selling novels in Canada, the appalling *Ultimatum*, a book with characters so wooden they could be used for splintering, had to do with an American plot to seize what they did not yet own of our natural resources, and many were those readers who subscribed.

Writers everywhere, myself included, are most commonly paranoid about their mail and tend to sniff conspiracy on those sour mornings that yield no offers, not to say royalty checks, or at least letters of appreciation. A friend of mine, a well-known writer, his sanity undoubted, actually mails himself letters



"I want you to know how much the wife and I enjoyed the dramatization of your crime on TV last night."

from time to time, if only to test the continuing integrity of the postal system.

The vast and burgeoning literature of paranoia is something else again. In our time, it runs from Kafka's *Castle*, through Evelyn Waugh's *Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* and Saul Bellow's *Victim*, to, most recently, Joseph Heller's *Something Happened*, wherein the protagonist tells us on the first page, "I get the willies when I see closed doors. Even at work, where I am doing so well now, the sight of a closed door is sometimes enough to make me dread that something horrible is happening behind it, something that is going to affect me adversely . . ." and only nine pages later observes, "In the office in which I work there are five people of whom I am afraid. Each of these five people is afraid of four people (excluding overlaps), for a total of 20, and each of these 20 people is afraid of six people, making a total of 120 people who are feared by at least one person."

Earlier, the popular John Buchan, First Lord Tweedsmuir, governor general of Canada and author of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and other Richard Hannay novels, was also obsessed with vile plots but felt no need to equivocate as to who was behind them. We are barely into *The Thirty-Nine Steps* when we are introduced to Scudder, who tells Hannay that behind all the governments and the armies there was a big subterranean movement, engineered by a very dangerous people; that is to say, the Jews. "The Jew is everywhere, but you have to go far down the back stairs to find him. Take any big Teutonic business concern. If you have dealings with it, the first man you meet is Prince *von und zu Something*, an elegant young man who talks Eton and Harrow English. But he cuts no ice. If your business is big, you get behind him and find a prognathous Westphalian with a retreating brow and the manners of a hog. . . . But if you're on to the biggest kind of job and are bound to get to the real boss, ten to one you are brought up against a little white-faced Jew in a Bath chair with an eye like a rattlesnake. Yes, sir, he is the man who is ruling the world just now. . . ."

The clear progenitor of these conspiracies is the notorious anti-Semitic forgery *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, which first appeared in western Europe in 1920 and had, by 1930, been circulated throughout the world in millions of copies. The *Protocols* were used to incite massacres of Jews during the Russian civil war. They were especially helpful in fomenting the pogrom at Kishinev in Bessarabia in 1903. From Russia, the *Protocols* traveled to Nazi Germany.

The 24 protocols purport to be made up of lectures delivered to the Jewish



"Regardless of the signs, I'm going to feed him!"

secret government, the Elders of Zion, on how to achieve world domination. Tangled and contradictory, the main idea is that the Jews, spreading confusion and terror, will eventually take over the globe, their only present rivals, if Robert Welch, the 75-year-old founder of the John Birch Society, is to be believed, being those irrepressible goyim, the Rockefeller family, and their minions. Interviewed by Philip Nobile of the *Chicago Sun-Times* in 1973, Welch said: "Among the Insiders who are working toward world government ruled by the Communists are Nelson Rockefeller, Henry Ford II, Ted Kennedy and Henry Cabot Lodge." His best guess about Watergate, he added, was "that Rockefeller planned the whole thing behind the scenes. He wants to get rid of Nixon and become President in 1976."

It is also worth pointing out that a latter-day, somewhat sanitized variation of the *Protocols* plot surfaces in some of the most popular novels of our time, the late Ian Fleming's James Bond books, wherein the intrepid 007 usually does battle with one or the other of two world-wide conspiracies, SMERSH or SPECTRE.

SMERSH, first described in *Casino Royale*, is the conjunction of two Russian words: *Smyert Shpionam*, meaning, roughly, "Death to spies!"

SPECTRE is the Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion, a private enterprise for private profit, and its founder and chairman is Ernst Stavro Blofeld.

Blofeld has a Jewish-sounding name, as does another primary Bond villain, Auric Goldfinger. For the rest, the ill-

doers are occasionally yellow (Dr. No) or black (Mr. Big).

• • •
Illumination III: Flying over Salt Lake City, a defensible sanctuary should the niggers run amuck, it occurred to me that just possibly nothing, absolutely nothing was what it appeared to be. Looked at closely, life isn't absurd, after all. There are no accidents. The sound, the fury, Bill Shakespeare notwithstanding, *does* signify something. We are, to come clean, being manipulated by conspirators, and once you grasp that ineffable reality, all mysteries resolve themselves. There are no more conundrums.

Take, for instance, the hitherto unrevealed connection between the Front for Liberation of Quebec (F.L.Q.), the Tupamaros and Queen Elizabeth II's New Year's honors list.

Remember, as Mae Brussell has already pointed out, having solved one assassination, the others slip readily into place. A sagacious conspiracy buff knows exactly what to look for. The same, I think, can be said of terrorist groups. If, as Mrs. Brussell has ventured, the S.L.A. is a CIA front and terrorists everywhere are encouraged in order to coerce *hoi polloi* into pleading for martial law, then surely the Tupamaros and the F.L.Q. should be looked at again in this light.

The Tupamaros, of course, are ostensibly Uruguayan urban guerrillas and the F.L.Q. represents the most violent and extreme of French-Canadian separatists. In 1970, the F.L.Q. kidnaped Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte,

(continued on page 188)

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

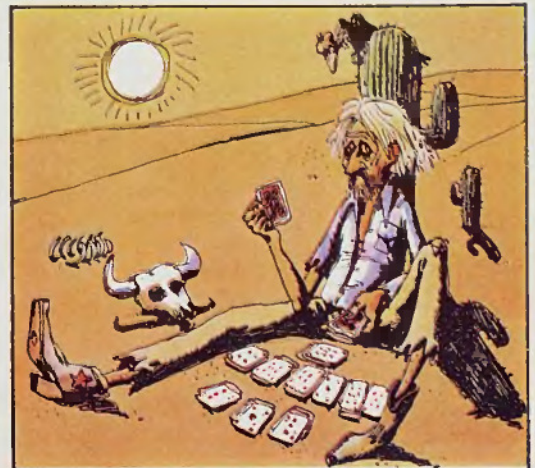
FRESH CUP OF HEMLOCK

Connoisseurs of counterassassination and mountain climbing will be pleased to learn that Jonathan Hemlock, the art professor *cum* killer-hero of best sellers *The Eiger Sanction* and *The Loo Sanction*, will again take to the *pitons* and carabiners in a Universal release of *The Eiger Sanction* scheduled for about Memorial Day. And who will be playing the aloof, taciturn Hemlock? Why, none other than aloof, taciturn Clint Eastwood, who, in case you missed the book, is given the assignment of performing a sanction, or hit, on one of three fellow climbers. Small problem: Hemlock has no idea which of the three is the traitor he's expected to rub out. The ending is literally a cliff-hanger.



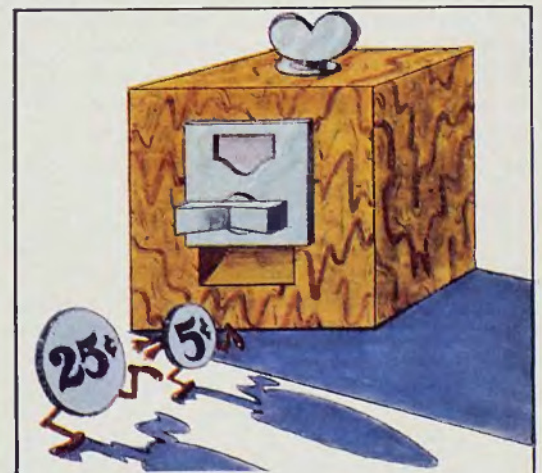
THE DEVIL TO PAY

Now, we like fantasy as much as the next guy—maybe more, in fact—but *The Stellar Almanac: A History and Tour Guide of the Infernal Kingdom of Hades* (Tarnhelm Press, Lakemont, Georgia 30552) boggles even our jaded mind. It's a \$5.95, 318-page softcover book that tells you everything you (and Dante) did or didn't want to know about hell and includes a classified-ad section for devilish paraphernalia, info on holidays, politics, marriage and family customs, plus a *very* detailed description of which poor damned souls end up at which infernal levels and what they do after they get there. You might wish to browse through it some dismal night, preferably seated in the center of a pentagram.



NO LOSERS

Surviving a strip-poker game in your living room is one thing, but surviving one in the middle of the antarctic is another. That is, unless you're equipped with a \$4.95 deck of Survival Playing Cards, a product of Environs Inc. (Route 2, Box 508, Hood River, Oregon). Printed on each card are instructions on everything from campsites to how to keep warm. But if you're traveling *à deux*, you might have an idea of your own.



INFLATIONARY MOVE

President Ford is gonna love this: a Beat the Inflation Blues Box in which you deposit a quarter, turn the handle and out comes 30 cents. (You've loaded it with nickels, dummy.) The mere act of getting instead of giving is a nice psychological lift—both for you and for inventor Sam Kasmir, at Campique, Ltd., P. O. Box 10742, Dallas, Texas 75207, who's asking \$29.95 for his nifty little invention.



CLASSIC EXIT

To several generations of young procrastinators—and lazy adults—*Classics Illustrated* were the easy way out of wading through some of the world's great literature. Well, it's back to the originals, gang, as Twin Circle Publishing is discontinuing the *Classics* series and peddling what's left for 39 cents each (plus 25 cents shipping per order). For a list of those still available, write to them at 86 Riverside Drive, New York City. Alas, poor Hamlet (*Classics* number 99), we knew him well.



YOU SUPPLY THE ICEBERG

Even though you've put together models of the Edsel, the Corvair and the Andrea Doria, you've missed the big one: the Titanic. Now this loser of losers can be yours for only \$29.95 from F A O Schwarz, Fifth Avenue at 58th Street, New York, New York. Built 1/350 to scale and measuring over 30 inches long and 8½ inches high, it features the ultimate in detail as derived from original drawings and photos. (That includes too few lifeboats, we presume.) And, by the way, it's not guaranteed to float.



BIG BAD JOHN

There's a lot more to the Dillinger legend than that mythical mammoth appendage of his that allegedly resides in the Smithsonian Institution. There are, for example, his death mask, his not-so-lucky rabbit's foot and the trousers he wore when he was killed. All this memorabilia can be seen in the new John Dillinger Historical Museum, Nashville, Indiana, along with letters he wrote and wax replicas of him as a living and dead legend. Joe Pinkston, co-author of *Dillinger—a Short & Violent Life*, put the whole shebang together. Rat-a-tat-tat.



FOR WHOM THE SMELL TOLLS

If you just can't get into any of the spiffy shirts sported in our "T" Formations feature elsewhere in this issue, get a whiff of this: Smell It Like It Is Inc., at 1501 N.W. 14th Street, Miami, Florida, is producing scented T's (and panties) at prices that are nothing to sniff at; \$5 a shirt, \$3 the undies. The scents are primarily fruit, but custom orders can be arranged on anything from anchovy to yeast. No, they don't stock *that* particular scent.



PARADISE FOUND

In the good old days, if you wanted to escape the hubbub of the city, you went to the country. But nowadays, how do you escape the hubbub of the country? You get in touch with Private Islands Unlimited (17538 Tulsa Street, Granada Hills, California), an outfit that will sell you your own personal island. Price tags go from \$8000 to a cool million and the firm offers locations from the Atlantic to the Adriatic. As owner of your own island, you are also master of the domain, which means you may haul in trespassers and hold inquisitions.

IT'S A PLOT! (continued from page 185)

subsequently murdered, as well as James Cross, the senior British consular officer in Montreal. And Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, fitting neatly into Mrs. Brussell's thesis, hastily invoked the Draconian War Measures Act, which effectively revoked most Canadian civil liberties, albeit temporarily.

A year later, the Tupamaros kidnaped Geoffrey Jackson, the British ambassador to Uruguay.

Cross was held for 59 days and shortly thereafter awarded the O.B.E. in the Queen's New Year's honors list.

Jackson was held longer, for 244 days, and won a knighthood in the honors list.

Coincidence, no: payola, yes.

An asshole, it's true, might feel that Cross narrowly escaped being murdered and that, in 244 days of imprisonment, Sir Geoffrey Jackson kept his cool in circumstances of privation, filth and, worst of all, uncertainty. But blessed with insight, I now realize that MI5, taking a leaf from the CIA dirty-tricks book, was behind both the Cross and the Jackson so-called kidnappings.

In a stroke, they did much to discredit both the F.L.Q. and the Tupamaros and managed to reward poorly paid, undistinguished associates with flattering titles.

Clearly, on the new scale of honors-list obloquy, British foreign-office types based abroad now understand that if they are "kidnaped" and held for from one to 59 days, they will qualify for an O.B.E.; but if they can endure detention for 244 or more days, it's worth a knighthood.

The mind reels.

• • •

Illumination IV: In a modest, decaying duplex on the South Side of Chicago, I finally meet Sherman Skolnick, self-styled legal researcher and chairman of the Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts. Skolnick, 44 years old, a paraplegic, is attended by a gentle aide, David Hoffman, 30 years old, also crippled, his left arm severed below the elbow. Later, we are joined by the truculent Alex J. Bottos, Jr., chief staff investigator and self-proclaimed former infiltrator of a notorious airplane-robbery gang.

Skolnick, like Mrs. Brussell, is convinced that the S.L.A. is a CIA front and that Patty Hearst was apparently brainwashed. The Hearst family was made a CIA target because, in the Forties, their newspaper chain led an attack on the Rockefellers, which family was "active in seeing to it that the atomic secrets were given to the Soviets in the early Forties before the U. S. had completed its first bomb." Even so, the ubiquitous Rockefellers were a principal force behind the creation of the CIA and took

umbrage when, in 1973, the Hearst Corporation, through its Avon Books Division, brought out one of the first attacks against the CIA. *The Glass House Tapes*. Hearst, fully aware of what's going on, doesn't protest because, since 1912, his publishing business has thrived on gangster lore.

I sat with the curiously touching, heavy-set Skolnick in his tiny kitchen, canned foods stacked everywhere, as he flicked on his tape recorder and told me, in his manner self-conscious, that he didn't come from "an elite background." His father, a ladies' tailor, had left him a small trust fund, inadvertently sparking Skolnick's interest in corruption and the courts. The trust, he said, was managed by a crooked broker, and Skolnick pursued him through the courts for nine years, studying law on his own. In 1963, he founded the Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts to probe cases that were in the public interest. "We live on a shoestring," he said.

"Ours," said Hoffman, "is a quasi organization. It can't be infiltrated or taken over."

Skolnick told me he was working on a story for *The Realist*. "I'm writing about the dozens and dozens of people who were murdered or died under odd circumstances in the wake of Watergate. We have contacts all over the Western world, Europe, Canada. . . ."

"Who have you got in Canada?" I asked. "Anybody I could see?"

"Well, for one thing, we don't openly discuss contacts. Some are strategically placed newsmen. . . ."

Skolnick went on to say that from Dallas, through Watergate, to now, the networks, the media, have known the facts about Oswald but wouldn't dare print them. I asked him, as I had asked Mae Brussell, why Robert Kennedy hadn't spoken up if there had, indeed, been a plot to assassinate John Kennedy.

"Robert Kennedy couldn't protest," said Hoffman. "It's like a bank robber gets caught, he has nobody to complain to."

"Simple-minded people," said Skolnick, "those who are not profound researchers, like Mae, ask why the Kennedys don't speak out."

Taking his point, I changed the subject and asked Skolnick about the crash of the United Airlines plane, near Midway Airport, with Dorothy Hunt on board. "Can you prove it was sabotage?"

"The mass media have time and again tried to protect United Airlines. They've made statements that our case is unsupported. Why? They have United Airlines as an advertiser. We have more than thirteen hundred pages of documents; they say we have no proof. Rockefeller, you know, owns all three networks, through

the Chase Manhattan Bank, and the family is a major stockholder in United. So they are going to put us down, which has been our problem for two years. There are angles and angles and angles. . . ."

"What evidence have you got that Mrs. Hunt was carrying two million in traveler's checks as well as ten thousand in cash?"

"I don't know a quick answer," said Skolnick. "But our chief investigator can tell you a lot about that."

Within minutes, he was with us in the crowded kitchen.

"Here he is," said Skolnick, "Alex Bottos: one day after appearing with me in public, he was in jail on a frame-up."

"What were you in jail for?" I asked.

Bottos, his manner icy, replied: "Does there have to be a reason today?"

"They put him in what we call Clockwork Orange, Missouri, the behavior-modification plant. He was there for forty days."

Immediately, Bottos presented me with a tape. An hour long, it began with spooky music, reminiscent of radio's *Inner Sanctum*. A girl's voice announced that we would hear things new and startling from Bottos, our host. Bottos, she said, was a student of advanced experimental psychology and had personally observed brainwashing with his battalion in Korea, before being forced to submit to it himself right here in America. "We strongly suggest," she said, "you don't play this tape immediately before a meal. It is brutal, shocking, at times disgusting, but also true."

Alas, like many a poster for a porno flick, the girl's promo promised better than the tape paid. It was, for the most part, a pontifical sermon, delivered by Bottos in a slow, mournful voice. "Words," he began, "how flippantly we learn to use so many of them. . . ." It was difficult to pinpoint, he said, when this country went wrong. But, clearly, we had reached a new low and were now "the victims of mental and sexual despots." There are many ways to assassinate a man, he continued lugubriously, but the most insidious is called zombism. Total degradation. "I have sickening news for you. As a matter of policy and law, our Government is now practicing zombism, and doing it in your name," and then he described the technique.

"You toss a human being, naked, into a four-by-six cell block, no sink, no toilet, nothing, and you control the lighting, sound and temperature. You keep him there for seventy-two hours to a week, creating fatigue, fear and disorientation. High temperature is induced with drugs and if this doesn't work, you mix brutality with sexual perversions. You force the man, through beatings, to perform unnatural sexual acts and to have others perform them on him, until he is so docile he will perform



"Now, that's what I call evolution!"

the worst kind of perversion willingly."

Bottos then went on to play an excerpt from *The Manchurian Candidate*, after which he suggested that Lee Harvey Oswald, like Laurence Harvey, may have been brainwashed. "Lee Harvey Oswald," he said, "was employed at number five Krashniya Street, Moscow, the Experimental Section of the Electrotechnical Institute in the Building of the Advanced Sciences. Then, at ten A.M. on March 30, 1961, he was entered in a hospital in Minsk, Russia, for an adenoidal operation, which strangely took 12 days, for he wasn't released until April 11, when he mysteriously received a visa, enabling him to return to the United States."

Our criminal mental-health laws, modeled on Beria's, Bottos said, were introduced by the CIA, and once again the fabled Rockefeller brothers, who wish to introduce world government, sharing control of the globe with Russia. Too bad, Bottos continued, that we didn't heed the warning of California journalist Frederick Selig, who, in June 1964, tried to tell us about the seriousness of homosexual penetration within our Government. Homosexuality, Selig wrote, "was a practicing religion, world-wide, their ultimate goal to be a total control

of the population and—through thought control—to condition us to believe that normal relations between men and women were a crime."

So it goes.

And yet—and yet—before interviewing spiky Mae Brussell or sitting with the obsessed Skolnick in his kitchen, I had sought out Art Buchwald in Washington. "The trouble with conspiracy theories," Buchwald said, "is that so many of them have proved to be right. For years, I laughed at my left-wing friends when they told me their telephones were being tapped or that Nixon was a crook, and now, look, they were right all along."

And, he might have added, though few of us would have believed it before, the truth is that idea man Liddy actually did sit in Attorney General John Mitchell's office and propose an offshore floating warehouse wherein delegates to the Democratic Convention could be tempted and taped. There were, there's no denying, the "plumbers" and the so-called White House horrors we all now know too much about. And one of the late J. Edgar Hoover's pet projects, it has now been revealed, was Cointelpro, which meant no less than FBI infiltration of left-wing groups such as the S.L.A.

The Warren Report, it must be said, leaves too many questions unanswered. Writing in *The Washington Post* on September 27, 1974, Von Hoffman observed, "If it should ever be discovered that Lee Harvey Oswald was a Cuban agent, it takes no effort of the imagination to think that Fidel Castro might have dispatched the killer to Dallas to avenge the CIA's attempts on the Cuban boss's own life. When three major political figures are murdered and another is nearly so in the space of a decade, it becomes harder and harder to accept the idea they were all gunned down by lonely nuts acting out the murderous and private fantasies of sickened minds." Furthermore, from the beginning, the CIA was up to dirty tricks, some of them murderous, others ugly, more merely incredibly childish. In *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, authors Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks write that for several years the agency subsidized the New York *Daily Worker*. "In fairness to the *Worker's* staff, it must be noted that they were unaware of the CIA's assistance, which came in the form of several thousand secretly purchased prepaid subscriptions. The CIA apparently hoped to demonstrate by this means to the American public that the threat of communism in this country was, indeed, real."

My problem with the conspiracy theorists is that given a yard of provable dirty work, they want us to run another 99 with them to fantasy touchdowns. Something uglier. Like Senator Joe McCarthy before them, they deal irresponsibly in rumor and innuendo. Before I saw him, poor Skolnick suspected I was an FBI informer and, afterward, he telephoned PLAYBOY to say he could prove I was, in fact, a Canadian government agent. Given his and Mae Brussell's technique, I can help by making the circumstantial case for them.

In 1958, and again in 1965, I was awarded generous grants by the Canada Council, ostensibly for writing. But the chairman of the council at that time was Peter Dwyer, a wartime agent with MI5. Mm.

Rooted in England for 18 years, I wrote for, among other magazines, *Encounter*, then considered a leading intellectual journal and since revealed to have been secretly funded by the CIA.

Since my return to Montreal two years ago, I have traveled to Ottawa once a week, officially a visiting professor at Carleton University, but unofficially. . . .

A drinking companion of mine in Ottawa is one Don Wall, formerly advisor on security to the cabinet.

"How do I know," Mae Brussell asked, "you are who you claim you are?"

How, indeed?



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that could have happened. I feel as if somebody close to me just died." Could it be the developing determination of his body that had just died, his difficult approach to good condition? But even to speak of good condition is to confront the first mystery of boxing. It is a rare state of body and mind that allows a heavyweight to move at top speed for 15 rounds. That cannot be achieved by an act of will. Yet Ali had been trying. How many months had he labored at Deer Lake! And to try to cure his hands, which were aching with arthritis, he even ate fish and avoided meat. Then his energy diminished. After that long season of training, his energy still diminished! Something in the cosmic laws of violence must be carnal and command you to eat meat. So he had given up fish, resumed the flesh of animals, ate desserts, and his blood sugar came back. He might even be ready at last to enter the fight that would test the logic of his life. The postponement must have felt like an amputation. What a danger. Every cell in his body could be ready to mutiny.

He was, however, philosophical on this morning 48 hours later. "A real disappointment, a real disappointment. But Allah has revealed to me that I must look on this as my *private* lesson in disappoint-

(continued from page 146)

ment. This is my opportunity to learn how to convert the worst of disappointment into the greatest of strength. For the seed of triumph can be found in the misery of the disappointment. Allah has allowed me to see this postponement as a blessing," said Ali, and, finger in the air, added, "The greatest surprise is always to be found in one's own heart."

Only Ali could make this speech at nine in the morning and lead you to believe he believed it. "Nonetheless," said Ali, "it is *hard*. I am tired of training. I want to eat all the apple cobbler and drink all the sweet cream." Then—was it because they were standing through this speech?—the interviewer was now formally introduced to Ali's black associates as "a great writer. Norman is a man of wisdom," said Ali. A serious hindrance to the interview. For after such an introduction, how can Ali not wish to read his poetry? In turn, a man of wisdom may wish to be courageous, but, obliged to face such verse, he will take up the cult of the craven. How Norman dodges Ali's desire for a critique on the poems. Every literary principle is swallowed as Ali recites—it is equal in aesthetic sin to applauding the design of Nsele.

Time passed uneventfully in the room with the Borox furniture. People

came into the villa and went. Ali sat on one of the green-velveteen chairs and gave an interview, then another. He analyzed Foreman's cut, plus its effect on Foreman. "He's never been cut before. He used to think he was invincible. This has to hurt him." When analysis was satisfied, Ali went through an interview with an African reporter and expatiated on his intention to travel through the country of Zaïre after the fight. He spoke of his love for the Zaïrois people. "They are sweet and hard-working and humble and good people."

Time to go. If one would catch one's plane, it was time to go. He sat down beside Ali, waited a minute and said his farewell. Maybe it was the thought of his imminent departure that produced such an unexpected reply. Clearly, Ali muttered, "I gotta get out of this place."

Could he believe what he had heard? He leaned forward. This was as close as they had ever been. "Why don't you go on safari for a couple of days?"

With this remark, he lost the rest of his exclusive. Why hadn't he just said, "Yes it's rough." Too late would he recognize that you approached Muhammad's psyche as delicately as you walked up on a squirrel.

"No," said Ali, thrusting himself away from any temptation to scratch at the new itch. "I'll stay here and work for my people." Boxing is the exclusion of outside influence. A classic discipline.

Norman went back to the States with no happy intimations of the fight to come.

CHAPTER 4

If our man of wisdom was now wondering what name he ought to use for his piece about the fight, it was out of no excess of literary ego. More, indeed, from concern for the reader's attention. It would hardly be congenial to follow a long piece of prose if the narrator appeared only as an abstraction: The Writer, The Traveler, The Interviewer. That is unhappy in much the way one would not wish to live with a woman for years and think of her as The Wife.

Nonetheless, Norman was certainly feeling modest on his return to New York and thought he might as well use his first name—everybody in the fight game did. Indeed, his head was so determinedly empty that the alternative was to do a piece without a name. Never had his wisdom appeared more invisible to him, and that is a fair condition for acquiring an anonymous voice.

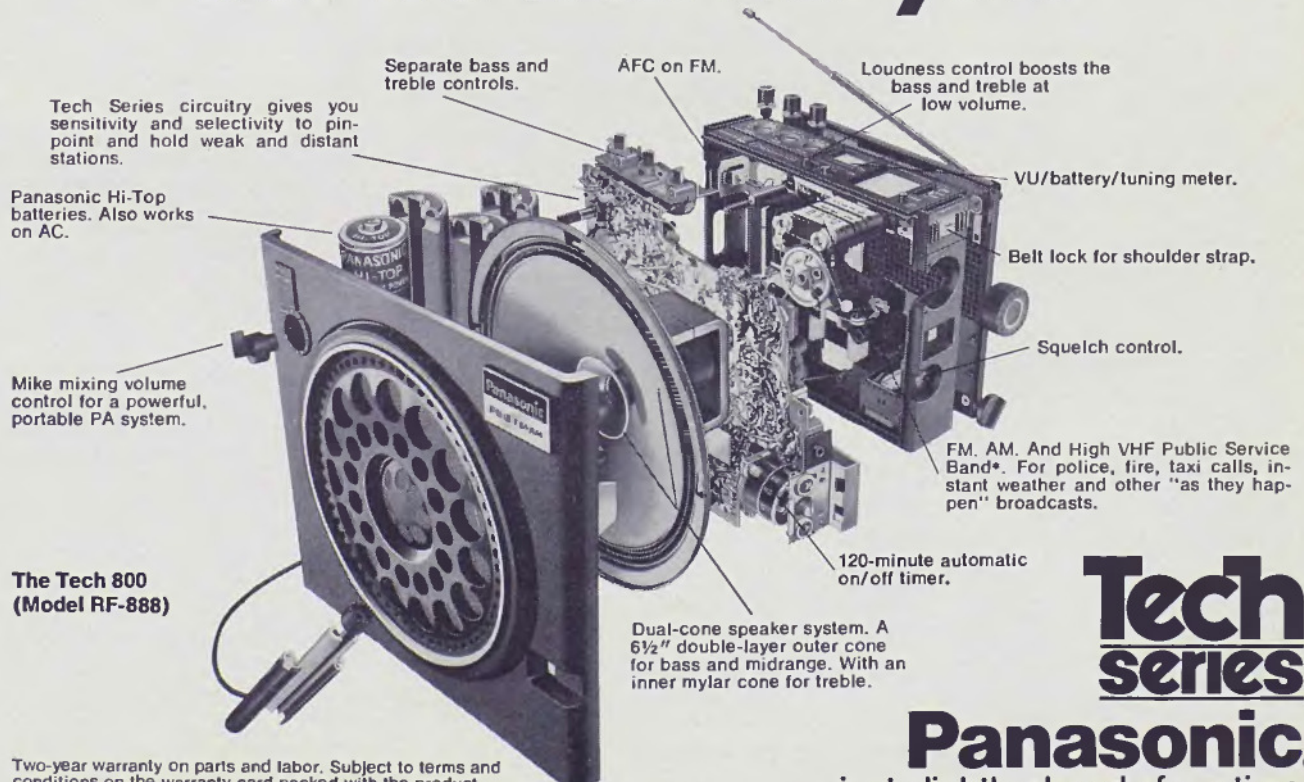
Back in Kinshasa, however, one month later, much was changed. Now he had a good room at the Inter-Continental, and so did every figure in Foreman's camp, the Champion, the manager, the sparring partners, the relatives, the friends, the skilled trainers—we are talking of no less than Archie Moore and Sandy Saddler—everyone in the retinue was there. A number from Ali's camp



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were registered, as well; most notably, Bundini, who later would have verbal wars in the lobby with Foreman's people. What wars! They must yet be described. The promoters of the fight stayed at the Inter-Continental—John Daly, Don King, Hank Schwartz. Big Black, the big conga drummer from Ali's camp, was here. Interviewed by a British reporter who asked him the name of his drum, he answered that it was a conga. The reporter wrote Congo. The *Zaïrois* censor changed it to Zaïre. Now Big Black could say in interviews that he played the Zaïres.

Yes, a different mood. The food was better at the Inter-Continental; so were the drinks. The lobby was moving with easy action between Black and white. Musicians left over from the festival four weeks before, operators at the fringe of the promotion, fight experts, hustlers and even a few tourists mingled with passing African bureaucrats and European businessmen. Employees, male and female, from the gambling casinos came by for a look and mingled with Peace Corps kids and corporation men from cartels. *Dashikis*, bush jackets and pin-stripe suits passed through the lobby. Public relations was quick to speak of "Kinshasa's living room." It was most peculiarly an agreeable lobby, although the autumn brown and pastel orange in the carpets, wicker chairs, walls, lamps and sofas were not different from autumn brown at the Indianapolis Hilton or the Sheraton Albuquerque. It worked in Africa. A little creature comfort (even if High Borox) went a long way in Kinshasa. The fast elevators gave zap! The fried food was eggs! Taxis came quickly. Still, the happy action was a function of the flow in the lobby rather than the status of people gathered. Social arbiters of Heavyweight Championships would have gone blind looking for a face important enough to ignore. If on the night before the fight a few well-known names would finally arrive—Jim Brown, Joe Frazier and David Frost for three—the old celebrity of the fight crowd was absent. The fight cadre, plus George Plimpton, Hunter Thompson, Budd Schulberg and himself, made up the notables. Any notions of anonymity had to be discarded.

For these days, Norman was being welcomed by Blacks. If Ali had introduced him as "a man of wisdom"—Ali, who had seen him in a dozen circumstances over the years and never quite allowed that he was sure of the name—Foreman, in turn, said, "Yeah, I've heard of you. You're the champ among writers." Don King presented him as "a great mind among us, a genius." Bundini, lying in his teeth, assured everyone, "Nomin is even smarter than I am." Archie Moore, whom Nomin had long revered, was cordial at last. A sparring partner asked for an autograph.

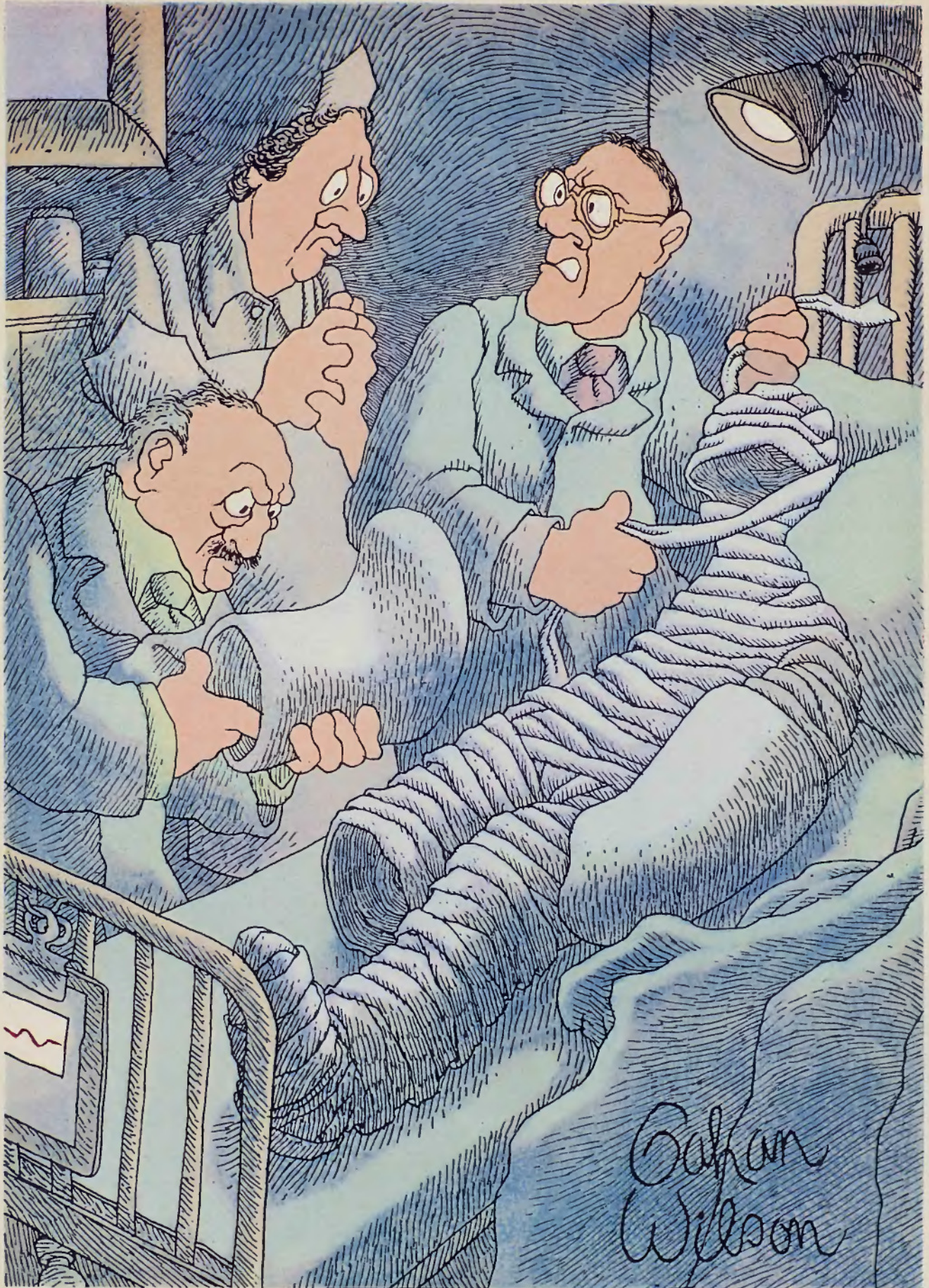
What celebration. Being greeted this

warmly on return to Africa, he felt delivered at last from the bowels of the bumper. The final traces of the miserable fever that kept him in bed for a week on his return to New York were now gone. He was happy to be back in Africa. What a surprise. Since he was not being read in this milieu nearly so much as praised, and since the Black American community, with its curious unities of opinion, so much like psychic waves, was spreading a good word on him for no overt reason—no recent published work or extraliterary relation to Blacks half so close as books and articles he had done ten or fifteen years earlier—he came to realize at last the fair shape of the irony. Months ago, a story had gotten into the newspapers about a novel he was writing. His publishers were going to pay him \$1,000,000, sight unseen, for the book. If his candles had been burning low in the literary cathedral these last few years, the news story went its way to hastening their extinction. He knew that his much publicized novel (still nine tenths to be written) would now have to be twice as good to overcome such financial news. Good literary men were not supposed to pick up *sums*. Small apples for him to protest in every banlieu and literary purlieu that his Boston publisher had not been laid low with a degenerative disease of the cortex but that the \$1,000,000 was to be paid out as he wrote 500,000 to 700,000 words, the equivalent of five novels. Since he was being rewarded only as he delivered the work, and had debts and a sizable advance already spent and five wives and seven children, plus a financial nut at present larger than his head, so the sum was not as large as it seemed, he explained—the \$1,000,000, you see, was nominal. Here in Africa, however, it was another tale. Since the word of his \$1,000,000 hit the wire services, his name throughout the black community had been *underlined*. Nomin Million was a man who could make it by using his head. No rough stuff! He did not have to get hit in the head, nor hit on the side of *your* head. This man had to be the literary champ. To make \$1,000,000 without taking chances—show respect! To sign for a sum that heavyweight champs had not been able to make until Muhammad Ali came along—why, the optimistic element of the black community looking now at every commercial horizon in America began to gaze at writing. Hang around this man, went the word. Something might rub off!

Once, he would have been miserable at being able to profit from such values. But his love affair with the black soul, a sentimental orgy at its worst, had been given a drubbing through the seasons of Black Power. He no longer knew whether he loved Blacks or secretly disliked them, which had to be the dirtiest

secret in his American life. Part of the woe of the first trip to Africa, part of that irrationally intense detestation of Mobutu—even a photo of the President in his plump cheeks and horn-rimmed eyeglasses igniting invective adequate to a Harvard professor looking at an icon of Nixon—must be a cover for the rage he was feeling toward Blacks, any Blacks. Walking the streets of Kinshasa on that first trip while the black crowds moved about him with an indifference to his presence that succeeded in niggering him, he knew what it was to be looked upon as invisible. He was also approaching, if not careful, the terminal animosity of a Senior Citizen. How his hatred seethed in search of a justifiable excuse. When the sheer evidence of Africa finally overcame these newly bigoted senses (when a drive over miles of highway showed thousands of slim and probably hungry *Zaïrois* running like new slum inhabitants for overcrowded buses, and yet in some absolute statement of aesthetic, some imprimatur of the holy and final statement of the line of the human body, these Blacks could still show in silhouette, while standing in line for the bus, almost every one of those 1000 slim dark Africans, an incorruptible loneliness, a stone-mute dignity, some African dignity he had never seen on South Americans, Europeans or Asians, some tragic magnetic sense of self, as if each alone and all were carrying the continent like a halo of sorrow about their head) then it became impossible not to feel this life and sorrow of Africa—even if Kinshasa was to the rain forest as Hoboken to Big Sur—yes, impossible not to sense what everyone had been trying to say about Africa for 100 years, big Papa first on line: The place was so fucking sensitive! No horror failed to stir its echo a thousand miles away, no sneeze was ever free of the leaf that fell on the other side of the hill. Then he could no longer hate the *Zaïrois* or even be certain of his condemnation of their own black oppressors, then his animosity switched a continent over to Black Americans with their arrogance, their jive, ethnic put-down costumes, caterwauling soul, their thump-your-testicle organ sound, and black new vomitous egos like the slag of all of alienated sewage-compacted-heap U.S.A.; then he knew that he had come not only to report on a fight but to look a little more into his own outsized feelings of love and—could it be?—sheer hate for the existence of Black on earth.

No, he was hardly surprised when his illness flared on return to the States, and he went through a week and then ten days of total detestation of himself, a fever without fantasies, an illness without terror, for he felt as if his soul had expired or, worse, slipped away. It was enough of a warning to lay a deep warning on him. He got up from bed with the



*"Surely, Nurse Greer, you must have had some suspicion
Mr. Appleton was no longer here!"*

determination to learn a little about Africa before his return, a healthy impulse that brought him luck (but then, do we not gamble with the unrecognized thought that a return of our luck signifies a return of our health?). After inquiries, he went to the University Place Book Shop in New York, an operative definition of the word *warren*, up on the eighth or ninth floor of a wheezing old office building below 14th Street—the smell of the catacombs in its stones—to find at exit from the elevator a stack and excelsior of books, cartons and dust where a big blond clerk with scraggly sideburns working alone assured the new customer that he could certainly afford these many books being laid on him, since he had, after all, been given the \$1,000,000, hadn't he, a worthless excursion to describe if not for the fact that the clerk picked the books, the titles all unfamiliar. Would there be one paragraph of radium in all this geographical, political, historical sludge? His luck

came in; not a paragraph but a book: *Bantu Philosophy*, by Father Tempels, a Dutch priest who had worked as missionary in the Belgian Congo and extracted the philosophy from the language of the tribes he lived among.

Given a few of his own ideas, Norman's excitement was not small as he read *Bantu Philosophy*. For he discovered that the instinctive philosophy of African tribesmen happened to be close to his own. Bantu philosophy, he soon learned, saw humans as forces, not beings. Without putting it into words, he had always believed that. It gave a powerful shift to his thoughts. By such logic, men or women were more than the parts of themselves, which is to say more than the result of their heredity and experience. A man was not only what he contained in himself, not only his desires, his memory and his personality, but also the forces that came to inhabit him at any moment from all things living and dead. So a man was not only himself but

also the karma of all generations past that still lived in him, not only a human with his own psyche but also a part of the resonance, sympathetic or unsympathetic, of every root and thing (and witch) about him. He would take his balance, his quivering place, in a field of all the forces of the living and the dead. So the meaning of one's life was never hard to find. One did one's best to live in the pull of these forces in such a way as to increase one's own force. Ideally, one would do it in harmony with the play of all forces, but the beginning of wisdom was to enrich oneself, enrich the *mntu* that was the amount of life in oneself, the size of the human being in oneself. Crazy. We are returned to the Calvinism of the chosen where the man with most possessions is chosen, the man of force and wealth. We are certainly in the ghetto where you do not invade another turf. We are allied to every pride of property and self-enrichment. Back to the primitive sinews of capitalism! Bantu philosophy, however, is not so primitive. It offers a more sinister vision: Maybe it is nobler. For if we are our own force, we are also a servant of the forces of the dead. So we have to be bold enough to live with all the magical forces at loose between the living and the dead. It may be equal to recognizing the messages, the curses and the loyalties of the dead. That is never free of dread. It takes bravery to live with beauty or wealth if we think of them as an existence in themselves.

An African, for example, aware of the presence of a woman who is finely dressed, might do more than grant her the reasonable increase of power that accrues to wearing an elaborate gown. To his eye, she would also have borrowed the force that lives in the gown itself, the *kuntu* of the gown. That has its own existence as a force in the universe of forces. It is analogous to the way an actor feels an increment of power when he enters his role, even feels the separate existence of the role as it comes up to him, as if it had been *out there* waiting for him in the dark. Then, it is as if he takes on some marrow of the forgotten caves. It is why certain actors must act or go mad—they can hardly live without the clarity of that moment when the role returns.

Here is a passage from *The Palm-Wine Drinkard*, by Amos Tutuola:

We knew "Laugh" personally on that night, because as every one of them stopped laughing at us, "Laugh" did not stop for two hours. As "Laugh" was laughing at us on that night, my wife and myself forgot our pains and laughed with him, because he was laughing with curious voices that we never heard before in our life . . . so if somebody continue to laugh with "Laugh" himself, he or she would die or



"Cut! Stunt man!"

faint at once for long laughing, because laugh was his profession. . . .

If laughter presents such power, what are we to make of the African's attitude toward lust? Or the inevitable *kuntu of fuck*? Yes, every word can have its relation to the primeval elements of the universe. The word, says a Dogon sage named Ogotemméli, "is water and heat. The vital force that carries the word issues from the mouth in a water vapor which is both water and word." *Nommo* is at once the name of the word and the spirit of water. So *nommo* lives everywhere in the vapor of the air and the pores of the earth. Since the word is equal to water, all things are affected by *nommo*, the word. Even the ear becomes an organ of sex when *nommo* enters: "The good word, as soon as it is received by the ear, goes directly to the sex organs, where it rolls about the uterus. . . ."

What exhilaration! This short fine book, *Bantu Philosophy*, and then a larger work bursting with intellectual sweetmeats, *Muntu, An Outline of the New African Culture*, by Janheinz Jahn, is illumining his last hours in New York, his flight on the plane—a night and a day!—his second impressions of Kinshasa. It has brought him back to a recognition of his old love for Blacks—as if the deepest ideas that ever entered his mind were there because Black existed. It has also

brought back all the old fear. The mysterious genius of these rude, disruptive Blacks. What noise they still made to the remains of his literary mind, what hooting, screaming and shrieking, what promise of oblivion on the turn of a card.

How his prejudices were loose. So much resentment had developed for Black style, Black snobbery, Black rhetoric, Black pimps, Super Fly and all that virtuoso handling of the ho. The pride Blacks took in their skill as pimps! A wrath at the mismanagement of his own sensual existence now sat on him, a sorrow at how the generosity of his mind seemed determined to contract as he grew older. He could not really bring himself to applaud the emergence of a powerful people into the center of American life—he was envious. They had the good fortune to be born Black. And felt a private fury at the professional complacency of black self-pity, a whole rage at the rhythmic power of those hectoring now-insensitive voices, a resentment at last of their values, of that eternal emphasis on centrality—"I am the real rooster on this block, the most terrible cock, the baddest fist. I'm a *down* dude. You motherfuckers better know it."

Yet even as he indulged this envy, he felt a curious relief. For he had come to a useful recognition. When the American Black was torn out of Africa, he was ripped out of his philosophy as well. So

his violence and his arrogance could be a fair subject for comprehension once more. One had only to think of the torture. Everything in African philosophy was of the root, but the philosophy had been uprooted. What a clipped and overstimulated transplant was the American Negro. His view of life came not only from his vivid experience in America but from the fragments of his lost African beliefs. So he was alienated not from one culture but from two. What idea could an Afro-American retain, then, of his heritage if not that each man seeks the maximum of force for himself? Since he lived in a field of human forces that were forever changing, and changing dramatically, even as the people he knew were killed or arrested or fell out on junk, so he had to assert himself. How else could he find life? The loss of vital force was pure loss, equal to less ego, less status, less beauty. By comparison, a white Judaeo-Christian could live through a loss of vital force and feel moral, unselfish, even saintly; an African could feel himself in balance among traditional forces. He could, for example, support the weight of his obligation to his father because his father was one step nearer in the chain to God—that unbroke African chain of lives going back to the source of creation. But the American Black was sociologically famous for the loss of his father.

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to themselves! They spoke of a vital (if tense) force. A poor and uneducated man was nothing without that force. To the degree it lived inside him, he was full of capital, ego capital, and that was what he possessed. That was the capitalism of the poor American Black trying to accumulate more of the only wealth he could find, respect on his turf, the respect of local flunkies for the power of his soul. What a raw, searching, hustling, competitive capitalism. What a lack of profit. The establishment offered massive restraint for such massive fevers of the ego. Tribal life in America began to live among stone walls and drugs. The drug provided a magnification of the sentiment that a mighty force was still inside oneself, and the penitentiary was where the old idea of man as a force in a field of forces could return. If the African restraint had been tradition, the American Black with a political idea was obliged instead to live with revolutionary discipline. As he endured in his stone walls, it became a discipline as pulverizing to the soul as the search for condition of a boxer.

Bantu Philosophy proved a gift, but it was one a writer might not need. Not to comprehend the fight. There was now enough new intellectual baggage to miss the train. Norman would bring some of it along, and hope he was not greedy. For heavyweight boxing was almost all Black, Black as Bantu. So boxing had become another key to revelations of Black, one more key to Black emotion, Black psychology, Black love. Heavyweight boxing might also lead to the room in the underground of the world where Black kings were installed: What was Black emotion, Black psychology, Black love? Of course, to try to learn from boxers was a quintessentially comic quest. Boxers were liars. Champions were great liars. They had to be. Once you knew what they thought, you could hit them. So their personalities became masterpieces of concealment. There would be limits to what he could learn of Ali and Foreman by the aid of any philosophy. Still, he was grateful for the clue. Humans were not beings but forces. He would try to look at them by that light.

CHAPTER 5

Taken directly, Foreman was no small representative of vital force. He came out from the elevator dressed in embroidered bib overalls and dungaree jacket and entered the lobby of the Inter-Continental flanked by a Black on either side. He did not look like a man so much as a lion standing just as erectly as a man. He appeared sleepy but in the way of a lion digesting a carcass. His broad handsome face (not unreminiscent of a mask of Clark Gable somewhat flattened) was neither friendly nor unfriendly; rather, it was alert in the way a boxer is in some part of him alert no matter how sleepy he looks, a heighten-

ing common, perhaps, to all good athletes, so that they can pick an insect out of the air with their fingers but as easily notice the expression on some friend in the 30th row from ringside.

Since Norman was not often as enterprising as he ought to be, he was occasionally too forward. Having barely arrived in Kinshasa again, he did not know you were not supposed to speak to Foreman in the lobby and advanced on him with a hand out. In this moment, Bill Caplan, who did public relations for Foreman, rushed up to the fighter. "He's just come in, George," said Caplan, and he made an introduction. Foreman now nodded, gave a surprising smile and proceeded to make his kind remark about a champ at writing, his voice surprisingly soft, as Southern as it was Texan. His eyes warmed, as if he liked the idea of writing—the news would soon come out that Foreman was himself working on a book. Then he made a curious remark one could think about for the rest of the week. It was characteristic of a great deal about Foreman. "Excuse me for not shaking hands with you," he said in that voice so carefully muted to retain his powers, "but you see I'm keeping my hands in my pockets."

Of course! If they were in pockets, how could he remove them? As soon as a poet in the middle of writing a line whether coffee is taken with milk or cream. Yet Foreman made his remark in such simplicity that the thought seemed likable rather than rude. He was telling the truth. It was important to keep his hands in his pockets. Equally important to keep the world at remove. He lived in a silence. Flanked by bodyguards to keep, exactly, to keep handshakers away, he could stand among 100 people in the lobby and be in touch with no one. His head was alone. Other champions had a presence larger than themselves. They offered charisma. Foreman had silence. It vibrated about him in silence. One had not seen men like that for 30 years, or was it more? Not since Norman worked for a summer in a mental hospital had he been near anyone who could stand so long without moving, hands in pockets, vaults of silence for his private chamber. He had taken care then of catatonics who would not make a gesture from one meal to the next. One of them, hands contracted into fists, stood in the same position for months, only to erupt with a sudden punch that broke the jaw of a passing attendant. Guards were always informing new guards that catatonics were the most dangerous of the patients. They were certainly the strongest. One did not need other attendants, however, to tell you. If a deer's posture in the forest can say, "I am vulnerable, irreplaceable and soon destroyed," so the posture of a catatonic haunts the brain.

"Provided I do not move," this posture says, "all power will come to me."

There was here, however, no question of wondering whether Foreman might be insane. The state of mind of a Heavyweight Champion is considerably more special than that. Not many psychotics could endure the disciplines of professional boxing. Still, a Heavyweight Champion must live in a world where proportions are gone. He is conceivably the most frightening unarmed killer alive. With his hands he could slay 50 men before he would become too tired to kill any more. Or is the number closer to 100?

Prize fighters do not, of course, train to kill people at large. To the contrary, prize fighting diverts a number who might otherwise commit murder in the street. The amount of violence capable of being generated in a champion like Foreman is staggering, therefore, to contemplate when brought to focus against another fighter. This violence, converted to a most special species of skill, had won him the championship by his 38th fight. He had never been defeated. On the night he won the championship, he had accumulated no less than 35 knockouts, the fights stopped on an average before the third round. What an unbelievable record that is! Ten knockouts in the first, eleven in the second, ten in the third and fourth. No need to think of him, then, as psychotic; rather, as a physical genius who employed the methods of catatonia (silence, concentration and immobility). Since Ali was a genius in wholly separate ways, one could anticipate the rarest war of all—a collision between different embodiments of divine inspiration.

For that matter, who could say Ali was without a chance in any religious war that took place in Africa? Norman had smiled when first hearing of the match, thinking of evil eyes, conjurers and black psychological fields. "If Ali can't win in Africa," he remarked, "he can't win anywhere." The paradox, however, on meeting the Champion was that Foreman seemed more black. Ali was not without white blood, not without a lot of it. Something in his personality was cheerfully, even exuberantly white in the way of a 6-foot, 2-inch president of a Southern college fraternity. At times, Ali was like nothing so much as a white actor who had put on too little make-up for the part and so was not wholly convincing as a Black, just one of 800 small contradictions in Ali, but Foreman was *deep*. Foreman could be mistaken for African long before Ali. Foreman was in communion with a muse. And *she* was also deep, some distant cousin of beauty, the muse of violence in all her complexity. The first desire of the muse of violence may be to remain serene. Foreman could pass through the lobby like a virile manifest of the walking dead,



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alert to everything, yet immune in his silence to the casual pollutions of everybody's vibrating handshaking hands. Foreman's hands were as separate from him as a *kuntu*. They were his instrument, and he kept them in his pockets the way a hunter lays his rifle back into its velvet case. The last heavyweight reminiscent of Foreman had been Sonny Liston. He used to inspire fear in a man by looking at him, and his bad humor over intrusion into the aura of his person seethed like smoke. His menace was intimate—he could bury a little man as quickly as a big one.

Foreman, by comparison, was a contemplative monk. His violence was in the halo of his serenity. It was as if he had learned the lesson Sonny had been there to teach. One did not allow violence to dissipate; one stored it. Serenity was the vessel where violence could be stored. So everyone around Foreman had orders to keep people off. They did. It was as if Foreman were preparing to defend himself against the thoughts of everyone alive. If he entered the arena, and all of Africa wanted him to lose, then his concentration would become the ocean of his protection against Africa. A formidable defense.

Watching him in training, impressions were confirmed. The literary champ of Kinshasa was only a boxing expert of sorts; of sorts, for example, was his previous knowledge of Foreman. He had seen him once four years earlier in the course of winning a dubious decision in ten rounds over Gregorio Peralta. Foreman looked slow and clumsy. Then he never saw Foreman again until the second round against Norton. Having arrived late at the theater, he saw nothing but the knockdowns in the second round. It was hardly a complete picture of Foreman.

But seeing him in the ring at Nsele, it was obvious George had picked up sophistication. Everything in his training pointed toward this fight. His manager, Dick Sadler, was steeped in boxing experience. So were Moore and Sandy Saddler. Together with Sugar Ray Robinson, they had been precisely the three fighters who once offered the most brilliant examples of technique for Ali's developing gifts. Foreman was one champion, therefore, whose training was designed by other champions, and it gave an opportunity to watch how a few of the best minds in boxing might coach him.

Against the perils of Africa and mass hysteria, the antidote was already evident: silence and concentration. If Africa was not Ali's only weapon, psychology must be his next. Would he try to punish Foreman's vanity? No physical activity is so vain as boxing. A man gets into the ring to attract admiration. In no other sport, therefore, can you be more humiliated. Ali would use every effort to make

Foreman feel clumsy. If, at his most fearsome, Foreman looked and fought like a lion, he had, at his worst, a resemblance to an ox. So the first object of training was to work on Foreman's sense of grace. George was being taught to dance. While he was still happy in the fox trot, and Ali was eras beyond the frug, monkey or jerk, no matter, Foreman was now able to glide in the ring, and that was what he would need. Training began with a loosening-up procedure other fighters did not employ. Foreman stood in the center of the ring and meditated as a weird and extraordinary music began to play through the public-address system. It was pop. As ambitious, however, as pop music could ever become; sounds reminiscent of Wagner, Sibelius, Mousorgsky and many an electronic composer were in the mix. Nature was awakening in the morning—so went one's first assumption of the theme—but what a piece of nature! Macbeth's witches encountered Wagner's gods on a spastic dawn. Demons abounded. Caves boiled vapors. Trees split with the scream of a broken bone. The ground wrenched. Boulders fell onto musical instruments. Into these sounds, lyrical as movie-music dew, the sun slowly rose, leaves shook themselves and the sorrowful throbs of an aching soul full of vamping organ dumps and thumps fulfilled some hollow in the din.

Foreman was wearing red trunks, a white T-shirt, reddish headgear and bright-red gloves, a bloody contrast to the sobriety of his mood. As the music played, he began to make small moves with his elbows and fists, minuscule locked-up uppercuts that did not travel an inch, small flicks of his neck, blinks of his eye. Slowly he began to shift his feet, but in awkward pivots. He looked like a giant beginning to move after a five-year sleep. Making no attempt to look impressive, he went through a somnambulistic dance. Near to motionless, he yet evoked the muffled roars of that steamy nature waking up, waking up. All by himself in the ring with a bewildered press and a wholly silent audience of several hundred Africans, he moved as though transition to the full speed of boxing would have to use up its convoluted time. Some heavyweights were known for how long it took them to get ready—Marciano used to shadowbox five rounds in the dressing room before a title bout—but Foreman's warm-up seemed to suggest that in order to become connected again to reflexes in himself, he must depart altogether from time.

Yet as the music became less of a tone poem to Hieronymus Bosch and more like hints of Oklahoma coming through Mousorgsky—what sweets and sours!—Foreman's feet began to slide, his arms to parry imaginary blows. Moving forward, he shadowboxed, cutting off the ring,

throwing punches harder at the unstoppable air, working into the woe of every heavy puncher when he misses target (for no punch disturbs the shoulder more than the one that does not connect—professionals can be separated from amateurs by the speed with which their torso absorbs that instant's loss of balance). Now Sadler cut off the music and Foreman went to the corner. Remote, he stood there while Sadler carefully greased his face and forehead for the sparring to come. But he was already returned to a whole melancholy of isolation and concentration.

He sparred a round with Henry Clark, not trying to hit hard but enjoying himself. His hands were fast and he held them well out in front, picking off punches with quick leonine cuffs of his mitts, then striking quickly with lefts and rights. He had much to learn about moving his head, but his feet were nimble. He was moving well, and Clark, a cherubic-looking black heavyweight with a reputation of his own (eighth-ranking heavyweight contender) was handled with authority by Foreman. A favorite of the press (for he was friendly and articulate) Clark had been declaring Foreman's praises for weeks. "Even a punch on the arms leaves you feeling paralyzed, and that's with heavy gloves. Ali is a friend of mine, and I'm afraid he's going to get hurt. George is the most punishing human being I've ever been in with."

This afternoon, however, with the fight five days away, Foreman was not working to punish Clark (who was due to fight the semifinal with Roy Williams) but, instead, was working at wrestling. Clark would try to hold him, as Ali might, and Foreman would throw him off, or shove him back, then maneuver him to the ropes, where he would hit him lightly, back off and practice the same solution again from the center of the ring. For whatever reason—perhaps because Clark, a big man, was not elusive enough to test Foreman's resources at cutting off the ring—Sadler stopped the sparring after a round and put in Terry Lee, a slim white light heavyweight who had the rugged face of a construction worker but happened to be fast as a rabbit. For three rounds, Lee did an imitation of Ali, backing in a circle to the ropes, then quickly skipping in the other direction to escape George, who held the center of the ring. Lee was not big enough to take Foreman's punches, and Foreman did not try to punish him, merely tapping Lee when he was caught, but Terry gave an exhibition, nonetheless, bouncing off the ropes to feint in one direction, bouncing back to feint in the other, and then scooting through any escape route available, circling away from one set of ropes only to be driven almost immediately to the next, where he would duck, slide, put his hands to his head, fall back against the ropes, spring out, feint, drop his hands, dart and try to move away again, Foreman



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stalking him all the while with enjoyment, for his reflexes were growing faster and faster.

Meanwhile, Foreman was learning new tricks every step of the way. Once, Lee, springing off the ropes, skipped under Foreman's arms like a small boy escaping his father, and the African audience at the rear of the hall, sympathetic to Ali, roared with derision. Foreman looked unperturbed, even interested, as if he had just picked up a little trick by being fooled, and in the next round, when Lee tried it again, Foreman was there to block escape. Watching Terry's talented imitation of Ali, yet seeing how cleverly and often Foreman was eating up room on the ropes, and herding him toward a corner, it seemed certain that if Ali wished to win, he would have to take more punishment than ever before in his career.

Foreman was close to genial in a press conference that followed. Dressed in his embroidered bib overalls, he sat on a long table with the press around him and quietly refused to use a microphone. Since his voice was low, it was a direct difficulty for the 50 reporters and cameramen gathered, but he was exercising territorial rights. His mood was his property, and he did not desire a shriek from the feedback to go tearing through his senses. Instead, the mike once refused and the reporters crowded together, he responded to questions with an easy intelligence, his soft Texas voice not without resonance. His replies gave a tasty skew to the mood, as if there were more he could always say but would not, in order to preserve the qualities of composure and serenity—they were tasty, too.

As Foreman spoke, one of his 50 interviewers—it must have been our recent convert to African studies—was thinking of *Conversations with Ogotemméli* by Marcel Griaule, a fine book. Ogotemméli looked on the gift of speech as analogous to weaving, since the tongue and teeth were a warp and woof on which the breath could serve as thread. Given reflection, the idea was not so unsound. What, after all, was conversation if not a psychic material to be stitched by the mind to other psychic cloth? If most conversations ended in rags, so did most textiles.

Foreman spoke with a real sense of the delicacy of what he might be weaving, a fine tissue, strong in its economy, a true cloth to come out of an intelligent and uneducated man who happened to be Champion.

Samples:

REPORTER: Your eye looks all right to me, George.

FOREMAN: Looks all right to me, too.

REPORTER: What do you think of your weight?

FOREMAN: Once you're a heavyweight, your weight speaks for itself.

REPORTER: Do you think you'll knock him out?

FOREMAN (*in utter relaxation*): I would like to.

On the ripple of humor this created, Foreman offered a smile. When the next questioner wondered what he thought of fighting at three A.M., Foreman said with a bigger grin, "When I was growing up in Houston, I had a lot of fights at three and four in the morning."

"Were your opponents tough?"

"Right! I wasn't undefeated then."

"Ali claims he's met more tough fighters than you have."

"That," said Foreman, "may be a factor for me. I got a dog who fights all the time. He comes home whipped."

"Do you expect Ali to go for the eye?"

Foreman shrugged. "It's good for anybody to go for anything they can as long as they can. The crow will go for the scarecrow but run away from dynamic people."

"We hear you're writing a book."

"Oh," Foreman said in his mildest voice, "I just like to keep an account of what's going on."

"Do you have a subject for the book?"

"It'll be about me in general."

"Plan to publish it?"

He was thoughtful, as if contemplating the uncharted lands of literature that lay ahead. "I don't know," he said. "It may be just for my kids."

REPORTER: Do Ali's remarks bother you?

FOREMAN: No. He makes me think of a parrot who keeps saying, "You're stupid, you're stupid." Not to offend Muhammad Ali, but he's like that parrot. What he says, he's said before.

They asked him if he liked the country of Zaïre and he looked uneasy and said, first hint of uneasiness to his voice, "I would like to stay as long as possible and visit." If boxers were good liars, maybe he was no boxer.

"Why are you staying at the Inter-Continental instead of here?"

Foreman replied even faster, "Well, I'm accustomed to hotel life. Although I like this place in Nsele."

He was rescued by another query. "We hear President Mobutu gave you a pet lion."

Foreman brought back his smile. "He's big enough not to be a pet. He's a serious lion."

"Do you enjoy being champ?" It was as if reporters had the license to ask any stupid question, any whatever. The trouble was that every reason existed for stupid questions. That was when the subject might reveal himself most. "You enjoy being champ?"

"I think about it every night," said George, and added with a rush of compressed love for himself that he could not quite throttle into that soft voice, "I think about it and I thank God, and I thank George Foreman for having true endurance." The inevitable schizophrenia of great athletes was in his voice. Like

artists, it is hard for them not to see the finished professional as a separate creature from the child that created him. The child (now grown up) still accompanies the great athlete and is wholly in love with him, an immature love, be it said.

But Sadler, Moore and Saddler had been teaching him to recover from mistakes. So his voice was quiet again and he added quickly, "I don't think I'm superior to any previous champion. It's something I've borrowed, and I'll have to give it up." He turned expansive. "I even love to see young cats looking at me and saying, 'Aaah, I can take him,' and I laugh. I used to be that way. It's all right. That's how it ought to be." He looked so happy with this press conference that he had become a natural force in the room and everyone liked him. He was a contrast to Ali who, when reporters were near, was always intent over the latest injury to his status, and therefore rattled on the media like a tin roof banging in the wind.

The questions continued. Foreman's answers came back with the velvet touch of a well-worn pair of dungarees.

"Do you think it'll be a good fight?"

He thought for a while, as if bringing up to date his latest assessment of Ali. "I think it'll be a rightful fight," he replied with dignity in his soft voice.

"George, you seem relaxed," a reporter said.

Now he was actually merry. The admiration of the men questioning him must have been palpable to his flesh. He looked near to sensuous in his calm. "You guys relax me," he said.

"Why?"

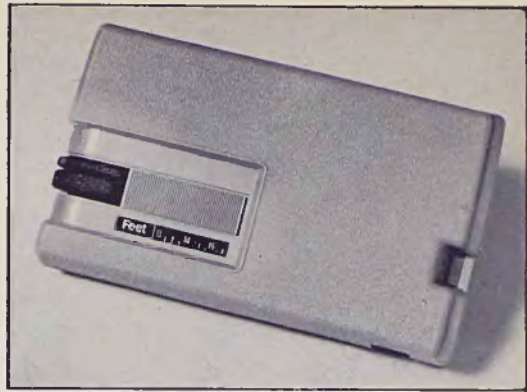
"Because you love me," he said.

Only once did he give a clue to what he might be like in a temper. A reporter asked what he thought of Ali's claim that he was more militant in working for his people than Foreman.

George got stiff. The warp and woof were jamming the thread. His breath was a hint constricted. "There is no suggestion," he said, "that can bother someone who is intelligent. In answer to Ali being more militant. . . ." But his voice rose. "I don't even think about things like that," he answered, cutting off the question. It was obvious that anger was upset in him as easily as tears from a spoiled child. There must be a massive instability to his faculties of rage, explanation in part for his rituals of concentration. Like the man who fears falling from high places, and so fixes his eyes on the floor so that he need never look out a window, Foreman fixed his mind on the absence of disturbance.

"It's hard," said Foreman, "to concentrate and be polite when you're asked questions you've heard before." He subscribed to the principle that repetition kills the soul. "You see, I'm preparing for a fight. That's my interest. I don't want to go in for distraction. I have no quarrel with the press, but I like to keep my

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mind working on the things I set for it. You see," he said, "you have to be one hundred percent stable in everything you do." And he looked about him as if to indicate he had been talking long enough.

"George, one last question. What's your fight prediction?"

Foreman was home. It was over. "Oh," he said, in no faint parody, "I'm the greatest fighter who ever lived. I'm a wonder. The fifth wonder of the world. I'm even faster than Muhammad Ali. And I'm going to knock him out in three . . . two . . . one." He let his eyes laugh. "I'll be doing one hundred percent my best," he said. "That my only prediction."

Now Sadler was asked a few questions. Short, stocky, about 60, with a bald head, a flattened nose and a flat black beret sitting on his bald head, Foreman's manager was rough yet roly-poly, and formidable in his features, for they were a map with renovations—Sadler knew how flesh got bent in the real world.

Asked if there might be last-minute shifts in Foreman's training or strategy, Sadler shrugged at the flatness of the question. "I've been doing this for a gang of years with a gang of champs. We're not worried. We don't have to dip into my *intuition* at the last instant. Ali can run, but he sure can't run for long. We're confident. There'll be no surprises. This ought to be the easiest fight George is going to have." He nodded to the press and took off with his fighter. "Gangway for all this talent," he cried out.

Something of this was clear in the way he had Foreman work next day. There was no boxing, and no fancy sparring, just the eerie sounds of Foreman's nature music (*I Love the Lord*—Donny Hathaway) and after 15 or 20 minutes of loosening, brooding and shadowboxing, Foreman went to work on the heavy bag. Sadler stood holding it, a rudimentary exercise usually given to beginners who first must learn to punch into a stationary object. But Foreman and Sadler were practicing something else.

It is punishing for a boxer to have a long workout on a heavy bag. It hurts one's arms, it hurts one's head, it can spring one's knuckles if the hands are not wrapped. Big as a tackling dummy, the bag weighs 80 pounds or more, and when a punch is not thrown properly, the body shudders with the shock. It is like being brought down by an unexpected tackle. One bad punch is enough. Now Foreman began to hit this bag with lefts and rights. He did not throw them slowly, he did not throw them fast, he threw them steadily, putting all of his body into each punch, which came to mean that he was contracting and expelling his force 40 to 50 times a minute, for he threw that many punches, not fast,

not slow, but concussive in their power. Sadler leaned forward, braced to the back of the bag, like a man riding a barrel in a storm at sea. He was shaken with every punch. His body quivered from the impact. That hardly mattered; that was part of the show. When the impact of Foreman's fist on the other side of the bag was particularly heavy, he grunted and said "*Alors*" in admiration.

Fifty punches a minute for a three-minute round. It is 150 punches without rest. Foreman stopped hitting the bag for the 30-second interval Sadler allowed between each round, but Foreman did not stop moving. The bag free, he danced about it, tapping it lightly, moving his feet faster and faster, and, the 30 seconds up, Sadler was back holding the bag and Foreman was pounding punches into it. These were no ordinary swings. Foreman was working for the maximum of power in punch after punch, round after round, 50 or 100 punches in a row without diminishing his power—he would throw 500 or 600 punches in this session, and they were probably the heaviest cumulative series of punches any boxing writer had seen. Each of these blows was enough to smash an average athlete's ribs; anybody with poor stomach muscles would have a broken spine. Foreman hit the heavy bag with the confidence of a man who can pick up a sledge hammer and knock down a tree. The bag developed a hollow as deep as a man's head. As the rounds went by, Foreman's sweat formed a pattern of drops six feet in diameter on the floor: poom! and pom! and boom! . . . bom! . . . boom! . . . went the sounds of his fists into the bag, methodical, rhythmic and just as predictably hypnotic as the great overhead blow of the steam hammer driving a channel of steel into clay. One could feel the strategy. Sooner or later, there must come a time in the fight when Ali would be so tired he could not move, could only use his arms to protect himself. Then he would be like a heavy bag. Then Foreman would treat him like a heavy bag. In the immense and massive confidence of these enormous reverberating blows, his fists would blast through every protection of Ali, smashing at those forearms until they could protect Ali no more. Six hundred blows at the heavy bag; not one false punch. His hands would be ready to beat on every angle of Ali's cowering and self-protective meat, and Sadler, as if reading the psychic temperature of comprehension in the audience, cried out from his wise gargoyle of a mouth, "Don't stand and freeze, Muhammad. Oh, Muhammad, don't you stand and freeze!"

CHAPTER 6

Ali was peeping in. There was not much Foreman could try that Ali did not see. The first to train each day in this same ring, Ali had all the time he needed

to begin his workout at noon, talk to the press, walk the 100 yards back to his villa for a shower, and then come out again to take a squint at George.

If he was more than aware of what Foreman was up to, he seemed nonetheless more interested in talking to the press this week than in working. One day Ali did no more than three rounds of light shadowboxing. Then he hit the heavy bag for a few minutes. Maybe Ali had been hitting heavy bags for too many years, but he did it gingerly, as if he did not wish to jar either his hands or his head. He seemed to be saving his energies for the press. He was always ready for a harangue after a workout, and there was something unchanging in his voice—the same hysteria one first heard ten years before was still present—the jeering agitated voice that always repelled his white listeners, the ugly voice so much at odds with his customary charm. You could feel Ali shift the gears of his psyche as he went into it, as though it were a special transmission to use only for press conferences, or declaiming his poetry, or talking about his present opponent. Then high-pitched hints of fear would come into his voice and large goutts of indignation. Even as what he said became more comical, so he would become more humorless. "Great as I am," he would state, "you have made me the underdog. I, an artist, a creator, am called the underdog when fighting an ox." He would be kingly in disdain, but it was probably for the castles of Camp, since he knew that everything he said was put immediately into quotation marks. After a while, one could begin to suspect these speeches served as an organ of elimination to vent the boredom of training; he was sending his psychic wastes directly into the press.

On Thursday, therefore, five days before the bout, Ali gave a typical seminar. "This fight is going to be not only the largest boxing *eee-vent*, but it will prove to be the largest *eee-vent* in the history of the world. It will be the greatest upset of which anyone has ever heard and to those who are ignorant of boxing, it will seem like the greatest miracle. The boxing public are fools and illiterates to the knowledge and art of boxing. This is because you here who write about boxing are ignorant of what you try to describe. You writers are the real fools and illiterates. I am going to demonstrate so you will have something new for your columns why I cannot be defeated by George Foreman and will create the greatest upset in the history of boxing which you by your ignorance and foolishness as writers have actually created. It is your fault," he said, mouthing his words for absolute enunciation, "that the boxing public knows so little and therefore believes George Foreman is great and I am finished. So I will demonstrate to you by scientific evidence how wrong you

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are. Angelo," he said to Angelo Dundee, "hand me those records, will you?" and he began to read the list of fighters he had fought. The history of heavyweight boxing over the past 13 years was evoked by the list. His first seven fights were with pugilists never well known, names like Herb Siler, Tony Esperti and Donnie Freeman. "Nobodies," said Ali in comment. By his eighth fight, he was in with Alonzo Johnson, "a ranked contender," then Alex Miteff, "a ranked contender," Willi Besmanoff, "a ranked contender." Now Ali made a sour face. "At a time when George Foreman was having his first street fights, I was already fighting ranked contenders, boxers of skill, sluggers of repute, dangerous men! Look at the list: Sonny Banks, Billy Daniels, Alejandro Lavorante, Archie Moore! Doug Jones, Henry Cooper, Sonny Liston! I fought them all. Patterson, Chualo, Cooper again, Mildenerger, Cleveland Williams—a dangerous heavyweight. Ernie Terrell, twice the size of Foreman—I whupped him. Zora Folley—he saluted the American flag just like Foreman, and I knocked him out cold, a skilled boxer!" The ring apron at Nsele was six feet above the floor (thus another example of technology in Zaïre: A fighter falling through these ropes could fracture his skull on the drop to the floor). Ali sat on this apron, his legs dangling, and Bundini stood in front, as if Ali were sitting on his shoulders. So Bundini's head, rotund as a ball, close cropped and bald in the middle, rose like a protuberance between Ali's legs. While he spoke, Ali put his hands on Bundini's head, as if a crystal ball (a black crystal ball!) were in his palms, and each time he would pat Bundini's bald spot for emphasis, Bundini

would glare at the reporters like a witch doctor in stocks. "To the press I say this," said Ali. "I fought twenty ranked contenders before Foreman had his first fight!" Ali sneered. How could the press, in its ignorance, begin to comprehend such boxing culture? "Now, let Angelo read the list of Foreman's fights." As the names went by, Ali did not stop making faces. "Don Waldhelm." "A nobody." "Fred Ashew." "A nobody." "Sylvester Dullaïre." "A nobody." "Chuck Wepner." "Nobody." "John Carroll." "Nobody." "Cookie Wallace." "Nobody." "Vernon Clay," said Dundee. Ali hesitated. "Vernon Clay—he might be good." The press laughed. They laughed again at Ali's comment for Gary "Hobo" Wiler—"a tramp." Now came a few more called "Nobody." Ali said in disgust, "If I fought these bums, you people would put me out of the fight game." Abruptly, Bundini shouted, "Next week, we be champ again." "Shut up," said Ali, slapping him on the head, "it's my show."

When the full list of Foreman's fights had been delivered, Ali gave the summation. "Foreman fought a bum a month. In all, George Foreman fought five men with names. He stopped all five, but none took the count of ten. Of the twenty-nine name fighters I met, fifteen stayed down for the count of ten." With all the pride of having worked up a legal brief, well organized and well delivered, Ali now addressed the jury. "I'm a boxing scholar. I'm a boxing scientist—this is scientific evidence. You ignore it at your peril if you forget that I am a dancing master, a great artist."

"Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," shouted Bundini.

"Shut up," said Ali, slapping Bundini's

bald spot. Then he looked hard at the press. "You are ignorant of boxing. You are ignorant men. You are impressed with George Foreman because he is so big and his muscles seem so big."

"They ain't," rumbled Bundini, "they ain't."

"Shut up," said Ali, rapping him.

"Now," said Ali, "I say to you in the press, you are impressed with Foreman because he looks like a big black man and he hits a bag so hard. He cuts off the ring! I am going to tell you that he cannot fight. I will demonstrate that the night of the fight. You will see my ripping left and my shocking right cross. You are going to get the shock of your life. Because now you are impressed with Foreman. But I let you in on a secret. Colored folks scare more white folks than they scare colored folks. I am not afraid of Foreman, and that you will discover."

Next day, however, Ali varied the routine. There was no press conference. Instead, a drama took place in the ring. But then, the fact that Ali was boxing today was in itself an event. In the past week and a half, he had sparred only three times, a light schedule. Of course, Ali had been training for so long his stablemates were growing old with him. Indeed, there was only one left, Roy Williams, the big, dark, gentle fighter who at Deer Lake had acted as if it were sacrilege to strike his employer. Now he was introduced by Bundini to the audience of several hundred Africans: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Roy Williams, Heavyweight Champ of Pennsylvania. He's taller than George Foreman, he's heavier than George Foreman, his reach is longer, he hits harder and he's more intelligent than George Foreman." Bundini was the father of hyperbole.

His remarks were now translated by a Zaïrois interpreter to the black audience. They giggled and applauded. Ali now led them in a chant, "Ali boma yé, Ali boma yé," which translated as "Kill him, Ali"—an old fight cry when all is said—and Ali took his people through the chant as though they were a high school crowd crying "Slay Sisley High," a testimonial of good spirits to Ali's good spirit. He looked 18 this morning as he got ready to spar with Williams.

They hardly boxed, however. After weeks and months of working together, a fighter and his sparring partner are an old married couple. They make comfortable love. That is all right for old married couples, but the dangers are obvious for a fighter. He gets used to living below the level of risk in the ring. So Ali dispensed today with all idea of boxing. He wrestled through an entire round with Williams. To the beat of Big Black on the floor beating on his conga drum, one sullen throbbing rhythm, Ali grappled up and down the ring. "I'm going to tie George up and walk with



"But, Harry, even astronauts have a 'backup crew.'"

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him, *walk* with him," Ali said in a loud throttled voice through his mouthpiece. "Yes, I'm going to walk with him." Occasionally, he would fall back to the ropes and let Williams pound him, then he would wrestle some more. "We're going to *walk* with him." When the round was over, Ali yelled to the side of the hall, "Archie Moore, number-one spy, you tell George I'm running. I'm going to work him until he's stupid, and then the torture begins. War! War!" Ali shouted, and rushed out, swinging like an archetype of determination, only to go slack and wave to Williams to pound him on the ropes.

"Archie Moore, number-one spy," he called over his shoulder, even as Williams was hitting him.

These days, Moore looked like an orotund black professor who played a saxophone on weekends. His gray mustache curved down on each side of his mouth in a benign Fu Manchu, Dickensian mutton chops were his gray sideburns, a plump and dashing man in late middle age—what a titillation to recognize that he was close to 60 and yet had been in the ring with Ali. Not for nothing had he been the first philosopher of boxing.

Perhaps it was his presence; almost certainly, Moore's presence as the first philosopher of boxing was encouraging Ali to reveal himself as first boxing master of the occult. He proceeded to get himself knocked out. As the second round began, Ali beckoned for Williams to belabor his belly. Obediently, Williams came forward and pounded at Ali's capacity to absorb endless punches to the stomach. "Oooh, it hurts," Ali yelled suddenly. "It huuuuurts!"

Quickly, the *Zairois* interpreter said to the Blacks in the back seats: "*Il frappe dur.*" Ali came off the ropes and wrestled again with Williams. As they walked, Ali made a speech to Moore. "Your man has no class," he cried loud and clear through his rubber mouthpiece, "no footwork. He thinks slow. The turkey is ready for the killing." Moore smiled benignly, as though to reply, "Not saying which turkey."

Ali went back to the ropes. Williams hit him in the stomach. Ali sank to one knee. A trainer, Walter Youngblood, jumped into the ring and counted to eight. Ali got up and staggered about. He and Williams now looked about equal to two sumo wrestlers with sand in their eyes. "He goin' for my gut," grunted Ali in a sad plantation voice and on the first punch to the stomach went down again. "The man been knocked down twice," cried Ali, and leaped to his feet. Sparring continued. So did more knockdowns. Each was occasion for a speech. After the fourth—or was it the fifth?—knockdown, Ali stayed down. To everybody's surprise, Youngblood counted to ten. The mood

was awful. It was as if somebody had told an absolutely filthy joke that absolutely didn't work. A devil's fart. The air was ruined. From the floor, Ali said: "Well, the Lip has been shut. He's had his mouth shut for the last time. George Foreman is the greatest. Too strong," said Ali sadly. "He hit too hard. Now a defeated Ali leaves the ring. George Foreman is undisputed champion of the world."

The Africans in the rear of the hall were stricken. A silence, not without dread, was rising from them. Nobody believed Ali had been hurt—they were afraid of something worse. By way of this charade, Ali had given a tilt to the field of forces surrounding the fight. As a dead man had he spoken from the floor. Like a member of a chorus had he offered the comment: "He's had his mouth shut for the last time." Such words could excite the forces of the dead. There was hardly a *Zairois* in the audience who did not know that Mobutu, good president, was not only a dictator but a doctor of the occult, with a pygmy for his own private conjurer (distinguished must that pygmy be!). If, however, Mobutu had his *féticheur*, who among these Africans would not believe Ali was also a powerful voice in the fearful and magical zone between the living and the dead? The hush that fell on the crowd (like the silence in a forest after the echo of a rifle shot) was at the unmitigated horror of what Ali might be doing if he did not know what he had done. A man should not offer his limbs to sorcery any more than he would encourage his soul to slip into the mists. When every word reverberates to the end of the earth, a weak word can bring back an echo to punish the man who spoke, and a weak action guarantee defeat. A man must not play with his dignity, therefore, unless he is master of the arts of transformation. Did Ali really know what he was doing? Was he trying to burn out some weakness in his soul and thereby daring disaster, or was he purposefully arousing those forces working for the victory of Foreman in order to weaken and disturb them? Who could know?

Ali now leaped to his feet and reassured the crowd. "Tell them," he said to the interpreter, "that this is only a treat. The people will not see it ever in real life. Tell the people to cheer up. No man is strong enough or great enough to knock me out. *Ali boma yé,*" he said. "Tell them to *boma yé.*" The translation came. Wan cheers. The shock would demand its time for recovery. The Africans were numb. Do not try to think until thought returns, their mood may have said. Nonetheless, they cried out "*Boma yé.*" Who had ever heard such confidence as one heard from the man in the ring? The laws of highest magic might be in his employ.

"Jive suckers," said Ali, crooning to the press, "hear what I say. When you

see me rapping like this, please don't bet against me."

Big Black tapped the conga drum and one had time to think of Ali's dream announced the month before that Foreman's eye would cut, and time again to think of Bundini's boast that he was working the magic to make a cut. Then the cut came. A week too soon. If Ali and Bundini had been employing their powers, such powers proved misapplied. Were they now being laid on closer? Much to think about in the week of this fight.

CHAPTER 7

N'golo was a Congolese word for force, for vital force, and so could be applied to ego, status, strength or libido. Ali was one artist who felt deprived of his rightful share. For ten years, the press had been cheating Ali of *n'golo*. No matter if he had as much as anyone in America, he wanted more. It is not the *n'golo* you have but the *n'golo* you are denied that excites the harshest hysterias of the soul. So he could not want to lost this fight. If he did, they would write up the epitaphs for his career, and the dead have no *n'golo*. The dead are dying of thirst—so goes an old African saying. The dead cannot dwell in the *n'golo* that arrives with the first swallow of palm wine, whiskey or beer.

Ali's relations with the press were now nonstop. Never did a fighter seem to have so much respect for the magical power of the written word. His villa with the green Borox furniture was open to many a reporter, and in the afternoons at Nsele, after training was over for both men, Foreman would ride back to the Inter-Continental and Ali would lie about in his living room, legs extended from a low armchair, his valuable arms folded on his chest, and answer more questions from the reporters sitting with him, his iron endurance for conversation never in question. He ran a marathon every day with his tongue, strong, sure and never stumbling over anyone else's thought. If a question were asked for which he had no reply, he would not hear it. Majestic was the snobbery of his ear.

He was, of course, friendly to black correspondents—indeed, interviewing Muhammad was often their apprenticeship. With no other famous black man were they likely to receive as much courtesy: Ali answered questions in full. He answered them to microphones for future radio programs and to microphones for reporters with tape recorders, he slowed up his speech for journalists taking notes, and was relaxed if one did not take a note. He was weaving a mighty bag of burlap large enough to cover the earth. When it was finished, he would put the world in that bag and tote it on his shoulder.

So in the easy hours of the afternoon that followed his knockout in training by Williams, he returned to his favorite scenario and described in detail how he



"Am I looking for a roommate? Yes, ma'am—come right in."

would vanquish Foreman. "Just another gym workout," he said often. "The fight will be easy. This man does not want to take a head whipping like Frazier just to beat you. He's not as tough as Frazier. He's soft and spoiled."

A young Black named Sam Clark working for BAN (Black Audio Network) which offered black news to black-oriented stations, now asked a good question. "If you were to advise Foreman how to fight you, what would you tell him?"

"If I," said Ali, "give the enemy some of my knowledge, then maybe he'll have sense to lay back and wait. Of course, I will even convert that to my advantage. I'm versatile. All the same, the Mummy's best bet is to stand in the center of the ring and wait for me to come in." With hardly a pause, he added, "Did you hear that *death* music he plays? He is a mummy. And," said Ali, chuckling, "I'm going to be the Mummy's Curse!"

Topics went by. He spoke of Africans learning the technology of the world. "Usually you feel safer if you see a white face flying a plane," he said. "It just seems like a white man should fix the jet engine. Yet here they are all black. That impressed me very much," he said. Yet when he was most sincere, so could he mean it least. In a similar conversation with friends, he had winked and added, "Of course, I never believe the bullshit that the pilots is all black. I keep looking for the secret closet where they hide the white man until the trouble starts."

"Are you going to try to hit Foreman's cut?" asked another black reporter.

"I'm going to hit *around* the cut," answered Ali. "I'm going to beat him good," he said out of the bottomless funds of his indignation, "and I want the credit for winning. I don't want to give it to the cut." He made a point of saying,

"After I win, they talk about me fighting for ten million dollars."

"If they do, will you still retire?"

"I don't know. I'm going home with no more than one million, three hundred thousand. Half of the five million goes to the Government, then half a million for expenses and one third to my manager. I'm left with one million three. That ain't no money. You give me one hundred million today, I'll be broke tomorrow. We got a hospital we're working on, a black hospital being built in Chicago, costs fifty million dollars. My money goes into causes. If I win this fight, I'll be traveling everywhere." Now the separate conversations had come together into one and he talked with the same muscular love of rhetoric that a politician has when he is giving his campaign speech and knows it is a good one. So Ali was at last in full oration. "If I win," said Ali, "I'm going to be the black Kissinger. It's full of glory, but it's tiresome. Every time I visit a place, I got to go by the schools, by the old-folks' home. I'm not just a fighter, I'm a world figure to these people"—it was as if he had to keep saying it, the way Foreman had to hit a heavy bag, as if the sinews of his will would steel by the force of this oral conditioning. The question was forever growing. Was he still a kid from Louisville talking, talking, through the afternoon and, for all anyone knew, through the night, talking through the ungovernable anxiety of a youth seized by history to enter the dynamos of history? Or was he in full process of becoming that most unique phenomenon, a 20th Century prophet, and so the anger of his voice was that he could not teach, could not convince, could not convince? Had any of the reporters made a face when he spoke of himself as the black Kissinger? Now, as if to forestall derision, he

clowned. "When you visit all these folks in all these strange lands, you got to eat. That's not so easy. In America, they offer you a drink. A fighter can turn down a drink. Here, you got to eat. They're hurt if you don't eat. It's an honor to be loved by so many people, but it's hell, man."

He could not, however, stay away from his mission. "Nobody is ready to know what I'm up to," he said. "People in America just find it hard to take a fighter seriously. They don't know that I'm using boxing for the sake of getting over certain points you couldn't get over without it. Being a fighter enables me to attain certain ends. I'm not doing this," he muttered at last, "for the glory of fighting, but to change a lot of things."

It was clear what he was saying. One had only to open to the possibility that Ali had a large mind rather than a repetitive mind and was ready for oncoming chaos, ready for the disruptions and volcanic dislocations that would boil through the world in these approaching years of pollution, malfunction and economic disaster. Who knew what divisions the world would yet see? Here was this tall pale Negro from Louisville, born in psychic slavery to be one of a hundred species of flunky to some bourbon-minted redolent white voice, and instead had a vision of himself as a world leader, president not of America, or even of a United Africa, but leader of half the Western world, President of the Black and Arab republics. Had Muhammad Mobutu Napoleon Ali come even for an instant face to face with the differences between Islam and Bantu?

On the shock of this recognition, that Ali's seriousness might as well be rooted in the molten iron of the earth, and his craziness not necessarily so crazy, Norman came near for a word. "I know what you're saying," he said to Muhammad.

"I'm serious," said Ali.

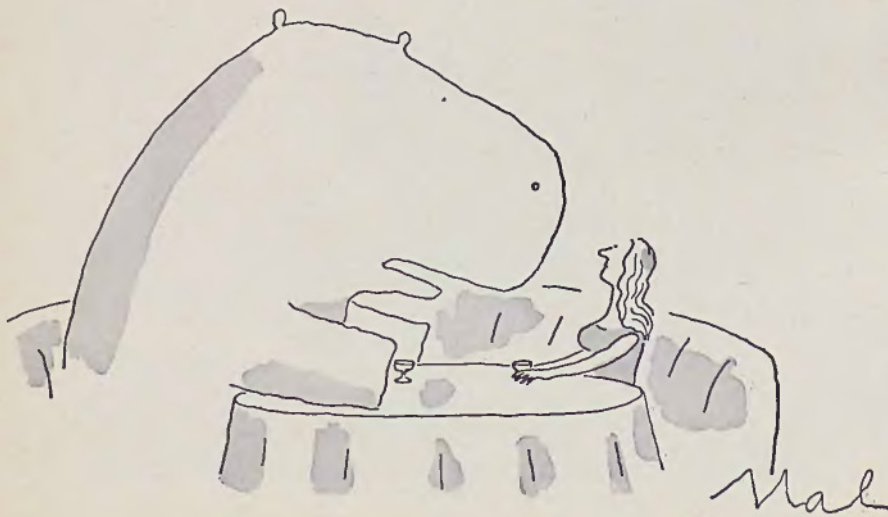
"Yes, I know you are." He thought of Foreman's herculean training and Ali's contempt. "You better win this fight," he heard himself stating, "because if you don't, you are going to be a professor who gives lectures, that's all."

"I'm going to win."

"You might have to fight like you never fought before. Foreman has become a sophisticated fighter."

"Yes," said Ali, in a quiet voice, one line for one interviewer at last. "Yes," said Ali, "I know that, too." He added with a wry small touch, "George is much improved."

Talk went on, endless people came and went. Ali ate while photographers photographed his open mouth. Not since Louis XV sat on his *chaise percée* and delivered the royal stool to the royal pot to be instantly carried away by the royal chamberlain had a man been so observed. No other politician or leader of the world would leave himself so open to



"Hippopotamuses get lonesome, too, Miss Bascombe."

scrutiny. What a limitless curiosity could Ali generate.

On the strength of his own curiosity about the qualities of Ali's condition, Norman asked if he could run with him tonight. Inquiring, he learned that Ali would be going to bed at nine and setting the alarm for three. Norman would have to be there then.

"You can't keep up with me," said Ali.

"I don't intend to try. I just want to run a little."

"Show up," said Ali with a shrug.

CHAPTER 8

He could go back to the Inter-Continental, eat early and try to get some sleep before the run, but sleep was not likely between eight in the evening and midnight—besides, there was no question of keeping up with Muhammad. His journalistic conscience, however, was telling him that the better his own condition, the more he would be able to discern about Ali's. What a pity he had not been jogging since the summer. Up in Maine he had done two miles every other day, but jogging was one discipline he could not maintain. At 5'8" and 170 pounds, Norman was simply too heavy to enjoy running. He could jog at a reasonable gait—15 minutes for two miles was good time for him—and, if pushed, he could jog three miles, conceivably four, but he hated it. Jogging disturbed the character of one's day. He did not feel refreshed afterward but overstimulated and irritable. The truth of jogging was it only felt good when you stopped. And he would remind himself that with the exception of Erich Segal and George Gilder, he had never heard of a writer who liked to run—who wanted the brilliance of the mind discharged through the ankles?

Back in Kinshasa, he decided to have drinks and a good meal, after all, and during dinner there was amusement at the thought he would accompany Ali on the road. "You know you have to do it," said John Vinocur. "I know," said Mailer, in full gloom. "Ali isn't expecting me to show up, but he won't forgive it if I don't."

"That's right, that's right," said Vinocur. "I offered to run with Foreman once, and when I didn't get there, he never let me forget. He brings it up every time I see him."

"Plimpton, you've got to come with me," said Mailer.

George Plimpton wasn't sure he would. Mailer knew he wouldn't. Plimpton had too much to lose. With his tall thin track man's body and his quietly buried competitive passion (large as Vesuvius, if smokeless) Plimpton would have to keep on some kind of close terms with Ali or pay a disproportionate price in humiliation. Whereas it was easy for Mailer. If he didn't get a leg cramp in the first 500 yards, he could pick the half-mile mark to take his bow. He just hoped Ali



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"God, am I sick of fish—no offense intended."

didn't run too fast. That would be jogger's hell. At the thought of being wiped out from the start, a little bile rose from the drinks and the rich food. It was now only nine in the evening, but his stomach felt as if the forces of digestion were in stupor.

A little later, they all went to a casino and played blackjack. The thought that he would run with Ali was beginning to offer its agreeable tension, a sensation equal to the way he felt when he was going to win at blackjack. Gambling had its own libido. Just as one was ill-advised to make love when libido was dim, so was that a way to lose money in gambling. Whenever he felt empty, he dropped his stake; when full of himself, he often won. Every gambler was familiar with the principle—it was visceral, after all—few failed to disobey it in one fashion or another. But never had he felt its application so powerfully as in Africa. It was almost as if one could make a living in Kinshasa provided one gambled only when one's blood was up.

Naturally, he drank a little. He had friends at this casino. The manager was a young American not yet 21 and in love with the taste of his life in Africa; the croupiers and dealers were English girls, sharp as birds in their accents, the keen vibrating intelligence of the London working class in their quick voices. He was getting *mal d'Afrique*, the sweet infection that forbids you to get out of Africa (in your mind, at least) once you have visited it. What intoxication to gamble and know in advance whether one would win or lose. Even orange juice and vodka gave its good thump. He was loving everything about the evening but

the sluggishness of his digestion. Pocketing his money, he went back to the hotel to put on a T-shirt and exercise pants.

The long drive to Nsele, 45 minutes and more, confirmed him in the first flaw of his life. He was a monster of bad timing. Why had he not paced himself so that the glow he was feeling at the casino would be with him when he ran? Now his *n'golo* was fading with the drinks. By the time they hit the road, he would have to work off the beginnings of a hangover. And his stomach, that invariably reliable organ, had this night simply not digested his food. My God. A thick fish chowder and a pepper steak were floating down the Congo of his inner universe like pads of hyacinth in the clotted Zaïre. My God, add ice cream, rum and tonic, vodka and orange juice. Still, he did not feel sick, just turgid—a normal state for his 51 years, his heavy meals and this hour.

It was close to three in the morning as he reached Nsele, and he would have preferred to go to sleep. He was even ready to consider turning around without seeing Ali. By now, however, that was hardly a serious alternative.

But the villa was dark. Maybe Ali would not run tonight. A couple of soldiers, polite but somewhat confused by the sight of visitors at this hour—Dick Drew, a cameraman from the A.P., was also waiting—asked them not to knock on the door. So they all sat in the dark for a quarter of an hour, and then a few lights went on in the villa and Howard Bingham, a young Black from *Sports Illustrated* who had virtually become Ali's private photographer, came by and brought them in. Ali was still sleepy. He

had gone to bed at nine and just awakened, the longest stretch of sleep he would take over 24 hours. Later, after running, he might nap again, but sleep never seemed as pervasive a concern to him as to other fighters.

"You did come," he said with surprise, and then seemed to pay no further attention. He was doing some stretching exercises to wake up and had the surliness of any infantryman awakened in the middle of the night. They would make four for the run. Bingham was coming along and Pat Patterson. Ali's personal bodyguard, a Chicago cop, no darker than Ali, with the solemn even stolid expression of a man who has gone through a number of doors in his life without the absolute certainty he would walk out again. By day, he always carried a pistol; by night—what a pity not to remember if he had strapped a holster over his running gear.

Ali looked sour. The expression on his face was not difficult to read. Who wanted to run? He gave an order to one of the two vans that would accompany them, telling it to be certain to stay well behind, so that its fumes would not bother them. The other had Dick Drew inside to take photographs and it was allowed to stay even.

Norman may have hoped the fighter would want to walk for a while, but Ali right away took off at a slow jogger's gait and the others fell in. They trotted across the grass of the villas set parallel to the river and, when they came to the end of the block, took a turn toward the highway two miles off and kept trotting at the same slow pace past smaller villas, a species of motel row where some of the press was housed. It was like running in the middle of the night across suburban lawns on some undistinguished back street of Beverly Hills, an occasional light still on in a room here and there, one's eyes straining to pick up the driveways one would have to cross, the curbs and the places where little wire fences protected the plantings. Ali served as a guide, pointing to holes in the ground, sudden dips and slippery spots where hoses had watered the grass too long. And they went on at the same slow steady pace. It was, in fact, surprisingly slow, certainly no faster than his own rate when jogging by himself, and Norman felt, everything considered, in fairly good condition. His stomach was already a full soul of heated lead, and it was not going to get better, but to his surprise, it was not getting worse—it seemed to have settled in as one of the firm discontents he would have on this run.

After they had gone perhaps half a mile, Ali said, "You're in pretty good shape, Norm."

"Not good enough to talk," he answered through closed teeth.

Jogging was an act of balance. You

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had to get to the point where your legs and your lungs worked together in some equal state of exertion. They could each be close to overexertion, but if one was not more fatigued than the other, they offered some searing and hard-working equivalent of the tireless; to wit, you would feel no more abominable after a mile than after the first half mile. The trick was to reach this disagreeable state without having to favor the legs or the lungs. Then, if no hills were there to squander one's small reserve, and one did not lose stride or have to stop, if one did not stumble and one did not speak, that steady progressive churning could continue, thoroughgoing, raw to one's middle-aged insides, but virtuous—one felt like the motors of an old freighter.

After a few weeks of steady running, one could take the engines of the old freighter through longer and longer storms, one could manage hills, one could even talk (and how well one could ski later in the year with the legs built up!) but now his body had been docked for two months and he was performing a new kind of balancing act. It was not only his legs and his lungs but the gauges on the bile in his stomach he had to watch and the pressure on his heart. If he had always run before breakfast, and so was unaccustomed to jogging with food in his stomach, he was having an education in that phenomenon now. It was a third factor, hot, bilious, and working like a bellows in reverse, for it kept pushing up a pressure on his lungs, yet, to his surprise, not nauseating, just heavy pressure, so that he knew he could not keep up with a faster pace more than a little before his stomach would be engorging his heart and both pounding in his ears.

Still, they had covered what must be three quarters of a mile by now and were long past the villas and formal arrangement of Nsele's buildings, and just padded along on a back road with the surprisingly disagreeable exhaust of the lead van choking their nostrils. What a surprising impediment to add to the run—it had to be worse than cigar smoke at ringside, and to this pollution of air came an intermittent freaking of a photographic flash pack from Dick Drew's camera.

Still, he had acquired his balance. What with food, drink and lack of condition, it was one of the most unpleasant runs he had ever made, certainly the most caustic in its preview of hell, but he had found his balance. He kept on running with the others, the gait most happily not stepped up, and came to recognize after a while that Ali was not a bad guy to run with. He kept making encouraging comments: "Hey, you're doin' fine, Norm," and, a little later,

"Say, you're in good condition," to which the physical specimen could only grunt for reply—mainly it was the continuing sense of a perfect pace to Ali's legs that helped the run, as if his own legs were somehow being tuned to pick their own best rate, yes, something easy and uncompetitive came off Ali's good stride.

"How old are you, Norm?"

He answered in two bursts, "Fifty—one."

"Say, when I'm fifty-one, I won't be strong enough to run to the corner," said Ali. "I'm feeling tired already."

They jogged. Wherever possible, Ali ran on the turf. Patterson, used to pounding concrete, ran on the paving of the road and Bingham alternated. Norman stayed on the turf. It was generally easier on the feet and harder on the lungs to jog over grass, and his lungs with the pressure of his stomach were more in need than his legs, but he could not keep the feel of Ali's easy rhythm when he left the turf.

On they went. Now they were passing through a small forest, and by his measure, they had come a little more than a mile. He was beginning to think it was remotely possible that he could cover the entire distance—was it scheduled for three miles?—but even as he was contemplating the heroics of this horror, they entered on a long slow grade uphill, and something in the added burden told him that he was not going to make it without a breakdown in the engines. His heart had now made him prisoner—it sat in an iron collar around his neck, and as they chugged up the long slow grade, the collar tightened every 50 feet. He was breathing now as noisily as he had ever breathed and recognized that he was near to the end of his run.

"Champ," he said, "I'm going—to stop—pretty soon," a speech in three throttled bursts. "I'm just—holding you—back," and realized it was true—except how could Ali put up with too slow a gait when the fight was just four nights away? "Anyway—have good run," he said, like the man in the water waving in martyred serenity at the companions to whom he has just offered his spot in the lifeboat. "I'll see you—back there."

And he returned alone. Later, when he measured it by the indicator on his car, he found that he had run with them for a mile and a half, not too unrespectable. And enjoyed his walk. Actually, he was a little surprised at how slow the pace had been. It seemed unfitting that he had been able to keep up as long as he had. If Ali were going to run for 15 rounds, there should, he thought, be something more kin to a restlessness in his legs tonight. Of course, Ali was not wearing sneakers but heavy working shoes. Still, the leisureliness of the pace made him uneasy.

There is no need to follow Norman back on his walk, except that we are about to discover a secret to the motivation of writers who achieve a bit of prominence in their own time. As the road continued through the forest, dark as Africa is ever supposed to be, he was enjoying for the first time a sense of what it meant to be out alone in the African night, and occasionally, when the forest thinned, knew what it might also mean to be alone under an African sky. The clarity of the stars! The size of the bowl of heaven! Truth, thoughts after running are dependably banal. Yet what a teeming of cricket life and locusts in the brush about him, that nervous endless vibration seeming to shake the earth. It was one of the final questions: Were insects a part of the cosmos or the termites of the cosmos?

Just then, he heard a lion roar. It was no small sound, more like thunder, and it opened an unfolding wave of wrath across the sky and through the fields. Did the sound originate a mile away, or less? He had come out of the forest, but the lights of Nsele were also close to a mile away, and there was all of this deserted road between. He could never reach those lights before the lion would run him down. Then his next thought was that the lion, if it chose, could certainly race up on him silently, might even be on his way now.

Once, sailing in Provincetown harbor on nothing larger than a Sailfish, he had passed a whale. Or rather, the whale passed him. A frolicsome whale that cavorted in its passage and was later to charm half the terrified boats in its path. He had recognized at the moment that there was nothing he could ever do if the whale chose to swallow him with his boat. Yet he felt singularly cool. What a perfect way to go. His place in American literature would be forever secure. They would seat him at Melville's feet. Melville and Mailer, ah, the consanguinity of the Ms and the Ls—how critics would love Mailer's now discovered preoccupations (see Croft on the mountain in *The Naked and the Dead*) with Ahab's Moby Dick.

Something of this tonic *sang-froid* was with him now. To be eaten by a lion on the banks of the Congo—who could fail to notice that it was Hemingway's own lion waiting down these years for the flesh of Ernest until an appropriate substitute had at last arrived?

They laughed back at Ali's villa when he told them about the roar. He had forgotten Nsele had a zoo and lions might as well be in it.

Ali looked tired. He had run another mile and a half, he would estimate, three miles in all, and had sprinted uphill for the last part, throwing punches, running backward, then all-out forward again, and was very tired now. "That running," he said, "takes more out of me than



John
Dempsey

"Well, it's kinda late, but sure, why not? Where's your swing?"



anything I ever felt in the ring. It's even worse than the fifteenth round, and that's as bad as you can get."

Like an overheated animal, Ali was lying on the steps of his villa, cooling his body against the stone, and Bingham, Patterson and Ali did not talk too much for a while. It was only four A.M., but the horizon was beginning to lighten—the dawn seemed to come in for hours across the African sky. Predictably, Ali was the one to pick up conversation again. His voice was surprisingly hoarse: He sounded as if a cold were coming on. That was all he needed—a chest cold for the fight! Pat Patterson, hovering over him like a truculent nurse, brought a bottle of orange juice and scolded him for lying on the stone, but Ali did not move. He was feeling sad from the rigors of the workout and talked of Jurgen Blin and Blue Lewis and Rudi Lubbers. "Nobody ever heard of them," he said, "until they fought me. But they trained to fight me and fought their best fights. They were good fighters against me," he said almost with wonder. (Wonder was as close as he ever came to doubt.) "Look at Bugner—his greatest fight was against me. Of course, I didn't train for any of them the way they trained for me. I couldn't. If I trained for every fight the way I did for this, I'd be dead. I'm glad I left myself a little bit for this one." He shook his head in a blank sort of self-pity, as if

some joy that once resided in his juices had been expended forever. "I'm going to get one million three hundred thousand for this fight, but I would give one million of that up gladly if I could just buy my present condition without the work."

Yet his present condition was so full of exhaustion. As if anxiety about the fight stirred in the hour before dawn, a litany began. It was the same speech he had made a day and a half ago to the press, the speech in which he listed each of Foreman's opponents and counted the number who were nobodies and the inability of Foreman to knock his opponents out cold. Patterson and Bingham nodded in the sad patience of men who worked for him and loved him and put up with this phase of his conditioning while Ali gave the speech the way a patient with a threatening heart will take a nitroglycerin pill. And Norman, with his food still undigested and his bowels hard packed from the shock of the jogging, was blank himself when he tried to think of amusing conversation to divert Ali's mood. It proved up to Ali to change the tone and by the dawn he did. After showering and dressing, he showed a magic trick and then another, long cylinders popping out of his hands to become handkerchiefs, and, indeed, next day at training, still haranguing the press, Ali ended by saying, "Foreman will never

catch me. When I meet George Foreman, I'll be free as a bird," and he held up his hand and opened it. A bird flew out. To the vast delight of the press. Ali was writing the last line of their daily piece from Kinshasa today. Nor did it take them long to discover the source. Bundini had captured the bird earlier in the day and slipped it to Ali when the time came. Invaluable Bundini, improvisatory Bundini.

Still, as Norman drove home to the Inter-Continental and breakfast, he measured Ali's run. He had finished by the Chinese pagoda. That was two and a half miles, not three! Ali had run very slowly for the first mile and a half. With an empty stomach and the fair condition of the summer in Maine, he thought he could probably have kept up with Ali until the sprint at the end. It was no way for a man fighting for a heavyweight title to do roadwork. Norman did not see how Ali could win. Defeat was in that air Ali alone seemed to refuse to breathe.

CHAPTER 9

Foreman had a sparring partner named Elmo Henderson, once Heavyweight Champion of Texas and not too recently released from Nevada State Hospital for the insane. Elmo was tall and thin and did not look like a fighter nearly so much as like some kind of lean wanderer in motley—the long stride of a medieval fool was in his step, and he would walk through the lobby and the patio and around the pool of the Inter-Continental with his eyes in the air, as if he sought a vanishing point six feet above the horizon. It gave an envelope to his presence, even a suggestion of silence, but this was paradoxical, for Elmo Henderson never stopped talking. It was as if Elmo were Foreman's unheard voice, and the voice was loud and demented. Elmo had learned a Franco-African word, *oyé* (from the French *oyez*—now hear this), and at whatever hour of the day he went through the lobby or encountered you at Nsele, he was passing through the midst of a continuing inner vision. The voice he heard came from far off and out of a deep source of power—Elmo vibrated to the hum of that distant dynamo. "Oyé," he cried to the world at large in an unbelievably loud and booming voice. "Oyé . . . oyé . . ." each cry coming in its interval, sometimes so far apart as every ten or fifteen seconds, but penetrating as a dinner gong to all the corners of the hotel. Up in the corridors, and from the elevator when the doors opened, out on the taxi entrance of the Inter-Continental and back at the pool, through the buffet tables of the open-air restaurant and all night at the bar, Henderson's cry would come, sometimes in one's ear, sometimes across a floor, "Oyé . . ." He would stop now and again, as if the signal he transmitted had failed to reach him, then,



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sudden as the resumption of the chorus of a field of crickets, his voice would twang through the halls. "Oyé . . . Foreman boma yé. . . ." Hear this . . . Foreman will kill him. "Oyé . . . Foreman boma yé." It had been an expropriation of *Ali boma yé* but was no longer a cry to destroy Sisley High; rather, a call to religious war, and every time Elmo picked up that chant again, one felt a measure of Foreman's blood beating through the day, pounding through the night in rhythm with the violence that waits through the loneliness of every psychotic aisle. Henderson walked past children and old men, he moved by African princes and the officers of corporations here for copper, diamonds, cobalt; his voice took into itself the force of every impulse he passed—wealth and violence and imitation and innocence were all in his voice—and he added to it the intensity of his own force, until the sound twanged in one's ear like the boom of a cricket grown large as an elephant. "Oyé . . . Foreman boma yé . . ." and Foreman, whether near Henderson or 100 yards away, seemed confirmed in his serenity by the power of the other's voice, as if Elmo were the night guard making his rounds and all was well precisely because all was unwell.

"Oyé . . . Foreman boma yé," Henderson would cry on his tour through the hotel, and once in a while, his face lighting up, as if he had just encountered a variation of the most liberating and prophetic value, he would add, "The flea goes in three, Muhammad Ali," and he would stick three fingers in the air. "Oyé," shouted Henderson one morning in the back of Bill Caplan's ear, and the publicity man for Foreman's camp replied sadly, "Oy, vay! Oy, vay!" Once Elmo spoke a full sentence. "We're going to get Ali," he said to the lobby at large, "like a Rolls-Royce when we job it up. Oyé . . . Foreman boma yé."

Downstairs, in the lobby, on Sunday morning, Bundini was having a war with Elmo. "Oyé . . . Foreman boma yé . . ." had been dominating the lobby. So Bundini was in the lists for his boss. A crowd had most certainly gathered. Bundini and Elmo stood three feet apart, sure measure that it was unwise to come nose to nose. Each man kept talking all the while. It was not a flurry but a melee of sound. "Your fighter is untutored, can't move his head. My man is going to stick him till he's bleeding and dead," shouted Bundini. His logic slammed the message from rhyme to rhyme. "God is going to

leave him infirm, walking like a worm, feed him a cabbage leaf, sucker!"

Elmo, unperturbed, held up three fingers. Now he kept them in Bundini's face, as though to spear a thrice-noxious orifice (two nostrils and a big mouth). "The flea," said Elmo in solemnity, "goes in three. Muhammad Ali."

In the circle about the two men, nearly everybody was working for Foreman. So they laughed. "Foreman boma yé, Foreman boma yé, Foreman boma yé," Henderson kept repeating to everything Bundini said but at a volume just larger than the voice that shouted back. Bundini's voice grew hoarse, his language was obscured. Much pressure was certainly upon him. Back of Henderson, six feet back, his head in a book, was Foreman. His huge police dog, Daggo, raised in his own kennels, stood next to him. On every side were sparring partners and members of the retinue. Each time Bundini started to speak, they would shout the man down. "Bullshit," they would cry out. Then Henderson's tongue would snake whip: "The flea in three."

It was getting too expensive for Bundini to pause. "Ali, the flea, he dead in three. Oyé!" boomed Elmo, "oyé!"

"Oyé? You call that a sound?" roared Bundini, his eyes bulging out of his head. Those eyes looked ready to be extruded from the skull. Plop would they fall to the floor.

"Foreman hits Ali and Muhammad is dead," said Elmo.

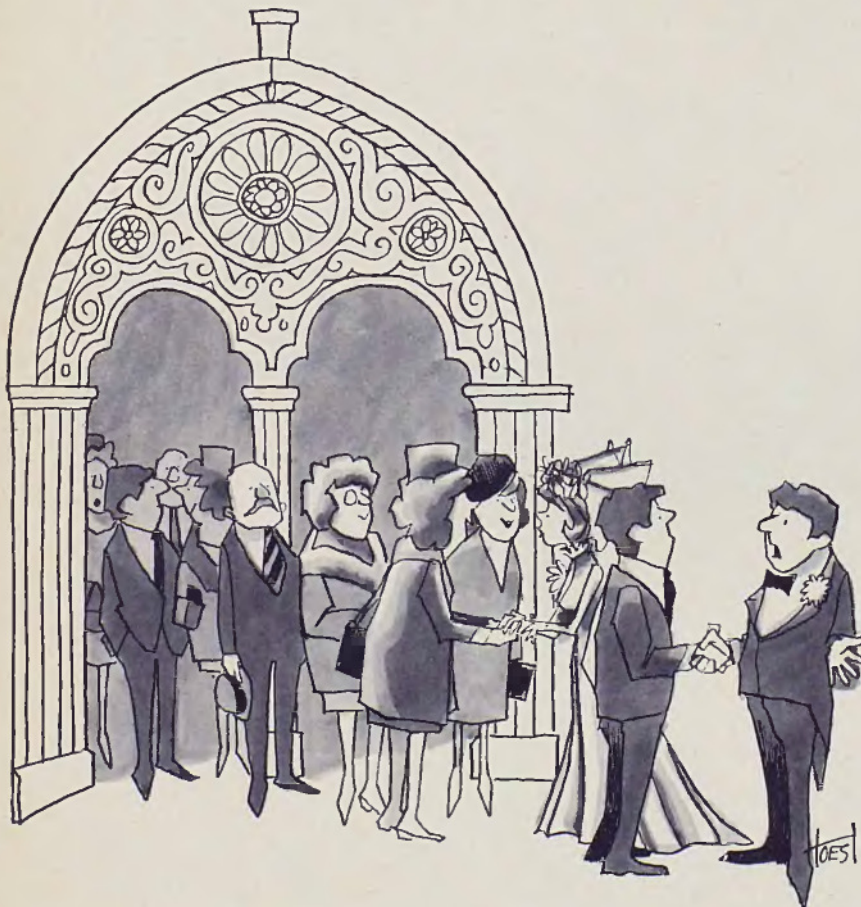
"He'll never hit him. My man will dance. My man knows how to prance. He's a genius, he's a god, your man's a pug. He'll be looking for the rug. We'll let him squirm," said Bundini, his voice getting thinner. "Ali boma yé." Catcalls and whistles.

"The flea in three," Elmo said solemnly.

"Put your money where your mouth is," Bundini screamed, whipping the last of his vocal cords. "I got a man in my corner ready to fight. I'm ready to go with him. Who do you have? Your man's got a dog for a pet and a nut for a companion."

Foreman looked up for the first time and the dog looked up with him. Then Foreman put his face back resolutely in the book. A wave came off. It was succinct. "Kidding is kidding, but get your ass off my pillow," said the look he gave Bundini.

There were too many people working for Foreman and something tireless in the voice of Elmo Henderson. Maybe he was attached to that invisible line which runs on high voltage from every mental asylum to every bank and government. Maybe that is the voltage of them all. Bundini, scolding, reviling, jeering, bruising the air with his eyeballs, started



"I dunno. It sorta snowballed. All I wanted to do was get laid."

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heading, nonetheless, for the elevator. He was finally extracting himself from the wrong turf. It must have felt like an electric carpet. Elmo stuck with him, the sparring partners stuck, they all stuck with him. About ten large black men piled into the elevator with Bundini. His voice slammed shut in the clanging of the gate. Images of mayhem arose in the mind—shreds and splinters of Bundini. Whose imagination was adequate to the dialog in the elevator? Did they laugh at the put-on in the lobby or did they now exhort Bundini to contemplate their collective dick?

Still, in the evening, there he was, there was Bundini, eating in the restaurant on the open-air patio with his wife, Shere, a white girl from Texas with red hair, green eyes, a stubborn upturned nose and a down-home accent. Shere (pronounced Sherry or Cherie) looked as American as the boy with freckles whose face is on the box of breakfast food; why, Shere looked even more American than Marilyn Chambers. Bundini kept calling her Mother. She called him by his first name, Drew, for Drew "Bundini" Brown.



Mailer was confused. The last time he had seen much of Bundini was years ago, and Bundini was married then to a Jewish girl. His son, he was proud to tell everyone, had been *bar mitzvah*. A tall, good-looking young black boy with curly Jewish hair, Drew Brown, Jr., used to greet Bundini's Jewish friends with "*Sholem, aleychem shiolem.*" To black friends, the boy would remark, "Start running, motherfucker."

Once, almost ten years ago, in Las Vegas for the Ali-Patterson fight, Mailer and Bundini had done some drinking together. At the time, Bundini had been fired by Ali for some undescribed misdeed. Since he was capable of buying a gross of athletic supporters, muddling them in garlic, onion and cream cheese, bleaching them in vinegar and selling them in leather shops for \$25 a rag as bona-fide used Ali jockstraps, who could ever find out why Bundini had been ousted? At any rate, he was at this time trying to reach Patterson before the fight. It was obvious he still had much feeling for Ali, but it is a firm rule of hustling that if your man has chosen to reject you, you must work against him. So Bundini kept looking for a connection who could lead him to Patterson. He knew, after all, every one of Ali's weaknesses. Patterson, however, would not let Bundini near. Patterson did not trust him. Bundini, with the aid of George Plimpton, therefore wrote a neat piece for *Life* that gave open advice on the best tactics available to Patterson. Since Floyd's back went out in the second round and he fought bravely but hopelessly in all the pain of a slipped disk

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and a muscle spasm, a wholly disappointing and miserable fight, Bundini's tip—that Patterson should crowd Ali as in a street fight: just what Frazier was to do six years later—proved academic. But then, Bundini was invariably down on his luck that year—there was nobody to whom he didn't owe money and the crap tables never took care of his debts; to the contrary.

In compensation, Bundini was never more likable. Bundini could neither read nor write—so he claimed—but he could speak with any street poet. It was rare for him to make a remark void of metaphor. On the Ali-Foreman fight, he would comment to the press, "God set it up this way. This is the closing of the book. The king gained his throne by killing a monster and the king will regain his throne by killing a bigger monster. This is the closing of the book." Of training, he would propose, "You got to get the hard-on, and then you got to keep it. You want to be careful not to lose the hard-on and cautious not to come." Of George Plimpton, who lent him money in the period when he was banished from Ali's camp, Bundini would say, "I'll always be loyal to George, because he took care of me when my lips was chapped."

Norman and Bundini might have become friends—the writer respected the style with which Bundini could lose money. At a time when dragons were preparing to break his legs, Bundini would drop his last \$400 on eight rolls of the dice and walk away with a sad wise smile. Like most hustlers, he was *sweet*. He could cry like a child—indeed he cried whenever Ali boxed with beauty, cried at the bounty of the Lord to provide such athletic bliss—and his eyes beamed with love at any remark by Norman that excited his own powers of metaphor. Then his big round face would show the simple happiness of Aunt Jemima, his big husky voice would croon in admiration at such wonders of wisdom. That was half of him: Bundini was just as proud of his other soul. If he was all emotion, he was hustler's ice; if he had class, he could show no class; he'd give his life for a friend and you might believe him, but "he would," said a critic, "take the dimes off a dead man's eyes and put nickels back." He had a build like nobody else. Over six feet, with his big crystal ball for a head, he had small shoulders, a small protruding stomach that seemed to center its little melon on his diaphragm, and spindles for legs—it was the body of a space man who grew up in a capsule. Yet he had fought in Navy competitions as an adolescent, and even now nobody would take

him on for too little (except Ali, of course, who slapped away at will, as though dealing with an unregenerate child). Bundini was as plain as a mouthful of gold teeth and handsome as black velvet: if he called his young wife Mother, he had been about as fatherly in his day as any other player—a magazine story once spoke of his desire to be a "marketable pimp" but then he sold interviews of himself that told it all, and gave metaphors away for nothing; he could not spell a word and had a dozen movie scripts he was trying to sell; his own, he claimed. Recall us to "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," Bundini was the walking definition of the idea that each human is born with two souls—two distinct persons to inhabit each body. If Africans did not have the concept, one would have to invent it. What a clash of *nommo* and *n'golo*! He was all spirit and all prick. And the two never came together.

Or almost never. On this night, eating dinner with his wife, Bundini let Norman in on one fine confidence. "I'm sharpening the spike. I'm going to give Foreman's people the needle tonight."

"How do you do that?"

"Oh, I'm going to go up to them and put money down on Ali. But I won't ask for three to one. I'm going to put two thousand dollars against their three. That got to worry them. They be wondering where I get the confidence. It go right back to George Foreman."

"You have a real two thousand dollars?"

"Better be real!"

They laughed.

And so in the middle of the same lobby where Bundini had been outshouted by Elmo Henderson on Sunday morning, Bundini returned to joust on Sunday night. Elmo was not about. For certain, Bundini must have picked a time when Elmo was not about.

Having attracted some of Foreman's people, the sparring partner Stan Ward among them, Bundini began to jeer. "I don't want three to one, I don't need three to one. My man is three to one."

"Then give us three to one," said Stan Ward.

"I would. If God was here, I would. But He ain't. He don't associate with flunkies who work for George Foreman, that big man, that big white man. I don't give you three to one because I don't give no advantage to people who work for the White Man."

"Then why you asking three to two instead of three to one?" someone said suspiciously.

"Because you the bullies. Anybody works for the White Man is a bully. A

bully needs advantage. I'm giving you advantage. You go out in the casinos and try to get your bet. You have to lay three to get one. You people are too fucking scared to do that. 'Cause you know the White Man upstairs. You know his faults. You know you going to lose."

"Foreman ain't going to lose," said Stan Ward.

"Give me your bet," said Bundini.

"How much you laying?"

"My two thousand dollars is in my hands," said Bundini, pulling out a roll. "Now show me, nigger, where your three thousand dollars is."

"I can't get it right away," said Ward. "But I'll have it in the morning. I'll meet you here at eleven in the morning."

"Yeah, if the White Man tells you to go ahead and pee, then you can piss," said Bundini.

"He ain't the White Man."

"Shit, he ain't. There he is in the Olympics, a big fat fool dancing around with an eentsy American flag in his big dumb fist. He don't know what to do with a fist. My man does. My man got his fist in the air when he wins. Power to the People! That's my man. Millions follow him. Who follows your man? He's got nobody to follow him," said Bundini, "that's why he keeps a dog." The followers of Foreman suddenly roared with happiness. The *kuntu* was audacity and they paid their respects to the spirit of audacity embodied in Bundini. "What are you ready to die for?" asked Bundini. He answered them, "Nothing. You ain't ready for nothing. But I'm ready to die for Muhammad. I put my bread on the line. I don't have to consult and come back here at eleven in the morning with my dick in my hand, permission to piss. I put my bread on the line. If I got no bread, I'm dead. If I got no loaves, I'm cold stone in the oven," crooned Bundini. "That's what it's all about. Muhammad Ali has Bundini ready to die, and what does the White Man have? Twenty-two niggers and a dog."

Foreman's people roared with all the happiness of knowing that Foreman would win and that the spirit of audacity was nonetheless not dead. A very heavy-set Negro with a cane for his game leg and heavy horn-rimmed glasses for his game eyes gave a peal of shrill laughter high as a spurt of water shooting up, and held out his palm.

Bundini struck it, showed his own palm, the man struck it back. Happiness. If words were blows, Bundini was champ of the kingdom of flunkies. Long live *nommo*, spirit of words.

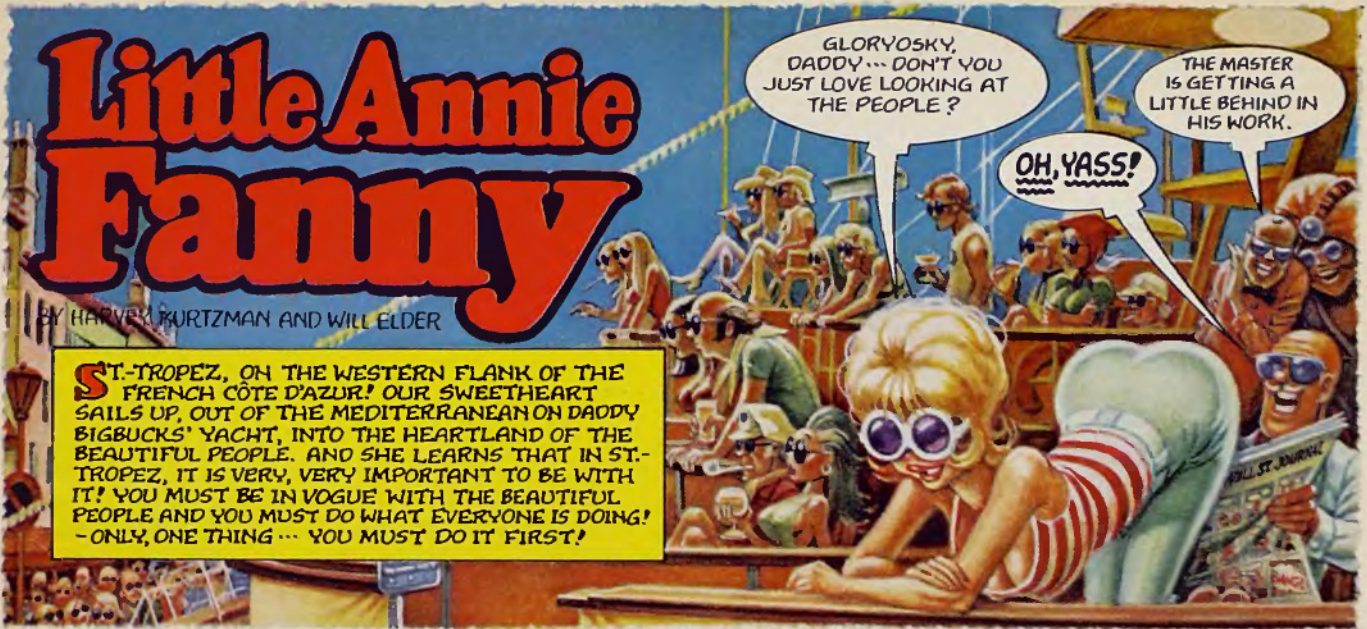
This is the first of a two-part series. The conclusion will appear next month.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ST.-TROPEZ, ON THE WESTERN FLANK OF THE FRENCH CÔTE D'AZUR! OUR SWEETHEART SAILS UP, OUT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ON DADDY BIGBUCKS' YACHT, INTO THE HEARTLAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. AND SHE LEARNS THAT IN ST.-TROPEZ, IT IS VERY, VERY IMPORTANT TO BE WITH IT! YOU MUST BE IN VOGUE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AND YOU MUST DO WHAT EVERYONE IS DOING! - ONLY, ONE THING ... YOU MUST DO IT FIRST!



GLORYOSKY, DADDY ... DON'T YOU JUST LOVE LOOKING AT THE PEOPLE?

THE MASTER IS GETTING A LITTLE BEHIND IN HIS WORK.

OH, YASS!

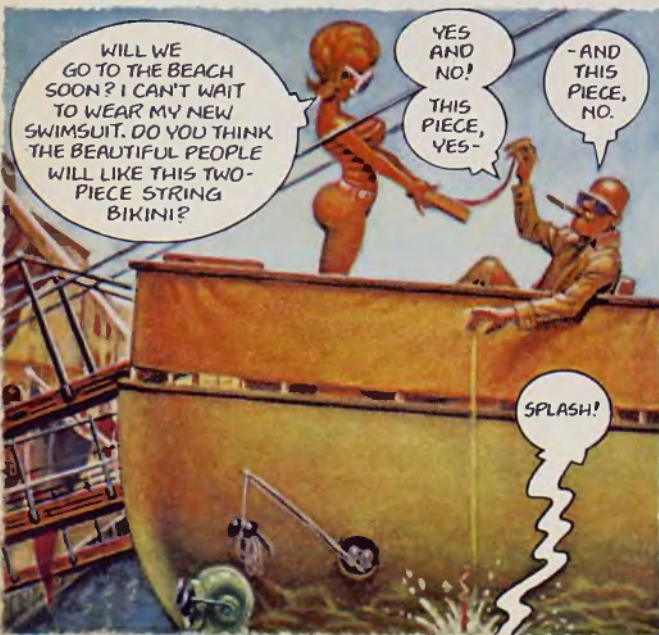


IN ST.-TROPEZ, WATCHING IS LE GRAND SPORT. THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE FLOCK HERE TO SIT AT THE DOCK-SIDE CAFÉS AND LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE ON THE YACHTS WHO FLOCK HERE TO LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AT THE DOCKSIDE CAFÉS -

- HOWEVER, YOU MUST NOT LOOK LIKE YOU'RE LOOKING. IT'S VERY COOL TO LOOK LIKE YOU'RE NOT LOOKING WHEN YOU LOOK.

BUT THE REASON YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE LOOKING WHEN YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE YOU'RE LOOKING WHEN YOU LOOK IS THAT YOU'RE NOT LOOKING. SO LOOK! BUT NOT LIKE YOU'RE LOOKING!

I CAN'T GET USED TO THIS CURIOUS FRENCH EATING, FRED. IF THEY CAN'T GIVE US A HOT DOG, ASK FOR A KNISH.



WILL WE GO TO THE BEACH SOON? I CAN'T WAIT TO WEAR MY NEW SWIMSUIT. DO YOU THINK THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WILL LIKE THIS TWO-PIECE STRING BIKINI?

YES AND NO! THIS PIECE, YES-

- AND THIS PIECE, NO.

SPLASH!



WHEN IN ROME, CHILDO, YOU MUST DO AS THE ROMANS DO. I KNOW IT WOULD RAISE A HOWL BACK IN THE STATES, BUT IN ST.-TROPEZ, THE FASHION IS STRICTLY THE ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT!

I HAVE BUSINESS IN THE TOWN, MY DEAR. I'LL TAKE THE LIMO! HERE ARE THE KEYS TO THE YACHT. WE'LL RENDEZVOUS DOWN THE COAST AT THE BEACH.

- ONE (GULP) PIECE!?

THE BEACH AT ST-TROPEZ

HOW DO I GET TO ZE REFRESHMENT STANDO?

YOU GO NORTH THIRTY-TWO BREASTS. ZEN YOU TURN LEFT AND GO FORTY-FOUR BREASTS.

WHICH WAY TO ZE WATER?

WHAT WATER?

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, MARCEL?

I AM MENTALLY DRESSING ZE GIRLS ON ZE BEACH.

STREAKER!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE I'M A LEG MAN?!

IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN BY "TÊTE-A-TÊTES"?

-DO YOU NOTICE HOW IN THE MIDDLE OF ACRES OF BARE BREASTS, THE FRENCHMAN, HIS ETERNAL CIGARETTE DANGLING FROM THE LIPS, IS SO COOL?

BONK!

CLONK!

BONK!

IF YOU WANT TO BE COOL, PIERRE, YOU MUST LEARN TO PROPERLY DANGLE ZE CIGARETTE FROM ZE LIPS.

MUCH IS DANGLING!

SUDDENLY, I DESIRE ZE ICE-CREAM CONE.

-AND SUDDENLY, I DESIRE ZE SILI-CONE!

SUCH AN EXQUISITE VARIETY OF SHAPES, RENÉ! ...LARGE ONES, SMALL ONES, ROUND ONES-

MON DIEU, FRANÇOIS, I THINK I SAW SQUARE ONES!

-AND THERE! CROSS-EYED ONES!

IT IS GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM ZE CITY WHERE ZERE IS NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AROUND DRINKING AND GETTING BORED STIFF.

MY HUSBAND-THE DOCTOR IS A CHICAGO BREAST SPECIALIST. ALL YEAR LONG HE LOOKS FORWARD TO GETTING AWAY FROM HIS WORK!

DAAAADY!
HARK! THERE'S ANNIE, SWIMMING IN FROM THE BOAT. I THINK I'LL SWIM OUT TO MEET HER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "ZEY ARE LEAKING"?

PSHH!



HI, DADDY!... RACE YOU TO THE SHORE!

HA, CHILD, FOR A WHILE, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE TOO SHY TO COME!



AS YOU WILL SOON SEE, THE FRENCH HAVE AN ATTITUDE TOWARD NUILITY THAT DOESN'T EXIST BACK IN THE STATES. THERE'S NO GAPING OR GAWKING-

- JUST DRIVELING AND DROOLING.



YOU'LL BE UNCOMFORTABLE AT FIRST, BUT YOU'LL ADAPT VERY QUICKLY. I KNOW YOU HAVE AN OPEN MIND, ANNIE -

-ANNIE?

LEAPIN' LIZARDS!



ANNIE! COME ALONG, NOW!

WHAT'S THIS? A STRING TOP!? I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T THE STYLE IN ST.-TROPEZ! - YOU TRYING TO START A RIOT!?!?

GOLLY, DADDY, YOU SAID ONE PIECE!



YOU EVEN THREW AWAY THE OTHER PIECE!

HMM! METHINKS I THREW AWAY THE WRONG PIECE.



IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T HAVE AN OPEN MIND... IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T LIKE TO BE THE ONLY BOTTOMLESS SWIMMER ON THE BEACH!

SALAMALEK!

BOTTOM-LESS!

ZUT! IT IS HOLLYWOOD!

OOH, LALA! BOTTOM-LESS!

ALORS! IT IS ZE NEW STYLE, YES?

BOTTOM-LESS!

BOTTOM-LESS!

YOUP!!

MON DIEU, FRANÇOIS, I THINK I SEE A HORIZONTAL ONE!

BE COOL, CHILD. I HAVE A FEELING IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

END

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