

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1976 • \$1.75

# PLAYBOY



MISS JANUARY

MISS SEPTEMBER

MISS AUGUST

MISS JUNE

MISS MARCH



MISS APRIL

MISS JULY

MISS FEBRUARY



MISS OCTOBER

MISS MAY

MISS NOVEMBER

MISS DECEMBER

**HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE • DAN GREENBURG GETS KINKY • ELTON JOHN OFF THE RECORD ALI ON SEX AND SPORTS • FICTION BY NABOKOV AND CHEEVER • PLAYMATES: A DELICIOUS DOZEN A NEW SERIES: ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA!**

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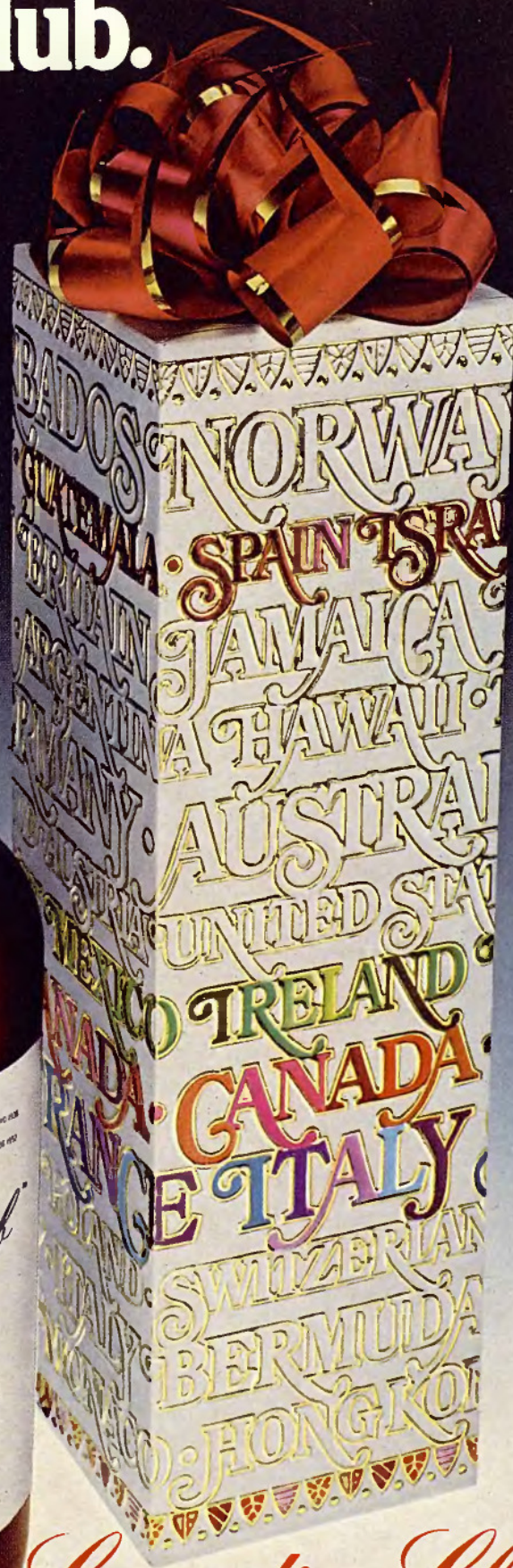


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# PLAYBILL

DID CAIN ACT ALONE? Any day now we expect to see an article on the world's first political murder. No doubt, the author will challenge the official inquiry ("Are you going to take His Word for what happened?"), present evidence to support the "second rock theory," then charge that the whole affair was a plot involving a group of dissident exiles from someplace called the Garden. You know the form: Was Brutus set up as a patsy by the Roman military or the olive-oil cartel? Did Shakespeare take part in the cover-up? Assassination and conspiracy theorizing have become, respectively, our first and second favorite national sports. The American dream has taken on a new twist. Any child can grow up to be the President or the assassin of the President. Ours is the land of Sam Colt equality: one man, one vote, one gun. It's time we faced the reality of political violence. This month marks the debut of *Playboy's History of Assassination in America*, a six-part series by James McKinley. *Death to Tyrants!* probes the conspiracy and cover-up involved in Lincoln's murder. Future installments will probe the deaths of Garfield, McKinley, Cermak, Huey Long, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy. We hope that there will be no cause to continue beyond six chapters, but given the political climate, the series probably will go on forever.

Vladimir Nabokov rings in the New Year with *The Doorbell*, a story of a young man who, after losing his father and homeland to the Marxist Revolution, searches the émigré colony in Berlin for a link with his past. The story is part of a forthcoming collection from the grand master, *Details of a Sunset*, to be published by McGraw-Hill in the spring. John Cheever's *Falconer* (artwork by Christian Piper) is a love story about an upper-class murderer (Loomis, fratricide, zip to ten, number 734-508-32). Cheever captures the details of prison life with such skill that we began to wonder if he'd ever been inside. He had. For several years he taught a creative-writing class at Sing Sing. (Rumor has it that a few of his students signed up thinking it was a graduate course in check forgery.) Rounding out the fiction is *Tooth*, a story by C. E. Poverman. The author also teaches writing, not at prison but at Yale, which is close.

As for nonfictional offerings, well, you'd better sit back and pour yourself a stiff drink. On the rocks. According to Robert Ardrey, we are on the verge of another ice age. *The Glaciers Are Coming! The Glaciers Are Coming!* is a chilling forecast of the consequences of the Big Freeze. The article (illustrated by John O'Leary) is an excerpt from Ardrey's new book, *The Hunting Hypothesis* (soon to be published by Atheneum). It may sound grim, but look on the light side; at least you won't have to make that long trek to the refrigerator for ice cubes.

Craig Karpel, a professional naysayer in the promised land, takes a close look at the men and women who make good by not making it at all. *Failure Is Its Own Reward* shows that the path to fame and fortune seems to be up the down staircase. Karpel says, "This article is my contribution to the Bicentennial celebration. It is time to change our national bird from the bald eagle to the turkey." Dan Greenburg would probably agree, though his favorite fowl would be the spread eagle. We talked our "Have body, will travel" reporter into answering a few sexual classifieds. ("I got my hand job through *The New York Times*.") The result is *Dominant Writer Seeks Submissive Miss with Spankable Bottom*, a comedy of erotic errors that climaxes with an encounter between a— Ah, but that would be giving it away, wouldn't it? Have another vodka and tonic and polish your leathers.

Figuring that a balanced issue should contain at least one upbeat story, we sought a genuine success story. Our ear-witness news team, Eugenie Ross-Leming and Staff Writer David Standish, interviewed the pinball wizard himself, Elton John. The



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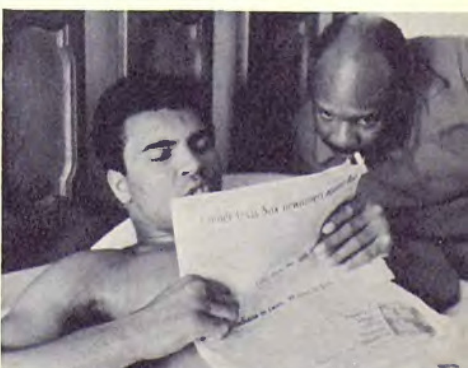
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dynamic duo (who previously put up with the decibel output of Led Zeppelin and Cher for us) met the English star in the back yard of his Hollywood mansion. Nearby was a gazebo, haunted by the ghost of Greta Garbo, that John was converting to a machine-gun turret. Oh, well, it's all rock 'n' roll. And then, for a second view from the top, we cornered **Muhammad Ali**. *Bul, Coach, It Helps Me Relax* reveals what champions do not eat for breakfast. The article is taken from *The Greatest: My Own Story*, by **Muhammad Ali** with **Richard Durham**, published by Random House. If cold showers and no sex are the price of success, you can have it.

You'd better have another drink. Economist **Scott Burns** studied the Social Security system and discovered that we're in hock to the tune of 2.4 trillion dollars. Buddy, can you spare a platinum mine? In the course of researching *America Is Going Broke*, the author wrote letters to two dozen Congressmen, Senators and administrators. Few replied. Says Burns, "Bill Simon responded fastest, an indication that the public benefits from his spinach lunches. Henry Reuss's legislative staff is 'still researching the problem.' So is Javits'. McGovern only wants to consider the problem of income distribution. Ted Kennedy sent me a form letter thanking me for views I had not expressed. The investment merits of dehydrated food look better all the time."

Actually, folks, it's not as bad as it seems. We sent **Robert Kerwin** around to various celebrities to see what they were doing to get through the hard times. He found that the majority of people he talked with were not pissed about what was going on in the country. "On the contrary," he says, "most thought the U. S. was the greatest. You've got to remember that they are at the top of their professions, and rich." That always helps. Read *What, Me Worry?* and learn how the great, the near great and the so-so cope with the world. Or drift into *A Sporting Life*, by novelist-poet **Jim Harrison**; his idea of escape is trying to hook a 100-pound tarpon on a 12-pound leader and, if successful, to let it go. We've got our own patented method for rallying a flagging spirit. Check out the portfolios of **PLAYBOY** Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley** and New York artist **Elizabeth Bennett** for new perspectives on that eternal mystery, woman. Guaranteed to get you up.

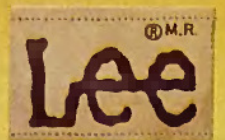
What better way to overcome your blues than by taking delight in the misfortunes of others? You think you have problems? You should read the daily mail of *The Playboy Advisor*. When Assistant Editor **James R. Petersen** pointed out that our writers of the purple sage have been dispensing advice for over 15 years, we felt it was time for a quiz. So Petersen put together *Great Hits from the Playboy Advisor*, a collection of some of our favorite quandaries, minus the advice. Fill in the blanks and don't worry. We always grade tests on a curve or curves, or whatever is handy.


*Stamp Out Sex!* is not, as you might think, a Government appeal for censorship. Artist **Tomi Ungerer** has created a kit of anatomical rubber stamps that allow the bemused bureaucrat to create endless erotic configurations, in triplicate. And *Grand Designs* is not another article on conspiracies. It's the title of a feature on creative menswear, by **PLAYBOY** Fashion Director **Robert L. Green**, with visuals by photographer **Ohta**, aided not a little by Associate Photography Editor **Hollis Wayne**. If you're ready for another drink, check out *Spirits of '76*, a collection of revolutionary concoctions, or peruse cartoonist **Eldon Dedini's** tongue-in-cheek tribute to wine, *Come with Me to the Chateau, My Dear*. Or maybe you have a sweet tooth. *Out of the Mouths of Babes*, a feature on erotic penny candies, will satisfy your yearnings, if not your appetite.

Bob Dylan was wrong when he said don't look back. Some of the best things in our January issue come from a retrospective approach. **Judith Wax** finds humor in her annual review, *That Was the Year That Was*, illustrated by **Bill Utterback**. And, of course, there's *Playboy's Playmate Review*. In fact, we were seriously considering rerunning 1975 until we saw **Ken Marcus'** shooting of **Daina House**, Miss January. If there are 11 more ladies like her out there, we'll risk another year. Cheers.



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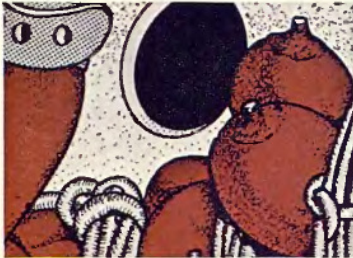
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# We'd like to help you choose the right color TV. Even if it isn't a Panasonic.

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## What to look for in a picture tube.

Don't fall in love with the first picture you see. Look at as many as you can. Side by side. Decide which ones you like best. Then compare their technology. We think a picture tube should have a black matrix around each color dot for greater contrast. You should also have a choice of delta or in-line guns.



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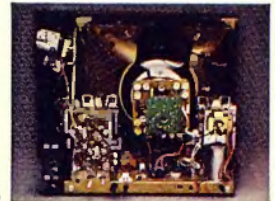
## What to look for in a chassis.

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## What to look for in controls.

You buy a color TV to watch color TV, not play engineer. Look for one button that controls color, tint, contrast and brightness. Panasonic



calls it Q-Lock™. But you should also have the option to control your own picture. So we also include Manual Over-Ride.

## What to look for in a warranty.

Look for a long one. While many other manufacturers are cutting back on warranties, every Quatrecolor set still has a 1-year warranty on parts and labor. And a 2-year parts and 1-year labor warranty on the picture tube. Our warranty card spells out the conditions of our limited warranty.

We hope these hints help you choose the right color TV. And who knows? It just might be a Panasonic.



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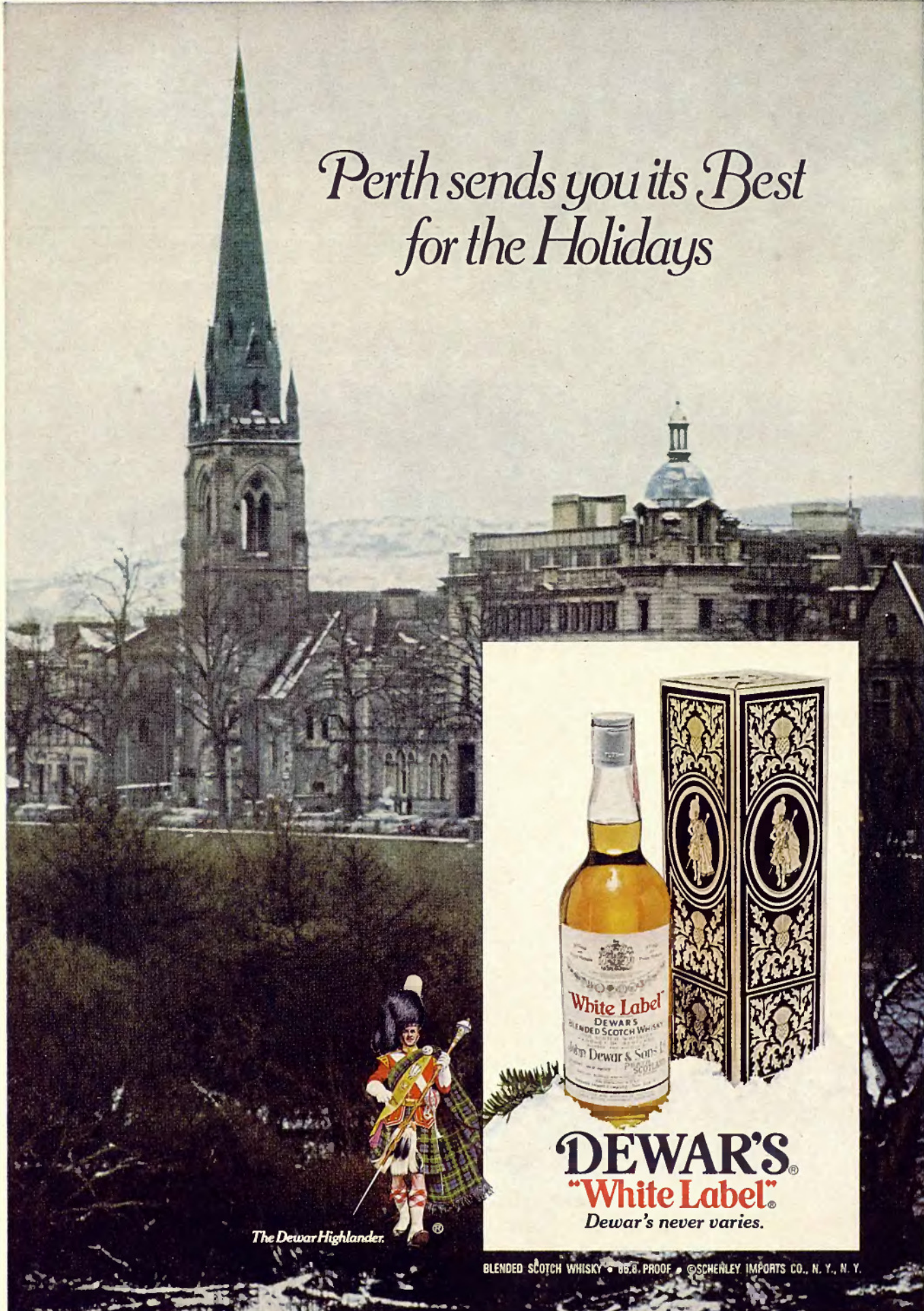
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### THE ROCKEFELLER REPORT

Robert Scheer's article *Nelson Rockefeller Takes Care of Everybody* (PLAYBOY, October) is a brilliant report on the progress of the ruling class in our country. Not only does this article give the reading populace a candid picture of our Vice-President but it also demonstrates quite clearly the extent to which monopoly-capitalism has infiltrated our so-called system of democracy.

Gregg Christoph  
Dallas, Texas

Scheer's article is entertaining and extremely well written. Rockefeller is a great guy! You might be interested to know that he had never set foot inside The Rockefeller Foundation until I invited him to address our staff some two years ago. We need more people like him in our country.

John H. Knowles, M.D., President  
The Rockefeller Foundation  
New York, New York

What a jerk—that half-ass Scheer. After reading that twaddle, all I can say is, "Thank God for Rockefeller." I was glad to find that we have men of Rockefeller's ability running the country and, I hope, the world. Just think where we would be headed if Scheer had to run anything.

H. N. Cornay  
New Orleans, Louisiana

In your October issue, Robert Scheer writes that I have been dropped from Nelson Rockefeller's inner circle because: (1) I'm Jewish; (2) my air conditioner dripped on Nelson; and (3) I'm no Henry Kissinger. All of the above are true, but none affected our still close relationship. The only thing that ever did, even temporarily, was the day Nelson caught me reading a girlie magazine (one of your competitors) in the office.

Henry L. Diamond  
Washington, D. C.

Robert Scheer's piece on Rockefeller may be rich in irony and even contain insights that could furnish the Vice-President with solid food for thought. But the piece is also grossly unfair and smacks of less than honorable journalism. Scheer is simply collecting evidence for a preconceived theory. If Rockefeller were

to give up his millions tomorrow, Scheer would have no difficulty or scruples in blackening the act. His simulated innocence hides a sad though amusing bias.

Lothar Kahn  
Kensington, Connecticut

God bless you people at PLAYBOY! Scheer's article on Rockefeller brings back memories of *The Daily Worker* and *People's World*. When we published stuff like that: Whew! We even got it from the Trotskyites! Thanks—our efforts weren't in vain.

G. A. Woodbury  
Sausalito, California

Scheer on Rockefeller is superb. The article should be compulsory reading for everyone concerned with the survival of American democracy.

Mitchell Kontoff  
Waitsfield, Vermont

### THEN CAME BRONSON

Harry Crews's October profile of Charles Bronson (*Charles Bronson Ain't No Pussycat*) is a fascinating piece and a perfect embodiment of Crews's ability to combine the poignant and the *macho*. I really don't know any other American writer who can bring off that oxymoronic kind of triumph so well. Even Bronson should smile.

Alan Williams  
New York, New York

Crews is dynamite, PLAYBOY is dynamite and anyone who thinks that the quality of competing magazines matches or surpasses PLAYBOY's cannot see the difference between shit and Shinola.

T. O. Luce  
Edmonds, Washington

My curiosity is aroused. Are you making some subtle comment about the otherwise assumed "stud" Bronson by showing him without balls? Your illustration of him is truly castrating.

V. L. Wharton  
Winter Park, Florida

*No comment, subtle or otherwise, is intended.*

If there are still any doubts as to whether or not Charles Bronson was really a tail gunner in World War Two, let me clear them up once and for all. Charlie

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For the kind of *frequency response* that gives you silky smooth highs, even during the highest guitar riffs, the RS-676US has our patented HPF head. Its microscopic gap literally concentrates the high frequencies onto the tape.

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Technics RS-676US. Talking about performance is one thing. Guaranteeing it is something else.

\*Technics RS-676US is guaranteed to perform equal to, or better than, the specifications (wow and flutter, speed accuracy, S/N ratio, THD and frequency response) stated in the Specification Guarantee Card packed with the product and available at Technics dealers. This guarantee will be honored for 90 days from the date of original purchase if delivered freight prepaid to a Panasonic factory service center. Technics§ will remedy any unit that does not perform to the specifications. Specification Guarantee is in addition to the parts and labor limited warranty.

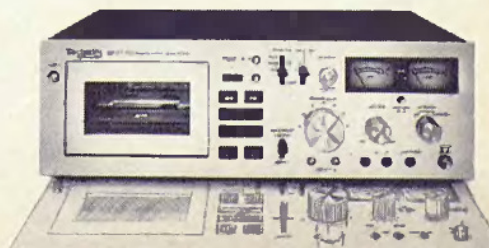
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# Technics

by Panasonic

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did serve as a B-29 tail gunner in the 314th Bomb Group, 20th Air Force. I know, because I was the flight engineer.

D. K. Carson  
New Cumberland, Pennsylvania

#### STUDENT UNIONS

*Who's Been Sleeping in My Dorm?* (PLAYBOY, October) is a delight. Where is Ole Miss, anyway? In my opinion, the women there have their heads up their asses.

Rhonda Gewin  
Redondo Beach, California

Not all Southern females are as uptight and rigid in their views on sexuality as the Ole Miss girls you interviewed. You have made Southern women look backward and backwoods. We enjoy sex and do not hold these ridiculous attitudes. Therefore, please don't make us Southern belles look like prudes.

S. Pipes  
Columbia, South Carolina

I wholeheartedly support the attitudes expressed by the coeds from Ole Miss. Who says they're traditionalists? These girls, these pillars of society and morality, are our last bastion for decency. I know, because I've got hair on both my palms!

R. F. Sonnenberg II  
Tucson, Arizona

Judging from your survey *Who's Been Sleeping in My Dorm?*, Ole Miss is an ole mess.

Michael G. Hutsko  
Seal Beach, California

I have just finished reading *Who's Been Sleeping in My Dorm?* I'm 72 years old and I've seen a lot of life in the raw, having been raised on a Minnesota farm. Believe me, those were the days. We didn't have the hang-ups that the article tells about. Most farm boys and girls don't. They see more screwing going on in one month than most city people see in a year. Horses, pigs, cows, chickens, dogs and cats—and the neighbors' kids. Although I had a fairly religious upbringing, I certainly didn't have any

of the hang-ups the article tells about. Maybe the college girls involved should spend a summer on the farm.

Alex Walters  
Flagstaff, Arizona

I doubt that the interviews with the Ole Miss coeds portray an accurate picture of the average relationship going on in this so-called time capsule. I also question the validity of their statements, for Southern belles have a tendency to cover up or even deny certain experiences—especially those related to sex. Compared with the other schools, Ole Miss is on the conservative side and perhaps a little behind, too. I ask you to consider our location: We are not only in the conservative South but also in the far more conservative state of Mississippi! Don't misjudge the University of Mississippi. Our values and beliefs are the same as those of other schools—it's just that we have more barriers to fight.

(Name withheld by request)  
Ole Miss  
University, Mississippi

Exceptional! Really enjoyed *Who's Been Sleeping in My Dorm?* However, one thing puzzles me: With thinking such as that of the women of Ole Miss, how the hell has the republic made it this far down the road? Discouraging, very discouraging.

Art Carlson  
Miami, Florida

*Who's Been Sleeping in My Dorm?* tells it like no other. I've been at Mississippi State for three years, and I think it is time for students to hang up their hang-ups. Virginity is dead, and I'm one who is damn glad!

Keith Logue  
Louisville, Mississippi

#### WELFARE LINES

Robert S. Wieder is terrific and so is *There Is Such a Thing as a Free Lunch* (PLAYBOY, October). I've had a subscription to PLAYBOY for two years now, but nothing has impressed me as much as Wieder's article.

Greg Broennle  
Girard, Ohio

#### COVER STORY

I recently read an article about Elvis Presley and his latest companion, Sheila Ryan. The article stated that Miss Ryan was a Playmate, but I've been unable to find her in any of your past issues. Was she ever a Playmate?

Doug Harrell  
Pensacola Beach, Florida

*No, but she was our October 1973 cover girl. The photograph below is an outtake from that shooting. Incidentally,*



*rumor has it that Miss Ryan is alternating between Elvis and actor James Caan.*

#### CHER CROPPERS

I love Cher a little less after reading the October *Playboy Interview*. She is fickle and I predict she will go back to her one true love, Sonny Bono.

Thomas E. Ward  
Chicago, Illinois

I found your interview very revealing. That candid conversation definitely proves that the greatest thing that ever happened to Sonny Bono was when he split.

Bob Ragan  
San Antonio, Texas

Congratulations on the fine interview with Cher. She is one of those magical personalities whom we view as super-human, and it was refreshing to read some truth about her for a change and not that trash from pulp mags or television news. Fine job, PLAYBOY.

Bob Brady  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

The interview with Cher is completely boring—not because of an incompetent interviewer but because of the dull personality interviewed. Please spare us further insults.

Kenneth Brock  
Clemson, South Carolina

Your interview is absolutely fantastic. I've always thought she was wonderful



#### PLUS CA CHANGE

After seeing your October cover, I happened to come across this old Currier & Ives print titled *The White and the Red Rose*. Isn't the similarity rather suspicious?

Mary K. Ferguson  
Bismarck, N.D.  
*Yes, but we're used to being copied.*





## Find a place for yourselves. Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.



White rum and soda

You may not have tasted a white rum and soda. You may not have even heard of it. It's gone quietly unnoticed amidst the hoopla around more colorful-sounding concoctions. Drinks that, by any description, taste even stranger than their names.

White rum and soda has a taste that doesn't need a fancy name. It's a marvelous combination of clear effervescence and smooth white rum from Puerto Rico.

Only the white rums that come

from Puerto Rico can do so much for club soda. They're the only white rums aged by law. Aged until they're smooth enough to mix with almost anything—from club soda to orange juice to vermouth.

In fact, nothing mixes better than white rum from Puerto Rico. Not vodka. Not gin. Not anything.

Try it today. See how nice it is to have a place for yourselves. A place to stay.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**



# Plain.



**California Brandy and soda.**

A simple drink. But what subtle flavor. There's a light, clean taste that comes from California grapes. It makes a refreshing change of pace at cocktail time, or any time.

# Fancy.



**California Brandy stinger.**

It only looks complicated. Just mix 2 parts California Brandy with 1 part creme de menthe and serve over crushed ice. A clean crisp way to end the evening.

# California Brandy

There are more than 150 brands of brandy grown in California. California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco, CA 94104

and now I know she really is. And she's all the things a truly great lady should be. Thanks for telling us about the *real* Cher.

K. Laberge  
Holyoke, Massachusetts

**WOMEN IN LOVE**

J. Frederick Smith's *Sappho* (PLAYBOY, October) is a delight. I've seen features like that before in other magazines, but never have I seen one so tasteful and erotic. Congratulations.

Bob Norton  
New York, New York

I think your pictorial *Sappho* is in very poor taste. It's offensive, stupid and immature! This is supposed to be a *men's* magazine! Why must we be subjected to the immoral acts of those stupid girls? Why don't you leave such material to magazines that cater to homosexuals?

(Name and address withheld by request)

I must commend you for *Sappho*. I found the pictures both artistic and erotic at the same time.

Jerome T. Czeikus  
Elmendorf AFB, Arkansas

**TOP OF THE WORLD**

Here's another first for your great magazine. Everyone knows PLAYBOY is read throughout the world, but I'm



probably the first person to read it at the North Pole (May 4, 1975).

Gene A. Bucci, MM2  
U.S.S. Bluefish (SSN 675)

**POETRY IN MOTION**

I enjoyed your "Poetic License" (*Playboy After Hours*, October), but you missed one: FAH Q, from San Diego.

Debbie Brandon  
San Diego, California

With the advent of personalized license plates, I adopted a what-the-hell attitude and opted for a plate emblazoned proudly and boldly with my last name only. Surprisingly, the California Department of Motor Vehicles didn't bat a bureaucratic eye and fulfilled my request.

Sheila Bangs  
Hacienda Heights, California





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Inflate-A-Bed—the ultimate in a sleeping experience. It's a luxurious velvet-tufted air coil bed you inflate in minutes with a vacuum cleaner (comes with adapter), or any air pump. Use it as your permanent mattress or store it on a shelf for overnight guests. Use it in a camper, or doze your way across a lake on it (the soft, flaked finish prevents sticking or burning while sunbathing).

Inflate-A-Bed takes the sea-sickness, immobility, and water out of waterbeds, but gives the same relaxing give-and-take feel. The specially patented "air coil" construction, consisting of individual polyvinyl air support coils, supports your body evenly—you don't sink down, and the sides don't fly up as with inexpensive vinyl plastic furniture. No frame or innerspring is needed yet it is more comfortable than a conventional mattress. A Full Warranty is included.

Inflate-A-Bed—incredibly light, incredibly tough (20 mil Poly Vinyl Chloride). It cleans easily with soap and water—the color does not wash out. An exciting new way to sleep, relax, and play. Try one for 2 weeks—no obligation.

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Ill. Call: 312-595-0461

# The whole neighborhood wondered what Frank Mallon was up to in his workshop.

Word had it he was up to something mighty peculiar. And when he didn't show up for bowling practice one Wednesday night, the Wabash Cannonballs (that was the name of his neighborhood team) began to wonder, too.

So it was that a bunch of the boys decided to pay their "star" a visit, and talk him out of his workshop and back into action.

It didn't happen that way, though.

Matter of fact, it was Frank Mallon who talked the Wabash Cannonballs out of their bowling night and down into his workshop. What was it... what could be exciting enough to keep a bunch of ten-pin tigers from their favorite pastime? One of the most fascinating learn-at-home programs in the world, that's what!

Actually build and experiment with the new generation color TV in Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program. It will help you develop new occupational skills as an electronics troubleshooter.

You'll set up your own electronics laboratory to learn first-hand, the technology behind such innovations as digital-display wrist-watches and tiny pocket calculators.

In fact, as part of the program, you'll actually build and experiment with a 25" diagonal color TV incorporating digital features.

But most important of all will be the new skills you'll develop all along the way... the kind of skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. While we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities, once you've completed the program you can use your training:

1. To seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. To upgrade your current job.
3. As a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

Go exploring at home, in your spare time. No traveling to class. No lectures. No one looking over your shoulder.

Bell & Howell Schools wants to introduce you to the modern way to learn. It means you'll be able to develop new skills in your own home—on whatever days and hours you choose. So you don't have to give up your present job or paycheck just because you want to learn new occupational skills.

What's more, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough.

That's why you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the most impressive electronic training tools you've ever seen.

**No electronics background necessary.**

That's one of the advantages of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up, one step at a time. In fact, with your first lesson you receive a Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment.

You build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab®. An exclusive electronics training system.

First comes the design console. After you assemble it, you'll be able to set up and examine circuits without soldering.

Next, you'll put together a digital multimeter. This instrument measures voltage, current and resistance, and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock.

Then comes the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope. An instrument similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to analyze the "heartbeats" of tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

You'll build and work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV... investigating digital features you've probably never seen before!

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future.

As you build it, you'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning. And into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear right on the screen! You'll also build in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds.

And you'll program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

After building and experimenting with this TV, you'll be equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

We try to give more personal attention than other learn-at-home programs.

1. Toll-free phone-in assistance. Should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. While many schools make you mail in your questions, we have a toll-free line for questions that can't wait.

2. In-person "help sessions". These are held in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year, where you can talk shop with your instructors and fellow students.

So take a tip from Frank Mallon. Find out more about the first learn-at-home program that could stir up your neighborhood!

Mail this postage-paid card today for more details!

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

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696R4



On-screen digital clock



Channel numbers that flash on the screen



Automatic pre-set channel selector





Simulated TV picture/test pattern.

A close-up photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a heavy, fur-lined coat. He is looking slightly to the right and smoking a cigarette. The background is dark and out of focus.

Come to where  
the flavor is.



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

Kings: 17 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine—  
100's: 18 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 75

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Here's one flavor Baskin-Robbins hasn't heard of yet. A man in Athens, Georgia, is suing a local restaurant for \$25,000, because it sold him a bowl of vanilla ice cream with a prophylactic in it. In the official wording of the lawsuit, it's explained that condoms are not "normally or usually found in ice cream."

Our uncontested blue ribbon for Most Inspired Political Headline goes to *The Washington Post* for its boldface summary of political upheaval in the Spanish government: "THE REIGN IN SPAIN IS PLAINLY ON THE WANE."

From Illinois' *Quincy Herald-Whig*, in a column on activities in the circuit-court clerk's office, we note that a 57-year-old man was fined ten dollars for having a "loose protruding member."

How to light up a camel: Owners of a wildlife preserve in Winston, Oregon, are seeking a female companion for George, a two-humped camel who is reportedly so sexually frustrated he's been trying to mate with a 15-passenger minibus. "He works up a good frothing at the mouth," says a preserve official. "and makes clumsy lunging, drooling passes at the park's minibus every time it goes by."

Great moments in aviation: Policeman Frank Kennedy pleaded guilty in Columbus, Ohio, to chasing a pheasant along a field in his \$55,000 police helicopter, which then crashed.

A campus washroom at the University of North Carolina has three urinals, one with two side panels, one with one and a third with none. Over the urinal with two panels is the legend CONSERVATIVE. The one-sided urinal reads MODERATE and the

third is designated LIBERAL. And on a nearby blank wall, some wag wrote, "Radical."

The winning entry in a contest to write a new slogan for the state of California held in Cupertino was: "California

newspaper of the University of Texas, says that top university leadership "has been limited by the most powerful group in the University System pecking order: the Board of Regents. Of course, the top pecker of them all is the governor."

Blooper of the month: A news anchor man on Pittsburgh's KDKA-TV said recently: "In the headlines: Emperor Hirohito rides in an open carriage in Williamsburg . . . and our weatherman Bob Kudzma says there's a nip in the air."

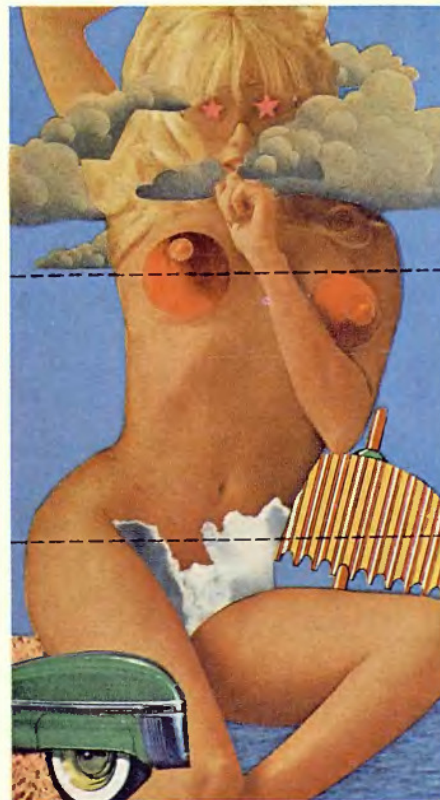
God knows what he does in the A & P: An 18-year-old youth was arrested recently for indecent exposure in a supermarket. The name of the market is Zip-N-Go.

Maybe she hadn't used her Polident: After reporting the marriage of Russian chess star Boris Spassky to French secretary Marina Stcherbatcheff, the *Chicago Sun-Times* went on to say: "Despite pleas from photographers, Spassky declined to kiss the bride."

Sign seen in the window of a Seattle massage parlor: IT'S NICE TO BE KNEADED.

Taking credit where credit is due, a California company placed this announcement in the local newspaper: "Valley Mattress is proud of the part it has played in the growth of Sacramento."

When a TV newsman in Buffalo, New York, asked a bevy of beauty queens what they had looked like at the age of 13, he received the usual insipid responses. Until, that is, he asked one particularly well-endowed young blonde. "I was very skinny," she said, and the reporter replied, "I guess you've found something good to eat since then." Not



is the centerfold of the atlas." Let's see, now. If San Francisco is the navel, that would make L.A. . . .

Maybe everything is bigger in Texas! An editorial in the *Daily Texan*, student

one to be stuck for an answer, she shot back: "Oh, my goodness, yes. I could eat most men under the table."

The following item appeared in an editorial in *The Miami News*: "The U. S. Interior Department has announced that it is banning the import of three species of kangaroo from Australia. It is a bad decision, coming at a time when a lot of U. S. courts are already understaffed."

Cop capers: The captain from the Seattle vice squad hid in the hotel-room closet while his female assistant went to answer the door. When the customer entered, out popped the captain, gold badge in hand, ready to make the arrest. The other man, however, was holding his silver patrolman's star. He'd come to make a prostitution arrest as part of another investigation.



Voted in for having made the most idiotic scientific discovery of the century: Lotmar Knaak, a Swiss psychologist, who, after years of research, determined that Winston Churchill's cigar was a phallic symbol of potency.

The state of Indiana has revoked the corporate license of the Anna Lee's Anti-Corset Society, which was founded at the turn of the century and, according to an official at the Indiana Corporations Division, was disbanded for "lack of support."

Reporting an incident in which a buxom young lady stole another lady's purse, the El Paso, Texas, *Herald-Post* ran the following headline: "BUSTY BURGLAR SOUGHT FOR SNATCH."

## TELEVISION

Remember when the television season lasted all year? Once a series was scheduled, it ran (with liberal helpings of reruns) more or less from mid-September to late spring. Then the networks started slipping in January replacements for shows with sagging ratings; when this practice became common enough, it was legitimized with its own ballyhoo as *The Second Season*.

Well, if things keep going the way they did during 1975, this year's *Second Season* will

begin around September 30. By early October of 1975, scarcely four weeks into the fall schedule, and with over-all primetime viewership down three to five percent, CBS and NBC had already axed six programs; ABC, basking in the unaccustomed sunshine of top ratings, was limiting itself to time changes (one network executive observed with modest bravado: "We don't cancel shows when we're number one").

Such speed with the hatchet, if exercised in earlier seasons, would have kept *Gunsmoke*, *Bonanza* and *All in the Family* from their deep-rooted spots in the American psyche. All were slow starters. But the bad news for such early losers of 1975 as *Fay*, *The Montefuscos*, *Big Eddie*, *The Family Hovak*, *Kate McShane* and *The Invisible Man* was, of course, good news for the replacement shows waiting in the wings. Among the earliest to debut, December fourth on NBC, was Playboy Productions' first TV series. *The Cop and the Kid*, starring Charles Durning (memorable as the corrupt, squeaky-shoed detective in *The Sting*) and 15-year-old Tierre Turner, previously featured in episodes of *McCloud*, *That's My Mama* and *Emergency*. *Cop and Kid* is the story of a love-hate relationship—"not unlike that of Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in *The Champ*," according to executive producer Jerry Davis, formerly of *Bewitched*, *That Girl* and *The Odd Couple*—between an

The *Second Season* is already off and running. First away from the post: "The Cop and the Kid."



The Kid vs. the Cop.

overweight, asthmatic policeman and a street-smart black teenager who's placed in his custody. The show nearly made it onto the September schedule—"When it didn't, I felt like Tom Dewey on the morning of November 3, 1948," recalls Edward L. Rissien, Playboy Productions' Executive Vice-President. "Now we've come into a very tough time period—opposite *The Waltons*—but I think we're going to make it," predicts Rissien, whose Playboy Productions

has entered into a long-term arrangement with Paramount TV to develop several series.

Immediately preceding *The Cop and the Kid* on NBC's Thursday-night schedule, also having debuted December fourth, is *Grady*—a spin-off from Norman Lear's *Sanford and Son*, starring Whitman Mayo as Fred Sanford's good old buddy.

CBS-TV led off its *Second Season* on December 17 with another kindly-policeman show. *The Blue Knight*, in which George Kennedy plays a cop on the beat who hoofs it through an integrated neighborhood. The folks at ABC-TV were, as we said earlier, not talking about cancellations at the time we went to press. One PR man did, however, hazard an educated guess: January will probably bring Carl Reiner in an anthology series, *Good Heavens* (Reiner, in shades of *Here Comes Mister Jordan* out of *The Millionaire*, plays an angel who grants wishes to deserving people), and *Viva Valdez*, a situation comedy about a Mexican-American family, starring genuine ethnic Mexican-Americans. The network has, we were told by outside sources, no fewer than 45 projects under way to fill any sudden gaps. As a publicist for NBC observed with a sigh: "It's a whole new ball game. If it doesn't go, you get rid of it faster."

What's next? Maybe a *Third Season*, starting sometime in March?

# "My Marantz stereo is built strong as a bloomin' tank!"



"I've got a lot of respect for Marantz' first-rate construction. In my establishment my Marantz stereo system is goin' all the time, year in, year out. And because Marantz builds receivers with nothin' but the best materials, they're as dependable and rugged as the Highland Regulars. But it's the sound that stirs the heart. Especially with the built-in Dolby Noise Reduction System.\* You can use it to silence noise on tapes, records, even FM Dolbyized radio programs. The Marantz sound is so ruddy real that listenin' to the pipers playin' makes me feel like I was back with my old regiment chasin' the Desert Fox."



---

London pub owner Sergeant Major (Ret.) Harry Driscoll owns a Marantz 2325 AM/FM stereo receiver. 125 watts continuous power per channel at 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion. See the complete Marantz line starting as low as \$299.95 at your Marantz dealer.

---

All over the world  
people consider Marantz Stereo  
the finest in the world.

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We sound better.



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## EROTICA

It's Saturday night and we're at the Rodger Young Center in downtown Los Angeles, where the Santa Monica and Harbor freeways join in smoggy embrace above a neighborhood of warehouses and funeral parlors. (About 50 years ago, the city fathers exiled the funeral parlors to special districts and there they have remained.) The occasion is the *First Annual Bondage, Leather, Fetish, Inquisition and Masquerade Party*, sponsored by a newspaper called *Fetish Times*. The advertising circular promises demonstrations of bondage and discipline, spanking, slaves in cages and on the rack, TV (that is, transvestite) serving wenches, commercial exhibits and door prizes.

On the ground floor of the Rodger Young Center, an everyday wedding reception is in progress, the bride and groom gaily oblivious to "the bizarre event of the decade," as the *Times* modestly billed its party, rearing its chin-strapped head on the floor above. The price of admission to the second-floor ballroom is ten dollars for males, five dollars for females and transvestites, which places the management just to the left of Noah's ark. The display tables begin in a room off to one side and continue on into the ballroom. For sale for between three dollars and five dollars are magazines with intriguing titles like *International Action*, *House of Enemas and Water & Power*, a publication that purports to be the magazine of enemas, water sports, spanking, B & D (bondage and discipline), infantilism and, if everything else fails, sex. We pause at the sponsor's booth, being manned by a sober-looking gentleman named Cal, who runs a mail-order house out of Sherman Oaks, California, and he tells us optimistically that 70 percent of the inhabitants of these United States can't wait to feel the sting of a whip on their fannies. As for the remaining 30 percent, Cal dismisses them with a shrug: "They're not into the unusual."

Inside the ballroom, we see enough leather on display to make the cow an endangered species. Your basic black outfit goes for \$129.95. It includes mask, mouth gag, collar, wrist straps, brassiere, waist belt, crotch belt, panties, garter, a metal leg spreader that attaches to both ankles, and boots. But that's just the beginning. No mistress is complete without an assortment of whips: The light Duster with six tails costs \$22; but for those with a low threshold of pain, the five-dollar Pussy whip will do nicely. Other accessories include an inflatable



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gag mask that puts an expanding rubber balloon in your beloved's mouth (\$75). We gravitate toward a display table at which three attractive ladies in leather tank suits sit and glower at the passers-by. They are the faculty of the House of Dominance, and the head dominatrix, Mistress Lonnie, hands us a brochure containing the course of study. The school, we read, offers over-the-lap spanking with strap, paddle, cat-o'-nine-tails, brush or whip; five kinds of humiliation, including horse, dog, transvestite and diaper training; a seminar in enemas—the Oriental one is administered while the "patient" is suspended upside down from the ceiling—and wrestling. Tuition ranges from \$30 to \$40 a half hour; we decline to enroll.

The ballroom, we notice, is beginning to fill up. There are masked men and women; a hooded man in a leather bikini with a jute rope around his neck; a guy with the seat of his pants ripped out, sporting a belt made out of .50-caliber machine-gun bullets; a girl in a cheesecake bridal outfit; a diapered grandmother; a man in a safari outfit, bearing an armload of wooden walking canes; and everywhere swarms of photographers. Suddenly, a scholarly-looking girl breaks through the crowd, hotly pursued by a bespectacled man in a pink shirt. They speed past the penis water fountain, past plastic vaginas, female torsos and breasts with bell-ringing nipples, past electric dildos, beneath a poster that reads: AMPUTATION IS THE ULTIMATE BONDAGE; SIMULATION IS THE NEXT BEST THING. Finally, he throws her to the floor in

front of the air-pumping Accu-Jac masturbation machine. He rips off her blouse and skirt, ties her hands behind her back and, with a crowd of onlookers pressing in around him, rears back and proceeds to peddle Pony Kits at \$250 apiece. The kit includes harness with bit, riding crop, stirrups and 12 pairs of net stockings, in case your horse gets a run in its nylons.

Around ten o'clock, a loud band starts up. An elegant black couple takes to the floor to offer another kind of exotic merchandising. They're not selling Pony Kits but themselves, displaying their wares with all the style and grace of some young Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers starring in an X-rated movie. But the party hasn't attracted any couples who'll pay to swing, so the two dancers leave early. As it turns out, they provide the evening's only example of class entertainment.

The lackadaisical imprisonment of a bikini girl in an iron cage marks the beginning of the stage show. An affable master of ceremonies introduces the first attraction, the helty Queen Adrena—who promptly knocks over the microphone stand. Adrena and an assistant named Linda gambol to a tune called *Swallow My Love Inside*. But the audience isn't swallowing, so they are bumped by an electric organist who sings *Whipping Post*. After the organist goes down to defeat, the master of ceremonies lays a wizened teenager across his lap and spansks her with a custom leather paddle. Next, an elephantine Mistress Uba strides on stage, shouting, "I won't leave this joint until I beat some asses." Her act is titled "How to Transform a Male into a Female." She leads a woebegone young man on stage, but since no one can find the body harness to put him in, the skit grinds to a halt through inertia.

The big production number features a sadomasochistic dance by Natasha, touted not only to be Queen of Life and Goddess of Reality but also to have the smallest feet in the world. All goes well until Queen Natasha exchanges her cat-o'-nine-tails for a flaming baton—whereupon, fearing that the Queen of Life may burn down the building, an unidentified man wrests the baton from her fumbling fingers and extinguishes the flame. The Goddess of Reality goes off in a pout, the stage show comes to an end and the *First Annual Bondage, Leather, Fetish, Inquisition and Masquerade Party* dies with its boots on.



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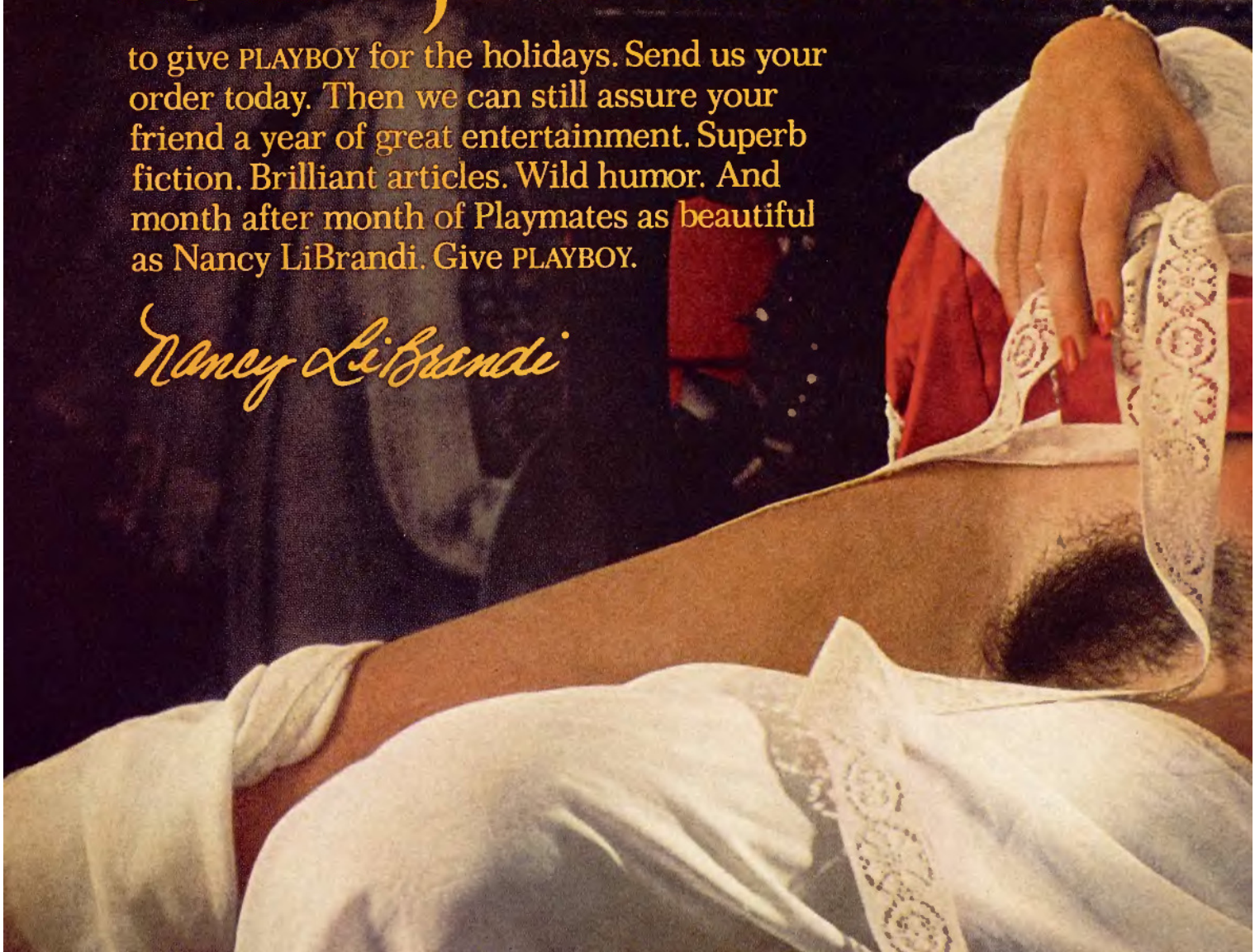


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Perhaps some social historian of the future will discover the cultural and psychological reasons why so many Americans are fetishistically fascinated by doctors—not by medical science, particularly, and certainly not by health care but by doctors themselves, especially the ones who are colorful, egotistical, stinking rich, maybe even a little quacky. To his credit as a popular writer, Roger Rapoport takes this topic—which, you'll remember, he's dealt with in *PLAYBOY*—and produces in *The Super-Doctors* (Playboy Press) light and highly readable biographical sketches of almost two dozen celebrity physicians who have managed to do for medicine what Joe Namath did for football. We have the renowned Dr. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., world's leading practitioner and promoter of medical hypnosis, who cures patients of such maladies as the Snapping Pussy Syndrome (impotence through fear that the vagina has teeth) and who claims to have balled 11,999 women, with up to 15 orgasms a day. More conventionally, we have heart-transplant pioneer Christiaan Barnard; the venerable Benjamin Spock; open-heart surgeon Denton Cooley; Robert Atkins, the fabulous "fat doctor"; and the polio-vaccine war between Salk and Sabin. And many more, all high priests of the healing arts whose skills are often equaled by their eccentricities.

It's hard to imagine gypsies in a city. Where would they park their wagons? Besides, there are only certain sections of major cities (like Ninth Avenue in the 40s in Manhattan) where their traditional costumes would not raise eyebrows. But have you ever been accosted by an 11-year-old girl asking you to buy a flower for the American Indian children? She's one of the estimated 250,000 to 1,000,000 gypsies in the United States today. Most of them migrate from city to city one step ahead of bail bondsmen and creditors they've ripped off. Peter Maas's *King of the Gypsies* (Viking) tells us that their contemporary lifestyle is not all that different from the way they lived for centuries. For example, a gypsy woman can still make a gypsy man an outcast, or *marimay*, by flashing her genitalia at him. But nowadays, instead of wagons, they drive late-model Cadillacs and Lincolns. And although they pride themselves on their illiteracy, they have adapted well enough to urban life to know how to swindle credit companies, shortchange banks and steal cars, as well as run their usual scams: fortunetelling and extorting money from other gypsies. They have even perfected a method for

Americans are fetishistically fascinated by doctors—especially the ones who are colorful, stinking rich, maybe even a little quacky.



*Eros in Pompeii—sensually debauched.*

*Shunga: The Art of Love in Japan—graphically explicit.*



bending the criminal-justice system to their own ends. If they're pissed off at someone, they simply file felony charges against him. The main thread of the book follows the struggle that developed when the last king of the gypsies, King Tene Bimbo, bequeathed his throne not to his son but to his grandson, Steve Tene, in hopes that Steve could lead his people into the 20th Century. It's unlikely he could succeed even if he were so disposed. Gypsies remain the last renegades of the world, and their strange and tight-knit brotherhood is geared to keep them that way.

Listen, America: It's time you added a little quality to your act. A black-wax penis-shaped candle is *not* the height of decadence. Two recent books should open your eyes to the comparatively low-rent eroticism offered by our own culture. *Eros in Pompeii* (Morrow), by Michael Grant and Antonia Mulas, presents the sexual artifacts long hidden in the secret rooms of the National Museum of Naples. Phallic birdbaths. Dwarfs and pygmies riding their own giant cocks. Obscene wind chimes. We suspect that the eruption of Vesuvius was not a geological event—it was a physical response to the sensual debauchery of the Pompeians. *Shunga: The Art of Love in Japan* (Paddington), by Tom and Mary Anne Evans, chronicles the rise of the merchant class in feudal Japan, when the only freedom granted the rich by the ruling class was that of sexual pleasure. The Ukiyo, or "floating world," offered all those who could afford it erotic toys and varied partners. Every home was equipped with explicit pillow books (the *shunga* of the title) and accessories (what America makes in plastic and calls marital aids). Study a woodcut of a young woman atop a carved ivory phallus and you sense the spirituality of the act. Compare that with a contemporary woman who, plugging herself into her vibrator, at best feels a mild gratitude toward the people who manufacture batteries.

The triumphs of this century live side by side with its atrocities—scientific achievement coexisting with the horrors of the concentration camps. With the publication of *The Gulag Archipelago 2* (Harper & Row), the second volume of the massive work that occupied him for 20 years, Alexander Solzhenitsyn now completes his exhumation of the slave-labor camps of the Soviet Union. Volume one was a personal account, volume two is more comprehensive and analytic; but both are illuminated by a raging indignation so withering that they are hardly bearable to read. Solzhenitsyn writes not

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merely as a historian but also as a survivor; in *Gulag 2* appear *zeks* imprisoned for ten years for smiling while reading *Pravda*, children who murder without a thought, men encased in living hell who still refuse to compromise with evil. The only corresponding book to come out of the West in 200 years is *Gulliver's Travels*, and that excursion into human absurdity pales by comparison. Solzhenitsyn, in cataloging the everyday deprivations of the Gulag—dogs, stoolies, shock workers, self-mutilation, silicosis and crime—makes a case for personal and spiritual redemption: If the archipelago is an island, no man dare ever be.

If there is anything left to be said about Watergate, then George Higgins (1) hasn't said it, (2) hasn't said very much of it or (3) hasn't said it very well. It was an admittedly nifty idea to have the author of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* write about the political crime of the century and call it *The Friends of Richard Nixon* (Atlantic). But those nifty ideas have an unfortunate tendency to break down under duress. Higgins was unable to use his skills either as a novelist (we knew how it was going to end) or as a writer of some of the best dialog around (we all read the transcripts); so he was left to rely on his skills as a Federal attorney. It's for sure that you don't ever want Higgins prosecuting you. But that is about the only clear lesson a reader can carry away from this book. The prose is either turgid, lawyerly stuff or just plain show-off erudition. According to Higgins, some of the bad guys were worse than we thought and others weren't so bad. Oh, yes, Higgins clearly would have loved trying this case. Too bad he didn't; he'd have done a good job and we'd have been spared this book.

Next time you're down in the dumps, try *The Bathroom* (Viking), by Alexander Kira. It might seem an easy target for cheap shots, but it's a fine specimen of a book, a delightful, fact-filled study of our most useful living space—and all that it stands and sits for. The first edition made a splash in 1966, but this update is a new, expanded version full of humor, erudition and practical advice. You get history ("James I of England is said to have regularly and splendidly beshat himself in the saddle, since he refused to pause in the hunt"). You get sociology ("The Frenchman washes his hands before urinating, the Englishman after"). But most of all, you get hard information on how to wash, soak, rinse, squat, sit and eliminate waste from your life. Sinks should accommodate arms and elbows, tubs should have seats, toilets should be redesigned to put more weight onto your feet, men's urinals should be deepened to do away with the "back-splash factor." This book could start a whole new movement.

## HOLIDAY BOOK BAG



There is still no better gift than a book. Trust us and take a look at these last-minute holiday shopping suggestions:

We hope you'll understand if we start from the pages of PLAYBOY. We published portions of several good books this past year and we especially recommend: *A Month of Sundays* (Knopf), by John Updike; *Flashman in the Great Game* (Knopf), by George MacDonald Fraser; *The Fight* (Little, Brown), by Norman Mailer; *WW II* (Grosset & Dunlap), with text by James Jones and a selection of outstanding art from the period chosen by graphics director Art Weithas; and the gossipy *Conversations with Kennedy* (W. W. Norton), by Ben Bradlee.

A lot of other good stuff was published in 1975. Two class entries, *Ragtime* (Random House), by E. L. Doctorow, and *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* (Simon & Schuster), by Judith Rossner, have been trading the number-one and -two spots on all the best-seller lists. Don't wait for them to be made into movies; buy them now. It was a premium year for biographies, such as *George Sand* (Houghton Mifflin), by Curtis Cate. Sand spent nine years with Chopin, whom she met through her friend Franz Liszt. That alone should be enough for one life, right? Wrong. Balzac, Flaubert and Turgenev were also counted among her friends. And anyone interested in contemporary women knows this has been journalist Nora Ephron's year. In her collection *Crazy Salad: Some Things About Women* (Knopf), she tackles everything, including her own breasts.

If you're shopping for friends who have special interests, we have loads of ideas. For music lovers, there is *Musical Stages: An Autobiography* (Random House), by Richard Rodgers. Then for the red-neck in your life, we prescribe *Honkytonk Heroes: A Photo Album of Country Music* (Harper & Row), words by Peter McCabe, photos by Rae

Rubenstein. For your favorite nostalgia freak, *Old Sheet Music: A Pictorial History* (Hawthorn), by Marian Klamkin, traces the development of cover design from the late 18th Century through art deco and right on to the present. *A Taste of Wine* (Random House), by Pamela Vandyke Price, is a nice change: It classifies the wines of the world by the only characteristic that really matters—taste. Farrar, Straus & Giroux is offering *Brew It Yourself: A Complete Guide to the Making of Wine, Beer, Liqueurs & Soft Drinks*, which, even after you've shelled out its \$8.95 price, is still a practical gift for this vintage inflation year. For the movie buff on your list, critic Walter Kerr has collected more than 400 pictures to embellish *The Silent Clowns* (Knopf), his affectionate tribute to the silent-screen stars. And although *Life* magazine is gone, it's not forgotten by us. Its Christmas present, *Life Goes to the Movies* (Time-Life), is filled with hundreds of pictures of absolutely everybody in the movies.

Under that old reliable heading "much, much more," we suggest a group of books anyone would love to receive. *Cheap Chic* (Harmony), by Catherine Milinaire and Carol Troy, is a collection of money-saving ways to create your own great look—whether you're a man or a woman—from two women who are plugged in to what's trendy. And once you look right, *The Poor Man's Guide to Trivia Collecting* (Doubleday) illustrates how to do the same for your walls and tables at home. Viking is bringing out *The New Yorker Album of Drawings 1925-1975* for all those people who forgot to save their favorite old *New Yorker* cartoons; Garry Trudeau has gathered a collection of *Doonesbury* comic strips in *The Doonesbury Chronicles* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston); Edward Gorey, in *Amphigorey Too* (Putnam), presents his devotees with a second volume of his special weird little stories and line drawings; and Knopf offers us what has to be one of the best cookbooks, *From Julia Child's Kitchen*. And, of course, there's the Bicentennial. Most of what's being published to honor America's birthday is to be passed up, but *Hometown USA* (Simon & Schuster), a collection of stunning photographs, with text by Stephen W. Sears and the editors of *American Heritage*, is a delightful stroll through small-town America.

It just wouldn't be PLAYBOY if we didn't leave the best for last. This past year's best was previewed for our readers in October. Now you can buy the most incredibly sexy book of photos you are likely to see in a long time: *Sappho, the Art of Loving Women* (Chelsea House), by J. Frederick Smith.



# The Chivas Regal of Scotches.

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One of the major disappointments of the movie season, *Royal Flash* is a let-down because audiences had every reason to expect a lot from the first screen treatment of George MacDonald Fraser's Flashman novels (the newest of which was previewed in PLAYBOY's September, October and November issues). Adapted by Fraser himself for director Richard Lester, with whom he had scored with the ribald and rollicking *Three and Four Musketeers*, *Royal Flash* has gone wildly off target in countless ways. Miscasting is the real problem, and a bit of judicious role swapping might have made a difference—since Alan Bates, who walks through a thankless role as second villain, seems a far better candidate than Malcolm McDowell to play the cowardly, cocksure, flamboyantly unprincipled Captain Harry Flashman. Although a good actor in his usual contemporary milieu, McDowell lacks both maturity and style and makes Flashman's boldest debauches look like mere schoolboy mischief. In sum, he's meagerly fitted to fill the boots of a hero whose exploits here were dedicated by the author to such swashbucklers as Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The plot, for the benefit of those who have yet to discover Fraser, takes Flashman to Bavaria—where mad King Ludwig's mistress, Lola Montez, asks him to impersonate a local nobleman who cannot go through with his impending marriage. "The crown prince has a dose of clap," says one wily conspirator. Britt Ekland is a fetching bride-to-be, Florinda Bolkan a gloriously womanly Lola—though she, too, appears to be playing for real what ought to be played as rowdy early Victorian fun. Only Oliver Reed, as a pompous Count Otto von Bismarck, catches the improper spirit

Audiences had every reason to expect a lot from the first screen treatment of George MacDonald Fraser's Flashman novels.

of the piece. Perhaps with a cue from the mock-Wagnerian *Sturm und Drang* on the sound track, nearly everyone else seems to spend tremendous energy transforming a lightweight period spoof into stale pumpernickel.

Don't let the wordy title deter you from a hot-blooded and ferocious Italian drama called *Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August* (*Swept Away . . .* for short). Writer-director Lina Wertmuller, Italy's foremost female film maker, mixed social satire with sex and politics in *Love and Anarchy* and *The Seduction of Mimi*. She has an even headier blend of the same elements in *Swept Away . . .*, using *Mimi's* illustrious co-stars, Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato—the most electric team of screen champions since Marcello Mastroianni met Sophia Loren. Melato plays a bleached-blond rich bitch aboard a hired yacht who amuses herself by humiliating a Communist deck hand (Giannini) with remarks about his politics, his body odor and his antediluvian notions of women's lib. "The female is an object of pleasure—amusement for the worker," he grumbles. The tables are turned when this ill-matched pair gets lost at sea in an inflatable rubber dinghy, beaching on a desolate sun-swept island where questions of survival soon evolve into a pitched battle of

the sexes. It's the story of the Communist and the Lady, with milady getting the worst of it and realizing she likes it better than anything she's ever had. Her left-wing Adam beats her, makes her grovel, finally has her almost literally eating out of his hand. "Sodomize me," she murmurs, and fashions a garland of wildflowers to decorate his groin, eagerly submitting to a man who makes her feel "as though I'd been raped by the Turks." Wertmuller's brand of sexual politics may not stand up under close analysis, but as a two-on-an-island sex fantasy, it is an instant classic—grotesquely funny, corrosive and erotic, played with a shrewd eye for the savagery that lurks behind the masks worn by civilized men and women in times of uneasy truce.

*Lisztomania* opens with Franz Liszt (Roger Daltrey of *Tommy* fame) bobbing kisses upon the breasts of Countess Marie (Fiona Lewis) in rhythm with a speeded-up metronome. The movie ends in Hitler's Germany—approximately a half century after the death of Liszt—where a Frankenstein monster symbolizing the totalitarian music of Richard Wagner (Liszt's son-in-law) is destroyed in flames by Liszt and company. Connecting all this are elaborate phallic fantasies, an irrelevant but rather charming Chaplinesque dream sequence and other brain storms that might logically be lumped together as Russellmania. Writer-director Ken Russell is at it again (a pictorial preview of his cinematic extravagance appeared in last October's PLAYBOY), and the one-man Wild Bunch of world cinema has distilled the life of Liszt into a montage of glittering rubbish that outdoes even *Tommy* for audacious overstatement. Russell's recent works are the movie equivalent

Flashman finds Bismarck no red herring and a rival is—curses!—foiled again by Lola Montez.





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**"IT'S A SONY."**

of junk art, though Daltrey in the title role registers again as a screen presence more than worthy of the parts he's given—and the fair Fiona is effective, too, leading a roster of Liszt ladies who dig the classics the way today's groupies dig a Rolling Stone.

After making it to the top of the heap in one giant step with *Lady Sings the Blues*, Diana Ross puts her superstar status to the acid test in *Mahogany*. Director Berry Gordy and scenarist John Byrum have got Ross buried alive under gobs of pseudo chic and soap opera as a poor little black girl from a Chicago ghetto—an overachiever who gives up her people and her politically aware old man (handsomely played by Billy Dee Williams, Ross's co-star in *Lady*) to become an internationally famous fashion model, the toast of Rome. An adoring but impotent photographer (Anthony Perkins) makes her a legend and a European aristocrat (Jean-Pierre Aumont) finances her new career as a *haute couture* designer. Still, she ain't happy. "Listen, baby," Williams tells her during one of their frequent attempts to decide which should have priority—militancy or matched separates, "success is nothin' without someone you love to share it with." Each reunion is orchestrated with throbbing romantic mood music that makes the *Love Story* theme sound cynical, while *Mahogany's* dialog consists almost entirely of pearls from an anniversary edition of favorite movie



Diana Ross: buried alive in *Mahogany*.

dichés. "It doesn't matter, Sean," she whispers when the photographer gets her to bed but can do nothing that would endanger the movie's PG rating. According to the film credits, the funky-elegant, god-awful costumes were designed by Diana herself. *Mahogany* may be this season's prime example of the risks incurred when a star rises so fast and so far that she can write her own ticket but doesn't know where the hell to go.

## HOT STUFF

The explosion of porno chic in France partly explains the mad success, over there, of *Exhibition*—a success echoed over here, since director Jean-François Davy's quasi documentary about the on- and offscreen life of a Parisian porn queen became the first unabashed sex movie ever to be billed as a main attraction at the cool, cultish New York Film Festival. "The public wants fuck scenes," declares Claudine Beccarie, a slender 30-year-old brunette who may be France's answer to Linda Lovelace, though she generally appears to take much less pleasure in her work than Linda did. Mlle. Beccarie, a onetime prostitute and reform-school alumna (unjustly put away after an uncle raped her when she was scarcely into her teens), lets a movie crew tag along while she pays a visit to her mother, strolls in the park with a lover ten years her junior (he taught her the joys of vaginal orgasm, she insists) and performs in hard-core sequences with a steely-eyed professionalism that could prolong the so-called impotence boom. "You're a real turnoff," she snaps at one nonplused male partner whose sweating

annoys her, then confides to the director, "He means less to me than that door." One rapturous French critic saluted *Exhibition* as "a sexual *cordon bleu*," but any connoisseur of the real thing will quickly detect that what's happening here is not sex but sociology. Still, director Davy—like some of the pure pornographers whom his *femme* star dismisses with contempt—tries to have it both ways by stressing the serious aims of *Exhibition* while shrewdly including more fuck-and-suck footage than this portrait of a lady requires. Although too talky and attenuated at times, the film combines an air of open-mindedness and sympathy with some of the freaky human interest of a *Screw* interview. Certainly there's never been anything quite like it on the limited horizons of hard-core.

A few hard-core moviemakers are still trying to bring erotic cinema up to the script, performance and aesthetic level of so-called straight films. One of the most successful, of course, is writer-director Radley Metzger, whose entry into the



The performers' lips, nipples, tongues and genitalia loom like a kind of pornographic Mount Rushmore once "Joanna" gets under way.

hard-core arena has become an open secret since he made *Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann* and *Naked Came the Stranger* under the nom de film Henry Paris. Metzger's *The Image*, made earlier but bearing his own name, is a reasonably faithful, ultraserotic adaptation of *L'Image*, a French sex novel written pseudonymously by one Jean de Berg, who presumably bore some literary kinship to *Story of O's* mysterious author, Pauline Réage. (Since cuts may be made by exhibitors in the hard-core version of *The Image*, porno purists might be wise to inquire whether theaters are showing the lewder or the laundered print.) Devotees of sadomasochistic bondage trips—in or out of their closets—should drop those whips and chains and swiftly submit to *The Image*. If anything, Metzger improves on the book by deepening and broadening even its most explicit sequences—with meticulous photography, stylistic cool and a fine sense of the kinky sexual power struggle between S/M's dominant masters and their not-so-innocent slaves. The film's enticing cast is led by Carl Parker—a top male model, best known as the supermacho male chauvinist in that Silva Thins television commercial. Opposite Parker are stage actresses Marilyn Roberts, as the cruel Claire, and Mary Mendum, as the submissive Anne (to warm up for being chained, publicly humiliated, pricked with rose thorns or hot needles in *Image*, Mendum portrayed the wife in Broadway's original *Lenny*). Much of the flesh flailing practiced by the trio looks unnervingly real and, according to inside reports, often was.

Sexual authenticity is never in doubt in the films of Gerard Damiano (*Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, et al.), and *The Story of Joanna* offers some artful, lyrical hard-core close-ups that bring a new dimension to porno chic. Far larger—and perhaps even hornier—than life, the performers' lips, nipples, tongues and genitalia loom like a kind of pornographic Mount Rushmore once *Joanna* gets under way. The story is the sort of pornogothic tale Damiano seems to prefer since his post-*Throat* emergence as the dean of quality hard-core. It's sheer melodrama

concerning an exotic young creature (played by Terri Hall, a stunningly constructed former ballet dancer and relative newcomer to sexpix) who becomes the indentured sexual slave of a suave, terminally ill millionaire (Jamie Gillis) with a marked flair for sadistic games. His plan, see, is that the girl will ultimately kill him in a fit of thwarted passion. Whatever the plot may lack, *Joanna* makes up in unzipped physical intensity. "Every hole I have has been used . . . what's your specialty?" Joanna demands of a faithful butler (Zebedy Colt) whose unique services include massage, pubic shaves and giving head to his master. Sadoomasochism appears to be the coming thing on the trendy porno circuit, and Damiano plays along with a richly photographed fantasy set to classical-music themes. He may peddle the same old tits and ass, but he gives 'em first-class packaging.

Beware of a trickily titled *Lovelace Meets Miss Jones*. Both La Lovelace and Miss Jones (Georgina Spelvin) appear as advertised, but not together—and Linda's golden-shower sequence (she and a girl sex partner are urinated upon by their male companion) looks like a piece of eight-millimeter mail-order smut salvaged from God knows where. The framework for all this dated, grainy porno footage is the old wheeze about a TV repairman (Harry Reems, spelled Rheems for the occasion) who comes to fix the tube but instead shows sexy video cassettes to the lady of the house. Harry and Georgina, as well as porno regular Darby Eloyd Rains, get together for the inevitable group grope—every inch of it depressingly grim.

Imported from the Netherlands, with American-born Brigitte Maier as its star, *Sensations* is the best bet of all for outright voyeurs whose criteria for a sex movie begin with beautiful girls and potent males and end with an orgy. Writer-producer-director Alberto Ferro—the man behind Lasse Braun films, heretofore famous for short, bawdy stag reels and one so-so feature called *French Blue*—has finally got it together in a plotless but sensually pulsating extravaganza about a day in the life of a Minnesota girl visiting swinging Amsterdam. Brigitte, irresistible and photogenic right up to the space between her front teeth, looks more like the available girl next door than a reigning porn queen—though her air of interesting innocence merely hypes the appeal of a half-dozen other *Sensations* starlets with fine figures, sultry voices and vices to match. The musical score alone offers a simultaneous tune-up and turn-on.



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## RECORDINGS

For a really enjoyable English hard-rock album, try *Nightingales and Bombers* (Bronze), by Manfred Mann and his Earth Band. The material—including Bruce Springsteen's *Spirit in the Night*, Joan Armatrading's *Visionary Mountains* and Dylan's *Quit Your Low Down Ways*—is plenty tough and the band puts it all across with electric sounds that are always in harness, never in the driver's seat. And there's just enough experimentation with rhythm—as on the group's own *Time Is Right*, which, as it happens, is in ten-four time—to keep the music at a relatively high level of interest.

*Déjà vu* is the sense of having gone through this before; double *déjà vu* is the sense of having been through this twice before—and that was the feeling we had listening to Linda Ronstadt's *Prisoner in Disguise* (Asylum). Track for track, it's the same as her last two outings—*Heart Like a Wheel* and *Don't Cry Now*. Producer Peter Asher has chosen not to tamper with the formula that earned Ronstadt the title of most promising female country-music performer in 1975, and that is unfortunate. Repeating a promise is not the same as keeping it. Our main complaint comes from the overuse of material by John David Souther, Lowell George, Neil Young—the stable of cynical-chic California songwriters whose vocabulary consists of words like disguise, refuge, pride, deceive, etc. (Do we need a female interpreter of Neil Young? Do we need a Neil Young to interpret Neil Young?) With a repertoire that consists almost entirely of razor-blade heartbreak songs, it's no wonder Ronstadt can go through a whole concert without smiling.

Now in his 22nd year as a recording artist, James Brown gives solid evidence on his latest Polydor album that he's getting younger all the time. The title of the LP is a sentence unto itself: *Everybody's Doing the Hustle and Dead on the Double Bump*. Don't be put off by the jargon: James is just trying to capitalize on the current disco craze, which is (1) smart and (2) ironic, in view of the fact that he more or less invented modern dance music when he came out with *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag* in 1965. That tune is redone here, along with *Kansas City*, and the new versions are fine. But the real gems on the LP—which is encumbered neither by J.B.'s rampant ego nor by the superserious themes of some recent efforts—are the first two cuts on side two. *Superbad*, *Super-slick* and *Calm & Cool* present the "God-father of soul" in a relaxed mood, singing



Producer Peter Asher has chosen not to tamper with the formula that earned Linda Ronstadt the title of most promising female country-music performer in 1975, and that is unfortunate.



Brown hustles . . .



. . . Denver pontificates.

easily over the usual rock-solid beat. There's lots of down-home guitar, some space-age clavinet, great trombone solos by Fred Wesley, some unaccustomed vocal and woodwind sounds in the background, just enough of J.B.'s street-corner homilies—and lots of space. Put it on and watch the music dance across the room.

Now that Bob Marley and the Wailers have finally made these shores safe for the real reggae, here comes another island band that's sure to knock a few folks on their buttocks. We mean Toots and the Maytals, who, on *Funky Kingston* (Island, of course), unleash a really tough Caribbean beat—it's heavier than the Wailers'—topped by the leader's Ray Charlesian vocals, with some nice Gospel harmonies in between.

While Toots and his backup musicians—the horns are provided by a group called Sons of the Jungle—are as funky and wild and deep a group as you could ask for, reggae can be studio slick and still move you. All the proof you need is in Jimmy Cliff's *Follow My Mind* (Reprise), which is, simply, one of the best albums by a male R&B soloist since Sam Cooke's *Night Beat*. If you know what that means, you'll follow your own mind right down to the nearest record store. Cliff's songs are serious without being draggy; they sound necessary at all times, and he delivers them in a pure tenor that will give you chills.

It's easy to dislike John Denver's singing—if you can't manage to ignore it. And his lyrics seem to be the offspring of some unspeakable congress 'twixt the muses of Kahlil Gibran and Rod McKuen, wearing ten-gallon hats. *Windsong* (RCA) is Denver's latest long-winded collection of pompous pontifications on his time-proved themes: Thank God I've Discovered Wyoming; Please Don't Mistreat the Animals; Life in General Is Very Nice; and Blonds Really Do Have More Fun. Side A of the dust sleeve includes all of the groovy words, while side B is a full-color photo of John riding a groovy horse in the nice mountains. Give *Windsong* the breeze.

Esther Satterfield has been touted as one of the best new jazz singers to surface in a while, and her initial effort—*Once I Loved* (A&M)—leaves no doubt as to the beauty of her voice or the sincerity of her no-bullshit style. The arrangements of Chuck Mangione—with whose group she's been singing of late—are also commendably simple. But there's not too much jazz here. And we wonder: Why saddle Satterfield with such war horses as *Lift Every Voice and Sing, You Are*

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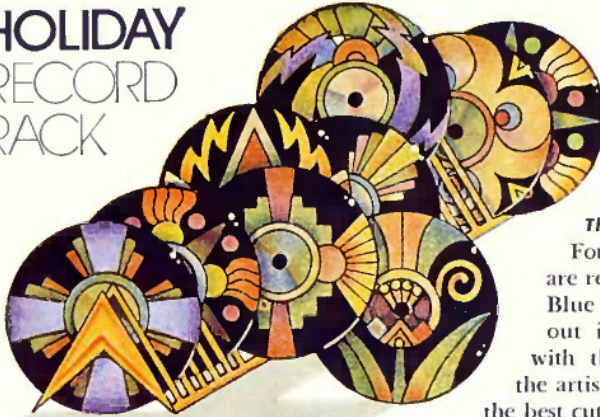
the *Sunshine of My Life* and *Summertime*? She does make them all worth hearing one more time—and *Summertime* is the only real scorcher on the set. But there are plenty of great tunes that don't get exposure and we'd sure like to hear her sing a few.

Leon Redbone has established himself as a man of mystery on the Canadian music scene. He seemed to pop out of the ground, or at least out of the Toronto subway, with a vast repertoire of old songs. Leon is into music from the Twenties, Thirties and Forties—everything from Jimmie Rodgers to Irving Berlin. He croons in an easy, resonant baritone, which is sometimes satisfied to land in the general area of a low note, and he enunciates like a man who left his dentures in a glass on the dresser.

But ole Leon is a lovable guy and his casual style is engaging. His latest—*On the Track* (Warner Bros.), on which he's backed by 16 musicians, among them the great jazz fiddler Joe Venuti—includes such chestnuts as *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Lazybones* and *Lulu's Back in Town*, and it's impossible to listen to it without getting happy. Leon shouldn't have tried to sing *Marie*, but his *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *My Walking Stick*—a Berlin tune—are beautiful, and *Lulu* is a gem. Buy the album and get loose, and be sure to check out the cover. It features what is beyond doubt the finest drawing of a dancing frog we have ever seen.

If you went to high school in the Fifties, chances are that you heard the Bill Black Combo on the radio of some funky old car as you were getting the feel of a chick for the first time. Well, the car is long gone, so is the girl—and Bill Black (who was the bass player on Elvis Presley's first records) is gone, too. But the combo lives on in undeserved obscurity—undeserved because no other group has ever combined country music, rock and blues with the simple, down-home authority they've shown on their last two Hi albums. The new one, *The World's Greatest Honky-Tonk Band*, is mostly C&W, with Bob Tucker's fiddle leading the way on *Orange Blossom Special*, *Carroll County Blues* and other time-tested breakdowns; you also get a couple of blues crawlers in the deliberate Memphis style and—our only regret—*Beer Barrel Polka*. (The blues numbers, by the way, sure expose a lot of other white bands that are hyped as blues groups but simply can't play the blues.) A slightly earlier release, *Solid & Country*, is, despite the title, less country and more rock oriented. Both LPs are mixtures of timeless music with a few anachronistic touches that will take you back to the seminal back seat of that primeval Chevy.

## HOLIDAY RECORD RACK



The holidays are that time of year when you occasionally hate yourself for thinking that the gift you're giving someone would be put to much better use in your own hands. And nowhere is that more apparent than with recordings. But don't be embarrassed by those selfish instincts: The more it hurts to give it away, the better the gift, and you can always buy two and keep one for yourself.

For us, the biggest and best classical package by far is London's nine-LP offering of Sir Georg Solti and that magic music machine the Chicago Symphony performing *Beethoven's Nine Symphonies*. This album should stand for some time as the Rosetta stone of how it should be done. If you loved Solti, the Chicago Symphony and the complete Mahler, you'll go bonkers over Beethoven.

Although it can't match the Solti, RCA's *Rubinstein/Ten Great Piano Concertos*, in a single-package wrap-up, is definitely major-league holiday fare. The concertos take in Mozart's 21st, Beethoven's Fifth, Tchaikovsky's First and Brahms's Second, and the supporting cast includes Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony and Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony. Artur Rubinstein is an ageless wonder. His output over the years has been phenomenal, as this album will attest.

Opera lovers should be yelling "Bravo!" over Angel's three-LP release of Giuseppe Verdi's *Aida*. All the shouting will be about the singing of Montserrat Caballé and Plácido Domingo, who, as *Two on the Nile*, infuse new life into this operatic work horse. Riccardo Muti conducts the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and it's all superlative.

Spoken-word aficionados, J. R. R. Tolkien freaks and actor Nicol Williamson's growing legion of followers should certainly dig *The Hobbit* (Argo), four LPs filled with readings from the now-classic work. Williamson's marvelous acting skill might even make some converts among those few who have never clasped Tolkien's wonderful creatures to their breasts.

If you want to get Tolkien without the middleman, there are a couple of Caedmon recordings of the author reading—and singing—material from *The Hobbit and the Fellowship of the Ring* and *The Lord of the Rings*.

For jazz buffs, the pickings are really good, starting with the Blue Note reissues, which came out in two batches. The first, with the albums simply bearing the artists' names, featured some of the best cuts on record by Dexter Gordon, Jimmy Smith, Sonny Rollins, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Stanley Turrentine, Freddie Hubbard and the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band. For somebody who's already got all that stuff, there's the second and more esoteric wave of Blue Notes: *The Aladdin Sessions*, by the incomparable Lester Young; *In Transition*, a collection of early sides by Cecil Taylor, whose real stature has yet to be appreciated; *Involution*, by Sam Rivers, another avant-garde musical giant of too little fame; *High Step*, which finds Paul Chambers and John Coltrane (remember them?) in the studio with folks like Horace Silver, Philly Joe Jones and Kenny Burrell; *Jackknife*, with previously unreleased material by hard-bopping altoist Jackie McLean; *One for One*, by pianist/composer Andrew Hill, with a string quartet and such stellar side-kicks as Joe Henderson and Freddie Hubbard; and *Pacific Standard Time*, a collection of early Gil Evans sides—now, there's a treat—with Cannonball Adderley and Art Blakey among the players.

A formidable collection, indeed, is *Black Giants* (Columbia), which gives you four sides' worth of (mostly) history-making selections by Silver, Blakey, Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Miles Davis, Charles Mingus, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Quincy Jones, John Lewis, J. J. Johnson, Erroll Garner, Art Tatum, Thelonious Monk and Ramsey Lewis.

Other entries from Columbia include *The World of Duke Ellington Vol. 2*, with *Snibar*, *Creole Love Call*, *Love You Madly* and 17 other gems; *The World of Swing*, with 20 toe-tappers by Chick Webb, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, et al.; *Luis Russell and His Louisiana Swing Orchestra*, featuring the Harlem piano star of the Twenties and Thirties, with such supporting talent as J. C. Higginbotham and Red Allen. For Garner fans, there's also *Play It Again, Erroll!*, which encores the pixy pianist's versions of *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Summertime*, *Am I Blue*, *Love for Sale* and 17 other standards.

Impresario Norman Granz's *The Tatum Group Masterpieces* (Pablo) picks up where *The Tatum Solo Masterpieces* (see our review in *Playboy After Hours*, May

1975) left off. This time around, there are eight LPs, recorded between 1954 and 1956 and featuring Art Tatum in the company of such jazz luminaries as Lionel Hampton, Buddy Rich, Benny Carter, Louis Bellson, Roy Eldridge, Buddy De Franco and Ben Webster. For our money, the two sides with Webster are worth the price of the album.

Well, so much for highbrow stuff. *More American Graffiti* (MCA) contains 25 greasy classics by Bill Haley, Buddy Holly, Little Richard, et al., with intros by Wolfman Jack (not before every cut, though, thank God).

And are you ready to hear The Doors again? *Weird Scenes Inside the Gold Mine* (Elektra) contains *The End*, *When the Music's Over*, *Strange Days*, *Break on Through* and 18 others by the late Jim Morrison and company. *Light My Fire* isn't included and, come to think of it, that's probably a smart move.

Another Elektra reissue of note is *Golden Butter*, which gives 18 cuts—mostly blue-eyed blues but with folk, rock and raga, too—by the old Paul Butterfield Band, with Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop in the cast.

For real hard-rock fans, there's *In Flight* (Columbia), four sides of new stuff recorded live in London by Alvin Lee & Co.

Surf-music dichards can rev up once more with Jan & Dean's old hits on *Gotta Take That One Last Ride* (United Artists).

For standard AM country-and-western twangers, one could do worse than *Country .45's* (Epic), with 20 hits by Tammy Wynette, Charlie Rich, George Jones, Tanya Tucker and others.

Country purists, meanwhile, will doubtless drool over *Feast Here Tonight* (Bluebird)—32 bluegrass burners by the Monroe Brothers, Charlie and Bill. The Bluebird label, by the way, made quite a bit of history itself in the Thirties, and more of it—in a variety of musical (and ethnic) categories—is re-created on *The Father Jumps*, by Earl Hines and his orchestra; *Chicago Breakdown*, featuring the tough blues of pianist-singer Big Maceo; and *Blue Orchids*, a collection of 32 old pop tunes—*Deep Purple*, *It's the Talk of the Town*, etc.—sung by the late crooner Dick Todd.

A friend of ours who used to play trumpet with Freddie King will tell you straight-facedly that the Bonzo Dog Band was the greatest rock group of all. We're not sure about his head, but we do know that *The History of the Bonzos* (United Artists) is a thousand laughs, what with *Can Blue Men Sing the Whites?*, *Labio Dental Fricative*, *Noises for the Leg*, *My Pink Half of the Drainpipe*, *King of Scarf* and 30 other maniacal selections from the mid-Sixties. And when all is said and done—certainly when all else has been listened to—maybe the Bonzos are where it's at.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y girlfriend and I have been getting it on for three years now. We've always enjoyed ourselves; but lately, I've become aware of a growing problem. She has started to leave out a large part of love-making—the foreplay. She can't get enough of sex, but sometimes she treats it like instant food. As soon as she notices that I'm aroused, it's time to climb on board. I've tried to handle this problem myself, with little success. What should I do?—W. K., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*It's a familiar problem: You can get all the sex you need but seldom the attention. Foreplay has traditionally been the time when partners savor each other, while saving the inevitable orgasms for later. Explain to your lover that getting there is all the fun, if for no other reason than this: Every orgasm is essentially the same, but the pattern of arousal is always different. If she continues to be overeager, coldcock the bitch, tie her to the bed and take your own sweet time. Like the man says, you've got to stop to smell the roses, or whatever else is in bloom.*

**C**ould you please tell me the proper way to clean a beer mug? I have tried numerous methods, from hot-water rinsing to rinsing with salt water. After the second round, my stein starts to take on the smell of stale beer, which greatly detracts from the pleasure of the cold brew.—J. M. M., Groton, Connecticut.

*You don't say whether you drink from a glass or a metal mug. Porous materials (metal and earthenware) may retain a flavor residue. For this reason, we recommend glass mugs and pitchers. Wash your stein in warm water with a detergent, then rinse in scalding water—at least 160 degrees Fahrenheit. The water should be sufficiently hot (180–212 degrees), so that you will not have to towel-dry the glasses. If you do dry by hand, use a lint-free cloth and not the one you use to wipe the bar during the singing of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Cheers.*

**H**as anyone ever come up with an explanation of why normal heterosexual males would enjoy watching two females make love? Most porno flicks contain at least one lesbian scene, and I must admit that after we get over our initial shock, my friends and I are quite turned on by the activity. For the life of me, I can't figure out why.—C. N., Coral Gables, Florida.

*Why not? You don't have to be sexually rigid to be upright. Some psychologists treat the fantasy of two women making love as a sexual Rorschach. They suggest that the male viewer fantasizes*



*that he will rescue the females from themselves (cf. the hero sandwich). Others feel that the viewer finds the scene less threatening than a heterosexual encounter—he can imagine himself involved in the action without the obstruction of a member of his own sex. Real-life swingers report that when the women get together, the men view the activity as a prelude or an interlude. The sex will not be complete until a man steps in. (Never mind what the ladies think.) We have our own theory: Any image that expresses affection, intimacy, the classic interaction of yin and yang, or yin and yin and yang, is a potential turn-on. (Then again, our editors have been known to get off on everything this side of an Army training film.) If you are aroused by one attractive woman, adding a second should double your pleasure, if not your fun. And consider the bargain: You're getting two for the price of one, which these days is something to get excited about.*

**D**uring the past year, my girlfriend and I have developed a new technique: Prior to intercourse, she hits my penis with a rubber mallet until it swells. Then we make love like never before, sometimes for three to five hours. Do you think this technique will cause any damage?—M. A., Gaithersburg, Maryland.

*None that it hasn't caused already—there's nothing like a few blows to the head to addle your wits. Does it feel good when she stops?*

**O**ften when I make long-distance phone calls, I hear weird noises in the

background. Maybe I'm paranoid, but I think my phone may be tapped. Is there an easy way to tell?—B. D., Boulder, Colorado.

*Sure. Have a female accomplice go to a local pay phone, call your number and announce, "Hi. I'm Bernardine Dohrn. Can I come over and pick up the 30 pounds of plastic explosive and the five M-16s I left in your basement?" If the FBI shows up in six months, your phone is tapped. There are other ways. You can hire a bug exterminator or call Ma Bell herself. According to a spokesman for A.T.&T., the phone company gets about 10,000 requests a year to check lines for wire taps. About 200 of the little buggers are uncovered per annum. If the tap is a legal one, the phone company tells the customer (except in Minnesota and New Jersey, where disclosure is forbidden by law or company policy) and suggests that he contact the agency involved. If the tap is illegal, A.T.&T. tells the customer and the cops, so that an investigation may be initiated. (By the way, the spokesman suggests that you make your complaint on a phone other than the one you suspect is tapped.) Or you can sit around and wait. In some cases, a judge who issues a wire-tap authorization has to inform the person against whom the tap is placed within 90 days of the expiration of the order. (Your mail will be forwarded to the pen.) Finally, it might interest you to know that if your phone has been tapped by an expert, you won't hear anything—except maybe an occasional cough or when one of the boys orders out for coffee.*

**Y**our comments in the September PLAYBOY on the epidemic of herpes venereal disease have left me confused and worried. You mention that recurring cold sores and fever blisters are among the symptoms of Type I infection. I date two ladies: One gets a cold sore on her upper lip every winter; the other gets a fever blister on her lower arm whenever she is nervous. Are you saying that both are afflicted or that I may have become a carrier?—T. M., Chicago, Illinois.

*The most common form of venereal disease is the proverbial plague of doubts. One doctor told us that following the Dick Cavett special "V. D. Blues," every person with a pimple on his ass thought he had some kind of social disease. The doctor's favorite cases involve something he calls the front-seat syndrome: It seems that young men in the heat of passion sometimes get themselves caught in their zippers, wake up the next morning and don't recall where the abrasions came from. (The same thing can happen after a bite-size bout of oral*

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sex.) Suddenly they are worried that they have "it." Don't be afraid to have a check-up: More often than not, "it" is something else; but better safe than a drooling idiot with tertiary syphilis. In your case: It is thought that all fever blisters and cold sores are caused by viruses but that not all of these are herpes virus. Only a virologist can tell for sure. Type I is troublesome but usually not serious, and the treatment is simple: Avoid infection and the sores eventually disappear. Also, for those of you worried about Type II infections—which can be serious—help is on the way. German doctors have had some success with a vaccine for Type II; if and when the FDA approves the cure, it will become available in this country.

**H**ow does one store a motorcycle for the winter? I am about to leave the country for three months on business and I am wondering what to do with my bike.—D. W., Phoenix, Arizona.

Drain the gas tank, remove the battery and store it in a warm place. Fill the cylinders with engine oil (for ring lubrication). Spray external engine surfaces, all wiring and chrome with a silicone preservative. Wax the paint heavily. Cover with a tarp or a custom mitten. Leave a copy of "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance"—opened to a good part—in plain sight. Promise your bike that you'll think of it every day.

**S**ome time ago, I began frequenting gay bars in order to make compatible social contacts. Now I have discovered that I am more than a heavy drinker; I'm a downright alcoholic. Can you tell me if there is a chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous where I might obtain help for my problem from a sympathetic peer group—a gay A.A.? I think the problems are related.—C. B., Brooklyn, New York.

It's a common situation, no matter what your sexual persuasion. More than one straight has staggered out of a singles bar, muttering, "I can't go on meeting girls this way." Alcoholics Anonymous does have gay chapters in most cities. However, the purpose of their counseling is to help you stop your drinking. They do not believe that homosexuality itself is a problem, nor do they focus on the problems of being a homosexual. If you want guidance in both areas of your life, contact the local branch of the Mattachine Society. Bottoms up.

**E**very year, I go skiing with friends in the Rockies. We've tried to capture our antics on film, but the pictures don't turn out. What are we doing wrong?—S. S., Los Angeles, California.

Most of PLAYBOY's work with slopes and moguls takes place in the studio, so we asked ski photographer Peter Miller for his advice. He says that the chief villains are the extreme light and

temperature conditions you run into in the mountains. Don't trust your battery-powered in-camera meter; brightness can put the reading out of whack by up to three stops. The cold can affect the batteries and they are slow to recover. A selenium-cell meter, such as the old Weston Master VI, which does not use batteries, should do the trick. Take a reading off the palm of your hand from about six inches, or take an incident reading from the sun. Pointing a meter at the snow will cause you to underexpose by several stops; figures will end up as silhouettes. If you take a camera in out of the cold, condensation may form between the elements of certain lenses: An 80-200mm lens may take as long as 24 hours to dry out. Moisture can also short-circuit camera electronics and cause rust. If you can't store your equipment out of doors for the night, wrap it in a sweater or a parka before you take it in. This will insulate it from the temperature change. As for film and filters, Kodachrome 25 is as fast as you'll need for the mountains—average exposure is about f/5.6 at 1/500. Use a 1-A filter to cut haze and improve color. At very high altitudes, a UV-16 may be useful for correcting the heavy ultraviolet rays. Finally, a few tips: Shoot across the hill at a low angle, rather than uphill (camera optics tend to flatten the slope). Frame scenics with a figure or a tree limb in the foreground (if the figure is impaled on the tree limb, all the better). Back lighting and cross lighting are more dramatic than front lighting. Only mad dogs and Englishmen take pictures in the noontime sun.

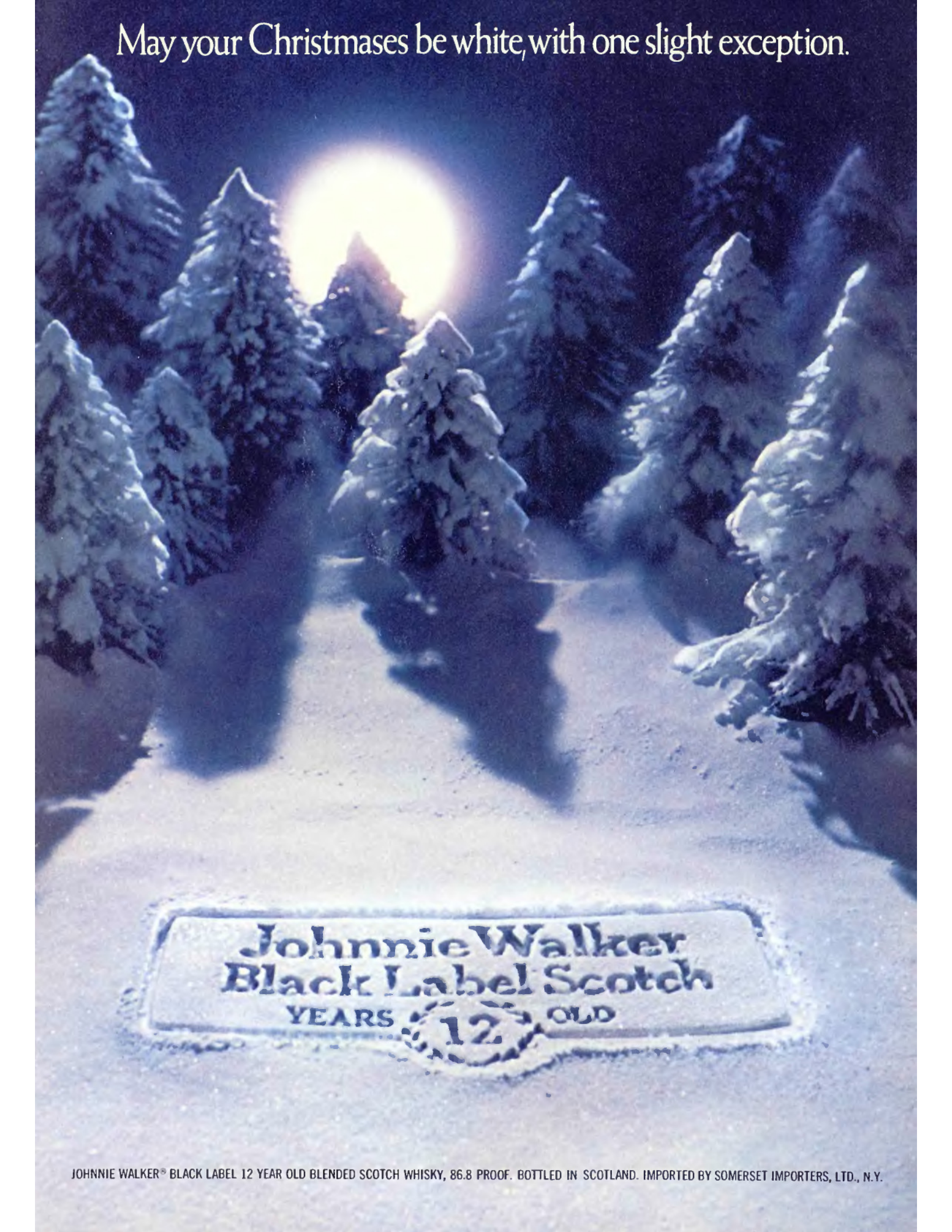
**T**here's a letter in the September Playboy Advisor from a couple complaining about lack of success with a technique known as the hum job. May I suggest a variation: the gift wrap. Have your girlfriend mold some aluminum foil around your testicles and, with her teeth lightly touching the foil, hum her favorite song. The metallic vibrations should produce the desired effect.—A. V., San Diego, California.

We always appreciate household hints from enlightened readers. You are absolutely right: Every straight man deserves his foil. And now, take it from the top, Felicia.

**W**hen dining out on business, I always charge the meal and the tip on a credit card. In restaurants where there are a captain and a waiter (with the former taking the order and the latter providing the service), it is obvious that the captain deserves some consideration. How much? Also, is it true that the captain won't receive his share, even if I list it separately on the charges?—S. L. S., Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

It isn't correct to put the captain's tip on your charge. The waiter will

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*It's always a pleasure.*



probably claim the gratuity for himself. If you want to reward the captain, fold a dollar or two or five in your hand and slip it to him as you leave. Give more (or less) than that and he might remember you next time.

It seems there is a great dualism in the universe of sex, between doggy fashion and the missionary position. What the metaphysical significance of this division might be, whether it symbolizes alpha and omega, mind and matter or Masters and Johnson, I can't conceive. But as far as I know, the face-to-face, or missionary, position does seem to be confined to human beings, while the rest of the animal kingdom goes to the dogs. Is this true?—R. S., Glencoe, Illinois.

Aristotle claimed that hedgehogs do it face to face, presumably to avoid stabbing each other with their spines. But Aristotle was a notoriously bad observer—he also stated that men had more teeth than women—and his immersion in Greek culture may have biased his views. No one else has ever seen hedgehogs balling face to face. On the other paw, there is the two-toed sloth; a pair of lustful sloths were seen on one occasion getting after it eyeball to eyeball while hanging by their forelimbs—a feat we envy. A few primates also seem to enjoy a bit of the old tête à tête. Young apes and monkeys take that position, though with maturity they acquire a profounder view of life and approach sex from the rear. Gorillas have often been seen mating in the missionary position, but only in captivity; maybe zealots preach to them through the bars. The male orangutan, a chauvinistic and indignant beast, chases the female, wrestles her onto her back and then has his way with her while squatting on his haunches. The pygmy chimpanzee regularly commits head-on coitus; the female's vagina is located more toward the front than that of the common chimpanzee, facilitating frontal fucking. As to what it all means, there are those who think face to face is more appropriate for humans, since it aids conversation (and it's therefore recommended on the first date, when you're still getting to know each other). Among most animals, a preference for this form of copulation does seem to be a sign of evolutionary sophistication; however, in *Homo sapiens*, it appears to be just the reverse.

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"*

## SEX LAWS TUMBLING DOWN

Despite the outrage of hordes of wowers and Bible bangers, California has legalized private, voluntary sex between adults. In May 1975, Governor Edmund Brown signed into law a bill repealing the state's 100-year-old sex statutes, which were still, from time to time, being enforced.

It's hoped that there will be a wave of such legal reforms across the nation, doing away with socially harmful laws from a past that should be dead and buried. And PLAYBOY certainly deserves credit for helping create a climate of opinion that made such progress possible.

Tony Kwan

San Francisco, California

*Since 1970, 14 states have removed legal restrictions on private consensual sex between adults (prior to that, only Illinois had done so). Legalization is now complete in Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Hawaii, Maine, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon and Washington. (See this month's "Forum Newsfront.") Illinois forbids "open and notorious cohabitation," New York and Texas have retained prohibitions against homosexual acts and California forbids sex between prisoners. Proposals for updated sex codes are pending in at least a half dozen other states. Yes, Virginia, there is a sexual revolution.*

## CALIFORNIA POT REFORM

California has taken a major step toward restoring trust and respect for the law by enacting marijuana-reform legislation. While the new law, which takes effect on January first, stops short of decriminalization, it eliminates the arrest and jailing of marijuana users, in an effort to make the punishment more appropriate to the crime.

Under my Senate Bill 95, signed by Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., last July, individuals caught with one ounce or less of marijuana will be issued citations and faced with a fine of up to \$100. Possession of marijuana will be a misdemeanor offense, but all such arrest and conviction records will be automatically expunged after two years. The potential savings through this new law are enormous, since more than 100,000 Californians are arrested on marijuana charges each year, at a cost to the taxpayers of more than \$100,000,000. Enactment of this law signals a major rearrangement of police priorities.

In working for passage of this legislation, Alan Sieroty, who sponsored the assembly version of the bill, and I were fortunate to have the active lobbying support and assistance of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), which worked with us in convincing legislators of the importance of changing California's antiquated and harsh laws dealing with marijuana possession.

This is a major victory in getting government and the police out of the business of regulating private lifestyles and social behavior.

Senator George R. Moscone  
Sacramento, California

## BORDER JUSTICE

I was outraged by the letter from Stephen H. Wilson, describing his brutal treatment at the hands of U. S. and Mexican authorities (*The Playboy Forum*, October). I live near the border and Wilson's is not the first story I've heard of abusive treatment of U. S. citizens accused of smuggling drugs, including confiscation of their property, physical torture, financial rip-offs by shady Mexican lawyers and unconscionably long sentences based on little or no evidence.

It's high time people swamp their Senators, Congressmen and even the President with letters of protest. Perhaps they'll be sympathetic in an election year.

Rod Groves

Tucson, Arizona

## RAPE FANTASIES

After hearing the oft-repeated statement that rape fantasies are the most popular and prevalent of all daydreams for women, it has become obvious to me that my female friends and relatives and I must be unusual. None of us, even in our wildest flights of fancy, is turned on by the prospect of being raped.

Consider what's involved in rape. A man is lurking in the bushes, waiting for a woman. He's going to rape her not because he's a healthy, sexy guy and she's an alluring woman but because he probably hates his mother, sister or wife, maybe all three, and women in general. His purpose is not sexual release but to hurt and humiliate, perhaps even to kill. How can any woman be turned on by that prospect?

And, of course, your everyday, friendly neighborhood rapist does not carry a handy rape kit that includes a lubricant to make it more comfortable for his



**"It's a good turntable by itself,  
and as an added bonus  
it also stacks records."**

*Creem*, MARCH 1975

In the old days, a serious audio enthusiast wouldn't touch anything but a manual turntable.

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In a Sept. 1975 test report, *Radio & Electronics* agrees, noting that B-I-C:

**"might well be considered a top-performing manual turntable in its price category."**

*Modern Hi-Fi and Music* (Aug./Sept. 1975) reports:

**"wow and flutter of 0.03% at 33 1/3 rpm and rumble less than -65db; specifications which are more typical of a good manual than most automatics."**

If you're serious enough about your system to spend \$100 or more on a turntable, a B-I-C 940, 960, or 980 has what you want and more of it—all three are multiple-play manual turntables sharing the same quality features and high performance.

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victim, a prophylactic to protect her from getting pregnant or catching a disease and, most important, a signed document stating that she did not entice him nor did she enjoy it. Consider also the endearments the rapist is likely to whisper in his victim's ear (the same spot where he's undoubtedly holding a knife or a gun), such endearments as, "Shut up or I'll kill you," or "Cooperate and you may come out of this alive," or "I always hated my mother," or even calling her "Mom," so she can relax fully in the knowledge that this fellow is mentally very stable.

Ah, erotica! Romping with Robert Redford and Charles Bronson on a jumbo-sized water bed while the L.A. Rams watch, maybe. But rape fantasies? Really, now!

Donna Lombardi  
Reseda, California

### GAY TRANSEXUAL

Regarding the letter from Professor Thomas M. Kando on sex changes (*The Playboy Forum*, August 1975), which I read with great interest. I must take issue with a couple of his points. I underwent gender-conversion surgery here in St. Louis in June 1974 and I am now a happy, liberated, gay woman. I do not consider myself an "Uncle Tom of the sexual revolution," nor am I "more unliberated than the women" or "more chauvinistic than the men." Nor do I agree with the statement "The feminized transsexual wants nothing to do with women's lib, which she sees as a movement to masculinize women." I do not proclaim my medical history, nor do I try to hide it. Most of the women with whom I've been to bed were aware of my surgery, but one was not. In almost all cases, I am accepted by gay women as the woman I wish to be, not as what I was at some previous time.

Transsexuals I've met do not fit into any of the four types listed by Professor Kando, either. Two have had the operation, both are employed. One is married but enjoys being known as a sex change; the other is as gay as I am. She is also a supporter of women's lib. Three others have not undergone operations: two of them live as women. They are supporters of women's lib and have stated that they are inclined to be gay, also.

So it appears that Professor Kando should have interviewed more than the 17 persons who formed the basis for his study.

Lisa M. Wagaman  
St. Louis, Missouri

### PASSION FOR PUNISHMENT

I was frankly puzzled by the military man's letter "Masters of Discipline," in the October *Playboy Forum*. I can accept his willingness to give the "lady of exquisite taste and expensive clothes" what she wanted. But why did she want what she wanted? Why would any woman ask a

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### FALSE ADVERTISING

SOUTHEND, ENGLAND—Local government officials have been touring the bars and night clubs after tourists complained about topless dancers. The complaints



charged that the dancers, despite the advertisements, were not in fact topless, and officials say this violates the British trade-description laws.

### SODOMY LAWS REPEAL

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—The state legislature has revised the laws against sodomy, making Washington the 14th state since 1970 to legalize private sex acts between consenting adults. The same revision removed adultery from the state criminal code. The chief opponent of reform, Senator Jack Cunningham of King County, said, "I can't sit still and let us repeal the Ten Commandments." A spokesman for Governor Daniel Evans said that the governor, though "no fan of victimless crimes," would go along with the legislature and sign the bill.

The Arizona Court of Appeals has declared the state's sodomy laws unconstitutional but only as applied to married couples acting consensually in private.

### MYTH LEADS TO MURDER

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—A 79-year-old man has been charged with killing his 70-year-old common-law wife, whom he suspected of seeding him a sex suppressant. The man reportedly subscribed to the widespread, but false, belief that salt-peter reduces sex drive and accused the woman of mixing it into his food for the past four years.

### THE LAWS OF THE LAND

PITTSBURGH—A 160-year-old state law that forbids an adulterous man from marrying the "other woman," or vice

versa, is being challenged by an elderly couple who have lived together for 35 years and have had four children. The law prohibits a "spouse guilty of adultery from marrying the corespondent during the lifetime of the former wife or husband." The man was divorced by his wife in 1944 on grounds of adultery with the woman he has been living with ever since.

### THE ULTIMATE SETTLEMENT

OKLAHOMA CITY—By some fluke that no one can or wants to explain, the Oklahoma legislature has passed a law that gives a divorced woman absolutely everything owned by her former husband, even personal items acquired before their marriage. The 250-word bill was intended by its authors to give a woman the right to regain her maiden name after a divorce, and it was passed without close scrutiny in the waning hours of the 1975 legislature. But somewhere along the line, the bill acquired a clause that gives the woman not only her maiden name but also "all the property, lands, tenements, hereditaments owned by either party before marriage or acquired by either party in their own right after such marriage, and not previously disposed of." Governor David Boren has been asked by one of the bill's co-authors to call a special session to repeal the law.

### TURKISH DELIGHTS

ANKARA, TURKEY—According to the Family Planning Association of Eskisehir in western Turkey, jet airplanes and train whistles contribute substantially to Ankara's birth rate, which is the second highest of any city in the world. The association explained: "Awakened by the aircraft of the military base and the trains at the



railway station, our townspeople continue to respond too readily to the stirrings of nature."

### SWIFT JUSTICE

SKIATOOK, OKLAHOMA—An elderly municipal judge has been forced to resign after six years of expediting court cases



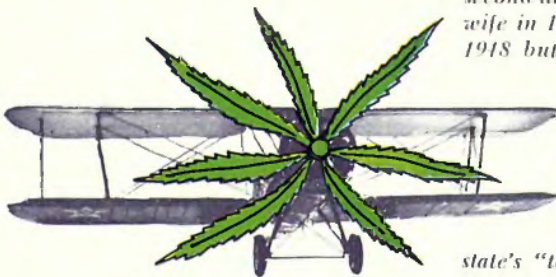
by accepting only guilty pleas and holding no trials. His unusual policy came to the attention of city officials after a young traffic offender continued to insist on a trial. The judge told him in court, "Unless you can produce a witness and prove you're innocent, you're guilty." Later, the judge elaborated: "He said he didn't have any witnesses, so it was his word against the police officer's, so he didn't need a trial."

#### EQUAL RIGHTS TO PORN

SMITHTOWN, NEW YORK—On the ground that the New York state obscenity law discriminates against the average citizen, a Suffolk County district-court judge has acquitted a Smithtown bookstore manager of selling obscene magazines. The state law allows the sale of porn to "persons or institutions having scientific, educational, governmental or other similar justification for possessing or viewing the same." The court agreed with the defense that this constitutes elitism. Ruled the judge: "Authorizing sales only to card-carrying college professors or certified scientists is as unconstitutional as restricting sales by race, religion or sex." The decision is not binding on other judges but may inspire other obscenity defendants to challenge the law on equal-protection grounds.

#### FLYING HIGH

Most experimental findings indicate that marijuana impairs driving ability, and a recent study conducted by a psychologist from the University of California at San Diego indicates that pot impairs even more the ability to fly a plane. Describing the performance of high pilots, tested in flight simulators, Science News



reported that "at times subjects exhibited a complete loss of orientation with respect to navigational fix, resulting in grossly unpredictable flight performances," because the pilots seemed to concentrate on some variables to the exclusion of others. The journal added: "The pilots did report, however, that flying was a much more challenging task while high."

#### POT-POURRI

The killer weed continues to plague the police and the American public:

• In Warner, New Hampshire, state and local police raided a field and dug

up more than 900 plants suspected of being marijuana. Then laboratory tests disclosed that the plants were a common weed. While embarrassed authorities were deciding how to dispose of the plants, someone broke into a storeroom in the town hall and stole 150 of them.

• In Avalon, New Jersey, police uprooted 240 marijuana plants found growing in a traffic circle in the heart of town. Unamused, the chief of police said, "Whoever did this had to be sick. It was probably some practical joker trying to hurt the town's image."

• In Wood River, Illinois, a local couple ordered and planted 13 tomato plants from a mail-order firm that advertised they would grow 20 feet high. Twelve of the plants turned out to be marijuana.

#### TICKETING POT SMOKERS

AUSTIN, TEXAS—To reduce the time and effort spent on enforcing pot laws, Austin police have been authorized simply to issue tickets to anyone caught with up to four ounces of marijuana. The penalties remain unaffected: a maximum of one year in jail and a \$2000 fine and lesser penalties for possession of smaller amounts. The announced purpose of the new procedure is to let officers spend more time fighting serious crime and less time arresting, booking and jailing local pot smokers.

#### SANITY AND DISSENT

NEW YORK—A U.S. Court of Appeals has ordered the release of a 70-year-old convict whose early efforts to expose prison corruption led to 31 years of confinement in Dannemora State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. The court found that the man, convicted of the second-degree murder of his estranged wife in 1931, could have been paroled in 1948 but that his charges of corruption at Clinton State Prison caused state officials to transfer him to Dannemora in 1941 without even the formality of a commitment hearing. Chief Judge Irving R. Kaufman assailed the state's "total callousness to the ordinary decency due every human" and likened the man's confinement in an insane asylum to events in Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel "The Gulag Archipelago."

#### FEEL NO EVIL

PORTLAND, OREGON—State liquor officials have ruled that the reclining billboard lady in black velvet, who sells a Canadian whiskey of the same name, is too sexy to be seen in public. Complaining about the "feel of black velvet" slogan, the liquor commissioner has told the company to clean up its advertising. He said that it's not the words or the picture that is objectionable but the combination.

man to spank her with his belt, and how did this help her achieve orgasm? Are people like this missing a couple of cylinders, or is it me who's missing out on something?

Lucille Hamilton

Los Angeles, California

Scientists have had a lot of fun with sadism and masochism: Havelock Ellis said that the commonplace love bite and the violence of Jack the Ripper were simply varying intensities of the same impulse; Freud found these tendencies especially interesting "since the contrast between activity and passivity which lies behind them is among the universal characteristics of sexual life." The Austrian novelist Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, after whom the preference for pain is named, was programed for masochism as a young boy. He was hiding in a closet watching his aunt go at it with her lover when her husband unexpectedly walked into the bedroom. The outraged aunt—she must have been what personals ads in sex papers call "a dominant gal"—grabbed a riding whip and chased everybody out of the room. She discovered little Leopold and lashed him with tongue and whip. He found this sexually stimulating and as an adult was wont to ask his wife to whip him before sexual intercourse, in order to re-create the conditions of his first sexual turn-on. Then there are people for whom sexual activity evokes strong feelings of guilt and who have to be punished before they will let themselves enjoy erotic feelings; sex becomes associated with humiliation and they can enjoy it only in that context. Still others are full of rage and impulses to commit violent acts, which they repress by turning these feelings against themselves.

Sadomasochists usually turn sexual activity into a carefully programed scene or ritual. The actual identities of the participants become less important than the roles they play. As Village Voice reporter Richard Goldstein theorizes, sadomasochism involves a "search for a level of experience in which intimacy is replaced by a meeting of archetypes; in which two figures come together in sharply defined roles, like dark gods of passion and pain, amid mystery and ritual and tribal identity; in which orgasm is almost beside the point." When you consider the emotional impact uniforms have on many people and recall the childhood impression made by a relatively gigantic, all-powerful adult, you're on your way to understanding what the "lady of exquisite taste" was seeking. Maybe she was an army brat. Now watch—we'll get scornful, sarcastic letters from sadists telling us we're all wrong and others from masochists beseeching us to be harder.

#### NUMERO UNO

I've just read about a new book called *The First Time*, in which a number of well-known people, such as Dyan Cannon,



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Art Buchwald, Dr. Benjamin Spock and Grace Slick, describe their first experience of sexual intercourse. It strikes me that it would be interesting and informative if many more of us wrote about ours. We might learn more about ourselves and it might clear up some of our misconceptions about what sex is like for other people.

I'm one of those women, supposedly rare in modern society, who reached the age of 25 before losing their virginity. At that time, I met and fell in love with a man whose divorce was not yet final. I had lived at home with my parents, who had a powerful influence on me and were pretty strait-laced. My two previous important boyfriends hadn't had the initiative or the drive to overcome my inhibitions. This man was older, and his own frustrations had taught him to go forcefully after what he wanted. About a month after we met, he succeeded in getting all my clothes off during a petting session in his apartment. He went to the bathroom to get a condom, and by the time he got back to bed, I was out of the mood. "Are you proud of yourself?" I asked him, which annoyed him so much that he lost his erection. Out of that little episode, however, came better communication. He explained to me that he didn't think having intercourse was some kind of victory for a man. He simply enjoyed it and he thought I would, too. His point of view helped me get over the notion that I would be losing some special status by making love with him. Even so, he had never penetrated a virgin before and we were quite awkward and unsure of ourselves. It actually took three attempts on three different dates before we finally made it.

He got his divorce, but we didn't marry. After an intense affair that lasted several years, we went our separate ways. But the sex between us was very good and I'll always remember him with love.

(Name withheld by request)  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

### MARRIED MASTURBATORS

Charles Dickson thinks that jerking off is comparable to adultery for a married man. (*The Playboy Forum*, October). He's entitled to his opinion, but I doubt that he consulted any wives on the question. I'm sure most women would much prefer that their husbands masturbate occasionally rather than go out and find other women. In fact, when unable or unwilling to make love, a sensitive and intelligent woman probably would encourage her spouse to masturbate. (On that score, who's cheating more, the husband who deprives his wife by jerking off or the wife who frustrates her husband with a constant parade of headaches, backaches and other miseries?)

I remember one night shortly before our first child was born when my horny

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state was making it hard to fall asleep. As I began stroking myself, I discovered that my wife was still awake. She didn't say a word but simply took my hand in one of hers, and with her other hand gently brought me to a climax.

We've done this fairly regularly since then. And my wife doesn't see it as a duty; she understands my needs, recognizes that they may not correspond with hers at a given moment and appreciates the value of a helping hand. Nor is it one-sided or one-handed; sometimes, just for fun, when I can't get it up for one reason or another, I do her. It's delightful to watch your partner react as you slowly drive her up the wall and into orbit with lots of tender, loving care.

In my book, there's nothing wrong with married folks' masturbating. And if they do it together, so much the better.

(Name withheld by request)  
Freeport, New York

Once again, that old devil, the notion of an objective moral code, rears its head when Dickson attacks the morality of those married men who masturbate. When will people learn that there are no such things as moral laws, whether written on stone tablets, in the mind of God or in the laws of nature? There are just rules people make up for themselves. Each of us can do no more than decide personally what is right or wrong for himself or herself.

J. Green  
New York, New York

I suppose Dickson equates female autoeroticism with screwing, too. Which means that, since my first sexual experience was masturbating, I lost my virginity to a bottle of roll-on deodorant.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

I discussed the question with my wife. She feels as I do, that it's my soap and my dick and I can wash it as fast as I want.

(Name withheld by request)  
Carrollton, Georgia

Being a religious person, I do not believe in sex outside marriage, but I do believe in all kinds of sex within marriage. I masturbate during the day and occasionally call my husband to tell him I'm horny as hell and to hurry home or the vibrator will reap the reward.

(Name withheld by request)  
Richland, Washington

#### ONE SMALL VICE

I enjoyed the letter in the October *Playboy Forum* from the man in New Orleans who, though happily married, likes to masturbate. I'm in my 30s and also rate my marriage a good one—and I enjoy masturbation. My wife and I used to get it on an average of once a day during our first ten years together, which left me little time for applying my fingers to the bone. Re-

cently, though, we've been making love less often, as I suppose is usual in marriage, and once or twice a month I enjoy a solo flight.

Masturbation is a different sort of pleasure from sexual intercourse; you can experience titillations while jerking off that are impossible when fucking. There is the pleasure of handling your penis, of feeling its length and stiffness. There is the complete control you have over your own sensations; you can stimulate yourself in just the right way in just the right spot. There is the opportunity for free play of fantasy: You can imagine fucking anybody you want or you can replay great sex moments from your past—perhaps improving a little on the originals. You can control your orgasm, delaying it as long as you like or rushing headlong to climax in a few seconds. Finally, there's the pleasure—at least I always get a kick out of it—of seeing your own ejaculation, something you can't do when buried in a woman's body.

Not that I'm unenthusiastic about intercourse. Nothing I've experienced autoerotically can compare with the profound emotional and physical pleasure of a really good fuck. But masturbation has its small, special place in my life, which is a little happier because of it.

(Name withheld by request)  
Baltimore, Maryland

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S NEEDS

Experience has convinced me that there should be a new morality that declares that the greatest wrong is refusing to satisfy another person's needs. My own problem started three years ago, when my wife and I were driving home from a party with another couple, our best friends. We'd had a lot to drink and had talked jokingly at the party about swapping. In the car, we started fooling around sexually and reached the point where we were all too aroused to turn back. We decided to go to our house, because our children were away at school.

I fixed some drinks while the other man built a fire in the fireplace. Then we all undressed and made ourselves comfortable on the floor in front of it. The other couple began to make love while we sat there sipping our drinks and watching them. When my wife got a chance, she reached over and started touching the other man. He caressed her with one hand while continuing to make love to his wife. After watching each other for a while, we exchanged partners. We switched back and forth in the course of the night, and it was dawn when we finally quit from exhaustion. I've never been able to come as many times in one night and I've never seen my wife so totally aroused. I thoroughly enjoyed watching.

The next day, though, my wife said nothing about the experience and, since

then, she has said she never wants to do it again. Over the past three years, we've had two other opportunities for the four of us to get together again for sex, but my wife has always stopped things while she was still able to control herself. The last time, I ended up making it with the other woman, after which she fellated her husband while I looked on. My wife stayed by herself in another room. I believe she did enjoy that first scene and that she would participate again if she'd just admit it. The thing is, the traditional morality on which she was brought up makes her feel guilty about screwing my friend. Actually, she'd be doing no harm and would make me and our two friends happy by saying yes to our mate swapping.

(Name withheld by request)  
Indianapolis, Indiana

#### SWEDISH SEX

In the July 1975 *Playboy Forum*, there is a letter quoting a person in Louisiana who believes that sex education is a Swedish plot. This is very flattering. However, the letter immediately following describes one type of sex education in the U.S.—making love at a drive-in movie—but, unfortunately, Swedish sex education has not progressed to this stage. We still frequently watch the movie and eat the popcorn.

Per E. A. Karlsson  
Bromma, Sweden

#### ORIGINAL STREAKS

I think I can settle the debate about the time and location of the first official streak (*The Playboy Forum*, October). It took place in Mexico in 1965 and was perpetrated by a group of University of Colorado students who had ventured across the border to celebrate the spring break. The event was doubtless inspired by an overdose of Colorado Kool-Aid.

The campus newspaper described the action in a story titled "Mazatlán, Mexico, Scene of 1st International Streak." Apparently, 15 carefree students ran naked through the Hotel de Cima and a bowling alley, upon which, Mexican police, guns ablaze, gave chase. Five were caught. The American consulate contacted the dean of the University of Colorado and in late April the students faced the university's discipline board; they apologized and 12 were put on informal probation.

Since the story's title involved what was, to my knowledge, the first documented use of the term streak in the context of running amuck while nude, I think the Mexican adventure qualifies as the first officially confirmed streak.

Frank Kaplan  
Los Angeles, California

I submit a reference to streaking at an early date: According to Plutarch's *Lives*, while visiting Troy in the Fourth

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Century B.C., Alexander the Great and his friends honored the memory of Achilles by following the ancient custom of running naked around his tomb.

Wade Hadley  
Siler City, North Carolina

The first streaker—a person running naked in a society where such behavior could be termed nonadaptive—was Archimedes, in 212 B.C. He reportedly ran naked from a bath after noticing that the water level in the tub rose when he got into it. This led to Archimedes' principle: A body immersed in water displaces a volume of water equal to its own. He also designed Archimedes' screw—it's not what you think it is.

Stanley A. Riggs, Jr.  
Hanover, New Hampshire

*The archivist in our Past Fads Department awaits further contributions from the social historians in our audience.*

### SCREW SCREWED

The dirtiest trick of the year, undoubtedly, was one pulled by a postal inspector in Wichita, Kansas, against *Screw* magazine. *Screw* got four subscription orders from Wichita early in 1975 and after the magazines were delivered, the four subscribers made a formal complaint to the post office about the mails' being used to distribute pornography. A Federal court indicted the *Screw* publisher, Al Goldstein, who faces 65 years in prison.

Pretrial findings revealed, however, that the four complainants were the Wichita postal inspector using his own name and three phony ones. If this isn't a species of fraud, I don't know what is, considering that no real person in Kansas was bothered by *Screw*. If Goldstein is found guilty, it will be a horrid miscarriage of justice.

William Peck  
Denver, Colorado

### WHAT NO MEANS

I was intrigued by the exchange between Robert Holmes and *The Playboy Forum's* editors (September) on whether or not the authors of the Bill of Rights intended to protect pornography from prosecution. It seems to me we have only to change the issue to see what those who wrote the Constitution intended. If they had wanted to make an exception for heresy or blasphemy, they would have said so and the First Amendment would clearly state, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press except for heresy and blasphemy." Similarly, if they had wanted to make it a crime to criticize the President, the amendment would state clearly, "except in the case of criticism of the President." The absence of any exceptions indicates that the authors did not intend to make any. Just as obviously, if they had wanted to exclude pornography, the amendment would have

ended, "except in the case of obscenity."

After all, there were not only a lot of lawyers involved in writing the Bill of Rights but also several persons who were masters of English prose style (Hamilton, Adams, Madison). As the late Justice Hugo Black remarked more than once, if those legalists and stylists had meant "some laws," they would have written "some laws," not "no law." When they used absolute language and wrote "no law," they must have meant "no law." To believe otherwise is to claim that these very intelligent men suffered a sudden mental lapse and forgot all they knew about legal language while selecting the words of the First Amendment.

The fact is that the authors of the Bill of Rights intended a radical experiment, a nation with real freedom of the press. It was a noble and heroic idea, and it would be beautiful if we had judges and officials today who still believed in it and tried to revive it.

Arthur Lewis  
Miami, Florida

### TO PROTECT FREE CHOICE

January 22, 1976, marks the third anniversary of the Supreme Court decisions that made abortion legal for all American women. Opposition to the rulings sprang up immediately, as people with strong religious and moral objections to abortion found allies in Congress to propose legislation that would impose their views on all citizens.

Those of us with equally valid moral views who support the right to choose abortion thought, at first, that the Supreme Court took care of it for us. We relaxed while so-called right-to-lifers besieged Congress and state legislatures. It took more than a year and Congressional passage of three laws restricting the availability of abortion before prochoice groups and individuals realized that their now constitutionally guaranteed rights were being threatened.

On September 17, 1975 (the anniversary of the signing of the U.S. Constitution), the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments voted against all anti-abortion constitutional amendments. However, one amendment was almost reported out of the subcommittee with a 4-4 tie. Drafted by anti-abortion lawyer John T. Noonan, Jr., this amendment would have established the right of individual states to restrict abortion.

Pressures to pass a right-to-life amendment now will probably focus on the House of Representatives. Because Congress has been harassed for so long by anti-abortion forces, it may well perceive such a states'-rights approach as a convenient cop-out. This possibility, added to the fact that many states have passed laws restricting the Supreme Court decisions, convinces us that the right to choose abortion is not so securely protected as many think.

National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL) is the only national-membership organization lobbying in Congress to protect the Supreme Court decisions. With chapters and political networks in every state, NARAL is able to reach tens of thousands of people. Those wishing more information can write to or call NARAL, 705 G Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; 202-546-0940.

Karen Mulhauser, Executive Director  
NARAL  
Washington, D.C.

#### ABORTION MARTYR

Dr. Henry Morgentaler, 53, pioneered and improved the vacuum-suction method of abortion now widely used in clinics in the United States. In 1975, along with Betty Friedan, he was voted Humanist of the Year by the American Humanist Association. He hasn't received his award yet, because the Canadian government won't let him out of jail.

Canadian abortion law allows, but does not compel, hospitals to set up doctors' committees to pass judgment on which women should have legal abortions. No committee approval, no legal abortion. In practice, this means that educated, affluent women can travel or pull strings to get proper medical care while the poor, as usual, get shafted.

As a survivor of five years in Nazi death camps, Polish-born Dr. Morgentaler was not eager to become a social martyr. But he was deluged with requests from desperate women. When Parliament failed to remove abortion from the criminal code entirely, he saw no alternative but to open his clinic in Montreal. Soon, Quebec social workers and doctors were routinely referring women to him.

Morgentaler was charged with criminal abortion in 1969, but he was not brought to trial until 1973, after he had shown a national TV audience the safety and simplicity of his procedure. He freely admitted performing more than 5000 abortions in his clinic, with no fatalities and few complications. Despite his admission, two juries acquitted him of criminal-abortion charges; despite the acquittals, he was sent to prison last March.

After a French-speaking, predominantly Roman Catholic jury had refused to convict Morgentaler in his first trial, Quebec Attorney General Jerome Choquette appealed and the Quebec Appeals Court, citing a musty, never used law, overruled the jury's verdict and substituted a conviction and sentence of 18 months. The Supreme Court of Canada subsequently upheld the decision, though not unanimously.

Immediately after the first trial, Choquette invoked another obscure law and seized all of the doctor's records and personal papers, froze his assets and forbade him to make public statements. Then he proceeded with a second criminal trial; when a jury again refused to convict,



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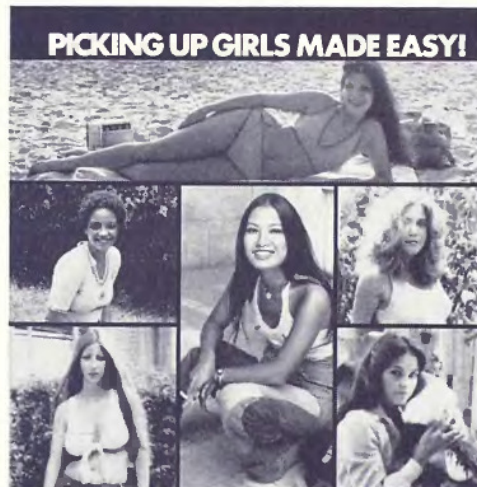
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work his magic . . . and the girl, as she falls willingly victim to his charm. Absolutely everything is spelled out for you, from attention-getting opening lines . . . through seductive, irresistible talk that gets a girl to really open up to you . . . to foolproof closing lines that get you her telephone number, a date, and sometimes even her body right then and there. Unbelievable? You won't think so when you suddenly find yourself gliding down the street with a beautiful golden stranger on your arm.

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phantom snipers. Yet nine jurors found for the state officials and National Guardsmen.

Such a travesty of justice should stir Americans to demand that Congress pass laws to ensure some redress to victims in incidents like Kent State. Failure to do so will perpetuate the notion that military and police uniforms cloak the wearers with immunity from accountability. Time and time again, grand juries have declined to indict or convict law-enforcement officers no matter how compelling the evidence that the accused abused his authority. If this tradition is to be reversed, it should begin with a reversal of the Kent State verdict and a new trial not poisoned by local prejudices and rulings from the bench that blatantly favor the diversionary tactics of the defense.

*The New York Times*, in its reaction to the decision in Cleveland, said that if we do not establish "a more effective line of responsibility and redress," then assuredly "the feeling will spread that government is an unresponsive giant whose actions are above the demands of justice." *Time* equated the killings at Kent State and the governmental and judicial failures that ensued with the massacres at My Lai and Attica. "In all three celebrated cases," the magazine noted, "the only man convicted of criminal conduct was Lieutenant William Calley, who served just 40 months . . . mostly under comfortable house arrest."

If Kent State goes the way of My Lai and Attica, we have only ourselves to blame when such inexcusable slaughters occur in the future.

Peter Davies  
Staten Island, New York

#### KANGAROO COURT

A little traffic case involving a boy and a motorcycle might seem trivial compared with some of the horrendous injustices recounted in *The Playboy Forum*. But I think what happened to my 15-year-old son demonstrates the attitude that too many of our judges bring to their work, an attitude of arrogance and capriciousness.

My son had wandered onto the street with his dirt bike and before he knew it, he was arrested and given three traffic tickets and two warning citations—for operating a bike without a driver's license, plates and lights, etc. Although he was only a block away from home, his cycle was ordered impounded and he was held without being allowed to use the men's room until I could be contacted, some two hours later—just in time to prevent the police from sending him to a detention home for the night. I thought the whole scene was rather severe, considering the circumstances, and tried to find out the reason. The arresting officer started recounting a lot of other motorcycle-arrest episodes, implying that somehow they

related to my son, who has been dirt riding since he was eight years old without any legal problems. I got the idea that the cop had a prejudice against motorcycles. Little did I realize what I'd encounter on the court date. As we waited our turn and various cases involving motorcycles were heard, the judge felt a need to let us know what his personal feelings were about motorcycles: They shouldn't be ridden even in one's own back yard. One woman, who was representing her husband, was asked to hide the key from him. When our case came up, the fact that the boy had never been in trouble before was met with the retort: "Well, he's in trouble now." The fact that \$200 worth of damage had been done to his bike as a result of its being impounded was met with: "That's a civil matter." The outcome was a stiff \$75 fine and a warning that if the boy was caught even sitting on a motorcycle for a full year, he would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

We were very impressed by the letter of the law, but whatever happened to its spirit? If a judge has only a little power, he can do only a little damage, but if he has a lot of power, he can destroy lives. Isn't there any way of protecting the citizenry from occupants of the bench who have a god complex?

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### UNDIGNIFIED VERSE

I really enjoyed the letter describing the New Jersey appellate-court obscenity decision that was rendered in verse (*The Playboy Forum*, October). In May of 1974, a Kansas judge similarly exercised poetic license in finding a young woman guilty of prostitution. Reno County magistrate judge Richard J. Rome concluded his six-stanza verdict with the lines:

*From her ancient profession she's  
been busted,  
And to society's rules she must be  
adjusted.  
If from all this a moral doth unfurl,  
It is that pimps do not protect the  
working girl!*

Unhappily, the judge's literary efforts weren't appreciated. According to *The Topeka Daily Capital*, a Hutchinson, Kansas, feminist group complained that the decision exhibited cruel humor and said that "it is difficult to believe that a person who finds comedy in such tragic circumstances is capable of handing down just decisions from the bench." The judge, while admitting that his "efforts fall severely short of a Tennyson or a Browning," said no one was held up to ridicule in the poem and all facts of the case were included, and he explained his action as an attempt to draw attention to increasing problems with prostitution in Hutchinson. After an inquiry prompted by the feminists' complaint, Kansas' Commission on Judicial Qualifications recommended

that the Kansas Supreme Court censure Judge Rome for violation of a legal canon requiring judges to be "dignified and courteous to litigants." Apparently, the letter of Kansas law leaves little room for a creative man of letters.

Bill Cotten  
Topeka, Kansas

#### RIGHTS OF FATHERS

After a lengthy court battle, my ex-wife gained custody of our daughter and I was to have the right to see the child every other weekend. This was satisfying as long as we lived in the same town. Now, however, we live in different states. When I asked for a court order to have my daughter sent to me for a two-week visit, the judge refused on the grounds that I was in arrears in paying child support. He ignored the fact that I am unemployed but not eligible for unemployment benefits, while my former wife has a good job. Does this financial problem justify depriving the child of contact with her father? It's glaringly apparent to me that men do not have equal rights with women in custody cases.

Don Gidley  
Albright, West Virginia

#### ILLUMINATED LADY

Religion may or may not be the greatest foment of hatred in the world, as H. L. Mencken once charged, but it is certainly the greatest instigator of bizarre thinking. I refer you to the case of Kellie Everts, winner of the Miss Nude Universe contest and a fervent follower of One World Light, a small Christian sect. Interviewed by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Everts avers that her appearing nude in public is "not immoral. The body is the temple of God." Well, I'll drink to that, but Everts goes on to add, "If men are aroused by the sight of my nakedness, that's their fault." Referring to Marilyn Monroe, she adds, "I almost killed myself, too, when men looked at me with lust and women were jealous."

The *Chronicle* said Everts' vital statistics are an awe-inspiring 44-18-38, which would certainly speed up my breathing if I saw her clothed and would influence my physiology even more dramatically if she were nude. I find it hard to see why her God (or anybody's) would build those reflexes into me and then blame me for having them. Everts, however, has more theological dogma to sell. She is giving up sex for one whole year "to thank God for helping her" spread the Gospel of One World Light. I hope God appreciates the gesture. I can just imagine His nodding contentedly each night after checking Everts' boudoir: "Ah, good, Kellie is still sleeping alone."

As for me, I think everybody should do—or not do—whatever they want sexually, as long as it harms no one; so Everts' combination of exhibitionism and celibacy is OK with me. But if I were to

join public nudity with private asceticism. I would take the credit (or blame) for that idea myself.

Patrick Maloney  
San Francisco, California

#### SERVING MANKIND

I simply adore men and one thing I can't understand is how prostitutes have the gall to charge for their favors. It's such a great honor to be of service to any man. Many men have called me a nymphomaniac; well, I say, fuck them. If I'm just a nymphomaniac, then the Marquis de Sade was just unfriendly.

This, then, is my invitation to the men of the world to jump on my six-foot-nine, 46-23-46 (inches, not centimeters), golden-bronze body whenever they see me. Fraternities, lodges and conventions, welcome. I generally work out of the Times Square area but am planning a nationwide tour in the near future.

Mary Shelley  
New York, New York

#### WARNING TO MANKIND

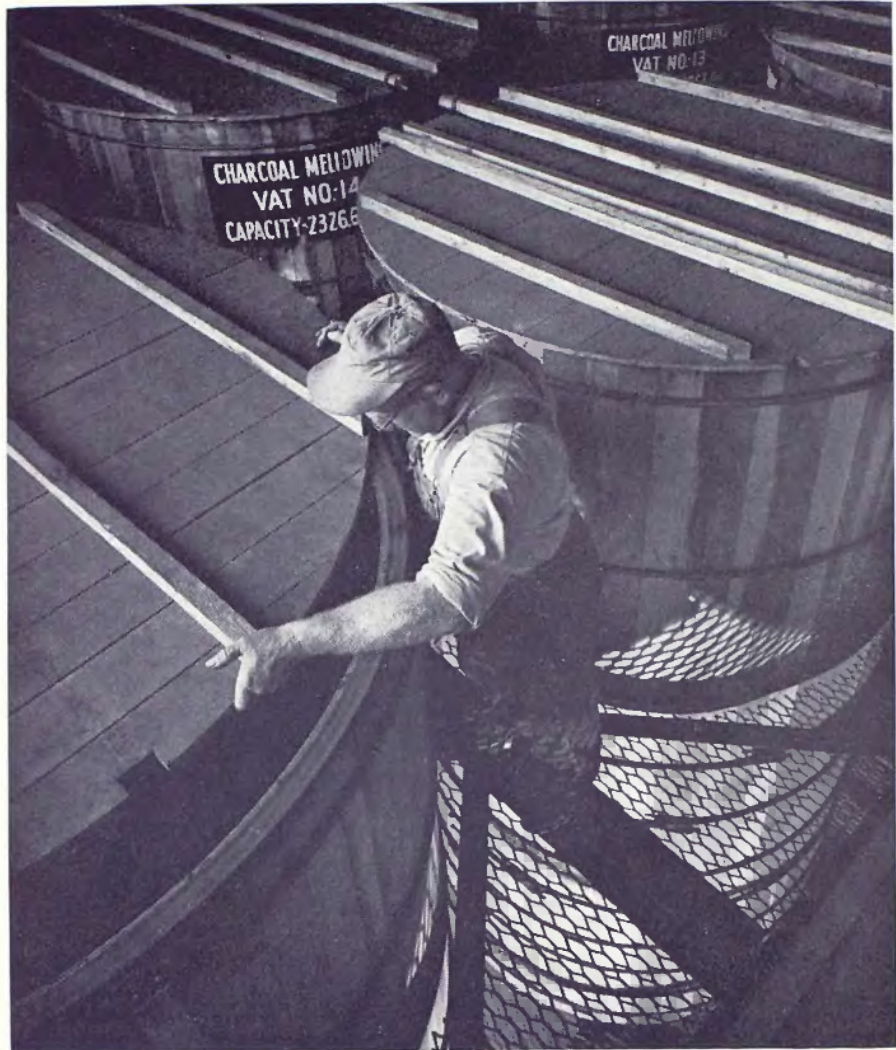
I feel urgently obliged to inform American men that their lives might be in imminent and mortal jeopardy at the hands of a crazed female monster whom I created and who is now loose.

At 4'11" and with ears that could pick up radio signals from Alpha Centauri, I have always been a love-starved man. When, shortly after I saw the movie *Young Frankenstein*, an auto crash left the body of a ravishing woman on my front lawn, I decided to act. Being night janitor for a BMT subway-station lavatory, I realized I would have to bone up a little on brain surgery and organ-transplant techniques; but when you're as horny as I am, you pick up these things fast. Three weeks, a half-dozen grave robberies and a couple of thunderstorms later, she was ready. I named her after the author of the original *Frankenstein* story, who, ironically enough, was an early women's liberationist. Perhaps that explains why, when I threw the switch and introduced myself to her as her master, she snarled and projected a middle-sized Chevrolet at my face. She departed through the wall.

The monster is lethal and heaven knows what diabolical plot she's developing right now. Her last known whereabouts is the Times Square area in New York. She makes frequent references to the Marquis de Sade.

G. Collins  
New York, New York

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



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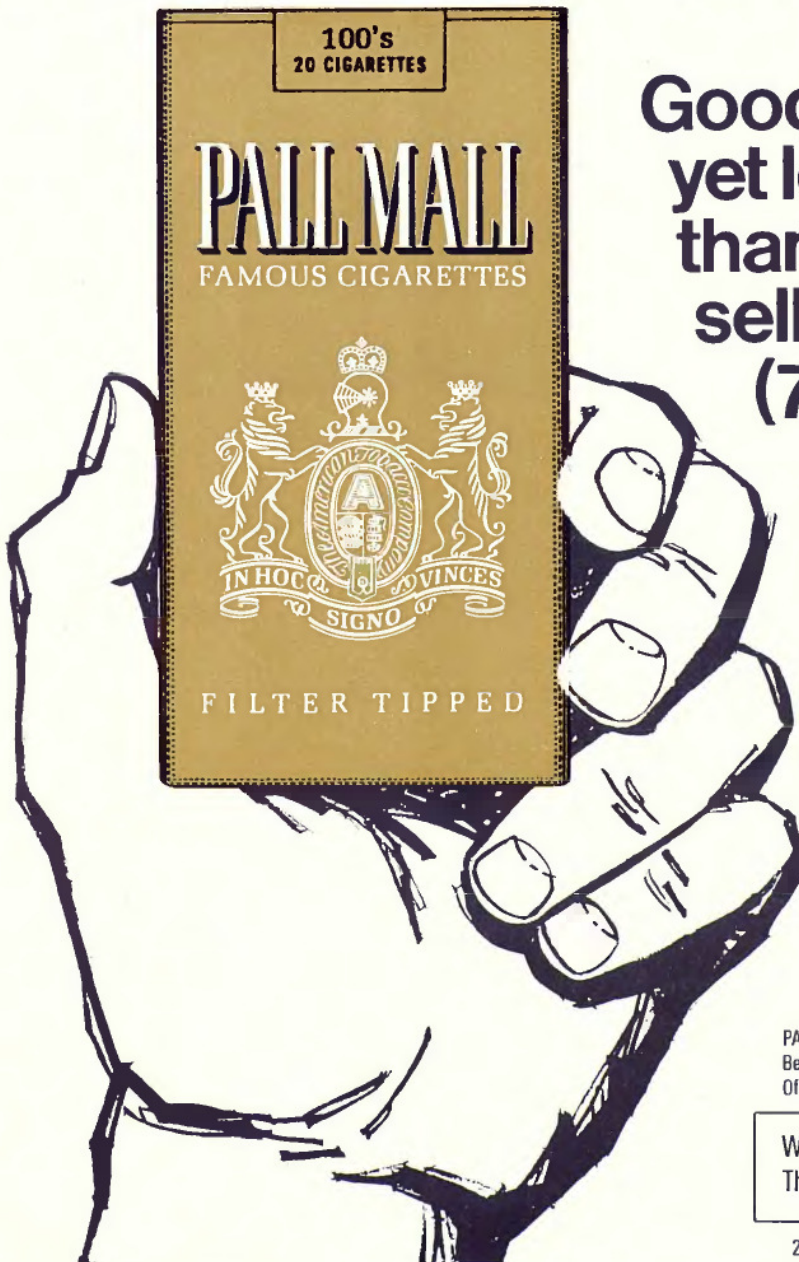
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# ELTON JOHN

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

*a candid conversation with the unlikeliest, flashiest pop star of them all*

Five years ago, Elton John was just another schlub like the rest of us. He was broke half the time, he was shorter even than Robert Redford, his hair was already beginning to thin, he was usually more plump than he liked and he wore glasses as thick as Coke-bottle bottoms. Hardly what you'd call a head start in the Rock Star Derby; he would have stumped any "To Tell the Truth" panel asked to make the real next Mick Jagger please stand up.

Last year he made \$7,000,000—and did the impossible: released an album, "Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy," that entered the charts at number one and shipped platinum—music-biz jargon for \$1,000,000 worth of sales—overnight. Nobody had ever done both before—not the Beatles, the Stones, Sinatra, John Denver. Then, a couple of months ago, he promptly topped himself with "Rock of the Westies," which shipped \$1,100,000 and again entered the charts at number one.

Elton has become the biggest thing ever to hit the music business, partly because he seems to appeal to—or at least not alienate—all sorts of different people. Teeny-boppers adore him; people who would be moved to murder by Led Zeppelin don't go for their shotguns

when they hear him; and even Rolling Stone sometimes likes what he does—according to its lights, anyway. That's why his string of singles lighting up the charts stretched uninterrupted for nearly four years, broken only briefly last fall, a record topped only by—can you guess?—Pat Boone. Converting that into plastic, it means nearly 35,000,000 singles have sold world-wide; and his 13 albums are somewhere in the 40,000,000 range, which makes it easy to understand the vinyl shortage. All that vinyl in turn converts, along with touring and little asides like being the platformed Pinball Wizard in the film version of "Tommy," into \$7,000,000 annually, which in turn converts into a \$1,000,000 house in Beverly Hills, another outside London, 200 pairs of shoes, eyeglasses of every shade and outrageous configuration, his own record company, a budding art collection of elegant ceramic deco ladies, more singles and albums than he can count, jukeboxes, pinball machines—whatever gleams next in his eye.

But in August of 1970 he was another unknown here. That changed in a week. On his first trip to America, he played the Troubadour in Los Angeles to audiences consisting mostly of the rock press and assorted music-biz types—

a group of people who generally strive mightily to be as jaded and blasé as they are sun-tanned and lean. This time they all went berserk. In a famous review that launched Rocket Man into the skies, Robert Hilburn of the Los Angeles Times began: "Rejoice. Rock music, which has been going through a rather uneventful period lately, has a new star. He's Elton John, a 23-year-old Englishman whose United States debut . . . was, in almost every way, magnificent." Back here in colder regions, we thought at first that all of them had been out in the sun too long. His first American album, "Elton John," was all gloomy and doomy, with a brooding, poetic portrait of him on the front and strings to boot—not bad, but not our idea of rock 'n' roll. What were those people hollering?

We found out when first we saw him live, Mr. Hyde incarnate, pounding the piano like Little Richard possessed, jumping around on top of it wearing a sequined something or other and a feather boa and flashing neon sunglasses and God knows what else, manic and sweating, forcing the energy to levels higher and higher . . . and, yes, that was rock 'n' roll.

In the years since, we have watched him become, in the astronomy of the



"There's nothing like actually getting on stage. It's the biggest buzz of all for me. It's like fucking for two hours and then suddenly finding out there's nothing you can do after that."



"I grew up with inanimate objects as my friends. That's why I keep hold of all my possessions. I'll remember when they gave me a bit of happiness—which is more than human beings have given me."



"I started wearing glasses to hide behind. I didn't really need them, but when Buddy Holly came along, God, I wanted a pair like his! I began to wear them all the time, so my eyes did get worse."

TERRY O'NEILL

hype wizards, a megastar (better and more durable than a nova or a supernova, with their depressing implications of grandly dying light). And as that's happened, we've all heard more and more about his life out of the studio and off-stage, when the Alice in Wonderland costumes are back in the closet:

*His passion for tennis, and Billie Jean King as a partner; his long-distance collaboration with lyricist Bernie Taupin, who's written almost every word that Elton's made famous; popping up onstage to jam with The Rolling Stones; stark tabloid pictures of him decked out in spangles and fur at some fancy L.A. bash, his arm around Bob Dylan or Cher.*

*It seemed a good time to get his version of it all, find out how it all looked from the roller coaster. So we sent freelancer Eugenie Ross-Leming and Staff Writer David Standish (the same team that got Cher to say all those surprising things in last October's interview) to talk with him in his newly bought mansion up in the canyon hills. As Eugenie told us about it:*

*"Nine A.M. is too early to talk to anyone other than the milkman, let alone an anointed megastar, but with our rented Dodge overheating and our own heads in that peculiar brain-baked state that hits you in Southern California, we headed east on Sunset toward Elton's Benedict Canyon home. We followed PR man Dick Grant's secret and thorough instructions and continued our cruise up streets lined with palm trees sprouting along the curbs like hormone-infused pineapples. The canyon road steepened and close to the top, right below Alice Cooper's place—which had mysteriously burned down the previous night—was Elton's house. It's Moorish, with a high wall in front and an arched walkway, a fountain and lush greenery—sort of an Alhambra à go-go.*

*"We talked with him by the pool, under a Bedouin-style enclosure. Coffee and cookies kept us going, although Elton had already played several sets of tennis before our arrival. We talked about superstardom, sex, drugs, politics, music, and just why he is where he is—living the laid-back life in a house smelling of bougainvillea and Twenties decadence, with the ghost of Garbo listening in his gazebo—and, of course, where he's going from here. We started by asking him, well, why him?"*

**PLAYBOY:** You were recently voted Rock Personality of the Year. Why do you think people are so fascinated by you?

**JOHN:** Most people are nosy.

**PLAYBOY:** Any other reasons occur to you?

**JOHN:** Well, most people think I've got so much money, more than I really have. Hell, Paul Simon has more money than me. He's into his own publishing. But people are fascinated by anyone who's got money.

**PLAYBOY:** Some press reports estimate

that you make \$7,000,000 a year, which is a healthy allowance.

**JOHN:** I wouldn't say that. I probably flaunt it more than anyone else. I spend lots on myself. That's probably why I got that Rock Personality thing, 'cause I'm the only one who *spends* money. You forget about the quiet rich—at least you can gossip about me. I dress for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, you do. Would flamboyant be too strong a word?

**JOHN:** Oh, I just like to get up and have a lark. I do it tongue in cheek with an "up yours" attitude. I love people who expect me to wear great, feathery costumes—and I do it. It's like an actor getting into his costume for his part. I don't really feel the part until I'm into whatever I'm going to wear.

I'm pretty well making up for lost time. Not having had a real teenage life, I'm living those 13-to-19 years now. Mentally I may be 28, but somewhere half of me is still 13. That may be why I dress like a kid onstage. I know I look ridiculous sometimes, absolutely idiotic, but remember, when I started, I was quite rotund. I mean, I'm not exactly your normal teenage idol.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes you say that?

**JOHN:** For one thing, I'm quite aware that my hair's falling out—which is a real drag, because it didn't happen to the rest of my family. It must be because I was a silly cunt and dyed my hair a lot. So, since I've just discovered I don't want to be bald, I might have a hair transplant. It's just a matter of going down there with the courage to say, "I want some more hair, please."

**PLAYBOY:** The rock press ought to have quite a time with that bit of news. Given your enormous publicity, what's the worst thing you've read about yourself?

**JOHN:** Well, let's clear up that incident with The Rolling Stones.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean the one reported in *Rolling Stone* magazine—that you barged on stage during the Stones tour and they weren't exactly happy about it?

**JOHN:** Yes. Here's what happened: Mick Jagger asked me to sit in on *Honky Tonk Woman*. I did and then left the stage to watch the show. Later, this roadie gets me and says Billy Preston wants me to join them. So I did. Then I read in *Rolling Stone* how Keith Richard was pissed that I wouldn't split the stage. I'm fed up with those damn fucking lies. They don't get their fucking facts right. *Rolling Stone* is becoming the *National Enquirer* of rock 'n' roll, and they have no sense of humor whatever.

Now, *Creem* magazine I adore. They have a sense of humor. They run some very good pieces, and often you'll read something about yourself that's entirely insulting but very funny. In their poll this year, I figured in every section. Asshole of the Year, Hero of the Year, Rip-off of the Year. . . . I really liked that, because it was funny.

**PLAYBOY:** What are some of the more bizarre rumors about you?

**JOHN:** There's one guy who writes for the *Daily Express*; he's got a gossip column. He's printed a couple of things about me—they've not been nasty or anything, they've just been absolute rubbish. When Evel Knievel was supposed to jump that canyon in the rocket, I was supposedly by his side, singing the national anthem. There I was, sitting in my house, going, Oh, yeah? And silly stuff like having my head superimposed on someone else's body or headlines like "ELTON LOVES ANN-MARGRET" or "ELTON ELOPES WITH CHER." Well, Cher's eloped with *everyone*. The *National Star* wrote that I'd become an egomaniac when I broke up the band and said I believed after my role in *Tommy* that I was the world's biggest film star. At that time, I was hiding behind the walls of my Hollywood mansion. Not even my servants knew where I was.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that stuff piss you off?

**JOHN:** The things that upset me are the lies. I get very mad at people saying I'm a four-chord musician, with only a four-chord style. I was trying to think of one song I'd written with only four chords in it but couldn't come up with one. That upsets me. I hate trash magazines. People believe them, that's the thing about it. . . . When I read something in the *National Star* which is absolute rubbish, I say, "Well, how *dare* they print that?" But then I'll go on to the next page and read something about someone else and I'll go, Hmmm. . . . did they *really* do that? I mean, I'm the first person to get sucked in. But some of them *are* really sickening. People behind gossip magazines should be run off the street, tied up in stocks, and everyone should throw bad cabbages at them. I'll lead the way!

**PLAYBOY:** Do the rumors and publicity make you want to hide, get away?

**JOHN:** I refuse to become a recluse. And there are inconveniences to stardom, but you just put up with them. If I get stopped for autographs 1700 times a day, then I get stopped. I'm certainly not gonna shut myself away; I still go out and buy my own groceries. But crazy things *can* happen. One day recently, I woke up and there was this chick sitting on the bed right next to me. I'm a bit blind without my glasses. I said, "Who are you?" And she said, "Oh, you don't know me." She'd gotten in without a key. Christ, it could have been someone with a fucking gun.

**PLAYBOY:** How did she get your address?

**JOHN:** The CIA should have the sources these kids have. We never told anyone where I live. Eight people have the phone number, and still it's gotta be changed every two weeks.

Another weird thing is the fans' morbid curiosity. Like, the other night Alice

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Cooper's house burned down. And people are driving up with their girlfriends and asking, "Can we park?" I mean, it's fucking sick. People just want to see what's going down. They probably don't believe you go to the toilet.

**PLAYBOY:** There must be *some* fringe benefits to celebrity—the groupie scene, for example.

**JOHN:** I don't *really* attract groupies. In fact, except for the chick on my bed, the only groupie I even remember meeting was the "Butter Queen." And I got on with her famously. . . . I mean to say, she was quite a sensible human being.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, what kind of women *do* you attract?

**JOHN:** Bus spotters and stamp collectors.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, when you tour, the local lovelies come out to mix.

**JOHN:** We were in Japan for three weeks and didn't see one groupie the whole time. We all ended up going crazy because no one spoke bloody English. Then the Faces arrived the day we were leaving, and they'd been in the Tokyo Hilton only a half hour before the whole lobby was crowded with all these Suzy Wong bits. They just came out of the woodwork. In England, I tend to collect bank clerks and shop assistants.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain that?

**JOHN:** I suppose it's my image. I'm the John Denver of rock 'n' roll. In England, it *does* take me half a year to escape from a building, but over here we don't have that problem. Probably because the girls are all out on Quaaludes. All they can do is say, "Hey, man," and all that shit.

**PLAYBOY:** But let's face it: You don't exactly shun the limelight. In fact, you caused something of a stir on that rock-awards show on CBS this past summer.

**JOHN:** Oh, yeah, I was quite pleased that it was transmitted live and I was able to mention Quaaludes and say naughty things like, "Friggin' Cher" and "Friggin' computer." But otherwise, it was like *The Price Is Right*.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**JOHN:** You can't talk to those network people. We had a script meeting with CBS and it was the most disgusting thing I've ever heard in my life. They wanted all shark jokes, so they could reach middle-aged people in Peoria. I mean, they had David Janssen and Brenda Vaccaro and Michael Douglas presenting awards. What a joke!

I was gonna get out, but I'd asked Diana Ross to be hostess on the show, and she was pregnant and someone pointed out it could be harmful to her if I left her in the lurch. But it depressed the shit out of me. After all, no one would blame Don Kirshner, the executive producer—they'd blame Diana and me. We never had a complete run-through and I'd never emceed a live show. Kirshner didn't know which way was on or off the stage—he even walked off without the award. It was so fucking stupid. He sent

me some tennis balls. Thanks, Don.

**PLAYBOY:** All right, let's move on to more cosmic subjects, such as what stardom does to your head.

**JOHN:** It all depends on the type of house you buy.

**PLAYBOY:** Come again?

**JOHN:** I've been to a lot of people's houses that are so big the house has overtaken them. You can feel a house's personality, and it's frightening. I've even fled from some houses back in England.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, one could hardly call *your* house understated.

**JOHN:** I consider it rather a bargain, nearly \$1,000,000 and it has two bedrooms. Plus the house has quite a history. Ted Ashley, the head of Warner Bros., owned it before me. Originally, it was owned by John Gilbert, the silent-screen actor. Then Greta Garbo moved in. There's a little gazebo in the garden she had built to sleep in when it rained. Also, she had a waterfall put in, so she could hear the sound of running water. After that, Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick owned it. It became *the* orgy house. In the bath, there used to be a trap door where Gilbert used to get rid of all his ladies by catapulting them down into the bedroom below.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds like a typical Los Angeles cottage.

**JOHN:** Yeah, good old L.A. There are a bunch of weirdos around this town, like Charles Manson. I never got that feeling from any other town, even New York. There the weirdness is different. At least it's straightforward, like, "Give us your fuckin' money." I don't really want to get involved in ritual killing. So currently I'm having my gazebo turned into a machine-gun turret.

**PLAYBOY:** Why live in L.A., then?

**JOHN:** First, it's convenient; it's the center of the record business and I'm one hour from tennis in Phoenix or from San Francisco. Anyway, it was the first place I came to in America, so I regard it as a sentimental "home" sort of thing. I like playing other places in the States, but I prefer to live here.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from your modest house, what else do you spend money on?

**JOHN:** I've got a passion for cars. I had a Ford Escort and I was very happy with it. But John Reid, who'd just become my manager, said, "You can't drive around in a bloody Ford Escort." So I went out and bought an Aston Martin, and he had a heart attack. I've been through so many cars. I've got at the moment a Rolls Cornish hardtop, a Rolls Phantom VI limousine that I use for touring and a Ferrari Boxer. I've been through every make of sports car. The cars I've got now I've had for over a year. I've gotten over the phase of getting rid of them on a whim. . . . I got rid of a Mercedes one morning just because the roof wouldn't go down properly.

**PLAYBOY:** What other toys have you accumulated?

**JOHN:** I like gadgets. Ringo and I are gadget fanatics. I like pinball machines. I've got pinball machines and games and things like that. Funny lanterns, neon signs, you know, anything that's really stupid, anything that will do something for five minutes. But I spend most of my money on things like art. . . . I like art deco. I've always collected *art nouveau* and that sort of stuff. I've probably got one of the biggest collections of ladies in the world. They're my favorite things to collect, ladies. I like collecting art, too. I like new artists. But I've never bought a picture for the investment value. I mean, I've got a five-dollar parchment of the *Mona Lisa*, and she's hideous in maroon, but I prefer it to some of the things I've been told to buy as an investment.

**PLAYBOY:** Pardon the old cliché, but has your wealth made you happier?

**JOHN:** I think I had more fun, actually, looking back to when I was just earning a few pounds a week, than I do now that I've got all the money. Because there isn't really much limit to what I can or cannot have. If I wanted my own jet, I suppose I could have it—but who wants his own jet?

**PLAYBOY:** Oh, executives, certain magazine publishers. . . . But for you, there must be other rewards as well—for instance, you're now hanging out with people like John Lennon and Ringo Starr, who were once your idols. How does that feel?

**JOHN:** It's very strange. I still can't meet John or Ringo without being a little awestruck, and I know them quite well. I used to go and see the Beatles at their Christmas show, and now here I am, playing on Ringo's album. It's mind-boggling, 'cause I am still very much a fan.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you hang out with other rock artists?

**JOHN:** Well, I am not much of a mingler with rock-'n'-roll people. Socially, I mix with very few. Besides John and Ringo, I know Rod Stewart quite well. And I know Alice Cooper. But I don't mix with many other rock-'n'-roll people, because I find them boring.

**PLAYBOY:** Not that we disagree with you, but why are they boring?

**JOHN:** Well, they're just *thick*. They haven't got much conversation aside from dope, sex or "What kind of guitar strings are you using?" I would say that 20 percent of them are really nice, really intelligent, decent conversationalists. But some of them—if you're stuck on a plane together from London to Los Angeles, you say three words altogether. I don't like to talk rock 'n' roll all the time. I just like to, you know, have a laugh, and there're not many people with a good sense of humor.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you sort out friends from toadies?

**JOHN:** I'm very cold with people, as far as that goes. I'm hard to get to. It takes

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GODSPELL

- 258475\* SWEET  
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- 258012 Ferrante & Teicher Play  
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GREATEST HITS  
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- 255802\* WEATHER REPORT  
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- 255083 ZZ TOP  
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Nobody Does It Like Me
- 249771 TONY ORLANDO & DAWN  
PRIME TIME
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- 222406 MAC DAVIS  
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- 253690† JIM NABORS  
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- 258566† DAVID ALLAN COE  
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- 253641† SDNNY JAMES  
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a long time to be a friend of mine. I've still got the same friends I had six years ago, and I'm quite happy with them. If anyone new wants to get in close, they've got to prove it's not because I'm Elton John. New friends think I'm good for a Rolls-Royce.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you look for in close friends?

**JOHN:** People who were with me when Bernie and me were struggling. The people who will ring me up when I'm depressed and make me laugh, who'll come around any time, day or night, if I'm feeling desperate. And I'm lucky to have a good set of friends for that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have many friends as a kid?

**JOHN:** Oh, yeah, a certain number, at school. But Monday to Friday I went to school. Saturday was the Royal Academy of Music. Sunday I had to sit home and practice and do my homework. Apart from school holidays, I was really up shit creek without a paddle. I was very introverted and had a terrible inferiority complex. That's why I started wearing glasses—to hide behind. I didn't really need them, but when Buddy Holly came along, God, I wanted a pair like his! I began to wear them all the time, so my eyes *did* get worse.

**PLAYBOY:** What were things like at home back then?

**JOHN:** My father was so stupid with me it was ridiculous. I couldn't eat celery without making noise. It was just pure hatred. You know, he never saw me for two years. I mean, I was two years old when he came home from the air force. He'd never seen me. And it got off to a really bad start, 'cause Mother said, "Do you want to go upstairs and see him?" He said, "No, I'll wait till morning." He'd been in Aden or somewhere, and he came home after two years, after not seeing me born or anything. Mother was all excited. But he said, "No, I'll wait till morning."

**PLAYBOY:** How did your father feel about your interest in music?

**JOHN:** He didn't want me to go into music, and I can never understand that, because he was a trumpeter in a band. I mean, he *did* influence me. Used to play me George Shearing records. A four-year-old listening to George Shearing is a bit off. I was more into Guy Mitchell. He even gave me the first album I owned when I was nine: an Eddie Fisher album. Just what every nine-year-old needs.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound a bit bitter.

**JOHN:** Not anymore. When I left home, at 14, when my parents got divorced, there was a point when I did feel bitter because of the way my mom was treated. When they got divorced, she had to bear all the costs. She more or less gave up everything and had to admit to adultery, while he was doing the same thing behind her back and making her pay for it. He was such a sneak. Then he went away

and five months later got married to this woman and had four kids in four years. My pride was really snipped, 'cause he was supposed to hate kids. I guess I was a mistake in the first place.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your relationship with your mother like?

**JOHN:** Oh, good. She lives two doors away now. We've always had a good relationship. My father was an ogre to her, but she was always great to me. She's just straight about everything and can smell a rat for a mile. She'll say, "Don't bloody well trust him! He'll run off with all your money." She's always been right.

**PLAYBOY:** So you rely on her for support?

**JOHN:** I trust her opinions. When Bernie and I first got this flat in Islington, when I was 19 or 20, I thought, Christ, I'm my own boss now. But the move proved to me how much I had relied on home. I didn't know what a washing machine looked like. My mother had done everything for me. I mean, wiped my ass and everything. I was very dominated at home.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do to keep yourself sane as a kid?

**JOHN:** I got involved with music, used to listen to records all the time. I would buy records and file them. I could tell you who published what, and then I would just stack them in a pile and look at the labels. I like my possessions. I grew up with inanimate objects as my friends, and I still believe they have feelings. That's why I keep hold of all my possessions, because I'll remember when they gave me a bit of happiness—which is more than human beings have given me.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you much of a student?

**JOHN:** School I found was really boring. I used to mess around and play truant. If there were any sporting events, I would go to them. I started to play semiprofessionally when I was 14. Little Richard and things like that. And then we used to try to find the most obscure blues—when everybody else was playing rock 'n' roll. I used to play piano in a pub while I was still in school, singing Al Jolson songs. Sing-along-type songs. Mitch Miller. I was paid a pound a night and my father would come round and collect with a box. Then I would sing some top ten and I started to know the American songs.

Jerry Lee Lewis was always a big influence on me. He's the best rock-'n'-roll pianist ever. There isn't anyone to touch him. I couldn't play like him, 'cause he's too fast. I've got terrible hands for a pianist—they're midget's fingers. I play more like Little Richard. I used to go and see Little Richard at Harrod's Granada—and he used to jump up on the piano and I'd think, I wish that was me.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened after you quit school?

**JOHN:** I used to hang around with soccer players and record-business people—then I got a job as a teaboy for a record firm

and decided to turn professional. A five-piece group with a brass section. God, we used to work. Once, we did four gigs in one day. We played an American Servicemen's club in London and then went to Birmingham and did a double—two ballrooms. Then at about six in the morning we went back and did the Cue Club, which is a black pub in London.

**PLAYBOY:** And you had to *schlep* all the equipment around yourselves?

**JOHN:** Certainly. And I had the most of anyone in the group. But I'm not electrical at all, and I never once had my equipment repaired. It was all falling to bits. The organ used to fart and make terrible sounds. At the end, when we were playing the ballrooms, I finally destroyed my amplifier, my Vox 80, by kicking it in during a bingo session. But we used to have a great time. It was when London was really swinging and all those clubs were around and we played them. The Beatles would be there and the Animals and Gene Pitney. I didn't know anybody.

**PLAYBOY:** That was before you teamed up with Bernie Taupin?

**JOHN:** Yes. I met Bernie through this job advert. It was for a record company, saying, "Talent wanted." Liberty Records. Bernie had applied, and I was talking to a guy named Ray Williams, who was the one who brought us together. I was saying, "Listen, I think I can write songs, but I don't write lyrics." Bernie's letter was on his desk and Ray said, "Here, this guy writes lyrics." And that was it.

Bernie had heard some of the stuff I was doing and he quite liked it. So I said, "Should we write together?" And he said yes. Eventually, we signed up with Dick James Music. He guaranteed each of us ten pounds a week as a guarantee against royalties, and that's when I quit the group I'd been playing with.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of stuff were you and Bernie writing at that point?

**JOHN:** There must be an album lying around—things like *Scarecrow* and *A Dandelion Dies in the Wind*. It was like acid 1968 or '69—all that *Windmills of Your Mind* and *Canyons of Your Bowels* kind of stuff. We still have all the lyrics. I found them in a suitcase recently, and I was beside myself with laughter for about two days. I mean, we used to sneer at people who wrote bloody psychedelic lyrics, and there we were, writing the biggest load of old garbage you ever read. When we signed with Dick, we had to regiment ourselves into doing things we didn't like. I released one record called *I've Been Loving You*, which is another collector's item on Phillips: it's very, uh, Engelbert Humperdinck. It's credited as being John and Taupin, but I wrote the lyrics—something which Bernie will never forgive me for. But when we signed with Dick, it was like two years of misery, writing garbage.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you both leave James?

**JOHN:** We were so unsuccessful writing

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garbage. No one ever recorded any of our songs. At this point we were near to quitting and giving it all up, because we were so disillusioned. But Dick had a record-promotion man named Steve Brown, and we played Steve the commercial stuff we'd written and some of our own stuff. He said, "Well, obviously, your stuff is better than the commercial stuff. You should forget what Dick said"—which was a very brave move for him to make, because he was just an employee—"and write exactly what you feel and don't pay any attention to Dick anymore." So we started doing just that. I think the first thing we wrote was *Lady Samantha*. That was the turning point. I don't think we've ever written anything commercial—except for the *Friends* sound track—since then. And, luckily, *Lady Samantha* caused a lot of attention and more or less convinced Dick that we were right—or that Steve was right. *Lady Samantha*, I pick that as my first record as Elton John.

**PLAYBOY:** When did things really start rolling for you?

**JOHN:** It took a bit of time. I wasn't doing gigs. I hadn't got a band together. In fact, when *Lady Samantha* came out, it was a turntable hit, not a real financial success. And then *It's Me That You Need* came out, followed by *Empty Sky*, and they got good reviews but didn't sell. I also made another single called *Rock 'n' Roll Madonna*, which was a bit of a disaster.

Finally, we came up with the idea for the *Elton John* album, but Steve didn't want to produce me anymore—he thought I should have a proper producer—so we phoned Gus Dudgeon and an orchestral arranger named Paul Buckmaster. They helped us plan the *Elton John* album and the *Tumbleweed* album as well. Dick spent 6000 pounds on *Elton John*. That was just unheard of in those days—really seemed a gamble.

Basically, the *Elton John* album was done live—playing with the orchestra. Just the vocals were overdubbed. I was shitting. There I was, with all these string players who could really read music, and I thought, If I make a mistake. . . . It was a real nightmare week, but it all worked out. When the album came out, it got incredible reviews in England.

**PLAYBOY:** By that time, you and Bernie had obviously created your unique working relationship. Was your collaboration really as separate as we've heard?

**JOHN:** Oh, yes. Even back then, when we lived together, he'd give me lyrics and I'd go into the next room and play. I could never do my songs with him in the room. I'd be embarrassed. He's never sat down on the piano stool next to me and said, "Well, I don't like this or that." Sometimes he'd say, "Well, that came out different than I imagined it." He's been constantly surprised at how songs turn out. But I just leave the lyrics to him.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you grown apart as friends since those early days?

**JOHN:** We sometimes saw too much of each other back then, but now I don't see him as much as I'd like. It's really boring for him to come on tour, because he's standing backstage at night, picking his nose. He comes on a couple of weeks of tours, but the recording sessions bore him. He's a lazy little bastard!

**PLAYBOY:** He hasn't become a recluse, has he?

**JOHN:** If you call staggering out of someplace at six-thirty in the morning with a bottle of wine a recluse. No, he's quite busy. He's got a book coming out, he's producing the Hudson Brothers—but he's very loyal and an integral part of the group. I could never find anyone who could take his place.

**PLAYBOY:** So it was the *Elton John* album that began to make you and Bernie rich?

**JOHN:** No, even after those reviews, it just didn't—It sold about 4000 and never appeared on the charts. And we had to sit down and say, *Why?* We came to the conclusion that I would have to go out on the road with a band and promote the record—which I'd fought against tooth and nail for a long time. And I suddenly just decided that was the only answer. Otherwise, the records were never going to sell.

So I got Dee Murray and Nigel Olsson together, and we started doing gigs, and the records finally began to pick up. But even so, they still didn't really sell in England until I'd made it in America. The turning point was my gig at the Troubadour in Los Angeles.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the gig at the Troubadour come about?

**JOHN:** The *Elton John* album was receiving a lot of attention on American radio, and I'd just been signed in America by MCA, so they told me it would be good to play the Troubadour.

At one point, the idea had been for me to play the Troubadour with Jeff Beck; I'd met him in London and got along with him fantastically well. But Jeff's manager stepped in and said that because he was already so big in the States, I'd get ten percent and Jeff would get 90. He was telling my manager, Dick, that Jeff gets \$10,000 a night in some places—and it'd take Elton six years to build up to that. So I'm sitting there, wanting, thinking, \$10,000 a night, wow! And I hear Dick saying, "Listen, I guarantee you this boy will be earning that much in six months!" And I say to myself, Dick, what a dippy old fart you are! You'd be picked immediately in a Cunt-of-the-Month competition! What a schmuck. . . .

So the Jeff Beck thing fell through and I was sulking. But I ended up going to the Troubadour anyway—Dick paid half, MCA paid half and we came over. It was very exciting. We were met with a banner that said, ELTON JOHN HAS ARRIVED. So we played the Troubadour, but it only happened because of all that rubbish.

**PLAYBOY:** And your Troubadour perform-

ance started the whole Elton John phenomenon in the States?

**JOHN:** Well, I honestly can't remember a thing about that first week in America. All I can remember is that they have artificial turf on the top of the Continental Hyatt House. And I went to Disneyland. But I was suspicious of all the excitement in L.A. Maybe people were just coming to see me because of a glowing review in the *Los Angeles Times* by Robert Hilburn. But we played a couple of other places, like the Electric Factory in Philadelphia, where the house was packed.

We went back to England for a month, where we did the sound track for *Friends* and the *Madman Across the Water* album, and then returned to the States for another tour. And what do you know? In six months I was earning \$10,000 a night! I was really furious, because Dick had been right. Now we sometimes earn \$20,000 a night.

**PLAYBOY:** That means kids are putting out seven-fifty or eight-fifty a ticket to hear three hours of music. Do you think that's a fair price?

**JOHN:** We had an eight-fifty top on our last tour. I think it was the highest price we've ever charged. If kids want to see you, they'll pay anything—but I'm very anti putting the price beyond eight-fifty. I think charging \$15 for a ticket is absolutely monstrous. To see a Sinatra, to see a Piaf if she were still alive, to see a Dietrich, yes, I would say charge what you like, because you're only going to see these people once in a lifetime. Or you're The Rolling Stones and you tour once every two or three years, you can charge ten dollars and up. That's pretty fair. But for people who are on the road constantly like me . . . if I started putting my prices up to \$12.50, which I could probably ask for, I wouldn't feel very pleased about myself.

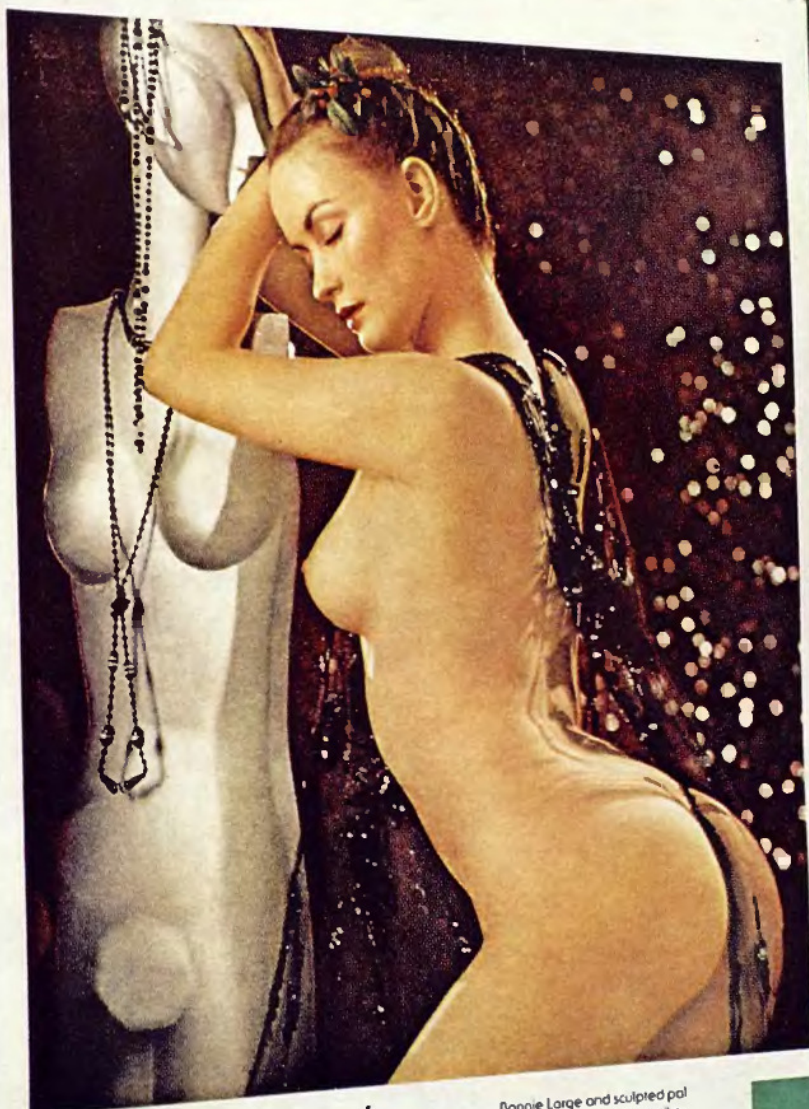
**PLAYBOY:** You have to wonder where all that money goes—or who gets most of it.

**JOHN:** Who knows?

**PLAYBOY:** It's just hard for those of us outside the music business to understand how the Beatles, say, generated all that money and managed to piss most of it away.

**JOHN:** In the case of the Beatles, nobody had ever earned that kind of money before. It was all new. And, of course, when big money is around, everyone's going to leap on you. It wasn't Brian Epstein's fault; he made mistakes, not because he was a bad manager but because it was a difficult position to be in. And everyone has learned from that since. The Beatles and the Stones were examples of how not to do your business deals. Ringo and John laugh about it now. They say that they had three people working at Apple just to handle travel arrangements. I'm really lucky, because I've got a good manager. I don't want to know anything





**JANUARY 1976**

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24
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Donnie Large and sculpted pal  
A new year's pose here strike—  
We may not know from art deco—  
But we know what we like.

december							february						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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about the business side. I'm not interested. I know that I've got X amount more money than I know what to do with—although the British government will find something to do with it. Still, I could never spend all I have and I can't take it with me when I die.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever wonder if you're really worth all the money that's spent on you?

**JOHN:** I don't force people to go out and buy my records. After all, it was quite a steady slog to the top, and I've paid ridiculous amounts of taxes. So I don't feel guilty about having a house, because I'm supporting half the government with my money. They take over 80 percent of what I make.

**PLAYBOY:** Where does most of your money come from?

**JOHN:** Record sales are the most lucrative things. Touring—you get figures bandied about and you laugh at them. People say, "Oh, he just did a \$9,000,000 tour"—but for a start, the expenses are absolutely ludicrous. If I do a tour that grosses \$5,500,000—which is more accurate than the \$9,000,000 you keep hearing about—by the time we pay the agent and everything, I'm lucky to come out with \$800,000.

I don't tour to make money. I enjoy touring. I really do like it, but record sales are what really bring in the money. Songwriting is all right, it pays the rent, but it's not even a tenth as lucrative as the records—if you've got a good recording contract, that is.

**PLAYBOY:** And if your records become hits.

**JOHN:** You can never predict what is going to be a hit. Like, Bobby Vinton had a number-one single recently—the worst single I ever heard in my life. I couldn't believe it, nobody could believe it. Of course, hit singles depend on the AM play lists. But singles are a dying art. They've put the price up to \$1.29 now, which is ludicrous, and since then, single sales have been disastrous.

**PLAYBOY:** If the singles market is shrinking, why bother with them?

**JOHN:** Singles are a necessity to have hit albums. If you have a single that goes up the charts and gets to number one or something, and you have an album out at the same time with the single on it, the album will go right up as well.

**PLAYBOY:** But of course they have to be commercial singles.

**JOHN:** I don't consider myself commercial, really. As far as singles go, I've just been incredibly lucky. You know, they even flip over the singles and give the B sides air play. I don't know. It baffles me.

**PLAYBOY:** You're quite a collector of singles yourself, aren't you?

**JOHN:** I own 25,000 singles—and I don't know how many albums I've got. I go

through *Cashbox*, *Record World* and *Billboard* and write down all the records I want. I put them in alphabetical order and then just go to a record store. If it's New York, it's Colony. I'm crazy. I buy a set of records for here and a set of records for England. If I buy a single, I buy four—one for my collection, one for the jukebox here and the same in England. If I buy tapes, I buy two of everything, too, two cassettes and two eight-tracks. I keep Tower Records alive. I mean, when I first saw Tower Records, I died. I didn't know where to start. Now I know it back and front. In fact, people come up to me and ask me—I'm always in there, sort of browsing around—they ask, "Do you work here? I'm looking for The Temptations." And I say, "Step around this way. . . ." They even open up the store for me at eight o'clock in the morning, so I can browse around in peace and comfort. I refuse to take free albums. I always buy them.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you collect classical music, too—other things besides rock?

**JOHN:** Always. And spoken-word records and nostalgia records—everything. The only thing I don't really have a good collection of is sheer country-and-western music or straight, square-type singers. You must understand that if it all ended tomorrow, the job I would most plug for would be to work in a record shop—work at Tower Records or open my own shop.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your record "habit" explain why you occasionally show up unexpectedly at radio stations to do stunts as a disc jockey?

**JOHN:** Yes, I love it. I just like watching records go round. They fascinate me.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the recording process itself? Do you enjoy that as well?

**JOHN:** A recording session is like an examination in school. You go in there without knowing what the results are going to be. So I enjoy that—sitting back and listening to it when it's all done. That's exciting. And it's exciting when I have a record out: I'm always on the phone. "How's it doing?" I'm always paranoid; even now, I worry about reviews and about how it's going to be accepted.

**PLAYBOY:** And how about live performances?

**JOHN:** There's *nothing* like actually getting on stage. It's the biggest buzz of all for me. It's like two hours of, I don't know, it's like fucking for two hours and then suddenly finding out there's nothing you can do after that. It's so emotional and so physical you don't want to do anything else. It's the only point in this business that gives you an adrenaline rush.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that the sort of rush *Rolling Stone* wrote about when it reported that you broke down and cried during a

concert in New York with John Lennon? The reporter suggested it was because your mother was at the show.

**JOHN:** That was ridiculous. I was so knocked out by Lennon—everyone was just standing there in amazement. I was halfway through *Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me*—which I always do with my eyes closed—and suddenly there were all these lighted matches in the audience. Usually they do that at the end, when you come back for an encore, but this time it was right in the middle of the song. And I just started to cry. As far as getting emotional over my mother—oh, bullshit! The rush I felt came from the audience—and from Lennon, who really stole the show. It was magic.

**PLAYBOY:** It's still hard for most of us to think of Lennon separately from the Beatles. They were very important to a lot of us. And they still must be, considering how big your version of *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* was last winter. Were you surprised, especially since it wasn't very different from their version?

**JOHN:** It didn't surprise me in England, but it surprised me over here. *Sergeant Pepper* is a revered album in England—it's *the* most acclaimed album ever released. It's like the Bible. So all the kids knew it, anyway—even the very young kids that I attract to concerts. They all knew it. But over here, it was a different ball game. People went nuts when I did *Lucy* from that album. Some kids hadn't even heard it. And that really floored me. I thought, Oh, my God, there's a new generation coming up somewhere! I told Ringo about it and he said, "It's true. People come up to me and say, 'Hi, you're Ringo Starr and you made the *No No Song* and *Oh My My* and things like that. They don't say, 'Oh, you were one of the Beatles.'"

**PLAYBOY:** Did he say how he felt about that?

**JOHN:** He didn't mind at all. He wasn't upset about it. It's just very strange—we're getting old and there's a whole new generation beginning to loom up.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think the rumors about a Beatles reunion keep turning up? Why do people seem to need or want that to happen?

**JOHN:** Well, it's like gossip. I mean, people are always wanting Elizabeth Taylor to go back to Richard Burton. And every so often she does it. The only thing good about getting the Beatles back together would be to watch how Lennon and McCartney write songs and how the four would get on. It's an absolutely impossible situation; there's no way they will. If somehow it *did* happen, there's no way of telling—it could be a disaster or it could be great. I don't think anyone

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has come along since the Beatles to match their popularity, or their achievement, when you think of the songs that they wrote in that space of time that have become more or less standards.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of their work since they split?

**JOHN:** I love Lennon's work all along the line—except I didn't like *Sometime in New York City* very much. It had a couple of nice things. I liked *Woman Is the Nigger of the World*. I'm basically a fan of John's writing more than I am of Paul's—although I did like a couple of Paul's albums. I think he took a lot of criticism because people were expecting him above all others to be the brilliant one. He was the cute one and he was always the one who wrote the Beatles' classic songs, like *Yesterday*.

**PLAYBOY:** What about George and Ringo?

**JOHN:** I was really pleased with George when *All Things Must Pass* came out. I thought, Great. Here's a guy that's come out of left field, his writing had just matured on the *Abbey Road* album. That album I thought was brilliant, but since then, he's disappointed me a bit. And Ringo . . . well, all Ringo wants to do—by his own admission—is make hit singles. And he does that very well.

**PLAYBOY:** The Beatles represented one sort of influence—but what about The Rolling Stones?

**JOHN:** Well, the Stones were the original rebels. They were the first people who pissed in a petrol-pump station. When people first saw them, they said, "My daughter's never going to one of *their* shows." But to see them is an event, an incredible event. They probably outdraw anybody. Everyone saying, "Did you see the Stones?" or "You *didn't* see the Stones?" Now it's rather macabre: "Should we see them 'cause they might not be around next year?"

**PLAYBOY:** More recently, people like David Bowie—or even Led Zeppelin, when they showed up at an L.A. party in drag—have outdone the Stones in kinkiness and in projecting an androgynous image. How do you react to that? In fact, do you get off on the bisexuality scene?

**JOHN:** Ah, I sort of got pneumonia sitting out in this theater last night. So fucking cold. . . . And, um, I played tennis on the court the other night. It was so foggy I couldn't see the other players.

**PLAYBOY:** Our question had to do with your feelings about the bisexual-chic trend.

**JOHN:** I really don't know what to say about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, do you think it's more of a commercial act than a way of really turning audiences on to different kinds of sexuality?

**JOHN:** You hit the nail right on the head. Very few people can carry it off, at least

enough to impress me. Very few people can enter a room and make *me* gasp.

**PLAYBOY:** Who *can*?

**JOHN:** Oh, my God. Jagger, Sinatra, Elvis, probably. Also people like Noel Coward, Edith Piaf and Katharine Hepburn. They could do it to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Anyone else?

**JOHN:** Dietrich. Uh, Mae West. No, maybe not. She's been seen at too many functions recently. Judy Garland had it. That was an awful mystique she had. She just wanted to destroy herself. Like when they booted when she was bad. Then when she was dead, everyone said, "Isn't it a shame?" It can get to you, if people don't like you and you take it to heart. I'm sure that's what happened to Garland.

**PLAYBOY:** You've mentioned a lot of women. How do you like working with them?

**JOHN:** They're far more vulnerable to attack than men. They're more sensitive.

**PLAYBOY:** How so?

**JOHN:** Well, if I took notice of all the bad things that were said about me, I'd be in a loony bin by now. If somebody has written something shitty about me in the past, I don't rush up to them and say, "You cunt!" I just shrug it off. It's not so easy for a woman. Female entertainers are the most indecisive creatures in the world. They're all paranoid. You gotta understand where the ladies' heads are at. You have to push them all the way. Kiki Dee's one of them. She's got one of the greatest voices of all time, but when I produced her, I had to be really hard on her. She was in tears. After four hours in the studio of her trying to sing *I've Got the Music in Me*, I streaked. Bette Midler is exactly the same. She's always asking, "What should I record? Who should I record? Why don't you produce me?" And she's always down in the dumps. Seems most ladies are like that. I haven't met one female singer who's really on the ball. I do have a feeling Joni Mitchell might be different. Still, I prefer working in the studio with them, because it's such a challenge.

**PLAYBOY:** How do men react under the same pressures?

**JOHN:** A male is usually very arrogant and he knows what he wants, right or wrong. He just steams ahead. Men are straightforward. For a man, admitting you're wrong or that you don't know what to do is a weakness.

**PLAYBOY:** But isn't the heavy drug use among rock musicians their way of giving in to the same sort of pressures? Otherwise, what's the appeal of heroin to someone like Johnny Winter or Eric Clapton, people who are successful, loved, talented and rich?

**JOHN:** It's just something new to try. Everyone's always looking for something

new. Especially in America. The kids have done everything, sexually, drug-wise—anything to do physically with their bodies—by the time they're 18. A lot of kids I've known say, "Well, I've done every sort of dope, I've been to bed with chicks, I've been to bed with guys—what am I going to do now?"

**PLAYBOY:** Have you gotten into the drug scene yourself?

**JOHN:** I've got a completely split personality. One minute I'm up and then I just change like the wind. I'm just completely unpredictable. I'd like to take LSD to find out what it's like, but . . . it's like going into the unknown with a paranoid attitude. One half of me would love to do it, but the other half owns up to the fact that it might be a bit of a disaster.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think of yourself as a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality?

**JOHN:** Yeah, and if I took LSD, the wrong me might win. Anyway, I'm not interested in finding out about my deeper consciousness or my inner soul. I'm quite happy being what I am.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever had an unpleasant drug experience?

**JOHN:** I've had loads of unpleasant *drinking* experiences. Drinking's just as much of a drug as anything else—it's a depressant.

**PLAYBOY:** How heavily into drinking are you?

**JOHN:** Well, I've given it up for the last two weeks. When I'm making an album at Caribou, I drink a lot of wine. And I started drinking 100-proof liquor and getting really out of it—for no reason whatsoever. It was a habit. I'd get up feeling all grumpy and go through spasms of drinking. When you work supper clubs, you drink gallons, usually to be social. I used to obliterate myself. I put on so much weight and there was whiskey floating all around my body.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still have a problem with your weight?

**JOHN:** Yeah, I fluctuate. But I'll never be really skinny, because I have a big frame. I do like garbage food, I must admit. If I could have anything in the world changed, I would want to be able to eat just as much as I want without gaining weight. I'd love to be like Mick Jagger, all lithe and slim, and come out looking great. But I'm never going to be like that, so—let's have a laugh.

**PLAYBOY:** When you're not having a laugh, do you get depressed?

**JOHN:** I sometimes get depressed for no reason whatever, just stay in bed and get really miserable. Usually, they're one-day jobs, just out of the blue. It's quite frustrating. I just say, "Oh, Christ, let's get on to tomorrow."

**PLAYBOY:** How do you deal with those depressions?

**JOHN:** Take a Valium and go to sleep. Or



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talk to someone on the phone who will make me laugh.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you done the psychoanalyst trip?

**JOHN:** No. If you can't solve your own problems, then you're in a bum way.

**PLAYBOY:** But, like everyone else, you must have fears—of rejection, of failure.

**JOHN:** Sure. I think how, suddenly, overnight, my records could stop selling. In this business, nothing's for certain. I'm constantly saying, "This is ridiculous. It can't go on forever." But really, I'm quite ready for the time when record sales level off or decrease, and I know that around the corner the next biggest "someone" is lurking. That's what it's all about. I've really only been on the top for five years.

**PLAYBOY:** How does competition—the prospect of a new superstar around the corner—affect you?

**JOHN:** I thrive on it. I like the struggle to stay at the top. It's what keeps me going. I don't begrudge anybody else his success; you have to pay attention to what others are doing, keep listening to what's happening in order to grow. For example, Stevie Wonder can eat me for breakfast as far as musicianship goes, but that doesn't make me angry or jealous or uptight. I'd give anything to have his talent, but I'm not paranoid about it. Perhaps one day I'll be able to write as good as he does.

I'll admit when I wasn't making it. I was a little naïve and a little jealous. When I first played the States, I played second or third on the bill to other people. My attitude was a nasty one—like, "I'm going to go on stage and make it really hard for you to follow!"

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever faced a hostile audience and been thrown off the stage?

**JOHN:** No, I've been pretty lucky. I never really played a hostile audience—even in England. It is much harder to get an audience on your side there. They are more laid back and critical than an American audience. An American audience will just let itself go, no holds barred—which I love about American people. They just steam into it, and if they don't like it, they'll tell you. In England, they just sit there and clap politely.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your reaction to other countries you've played in?

**JOHN:** I'm not keen on Italy. Germany is very cold. I think Scandinavia is the nicest place to play.

**PLAYBOY:** Why Scandinavia?

**JOHN:** 'Cause they're clean. I'd never tour a hot-blooded country, like Spain or Portugal. You can't get a straight answer from anybody there. I've never played live in France. They couldn't organize a piss-up in a brewery! I've had nothing but bad experiences in France. I've had to do three taping sessions there and they've

all been disasters. The French are chic but too arrogant and offhanded.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Japan?

**JOHN:** It's strange, because they're calm and receptive after each number. Then all of a sudden, they'll storm the stage. We had a riot in Osaka. But we just carried on playing with about 150 Japanese fans right up there onstage with us. Very strange, crazy people, very polite. I could never understand why they went to war, because they always bow. I quite like Japan; the only thing is, nobody talks English.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your own country? How do you feel about what's happening in England?

**JOHN:** It's falling apart. The English never take anything seriously. You could say there's an atom bomb falling in ten minutes and no one would take a blind bit of notice. We're a very apathetic race who weather every storm. We have no statesmen to lead us out of the quagmire. Inflation there is incurable and the politicians are useless.

**PLAYBOY:** How are things different, politically, in the States?

**JOHN:** There's a note of honesty creeping into American life after the whole Watergate thing. I'm really pleased that whole thing came to light through just a newspaper, really. Now, if they could only unravel the truth about the Kennedy assassinations. I try not to think much about U. S. politics, because all those powers and powers behind the powers frighten me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do so many British performers come to America? What's the great appeal?

**JOHN:** It's everybody's dream to make it big in America. I suppose because of Elvis Presley and all that great early rock 'n' roll. When I first came to America to play the Troubadour, all I wanted to do was go to a record store. But the great Americana is the lure—the motels, the Holiday Inns. People in England just get excited about that. Basically, I think, for a musician America is where it is at. For example, when my first album came out, I used to help out at a record store in England. And even though the album was issued in England, people would go and buy the American copy, because they really believed it would be better. Me included. I would always say, "I have an American copy." And Americans *must* have an English version because it sounds better. All of which is absolutely rubbish.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the appeal of early American rock in England?

**JOHN:** Well, we were ready for it in England. Up until that point, the songs we heard there were very prim and proper. Then we got things like *All Shook Up*, which, lyrically, were far and away different from Guy Mitchell doing *Singing the Blues*. All of a sudden you had Bill Haley

singing *Rock Around the Clock*, Little Richard screaming on *Tutti Frutti*—lyrically it was a whole new ball game. It was wide open; something just exploded.

Before that, there was nothing for kids to identify with, especially in England. And all of a sudden there was a different breed, a different look, a different style of singing—and the guitar became the instrument. The time was just right. Same as the time was right when the Beatles came along. It seems things tend to work in 15-year cycles, so I suppose we are due for something else now.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any sense of what—or who—it might be? Could it be *you*?

**JOHN:** No, no, I am not trying to do it. Nobody knows what it's going to be, or even if it will ever come along. That's the thing I find fascinating about the music industry—that nobody can ever predict what's going to happen. No one can predict a gold album or a gold single, unless it's a Led Zeppelin or a me. The unpredictability of it all is quite exciting. I like it. I'd like someone to come along, steaming from out of left field, and make a fortune, make it big. It would give the industry a shot in the arm. It's a bit predictable at the moment, with the big names still churning out the records, but I think the time is right for *somebody* new.

**PLAYBOY:** What are the chances of your settling down, having a family?

**JOHN:** I eventually would like to have a family, but I've seen so many marriages hit the rocks. How can you have a kid and be gone for six months a year? I had such a horrible childhood I'd want it to be more pleasant for my kids.

But I can't really see myself settling down till I'm about 33. There's a lot of my life left. If I settle down, I'd have to slow down, too. I'm at the top of the heap, I'm really enjoying what I'm doing. But I won't be doing *Crocodile Rock* in six years' time. I don't want to become a pathetic rock-'n'-roller and take a slow climb down, like a lot of people do. I don't want to be Chuck Berry. When I'm 40, I don't want to be charging around the countryside doing concerts. I'd rather retire gracefully—get out when people least expect it—and live semidetached in England, become part of something else.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**JOHN:** My real ambition in life is to make enough money to retire and become chairman of my favorite soccer team, the Watford Football Club. It would be like returning to the pub, in a way, mixing once again with the people I grew up with.

**PLAYBOY:** In reflecting back over the fantastic, fast-paced life you've led so far, do you have any major regrets?

**JOHN:** Yes. On my *Madman Across the Water* album, I wish I'd done more vocals—'cause I hate them.





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## THE GLACIERS ARE COMING! THE GLACIERS ARE COMING!

*it's the new ice age. the last one was a killer and this one may be even better*

*article* **By ROBERT ARDREY** IT IS FAIRLY COMMON KNOWLEDGE that since about 1960, the world's climate has been deteriorating. It is also commonly known that throughout history, weather has moved in cycles. Some can be short, such as the 11-year cycle of sunspots; some, for unexplained reasons, can last for a century or two. The Danes fell victim to such a long cycle about 1250 A. D. The previous centuries had been so mild that the Danes had established their colonies even in Greenland—then aptly named—and pressed on with their explorations of America. But then came the switch. Pack ice pushed down from the arctic to deny further navigation and Greenland could no longer be reached. Western exploration was abandoned.

We have had no such cycle of cold since the Industrial Revolution and the beginnings of the present population explosion. What would happen today if we faced a century or two of deep winters, late springs, early frosts,





floods and droughts? Such cycles do occur with moderate regularity every few centuries.

On January 26, 1972, a group of scientists representing many nations and many fields of study met at Brown University, in Rhode Island. The report of the meeting was drawn up by two world authorities on climate, George Kukla and R. K. Matthews, and was published inconspicuously in *Science* later in the year. The subject was a chilling one, indeed: When and how will the present interglacial end? If the authors of the Brown report are correct, the weather reversals we are currently experiencing may not be the results of a mere cycle: We may be approaching the end of our interglacial, and the end may well be abrupt.

In January 1972, a significant bit of evidence appeared on Baffin Island, Canada's enormous arctic island. For 30 or 40 years, Baffin Island had been free of snow in summer. Now it was permanently snow-covered. And photographs taken by weather satellites the very winter when the scientists were meeting revealed that it would be the worst in recent history. Permanent snow cover and ice pack increased by 12 percent and failed to melt away with the summer.

According to one authority, in the past half million years, we have experienced climates comparable to our own only ten percent of the time. I have seen other estimates as low as five percent. We know that the only time there occurred a period a shade warmer than the present was about 120,000 years ago. In Hawaii, on the island of Oahu, there are coral beaches seven meters higher than present sea level. The volume of past glaciers is therefore quite easily calculated in terms of water subtracted from the sea, while dates are today reliably calculated by means of a variety of radiogenic scales reflecting the regular decay of unstable isotopes. Thus, we can determine the depth of the ice in the American Midwest 20,000 years ago. And we know, because the sea then stood higher than now, that about 120,000 years ago, less water than today was captured by the icecaps of Greenland and Antarctica. We know from coral beaches at Barbados that this warm period lasted for probably no more than 5000 years. Our own interglacial reached what is known as the Climatic Optimum about 4000 B.C. Ever since, it has been slowly deteriorating. Benevolent climate has been most unusual in the past half million years.

Those of us who have made a study of the ice age have recognized that the age of the glaciers is not over. Civilized man is as much a child of the ice age as was Neanderthal. We happen to inhabit a more gracious period. Even so, we who have assumed interglacial status have also comfortably assumed that glaciations come and go at a very slow rate and that what will happen to us in a few thousand years

need not press too sharply on our nerve ends today. The Brown report ruined that assumption. The Camp Century ice core bored in the Greenland cap showed that 90,000 years ago, within one century, there was a drop in temperature that, if encountered today, would wipe out all the food-growing regions of temperate climates, north or south. The kill would include all of Canada, most of the American Mississippi Valley, virtually all of the Soviet Union, a fair part of China and the wheat-growing regions of Australia.

One may say, "Well, that was 90,000 years ago." But like the bugles blown to announce the entrance of the king, that was the moment announcing the arrival of the Würm glaciation. We should all have studied more carefully the hasty, documented exit of the last glaciation to learn how rapidly the next one could accumulate. The Brown conference revealed that there never has been an interglacial resembling our own that has lasted for more than 10,000 years. Ours has lasted 10,000. The famous victory of warm over cold, about 120,000 years ago, lasted only 5000. According to the Barbados record, in another 5000 years or so, sea levels had dropped tens of meters, to give one a rough idea of how rapidly ice was accumulating on the continents. About the same time, cold subarctic waters in the North Atlantic extended as far south as northern Florida and warmth-loving plankton species vanished from the Gulf of Mexico. Around Prague and Brno in Czechoslovakia, broadleaf forests were replaced by grasslands, the grasslands by dust, torrents and badlands. In Greece, the interglacial forest was replaced by grasslands, in England, the Netherlands and Denmark by tundra, all within a few centuries.

The general conclusion at Brown was that if we eventually had to face the worst, then the worst would be a long time coming. Optimistically, the end of our interglacial might be 2000 years away. By that time, we probably should have submitted ourselves to nuclear annihilation, exhausted our natural resources, so poisoned our environment that life became untenable, so overcrowded it that life became unendurable. A mere ice sheet could represent nothing but novelty to doomsday philosophies and lend, in truth, a certain spice to our less glorious meditations. But what if the crisis came sooner rather than later? Nothing in the Brown evidence indicated that the change would necessarily be gradual. The ice core in Greenland indicated what could happen in 100 years; the rapid retreat of the last ice sheet demonstrated quite simply that nature is in charge. What could happen in 2000 years could happen tomorrow.

The Brown meeting received little attention, perhaps because its report on the movements of the armadillo fascinated the popular press while turning off responsible authorities. A Nebraska special-

ist reported that the warmth-loving beast had moved from Mexico into the American Midwest by mid-century and was now heading back Mexico way. For the press, it was good fun. For the student of the ice age, the migration was perturbing. All warmth-loving species had started heading south soon after the Climatic Optimum, 6000 years ago.

Before all the present consternation about climate began, I had been disturbed about the Soviet Union's virgin-lands scheme. For a variety of reasons, agriculture has been the most spectacular failure in the Russian utopian dream. Half of the Soviet population could feed the other half only in good years. (During the year following the disastrous winter of the Brown meeting, the cagey Russians bought the Americans out of wheat and home.) Much earlier, however, when the shrewd peasant Khrushchev became number one, he had inaugurated the daring scheme of converting thousands of square miles of Siberian lands to grain fields. Admittedly, the land was marginal. But the experience of the previous half century gave the Soviet Union every reason to suppose that in any ten-year cycle it would get two crop failures, two fair years and six bumper crops. The virgin-lands scheme, into which the Soviet Union poured incalculable resources, could not have encountered worse timing. It matured in about 1960 to witness crop failures in 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965 and 1966. When that bold and amiable despot suddenly became an unperson in 1964, he was a victim as much of climate as of conspiracy.

Reid Bryson, director of the Institute for Environmental Studies at the University of Wisconsin, has written that the half century preceding 1960 has had no equal or near equal, in terms of benevolence, in 1000 years. Even the armadillo got tricked into going north. Understandably, the Russians presumed that the next half century would resemble the last, and so embarked on their vast scheme. Not even the Danes in their time of exploration had weather as warm as ours. Nor, back in 1250 A.D., when the crash came, was there a global problem of feeding three and a half billion people.

One of Bryson's contributions has been the demonstration of what a small change in average annual temperature can do to a crop. In Iceland, a drop of one degree centigrade (1.8 degrees Fahrenheit) shortens the growing season by two weeks. But that is not the full extent of the damage, since the cooler growing days promote less growth. The actual crop damage is 27 percent. This is approximately what has happened since 1960. Compensations can be arranged: More land can be cultivated, more fertilizer applied, hardier crops planted. But let the average temperature drop by 2.4 degrees centigrade and the damage will be doubled to 54 percent.

(continued on page 80)



Don Madden

*"Merry Christmas, darling. I've had a vasectomy!"*

# WHAT, ME WORRY?

how do you make it through the night? here's what some prominent people do when they feel really bummed out

symposium

COMPILED BY ROBERT KERWIN



Jack Nicholson Actor

I try not to pick up the newspaper much.

John Maher  
President of Delancey Street

There's only one thing in America you can lean on, and that's to fight the bastards.

I think a lot of good will come out of the Seventies. It's good that Americans have been shocked, because, hopefully, we'll realize that it's time to fight. Our time for going to Las Vegas and playing house and pulling on our fucking peckers—you know, thinking that everything is cute and fun—well, that's all gone, it's all over.

What I lean my hopes on is that this setback will give the middle class a good smack in the face—like you give a hysteric. Not kill him but bring him back down to earth and let him say, "Whoa, wait a minute, what the fuck is going on here?"



Joan Baez Folk Singer

What do I do for an outlet? What do I do to get the frustrations out? First I send my angry telegrams off to the President or whoever and try to make them slightly humorous. But for me to feel better, I go dancing—whatever kind of dancing is current and available—mostly rock 'n' roll. I go to a *discothèque*, where the music is really loud and non-stop, and the lights are low and you can dance. I dance by myself or with anybody who's willing to dance with me, and I'll dance and dance until dawn.



Stan Kenton Bandleader

I don't ever get the blues. I don't know why—maybe I'm dumb. Things aren't so bad. I realize that America is not the same as it was some years ago, but it'll get back on the track. I was proud of President Ford when he sent in the Marines to get back the Mayaguez, and I can just imagine when he called the Chiefs of Staff and said, "Go get that ship and get the crew out of there." I can imagine the Chiefs of Staff said, "Yes, sir!" And they went out and got 'em! And the President said, "Do a few retaliatory things," and they blew up about eight ships. Now, that's more like my America. Thank God.

Rod Steiger Actor

I'm lucky. I can always escape into a fictitious life of another character. What I actually do is hope I can get a good game of tennis. I'm also lucky because I live on the beach, and sometimes when you're gloomy, you can just stand out in front of your house and give a long, loud scream toward the ocean, and you feel a hell of a lot better.



Norman Lear  
TV Producer ("All in the Family," et al.)

Heavy question. I don't think I could look forward to tomorrows in which I didn't believe. Things don't get me down a lot, because I'm the twin who finds a pony in the shit there someplace.



**Charles O. Finley**  
*Owner, Oakland A's*

That's a question no one can answer without giving it some thought. I can't answer a question like that right now. Why don't you write your question, and then I can answer it intelligently? I don't want any of that other garbage. Write your question and I'll send you an answer.

**Lawrence Welk** *Bandleader*

Ha-ha, well, I have my own way of doing things. I don't necessarily follow the *PLAYBOY* magazine, because I'm afraid to look at it.

Basically, I think we have become a permissive society, out of balance many ways, and I think that the worst thing that we have done is that we have belittled God's laws.

When things weigh heavily on my mind, we do everything we can. The most wonderful thing that has happened to us is that we've managed to keep our mother-and-father audience, the family audience. And today, more young folks are coming over to us than ever before. I saw the thing coming on and I still see it coming on. I'm a great believer in the old-fashioned principles, and they're what I stick by in hard times like these.



**Rodney Dangerfield**  
*Comedian*

How do I make it through? Well, put it down like this: Sometimes I don't make it through, because for me life isn't easy. To me, life is just a bowl of pits.

How can I be happy? The other night, I thought to myself about my life: From this point on, if I take excellent care of myself, I'll get very sick and die.



**Dr. Paul Ehrlich**  
*Biologist, Author of 'The Population Bomb'*

I am extremely depressed about the way things are going in the country, particularly the unchanging stupidity of our leadership. The same old people who got us into the Vietnam mess—people like Ford and Kissinger and Rostow—are still being looked to as people whose opinions should be valued and who seem in theory to know where the country ought to go. I'm also depressed by the total lack of grasp of what our ecological problems are all about, what the energy problem is all about, and so forth.

Though I find it all depressing, I don't think I've lost my sense of humor, and I find that drinking helps. Drinking and my sense of humor are my crutches today. I drink a lot of wine, and that's very ecological: You keep your internal environment in good shape while the external goes gradually down the drain.



**Irving "Swiftly" Lazar**  
*Literary Agent for Richard Nixon, Among Others*

When I'm depressed, I just go to the bank and count my money. I find that nothing pisses me off so much as anybody who has a loaf of bread under his arm and is on his way to the Bank of America, crying.



**F. Lee Bailey** *Attorney*

Frankly, the nights aren't pleasant. There are just too many damn pieces of trouble floating around. What I do is go out to a night club, have about three more Scotches than I ordinarily schedule and listen to a singer who turns me on. That's one cop-out. Another is to light a fire in the indoor swimming pool and just float around as if the external world were going to go away. Another great escape from all this gloom is to get a client in the Bahamas: quiet, beautiful, white sand, no people. Get down there and sit in the sun for a couple of days and you almost feel like new.

The other thing is to keep punching.



**Liberace** *Entertainer*

I'm depressed easily by bad news, so I try to avoid it. I don't live in a make-believe world or anything—I'm aware of what's going on, but I don't dwell on it. When things are dismal, I work harder. These are supposed to be difficult times, right? According to what everyone says, if you read newspapers and watch the newscasts. But I've had so far my greatest year, attendance-wise, box-office-wise.



**Lily Tomlin** *Entertainer*

I consult very young children for advice.



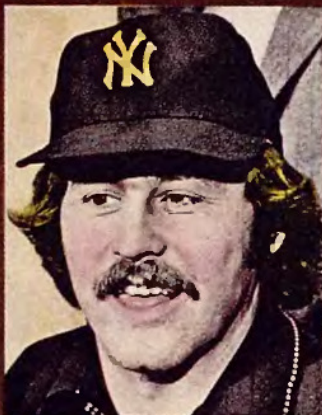
**Robert Mitchum** *Actor*

I remember the Thirties. From there on, you got it made.



**Jim "Catfish" Hunter**  
*Pitcher, New York Yankees*

I don't feel like answering, but I'll answer anyway. I'm not depressed at all. Nope, I'm not depressed at all. I keep up my spirits by meeting new people all the time. I think it's meeting new people that keeps me going. That and traveling. I like everything fine. I'm doing all right. Yes, sir.



**Telly Savalas Actor**

Well, you just opened up a fuckin' can of beans there. It's an open-ended question. Suffice to say that nobody's perfect; but you show me a country that's better. I've traveled the world, and let me tell you, baby, we're riding the crest of the wave.

When I'm depressed, I do the opposite of getting away from what's bothering me. I face it head on. If it means retreating in order to be pensive and thoughtful, all right. I'll do that. But I certainly won't run away. Head on, baby—the only way I know.

**Bill Graham**  
*Rock Entrepreneur*

My crutch has always been success. I always go back to it. And in our American way of life, success means becoming number one. Success: adulation, power, money, whatever it is, I gained it. People whispering, Hey, that's Bill Graham!

The newspaper isn't a newspaper anymore. It's cement. It's a weight. You pick it up: "48 KILLED IN PLANE CRASH," "SAIGON FALLS," "AGNEW FUCKS PERLE MESTA." And once in a while they write good news: "SIAMESE TWINS SPLIT SUCCESSFULLY." It's very sad, but I got to be honest with you; I'm not as good a citizen as I could be, I guess. But where do you go? Do you fight for the agriculture, do you fight for the old people, do you fight for better streets, do you fight for more trees, do you fight for better schools? I do what I can. But when there's so much wrong around you, I think what a lot of people say to themselves is: Fuck it, I'm going to take care of my own and try to live as good as possible.



**Jann Wenner**  
*Editor of Rolling Stone*

I made a lengthy study of the bumper issue beginning in the late Sixties. As an avant-garde rock-'n'-roller, of course, I had been combating depression, the blues and a general dragged-out feeling back even then before it was popular. I see the current struggle for happiness as a vindication of our early efforts.

I explored many blind alleys. Picketing the blues didn't work. Organizing mass demonstrations brought no response. We seized the cerebellum, but our nonnegotiable demands were rejected with contempt. Finally, I took up a media campaign to expose and discredit depression wherever it had gotten a foothold, and I feel this will ultimately prove to be effective on some levels. If it's been only partially successful, I have only myself to blame, because for the last decade I have usually been ripped to the tits on laughing gas.

I've never had to rely on crutches, fortunately, but it looks like I'll have to start, now that our source of Southeast Asian dope has dried up.

**Alice Cooper Entertainer**

I'll tell you the truth: Anybody that hasn't been outside of the United States—in other words, in Europe or Japan or something like that—at four o'clock in the morning in those places, you cannot get a pizza.

I'll tell you the truth: I believe in alcohol. I really do. What also brings me up is if I get to a Holiday Inn and the menu is different. Silly little things like that are important. Doesn't that sound awful? It's reality, though.



**Ray Bradbury Author**

For Chrissake, what's all this talk about? Goddamn it, we got rid of a President we hated, right? And we've changed our foreign policy, we've gotten out of Vietnam. We should have gotten the fuck out of that country a long time ago. *I feel great!* I'm celebrating all the time! I never approved of the Vietnamese, I don't care if they die tomorrow, I don't give a damn about Korea. We're getting out of all those countries. Wuuuuuuunderful! This is one person who's very proud of us for having enough guts, finally, to turn our back and walk away.

**Redd Foxx Entertainer**

PLAYBOY ain't got any reason to be depressed, they doin' fine. The best. I'm on top now, so if PLAYBOY wants to question me, they can put some money in the hand.

I never get depressed and I never get spooked and I never get frightened. I'm an activist. I never escape; I just attack. I get angry and I go out and kick someone in the balls.





**Joe DiMaggio**  
*Former Baseball Player*

What I do is go huntin' and fishin'. I can't do anything else about anything. What the hell, I'm no politician.

so, there's the fact that Seagram's over-all curve is going up. There has been a general trend toward lightness in drink for many years—toward vodka, toward less taste and flavor. But now there seems to be a reversal setting in: the growth of tequila, which is a very strong drink. Of course, Seagram's is into tequila, too. We're into everything. Things are OK. As far as the general economy here and abroad, I think there'll be a turnaround probably in early '76. However, it may lead to another, more serious inflation, and then I'm afraid we're in for the worst depression in the history of the world.

**Joe Louis**  
*Former Prize Fighter*

I don't see nothin' what's wrong, nothin' too much wrong. Recently, though, I was quite surprised to have the United States of America have the Mafia do things for them, you know. That's terrible, I think. That CIA thing, I'm surprised at the country; we're stoopin' pretty low to do things like that, you know?

To escape bad feelin's, oh, I don't know, I just stay home and stay in bed.



**Professor Irwin Corey**  
*Entertainer*

Ha-ha-ha-ha, that's a good question. Well, that question "How do I make it through the day?" let alone the evening, in relation to the aspects of fulfillment on the basis of the discouraging depressed horizon which seems to permeate not only the 49 states on the continent but the areas outside of our orbit. Allow me to at least develop a certain defense against the machinations of the aforementioned tributaries which seem to stem from the basic fundamentals, which are rudimentary. This does not mean that one

has to acclimate or even to communicate with the cerebellum which is a necessary ingredient in order to activate one to find some kind of relationship whereby we can absolve ourselves from any association or even indulgence. Outside of that, I think it's necessary to have a prerequisite.

Well, what I do when I'm distressed, I accept the elixir of Egypt, which is a God-given herb which cannot be grown by passing legislation. It grows without legislation. Sometimes I involve myself with people who are more depressed than me, and we can communicate on the level of grief, sorrow and despair.



**John Huston**  
*Film Director-Actor*

Well, not to describe my own nights, ha-ha-ha, but, ah, well, I make it through them very nicely, thank you. PLAYBOY might be interested in that, ha-ha-ha.

Each time there's an exposé in the newspapers of something that I've smelled for a long time, I think we're just that much closer to getting at the truth and cleaning the scourge. Knowing what the disease is is the first step in curing it.

When I want to change my mood from bad to good, the thing that I've done over the years is get on a horse's back and go fox hunting.

**Jack Yogman**  
*President of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.*

I try to keep my sanity in two ways: I travel about half the time, and as you travel, you get entirely different viewpoints about America than you do if you stay here. You recognize that Americans aren't the only people having problems. We have ours, but many other countries have theirs. Al-



**Blaze Starr**  
*Striptease Dancer*

I work and save, because I know there's a depression comin'. Sometimes I get depressed and I won't look at a newspaper or watch the news on television for a week. I can see a depression comin'. I remember when I was little, it was right after the Depression and I know how things got. And that'll never happen to me again.

When I find myself wantin' to get away from it all occasionally, I go back to West Virginia and face reality, and look around me and count my blessings for what I can go out and do. Then I hit the road again and work like hell.



## GLACIERS ARE COMING! (continued from page 74)

For this there can be no compensation. It is a catastrophe.

But a climate expresses its deterioration in more ways than cooling. The spread of cold from the poles toward the equator has the effect of increasing the disparity—what is usually called steepening the gradient—between climate belts. It is the reverse of what happened when the last great ice sheet so suddenly retreated. Normal wind patterns, like the prevailing westerlies and the monsoons, shift their courses, creating drought here, floods there. In a study of rainfall at various stations in northwest India, it was discovered that before 1920, over a period that might truly be regarded as normal, a dry year with less than half normal rainfall had the probability of occurring every 8.6 years. From 1920 to 1960, so much had the weather improved that the chance fell to one every 14 years. We are all familiar with what happened to India's population in those 40 years. While I do not have drought-expectancy figures for the period since 1960, it is fair to ask what happens to India now if rains merely return to normal. We do not have to ask what has happened to the peoples of the Sahel states bordering the Sahara.

As I find it understandable that the Soviet Union could not know what lay ahead when the virgin lands were planted, I find it understandable that what is happening to our climate is a matter of controversy today. It has all happened so fast. There are those who see the industrial pollution of our atmosphere as a large contributor. Surprisingly, Bryson is among them. I find the opposite judgment irresistible, since we suffered such sudden, longtime changes long before smokestacks. Whatever industry's many-splendored sins, the experience of the Danes cannot be one of them. Bryson likewise discounts the Kuklas' study of increased albedo, which I find most persuasive.

Our planet's heat comes almost entirely from the sun. Albedo is the reflection of sunlight from the earth's surface with its consequent loss of heat. Calm ocean reflects back only five to ten percent, vegetated ground perhaps 15 to 20 percent. But pack ice and snow-covered land act like a mirror, reflecting about 80 percent of received sunlight back into interplanetary space, with almost total heat loss. There is a kind of chain reaction in a time of rapid cooling. The winter of 1971, for example, increased the permanent ice and snow cover by 12 percent, increasing the heat loss through albedo proportionately. A situation was created that made all the more likely comparable winters in following years, each with comparable increases of albedo. So it is that a major glaciation can come about so rapidly. Bryson disagrees not at all with the

proposition that the shift from interglacial to glacial climate occurs probably within a single century or so.

There will be other arguments, since we know so little. The critical century may be the one we are entering, and we must shudder. Or we may be entering a cold cycle of long duration, such as we have survived before, another long step down yet with a reprieve still to come. We have never suffered such an experience, however, since world population passed a billion. Or then again, we may be lucky and get back to normal. But since what we regard as normal has occurred only once in the past 1000 years, the odds seem poor. Changes of climate move in no straight line, and two or three excellent seasons with excellent crops can be enough to brush away from our minds the seemingly absurd fears of the scientists. Yet a good season or two will not affect the long-term trend.

I can understand and admire the hope that invests us. But what I can neither understand nor forgive is the opportunism of political and religious leaders, such as was expressed during 1974 at Bucharest and at Rome, claiming that the population explosion is a myth and that population control is a genocidal plot on the part of the imperialist powers to reduce the numbers in impoverished countries for whom the rich would otherwise be responsible. When again and again the monsoons fail, and again and again the great northern fields of wheat and maize and soybean shrink before the onslaughts of sodden springtimes and early frosts, then we shall have some dark monuments to commemorate yesterday's obscenities as we dig mass graves.

When self-delusion and opportunism become luxuries that none can longer afford, then a bit late we shall see ourselves in evolution's long perspective. The cultural animal has fallen into a biological trap. Within the first 5000 years after our supreme invention, the domestication of plant foods with its huge expansion of food supply, we had produced more human beings than could ever return to the hunting way. Within the next 5000 years—to this date—through unrestricted breeding, we produced such global populations that they could be supported even by plant foods in only the best, the most luxurious, the most aberrant of times. There is one way back, of course—starvation and death. But the prospect is most unpleasant.

If *Homo sapiens sapiens*, that able but vulnerable, unsophisticated hunting being who stumbled out of his tundra and his grasslands onto fields and pastures where he would delude himself that now he was the master of nature—if this increasingly civilized being had a profound intuition and, feeling a bit nervous about it all, invented a personal God, then I cannot

wonder. I can only wish that he had created a God better informed concerning the nature of the ice age.

There is a question that must concern us now, since it must concern us mightily at some future date. Just how willingly will one human being sacrifice his own interests for another? Strict Darwinism says never—except in terms of reproduction. The mother, and occasionally the father, will boast genetical equipment necessary for the survival of the next generation. Beyond that, forget it.

I was unconvinced. In *The Territorial Imperative*, I put forward the concept that I called the amity-enmity complex. Natural amity is scarce in the world of living beings. But when adults face a common enemy, amity is generated in an approximate equivalent to threat. I could think of innumerable examples, both animal and human. And I included natural hazard as a uniting force, recalling those countless experiences of sudden amity, remarkable self-sacrifice, that can occur when human strangers encounter the flood or the blizzard.

My argument did not go down too well with those who, following the Rousseau tradition, believe that generosity, amiability and goodness are a portion of the primal human endowment. (Whether these people have ever read history or raised a few children still bewilders me.) The biologists, on the whole, accepted the amity-enmity complex as in accord with Darwinian devotion to self-interest. But then, in *The Social Contract*, I moved on to examine the genetical fixation of altruistic traits, which I believed could have come about in the long history of our hunting bands and interdependent hunting societies. Though the chimp, threatened, might take to his arboreal refuge even before alerting his fellows to danger, we in our terrestrial life could not. As a group, we lived or died according to the willingness of individual males or females to face danger. In the millions of years there must have been a discarding of those groups in which individuals were unwilling to accept self-sacrifice.

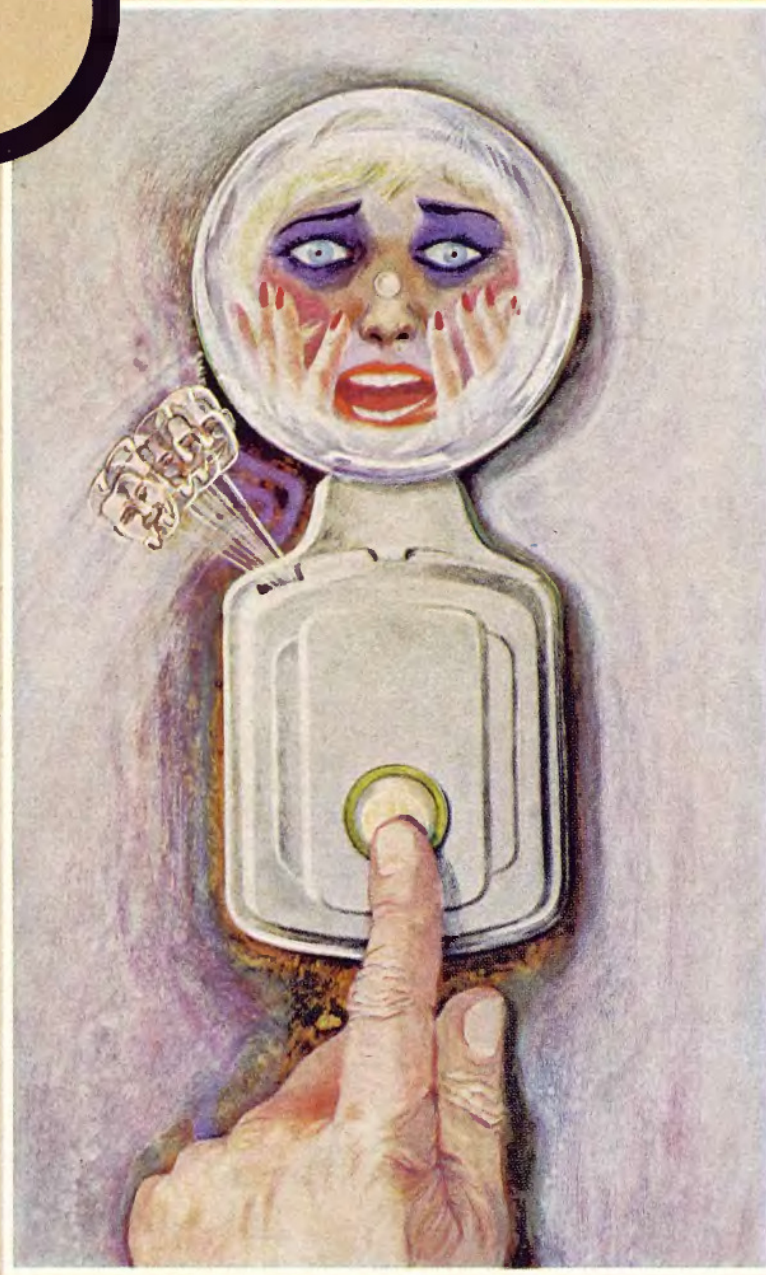
What I was discussing was group selection, the survival value to the group of such a genetical factor in the gene pool. While I recognized that group selection is a matter of controversy in biology, until I published my book I did not know just how hot the controversy was. Some biologists supported me. But most, including some for whom I have the highest respect, gave me the whip. Nothing—not even in the most far-out population genetics—confirmed the assertion that altruism could have a genetical foundation. I held fast in my thinking. Concerning the generality of species, I did not intend to enter the debates of population geneticists for which I was quite unequipped. My

(continued on page 94)



# THE DOORBELL

fiction By VLADIMIR NABOKOV



*the sound was long and loud, shattering a happy moment*

SEVEN YEARS HAD PASSED since he and she had parted in Petersburg. God, what a crush there had been at the Nikolaevsky Station! Don't stand so close—the train is about to start. Well, here we go, goodbye, dearest. . . . She walked alongside, tall, thin, wearing a raincoat, with a black-and-white scarf around her neck, and a slow current carried her off backward. A Red Army recruit, he took part, reluctantly and confusedly, in the Civil War. Then, one beautiful night, to the ecstatic stridulation of prairie crickets, he went over to the Whites. A year later, in 1920, not long before leaving Russia, on the steep, stony Chainaya Street in Yalta, he ran into his uncle, a Moscow lawyer. Why, yes, there was news—two letters. She was leaving for Germany and already

had obtained a passport. You look fine, young man. And at last Russia let go of him—a permanent leave, according to some. Russia had held him for a long time; he had slowly slithered down from north to south, and Russia kept trying to keep him in her grasp, with the taking of Tver, Kharkov, Belgorod and various interesting little villages, but it was no use. She had in store for him one last temptation, one last gift—the Crimea—but even that did not help. He left. And on board the ship he made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, a jolly chap and an athlete, who was on his way to Africa.

Nikolay visited Africa, and Italy, and for some reason the Canary Islands, and then Africa again, where he served for a while in the Foreign Legion. At first he recalled her often, then rarely, then again more and more often. Her second husband, the German industrialist Kind, died during the war. He had owned a goodish bit of real estate in Berlin, and Nikolay assumed there was no danger of her going hungry there. But how quickly time passed! Amazing! . . . Had seven whole years really gone by?

During those years, he had grown hardier, rougher, had lost an index finger and had learned two languages—Italian and English. The color of his eyes had become lighter and their expression more candid, owing to the smooth rustic tan that covered his face. He smoked a pipe. His walk, which had always had the solidity characteristic of short-legged people, now acquired a remarkable rhythm. One thing about him had not changed at all: his laugh, accompanied by a quip and a twinkle.

He had quite a time, chuckling softly and shaking his head, before he finally decided to drop everything and by easy stages make his way to Berlin. On one occasion—at a newsstand, somewhere in Italy—he noticed an *émigré* Russian paper, published in Berlin. He wrote to the paper to place an advertisement under Personal: So-and-So seeks So-and-So. He got no reply. On a side trip to Corsica, he met a fellow Russian, the old journalist Grushevski, who was leaving for Berlin. Make inquiries on my behalf. Perhaps you'll find her. Tell her I am alive and well. . . . But this source did not bring any news, either. Now it was high time to take Berlin by storm. There, on the spot, the search would be simpler. He had a lot of trouble obtaining a German visa and he was running out of funds. Oh, well, he would get there one way or another. . . .

And so he did. Wearing a trench coat and a checked cap, short and broad-shouldered, with a pipe between his teeth and a battered valise in his good hand, he exited onto the square in front of the station. There he stopped to admire a great jewel-bright advertisement

that inched its way through the darkness, then vanished and started again from another point. He spent a bad night in a stuffy room in a cheap hotel, trying to think of ways to begin the search. The address bureau, the office of the Russian-language newspaper. . . . Seven years. She must really have aged. It was rotten of him to have waited so long; he could have come sooner. But ah, those years, that stupendous roaming about the world, the obscure, ill-paid jobs, chances taken and chucked, the excitement of freedom, the freedom he had dreamed of in childhood! . . . It was pure Jack London. . . . And here he was again: a new city, a suspiciously itchy leather bed and the screech of a late tram. He groped for his matches and with a habitual movement of his index stump began pressing the soft tobacco into the pipe bowl.

When traveling the way he did, you forget the names of time; they are crowded out by those of places. In the morning, when Nikolay went out intending to go to the police station, the gratings were down on all the shop fronts. It was a damned Sunday. So much for the address bureau and the newspaper. It was also late autumn: windy weather, asters in the public gardens, a sky of solid white, yellow trees, yellow trams, the nasal honking of rheumy taxis. A chill of excitement came over him at the idea that he was in the same town as she. A 50-pfennig coin bought him a glass of port in a cabdrivers' bar, and the wine on an empty stomach had a pleasant effect. Here and there, in the streets, there came a sprinkling of Russian speech: "*Skol'ko raz ya tebe govorila?*" ("How many times have I told you?"). And again, after the passage of several natives: "He's willing to sell them to me, but frankly, I. . . ." The excitement made him chuckle and finish each pipeful much more quickly than usual. "Seemed to be gone, but now Grisha's down with it, too. . . ." He considered going up to the next pair of Russians and asking, very politely: "Do you know, by any chance, Olga Kind, born Countess Karski?" They must all know one another in this bit of provincial Russia gone astray.

It was already evening and, in the twilight, a beautiful tangerine light had filled the glassed tiers of a huge department store when Nikolay noticed, on one of the sides of a front door, a small white sign that read: I. S. WEINER, DENTIST, FROM PETROGRAD. An unexpected recollection virtually scalded him. This fine friend of ours is pretty well decayed and must go. In the window, right in front of the torture seat, inset glass photographs displayed Swiss landscapes. . . . The window gave onto Moika Street. Rinse, please. And Dr. Weiner, a fat, placid, white-gowned old man in perspicacious

glasses, sorted his tinkling instruments. She used to go to him for treatment, and so did his cousins, and they even used to say to each other, when they quarreled for some reason or other, "How would you like a Weiner?" (a punch in the mouth). Nikolay dallied in front of the door, on the point of ringing the bell, remembering it was Sunday; he thought some more and rang anyway. There was a buzzing in the lock and the door gave. He went up one flight. A maid opened the door. "No, the doctor is not receiving today."

"My teeth are fine," objected Nikolay in very poor German. "Dr. Weiner is an old friend of mine. My name is Galatov—I'm sure he remembers me. . . ."

"I'll tell him," said the maid.

A moment later, a middle-aged man in a frogged velveteen jacket came out into the hallway. He had a carrot complexion and seemed extremely friendly. After a cheerful greeting, he added in Russian, "I don't remember you, though—there must be a mistake."

Nikolay looked at him and apologized: "Afraid so. I don't remember you, either. I was expecting to find the Dr. Weiner who lived on Moika Street in Petersburg before the Revolution but got the wrong one. Sorry."

"Oh, that must be a namesake of mine. A common namesake. I lived on Zagorodny Avenue."

"We all used to go to him," explained Nikolay, "and, well, I thought. . . . You see, I'm trying to locate a certain lady, a Madame Kind; that's the name of her second husband—"

Weiner bit his lip, looked away with an intent expression, then addressed him again. "Wait a minute. . . . I seem to recall. . . . I seem to recall a Madame Kind who came to see me here not long ago and was also under the impression— We'll know for sure in a minute. Be kind enough to step into my office."

The office remained a blur in Nikolay's vision. He did not take his eyes off Weiner's impeccable calvities as the latter bent over his appointment book.

"We'll know for sure in a minute," he repeated, running his fingers across the pages. "We'll know for sure in just a minute. We'll know in just. . . . Here we are. *Frau* Kind. Gold filling and some other work—which I can't make out; there's a blot here."

"And what's the first name and patronymic?" asked Nikolay, approaching the table and almost knocking off an ashtray with his cuff.

"That's in the book, too. Olga Kirillovna."

"Right," said Nikolay with a sigh of relief.

"The address is Plannerstrasse fifty-nine, care of Babb," Weiner said with a smack of



*"Leonardo thinks he's such a genius. Wait till he finds out he still has to invent the brake!"*

his lips and rapidly copied the address on a separate slip. "Second street from here. Here you are. Very happy to be of service. Is she a relative of yours?"

"My mother," replied Nikolay.

Coming out of the dentist's, he proceeded with a somewhat quickened step. Finding her so easily astonished him like a card trick. He had never paused to think, while traveling to Berlin, that she might long since have died or moved to a different city, and yet the trick had worked. Weiner had turned out to be a different Weiner—and yet fate found a way. Beautiful city, beautiful rain! (The pearly autumn drizzle seemed to fall in a whisper and the streets were dark.) How would she greet him—tenderly? Sadly? Or with complete calm? She had not spoiled him as a child. You are forbidden to run through the drawing room while I am playing the piano. As he grew up, he would feel more and more frequently that she did not have much use for him. Now he tried to picture her face, but his thoughts obstinately refused to take on color and he simply could not gather in a living optical image what he knew in his mind: her tall, thin figure with that loosely assembled look about it; her dark hair with streaks of gray at the temples; her large, pale mouth; the old raincoat she had on the last time he saw her; and the tired, bitter expression of an aging woman, that seemed to have always been on her face—even before the death of his father, Admiral Galatov, who had shot himself shortly before the Revolution. Number 51. Eight houses more.

He suddenly realized that he was undeniably, indecently perturbed, much more so than he had been, for example, that first time when he lay pressing his sweat-drenched body against the side of a cliff and aiming at an approaching whirlwind, a white scarecrow on a splendid Arabian horse. He stopped just short of number 59, took out his pipe and a rubber tobacco pouch; stuffed the bowl slowly and carefully, without spilling a single shred; lit up, coddled the flame, drew, watched the fiery mound swell, gulped a mouthful of sweetish, tongue-prickling smoke, carefully expelled it and with a firm, unhurried step walked up to the house.

The stairs were so dark that he stumbled a couple of times. When, in the dense blackness, he reached the second-floor landing, he struck a match and made out a gilt name plate. Wrong name. It was only much higher that he found the odd name ВАВВ. The flamelet burned his fingers and went out. God, my heart is pounding. . . . He groped for the bell in the dark and rang. Then he removed the pipe from between his teeth and began waiting, feeling an agonizing smile rend his mouth.

Then he heard a lock, a bolt make a

double resonant sound, and the door, as if swung by a violent wind, burst open. It was just as dark in the anteroom as on the stairs, and out of that darkness floated a vibrant, joyful voice. "The lights are out in the whole building—*eto oozhas*, it's appalling"—and Nikolay recognized at once that long emphatic "oo" and on its basis instantly reconstructed down to the most minute feature the person who now stood, still concealed by darkness, in the doorway.

"Sure, can't see a thing," he said with a laugh and advanced toward her.

Her cry was as startled as if a strong hand had struck her. In the dark, he found her hands, and shoulders, and bumped against something (probably the umbrella stand). "No, no, it's not possible . . ." she kept repeating rapidly as she backed away.

"Hold still, Mother, hold still for a minute," he said, hitting something again (this time it was the half-open front door, which shut with a great slam).

"It can't be . . . Nicky, Nick—"

He was kissing her at random, on the cheeks, on the hair, everywhere, unable to see anything in the dark but with some interior vision recognizing all of her from head to toe, and only one thing about her had changed (and even this novelty unexpectedly made him recall his earliest childhood, when she used to play the piano)—the strong, elegant smell of perfume, as if those intervening years had not existed, the years of his adolescence and her widowhood, when she no longer wore perfume and faded so sorrowfully—it seemed as if nothing of that had happened and he had passed straight from distant exile into childhood. . . . "It's you. You've come. You're really here . . ." she prattled, pressing her soft lips against him. "It's good. . . . This is how it should be. . . ."

"Isn't there any light anywhere?" Nikolay inquired cheerfully.

She opened an inner door and said excitedly, "Yes, come on. I've lit some candles there."

"Well, let me look at you," he said, entering the flickering aura of candlelight and gazing avidly at his mother. Her dark hair had been bleached a very light strawlike shade.

"Well, don't you recognize me?" she asked, with a nervous intake of breath, then added hurriedly, "Don't stare at me like that. Come on, tell me all the news! What a tan you have . . . my goodness! Yes, tell me everything!"

That blonde bob. . . . And her face was made up with excruciating care. The moist streak of a tear, though, had eaten through the rosy paint, and her mascara-laden lashes were wet, and the powder on the wings of her nose had turned violet. . . . She was wearing a glossy blue dress closed at the throat. And everything

about her was unfamiliar, restless and frightening.

"You're probably expecting company, Mother," observed Nikolay, and not quite knowing what to say next, he energetically threw off his trench coat.

She moved away from him toward the table, which was set for a meal and sparkled with crystal in the semidarkness; then she came back toward him and mechanically glanced at herself in the shadow-blurred mirror.

"So many years have passed. . . . Goodness! I can hardly believe my eyes. Oh, yes, I have friends coming tonight. I'll call them off. I'll phone them. I'll do something. I must call them off. . . . Oh, Lord. . . ."

She pressed against him, palpating him to find out how real he was.

"Calm down, Mother, what's the matter with you? This is overdoing it. Let's sit down somewhere. *Comment vas-tu?* How does life treat you?" And, for some reason fearing the answers to his questions, he started telling her about himself, in the snappy neat way he had, puffing on his pipe, trying to drown his astonishment in words and smoke. It turned out that, after all, she had seen his advertisement and had been in touch with the old journalist and been on the point of writing to Nikolay—always on the point. . . . Now that he had seen her face distorted by its make-up and her artificially fair hair, he felt that her voice, too, was no longer the same. And as he described his adventures, without a moment's pause, he glanced around the half-lit, quivering room, at its awful middle-class trappings—the toy cat on the mantelpiece, the coy screen from behind which protruded the foot of the bed, the picture of Frederick the Great playing the flute, the bookless shelf with the little vases in which the reflected lights darted up and down like mercury. . . . As his eyes roamed around, he also inspected something he had previously only noticed in passing: that table—a table set for two, with liqueurs, a bottle of Asti, two tall wineglasses and an enormous pink cake adorned with a ring of still unlit little candles. "Of course, I immediately jumped out of my tent, and what do you think it turned out to be? Come on, guess!"

She seemed to emerge from a trance and gave him a wild look (she was reclining next to him on the divan, her temples compressed between her hands, and her peach-colored stockings gave off an unfamiliar sheen).

"Aren't you listening, Mother?"

"Why, yes—I am. . . ."

And now he noticed something else: She was oddly absent, as if she were listening not to his words but to a doomful thing coming from afar, menacing and inevitable. He went on with his jolly

(concluded on page 176)

a playboy photog-  
rapher shares his  
stunning portfolio

Over the years, Staff  
Photographer Rich-  
ard Fegley has photo-  
graphed hundreds of  
PLAYBOY's most beau-  
tiful women. So vast  
is his reputation that  
Stanley Kubrick re-  
cently picked him to  
photograph a feature  
on actress Marisa Ber-  
enson, star of his new  
film. Many of the fol-  
lowing shots, from  
Fegley's portfolio,  
such as the one at left,  
"an attempt to use the  
female body as a de-  
sign element," have  
not run in PLAYBOY.

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY:  
RICHARD  
FEGLEY**



Above, Fegley is ankle  
deep in a Louisiana bay-  
ou shooting a gatefold.





"My pictures represent my own personal feelings about love and sex," Fegley says. "I try to present a specific mood through the various positions of the bodies in a given setting." Above, in an attempt to illustrate a feeling of "stark reality" for a "Oui" pictorial on "Sex and Drugs," Fegley set his models on a barren sand dune close to the Mexican border.







Cheech and Chong were the agreeable subjects of a "Oui" shooting (top left) that has yet to appear. Two people so caught up in lovemaking that they lose all contact with reality was the mood Fegley tried to achieve with the shot above, one of his favorites. The feeling of floating in space was achieved by setting the models on a piece of Plexiglas. 89





"I try to avoid contrived or preconceived poses," Fegley explains. "Every model has her own inner feeling of something moving, a certain natural body attitude, and it's that particular movement that I try to catch with the camera." Naturally provocative, porno star Linda Lovelace (right) has been the subject of several shootings for PLAYBOY.



Asked to come up with an illustration for Dan Greenburg's article "My First Orgy" (PLAYBOY, December 1972), Fegley got 26 Vegas show people to pose for two hours in a Strip warehouse. "It was 110 degrees that day," Fegley recalls. "A very sweaty shooting." Right, porno queen Marilyn Chambers gets on her knees for our dauntless photographer.



## GLACIERS ARE COMING! (continued from page 80)

interest was and remains the human species. And reflecting on our long dependence on food sharing and on concerted attack and defense, it seemed to me improbable that some minimum altruistic tendency had not come about in our genetic equipment. But then came a book.

In 1972, Colin Turnbull published *The Mountain People*. Turnbull is among the most able of anthropologists. His perceptive study of the Pygmy in the deep Congo forest, in a book called *The Forest People*, had not only made his reputation but had inspired him to study a hunting society living under radically different environmental conditions. He chose the Ik (pronounced *eeh*), a people never before studied, who live in the mountains of northeastern Uganda. So little did science know of them that we even had their name wrong and called them Teuso. And, as Turnbull was to discover, we were wrong about their hunting, for they no longer did.

Earlier, it had been different. As long as *Homo sapiens sapiens* had inhabited the area, the Ik probably dwelt and hunted in the mountains. Like certain pygmies, they had been net hunters. It is a technique demanding that the whole society hold a widespread net while drivers press the game into the trap. Their cooperative demand resembles far more the old-time days of the hunting band with hand-held weapons than does more individualistic hunting done with blowpipe, spear or bow and arrow. But a tragedy had befallen the Ik. The independent Uganda government had designated their hunting territory as a game reserve where hunting was forbidden. Deprived of their age-old way and the society based upon it, the Ik as individuals fell to pieces. That is how things were when Turnbull arrived.

*The Mountain People* is a scientific book without a footnote, a straightforward account told by a sophisticated, objective and most compassionate observer. And it is the most ghastly testament ever to have emerged from the human sciences. Read even on its most superficial level, the book records what hunger—and this must concern us—can do to people.

When Turnbull arrived, the Ik, spread about in their small, stockaded villages, were a hungry lot. They had been denied their ancient hunting way. The government had furnished them with seeds and a few instructions concerning the planting and care of crops. Hunters do not take easily to the farming discipline. The Ik were indifferent. And, besides, there was drought and what little effort they expended was largely wasted. It was man against man, husband against wife, parents against children. If an altruistic gene exists in humanity, the Ik failed to demonstrate it. Turnbull records that he can be grateful to the Ik that they treated

him no worse than they treated one another.

Regarding the family, Turnbull related: "The Ik seem to tell us that the family is not such a fundamental unit as we usually suppose. . . . Children are useless appendages, like old parents. Anyone who cannot take care of himself is a burden and hazard to others." They regard family ties as insane. "The other quality of life that we hold to be necessary for survival, love, the Ik also dismiss as idiotic and highly dangerous."

Gone, too, to the incredulity of any primate student, is even the bond between mother and child. Nevertheless, I recalled the late Professor C. R. Carpenter's experience with some 400 rhesus monkeys that he was transporting from India to form a colony on an island off Puerto Rico. This was before World War Two, when Carpenter, almost alone in the scientific world, was making the earliest observations of primates in a state of nature. The idea of a colony (so successful that it is still a principal object of study) was to establish in semiwild conditions a habitat where the monkeys could be observed under laboratory conditions. On the ship providing the transport, however, there was a necessity to habituate his subjects to new foods and, to do this, to keep them hungry. Turnbull's exposure to non-hunting hunters was an accident. So was Carpenter's when, to his horror, he had to observe on the long sea voyage what happened to individual rhesus monkeys when the exigencies of transportation destroyed their natural societies. Hungry mothers not only neglected their young but tore food away from them. At the end of the voyage, there were ten dead infants.

Turnbull's experience was comparable. The Ik mother nurses her child for three years, then throws it out. The toddling child will join its peers in a scavenging existence. Turnbull writes of a nursing mother who put her infant down beside a water hole, where a leopard snatched it and made off. "She was delighted. She was rid of the child and no longer had to carry it about and feed it, and still further it meant that a leopard was in the vicinity and would be sleeping off his dinner and thus an easy kill." She was right. The men found the sleeping leopard, killed it, cooked it and ate it, semi-digested child and all.

Or one might turn to the record of the mother whose crawling infant approached closer and closer to the village fire. The men watched in silent suspense. When the infant got burned and screamed, the men erupted in laughter. Pleased, the mother retrieved the child who had so amused the men.

Not all was a matter of hunger. That was bad enough, but there was the deeper level that Turnbull recognized. When he returned to the Ik, the droughts were

over, their crops flourished, rotting tomatoes and pumpkins hung from the village stockades and baboons consumed the ripening maize. But the Ik, if possible, were worse off than ever. Now government relief was available at an aid station some miles distant and those from the mountain villages who went to fetch it had their stopping places along the road back where they ate till they vomited, moved on, stopped, ate till they vomited. The objective was to have as little as possible left when, on their return, they would be forced to share.

It was a Hobbesian world of *Everyman* against *Everyman*, from which Hobbes deduced the necessity for the all-powerful state. It is a concept that I have eternally rejected, for excellent reason. In animal societies, nothing like the Ik experience could have occurred. While rejecting the stranger, animals look after their own. But Turnbull in the course of his book broods on the possibility that self-delusion is the only truly unique human quality. And he presents his conclusion: "The Ik teach us that our much vaunted human values are not inherent in humanity at all, but are associated only with a particular form of survival called society, and that all, even society itself, are luxuries that can be dispensed with."

Colin Turnbull is an honest dealer, and his descent into a particular human inferno presents us with a gallery of horrors that no honest reader can deny. While it would be going too far to generalize all humanity's fate on the experience of a single tribe, warning signals must flash. When catastrophe struck the Ik and they lost their hunting life and the social traditions that way commanded, they failed to exhibit the least trait of inherent altruism. For the Ik, Turnbull predicts certain extinction.

When decimation comes our way, then through natural selection we may discover a sorting of the peoples. There may be those in which, unlike the Ik, and against the predictions of most biologists, a streak of genetic altruism has developed. Or, far more likely, there may be those with a more united social mind, a stronger social will, perhaps a deeper habituation to the ways of cooperation. Whatever the quality of our catastrophe, these would be the survivors. What is saddening is to glance about at our precatastrophe world and to find such prerequisites for survival so seldom on the ascendancy.

Yet the modern evolutionist is a persistent optimist. We are not the last station on the line. Over three billion years have passed since living organisms began to take form on our earth. That is two thirds as long as the history of the planet itself. An unbroken chain of life connects those swampy beginnings with your presence on earth and mine. There have been calamities and extinctions as one line or another failed to adapt to environment

(continued on page 192)



*"I keep thinking of all the poor guys who won't be getting anything at all this Christmas."*

# PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA

PART I

## DEATH TO TYRANTS!

article

By **JAMES MCKINLEY**

*for more than a century, political murder has been a way of life. booth and his fellow conspirators were the first assassins—their legacy the abiding question: were they alone?*

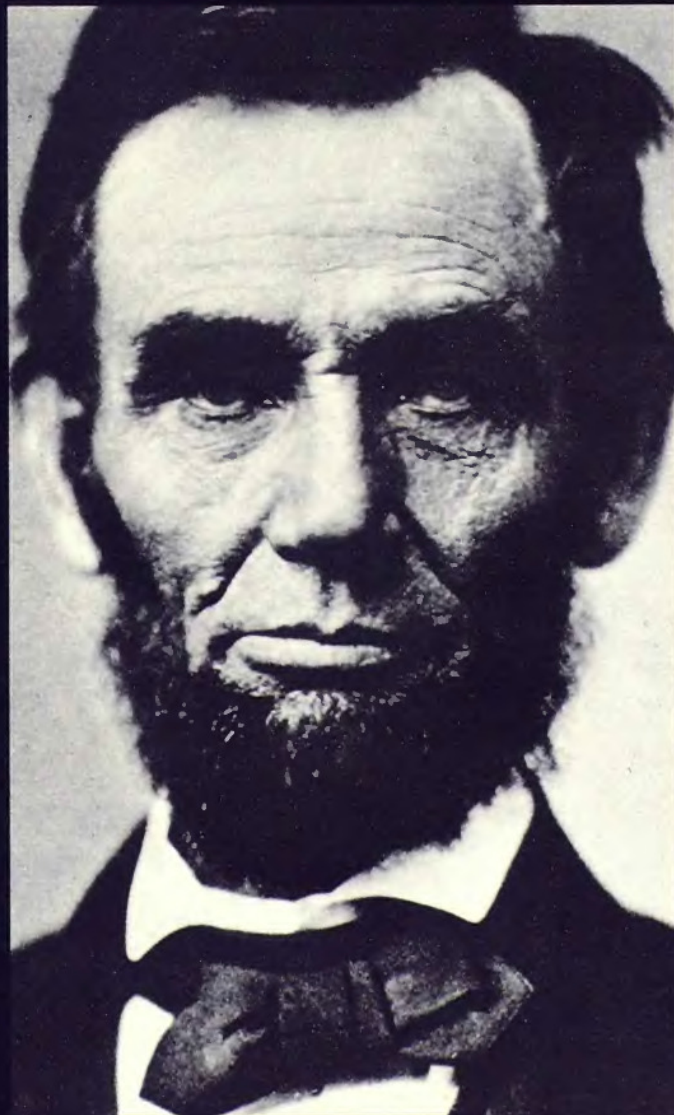
*The essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic and a killer.*

—D. H. LAWRENCE

WHEN THE FIRST settlers came to America, they brought with them two fateful articles—a God-drunk dream of themselves as blessed and a gun. They believed they needed the dream to endure and the gun to impose their dream on a new world.

They were right, for with Scripture and shot and shrewd dealing, they spread the dream until, 169 years later, their rectitude was proved with the signing of the Declaration of Independence. That day, the citizenry ran home and armed itself to ratify, forever, the American dream, first with celebratory gunshots, then with the Revolution.

For the next 200 years, wars



were fought, Presidents assassinated, strikes broken, minorities persecuted and riots suppressed, and succeeding generations awoke to their horrors. Still, the dream persisted, inspiring and shaping each wave of Americans, until, in Dallas' Dealey Plaza, our turn came. The gun that killed John Kennedy shocked us awake, drove into our brains the fact that assassination was now, terribly, more than historical. Wide-eyed as horror-movie addicts, we then watched the murders of Malcolm X and George Lincoln Rockwell, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy and an attempt on George Wallace—watched American assassins kill with perfect democracy, left and right alike, while we stuttered, Can this be us? Who are we, to kill this way?

Those who believe America is a more homicidal nation than others—who compare us with Imperial Rome and point to atrocities in Vietnam—can take special comfort in the legend that long before Jamestown, white men's blood had baptized the land. The story goes that in about 1000, on one of the several viking expeditions to Vinland, the explorer Thorvard was persuaded by his wife, Freydis—the bastard daughter of Eric the Red—to slaughter their companions. It seems that Freydis wanted their friends' larger boat and their booty. If true, Freydis' murders—she herself hacked down five women—are the first recorded instance of economic violence in American history.

Indeed, one of the remarkable facts of America's past is that not until the 19th Century, well after our Revolution, that of the French and the one we call the Industrial, did political murder—assassination—become a native curse. It wasn't until 1804, when Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, that there was a sharply etched case of one-on-one killing over political differences, and it was 1835 before anybody tried to kill an American President. Nevertheless, it clearly was in the Colonial and revolutionary periods that we

This famous picture of Lincoln was taken at the height of the Civil War. Four days later, he delivered the Gettysburg Address.



## CONSPIRATORS:

One failed actor,  
a landlady  
and assorted spies  
and deserters.



John Wilkes Booth



Mary Surratt



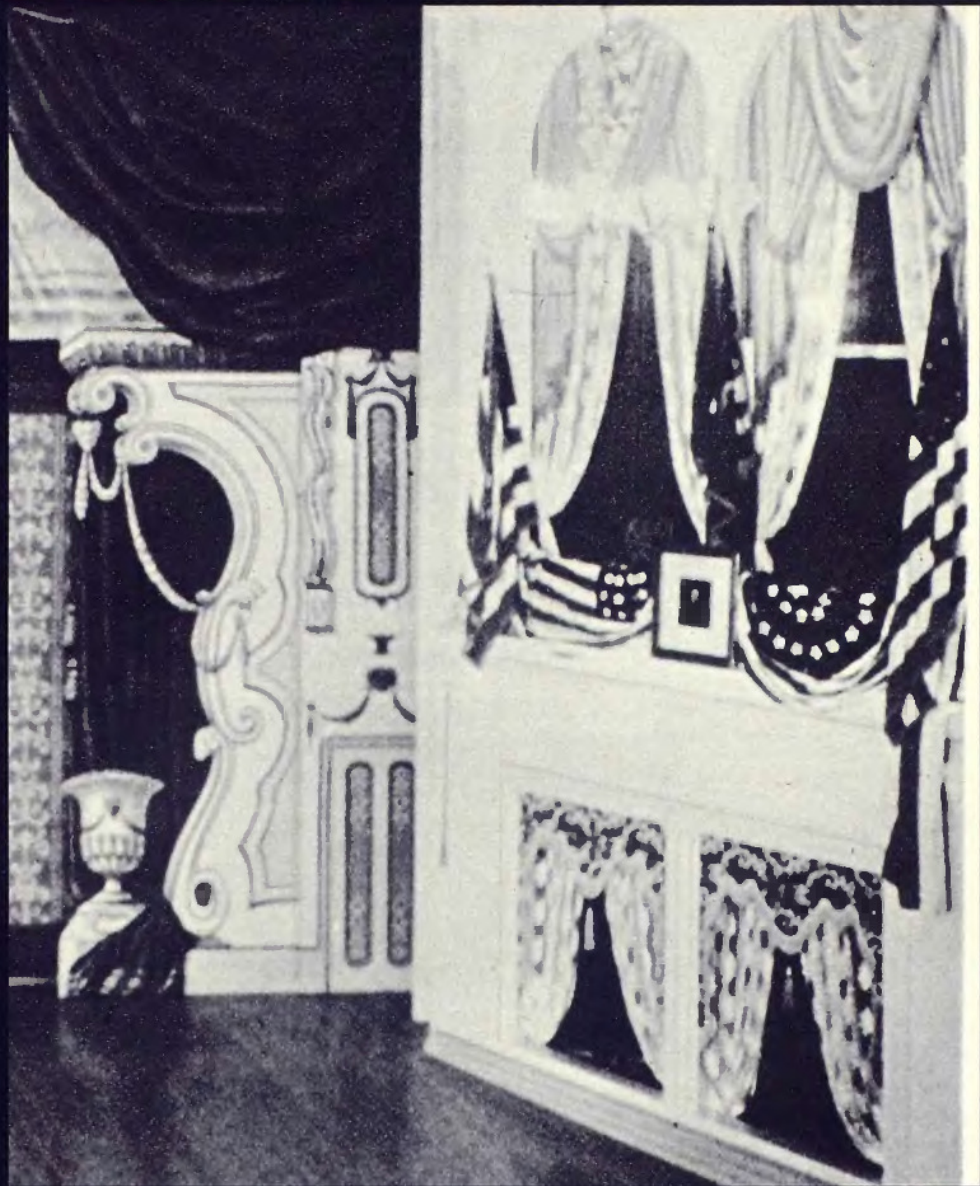
George Atzerodt



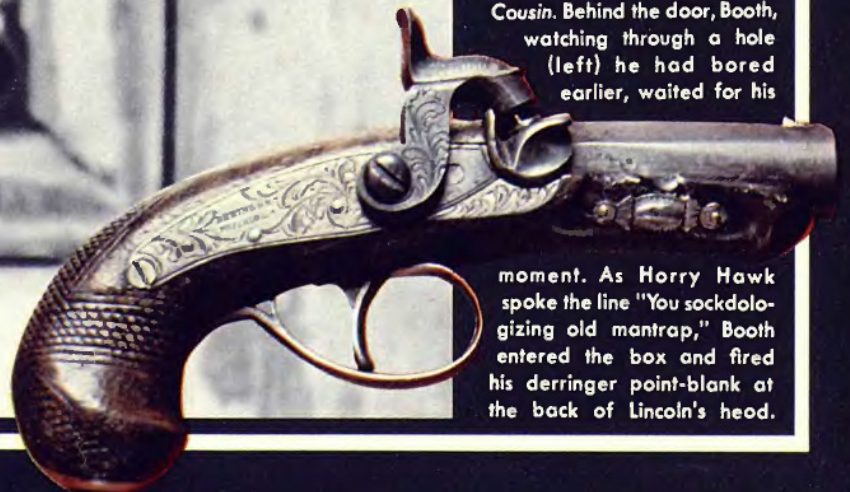
David Herold



Lewis Paine



On Good Friday, April 14, 1865, a weary Lincoln attended the evening performance at Ford's Theater. With his wife, Mary, and a young Army major and his fiancée, he sat in his booth (above), enjoying Lauro Keene's performance in *Our American Cousin*. Behind the door, Booth, watching through a hole (left) he had bored earlier, waited for his



moment. As Horry Hawk spoke the line "You sockdolagizing old mantrap," Booth entered the box and fired his derringer point-blank at the back of Lincoln's head.



This skull of a Civil War soldier who died at Bull Run (above) was used in an official report to depict Lincoln's wounds. The autopsy found that while the bullet (above right) struck Lincoln in the back of the head, its force shattered his skull opposite the point of impact.

first became aware of our capacity for murder and its varying causes. It surfaced early.

Not long after the Plymouth colonists landed, Miles Standish, the upright Pilgrim who was not nearly so reluctant in war as in love, felt his position threatened by a new boatload of settlers who didn't worship God the right way. With his fellows, Standish decided to solve two problems at once. They would liquidate some Indians who were menacing them, then warn the new arrivals that a similar fate awaited them. Safe in the conviction that they acted justly, they lured a Massachusetts Indian chief to their camp, hacked him and two of his braves to bits, then publicly hanged his 18-year-old brother before proceeding to attack the Indian camp and continue the massacre. Thereafter, Standish warned the new colonists away, proclaiming that the economy, not to mention the theology, couldn't support them all. The rival colonists decamped for Maine. Standish returned in triumph to Plymouth, put the Indian chief's head on a pike and settled down to some fur trading.

In these acts of the Pilgrims—and in their later battles over trades with the other "chosen," the Puritans, or in the "hangman, do your duty" persecutions of the Quakers—we cannot know if the motives were mostly economic, racial,

civil, theological or ultimately personal. The violent usually have a smorgasbord of rationalizations at hand. But we can, in those killings, detect the lineaments of a key question: Did Freydis' murders for booty and Standish's killings for God, territory and trade begin a tradition of *assassination* in America or merely one of violence?

To find an answer, we need some definition of assassination, and one peculiar to our national experience. Assassination? We can say it is the killing of a prominent person, rationally planned to advance or sustain a cause that most often is political—or, as is too frequently the case in our time, to secure notoriety, however temporary, for the assassin—that killing usually being carried out by an individual or a small group of conspirators. Accepting that, we have to excuse Freydis and Standish as our prototypical assassins. Killing solely for monetary gain is not assassination, nor is leading a bunch of crazed zealots against unsuspecting natives. Even so, the viking lady and the Pilgrim father foreshadow the age of assassination in America, and we can legitimately ask, What are the constituents of American assassination?

We can begin with what's least important, the myth of Americans as hand-to-hand killers, struggling like epic



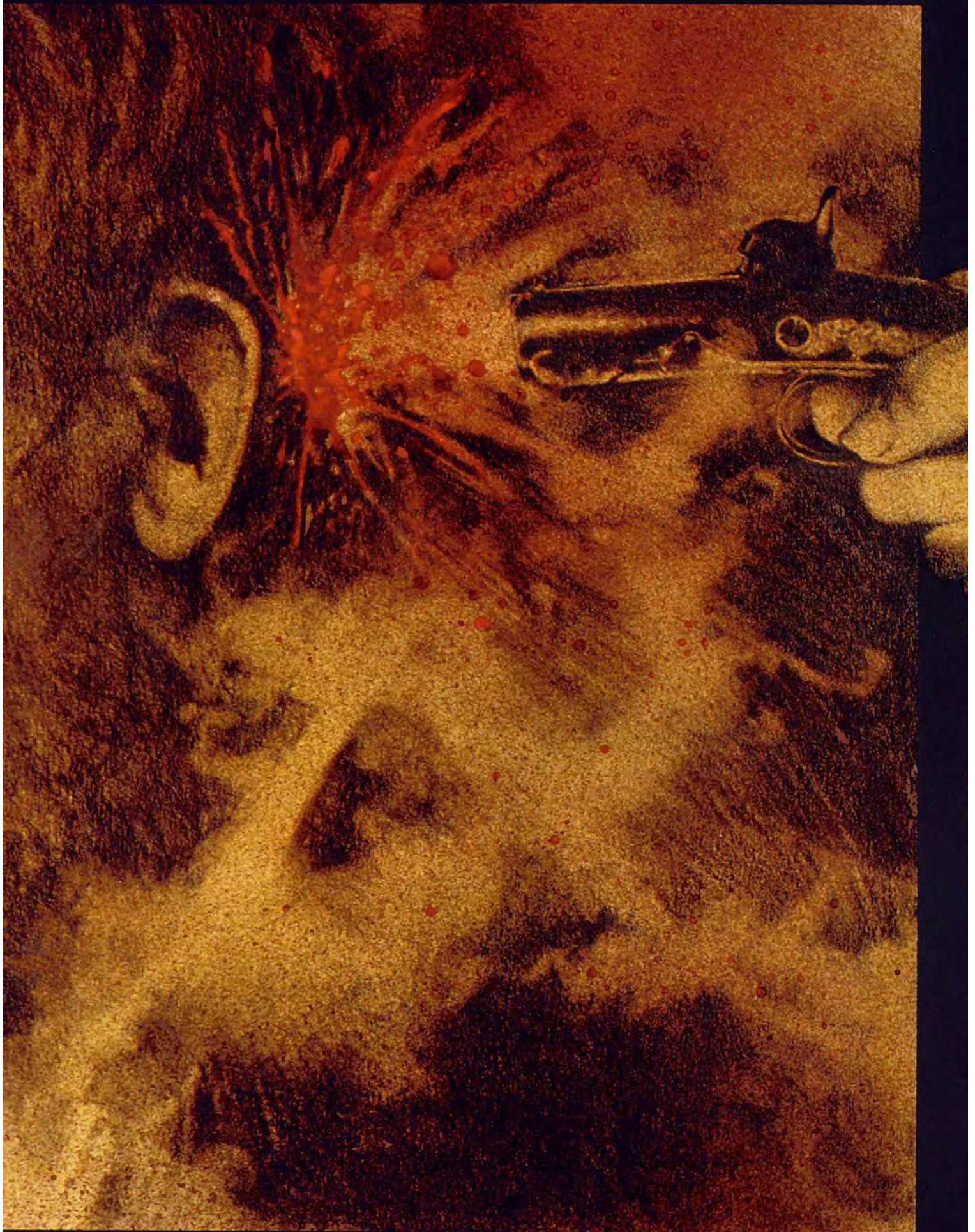


ILLUSTRATION BY CHET JEZERSKI



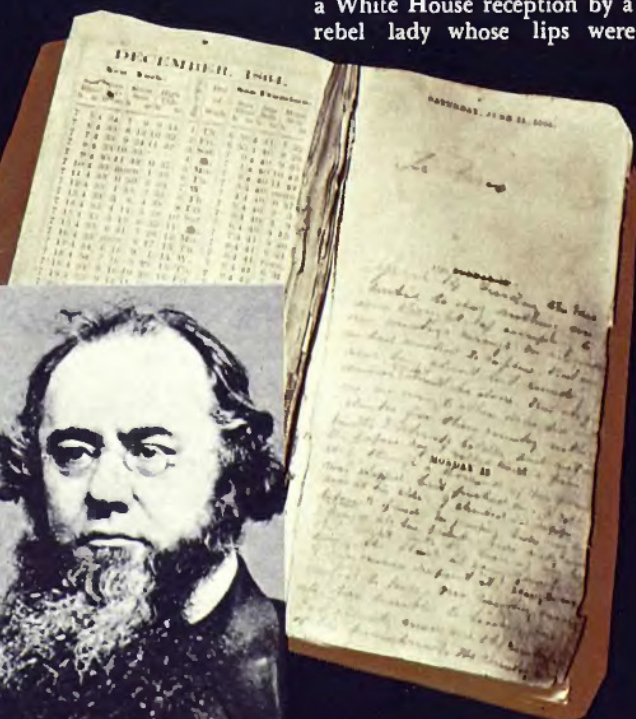
Lincoln passed the night in agony, lying in this too-short bed in a boardinghouse across the street from Ford's.

heroes against their opponents. It's true that those earliest Americans grappled directly with their adversaries, just as the assailants of Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Anton Cermak, Huey Long, Malcolm X and Robert Kennedy were belly close to their victims. But,

like the Greeks and Romans and the Borgias, who preferred slow poisons administered by servants, we have had our long-range assassinations—most recently, John Kennedy and Martin Luther King. And lest we think those are 20th Century technocratic aberrations,

akin to fire bombing from five miles up, we should remember the apocryphal story that Lincoln, before he fell to the native gun tradition, was the victim of a poison-kiss plot. Lincoln, who reportedly once said assassination was not an American crime, was busied at a White House reception by a rebel lady whose lips were

Secretary of State Seward (below left) survived knife wounds inflicted by Lewis Paine. Secretary of War Stanton (below right) ran the country during Lincoln's agony. After Booth's death, Stanton took custody of his diary. When it was introduced as evidence, critical pages were missing.



infected with smallpox germs. Whether or not this story is true, it tells us much about the American imagination and about the passions that swirled around Lincoln before he attended the last performance at Ford's Theater of John Wilkes Booth.

Assassination as a frontier-ethnic facedown is not, then, peculiarly American. Nor is tyrannic our invention, the Greeks instituting it as early as the Fifth Century B.C. and the Romans carrying it to perfection. Europeans, beginning in the Middle Ages, assassinated Thomas à Becket, two Henrys of France, James I of Scotland, a number of the Medicis, and so on down to figures as diverse as Marat, Alexander II, Count Bernadotte, Trotsky and Admiral Darlan. In our time, assassination, as much as ever, crosses national and cultural barriers at random. The names Trujillo, Diem, Lumumba, Gandhi, Faisal and Zapata make the point.

Perhaps the unique characteristic of the American assassination is that the assassin misunderstands the nation in whose cause he thinks he kills. *He is a poor historian, though he believes otherwise.* In his linear and insular reasoning, things will, must proceed as fantasized in his own delusions:

Booth believes he eliminates the great threat to the South, but Lincoln's death brings on the tight-lipped Radical Reconstructionists, latter-day Puritans whose policies halve the nation for two generations.

McKinley's death, a sacrifice to the common man and to the end of Imperial America, brings on the Roughest Rider of them all, and Teddy Roosevelt acquires new dominions for us.

Huey Long's murder removes the populist dictator but clears the way for Earl and Russell Long to rule Louisiana.

Lee Harvey Oswald or someone destroys Kennedy the appeaser and Lyndon Johnson's bellicosity makes us war haters.

Martin Luther King's death brings not race war but gun-control laws and an avalanche of civil rights legislation.

Sirhan Sirhan slays Robert Kennedy and while the Arab watches from his cell, the nation moves closer to Israel.

And the assassins, if alive,

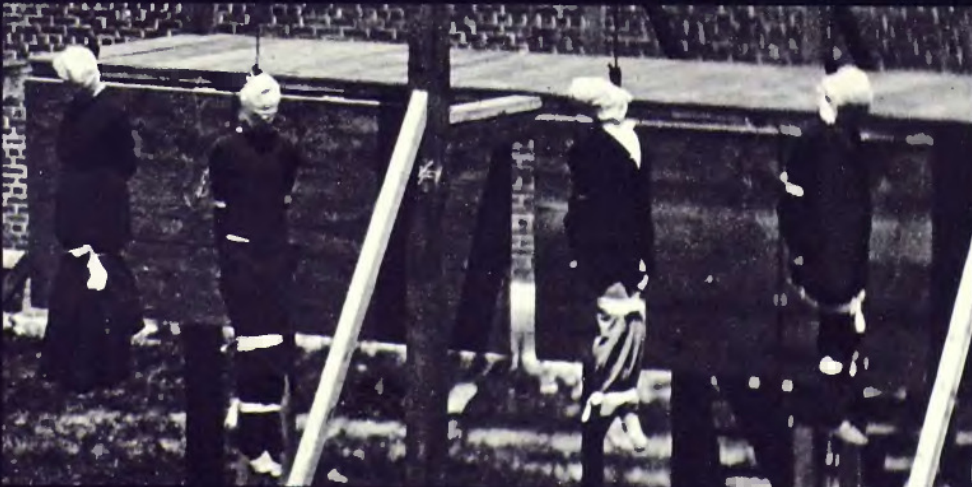
## THE END OF THE CONSPIRACY



On a hot July seventh, Mrs. Surratt, Paine, Herold and Atzeradt were hanged in a Washington prison yard.



A few hours after the executions, the gallows were torn down and sawed into short lengths for souvenirs.



Dr. Samuel Mudd—imprisoned.



Edward Spangler—imprisoned.



Michael O'Laughlin—imprisoned.



Samuel Arnold—imprisoned.



John Surratt—exonerated.

are bemused. Some have made yet another miscalculation. They've ignored the avenging angel, the sergeant who slays Booth, or Long's bodyguards, or Jack Ruby.

Yet the assassinations have had effects. Not always what the killers anticipated, not nearly so effective as those bloody but systematic coups in Europe and the East and Latin America, where power is usurped and governments toppled. Because he is American, our assassin—*isolate*—believes with molish irrationality that one great deed will maintain or restore the republic. That is peculiarly American, just as is the toleration, even veneration, we have had for violence.

Abraham Lincoln knew he was an assassination target. Like John Kennedy 100 years later, he sometimes mused over the possibility of his death. On the Good Friday in 1865 when he was shot, Lincoln remarked to William Crook, his bodyguard, "I believe there are men who want to take my life. And I have no doubt they will do it."

Those obsessed with historical repetitions recall J.F.K.'s words that Friday morning of Dallas: "If anybody really wanted to shoot the President of the United States, it would not be a difficult job—all you have to do is get on a high building someday with a telescopic sight. . . ." Both Presidents agreed, too, that they could easily be slain if the killer were prepared to sacrifice his life. Perhaps our first and latest Presidential victims—whose murders are similar in several ways—meditated on their ends in this way because they were, unlike their assassins, good historians. They could keep time in mind, could see themselves as targets ordained by history, by war, by controversy, by great and conflicting interests within the country. It seems they also knew they could not escape their assassinations.

It is certain that Lincoln's death prefigures the assassinations of our time. Reviewing it, we shall see the similarities. There are the uncertain motives of the alleged assassins. Inconsistencies in physical evidence. Missing evidence. Contradictions or impossibilities offered as facts by the Government and its commissions. The odor of a Governmental cover-up. Finally, the crucial specific questions, such as, Was Lincoln betrayed to Booth's fatal gunshot by someone in his Administration? By his Secretary of War and political rival, Edwin Stanton? In his home? In the South? In the Vatican? Or did the mad Booth act alone?

From the beginning of his term, Lincoln was shadowed by untimely death. On his way to Washington in February 1861, to be inaugurated, he was informed by spy Allan Pinkerton that an attempt on his life might be made in Baltimore as he changed trains for Washington. Throughout the Civil War, Maryland seethed with Secessionists—the Booths

were Marylanders—and it appears that in 1861, some six or eight conceived the idea of killing Lincoln in the confusion of a diversion staged at the train depot, then fleeing by ship to the South. Whether or not the plot existed is debated, but Lincoln was spirited to Washington by a secret route and arrived in semidisguise, huddled in an old overcoat, crowned by a rumpled soft hat, accompanied by only two trusted bodyguards (one of whom, Lincoln's former law partner Ward Hill Lamon was to lament being absent April 14, four years later). The cartoonists had a marvelous time depicting the new President skulking into his capital. Lincoln's own sentiments seem to have been uttered in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, before his ignominious arrival in the city where he would finally be struck down. He said, "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle [the Revolution's prize: an equal chance for everyone] . . . I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

In Lincoln's mind was our history. We were, after all, risen commoners. That forbade an imperial Presidency. Lincoln disliked guards and panoply, once said he couldn't be the people's President if he shut himself up for safety in an iron box and that an assassin had better be careful, because he might get somebody worse for the next President. Still, Lincoln knew we had a violent tendency. He could look back to 1804 and see Aaron Burr prod his political opponent Alexander Hamilton to a duel. Some said Burr did so to rid the nation of a dangerously aristocratic and ambitious man; others that Burr had avenged himself for 1800, when Hamilton had thrown his support to Jefferson, thus defeating Burr in the House of Representatives for the Presidency. Lincoln knew, though, that this duel was emblematic of his own time: Hamilton's whiggish pragmatism versus the egalitarian absolutism of Burr.

Then Andrew Jackson had been threatened in 1835, when Lincoln was a 25-year-old Illinois legislator. Old Hickory was strolling outside the Capitol when an out-of-work house painter named Richard Lawrence popped from behind a pillar, raised two pistol and pulled the trigger of one. Jackson heard the cap explode but felt nothing. He rushed Lawrence, his cane raised to thrash him to the ground. Lawrence pulled the other trigger, and that pistol also misfired. Jackson was lucky; but then, he always had been. He'd killed Charles Dickenson in a duel in 1806 through the stratagem of wearing a loose frock coat that slowed his enemy's ball so that it wounded him grievously but not fatally. Andy then coolly shot Dickenson dead. As for Lawrence, Jackson suspected he had been part of a Whig conspiracy to murder him and not the lone, deranged man the failed assassin claimed to be.

Lincoln knew about Burr, about Jackson, about the mobbing and killing of Elijah P. Lovejoy in 1837, when Lovejoy defended his abolitionist newspaper in Alton, Illinois, and by dying at the hands of angry proslavery men gave the cause its first martyr. Before Lovejoy's death, Lincoln had in the Illinois legislature counseled those very citizens that slavery was a grievous wrong. Slavery, he said in 1856, "debauches even our greatest men." He might well have been thinking of Kansas, where the issues had led to killings, rapes, burnings, as proslavers and free-soilers fought it out.

Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas debated for the U. S. Senate seat in 1858. Lincoln won the popular vote but Douglas the election in the legislature, so Lincoln stayed in Springfield while John Brown, the terrorist abolitionist, left Kansas bloody-handed to capture the Government's arsenal at Harpers Ferry in October 1859. "God's Angry Man" hoped to pass out rifles to the oppressed blacks and spark a slave revolt. But Colonel Robert E. Lee and the Marines were summoned. They recaptured the Federal property and put down the rebellion and on December 2, 1859, Lee gave the order and Brown swung at rope's end in the mild Virginia autumn. Among the onlookers, dressed fit to kill as a temporary member of the fashionable Richmond Grays, was a handsome actor, only 21, second youngest of a famous family of thespians, now himself a budding idol of the Southern stage. John Wilkes Booth got sick after Brown was hanged and he later told his sister that "Brown was a brave old man." Certainly, Brown seemed braver than Booth, who had joined the Army in order to see the hanging, then ended his enlistment the next day. He told all those, then and later, who asked why a man with his pro-South views didn't join the Army that he had promised his mother he wouldn't go to war.

Back in Illinois, Lincoln was preparing a speech that, within three months of its delivery at New York's Cooper Union in February 1860, would make him the Republican Presidential nominee, then President. Lincoln told the skeptical city slickers that Brown did not represent responsible antislavery Republicans—the radical abolitionists on the platform snickered—and that the South need fear no interference "with your slaves." It was a speech to placate everyone except the most fervent abolitionists. Yet such sentiments did not soothe Booth's histrionic secessionism and the actor slandered Lincoln in Southern salons with a ferocity that increased after Lincoln's election as our 16th President. Booth's rebel talk earned him the applause his acting did not, at least in the North, where his elder brother Edwin was king of the stage. John Wilkes's envy of Edwin's earnings and his romantic espousal of the South's cause combined in

(continued on page 170)

# Great Hits from

## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

a quiz in which readers can pit their powers of recall against the sage of the age

All right, you guys. Quiz time. We've been answering all reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—for 15 fun-filled years. Now it's your turn. (Did you think you were going to get off scot free?) The following pertinent, provocative queries were previously presented in the pages of *The Playboy Advisor*. To a certain extent, they reflect the changing concerns of a generation of Americans. At the beginning, it seemed we answered as many questions about sartorial splendor as about the kind in the grass. In the politically paranoid atmosphere of the late Sixties, we addressed ourselves to the question that was plaguing everyone: Is it legal to remove the tags from pillows and mattresses? Recently, the *Advisor* has gotten more into the nitty-gritty aspects of sexual freedom: What is the caloric content of sperm? Is kinky sex before marriage a proof of love? Take out your pen. Match wits with The Playboy Advisor.



1. Gold and silver threads can be found woven into the lining of many ties. Ranging in number from one to six, the threads indicate (A) the quality of workmanship of the tie, (B) the weight of the fabric used to line the tie, (C) the number of times the wearer has made it with his secretary, (D) none of the above.

2. Is it possible to improve your cunninglingual skills by removing corks from champagne bottles with your tongue?



3. Why is this man writhing? Describe the activity pictured above.

4. We respect sage advice when we hear it. Match the following pearls of wisdom with the original oyster. (For extra points, guess the context.)

- (A) "Every act an animal act." (1) Oscar Wilde
- (B) "Familiarize yourself with the chains of bondage and you prepare your own limbs to wear them." (2) Benjamin Franklin
- (C) "In your amours, you should prefer old women to young ones. They are so grateful." (3) P. T. Barnum
- (D) "In this world there are only two tragedies: One is not getting what you want and the other is getting it." (4) Nathaniel Byner
- (E) "Distaste is da best taste in da world." (5) Abraham Lincoln

5. Your butler brings you Henry Kissinger's calling card. The upper right-hand corner is creased, indicating that (A) Henry the K sat on his wallet, (B) he is making a personal call, (C) one of his aides is making a call in his name, (D) someone from the State Department has

tried to break into your house, using Kissinger's card to jimmy the lock on your front door.

6. A French letter is (A) an erotic postcard with text, (B) that portion of the anatomy sealed with a French kiss, (C) a contraceptive, (D) the last vowel in *Story of O*.

7. Should the pleats of a cummerbund open up or down?

8. Most of the 150 marques defined as classics by the Classic Car Club of America were built between 1925 and 1942; a few were built after World War Two. Which of the following cars is recognized as a postwar classic (A) the Lincoln Continental, (B) the Corvette, (C) the Aston Martin DB5, (D) the Ralph Nader Memorial Corvair.

9. A woman is most likely to attain orgasm during intercourse if she is (A) on her side, (B) on her back, (C) on top, (D) tied spread-eagle to a magic fingers vibrated, covered with Miracle Whip, licked clean by a nearsighted *escargot* and allowed to open her own charge account at Bergdorf's.



10. Why is this man writhing? Describe the activity pictured above.

11. True or false? Bird's-nest soup is actually made with birds' nests.

12. Who was Zig-Zag?

13. Dogs become locked in a carnal embrace when the penis is trapped by the contracted muscles of the vagina. Is *penis captivus* possible in humans? (A) yes, (B) no, (continued on page 211) 103



*revolutionary concoctions for the jaded bicentennialist*

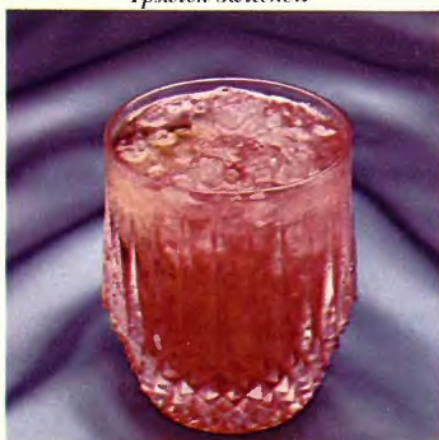
*drink* By EMANUEL GREENBERG



*Whaler's Toddy*



*Ipswich Switchell*



*Claret Cup*

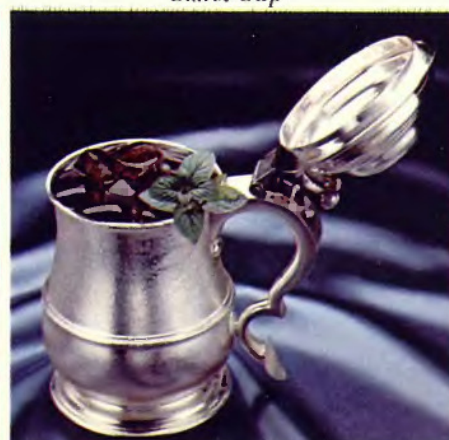
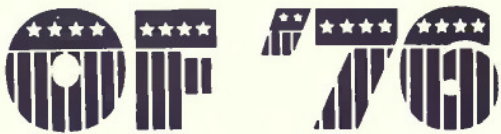






ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK



THAT BAND OF ADVENTURERS, patriots, libertarians, zealots, horse thieves, wenchers and visionaries collectively known as our forefathers was an industrious but convivial lot. After labor and the Lord, there was always a little time for amusement—harassing redcoats, chasing petticoats or hoisting a few with other recent immigrants (continued on page 220)

Mulled Cider



One Yard of Flannel



Jamestown Julep



ARTICLE **By MUHAMMAD ALI**

With RICHARD DURHAM

# BUT, COACH, IT HELPS ME RELAX

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT SEX AND ATHLETES...

**I** USED TO HEAR trainers and managers, during my amateur days, commenting on the poor showing of certain fighters with sad shakes of the head. "Serves him right. I told him to stay 'way from that trim. That pussy ruined him." Listening to them, I prayerfully resolved to avoid sex at all costs. And up until the 1958 Golden Gloves, I was glowingly successful, without even a struggle. What I wanted in life was to be a spectacular, winning performer. And if turning my back on sex was what it took, I would be like a nun.

Nowadays, many doctors and researchers have come to entirely different conclusions on sex and the athlete. But when I first entered competitions, we younger fighters listened with rapt attention to the old pros who testified on the evils of sex. One or another would account for his defeat or near knockout by telling some hot, juicy tale of his fatal encounter with an unexpected piece of pussy, while the managers and trainers would nod amen.

If they saw us younger fighters, their "protégés," trying to make it with a girl, they'd take us aside and say, "Kid, you got to make pussy think you're dead. Stay away or it'll ruin you." Then they'd glide over to the girl, take over and leave us wondering why pussy could be so bad for us and so good for them.

"You don't know how to handle it yet," Donnie Hall, my best friend among the older boxers, would patiently explain. I had grown up in Louisville with Donnie, a tall, well-built, black heavy with beautiful teeth and flashing eyes, who defeated opponents with the same ease with which he acquired the prettiest girls.

"How do you handle it?" I asked him one day when we were preparing for the Golden Gloves trials. He had won Louisville's heavyweight division and I had won in the light-heavy.

Donnie glanced around to see if anyone was listening. "When we get to Chicago, I'll show you." He winked. "Right now, play it cool. Don't fool around with women. Keep your strength." With that, Donnie, who was four years older than me, strolled off to join his latest girlfriend.

I hardly needed the warning; I had just turned 16 and I was miserably shy and bashful. It took all the courage I could muster to even approach a girl. If that's to be my only problem, I thought, I've got the championship in the bag.

It was a cold February in 1958 when our team got to Chicago and huddled together in the St. Clair Hotel, a few blocks from icy Lake Michigan. There were six of us who wanted to go on to become pros: Ed Whitaker, Davie Hilton, Elmer Dennison, Bill Wikstrom, Donnie Hall and me. To us, winning the Golden Gloves meant getting the "master's degree" we needed for professional work.

I had already lost one shot the previous year when I was taken out in Louisville because the doctor found something irregular about my heartbeat. It cleared up, whatever it was, but too late for me to enter the tournament. And that year, most of all, I wanted to return home a champion.

The huge Chicago Stadium with three boxing matches going on simultaneously under those hot white lights, with screaming, cheering, booing crowds, was the most awesome spectacle I'd ever

participated in. Half the states sent fighters to Chicago, the other half to New York. And the eight winners would fight each other for the national title.

Certain cities became known to us for the caliber of their fighters. We'd say, "Ooooooowwweee, he comes from Cleveland. He must be tough." Or Detroit, Omaha, Toledo, Dayton, Chicago, Wichita. Little two-by-four towns were put on the map by the courage of their unknown fighters. And I wanted to put Louisville on the map for something other than whiskey and horses.

So I studied fighters in those rings like an honor student would his textbooks. Some wild, unorthodox; some poised, polished like the best professionals. I examined styles, stances, moves, feints, jabs, crosses, hooks, bobs, weaves. And I adopted all I could from those who made the trade—bloody, vicious and savage as it might be—an art. As Sugar Ray, Kid Gavilan, Johnny Bratton had done. They were the Picassos among fighters and they made it all seem a thing of pride, poise, courage, strength, class.

In the Golden Gloves, they arrange for the lighter fighters to eliminate each other first. Then they bring out the heavies. After my preliminaries, I went up to Donnie's room and found him standing flat-footed, touching his toes before the mirror. He showed

me an article forecasting my next night's battle: "A fight coming up that (continued on page 112)"



ARTICLE **By MUHAMMAD ALI**  
With RICHARD DURHAM

# **BUT, COACH, IT HELPS ME RELAX**

... WELL, HERE'S SOMEBODY WHO AGREES WITH THEM





# OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

*remember penny candies?  
we just wondered why kids should have all the fun*

BACK IN THOSE prepubescent days when the stuff actually cost one cent, penny candy served the same purpose as five pounds of Godiva chocolates or a quart of Joy perfume does today. You could lure your fifth-grade sweetheart off to a corner of the playground on the promise of seeing what lay clutched in your sticky palm—a root-beer barrel, perhaps, or a marshmallowy fruit redolent with imitation banana oil. Well, we got to reminiscing about those golden moments, one thing led to another and herewith are the mouth-watering results, not available in any store: PLAYBOY's X-rated treats for adult tastes.



SUGAR BOOBIES

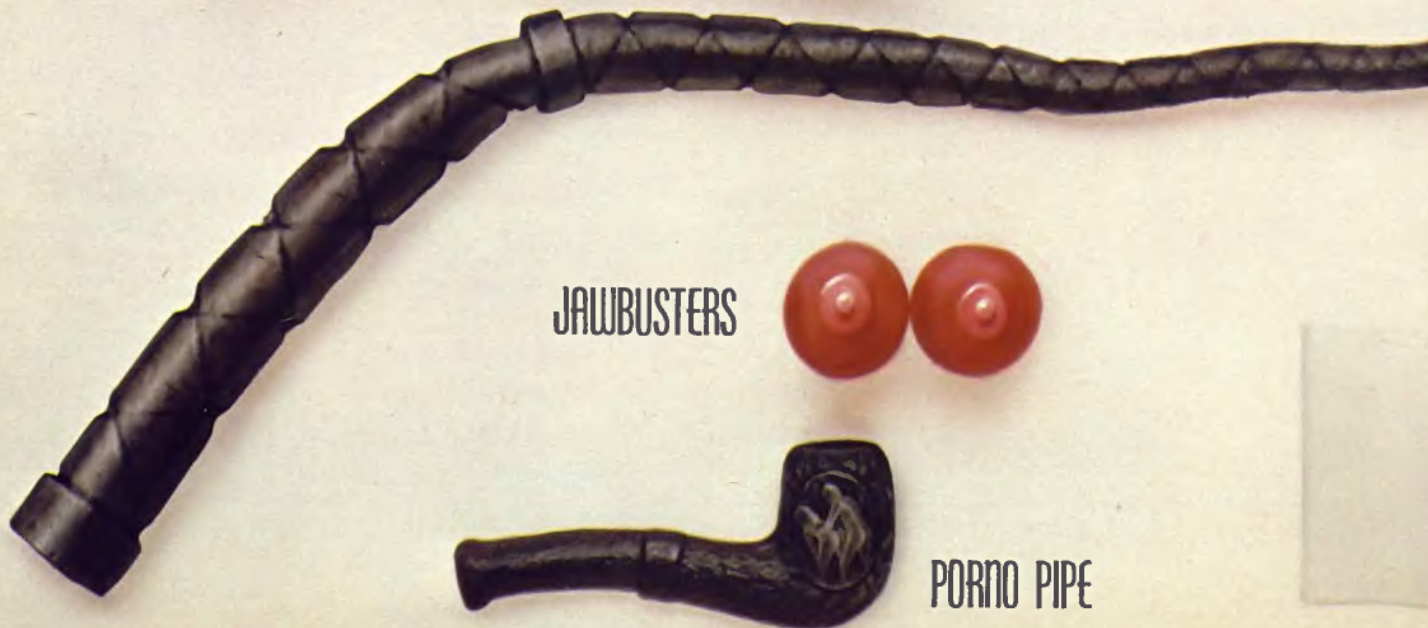


BALL-CARD BUBBLE GUM

SWEETSAFE



S/M SPECIAL



JAWBUSTERS

PORNO PIPE

LICORICE LEGS



WAX TIPS

CINNAMON PILLS



HOT LIPS



ALL-NIGHT SUCKER



TEENY WEENIE



RANDY KISS



STRIP TEASERS



## IT HELPS ME RELAX *(continued from page 106)*

should be of main-bout caliber sends Kent Green against Cassius Clay of Louisville. Clay was a standout performer last night."

Donnie laughed and slapped me on the back. "You can take this guy with one hand tied behind you. I got mine made, too. Let's go out." When I asked where we were going, he said, "I wanna see if you can handle it. How you been doin' with it, anyway?"

"Fine," I said, not daring to admit I hadn't been doing anything with "it." I don't know why I was so eager to follow him, instead of resisting and sticking to my rigid resolve not to break training. Maybe because the heaviest load a fighter carries between fights is the boredom, the weariness, that comes from waiting, waiting.

We caught a cab on Michigan Avenue, and when the driver asked where we wanted to go, Donnie said, "Where the women are."

The driver did a double take and said, "How much you expect to pay?"

"Well . . ." Donnie sounded smooth, hip, "just take us to the best place you know."

"This'll cost you extra," the driver said before he pulled his flag down. He drove us to the South Side and let us out near 47th and Calumet. Donnie paid the fare, slipping in something extra, and the driver said, "Just start walking."

We were in front of a corner pawnshop under the el. An old woman in a knit cap, galoshes and a man's overcoat was standing on an orange crate, preaching the Gospel to people rushing by to catch the train. We started walking.

A few blocks down Calumet Avenue, two prostitutes came up behind us, one black, the other white. The white one looked at me with a fixed smile: "You looking for some fun?"

I said, "Yes. . . . Well, no, ma'am, we just walking—"

But Donnie cut me off. "Sure, ba-bay, we lookin' for some fun. What's it gonna cost?"

I envied the smooth, self-assured way he took over and wished I could handle myself that way.

"Well," she was saying, "what do you want to pay?"

Donnie hedged. "How much you want?"

"Seven and two," she said.

Donnie turned to me as though I was Mr. Authority. "Cash, is seven and two all right with you?"

"Sure," I said, without the slightest idea what it meant. A few minutes later, when I learned it meant seven dollars for her and two dollars for the room, I couldn't believe the high price.

They took us back to a building we'd just passed, up three flights of rickety wooden stairs with graffiti-covered walls. We reached a hallway where an old white man, sitting in a little cashier's cage,

closed his window tight when we came up.

The white woman calmed him down. "Dad, everything's all right," she said, and we stepped up and paid the seven and two.

Donnie started popping his fingers and asked in a loud voice, "Which one you want?"

I was too ashamed to speak so loud. It didn't seem right. Wouldn't one feel slighted if she wasn't chosen first? So I whispered in Donnie's ear, "I'll take the colored one." She was the best-looking of the two—younger, about 30, a little neater. But when she started toward a door down the hall, I told Donnie I was going back to the hotel. "Got to get up early. Exercise!"

The woman saw me pull back and said, "Awww, don't worry, honey, everything'll be all right. Just don't worry." Her manner wasn't sexy at all, more like a nurse telling a new patient not to be afraid of a minor operation.

Donnie went down the hall and pointed for me to follow my woman, who had gone into a room near the top of the stairs. I got just outside the door and stood there, sweating, nervous, miserable.

I'm back in Louisville . . . seven or eight years old . . . running up and down alleys with the gang, looking into bedroom windows that have the shades or blinds up . . . disappointed in never really seeing anything but peeping in anyway. We never see what we're looking for. Donnie's mother calls us "bad little rascals."

"Let's find us a new bedroom tonight," somebody says.

"I know us a good place. I saw a place down the street with no shades up or nothin' and last night I saw everything that went on."

And I say, "C'mon, man, let's go see that!"

So we run for about four or five blocks. In the dark, we go up to the window and we peep and peep and don't see nobody. And it gets real late. Then the man and woman come in and start taking off their clothes, and just before they get them off, the man turns the light out. That makes me mad.

I took a deep breath, went inside and closed the door. She was sitting on the bed, opening a pack of cigarettes.

"Hurry up. We haven't got all night."

"Hurry up what?" I said.

"Take your clothes off."

I crossed the room to the light switch and cut all the lights out.

"What you cut them lights out for?"

"I gotta take off my pants," I said.

"Well, goddamn, don't you think I know that? Why'd you cut them lights out?"

All I could say was the truth: "I don't want you to see me with my pants off."

She sat there stone-quiet for a while. I had managed to slip my shoes and socks off before she struck a match to light her cigarette.

"Wanna smoke?" She offered me the package.

"No, ma'am. I don't smoke. Prize fighters are not allowed to smoke, ma'am." The match had lit her face up and I could see her eyes on me in the dark, wide and wondering. "I'm in the Golden Gloves," I went on, trying to get myself on familiar ground so we could at least have something to talk about. "I'm going to be light heavyweight champion, and then—"

"Nice," she said. "Ready?"

I follow Sandra Hanes and Charley Heard all the way home from a party. . . . I watch them kiss and kiss and kiss for what seems hours. And when I see Charley in the hall next day at school, I say, "How did you ever get Sandra Hanes to go out with you? She won't go out with me."

He just looks at me with pity and says, "Look, man. You can fight, but you got to learn to talk. Talking is where it's at. Words, words, man. The way you hug the background, you never be hip. You got to step on out and get it. Talk, talk, talk, man. Talk to people. I can't fight a lick. Women like words. Talk."

The match had burned out and it was pitch-dark again and I was about to take off my long underwear. Then I thought I saw a tiny ray of light from the window. I went over and pulled the shade down tight, to shut out that little light still coming in.

"What the hell you pulling the shades down for? You some kinda. . . ." She was surprised, maybe even a little frightened.

I said, "Don't I have to take off my underwear?"

She was stone-quiet again. I just stood there against the wall, my eyes getting accustomed to the darkness. Then I saw she had stripped off her clothes and was lying on the bed. The blood went to my head. It was the first time I'd seen a woman naked . . . what was I supposed to do . . . ?

Gwendolyn—the first girl I ever kiss—lives in a little two-room frame house around the corner from me. . . . I'm 15 and devoted to boxing. Every week I'm on *Tomorrow's Champions*. I pass her house: "Oh, Cassius Clay. I watch you all the time on TV." She beckons me to the porch, where she has a record player going, and we listen to the Platters, Little Richard, the Dells, Ella Fitzgerald, and she has me come back week after week.

*(continued on page 166)*

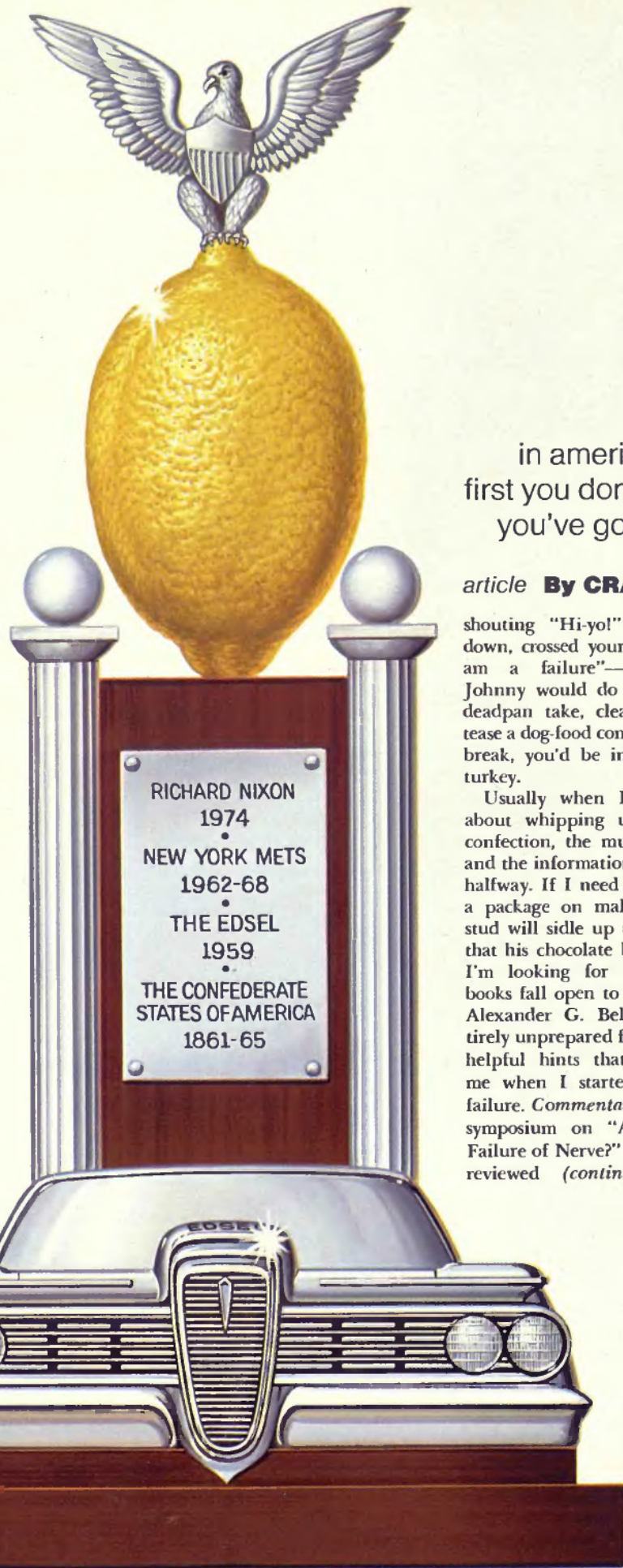


# FAILURE IS ITS OWN REWARD

The United States are destined either to surmount the gorgeous history of feudalism, or else prove the most tremendous failure of time.

—WALT WHITMAN,  
*Democratic Vistas*

WELCOME TO 1976, Year of the Turkey. As fife, drum and flag combos with chili sauce on their bandages march through the shopping malls of our fair land, I am here to say a few words about how everything and everybody has bombed, flunked, stiffed, flopped and otherwise gone down the tube. I'm talking about failure, friends and neighbors. That's right, the dirtiest word beginning with F in the English language. It's amazing that they'll let me write about it in a family magazine. I mean, you could get on Johnny Carson and say, "I had a drinking problem," and the audience would applaud. You could say, "I had leukemia," and they'd cheer. If you said, "I had V. D.," they'd all be



in america, if at first you don't succeed, you've got it made

article **By CRAIG KARPEL**

shouting "Hi-yo!" But if you sat down, crossed your legs and said, "I am a failure"—absolute silence. Johnny would do his million-dollar deadpan take, clear his throat and tease a dog-food commercial. After the break, you'd be in the *second seat*, turkey.

Usually when I begin to think about whipping up a socioliterary confection, the muse is good to me and the information I need meets me halfway. If I need some material for a package on male sexuality, some stud will sidle up to me and confide that his chocolate bar has melted. If I'm looking for telephone tidbits, books fall open to ribald tales about Alexander G. Bell. But I was entirely unprepared for the pleonasm of helpful hints that the world gave me when I started thinking about failure. *Commentary* came out with a symposium on "America Now: A Failure of Nerve?" *The Village Voice* reviewed (continued on page 130)



*january's daina house has some  
very definite ideas about where she's at—  
so we've let her speak for herself*

## DECIDEDLY DAINA



**I** MUST ADMIT I had certain misgivings about becoming a Playmate. Down in Texas, which is where I was born and reared, we used to hear all kinds of kinky rumors about PLAYBOY—like what those little stars on the cover meant and all—so you might say I had my doubts. It all started about a year ago, when I did an ad for a platform-shoe company in L.A. One of the photographers asked me to do a promo gig for him and I said OK, and he took a bunch of my pictures up to PLAYBOY with the intention of promoting the shoes. Ironically, PLAYBOY wanted the girl—me—not the shoes; but I said no at first. I figured I'd have to put up with all sorts of hanky-panky from the photographers. But Marilyn Grabowski, the West Coast Photography Editor, was real nice and assured me that it wasn't that way at all, and eventually I agreed. I love modeling, anyway, mainly because I love to have my picture taken. Even as a kid in Dallas, I used to be the star of my dad's home movies. Which is one big reason why I'm an actress. Acting gives



*"I love men—that's the understatement of the year—but for some reason, I've always gone for men with no money. I realize it's a little strange, but rich men just don't attract me at all—they're usually such incredible show-offs. Also, I love a man who can make me laugh and who can really appreciate my beauty."*



*"I've always been attracted to two types of men—those with a blunt, forward line and those who are so physically attractive that—boom!—I have to go to bed with them."*



*"I'm not a women's libber—God forbid! I just don't believe in it. As far as I'm concerned, the man's the boss. Period. I need a good strong man to keep me in line sometimes."*







*"I'm a very selfish person in a lot of ways and I'm aware of it. My career is my number-one concern and occasionally I feel I can't devote enough attention to the people I love. As a result, I'm a difficult person to live with, but I'm loyal. It's an awful strain sometimes—but I am loyal."*





me a lot of satisfaction—it's a release for my frustrations. People tend to think beautiful girls are all dumbbells, which I'm not. Acting gives me a way of showing those people that I've got talent. In fact, I'd rather play a nun than a sexpot. My movie credits so far haven't been all that impressive, but after all, I'm just starting out. I had a tiny walk-on in *Farewell, My Lovely* and I'm going up to Montana to film *The Winds of Autumn*, in which I play a whore. Also, I'm up for the female lead in Tom Laughlin's new film, *The Deadliest Spy*, so keep your fingers crossed. You've got to be pretty ballsy to get ahead in this business and I *am* ballsy, but I'm all cotton inside and I hurt easily. Also, I can't stand phoniness. There's a lot of that in showbiz and I react to it by being real. It's hard sometimes, but I try. It's just the way I am. Like it or not.



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Raina House*



*"I'm absolutely crazy about sex and anyone who isn't is nuts. It's one of my favorite pastimes. And I'm open about it—hell, if something feels good, why not do it? Besides, it helps keep a girl in shape, if you know what I mean."*

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When they'd wound up in her apartment at the end of their blind date, the girl asked, "Would you like to have a little drink?"

"I'd like to have a little—period!" said the fellow, smiling.

"How convenient," chirped the girl. "That's just what I'm having!"

They wouldn't have caught me," simpered the gay cadet at the military college, "if I hadn't attempted to switch majors."



Two octogenarians married and tottered off on their honeymoon. On their first night, they undressed slowly, but with anticipation, and climbed into bed; a few moments later, the man turned toward his new wife and slipped his hand gently over hers. On the following night, he again held her hand tenderly until they were both asleep. On the third evening, the bridegroom turned once more to his bride and moved to take her hand in his.

"Not tonight, dear," she quavered. "I have a headache."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *professional stud* as a working stiff.

Hey, now our roles are reversed!" grinned the handsome lab technician when he visited the perky massage-parlor girl. "Remember me from the clinic last week? I'm the guy who pricked your finger!"

As the apartment door opened, the man saw that the shapely young woman was attired in nothing but a see-through negligee. Pulling his eyes away with obvious difficulty, he cleared his throat and said, "Good morning, ma'am. I'm the new gasman and I've come to read your meter."

"How can I be sure about that?" challenged the girl. "How do I know that you're not some rapist, eager to take advantage of a defenseless housewife who's alone in her apartment . . . and will be until her husband comes home as regular as clockwork at six-oh-five tonight?"

We've had a report that the leading manufacturer of imported vibrators is a Japanese firm that now calls itself Genital Electric.

And, of course, you've heard about the absent-minded exhibitionist who was arrested for exposing his whatchamacallit.

The aging hard-core-skin-flick actor arrived home dog-tired. "Did you have a hard day at the studio, baby?" asked his girlfriend as she handed him a drink.

"Yes—thank God!" he replied.

I'll tell you," smiled prom chairman Mose, "Why Peggy's the prom queen I chose:

*She's as cheerfully free*

*As the wind on the sea—*

*And besides, like the wind, Peggy blows!"*

Whatever happened to that nice Navy gunnery officer you used to go around with?" the girl was asked.

"Oh, we broke up," she sighed. "Lieutenant Gridley always fired before I was ready."

A man who wanted a loan to buy a new car was turned down by the bank. Dejected, he went home and told his wife the bad news.

"But, darling," she said, "why didn't you tell me about the car sooner? I have about three thousand dollars in a secret account in the bank."

"Three thousand dollars! Wherever did you get that kind of money?"

"Well," she said, "it may have been rather sentimental of me, but I've put away a dollar from the house money every time we've made love."

"Hell," he said, "if I had known you were doing that, I'd have given you *all my business!*"



The young boy entered the living room of his home and sat down beside his mother. After a few minutes of deep thought, he said, "Mom, is it true that people can be taken apart like machines?"

"Of course not," his mother answered. "Where did you hear such nonsense?"

"Well, just now, Daddy was talking to somebody on the phone," the lad continued, "and I heard him say that last night he screwed the ass off his secretary."

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.



*"Jenkins, have you ever wondered why your promotions in this company haven't kept pace with everyone else's?"*

# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

*tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '75*

*humor*

**By JUDITH WAX**

By Government fiat was General Lee  
Restored to full citizen's ranks;  
But, could they have put it to old Robert E.,  
He might—looking round—say, "No, thanks!"



Ms. Bacon's sex made race-track news,  
But soon her fame grew wider:  
Her racing silks were Klansman's sheets  
(Was Mary a night rider?).

Kniesel's fractured all his bones  
And what we want to know is:  
Can this really be what's meant  
By "breaking into showbiz"?



When "Dear Ann" Landers got divorced,  
Much to our surprise, her  
First response was not to contact  
Playboy's own Advisor.



Arthur Ashe, at Wimbledon,  
Came away with honors.  
He swears by meditation's shtick  
(His mantra was "Beat Connors").

Apollo met Soyuz in space  
And Russians came on board,  
But earth-bound Solzhenitsyn  
Couldn't dock with Jerry Ford.



When Betty Ford soft-lined affairs,  
Bluenoses were enraged;  
They'd go along with kissing, sure  
(If couples were engaged).



Though New York has financial woes,  
Abe Beame does all he can;  
But, speaking frankly, would you buy  
A used town from this man?



When Great Britain honored Chaplin,  
'Twas the first in any reign  
That the monarch's loyal subject  
Was knighted with a cane.

Loretta Lynn has hit it big;  
The girl from Butcher Hollow  
Made record gold from birth control  
(No bitter pill to swallow).

A challenge to Chicago's king  
Was once more left for dead,  
Assuring city workers  
Four more years of Daley bread.

Though youthful Maharaj Ji has  
Devotees by the score,  
His ma got sore and said, "You can't  
Play guru anymore!"

Why venture verse on champ Ali?  
He'd easily outwit us  
By spouting poems of his own.  
(We'd rather have him hit us!)



Amin, when called a tyrant,  
Got a trifle temperamental;  
"I'll kill the man," big Idi swore,  
"Who says I am not gentle!"



Dick Nixon was signed up to tell it to Frost  
And, to loosen his tongue for the tale,  
It's said near a million was what the deal cost  
(Confession is good for the sale).



Since he is into hose and scents  
As well as pigskin hurts,  
Should Namath huddle with the gents  
Or with the pom-pom girls?

Zsa Zsa married number six;  
She's just so hard on men.  
He invented Barbie doll  
(Who now wants rocks from Ken).

Mother Gandhi cooked a stew  
That had observers worried.  
(In Indira's recipe,  
Democracy got curried.)

A book by Fanne Foxe came out  
In which she told it all;  
Maybe next a swimmer's guide:  
"The Tidal Basin Crawl."



On the sea of matrimony  
May their ships spring not a leak  
While Christina O. and bridegroom  
Go on dancing Greek to Greek.



Cher and groom had troubles  
Quick as you can flick a telly.  
Gregg got less exposure  
Than the nation's fav'rite belly.



Anwar and Yitzhak signed a pact.  
(That Kissinger's a whiz.)  
But biggest news from Israel:  
The truce of Dick and Liz.



Rudi Gernreich's topless suits  
Were once quite daring cuts.  
Now, with his Thong—no ifs or ands,  
But, zowie, plenty butts!

The "National Enquirer"  
Made the Kissingers quite nervous.  
They didn't mind the paper,  
But what lousy garbage service!

To raise a Russian sub turned out  
A multimillion scheme. Oh,  
Howard Hughes, can it be true  
You're really Captain Nemo?

## FAILURE

(continued from page 113)

Nashville and *Ragtime* under the banner, "FAILURE-OF-AMERICA FAD." George C. Scott revived Arthur Miller's epic drama of failure, *Death of a Salesman*. *Time* started a section called "Failures." I opened *Nestor Kvaly's Amazing Sports Records & Other Oddities* and read this quote: "I always turn to the sports page first. The sports page records people's accomplishments; the front page has nothing but man's failures."—former Chief Justice Earl Warren."

So I turned to the sports page and there was a story about the record number of baseball-team managers that had been told to take a walk. I opened the *New York Daily News* and there was Linda McCartney, saying, "My dad went to Harvard, my mother went to Smith and my brother went to Stanford. They really thought I was a failure." You've never seen Linda on the Carson show, have you? I turned on the television for some karmic relief. Eric Sevareid appeared and started complaining to me about "failures and neurotics in the news." At first I thought he was talking about Henry Kissinger. Then I figured out that he was actually miffed at Sally Quinn for her book. It's all about failure—hers—with *CBS Morning News*. I escaped to a 65th-floor cocktail party at New York's Rainbow Grill, but my editor at PLAYBOY cornered me and asked how the piece was coming. "Words fail," quoth I. I could not bear to tell him the awful truth: that my journey to the center of failure was proving to be an unqualified success.

The hottest thing in showbiz right now is failure. Look at Sally Quinn. *The Wall Street Journal* says, "But despite the failure, she was already a star." Despite? *Because!* Before she blew her big chance, she was Sally Who? outside Washington. Wrote some column or other for *The Washington Post*. Then she bombed with such memorable klutziness that Simon & Schuster gave her a plump contract to write a book all about it. Quinn obliged with a volume titled *We're Going to Make You a Star*, which blames everyone with whom she came in contact at CBS for her fiasco. To hear her tell it, nobody even bothered to inform her that the little red light meant that the camera was on. (One wonders what she thought it *did* mean.) Quinn's book has done for failure what Norman Podhoretz' *Making It* did for success back in 1968; i.e., made it an approved topic for cocktail-party chic chat. Reviewers were by turns as charmed and as nettled by Quinn's self-serving candor as they were by Podhoretz'. And readers lapped it up, because, in fact, there are more *schleppers* out there who want to be told that it's OK to fail, because it was probably everybody else's fault, than there are tycoons who need

Podhoretz to tell them that they won't burn in hell for having striven. Besides, as a way of getting material for a first-person story, failing at CBS beats sailing alone across the Atlantic in a Sea Snark using only your teeth.

Or take Ken Russell, who has taken the title of World's Most Successful Film Failure away from Mike Nichols. In the past seven years, Russell has directed a series of *flops d'estime*—*Women in Love*, *The Music Lovers*, *The Devils*, *The Boy Friend* and *Savage Messiah*. Watching *Women in Love* was better than being poked in the eye with a sharp stick—how could Oliver Reed and Alan Bates wrestling naked by firelight not be cute? But the rest of them! Get the hook! The entire paying audience for *Savage Messiah* could have fit into one Jerry Lewis Mini Cinema. And *The Boy Friend*—I'll never forget sitting in a huge provincial theater with three other people watching—all holy apostles and evangelists defend me—*Twiggy*, winging her way through the play within the movie of *The Boy Friend*. And if you think I was forlorn and depressed, that was nothing compared to how Ken Russell's backers felt when they saw the "Picture Grosses" page of *Variety*. London's *Time Out* opined that the movie was "a disease, a putrescent effluence of garbage encouraging and reinforcing all the most negative modes of existence." I wouldn't be so gentle. *The Boy Friend* is the worst motion picture yet made. It is very probably the worst motion picture that will ever be made. What could be lower than a flop about a flop starring a has-been? The Army's V. D. horror movie is easier to look at and you don't have to listen to Twiggy sing.

But Russell's cinematic failures have been so voluptuous, so extravagant that the critics and the audiences—and, more important, the financiers—keep coming back for more. "If this is how sumptuous his disasters are, imagine how our rods and cones would be tickled if by some bizarre mistake he ever made a good picture!" Russell has walked away from each clinker smelling like a Hitchcock; i.e., a director whose latest you'd go to see even if the heavens parted and God Himself appeared and told you that it sucked. The result is that, despite himself, Russell now has a palpable hit on his hands—*Tommy*, with a \$10,000,000 gross, and I do mean gross. "I am interested in failures," says Russell. Fortunately for him, so are we.

Ten years ago, nobody would touch Lenny Bruce with a stick. His run-ins with the law had left the telltale odor of failure about him, and being a loser doesn't play so good in night clubs. At the time he posed for his famous post-mortem snapshots, Bruce couldn't have

gotten booked into Mitzi's Aurora Lounge in Pottawotamie, Nebraska. In part, this is because there was no such club and no such town, but as far as the world was concerned, there was no such comedian. So what difference did it make? Lately, Lenny has become a growth industry. There are Lenny plays, Lenny records, Lenny movies, Lenny books, Lenny posters and Lenny T-shirts. One of these days, I'm going to open my *Wall Street Journal* and see an ad selling franchises in Lenny Bruce Turkey Systems. The fast-food chain that asks the musical question, "Did you come yet?"


Why the sudden boom in Bruciana? It certainly has little to do with his humor, which has been there waiting—in books and on records—all along. A lot of people say that it's because he was a martyr. How so? He never did a day of time; and if he had held on a little longer, he would have lived to see his convictions reversed on appeal. No, what has gotten the public all hot and bothered about Bruce is that smell of failure. What stank in 1966 is now perfume. Everybody takes it for granted that Bruce was a pathetic fuck-up. The talk-show controversy is: Was he a *nice* pathetic fuck-up or a *mean* pathetic fuck-up? Lenny once said, "Satire is tragedy plus time. You give it enough time, the public, the reviewers will allow you to satirize it." In America, success is failure plus time.

Let us now praise famous turkeys. The Best and the Brightest get the Failure of the Era Award for the Indochina war, which, fortunately, closed out of town. The U. S. and its allies fought continuously in Asia starting in 1942 to see whether or not the West would get to boss the industrialization of the East. European civilization, which had been pushing Westward for nearly half a millennium, finally got stiff-armed once and for all in 1975. Vietnam is the focal point of American failure. Everybody who's anybody has failed there. The diplomatic corps failed to avert the war in the first place. The CIA failed to figure out what was going on. The press failed to drive home the reality of the war. The hawks failed to win the war. The movement failed to end the war. Two Presidents failed to convince us we were winning. The Justice Department failed to convict Daniel Ellsberg. The right failed to pin the blame for bugging out on the left. The airlift failed. Even the anticlimax failed: The Mayaguez incident's 41 dead was a grotesque price to pay for 39 captive seamen. And just to make sure we didn't mar our Vietnam record with even one small triumph, we failed to welcome the refugees.

Fortunately, we were distracted from the enormity of our failure in Indochina by the failure of the American political system. Watergate began with the failure

(continued on page 136)





ROOM DESIGN BY ANGELO DONGHIA

# GRAND DESIGNS

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

*exclusively for playboy: creative  
menswear and the decor it inspires—  
all by the world's foremost designers*

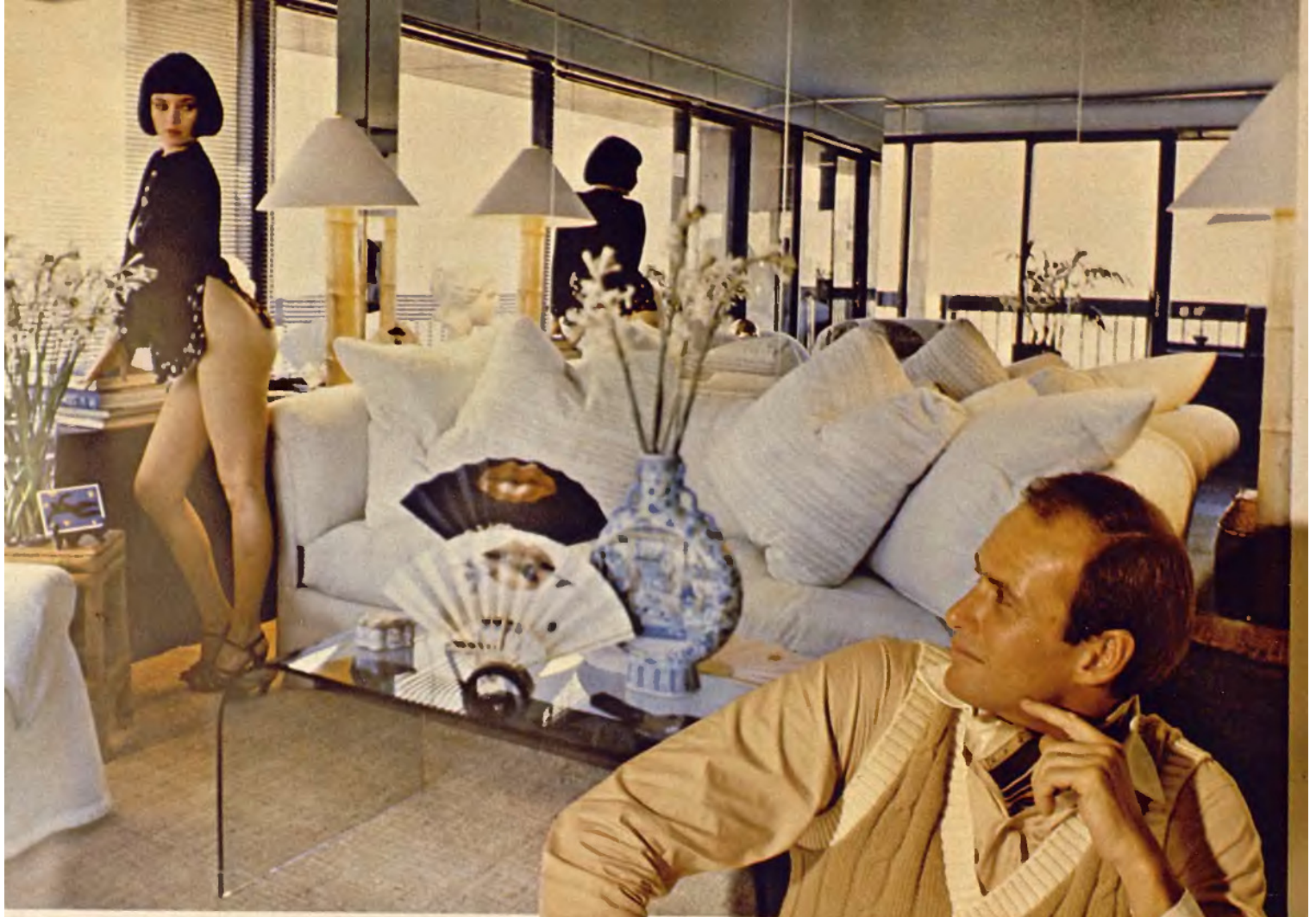
FASHION is a nonverbal language. It communicates in silence, conveying to the world how an individual relates to himself and to his surroundings. There are many other nonverbal languages, one of them being the rooms we live in. Like clothes, rooms also reflect lifestyle—their decor is an extension of ourselves. With this in mind, PLAYBOY decided to add a new dimension to its annual Creative Menswear Collection by inviting talented interior designers Angelo Donghia and David Easton and Michael LaRocca to produce rooms inspired by the originals shown here. The language may be nonverbal, but the message is clear.

Designer Yves St. Laurent combines an 18th Century—  
style cape with a contemporary jump suit—all  
counterpointed by an off-terrace room in which  
antique is mixed with modern and the continuation  
of floor tiling brings the outdoors inside.



ROOM DESIGN BY DAVID EASTON/MICHAEL LAROCCA

Pierre Cardin sees a man's at-home clothes as loose, sensuous and free, the ideal fabric being your own skin. Granted his cotton velvet wrap-around shirt jacket and cotton velvet slacks are not for the timid—and neither is a room with strong color accents and much open space.



ROOM DESIGN BY ANGELO DONGHIA

The timeless elegance of traditional styling is a direction unto itself—and Ralph Lauren for Polo does it best. Here you have a wool cable-knit sweater vest combined with a silk neck scarf, shirt and wool flannel slacks. Veddly old money; and so is the mirror-walled penthouse.





ROOM DESIGN BY ANGELO DONGHIA

Nino Cerruti knows that lifestyles have changed and an invitation reading "dress" no longer must mean the traditional black tie. His alternative: a tieless suit with stand-up collar and a lining that matches the shirt. The bedroom it inspires is equally elegant: flannel wools, lush fabrics and the strong detail of steel and gloss.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OHTA



ROOM DESIGN BY ANGELO DONGHIA

Discreet styling is always a winner and Calvin Klein is a master of the technique. His creation: crepe de Chine pajamas that are so refined they can be worn for entertaining—even in bed. The room above also reflects privacy: an intimate enclosed bed, monochromatic fabrics accented by a Caromandel screen and a bold wood carving.



# FAILURE (continued from page 130)

of George McGovern to make the break in a campaign issue. After all, if McGovern had won, Nixon wouldn't have had us to kick around anymore, right? Nixon's attempt at an Executive coup failed. Hunt, McCord, Mitchell, Dean, Agnew, Strachan, Magruder, Young, Colson, Kalmbach all failed. Nixon's ugly career finally failed. The President failed the Presidency. The Presidency, which he thought of as a shield, failed Nixon. The Presidency, which we had thought of as the epitome of success, failed us. Congress' attempt to impeach Nixon failed. Jaworski's attempt to bring Nixon before the bar of justice failed. And the failed President was replaced by the first man in history to succeed to the Presidency without having to succeed.

America has only three international megastars—Muhammad Ali, Jacqueline Onassis and Henry Kissinger—and two of them have flubbed egregiously in the past year. Jackie O. performed a remarkable feat of failure: getting herself substantially disinherited by Ari. Wives who choose to be 3000 miles from their husbands' deathbeds don't usually fare too niftily at the reading of the wills. Henry's Vietnamization blew up in his face. It was, after all, the war—not California and Florida—that was supposed to get Vietnamized. The Greek dictatorship he was supporting was shown the door. Even his policy toward Turkey became a turkey.

The auto industry, which manufactures our favorite success symbols, has failed. New-car sales have stalled and Detroit's response is to shrink the Cadillac. The Edsel was an act of marketing genius compared with what Motown is pushing now. The Real Estate Investment Trusts, by which the big banks hoped to make a killing financing a housing boom, have failed, along with the real-estate-development industry. The stock market has crapped out. The mutual-fund industry, ditto—it's redeeming more shares than it's selling. Franklin National Bank failed and its top managers were indicted for fooling around with foreign currency. The banking empire of Nixon's buddy C. Arnholt Smith, Mr. Upstairs of San Diego, has failed. Westinghouse is on the ropes. A&P has WEO'd itself into big financial trouble. There were 9915 business failures last year. The Penn Central managed to fail at going bankrupt. Pan Am wants to go on aid to dependent airlines. Volkswagen has bungled in the jungle. You have to boil Good Humor ice cream before eating it. Litton Industries would be in bankruptcy right now if the Navy weren't bailing it out to the tune of half a billion dollars in cost overruns on 30 DD-963 destroyers. Even Litton's attempt to launch the first DD-963 was a failure—except as comic opera. It managed to

sink the launch platform and mangle the ship.

The black-power movement has failed, from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the Black Panthers; from Ralph Abernathy to Eldridge Cleaver—who even failed as an exile. The movement has failed—which could have been predicted from its canonization of such types as Ché Guevara, whose corpse may have been photogenic but who was, objectively speaking, a failure. The movement's founders are now out looking for new ways to fail. Tom Hayden, for example, scolded radicals during his Senatorial try for not appreciating the necessity of winning. "I am not a voice in the wilderness. The goal of this campaign is to win," he said. "If we lose, it will be a failure of organization." Leave it to a movement grad to define the inevitable as failure. Rock 'n' roll has failed as far as its pretensions go. I mean, when Bob Dylan, inventor of Desolation Row, asks Don Kirshner, inventor of the Monkees, to accept his prize for best whatever on the *First Annual Rock Awards*, I'm going back to Surf City, where it's two to one. The counterculture has failed, which is not really surprising, since its roots were in beatnikism, which considered success uncool—if you were a failure, it meant you had more integrity. Dennis Hopper knew that hippies were dippy—that was supposed to be the message of *Easy Rider*. "We blew it," says Captain America—get it? The youth market, whose tresses concealed onionheads, didn't. It thought the film was a celebration of youth and, to return the favor, made it bofo at the box office. Which enabled Hopper to go down to Peru and blow it himself. Moral: Don't ever call your movie *The Last Movie* or it might just turn out to be your last movie. In *Liberal Parents, Radical Children*, Midge Decter says the entire generation that nominally came of age in the Sixties has failed to take its place in adult society. When you get right down to it, everything that came out of the Sixties has flopped, from LSD to Max's Kansas City. We even have *decades* that fail.

Congress has failed to override Gerald Ford's veto so many times that the nation is to all intents being ruled autocratically by a nonelected pseudo President. The CIA has failed in its primary mission: to keep its own activities under wraps. The amnesty program for antiwar heroes has failed. The dumb-ass WIN campaign was a failure, but no more so than the Government's entire anti-inflation campaign, from price controls on down.

The system of Presidential politics is specifically designed to create a new crop of failures as we kick off the buycentennial. Remember that originally there was no also-ran. The runner-up became Vice-President and got the Senate gavel as

booby prize. Then the 12th Amendment made the Veeptom a separate elective office. So the men who ran for President and Vice-President and lost were instantly transmuted into Nebbishes. The number-two and number-four best humans in America became instant failures. Now we've gone primary happy, which means that instead of one Presidential election with two also-rans, there are 30 elections and a platoon of *almost-rans*. So now every four years we make failures out of public citizens number two, four and five through umpteen.

Sonny Bono's TV show fizzled, but that wasn't so bad, because last season 29 out of 44 new prime-time shows clinked. Don Rickles' TV career sounds like a Don Rickles roast of Don Rickles. George Harrison's tour was a mobile disaster area. The former mop-top failed to browbeat arena animals into devoting their lives to Lord Krishna. Now, if Lord Krishna were a *pop wine*. . . . John Lennon *looks* like a failure. He can still get an occasional single on the radio, but then he shows up in a floppy beret and a white scarf, looking for all the world like a guy who lives out of two shopping bags and plays the cello on the street in front of Carnegie Hall for quarters. We're fortunate that so many rock stars of the Sixties killed themselves, because otherwise, our awareness would be crowded with even more high-energy failures. *Requiescat in pace*, Stephanie Edwards. And a word of thanks to McLean Stevenson for a manly, though failed, attempt to get her to admit on *The Tonight Show* that she was fired from *AM America*, which failed to provide any real competition for the *Today Show*, just like Sally Quinn and the *CBS Morning News*. Finally, of course, *AM America* itself failed.

And everything else has failed. For instance, New York has failed. Environmentalists have failed to stop the Alaska Pipeline. Squeaky failed, not to mention Sara Jane. In fact, it was the first two times in history that the Secret Service *and* a would-be assassin *both* failed. Paul Schrade's campaign to reopen the Robert Kennedy assassination case failed. England has failed. Ruffian broke down in the backstretch. The state of North Carolina failed to convict Joan Little—things are getting bad when a Southern state can't even nail a black woman who stabs a white man in the back with an ice pick while his pants are off. With Joe Colombo crippled, Joey Gallo iced, Sam Giancana wasted, Meyer Lansky and Angelo Bruno of Philly sick, Raymond Patriarca of New England on parole, Cosa Nostra is now *cosa fallito*. The colleges and universities have failed. Ten years ago, they were riding high on post-Sputnik Federal largess and war-baby tuitions. Now they can't even pay their electric bills. And just when democracy is failing in Portugal, Italy, India—not to mention right here in America, where

*(continued on page 240)*



KIRAZ

*"I just saw one of the better sights of the Riviera."*

## article By SCOTT BURNS

*The largest national debt of any country in the world is that of the U. S., where the gross Federal public debt reached 486.4 billion dollars on June 30, 1974. This is expected to climb to 508 billion dollars by June 30, 1975. This amount in dollar bills would make a pile 30,073 miles high, weighing 428,102 tons.*

—*The Guinness Book of World Records, 1975*

THE GUINNESS BOOK is wrong. Though the national debt exceeded the 508 billion dollars estimated for June 1975 and has been growing at the rate of one or two billion dollars a week, it is dwarfed by the liabilities of the Social Security system.

Known to its defenders as a "compact between generations" and to its detractors as "the biggest chain letter in history," the Social Security system now has liabilities in excess of 2.4 trillion dollars.

If you'd like to develop some perspective on a figure this size, 2.4 trillion dollars is about twice as large as the gross national product (an unfathomable number in its own right) and in the same league, give or take a continent or two, with the gross world product.

It's also about equal to the value of all the financial assets owned by all Americans, including all corporate stock, all corporate bonds, all Government securities, all cash, all demand deposits and savings and all pension-fund rights. The Social Security system owes a sum about equal to what everybody has.

These liabilities are the result of legislative promises to pay present and future beneficiaries an income so that we will avoid the distasteful sight of poverty, starvation and death among the elderly and disabled. The total liability figure is arrived at by mixing a small horde of accountants with a crowd of actuaries in a building full of computers and calculating the value of all future payments to all future beneficiaries over the next 75 years. While quibbles over minutiae may shift the liabilities up or down a few hundred billion, it is a fact that Social Security now mails 31,000,000 Americans monthly checks of an annual value in excess of 67 billion dollars. Fabled corporate America has fewer than 29,000,000 beneficiaries, who receive less than 30 billion dollars in annual dividends; and the





whole thing could be had, lock, stock and barrel, for less than a trillion.

The *assets* of the Social Security system are easier to understand. That's because they're so insignificant. The Social Security Trust Fund amounts to less than 60 billion dollars, less than a year's benefits at the current rate of disbursement. This is little more than petty cash when measured against the benefit commitments and means the system is short some 2.345 trillion dollars and has two and a half cents in assets for every dollar of liabilities, a ratio unrivaled by any intentional fraud, including that of the ill-famed Billy Sol Estes.

The Social Security Administration is being forced to liquidate its tiny pool of assets to meet its growing benefit commitments. The trust fund will be gone

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OR THE  
EASTER BUNNY**

sometime in the early Eighties. Then the Social Security tax will have to rise sharply or Social Security will have to vie with competitors for a share of the money raised through personal and corporate income taxes. The most likely result will be some combination of both—higher Social Security taxes *and* money from general revenues. In the end, it means higher taxes, because public debate is over which pocket to take the money from, not whether or not the money should be taken at all.

Some would call a situation in which liabilities exceed assets by 40 to 1 a bankruptcy. Certainly, in any private or commercial situation, the outraged creditors would pull the plug and force a bankruptcy long before the assets had been totally dissipated. Corporate pension plans are regarded as skating the edge



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sometime in the early Eighties. Then the Social Security tax will have to rise sharply or Social Security will have to vie with competitors for a share of the money raised through personal and corporate income taxes. The most likely result will be some combination of both—higher Social Security taxes *and* money from general revenues. In the end, it means higher taxes, because public debate is over which pocket to take the money from, not whether or not the money should be taken at all.

Some would call a situation in which liabilities exceed assets by 40 to 1 a bankruptcy. Certainly, in any private or commercial situation, the outraged creditors would pull the plug and force a bankruptcy long before the assets had been totally dissipated. Corporate pension plans are regarded as skating the edge



of irresponsibility if less than 75 percent of their future benefit commitments are funded with cash. The pension-reform act of 1974, which required years of pious legislative rhetoric to produce, was inspired by a combination of occasional irregularities in some pension funds and the tendency of corporations to fund their pensions with promises. The Western Union Corporation is a good example; in 1971, it owed its fund \$364,000,000, or 44 percent of the net worth of the company. Uniroyal was in a similar position, owing one third of its 1.3 billion dollars in assets to its pension fund. What this means is that 33 cents of every dollar the shareholders *think* they own is actually owed to the company's employees—a situation few company presidents are eager to explain, because they have provided themselves with pensions even more generous than those provided the workers.

While the Congress was expressing righteous indignation at corporate America for its unfunded liabilities, it blithely allowed the unfunded liabilities of the Social Security system to burgeon to the point of absurdity: Social Security owes its fund 82 percent of the net worth of the American public. We regularly experience this liability in the form of pay cuts as the Social Security tax rises each year. Those at the top of the taxable-income scale for Social Security have seen their annual payment increase from \$144 in 1960 to \$824 in 1975, an amount that is matched by the employer.

Some would say Social Security cannot be compared with private pensions because it is *public* and was never meant to accumulate assets. The American Social Security system is "pay as you go," a younger generation of workers financing the retirement of an older generation. Hence the compact between generations. The trouble is that future workers will balk at the bill when the payroll tax climbs to 23 percent, a rate predicted by one Senate study. Doubters need only consider the effect of such a tax on their own incomes to realize the lack of enthusiasm with which our children will pay up.

The idea of bankruptcy is played down by authorities; the Social Security system, they argue, *can't* go bankrupt, because it is supported by taxes and the power of the U. S. Government. But the power to tax, however impressive, is not infinite and any assurance based on it avoids the real issue.

Using an optimistic set of assumptions about future birth rates, employment, productivity, real wages and inflation, the total gap between Social Security revenues and benefits over the next 75 years is expected to be a monstrous 1.3 trillion dollars, a sum more than twice as large as the current national debt.

The real question is, *Where will the money come from?* In effect, the Social Security system has a 2.4-trillion-dollar *lien* against the earning power of present

and future workers—almost \$30,000 per worker—a lien that is growing faster than our ability to pay. Future generation gaps will be measured in billions of dollars rather than attitudes or beliefs.

While all the actuaries and administrators are assuming that people will adjust to having an ever-increasing amount lifted from their salaries, I have to admit to some fears that the adjustments won't be made. Lately, I've been having visitations from Saint Murphy (the one best known for his law). He has graciously shown me a few passages from his monumental work, *The Economic History of the United States*.

With unemployment peaking over nine percent in mid-1975 and then hanging there as a record 4,000,000 people turned 21 yearly, it was realized that our institutions of higher education were destined to have the same role for people in the Seventies as the Midwestern silos and Hudson Liberty ships had had for grain in the Fifties—to keep a surplus off a glutted market. New degree programs proliferated (with Government support) and by 1980, it was necessary to have a doctor of philosophy in sanitary science to obtain employment at the local bus station.

The young (regarded as dangerous and disruptive) forced an early-retirement drive, which had the effect of expanding Social Security roles and bankrupting state unemployment-insurance funds. While unemployment among the young remained painfully high, retirees collected both unemployment and Social Security. At long last, old age was truly golden. The Federal deficit grew handsomely.

Young dropouts joined the barter economy, avoiding the money economy altogether, a move that made them virtually immune from tax collection. Corporate America, meanwhile, became increasingly restless about its role as the nation's primary tax collector. With payroll and withholding taxes accounting for 80 percent of all Federal revenues by 1980 and with employer commitments to Social Security contributions and unemployment insurance rising astronomically, many employers found ways to contract workers without making them employees, a tactic that reduced real labor costs.

Thus, just as Federal deficits were becoming totally unmanageable, the tax-collection process became dependent on regular submissions by millions of reluctant individuals rather than by thousands of corporations. By 1990, the Internal Revenue Service had more agents than the Marines had infantrymen. But tax collections became virtually impossible as the nation grew rebellious

about the inevitable impoundings, seizures and public auctions. The Treasury's first Tax Anticipation Notes brought a nearly unanimous groan from the nation's bankers, who remembered the infamous notes floated by the ill-fated city of New York.

The wild, debt-fueled inflation that had been incorporated into the conventional vision of the future would probably have been realized in 1991 if the Government hadn't collapsed in scandal. A young reporter revealed that HEW had been suppressing the use of the cure for cancer (discovered in 1976) in the belief that the economy could not endure the strain of an increase in life expectancy. At the public hearings, the Secretary cited, as precedent, the deliberate decision (on the part of international health organizations) to withhold smallpox vaccine from underdeveloped nations. Had such decisions not been made in the early Seventies, he argued, there would have been an unnatural and economically devastating rise in population.

The Revenue Wars (1992–1999) followed the trials, the collapse of the Government and the failure of martial law. They resulted in the now-well-established system of Feudal States, which most believe is the only workable form of government. . . .

Alas, my nightmares may be closer to the truth than the benign projections of those who don't bother to ask who's going to pay the bill. The Social Security tax is already the most burdensome and regressive tax in the nation. Since it is paid by *all* workers with *any* income and stops at an income of \$14,100, the burden of the tax falls heaviest on those with the lowest incomes. It now exacts more money from half the nation's workers than the Federal income tax and has become part of a pattern of legislative hypocrisy in which Congress offers regular rounds of "tax reform" with one hand and raises taxes via Social Security with the other.

Between 1960 and 1975, the maximum Social Security tax rose 572 percent, so that in spite of two rounds of tax reform, the Federal income and the Social Security taxes exact a larger *portion* of our incomes now than in 1960. The cause is not the income tax but Social Security, for its rate of increase works out to 12 percent a year, compounded for 15 years!

The Social Security tax has become a significant part of the revenue collected by the Federal Government; it increased from 16 percent of the total in 1960 to 29 percent in 1974. Since this tax is levied without exemptions, our dependence on a tax that hits the poor mercilessly has nearly doubled in the past 15 years.

A performance like that makes you  
(continued on page 208)





# A SPORTING LIFE

article

BY JIM HARRISON

*after deep woods, fast water and brilliant tidal flats, there is only one greater pleasure on this earth*

IT WAS a melancholy evening in a northern Michigan tavern when I sat down to watch *The Guns of Autumn*, a CBS News documentary ostensibly about hunting in America. In what I thought to be a strange tack, hunting was presented as a white-trash habit, something that ill-educated, mostly rural boobs do every fall. In one of the strangest forms of advocacy journalism I'd ever seen, CBS developed an idea of hunting, then wandered around the country shooting footage that supported its idea. It was, in short, the total New York cheap shot: badly researched, poorly filmed and edited, full of honkie slurs that most poor hunters wouldn't begin to comprehend. For the first time as a leftist I felt some sympathy for Republicans who complain about media bias.

But my own irateness was short-lived; the program, after all, was about shooting, not hunting, and the bumbling McCarthyism of the CBS attack even offended the sense of fairness among the nonhunters in my tavern. Why did CBS bother? Was it the negative influence of the National Rifle Association on gun control? Perhaps. You would undoubtedly find that hunters as a group don't prey on their fellow man, despite their closets full of guns. Any anger I felt quickly turned to despair. How could one of my primary obsessions, hunting, be so totally and woefully misunderstood on camera, as if Martians were filming Venutians at play? Has "city" been so separated from "country" that it has become a different planet? I'm usually tolerant when other writers, on learning I hunt and fish, say, "Oh, the Hemingway bit," as if the late doctor's son from Chicago had a corner on the outdoors. But the CBS program was a sloppy wholesale blitzkrieg on my sense of reality and honesty.

Ultimately, what is wrong with hunting is a great deal worse than CBS conceded. And what is right, the grace and beauty of the sport, was left out. It was as if the whole spectrum were represented by a single color. Television news is good at singular items when there are hordes of people acting stupidly, dramatically—or on puddle-deep numbers like the capture

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of Patty Hearst. But when it attaches the cameras to something so ingrained and ancient as hunting, a sport that is doubtless part of our racial memory, the result is a ghastly sort of nonevent as embarrassing as the "You won't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore" of years past. The truth of the matter is novelistic, no more or less than the human who picks up a shotgun or a fishing rod, for that matter, and carries along with him the baggage of all that he is on earth.

It begins very young up in the country whether you are raised on a farm or in one of the small villages, which, though they often double as county seats, rarely number more than 1000 souls. There is a lumber mill down by the river that manufactures crossties for the railroad, and the creosote the ties are treated with pervades the air. It is the smell of the town, depending on the wind: fresh-cut pine and creosote. In the center of town there's a rather ugly yellow-brick courthouse, plain Depression architecture. The village is in northern Michigan and does not share the quaintness of villages in New England or the Deep South, being essentially historyless. There are three baronial, rococo houses left over from the hasty passing of the lumber era, but most dwellings are characterized by their drabness, simply places for the shopkeepers to hide at night.

In the spring and summer the boys in the town carry either baseball mitts or fish poles on their bicycles. Two different types are being formed and though they might merge and vary at times, most often they have set themselves up for life. During the endless five months of winter one boy will spend his evenings poring over the fishing-tackle sections of the Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs while the other boy will be looking at the mitts, bats and balls. One tinkers with a reel while the other sits in a chair plopping a baseball over and over into his glove just recently oiled with neat's-foot. One reads about the Detroit Tigers while the other reads *Outdoor Life* and fantasizes about the time when he will be allowed his first shotgun. He already has an old .22 single-shot, but he knows it is an interim weapon before the shotgun and, later yet, a .30-30 deer rifle.

The village is surrounded by woods and lakes, rivers and swamps and some not very successful farms. The boy wanders around among them with a World War Two surplus canteen and a machete he keeps hidden in the garage from his mother's prying eyes. His family owns a one-room cabin a dozen miles from town where it spends the summer. He shoots at deer with a weak bow and arrow. On many dawns he accompanies his father trout fishing on a nearby river; he is forced to fish the same hole all day to avoid getting lost. The same

evening he will row his father around the lake until midnight bass fishing. The boy and a friend sit in a swamp despite the slime and snakes and mosquitoes. They pot two sitting grouse with a .22 and roast them until they are black. The boys think they are Indians and sneak up on a cabin where some secretaries are vacationing. A few feet behind the window in the lamplight a secretary is naked. A true wonder to discuss while walking around in the woods and gullies or while diving for mud turtles or while watching a blue heron in her nest in a white pine.

Two decades later. Wars. Marches. Riots. Flirtations with politics, teaching, marriage; a pleasant love affair with alcohol. Our boy, now hopefully a man, is standing in a skiff near the Marquesas 30 miles out in the Gulf from Key West. He's still fishing with a fly rod, only for tarpon now instead of bass, bluegill or trout. He wants to catch a tarpon over 100 pounds on a fly rod. Then let it go and watch it swim away. Today, being an open-minded soul, he's totally blown away on a triple hit of psilocybin. And a few numbers rolled out of Colombian buds add to the sweet stew. It's blissful except for an occasional football-field-sized red hole in the sky and for the fact that there are no tarpon in the neighborhood. A friend is rubbing himself with an overripe mango. Then he rubs a girl who is fixing a lunch of white wine, yoghurt and strawberries. Where are the tarpon today? Maybe in China. They want to hear the gill plates rattle when the tarpon jumps. The overripe mango feels suspiciously familiar. Peach jokes should be changed to mango jokes.

An osprey struggles overhead with a too-large fish. Ospreys can drown that way, not being able to free their talons in the water. The flight slows painfully. Between the great bird's shrieks we can hear the creak and flap of wings and the tidal rush through the mangroves. Lunar. The bird reaches the nest and within minutes has torn the houndfish to pieces. A meal. We watch each other across a deep-blue channel.

Barracuda begin passing the skiff with regularity on the incoming tide but no tarpon. We rig a fly rod with a wire leader for the barracuda's sharp teeth. And a long wonderfully red fly that matches the red holes that periodically reappear in the sky. The fish love the fly and the strike is violent, so similar to touching an electric fence it brings a shudder. The barracuda dashes off across the shallow water of the flat, is fought to the boat and released.

The midafternoon sun is brilliantly hot, so they move the boat some 15 miles to a key that doubles as a rookery for cormorants, pelicans and man-of-war, or

frigate, birds. They watch the birds for hours, and the sand sharks, rays, bait fish and barracuda that slide past the boat.

Why get freaked or trip while you're fishing? Why not? You do so only rarely. You're fishing in the first place to avoid boredom, the habitual, and you intend to vary it enough to escape the lassitude attached to most of our activities. If you carry to sport a businesslike consciousness, it's no sport at all. Only an extension of your livelihood, which you are presumably trying to escape.

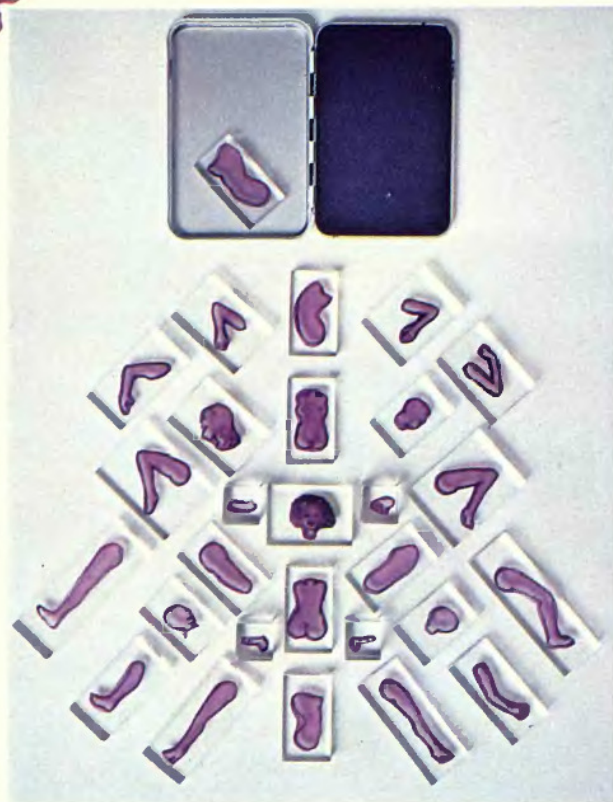
But how did we get from there to here across two decades? In sport there is a distinct accounting for taste. That corn pone about going through life with a diminishing portfolio of enthusiasms is awesomely true. We largely do what we do, and are what we are, by excluding those things we find distasteful. You reduce your life to those few things that you know you are never going to quit. And when you reach 35 your interest in these few things can verge on the hysteric: A freshly arrived single white hair in a sideburn can get a book written or instigate a trip to Africa. What energy you have left becomes obsessive and single-minded. When I am not writing poetry or novels I want to fish or, to a slightly lesser degree, hunt grouse and woodcock.

But this is to be an idealogue about something that is totally a sensuous, often sensual, experience. We scarcely want a frozen tract by Jerry Garcia on just why he likes "brown eyed women and red grenadine." Visceral is visceral. Always slightly comic, man at play in America has John Calvin tapping him on the shoulder and telling him to please be serious. For beginners you have to learn to tell John to fuck off.

Twenty miles off the coast of Ecuador near the confluence of the El Niño and Humboldt currents. It's just after dawn and already the equatorial sun is shimmering down waves of heat. I count it lucky that when you skip bait for marlin the boat is moving at eight to ten knots, thus creating a breeze. The port diesel is fluttering, then is silent. We rock gently in the prop wash, then are caught in a graceful Pacific swell. It wasn't the port engine. Or the starboard engine. It was the only engine. The pulse quickens. My friend smiles and continues photographing a great circle of man-of-war birds hovering far above us, far more than we have ever seen in the Florida Keys. It must be hundreds of miles to the closest pesticide. The birds follow schools of bait as do the striped marlin and are considered a good sign. The captain looks at me and shrugs, the universal language of incompetence. He speaks no English and I no Spanish. My friend, who is a French count, pretends he

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# STAMP OUT SEX!

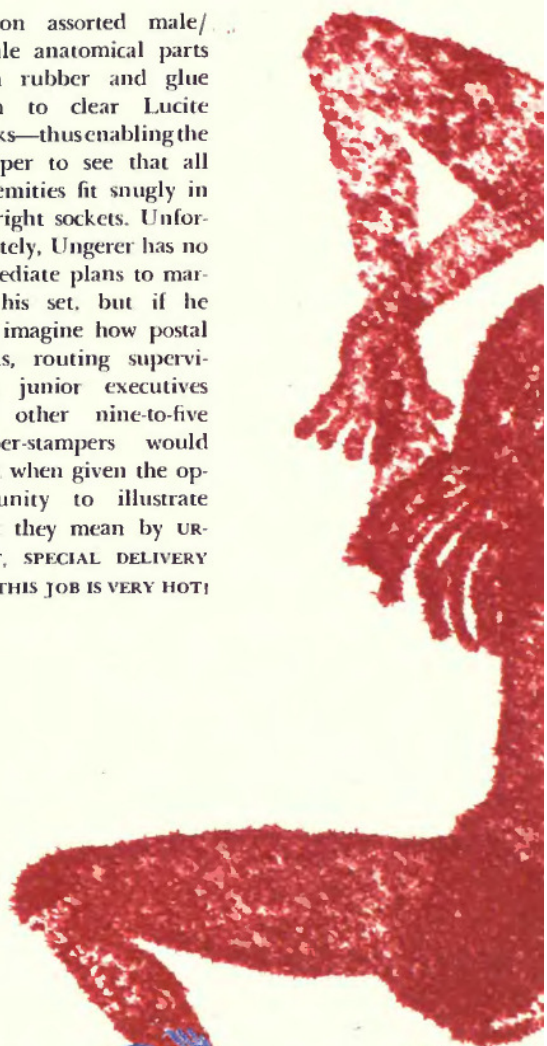
*instant assignation?  
ménage à trois? daisy  
chain? anything goes in  
tomi ungerer's ink-pad orgy*



IF SOMEONE were to ask you what has eight legs, five boobs, three penises and can perform every trick in the book, the answer wouldn't be a transsexual spider at a hookers convention. It's the ink-pad porn set shown here that the renowned artist and former **PLAYBOY** Contributing Editor Tomi Ungerer fashioned one terribly horny night. What artist Ungerer has done is



fashion assorted male/female anatomical parts from rubber and glue them to clear Lucite blocks—thus enabling the stamper to see that all extremities fit snugly in the right sockets. Unfortunately, Ungerer has no immediate plans to market his set, but if he did, imagine how postal clerks, routing supervisors, junior executives and other nine-to-five rubber-stampers would react when given the opportunity to illustrate what they mean by URGENT, SPECIAL DELIVERY and THIS JOB IS VERY HOT!







# FALCONER

*fiction* **By JOHN CREEVER** *the guards were out to destroy his last link with love*

THE MAIN ENTRANCE to Falconer—the only entrance for convicts, their visitors and the staff—was crowned by an escutcheon representing Liberty, Justice and, between the two, the power of legislation. Liberty wore a mobcap and carried a pike. Legislation was the Federal eagle, armed with hunting arrows. Justice was conventional; blinded, vaguely erotic in her clinging robes and armed with a headsman's sword. The bas-relief was bronze but black these days—as black as unpolished anthracite or onyx. How many hundreds had passed under this—this last souvenir they would see of



man's struggle for coherence? Hundreds, one guessed, thousands, millions was close. Above the escutcheon was a declension of the place names: Falconer Jail, 1871, Falconer Reformatory, Falconer Federal Penitentiary, Falconer State Prison, Falconer Correctional Facility, Falconer Rehabilitation Center and the last, which had never caught on: Phoenix House. Now cons were inmates, the assholes were officers and the warden was a superintendent. Fame is chancy, God knows, but Falconer—with its limited accommodations for 2000 miscreants—was as famous as Old Bailey. Gone were the water torture, the striped suits, the lock step, the balls and chains, and there was a softball field where the gallows had stood; but at the time of which I'm writing, leg irons were still used in Auburn. You could tell the men from Auburn by the noise they made.

Loomis (fratricide, zip to ten, number 734-508-32) saw none of this from the catwalk of an abandoned water tower where he goldbricked with his friend Jody. He had seen the escutcheon and would not, he thought sadly, ever see it again. After less than a year, he was still sad. What he could see were the old cell blocks and, beyond those, a two-mile stretch of river with cliffs and mountains on the western shore. This was best seen from the old death house and was known as The Millionaire's View. It was a warm afternoon in July and Jody was telling his story. Jody was crowding 30, claimed to be 24 and could pass. He had an American face—very clean, princely in some of its angles and responses, but without a hair, a grain, a trace of nostalgia. It was charming, easy and as persuasive as a poster, but peel it off the hoarding and there was nothing left but the hoarding. He had told his story piecemeal to Loomis, but patched together, the definitive version—and there were many—went like this: "It's really in the past. I don't have any future and I'm heavy on the past. I won't see the parole board for 12 years. What I do around here doesn't matter much, but I do like to stay out of the hole. I know there's no medical evidence for brain damage, but after you've hit yourself about 14 times, you get silly. Anyhow, I was indicted on 53 counts. I had a \$45,000 house in Levittown, a lovely wife and two great sons, Michael and Dale. But I was in a bind. I don't think people with your kind of lifestyle understand. I hadn't graduated from high school, but I was up for a vice-presidency in the mortgage department of Fiduciary Trust. Nothing was moving, my lack of education was a drawback and they were laying people off. I just couldn't make enough money to support four people and when I put the house up for sale, I discovered that every house on the block was on the market. I thought about money all the time. I dreamed about money. I picked dimes, nickels and pennies off the

sidewalk. I was bananas about money. I had a friend named Howie and he had a solution. He told me about this old guy—Massman—who ran a stationery store in the shopping center. He had two parimutuel tickets worth \$7000 each. He kept them in a drawer beside his bed. Howie knew this because he used to let the old man blow him for a fin. Howie had a wife, kids, a wood-burning fireplace but no money. We decided to go after the tickets. In those days, you didn't have to register them. It was \$14,000 in cash and no way of tracing it. So we watched the old man for a couple of nights. It was easy. He closed up the store at eight, drove home, got drunk, ate something and watched TV. One night, when he closed the store and got into his car, we got in with him. He was very obedient, because I was holding a loaded gun against his head. The gun was Howie's. He drove home and we lock-stepped him up to the front door, poking the gun into any part of him that was convenient. We marched him into the kitchen and handcuffed him to this big, goddamned refrigerator. It was very big, a very recent model. We asked him where the tickets were and he said they were in the lockbox. If we pistol-whipped him, like he said we did, it wasn't me. It could have been Howie, but I didn't see it. He kept telling us that the tickets were in the bank. So then we turned the house upside down looking for the tickets, but I guess he was right. So we turned on the TV for the neighbors and left him chained to this ten-ton refrigerator and took off in his car. The first car we saw was a police car. This was just an accident, but we got scared. We drove Massman's car into one of those car washes where you have to get out of the car when it hits the shower. We put the car in the slot and took off. We got a bus into Manhattan and said goodbye at the terminal. You know what that old son of a bitch Massman did? He wasn't big and he wasn't strong and he wasn't young, but he started inching this big, fucking refrigerator across the kitchen floor. Believe me, it was enormous. It was really a nice house, with lovely furniture and carpets, and he must have had one hell of a time with all those carpets bunching up under the refrigerator, but he got out of the kitchen and down the hall and into the living room, where the telephone was. I can imagine what the police saw when they got there: this old man chained to a refrigerator in the middle of his living room with hand-painted pictures all over the walls. That was Thursday. They picked me up the following Tuesday. They already had Howie. I didn't know it, but he already had a record. I don't blame the state. We did everything wrong. Burglary, pistol-whipping, kidnaping. Kidnaping's a big no-no. Of course, I'm the next thing to dead, but my wife and my sons are still alive. She sold the house at a big loss and went on welfare. She

comes to see me once in a while, but you know what the boys do? First they got permission to write me and then Michael, the big one, wrote me a letter saying that they would be on the river in a rowboat at three on Sunday afternoon and they would wave to me. I was out at the fence at three on Sunday and they showed up. They were way out in the river—you can't come too close to the prison—but I could see them and feel my love for them and they waved their arms and I waved my arms. Oh, shit! That was in the autumn and they stopped coming when the place where you rent boats shut down, but they started again in the spring. They were much bigger, I could see that, and then it crossed my mind that for the length of time I'm here, they'll get married and have children and I know they won't stuff their wives and their children into a rowboat and go down-river to wave to Daddy. . . ."

"734-508-32, you got a visitor." It was the public address.

"That's you," said Jody. "Who do you think it is?"

"My wife, I guess. She hasn't been here for three months. It could be someone selling subscriptions or encyclopedias. It could be my lawyer. It might be my son."

Loomis climbed down the ladder, rust on his hands, jogged up the road past the firehouse and into the tunnel. It was four flights up to cell block F. "Visitor," he said to the guard who let him into his cell. He kept a white shirt for visits. This was dusty. He washed his face and combed his hair with water.

"Don't take nuttin' but a handkerchief," said the guard.

"I know, I know, I know. . . ." Down he went to the door of the visitors' room, where he was frisked. Through the glass, he saw that his visitor was Marcia.

There were no bars in the visitors' room, but the glass windows were chicken-wired and open only at the top. A skinny cat couldn't get in or out, but the sounds of the prison moved in freely on the breeze. She would, he knew, have passed three sets of bars—clang, clang, clang—and waited in an anteroom where there were pews or benches, soft-drink machines and a display of the convicts' art with prices stuck in the frames. None of the cons could paint, but you could always count on some wet-brain to buy a vase of roses or a marine sunset if he had been told that the artist was a lifer. There were no pictures on the walls of the visitors' room, but there were four signs that said: NO SMOKING. NO WRITING. NO EXCHANGE OF OBJECTS. VISITORS ARE ALLOWED ONE KISS. This was also in Spanish. NO SMOKING had been scratched out. The visitors' room in Falconer, he knew, was the most lenient in the East. There were no obstructions—nothing but a three-foot counter between the free and the unfree. While he was being frisked, he looked around at the other visitors—not so much



Crispin

*"It's twelve o'clock. Watch your ass."*

out of curiosity as to see if there was anything there that might offend Marcia. A con was holding a baby. A weeping old woman talked to a young man. Nearest to Marcia was a *chicano* couple. The woman was beautiful and the man was caressing her bare arms.

Loomis stepped into this no man's land and came on hard, as if he had been catapulted by circumstance into the visit. "Hello, darling," he exclaimed, as he had exclaimed "Hello, darling," at trains, boats, airports, the foot of the driveway, journey's end; but in the past, he would have worked out a timetable, aimed at the soonest possible sexual consummation.

"Hello," she said. "You look well."

"Thank you. You look beautiful."

"I didn't tell you I was coming because it didn't seem necessary. When I called to make an appointment, they told me you weren't going anywhere."

"That's true."

"I haven't been here sooner because I've been in Jamaica with Gussie."

"That sounds great. How's Gussie?"

"Fat. She's gotten terribly fat."

"Are you getting a divorce?"

"Not now. I don't feel like talking with any more lawyers at this point."

"Divorce is your prerogative."

"I know." She looked at the *chicano* couple. The man had stroked his way up to the hair in the girl's armpits. Both their eyes were shut.

"What," she asked, "do you find to talk about with these people?"

"I don't see much of them," he said, "excepting at chow, and we can't talk then. You see, I'm in cell block F. It's sort of a forgotten place. Like Piranesi. Last Tuesday, they forgot to spring us for supper."

"What is your cell like?"

"Twelve by seven," he said. "The only things that belong to me are the Miró print, the Descartes and a colored photograph of you and Peter. It's an old one. I took it when we had a house on the Vineyard. How is Peter?"

"Fine."

"Will he ever come to see me?"

"I don't know, I really don't know. He doesn't ask for you. The social worker thinks that, for the general welfare, it's best at the moment that he not see his father in jail for murder."

"Could you bring me a photograph?"

"I could if I had one."

"Couldn't you take one?"

"You know I'm no good with a camera."

Someone on cell block B struck a five-string banjo and began to sing: "I got those cell-block blues / I'm feeling blue all the time / I got those cell-block blues / Fenced in by walls I can't climb. . . ." He was good. The voice and the banjo were loud, clear and true and brought into that border country the fact that it was a summer afternoon all over that

part of the world. Out of the window Loomis could see some underwear and fatigues hung out to dry. They moved in the breeze as if this movement—like the movements of ants, bees and geese—had some polar ordination. For a moment, he felt himself to be a man of the world, a world to which his responsiveness was marvelous and absurd.

Marcia opened her bag and looked for something. "The Army must have been a good preparation for this experience," she said.

"Sort of," he said.

"I never understood why you so liked the Army."

He heard, from the open space in front of the main entrance, a guard shouting: "You're going to be good boys, aren't you? You're going to be good boys. You're going to be good, good, good boys." Manacled in groups of ten, looking utterly bewildered and (if they were young) gazing up at the blue sky with an innocence that seemed divine, they would go under the escutcheon, under Liberty, Justice and Legislation. He heard the dragging ring of metal and guessed they'd come from Auburn.

"Oh, damn it," she said. Peevishness darkened her face. "Oh, goddamn it," she said with pure indignation.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I can't find my Kleenex," she said. She was foraging in the bag.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Everything seems to fight me today," she said, "absolutely everything." She dumped the contents of her bag onto the counter.

"Lady, lady," said the turnkey who sat above them on an elevated chair like a lifeguard. "Lady, you ain't allowed to have nothing on the counter but soft drinks and butt cans."

"I," she said, "am a taxpayer. I help to support this place. It costs me more to keep my husband in here than it costs me to send my son to a good school."

"Lady, lady, please," he said. "Get that stuff off the counter or I'll have to kick you out."

She found the small box of paper and pushed the contents of her handbag back to where they belonged. Then Loomis covered her hand with his, deeply thrilled at this recollection of his past. She pulled her hand away, but why? Had she let him touch her for a minute, the warmth, the respite would have lasted for weeks. "Well," she said, regaining her composure, her beauty, he thought.

The light in the room was unkind, but she was equal to its harshness. She had been an authenticated beauty. Several photographers had asked her to model, although her breasts, marvelous for nursing and love, were a little too big for that line of work. "I'm much too shy, much too lazy," she had said. She had accepted the compliment, her beauty had been documented.

"You know," his son had said, "I can't talk to Mummy when there's a mirror in the room. She's really balmy about her looks."

Narcissus was a man and he couldn't make the switch, but she had, maybe 12 or 14 times, stood in front of the full-length mirror in their bedroom and asked him: "Is there another woman of my age in this county who is as beautiful as I?" She had been naked, overwhelmingly so, and he had thought this an invitation; but when he touched her, she said: "Stop fussing with my breasts. I'm beautiful." She was, too.

He knew that after she'd left, whoever had seen her—the turnkey, for instance—would say: "If that was your wife, you're lucky. Outside the movies, I never seen anyone so beautiful."

If she was Narcissa, did the rest of the Freudian doctrine follow? He had never, within his limited judgment, taken this very seriously. She had spent three weeks in Rome with her old roommate, Maria Lippincot Hastings Gugliemi. Three marriages, a fat settlement for each and a very unsavory sexual reputation. They then had no maid and he and Peter had cleaned the house, laid and lighted fires and bought flowers to celebrate her return from Italy. He met her at Kennedy. The plane was late. It was after midnight. When he bent to kiss her, she averted her face and pulled down the floppy brim of her new Roman hat. He got her bags, got the car and they started home. "You seem to have had a marvelous time," he said.

"I have never," she said, "been so happy in my life." He jumped to no conclusions. The fires would be burning, the flowers gleaming. In that part of the world, the ground was covered with dirty snow.

"Was there any snow in Rome?" he asked.

"Not in the city," she said. "There was a little snow on the Via Cassia. I didn't see it. I read about it in the paper. Nothing so revolting as this."

He carried the bags into the living room. Peter was there in his pajamas. She embraced him and cried a little. The fires and the flowers missed her by a mile. He could try to kiss her again, but he knew that he might get a right to the jaw. "Can I get you a drink?" he asked, making the offer in a voice that rose.

"I guess so," she said, dropping an octave.

"*Limone?*" he asked.

"*Si, si,*" she said, "*un spritz.*"

He got the ice and the lemon peel and handed her the drink. "Peter it on the table," she said. "Campari will remind me of my lost happiness." She went into the kitchen, wet a sponge and began to wash the door of the refrigerator.

"We cleaned the place," he said with genuine sadness. "Peter and I cleaned

(continued on page 188)



# PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen



LAST YEAR certainly wasn't reassuring to male chauvinists. Ladies KO'd male opponents in boxing rings from Manhattan to Phoenix and, in the shoot-'em-ups of real life, generally carried an like Jesse James, knocking off banks and leading the *federates* an all sorts of wild-goose chases. Which was only the local news; overseas, women were heading up more and more governments (and occasionally heading them down the road to perdition). We are left, however, with one consoling fact: Even though you can no longer identify the girls by the way they act, you can still tell them, in most cases, by the way they look. And, fortunately far us, there has been na shortage of Playmates to prove it. Herewith, 12 ladies about whose femininity there is no doubt. One will be selected Playmate of the Year. The final choice is ours, but we do welcome your nominations.





### Miss October

Jill De Vries still lives out in the southern Illinois sticks and works at her boyfriend's general store—where her duties now include signing autographs. In fact, she reports that Bloomington, which doesn't produce a whole lot of Playmates, kind of "flipped out" over her gatefold appearance, making her a local celebrity. Jill, though, is more than just a local smash, as we've sent her on successful promotional assignments to New York—and Japan. We don't believe in keeping a good thing to ourself.

### Miss January

Lynnda Kimball had to drop her part-time gig as a photo stylist in our West Coast studio, because, after all, you can't be doing everything. She's been doing a lot of modeling—and redecorating her new apartment. She's still studying music at Los Angeles City College—and going curiosity hunting in art-deco shops. Also, she's studying yoga now—and, in private sessions with a professional astrologer, learning to chart the stars. Which makes a helluva lot of sense in such a star-filled city as Los Angeles.

### Miss December

Nancie Li Brandi, who was dealing blackjack in Nevada when PLAYBOY found her, has moved to Los Angeles, where she's been going through all the changes—having photographers take test shots, etc.—necessary to get into modeling. She's also made promotional appearances at several auto shows for her old boss Bill Harrah, in Seattle, and for us, in a variety of places, including her home town of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. And, says Nancie, she's got "a lot of things pending." That we find very easy to believe.





### Miss July

Lynn Schiller, right, in her words, has been "trying to keep my own career going and to take care of my man—those are the two most important things in my life." As for the former, she's gone back to studying with Lee Strasberg (and trying to secure membership in the Screen Actors' Guild). And the latter—well, Lynn's man is Glenn Frey of Eagles, a superpopular rock group, and whenever she can, she goes with him to the gigs. Proving again that rock stars do have a lot more fun than other folks.

### Miss September

Mesina Miller tells us that the sickly parakeet she found at an L.A. swap meet is doing just fine—although she has to hang its cage pretty high to keep her cat from having it for dinner. Speaking of which, Mesina hooked a 20-pound albacore on a fishing trip off the Mexican coast. And she's still taking flying lessons ("It's hard to let go of that, once it's in your blood"). She's also reactivated her real-estate license, after several people asked her to help sell their properties. Mesina specializes in soft sell.

### Miss June

Azizi Johari, far right, has been busy. She's done a lot of modeling, taped some TV shows, including *Six Million Dollar Man* and *Sammy & Company* (Azizi was touring with Davis at the time of her Playmate appearance), and—ta-da!—she's the female lead, opposite Ben Gazzara, in John Cassavetes' new flick, *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*. Not only was that quite an experience in itself, but it opened a lot of doors for Azizi. And how did Cassavetes discover her? Why, he saw her in *PLAYBOY*, of course.





### Miss April

Victoria Cunningham has left Los Angeles, where she was working as a Bunny, and has moved to Chicago—which, of course, is pretty tough on California keyholders but a windfall for us. Not that she's been hanging around much. At presstime, she was back in Los Angeles, where she'd just finished a Playboy promotional assignment. Before that, she'd visited New York and Las Vegas; San Diego was next. So, as you can see, we've been keeping Vicki on the go, and with any luck, she'll miss the Chicago winter.

### Miss November

Janet Lupo, after a generally pleasant visit to Chicago ("I had more laughs than cries"), decided that she didn't want to become a stockbroker after all. So she's back East now, trying to figure out whether she wants to model, go back to school, open some kind of business or what. In the meantime, Janet has made a TV commercial for Playboy and she's enjoying all the familiar delights—including the homemade bread in Hoboken—she missed while she was in Chicago. We're sure the home folks missed you, too, Janet.

### Miss March

Ingeborg Sorensen has traveled around the world—pausing to do some modeling in Europe—and has since returned to Los Angeles, where, besides filming a commercial or two and an episode of *Baretta*, she's busied herself in various ways: redoing her Bel Air home, growing vegetables and looking after the chickens in the back yard. She's also been painting. "So many people have talent, but they never have a chance to use it," says Ingeborg; and she's making sure that her talents don't go to waste.







## Miss February

Laura Misch is still in New Orleans (nobody ever leaves New Orleans), where she's been modeling, making commercials and working conventions for several agencies and playing small parts in whatever movies get filmed in town (the latest was the Charles Bronson-James Coburn flick *Hard Times*). And whenever they can, Laura and her friends charter a boat, sail about 50 miles into the Gulf of Mexico, tie up to an oil rig and spend the day fishing for red snapper. What was that about hard times?

## Miss August

Lillian Müller has been commuting—if you can believe this—between Los Angeles and her home in Kristiansand, Norway. She spent most of last summer in California, then went back to Europe for five weeks of modeling, with some healthful interludes in a mountaintop cabin. ("I went for a lot of long walks, and it was good to breathe clean air for a change.") Now she's back in L.A., trying to get her work permit and, in the meantime, studying acting with Lee Strasberg. That 15-hour flight is routine for Lillian now.

## Miss May

Bridgett Rollins has been living in Chicago with her sister and her boyfriend—he's an architect—and she's been doing quite a bit of modeling. In fact, if you've been reading the magazine carefully, you've probably noticed her several times, most recently as part of the erotic threesome in last month's pictorial *Peep Show*. Needless to say, that threesome was quite different from the one she's part of in real life. But she tells us that people keep assuming otherwise. Which, Bridgett, is the price you pay for fame.



THE VARGAS GIRL



*"Let's get something straight between us."*

A YOUNG MAN, Duncan Anderson by name, crossed the world to seek his fortune in the New Zealand gold fields but discovered that the hard toil of panning for gold scarcely paid for a week of his provisions.

Thus, he resolved to turn to other commerce and so removed his camp to a deserted gully, made a mask and, on the first moonlit night thereafter, situated himself on the stagecoach track to the capital and became a bushranger.

As the coach lurched round the bend, Duncan fired a shot and cried, "Halloo! Bail up!" When the driver had reined, Duncan ordered the passengers out and found them to be three—a trembling, elderly man who was none other than the well-known Judge C-----n from the capital, his pretty second wife, Elspeth, and his daughter, Fanny, from the first marriage, who was little younger and quite as comely as her stepmother.

"Hand down the gold," Duncan commanded the driver.

"Yer Honor, there ain't any," stammered the man, and Duncan perceived that fate had tricked him again—strapped to the roof was nothing but traveling bags.

Boldly, Duncan stepped up to the querulous judge and made the classic demand, "Your money or your life, sir!"

The poor man, atremble and hard of hearing, replied, "My wife? Yes, yes, Elsp-p-peth, do as this m-man requires. But make it quick or I shall catch my d-death."

At this, Elspeth began to berate the judge as a scoundrel and a coward, while the daughter wailed, "Oh, Momma! Oh, Poppa!"

Duncan would as lief have taken up the judge's handsome offer, but to be caught at the roadside with his breeches down was not in his plans. Now, as the clamor increased, he shouted to the judge, "Sir, control this woman!"

"I only wish that I could. But I'll make her regret it once I have her alone," said the poor husband. And these words gave the rough bushranger a comic inspiration. He inserted his knife point at the back of the lady's collar and slit downward, through dress and petticoats, to the bottom hem. When she felt the sudden draft of night air on her skin, she stopped in midsentence. With one swift tug, Duncan relieved her of those garments and her drawers, revealing her stark naked to the moonlight.

At this, the stepdaughter renewed her wails and Duncan served her a similar trick. Then, picking Elspeth up, he threw her across the back of the lead horse and tied her there, exposing her pretty bottom to its best advantage. Next, he forced the driver to do likewise with Fanny. In the tussle, Duncan's mask had slipped



down and he made haste to put it back in place.

"Sir," cried Duncan to the judge, "you may take your belt and give Elspeth the thrashing now instead of later." Fearful at first, the judge began to lay on strokes with more energy as his wife's comely arse began to glow. At the same time, the coachman touched up Fanny's derrière just to keep her from catching a chill.

When the ladies' backsides looked fiery red, Duncan ordered a stop and great sobbing and wailing filled the night air. "Now, how do you usually comfort your wife when she is distressed?" Duncan asked.

The judge, restored to better humor, replied, "I give her merry hell with my diddle-o!"

"And so," cried Duncan, tearing off the judge's unsecured breeches, "you had better oblige her now!"

"Oh, but think of my position!"

"Think only of her position," Duncan replied, lifting the judge's drooping member with his knife in a meaningful gesture. "Perform!"

A box was placed by the horse and the judge, stepping up, made haste to entrench his masculinity in Elspeth. Her sobs rose an octave, but then, as her husband set to work with unusual vigor, they subsided to moans of satisfaction. The judge at last finished, Elspeth was quiet, but Fanny was again wailing. The driver's efforts with the butt of his stock whip had failed to placate her. Duncan, entering into the genial mood now prevailing amongst the gentlemen of the party, merrily ordered the judge to comfort his daughter as he had his wife.

"But, sir, have you no respect for the law of God?" expostulated that worthy.

"It is a fine balance between that law and your desire to stay a man," said Duncan, again raising the judge's member with cold steel.

When the judge had applied his business to Fanny's affair, he was shocked to find that he was not the first to have trespassed there. "Harlot!" he shouted and began diddling with the fury he might have unleashed in a whipping.

Amazed, Fanny cried, "Poppa! Your thing is so big I think I shall burst!" and she began to buck against it as much as her position would allow. When the second coming finally occurred, signaled by Fanny's moans, the judge at last looked round to find that Duncan had disappeared without a trace.

And so this story might have ended without a moral—had not Duncan, some weeks later, been foolhardy enough to go down to the capital and become intoxicated. In due course, he appeared before Judge C-----n, who, fearful that the bushranger would blow the gaff, dismissed all charges. But Elspeth, getting wind, had bribed the executioner and, when Duncan arrived at the jail to retrieve his swag, he was seized, stripped and tied over a barrel.

"Here's a naughty boy," she cried, "Flick your whip under his belly! Now on the buttocks!" When Duncan had been well flogged, the executioner dragged up a goat and tweaked its member into a great erection—and then he thrust it at the glowing posterior.

"This beast has you over a barrel and there are no butts about it!" cried Elspeth in delight. In the meantime, she took her crop and savaged Duncan's member until it stood up stiff and thick and finally turned purple and spurting forth.

When at last Duncan was left in peace, Elspeth came and applied compresses to his worst contusions as he lay on the ground. As she did, she whispered in his ear, "I trust, sir, that you now appreciate how unkind it is to take advantage of one who is unhappily united to an old goat."

## IT HELPS ME RELAX *(continued from page 112)*

One night, as I'm leaving, she says, "Cash?"

"Yes?"

"Don't you ever kiss anybody?"

I'm startled. I stand like a tree.

"Well, at least hug me," she says.

And I slowly press her body against mine, surprised how warm and good it feels.

"Kiss me, Cash."

I don't know what to do. I feel faint, but I finally put my lips against hers. Then I back up and say, "Well, I'll see you tomorrow." And I walk about a half block before looking back. And there she is, waving. My fight is scheduled the next day on *Tomorrow's Champions*, but I don't sleep all night.

"What do you intend to do?" the woman on the bed asked me. "Make up your mind what you want to do. . . ."

I couldn't move. How could I tell her I didn't know what to do? What was I expected to do?

Aretha—the first girl I really love—I see her in the halls of Central High, too frightened to say anything to her. To attract her attention, I come to school with a size-too-small T-shirt on, to make my muscles look like they bulge. But she walks right by me. Then I try to get her attention by taking my friend Ronald King's head and pretending to ram it into the lockers: *B-o-o-o-m-m. . . B-o-o-o-m-m*. She should say, "Oooooee, what's he doing to that boy?" and come over to see. But she keeps on going.

I don't know how to talk to girls, how to approach them. I ride my motor scooter real fast, turn the corners like I'm going to fall off, all to make Aretha look at me, make her think I'm brave and daring. She keeps on walking.

Then one night, after a basketball game, after Central High beat Flagg J., I come out the big front entrance and see her walking home by herself. I hurry up to catch her on the corner and force myself to say, "Is your name Aretha?"

"Yes."

"My name's Cassius Clay."

"I know. I've seen you around."

She's so pretty, beautiful black eyes, warm dark face, thick eyelashes. I just say, "I'm going your way. Can I walk with you?"

"If you want to."

And we walk. She has on perfume and the smell is wonderful. My heart is pounding real fast. I've never liked a girl before the way I like Aretha. She lives in Beachwood Apartments, one of the housing projects, on the second floor. When we get there, I get up my nerve. I don't care whether she slaps me or not. I have to kiss her. It must last for a minute and a half, and when I come up for air, I'm so dizzy

I reel, fall back and hit my head against the steps. I hear her scream. When I open my eyes, she is leaning down and patting me on the face to bring me around.

"What happened?" she asks. "Are you serious? You fainted. I thought you were just playing."

I say I don't know what happened. "I just passed out." Then I run all the way home, to the other side of town, 13 miles away . . . people are looking at me like I'm crazy . . . and I just run all the way.

It takes about three days before I have enough nerve to face her again. Finally, I lose track of her. I get so wrapped up in boxing, in the Golden Gloves, that I concentrate all my attention on that. I don't have time for girls or parties, because every morning I have to get up and do my roadwork. If I don't win a national Golden Gloves, then I'll never get to the Olympics. And I have to be The Champion.

"Come on, let's do it," she said softly.

"Yes, ma'am."

She pulled me to the bed and said, "Do you want a trip around the world?"

"A trip around the world?" I asked.

"What's a trip around the world?"

"Well, that's some of everything."

"Some of everything? What are you talking about?"

She never answered, just leaned over and bit me on the neck and put her tongue in my ear and started biting my back. "Well, come on," she said, "Let's do it."

I got on top of her, but I still didn't know what to do. I felt panicky.

"Why don't you cooperate a little?" she asked.

I told her the truth: that I'd never been with a woman before.

She grabbed me with both her hands, pulling me to her. "Just push," she said. The panic left and all of a sudden I felt like a man. In a man's position. "Just go up and down," she said. So I went up and down, up and down, until finally she asked, "Aren't you through? Hurry up. Aren't you through?" But I just kept on going up and down. She said something like "Did you? Did you reach your climax?" I didn't know what she was talking about. "Didn't you get a ticklish feeling? A sensation?"

I said, "No." There was nothing else to say.

She pushed me off and I got up right away and started to put on my pants. She stood up and cut the lights on.

I hollered, "Hold it! Hold it!" And I cut the lights right back off.

"What's the matter with you?" she shouted.

"I don't have my clothes on yet," I explained. I couldn't look at her.

When I got dressed and went on back downstairs and stood in the hall waiting for Donnie, I began to feel miserable

again. What had I done wrong? I must have left out some of the steps, because it was another half hour before Donnie came down, walking like he was in pain.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"She took too much out of me," he said with pleasure.

"What could she take out of you?" I said. "Can't you handle it?"

"She really laid it on me," he said as we got in the cab. He went to sleep on the way back. And all he said before he went to bed that night was, "Boy, she really put something on me."

I'll never know for sure whether the experience had anything to do with my performance the next night with Kent Green, but he defeated me on a second-round TKO. Perhaps it was only the feeling of guilt because I hadn't followed the rules of the trainers, but it was a painful defeat. And Donnie, also favored to win, lost badly, too.

I really wanted to win the Golden Gloves. Already, I'd begun to love having my name known. In Louisville, when my name first started getting into the newspapers, I'd run to the neighbors and say, "Hey! My name's in the paper. My picture, too."

"Which one you?" an old woman once asked me when I showed her a group of Golden Gloves applicants. "About a hundred in the picture. Which one you?" she said, adjusting her glasses.

"Can't you see? That's me, right there in the middle," I said, surprised she didn't recognize me.

Even if I was just one of a hundred, I was there.

That year, even though I hadn't won the Golden Gloves, I felt a new pride walking the halls of Central High. All those girls I used to look at, wondering how they looked without clothes—I now had some idea. Well, I thought, now I know. I feel better. I been with a woman. I know. It was enough for a while. But gradually I found myself wanting to see another. Could I be so sure the non-prostitutes looked exactly like my prostitute? Because that prostitute was really too old. And these younger girls looked better. I'd always wondered before why men could become so easily upset over women. Ice cream, pop and hamburgers were far more attractive. But now I found myself going to parties, learning to talk, losing my inhibitions.

Then one day I got whipped by Jimmy Ellis, my only amateur loss in Louisville, and as I sat the next morning nursing my wounds, I realized I had been with a woman the night before that fight, too.

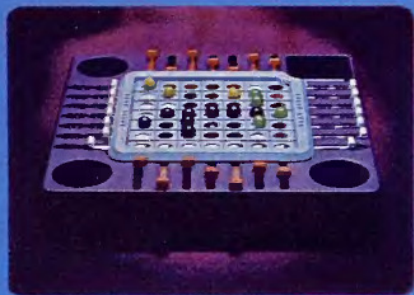
"What effect does sex have on a fighter's performance?" I once sat with a group of reporters, fighters and handlers who were asking Harry Wiley that question. Wiley, a brilliant trainer, worked with Sugar Ray Robinson for 24 years, had

*(continued on page 238)*

11TH

HOUR

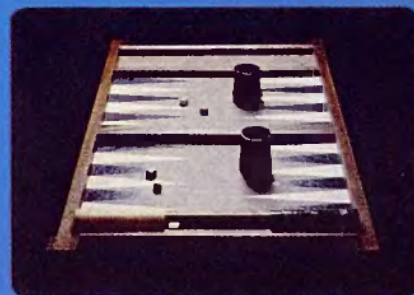
SANTA



11:00

11:07

11:11



11:04

11:09

11:13

*a procrastinator's guide to last-minute yule largess*

11:00

A fast game—Stay Alive—in which all players (except the winner) lose their marbles, by Milton Bradley, \$4.99.

11:07

High-impact, heat-resistant containers, by Empire West Plastics, \$62 and \$53.

11:11

An AM/FM/PBS radio with optically tinted mini TV screen, and dial light, by JVC America, \$199.

11:04

Chronometer with a 77-kt. synthetic-sapphire case and synthetic crystal, by Mido, \$475.

11:09

Soak away your kinks with these bath grains, by Aramis, 1¾ lbs.—in a ceramic crock—for \$16.50.

11:13

Oak backgammon table with hand-rubbed finish and padded field, by Gary David Furniture Craftsmen, \$150.



11:16



11:22



11:31



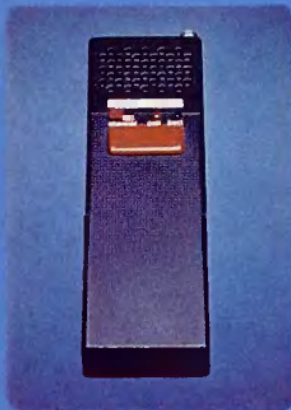
11:18



11:23



11:34



11:20



11:27



11:36

11:16

Timer-controlled stereo cassette deck with memory rewind and ultralow wow and flutter, by Yamaha, \$390.

11:18

Lucite penholder, mounted on beveled base, with 12 nylon-tip pens, by Harry Rosenfeld, \$12.

11:20

The PocketCom, a 3/4"x1 1/2"x5 1/4" unit that works as a paging system or intercom, by J S & A Soles, \$39.95.

11:22

AM/FM/PS high-band "tunable scanning" radio automatically monitors police, etc., by G.E., \$150.

11:23

A limited edition of Joy perfume—the world's costliest—in a Baccarat bottle, by Jeon Potou, 1 oz. for \$225.

11:27

A lightweight, 1000-watt blower/drier with an attachment that pulsates the air flow, by Sperry Remington, \$28.98.

11:31

A no-fog, glare-free mirror that magnifies and illuminates, fits wall or table, by Clairol, \$15.99.

11:34

A sour-ball machine, with enough balls of each of the five flavors to fill it up, from Sakowitz, \$37.50.

11:36

This six-piece blender, chopper, slicer, etc., even makes ice cream, by Stormix, \$195, plus optional attachments.



11:37



11:45



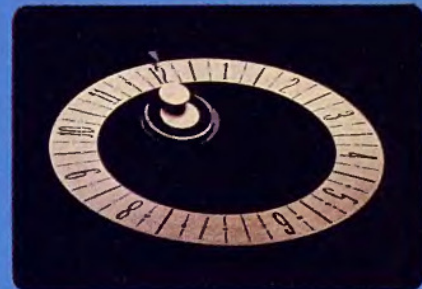
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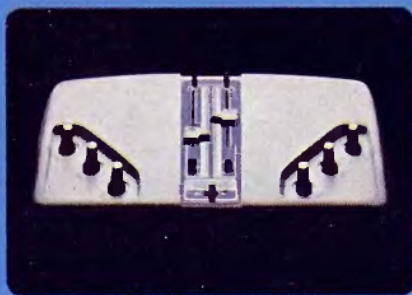
11:41



11:48



11:56



11:44



11:50



11:59

11:37

Microwave oven has built-in computer and touch-sensitive electronic panel to program timing, by Amano, \$595.

11:41

Billfold with six-digit calculator, ballpoint pen, credit-card holders and checkbook, by Novus, \$29.95.

11:44

Odyssey 200 video game, with scoring and speed control, works on any brand of TV, by Magnovox, \$100.

11:45

Permamatch: Just strike it on the base, which holds a year's supply of lighter fuel, from Berkshire Soles, \$5.

11:48

Cordless hot-shave cople quickly heats lather, takes any standard-sized can of shave cream, by Clairol, \$14.99.

11:50

Yellow-gold-finished pocket watch with calendar, oil housed in a pop-open case, by Longines Wittnauer, \$135.

11:52

Miniature sterling-silver calculator that adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, by Sharp for Tiffany, \$150.

11:56

Perpetual motion, fully transistorized wall clock works for a year on one flashlight battery, by Bulova, \$55.

11:59

Tennis-ball pressurizer, by Rebound, \$7.95, and crystal balls, from The Scarborough Group, \$17.25 each.

## DEATH TO TYRANTS! (continued from page 102)

late 1860 and early 1861 when he went North determined to equal Edwin's fame and earnings in the cultural capitals. He was, after all, now a star—a commentator said, "A star is an advertisement in tight, who grows rich and corrupts the public taste"—and now he could bad-mouth the "damn Yankees" in their own territory. But he found little sympathy until he joined the Baltimore chapter of a secret society, the Knights of the Golden Circle, which intensified his hatred of the gangling Lincoln's preserve-the-Union talk. His acting also was frequently panned, though he had the name, the physique and the looks: 5'8" but broad-chested and muscular. Black hair and flashing, imprisoning eyes. A good horseman, fine marksman, superb fencer, splendid gymnast.

But barely trained in theater; instead, making it on his looks and his physical abilities (he rewrote Shakespeare's scenes to include daring leaps and sword fights). He hadn't had Edwin's long, on-the-road apprenticeship with their father, Junius Brutus Booth, who had been the most famous Shakespearean actor in America. Nonetheless, John Wilkes had been successful with women in Richmond, Montgomery, Savannah, New Orleans, and now he went North to flaunt his abilities and anti-Union bravado. In Albany on February 18, 1861, he was appropriately playing in *The Apostate* when Lincoln's train came through on the way to the First Inauguration. Booth first saw Lincoln then. He gleefully read the newspapers that ridiculed the President-elect's remarks as "inspired flatulence, slops and dregs," and that night played his role with a fury noted in the reviews. All the spring of 1861, Booth—or Wilkes, as he was called—loudly proclaimed in the dressing rooms, bedrooms, barrooms his admiration for Brutus and Charlotte Corday (Marat's assassin). He was prostrated when Fort Sumter fell on April 14, 1861. Four years later to the day, Abraham Lincoln was shot by Booth.

In the years from 1861 to 1865, we had come to know killing too well. The nation—North and South—was calloused to war's brutalities, to civil disorders (the Draft Riots in New York in 1863 killed and wounded almost 1000), to brutalities in prison camps, to the savagery of guerilla raids, to the terrible slaughter on the battlefield. Calloused, also, to military rule directed since 1862 by Lincoln's pious, intolerant and fanatically abolitionist Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton—who allegedly schemed to keep the war going, to lose just enough so that the North would be turned to hatred for the South and for slavery. As Stanton saw it, the great aim of the war was to abolish slavery. General McClellan later reported that the Secretary of War believed "to end the war before the nation was ready for that would

be a failure. The war must be prolonged and conducted so as to achieve that." If true, Stanton's desire was directly contrary to the Sense of Congress resolution of 1861, which stated that the war was not to interfere "with the rights of established institutions of those [Southern] states."

It was also contrary to Lincoln's desires in the war's early phases. In 1862, he wrote to Horace Greeley, an adamant abolitionist: "If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

But Stanton, throughout the war, would maneuver against Lincoln and thwart his plans. He was a powerful and often devious man who wanted to be President. He was in perhaps the best position possible to act against Lincoln in an ultimate way: either by organizing and directing a conspiracy to assassinate him or by allowing an independent conspiracy to succeed. The evidence against him, as we shall see, is at least compelling.

After the first years of defeats, the North's material and manpower had prevailed. At Appomattox on April 9, 1865, Lee had surrendered to Grant, who had stipulated generous terms, as his President wished. In Washington, the joy was boundless. Lincoln said, "I've never been so happy in my life." Torches lit the night, gunshots punctuated the cheers, bands paraded and played *Dixie* as though the ballad were a trophy of war.

On April 11, Lincoln addressed a crowd on the White House lawn. He carefully, wearily laid out a plan for the reunion of the states. His tone was conciliatory. Later, he elaborated to the Cabinet that in dealing with the defeated South, there would be "no bloody work." Twelve-year-old Tad Lincoln heard the people chant of the rebel leaders, "Hang 'em," and said to his father, "Oh, no, we must hang on to them," to which the President agreed fervently.

Still, John Wilkes Booth, listening, was outraged. He muttered to an accomplice that that was the last speech Lincoln would make. He hated this "ape," this "Emperor," who wanted to install doulocracy. Lincoln had actually been to Booth's precious Richmond, had entered the conquered capital on April fourth. Before that, he had been elected again and Booth had been there on March fourth to watch him make that sickening inaugural speech about "malice toward none and charity for all." No, Lincoln would not really "bind up the nation's wounds," that was clear. With Lee beaten, Lincoln must be killed. Cut off the head and the body dies. The executioner as hero. As Booth put it in his diary for April 13, "Until today, nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we

had worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done." This messianic memorandum seems utterly familiar to us, who have seen Sirhan's confidences or read the journal of Arthur Bremer, Wallace's assailant. Booth was our first savior assassin.

This decision to kill Lincoln was not Booth's first plot against the President. Before, he had wanted to kidnap Lincoln and exchange him for the thousands of Confederate prisoners Lee so desperately needed back in his armies. For that, he had assembled and subsidized a vaudeville troupe of conspirators. There was himself. He had some money, charm and contacts (his fiancée was a Senator's daughter, though his girlfriends were unconnected). And there were the others he'd enlisted to snatch the President:

- *Lewis Paine, alias Powell and Wood.* Aged 20. A Baptist minister's son and former Confederate soldier who had deserted after Gettysburg and later signed an allegiance to the Union. Handsome, enormously strong, dumb, a Negro hater (he'd been arrested for beating a black girl in Baltimore). Devoted to Booth after seeing him play in Richmond and meeting him in 1861. An absolutely reliable killer, trained for it in the war and out of place in a nonviolent world.

- *John Surratt.* Aged 20. A former Roman Catholic divinity student and presently a Confederate spy and dispatch carrier who knew the routes from Richmond through Washington to the Confederate underground in Montreal. Magnificent horseman and disarmingly convincing as a young clerk for the Adams Express Company in Washington.

- *George Atzevodd.* Aged 29. An illiterate, ferret-faced Prussian immigrant and coachmaker whose chief value was his knowledge of the roads south out of Washington, through Maryland, to Port Tobacco on the Potomac, and his skill and experience as a blockade runner who could cross the river with the captured President on board a chartered boat.

- *David Herold.* Aged 22. Chief occupations: partridge hunter and drugstore clerk. A loyal, agile, chinless boy with few thinking abilities (estimated mental age of 11) but with a profound knowledge of the most byward roads, swamps and houses along the likely escape route, south from Washington.

- *Samuel Arnold.* Aged 30. A former schoolmate of Booth's at the Catholic Saint Timothy's Hall in Catonsville. Deserted Confederate soldier but brave, and smart enough not to take Booth's word in everything. Worked as a farm hand in Maryland.

- *Michael O'Laughlin.* Aged 24. Another childhood acquaintance and Confederate deserter who was captivated by Booth's brilliance. A Maryland livery-stable and feed-store laborer who drank

(continued on page 222)



# W O M A N !

"I call these sketches exploratory drawings," says artist Elizabeth Bennett. "I wanted to study the peaceful eroticism that comes over a woman's body in repose. The models would arrive at the studio about ten P.M. We'd share an Irish coffee, look at first editions of Beardsley, Rackham and Dulac, then they'd relax, fall asleep, dream. The transformation was close to the change you see in a lover after making love. The devils in them would disappear. Sleep is a mystery. Sometimes I would work until morning, trying to capture that magic, that beauty."



ARTIST  
ELIZABETH  
BENNETT  
CREATES A  
WORLD  
SUFFUSED  
WITH  
SENSUOUS  
BEAUTY





"I've been drawing since I was nine months old, but I didn't get serious about it until I was five. I would sit in my father's office, studying the faces of the people who came to see him. He was a doctor, maritime lawyer and insurance salesman. At closing time, we'd go to a neighborhood bar. I'd discuss life and politics with the patrons and draw their faces on place mats. I was a midget Toulouse-Lautrec."





"Drawing is very intimate. The women you see here were friends to begin with or they become friends. Many of them agreed to pose in return for one of my sketches. We exchanged time. Every drawing was a cooperative effort, something that we worked toward through the evening. Something worth sharing."



"I don't consider myself a fine artist. When I sit down with a sketchbook in front of a model, I'm not out to express myself. I merely want to draw *that* person and to find out about drawing. A sketch won't happen if there's outside interference. There used to be a phone in my studio, but I had it disconnected. Every half hour the thing would ring—it would be the model's mother or lover or whatever. Now there are just the moments of concentration and rapport. And learning."



THE DOORBELL *(continued from page 84)*

narrative, but then stopped again and asked, "That cake—in whose honor is it? Looks awfully good."

His mother responded with a flustered smile. "Oh, it's a little stunt. I told you I was expecting company."

"It reminded me awfully of Petersburg," said Nikolay. "Remember how you once made a mistake and forgot one candle? I had turned ten, but there were only nine candles. *Tu escamotas* my birthday. I bawled my head off. And how many do we have here?"

"Oh, what does it matter?" she shouted and rose, almost as if she wanted to block his view of the table. "Why don't you tell me instead what time it is? I must ring up and cancel the party. . . . I must do something."

"Quarter past seven," said Nikolay.

"*Trop tard, trop tard!*" she raised her voice again. "All right! At this point, it no longer matters. . . ."

Both fell silent. She resumed her seat. Nikolay was trying to force himself to hug her, to cuddle up to her, to ask, "Listen, Mother—what has happened to you? Come on: out with it. . . ." He took another look at the brilliant table and counted the candles ringing the cake. There were 25 of them. Twenty-five! And he was already 28. . . .

"Please don't examine my room like that!" said his mother. "You look like a regular detective! It's a horrid hole. I would gladly move elsewhere, but I sold the villa that Kind left me." Abruptly, she gave a small gasp: "Wait a minute—what was that? Did you make that noise?"

"Yes," answered Nikolay. "I'm knocking the ashes out of my pipe. But tell me—you do still have enough money? You're not having any trouble making ends meet?"

She busied herself with readjusting a ribbon on her sleeve and spoke without looking at him: "Yes. . . . Of course. He left me a few foreign stocks, a hospital and an ancient prison. A prison! . . . But I must warn you that I have barely enough to live on. For heaven's sake, stop knocking with that pipe! I must warn you that I . . . that I cannot. . . . Oh, you understand, Nick—it would be hard for me to support you. . . ."

"What on earth are you talking about, Mother?" exclaimed Nikolay (and at that moment, like a stupid sun issuing from behind a stupid cloud, the electric light burst forth from the ceiling). "There, we can snuff out those tapers now; it was like squatting in the Mostaga Mausoleum. You see, I do have a small supply of cash and, anyway, I like to be as free as a damned fowl of some sort. . . . Come, sit down—stop running around the room."

Tall, thin, bright blue, she stopped in front of him and now, in the full light,

he saw how much she had aged, how insistently the wrinkles on her cheeks and forehead showed through the make-up. And that awful bleached hair!

"You came tumbling in so suddenly," she said and, biting her lips, she consulted a small clock standing on the shelf. "Like snow out of a cloudless sky. . . . It's fast. No, it's stopped. I'm having company tonight, and here you arrive. . . . It's a crazy situation. . . ."

"Nonsense, Mother. They'll come, they'll see your son has arrived and very soon they'll evaporate. And before the evening's over, you and I will go to some music hall and have supper somewhere. . . . I remember seeing an African show—that was really something! Imagine—about fifty Negroes and a rather large, the size of, say—"

The doorbell buzzed loudly in the front hall. Olga Kirillovna, who had perched on the arm of a chair, gave a start and straightened up.

"Wait, I'll get it," said Nikolay, rising.

She caught him by the sleeve. Her face was twitching. The bell stopped. The caller waited.

"It must be your guests," said Nikolay. "Your twenty-five guests. We have to let them in."

His mother gave a brusque shake of her head and resumed listening intently.

"It isn't right. . . ." began Nikolay.

She pulled at his sleeve, whispering, "Don't you dare! I don't want to. . . . Don't you dare. . . ."

The bell started buzzing again, insistently and irritably this time. And it buzzed on for a long time.

"Let me go," said Nikolay. "This is silly. . . . If somebody rings, you have to answer the door. What are you frightened of?"

"Don't you dare—do you hear?" she repeated, spasmodically clutching at his hand. "I implore you. . . . Nicky, Nicky, Nicky! . . . Don't!"

The bell stopped. It was replaced by a series of vigorous knocks, produced, it seemed, by the stout knob of a cane.

Nikolay headed resolutely for the front hall. But before he reached it, his mother had grabbed him by the shoulders and tried with all her might to drag him back, whispering all the while, "Don't you dare. . . . Don't you dare. . . . For God's sake!"

The bell sounded again, briefly and angrily.

"It's your business," Nikolay said with a laugh and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, walked the length of the room. This is a real nightmare, he thought, and chuckled again.

The ringing had stopped. All was still. Apparently the ringer had got fed up and left. Nikolay went up to the table, contemplated the splendid cake, with its

bright frosting and 25 festive candles, and the two wineglasses. Nearby, as if hiding in the bottle's shadow, lay a small white cardboard box. He picked it up and took off the lid. It contained a brand-new, rather tasteless silver cigarette case.

"And that's that," said Nikolay.

His mother, who was half-reclining on the couch with her face buried in a cushion, was convulsed with sobs. In previous years, he had often seen her cry, but then she had cried quite differently: While sitting at table, for instance, she would cry without turning her face away and blow her nose loudly and talk, talk, talk; yet now she was weeping so girlishly, was lying there with such abandon. . . . and there was something so graceful about the curve of her spine and about the way one foot, in its velvet slipper, was touching the floor. . . . One might almost think that it was a young blonde woman crying. . . . And her crumpled handkerchief was lying on the carpet just the way it was supposed to, in that pretty scene.

Nikolay uttered a Russian grunt (*kryak*) and sat down on the edge of her couch. He *kryaked* again. His mother, still hiding her face, said into the cushion, "Oh, why couldn't you have come earlier? Even one year earlier. . . . Just one year! . . ."

"I wouldn't know," said Nikolay.

"It's all over now," she sobbed, and tossed her light hair. "All over. I'll be fifty in May. Grown-up son comes to see aged mother. And why did you have to come right at this moment. . . . tonight?"

Nikolay put on his trench coat (which, contrary to European custom, he had simply thrown into a corner), took his cap out of a pocket and sat down by her again.

"Tomorrow morning I'll move on," he said, stroking the shiny blue silk of his mother's shoulder. "I feel an urge to head north now, to Norway, perhaps—or else out to sea for some whale fishing. I'll write you. In a year or so we'll meet again; then perhaps I'll stay longer. Don't be cross with me because of my wanderlust!"

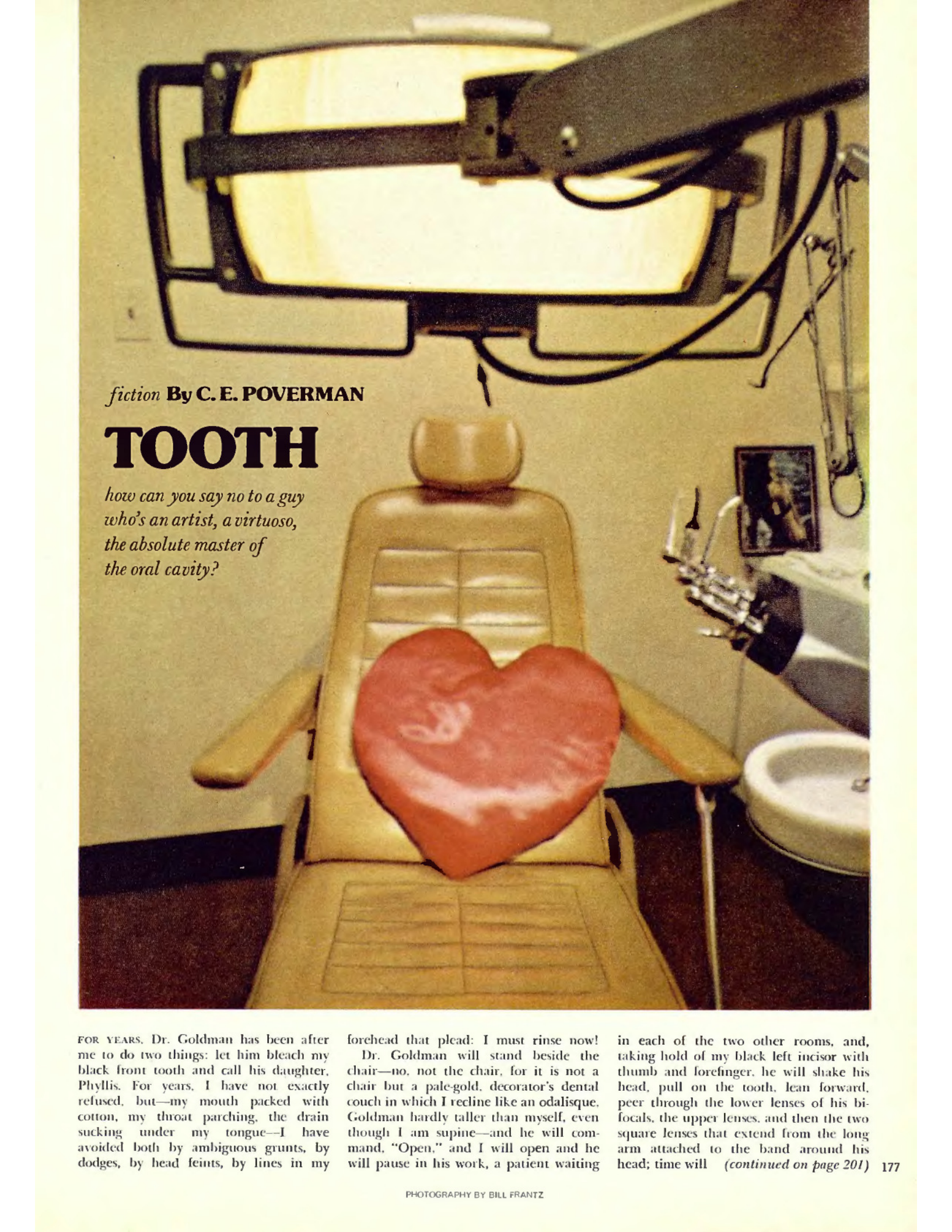
Quickly she embraced him and pressed a wet cheek to his neck. Then she squeezed his hand and suddenly cried out in astonishment.

"Blown off by a bullet," laughed Nikolay. "Goodbye, my dearest."

She felt the smooth stub of his finger and gave it a cautious kiss. Then she put her arm around her son and walked with him to the door.

"Please write often. . . . Why are you laughing? All the powder must have come off my face."

And no sooner had the door shut after him than she flew, her blue dress rustling, to the telephone.



*fiction* **By C. E. POVERMAN**

# TOOTH

*how can you say no to a guy  
who's an artist, a virtuoso,  
the absolute master of  
the oral cavity?*

FOR YEARS, Dr. Goldman has been after me to do two things: let him bleach my black front tooth and call his daughter, Phyllis. For years, I have not exactly refused, but—my mouth packed with cotton, my throat parching, the drain sucking under my tongue—I have avoided both by ambiguous grunts, by dodges, by head feints, by lines in my

forehead that plead: I must rinse now!

Dr. Goldman will stand beside the chair—no, not the chair, for it is not a chair but a pale-gold, decorator's dental couch in which I recline like an odalisque, Goldman hardly taller than myself, even though I am supine—and he will command, "Open," and I will open and he will pause in his work, a patient waiting

in each of the two other rooms, and, taking hold of my black left incisor with thumb and forefinger, he will shake his head, pull on the tooth, lean forward, peer through the lower lenses of his bifocals, the upper lenses, and then the two square lenses that extend from the long arm attached to the band around his head; time will (continued on page 201) 177

**DOMINANT WRITER**  
seeks submissive miss  
with spankable  
bottom....





article

## By DAN GREENBURG

*it's dan's tackiest assignment yet! kinky adventures in the land of the sex classifieds*

ONE DAY about six months ago, I am having lunch with my PLAYBOY editor, we are kicking around ideas I could write about and the talk turns to the kind of ads some folks run in the back of certain publications, inviting people to contact them for various sexual activities. My editor says, What would I think about following up some of these ads and writing about it?

I admit I've seen and fantasized about such ads but say I don't feel one has to do anything quite so rash as to actually follow up on them.

"Why not?" says my editor.

"Well," I say, "the whole area is kind of, you know, tacky, don't you think?"

"Sure," he says. "But not any more so than the orgy you wrote up for us [*My First Orgy*, December 1972]."

I have to admit he has a point there. I confess the notion interests me, but I want to think it over awhile before I make my decision, one way or another. He says, "Take all the time you want."

I go out and buy a few publications that run sex ads. *Screw* and, for some reason, *The New York Review of Books* seem to be the best known of these. I find a number of ads that seem intriguing. For example:

Young high school teacher. Can't make out with students—available for extracurricular activities after 3 P.M. Call Miss B. . . .

And:

Bad *schörta*. The meanest mother in town, and if you got the balls to come and see me, you will never forget me! I dare you to come! Call at once! . . .

Pretty conventional stuff, right? But then it gets a little kinkier. Like:

Mother & 19-year-old daughter will perform. Call Mrs. R. . . .

And:

Let me watch while you do your wife. No participation unless asked. Would also like to see two girls together. . . .

And:

Just like Mommy used to do—over my knee for a warm gratifying enema. Call Nurse Nancy. . . .

Or:

Why have you been disobedient? I am very upset with you. Call me *now*. Mistress Angela. . . .

Or, one of my favorites:

3 Militant Feminists. Young, brilliant and white, will bring your most unutterable ideas of humiliation into reality—and in front of two or three of us. We've waited a long time to

do this, maybe you've waited a long time, too. By appointment only. . . .

My editor calls me in New York and asks if I've come to any decision. I say I'm still mulling it over. He says that if I stop mulling and start researching this tacky piece, not only will he pay me PLAYBOY's top rate for articles but he will also respect me afterward. I tell him he has himself a deal.

I look over the ads I have so far collected from *Screw* and *The New York Review of Books* and try to imagine meeting the advertisers. I can't quite envision myself over the knee of Nurse Nancy getting a warm gratifying enema; I can't recall disobeying Mistress Angela; I have trouble seeing my most unutterable ideas of humiliation brought to reality in front of the 3 Militant Feminists; I have no wife to do while the anonymous advertiser of undesignated sex watches; and, although I feel I have the balls to go and see the meanest mother in town, I'm not sure I *want* to. That leaves Miss B., the horny high school teacher, and Mrs. R. and her 19-year-old performing daughter. I am very tempted by both of these offers, and yet I hesitate.

I think part of the problem is that I'm worried about what I'd do if Miss B. or Mrs. R. and her performing daughter turn out to be—how to put it?—non-bathers or serious fatties. I mean, I don't relish going into a situation where I have to either reject some nice but terribly unattractive person or else hop into the sack with her out of politeness.

And then I discover sex ads with photographs.

For between three and three and a half dollars a copy, you can buy on many newsstands in New York such publications as *Swingers Life*, *True Swingers*, *Mixer*, *The Seekers* and *Girls Galore*. These publications have dispensed, in most cases, with such trivia as articles and stories and are totally comprised of several thousand ads for various forms of sex, all grouped by state or section of the country and almost all of them featuring photographs of the advertisers either nude or in one of a multitude of fetching stages of undress.

The photographs are mostly of women, who are mostly wearing either panties and no bras or black garter belts and stockings and boots and no panties. The nude ones sometimes have part of their faces or part of their vaginas inked over. (I would like to suggest to some doctoral candidate in psychology looking for a topic for a dissertation that he or she look into what makes some women ink out their faces in nude photos and others their vaginas.)

The women in these photographs range in age from perhaps 16 to 72 and in attractiveness from dead ringers for

Ernest Borgnine to ladies who could give Angie Dickinson a run for her money as queen of the hop. It is at first difficult for me to understand why ladies as gorgeous as the latter need to run ads in order to get *schlupped*. The reason becomes clearer to me as I go along.

I begin to have a very active fantasy life. Not your usual wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am five-second fantasies, either. I select some advertiser in black garter belt and bush, posing against a wall of imitation pecky-cypress Weldwood paneling on which are hung the sort of little wrought-iron chotchkies that are considered chic in Red Bank, New Jersey. I stare into her face, which is wearing what she hopes is an expression of sexually sophisticated bemusement but which is instead one of tragic vulnerability and longing for some hopelessly romantic figure she knows she hasn't a chance of meeting—some Red Bank version of Cary Grant, with impeccable manners, an incredible foot-long rock-hard *shvantz* and even chicer wrought-iron chotchkies on his imitation pecky-cypress Weldwood paneling.

I sort of melt into the picture plane and am in the actual room at the moment the badly lighted photo is snapped. I explain to the startled quasi-nude lady that Cary Grant couldn't make it tonight but he has sent me instead and I am now going to lay on her 40 perfect orgasms, total spiritual fulfillment and dinner for two at Sardi's with a host of her favorite showbiz luminaries. The lady realizes the extent of her fantastic fortune, weeps for joy and clasps me to her perky bosom.

I go through half a dozen magazines like this and select 50 or 60 of the best-looking women and most provocatively worded ads for people in the tristate area. For example, a nude young honey with long straight hair to her tushy writes:

N.Y.: I like the bizarre, Bi-minded & uninhibited. I've got plenty to give and can go forever. Can you match that? No sincere partner turned down. Send for my photo and you'll shout with joy. . . .

All ads with photos are signed with code numbers instead of names and what you do is send your reply to the magazine, which then forwards it to the advertiser. The above ad is signed E-7036. I like the fact that E-7036 is bizarre, bi-minded & uninhibited and can go forever. I can go, if not forever, at least for an hour or two. I make a note to send for E-7036's photo so I can shout with joy.

N.J.: Well-built green-eyed auburn-haired nurse. Loves French culture,

parties, couples, willing to meet pen pals. A college graduate, amusing Gloria has a 40" bust.

I make definite plans to meet amusing Gloria and her 40-inch bust.

Head bank teller, 22, enjoys dancing, get-togethers, quiet drives in the country and finer things in life. Wishes to meet sincere tall and short mature men. . . .

How should I come on with this lady—sincere-tall or short-mature? I'll try sincere-tall.

Attractive 54, seeks intelligent Jewish men or Navy men my age for dining and dancing. . . .

Since I won't be convincing as Navy and 54, I'll try coming on intelligent and Jewish with this one.

In *Swingers Life* there are not one but three photos of a well-built, dark-haired smiling lady who writes:

Hot Syracuse, N.Y., housewife, 38-20-38, mid-20s, would like to meet and have sex with single men and love it. . . . Write to me for the best deep throat and straight sex you have ever had. I want to suck. I am hot. . . .

I admire this woman's directness and feel I have perhaps read her display ads on men's-room walls. I shall write to her for the best deep throat and straight sex I have ever had and I will, if absolutely necessary, even go to Syracuse to get it.

Talk about directness; how's this?

Very affectionate girl, 25, with attractive figure wants to hear from wealthy nudists. . . . Must show proof of wealth. . . .

Sprinkled among the predominantly female ads for men, women and couples are occasional peculiar ads from men. Some are poignant and funny, like this:

Need well-endowed men to sleep with my wife. She is too horny for one man to handle. . . .

Some are mainly poignant. Like this one:

I am willing to meet a pretty woman that wears eyeglasses and single, the one who will go nude with just her eyeglasses on. . . .

And some reveal more than they intend. Like this guy, whose apparently unintentional error in wording betrays a strong need to reassure himself:

N.Y.: Good-looking white guy, 25, 5'10", would like to hear from

passionate ladies in N.Y. Hurry. I won't be sorry. . . .

And then there are ads from ladies who sound so terrific that it seems almost unbearable to have to go through the whole lengthy process of writing to them in care of the magazine, having the magazine forward the letter to them, having them reply, and so on. Like this one:

Have plane, will travel. Sexy young vixen, 24, pilot, will fly anywhere in U.S.A. and Canada for a meeting with interesting single men. . . .

Or this one:

N.J.: Terrific Puerto Rican twins: bi-minded, clean, healthy and young are seeking single men for 3-some thrills. If you are man enough to handle two great girls, we guarantee to deliver everything you want. . . .

With visions of sexy young vixen pilots and terrific, clean, healthy, young Puerto Rican twins dancing in my head, I mail off my first batch of letters. In them I describe myself accurately as 38, divorced, 5'10", 145 pounds, slender, strong, gentle and willing to try anything that's fun, whether or not I've even heard of it before.

In each letter I enclose a picture of myself taken at a photo session in Las Vegas for the illustration of my orgy article in *PLAYBOY*. In this picture I am naked and intertwined with about two dozen similarly nude showgirls and half a dozen chorus boys. The reason I send out this picture and not, say, my *bar mitzvah* picture is that it is, first of all, the only one I have of me nude, even though it doesn't actually show my penis, and secondly, I figure the proximity of all those terrific nude bodies will suggest that I am a lot more experienced a swinger than is indeed the case.

After a couple of weeks, the first replies start trickling in. Old Bizarre-Bi-minded-&-Uninhibited sends a rearview nude black-and-white Polaroid of herself with the following letter:

Dear Dan,

I'm so glad you answered my ad they say one picture is worth a thousand words so what better way for us to start communicating? let's at least try!

I hope you'll want my other pictures, the black and white set is \$7 and I have beautiful color for \$13. I sincerely hope they'll prove to you that we speak the same language, and I have the feeling that we do—so hurry up. I know you won't be disappointed.

(continued on page 186)

# Come with me to the chateau, my dear

what's red and white and a barrel of laughs?

humor **By Dedini**



"You bastard. When did you drink this?"



*"Forbes, clear the table. We're going to move into the reds now."*



*"You will find, darling, that other things improve with age."*



*"He's going to be all right.  
He's calling for a Wehlener Sonnenuhr Trockenbeerenauslese 1959."*



*"We've had French. Let's try Greek!"*



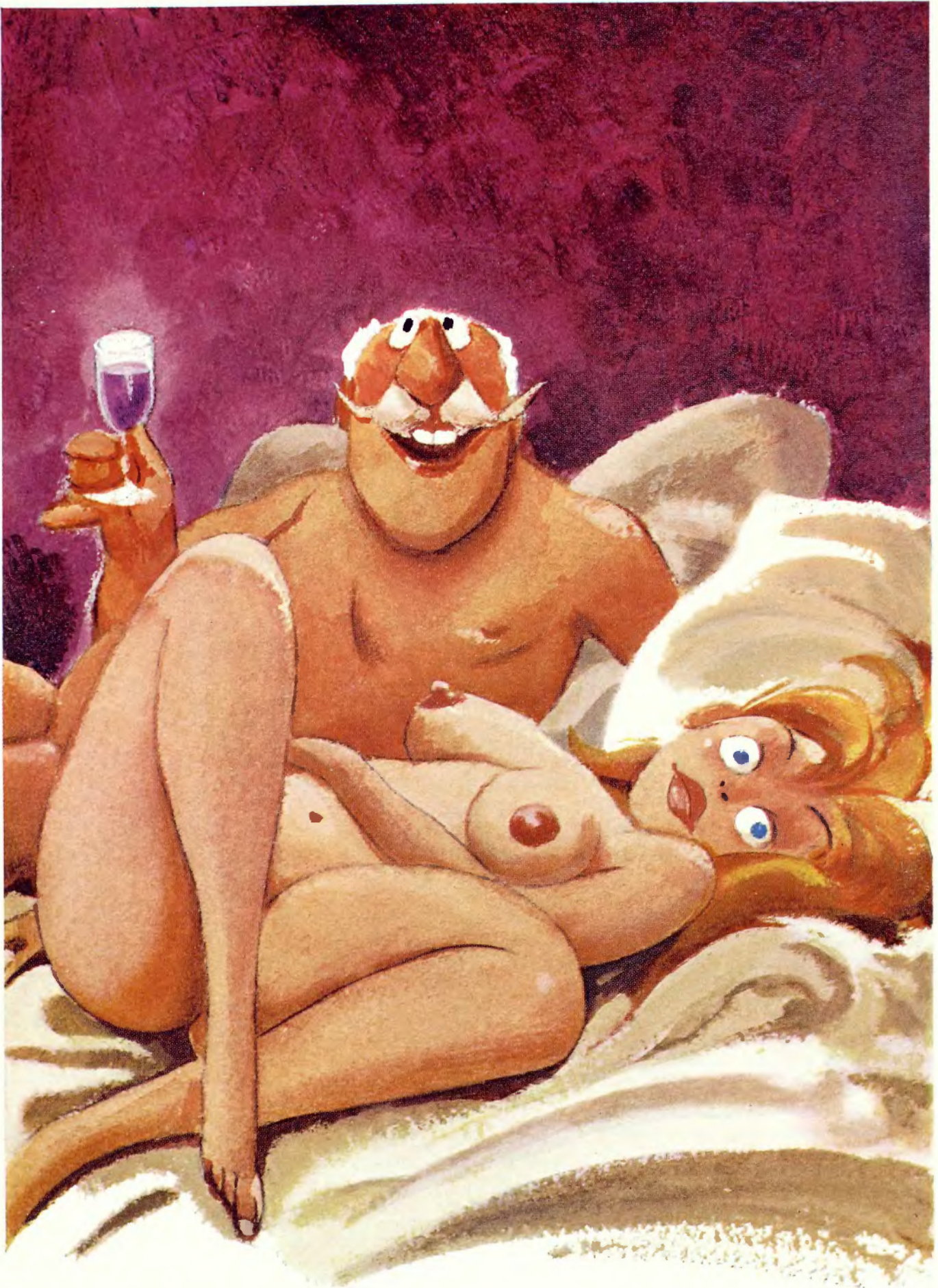
*"The glint of the sunset passing through your Beaujolais just happened to catch my eye, madam."*



*"My God, the man's a pervert! Serving a '29 Mouton-Rothschild with a Hostess Twinkie!"*



*"I uncorked a rather large set of jug wines in your honor, my dear."*



*"Come to think of it, red wine is proper after this dish."*

## DOMINANT WRITER (continued from page 180)

What about you? What are you into in life? I would like to start an interesting correspondence but it takes *two*. Please write and be my other half.

Love, Ellen J.

Hmmm. Well, the handwritten note in black ballpoint pen on orange stationery isn't the warmest personal letter I've ever received, but the enclosed picture is of a very pretty girl. Although I don't love being hustled to buy her pictures, I figure the girl has to make a living and, with the picture selling out of the way, she'll then be free to go forever and make me shout with joy.

I send her the seven bucks in cash and tell her I'm anxious to meet her in person. I give her a brief rundown, since she asked, of what I'm into in life, including some adventures I've had recently while researching a book on the occult—taking part in a coven of teenaged witches in Brooklyn, fooling around with black magic in Scotland and participating in voodoo rites in Haiti. After all, she *did* say in her ad that she liked the bizarre, right?

The next letter I receive is from a blonde lady with a plainish face but a dynamite body. Along with a black-and-white rearview nude Polaroid of herself with the words "Hope you want to see the rest of me" scribbled on the back is the following letter:

Dear Dan,

This must be my day—really—had a bad night, but your letter brought the best out in me—and now, baby, all I really need is you to share it with.

Would you ever guess that I'm a belly dancer? Not *too* much class but a lot'a heart—and whatever else you see, I know my pics will prove that I know where it's at—and I hope it'll be where you're at.

I have color for \$15—black and white for \$8 and posters for \$20—but I'm all Baubles, Bangles and Beads for you to play with. It's your Ball Park and my equipment—let's connect!

Playfully yours, Genie M.

The letter from Playful Genie is at least a *little* more personal than the one from Ellen, what with the bad night she had and how my letter brought out the best in her and how she needs me to share it with and all. On the other hand, close inspection of the black ink in the body of the letter reveals it to be a photocopy. Quick question: Is it possible Playful Genie kept the original and sent me the

Xerox? Or does she perhaps do mass mailings to hosts of guys named Dan?

I moisten a finger and rub it over the salutation. It smears. Playful Genie Xeroxes her letters and pens in her salutations by hand. I take out Ellen's letter and submit it to the wet-finger test. Ellen is also revealed as a lady who Xeroxes letters and pens salutations.

Shades of the *Reader's Digest* subscription-renewal sweepstakes: "Dear (NAME OF SUBSCRIBER): Imagine a brand-new \$125,000 ranch house on (SUBSCRIBER'S STREET) with the name (SUBSCRIBER'S NAME) on the mailbox! . . ." Well, we always knew that the establishment was co-opting and ripping off the underground, but did we dream that the underground was co-opting and ripping off the establishment? That girls with good tits and tushies and Polaroid cameras were in the mail-order business with personal-letter techniques lifted bodily out of such bastions of establishmentarianism as Pleasantville, New York?

But wait a minute. Just because Ellen and Genie are trying to become the direct-mail queens doesn't mean it's a universal practice. I mean, maybe Ellen and Genie are buddies and used to work together in the subscription department at *Reader's Digest* or *Time-Life*, dreaming the Great American Dream of striking out on their own and having their own little business. That hardly proves that the other four to five dozen lovelies I've written to are identically motivated, now, does it?

But, alas, a letter from Rosalie fails the wet-finger test. So does the letter from a young lady named Jennifer K. (\$8 for black and white, \$15 for color, \$20 for both), as does the letter from a lady named Gabby G., who spares herself inking in salutations by beginning her letter "Hello My Love" (\$7 black and white, \$13 color), and one from Louise W., who wants ten dollars—no checks, please—for "living expenses."

Well, six letters are certainly not enough to make a sweeping conclusion about the field, but it does seem the game is that these ladies at least get to sell you a few pics before they fork over their phone numbers. Is it worth it? Well, no, not to me, at any rate. On the other hand, I am on assignment to *PLAYBOY*, and so it's not really *my* money I'm frittering away here. I send out the asked-for cash to each of the six ladies.

Letter number seven is the most direct so far. It is from a lady named Candy J. and it goes like so:

Dear Dan,

I'm very pleased that you answered

my ad, and I think we may be compatible [*sic*]. If you can fit a 50 \$ modeling fee in your budget I'll guarantee you a sexsational time! I am a master of erotic massage, and I love French. Call soon & we can make a date to meet at my Manhattan apt.

Sincerely, Candy

I consider \$50 a little steep until I get letter number eight from Trudy S., who tells me that although she's married, her husband "fully approves" of her activities and that *her* "modeling fee" is \$100 for two hours.

I appreciate Trudy's and Candy's candor, but I feel that even old moneybags Hef doesn't need to bankroll me to a session with a professional hooker.

It is now obvious to me that I needn't expect a high percentage of meetings with the ladies so far contacted. It does make sense that, as I said before, no normally attractive woman is running sex ads because she is having trouble getting laid. If any of the mail-order photo sellers I've placed orders with come through for me with personal meetings, terrific. But I am clearly going to have to extend my base and respond to more than 20 advertisers.

I go back to the magazines. I begin to seek out the kinkier ads. The way I figure it, people with kinky sex hang-ups might find it harder to get the particular type of partners they need and might therefore have a higher proportion of sincerity than the girls in the mail-order Polaroid biz.

Submissive Miss loves to play "naughty girl in need of bare-bottomed spanking" to established mature (30-55) fatherly types who know how to pamper a paddled behind afterward. . . .

I don't know if I'd describe myself as a fatherly type, but I am certainly 30-55 and could probably figure out how to pamper a paddled behind if I had to.

Sensuous, passive, young woman loves to be bound & gagged. Will pose for erotic B&D photos. Loves to give Fr. culture, receive Greek culture. Versatile in all friendships. S/M of any type given or received. Your photo a must showing which of above desired. . . . Husband will, if desired, perform all of above. . . .

This may be the point where I should explain to you that when an advertiser says she loves to give French culture and receive Greek culture, she does not mean that she will read aloud from Proust while you flash her photos of the Parthenon. What she means is that she digs

(continued on page 194)



announcing the prize-winning authors and their contributions judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

# PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS



PRINT CULTURE, they say, is dying. Novels and short stories are dead art forms from an earlier age; and journalism is becoming a matter of electronics. Right? No, wrong—and the gentlemen cited below can so testify. So can our editors, who spent a bloody week determining which of last year's contributors were most worthy of our annual writing awards. Each of the winners gets \$1000, plus the silver medallion shown above; each runner-up gets 500 bucks, plus a medallion. Which all seems like small potatoes when we think about what they've done for us. Thanks, friends.

## Best Nonfiction



**NORMAN MAILER**, who is generally recognized as the heavyweight champ of American letters, went to darkest Africa to report on the George Foreman-Muhammad Ali "rumble in the jungle" and came back with our medal winner, *The Fight* (May, June). Robert Scheer, in second place, took very good care of the nation's Vice-President in *Nelson Rockefeller Takes Care of Everybody* (October).

## Best Fiction



**GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER** is on top here, thanks to his monumental swashbuckler *Flashman in the Great Game* (September, October, November), which finds an admittedly craven redcoat saving "Injah" for the queen and becoming a hero, as usual, by sheer luck (not before making out with a few ladies). Vladimir Nabokov takes second prize with *The Admiralty Spire* (February), a tale of long-lost love.

## Best Humor



**ROBERT S. WIEDER** made us all laugh with *Clark Gent's School Days* (May)—a put-on recollection of a supernaturally strong but stupid adolescent who wrecks everything in the neighborhood (including the trollops) until Mom makes him a funny suit appliquéd with an S and sends him packing. Jordan Crittenden came in second with *The Man Under the Front Porch* (February), an awry fable.

## Best New Contributor: Nonfiction



**HARRY CREWS**, whose novels we all dig, hit the bull's-eye with *Going Down in Valdeez* (February), a visit to the rough-and-tumble town that shelters the guys working on the Alaska Pipeline, not to mention the whores and assorted hustlers who prey on them. Second-place winner is Jay Cronley, whose *Houston* (May) profiles a metropolis where everything is bigger and richer but not necessarily better.

## Best New Contributor: Fiction



**LARRY McMURTRY** gets the laurels for *Dunlup Crashes In* (July), wherein our drunken hero gives everyone a real Saturday-night special by driving his potato-chip truck through the wall of the J-Bar Korral. Runner-up is **JULIUS HORWITZ**, whose *Going Home* (May) finds its hero—en route to a rendezvous with violence—getting into a dreamlike liaison with a lady on a conveniently stalled commuter train.

# FALCONER (continued from page 154)

the place. Peter mopped the kitchen floor."

"Well, you seem to have forgotten the refrigerator door," she said.

"If there are angels in heaven," he said, "and if they are women, I expect they must put down their harps quite frequently to mop drainboards, refrigerator doors, any enameled surface. It seems to be a secondary female characteristic."

"Are you crazy?" she asked. "I don't know what you're talking about."

His cock, so recently ready for fun, retreated from Waterloo to Paris and from Paris to Elba. "Almost everyone I love has called me crazy," he said. "What I'd like to talk about is love."

"Oh, is that it?" she said. "Well, here you go." She put her thumbs into her ears, wagged her fingers, crossed her eyes and made a loud farting sound with her tongue.

"I wish you wouldn't make faces," he said.

"I wish you wouldn't look like that," she said. "Thank God you can't see the way you look." He said nothing more, since he knew that Peter was listening.

It took her that time about ten days to come around. It was after a cocktail party and before a dinner. They took a nap, she in his arms. They were one, he thought. The fragrant skein of her hair lay across his face. Her breathing was heavy. When she awoke, she touched his face and asked: "Did I snore?"

"Terribly," he said. "You sounded like a chain saw."

"It was a lovely sleep," she said. "I love to sleep in your arms." Then they made love. His imagery for a big orgasm was winning the sailboat race, the Renaissance, high mountains. "Christ, that felt good," she said. "What time is it?"

"Seven," he said.

"When are we due?"

"Eight."

"You've had your bath, I'll take mine."

He dried her with a Kleenex and passed her a lighted cigarette. He followed her into the bathroom and sat on the shut toilet seat while she washed her back with a brush. "I forgot to tell you," he said. "Liza sent us a wheel of brie."

"That's nice," she said, "but you know what? Brie gives me terribly loose bowels."

He hitched up his genitals and crossed his legs. "That's funny," he said. "It constipates me."

That was their marriage then; not the highest paving of the stair, the clatter of Italian fountains, the wind in the alien olive trees but this, a jay-naked male and female discussing their bowels.

One more time. It was when they still bred dogs. Hannah, the bitch, had whelped a litter of eight. Seven were in the kennel behind the house. One, a sickly runt that would die, had been let in. Loomis was awakened, around three,

from a light sleep by the noise of the puppy vomiting or defecating. He slept naked and naked he left the bed, trying not to disturb Marcia, and went down to the living room. There was a mess under the piano. The puppy was trembling. "That's all right, Gordo," he said. Peter had named the puppy Gordon Cooper. It was that long ago. He got a mop, a bucket and some paper towels and crawled bare-assed under the piano to clean up the shit. He had disturbed her and he heard her come down the stairs. She wore a transparent nightgown and everything was to be seen. "I'm sorry I disturbed you," he said. "Gordo had an accident."

"I'll help," she said.

"You needn't," he said. "It's almost done."

"But I want to," she said. On her hands and knees, she joined him under the piano. When it was done, she stood and struck her head on that part of the piano that overlaps the bulk of the instrument. "Oh," she said.

"Did you hurt yourself?" he asked.

"Not terribly," she said. "I hope I won't have a bump or a shiner."

"I'm sorry, my darling," he said. He stood, embraced her, kissed her and they made love on the sofa. He lighted a cigarette for her and they returned to bed.

But it wasn't much after this that he stepped into the kitchen to get some ice and found her embracing and kissing Sally Midland, with whom she did crewel-work twice a week. He thought the embrace was not Platonic and he detested Sally. "Excuse me," he said.

"What for?" Marcia asked.

"I broke wind," he said. That was nasty and he knew it. He carried the ice tray into the pantry. She was silent during dinner and for the rest of the evening. When they awoke the next day—Saturday—he asked: "Good morning, darling?"

"Shit," she said. She put on her wrapper and went to the kitchen, where he heard her kick the refrigerator and then the dishwasher. "I hate you broken-down, fucking, second-rate appliances!" she shouted. "I hate, hate, hate this fucking, dirty, old-fashioned kitchen! I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." This was ominous, he knew, and the omens meant that he would get no breakfast. When she was distempered, she regarded the breakfast eggs as if she had laid and hatched them. The egg, the egg for breakfast! The egg was like some sibyl in an Attic drama.

"May I have eggs for breakfast?" he had once asked, years and years ago.

"Do you expect me to prepare breakfast in this House of Usher?" she had asked.

"Could I cook myself some eggs?" he asked.

"You may not," she said. "You will

make such a mess in this ruin that it will take hours for me to clean it up."

On such a morning, he knew, he would be lucky to get a cup of coffee. When he dressed and went down, her face was still very dark and this made him feel much more grievous than hungry. How could he repair this? He saw, out of the window, that there had been a frost, the first. The sun had risen, but the hoarfrost stood in the shadow of the house and the trees with a Euclidean preciseness. It was after the first frost that you cut the fox grapes she liked for jelly. Not much bigger than raisins, black, gamy, he thought perhaps that a bag of fox grapes would do the trick. He was scrupulous about the sexual magic of tools. This could be anxiety or the fact that they had once summered in southwestern Ireland, where tools had been male and female and the west meant death. He would, carrying a basket and shears, have felt like a transvestite. He chose a burlap sack and a hunting knife. He went into the woods—half or three quarters of a mile from the house—to where there was a stand of fox grapes against a stand of pines. The exposure was due east and they were ripe, blackish purple and rimed with frost in the shade. He cut them with his manly knife and slapped them into the crude sack. He cut them for her, but who was she? Sally Midland's lover? Yes, yes, yes! Face the facts. What he faced was either the biggest of falsehoods or the biggest of truths, but, in any case, a sense of reasonableness enveloped and supported him. But if she loved Sally Midland, didn't he love Chucky Drew? He liked to be with Chucky Drew, but standing side by side in the shower, he thought that Chucky looked like a diseased chicken with flabby arms like the arms of those women who used to play bridge with his mother. He had not loved a man, he thought, since he had left the boy scouts. So, with his bag of wild grapes, he returned to the house, burs on his trousers, his brow bitten by the last flies of that year. She had gone back to bed. She lay there with her face in the pillow. "I picked some grapes," he said. "We had the first frost last night. I picked some fox grapes for jelly."

"Thank you," she said, into the pillow.

"I'll leave them in the kitchen," he said.

He spent the rest of the day preparing the house for winter. He took down the screens and put up the storm windows, banked the rhododendrons with raked and acid oak leaves, checked the oil level in the fuel tank and sharpened his skates. He worked along with numerous hornets that bumped against the eaves, looking, even as he, for some sanctuary for the coming ice age.

"It was partly because we stopped doing things together," he said. "We used to do so much together. We used to sleep

**On your  
way down to  
a small car,  
move up to Mazda's  
new  
Rotary Car.  
Cosmo.**

**mazda**  
The world has changed.  
So has Mazda.

together, travel together, ski, skate, sail, go to concerts; we did everything together; we watched the world series and drank beer together, although neither of us likes beer, not in this country. That was the year Lomborg, whatever his name was, missed a no-hitter by half an inning. You cried, I did, too. We cried together."

"You had your fix," she said. "We couldn't do that together."

"But I was clean for six months," he said. "It didn't make any difference. Cold turkey. It nearly killed me."

"Six months is *not* a lifetime," she said, "and anyhow, how long ago was that?"

"Your point," he said.

"How are you now?"

"I'm down from forty-four c.c.s to thirty-seven. I get methadone at nine every morning. A pansy deals it out. He wears a hairpiece."

"Is he on the make?"

"I don't know. He asked me if I liked opera."

"You don't, of course."

"That's what I told him."

"That's good. I wouldn't want to be married to a homosexual, having already married a homicidal drug addict."

"I did not kill my brother."

"You struck him with a fire iron. He died."

"I struck him with a fire iron. He was drunk. He hit his head on the hearth."

"All penologists say that all convicts claim innocence."

"Confucius say. . . ."

"You're so superficial, Loomis. You've always been a light——"

"I did not kill my brother."

"Shall we change the subject?"

"Please."

"When do you think you'll be clean?"

"I don't know. I find it difficult to imagine cleanliness. I can claim to imagine this, but it would be false. It would be as though I had claimed to reinstall myself in some afternoon of my youth."

"That's why you're a lightweight."

"Yes."

He did not want a quarrel, not there, not ever again with her. He had observed, in the last year of their marriage, that the lines of a quarrel were as close to ordination as the words and the sacrament of holy matrimony. "I don't have to listen to your shit anymore!" she had screamed. He was astonished, not at her hysteria but at the fact that she had taken the words out of his mouth. "You've ruined my life, you've ruined my life!" she screamed. "There is nothing on earth as cruel as a rotten marriage." This was all on the tip of his tongue. But then, listening for her to continue to anticipate his thinking, he heard her voice, deepened and softened with true grief, begin a variation that was not in his power. "You are the biggest mistake I ever made," she said softly. "I thought that my life was one hundred percent frustration, but



*"Don't give me that premature-ejaculation bunk—you just come too fast!"*

when you killed your brother, I saw that I had underestimated my problems."

When she spoke of frustration, she sometimes meant the frustration of her career as a painter, which had begun and ended by her winning second prize at an art show in college, 25 years ago. He had been called a bitch by a woman he deeply loved and he had always kept this possibility in mind. The woman had called him a bitch when they were both jay-naked in the upper floor of a good hotel. She then kissed him and said: "Let's pour whiskey all over each other and drink it." They had, and he could not doubt the judgment of such a woman. So bitchily, perhaps, he went over Marcia's career as a painter. When they first met, she had lived in a studio and occupied herself mostly with painting. When they married, the *Times* had described her as a painter and every apartment and house they lived in had a studio. She painted and painted and painted. When guests came for dinner, they were shown her paintings. She had her paintings photographed and sent to galleries. She had exhibited in public parks, streets and flea markets. She had carried her paintings up 57th Street, 63rd Street, 72nd Street, she had applied for grants, awards, admission to subsidized painting colonies, she had painted and painted and painted, but her work had never been received with any enthusiasm at all. He understood, he tried to understand, bitch that he was. This was her vocation, as powerful, he guessed,

as the love of God, and like some star-crossed priest, her prayers misfired. This had its rueful charms.

Her passion for independence had reached into her manipulation of their joint checking account. The independence of women was nothing at all new to him. His experience was broad, if not exceptional. His great-grandmother had been twice around the Horn, under sail. She was supercargo, of course, the captain's wife, but this had not protected her from great storms at sea, loneliness, the chance of mutiny and death or worse. His grandmother had wanted to be a fireman. She was pre-Freudian but not humorless about this. "I love bells," she said, "ladders, hoses, the thunder and crash of water. Why can't I volunteer for the fire department?" His mother had been an unsuccessful businesswoman—the manager of tearooms, restaurants, dress shops and, at one time, the owner of a factory that turned out handbags, painted cigarette boxes and doorstops. Marcia's thrust for independence was not, he knew, the burden of his company but the burden of history.

He had caught on to the checkbook manipulation almost as soon as it began. She had a little money of her own but scarcely enough to pay for her clothes. She was dependent upon him and was determined, since she couldn't correct this situation, to conceal it. She had begun to have tradesmen cash checks and then claim that the money had been spent for the maintenance of the house. Plumbers,

electricians, carpenters and painters didn't quite understand what she was doing, but she was solvent and they didn't mind cashing her checks. When Loomis discovered this, he knew that her motive was independence. She must have known that he knew. Since they were both knowledgeable, what was the point of bringing it up unless he wanted a shower of tears, which was the last thing he wanted?

"And how," he asked, "is the house?" He did not use the possessive pronoun—my house, your house, our house. It was still his house and would be until she got a divorce. She didn't reply. She did not draw on her gloves, finger by finger, or touch her hair or resort to any of the soap-opera chestnuts used to express contempt. She was sharper than that.

"Well," she said, "it's nice to have a dry toilet seat."

"Goodbye," he said to her back. He jogged out of the visitors' room and up the stairs to cell block F. He hung his white shirt on a hanger and went to the window, where, for the space of about a foot, he could focus on two steps of the entrance and the sidewalk the visitors would take on their way to cars, taxis or the train. He waited for them to emerge like a waiter in an American-plan hotel waiting for the dining-room doors to open, like a lover, like a drought-ruined farmer waiting for rain but without the sense of the universality of waiting, that waiting was the human condition.

They appeared—one, three, four, two—27 in all. It was a weekday. *Chicanos*, blacks, whites, his upper-class wife with her bell-shaped coif—whatever was fashionable that year. She had been to the hairdresser before she came to the prison. Had she said as much? "I'm not going to a party, I'm going to jail to see my husband." He remembered the women in the sea before Sally Ecbatan's coming out. They all swam a breast stroke to keep their hair dry. Now some of the visitors carried paper bags in which they took home the contraband they had tried to pass on to their loved ones. They were free, free to run, jump, fuck, drink, book a seat on the Tokyo plane. They were free, and yet they moved so casually through this precious element that it seemed wasted on them. There was no appreciation of freedom in the way they moved. A man stooped to pull up his socks. A woman rooted through her handbag to make sure she had the keys. A younger woman, glancing at the overcast sky, put up a green umbrella. An old and very ugly woman dried her tears with a scrap of paper. These were their constraints, the signs of their confinement, but there was some naturalness, some unself-consciousness about their imprisonment that he, watching them between bars, cruelly lacked.

This was not pain, nothing so simple and clear as that. All he could identify was some disturbance in his tear ducts, a blind, unthinking wish to cry. Tears were easy; a good ten-minute hand job. He wanted to cry and howl. He was among the living dead, but that was a chestnut. There were no words, no living words to suit this grief, this cleavage. He was primordial man confronted with romantic love. His eyes began to water as the last of the visitors, the last shoe disappeared. He sat on his bunk and took in his right hand the most interesting, worldly, responsive and nostalgic object in the cell. "Speed it up," said the cuckold. "You only got eight minutes to chow."

The night that followed would go down in the memory of Falconer as deeply as the night of the last executions. Loomis queued up for supper. They had rice, franks, bread, oleomargarine and half a canned peach. He palmed three slices of bread for his cat and jogged up to cell block F. Jogging gave him the illusion of freedom. Tiny was sitting down to his supper of outside food at his desk at the end of the block. He had on his plate a nice London broil, three baked potatoes, a can of peas, and on another plate a whole store cake. Loomis sighed loudly when he smelled the meat. Food was a recently revealed truth in his life. He had reasoned that the Holy Eucharist was nutritious if you got enough of it. In some churches, at some times, they had baked the bread—hot, fragrant and crusty—in the chancel. "Eat this in memory of Me." Food had something to do with his beginnings as a Christian and a man. To cut short a breast feeding, he had read somewhere, was traumatic, and from what he remembered of his mother, she might have yanked her breast out of his mouth in order not to be late for her bridge game; but this was coming close to self-pity and he had tried to leech self-pity out of his emotional spectrum. Food was food, hunger was hunger and his half-empty belly and the perfume of roast meat established a rapport that it would take the Devil to cut in two. "Eat good," he said to Tiny. A telephone was ringing in another room. The TV was on and the majority had picked, through a rigged ballot, some game show. The irony of TV, played out against any form of life or death, was superficial and fortuitous.

So as you lay dying, as you stood at the barred window watching the empty square, you heard the voice of a man, a halfman, the sort of person you wouldn't have spoken to at school or college, the victim of a bad barber, tailor and make-up artist, exclaim: "We present with pleasure to Mrs. Charles Alcorn of 11235 275th Boulevard the four-door cathedral-size refrigerator containing 200 pounds of prime beef and

enough staples to feed a family of six for two months. This includes pet food. Don't you cry, Mrs. Alcorn, oh, darling, don't you cry, don't you cry. . . . And to the other contestants, a complete kit of the sponsor's product." The time for banal irony, the voice-over, he thought, is long gone. Give me the chords, the deep rivers, the unchanging profundity of nostalgia, love and death.

Tiny had begun to roar. He was usually a reasonable man, but now his voice was high, shattering, crazy. "You rat-fucking, cock-sucking, ass-tonguing, sneaky, stinking fleabag."

Obscenities recalled for Loomis the long-ago war with Germany and Japan. "In a fucking line rifle company," he or anyone else might have said, "you get the fucking, malfunctioning M-1s, fucking '03s instead of fucking carbines, fucking obsolete BARs and fucking 60-millimeter mortars, where you have to set the fucking sight to bracket the fucking target." Obscenity worked on their speech like a tonic, giving it force and structure, but the word fucking, so much later, had for Loomis the dim force of a recollection. Fucking meant M-1s, 60-pound packs, landing nets, the stinking Pacific island with Tokyo Rose coming over the radio. Now Tiny's genuine outburst unearthed a past, not very vivid, because there was no sweetness in it, but a solid, memorable four years of his life.

The cuckold passed and Loomis asked: "What's wrong with Tiny?"

"Oh, don't you know?" said the cuckold. "He had just begun his dinner when the deputy called him on the outside phone to check on work sheets. When he got back, a couple of cats, big cats, had finished off his steak and potatoes, shit in his plate and were halfway through his cake. He tore the head off one of them. The other got away. When he was tearing off the cat's head, he got very badly bitten. He's bleeding and bleeding. I guess he's gone to the infirmary."

If prisons were constructed to make any living thing happy, it might have been cats, although the sententiousness of this observation made Loomis irritable. But the fact was that trained men with drawing boards, hod carriers, mortar and stone had constructed buildings to deny their own kind a fair measure of freedom. The cats profited most. Even the fattest of them, the 60-pounders, could ease their way between the bars, where there were plenty of rats and mice for the hunters, lovelorn men for the tender and the teases, and franks, meatballs, day-old bread and oleomargarine to eat.

Loomis had seen the cats of Luxor, Cairo and Rome, but with everybody going around the world these days and writing cards and sometimes books about it, there wasn't much point in linking the shadowy cats of prison to the shadowy cats of the ancient world. As a dog

breeder, he had not much liked cats, but he had changed. There were more cats in Falconer than there were convicts, and there were 2000 convicts. Make it 4000 cats. Their smell overwhelmed everything, but they checked the rat-and-mice population. Loomis had a favorite. So did everybody else—some had as many as six. Some of the men's wives brought them kitty chow—stuff like that. Loneliness taught the intransigent to love their cats as loneliness can change anything on earth. They were warm, they were hairy, they were living and they gave fleeting glimpses of demonstrativeness, intelligence, uniqueness and sometimes grace and beauty. Loomis called his cat Bandit, because—black and white—it had a mask like a stagecoach robber or a raccoon. "Hi, pussy," he said. He put the three pieces of bread on the floor. Bandit first licked the margarine off the bread and then, with feline niceness, ate the crusts, took a drink of water out of the toilet, finished the soft part and climbed onto Loomis' lap. Its claws cut through the fatigues like the thorns of a rose. "Good Bandit, good Bandit. You know what, Bandit? My wife, my only wife came to see me today and I don't know what in hell to think about the visit. I remember mostly watching her walk away from the place. Shit, Bandit, I love her." He worked behind the cat's ears with his thumb and third finger. Bandit purred loudly and shut its eyes. He had never figured out the cat's sex. He was reminded of the *chicanos* in the visiting room. "It's a good thing you don't turn me on, Bandit. I used to have an awful time with my member. Once I climbed this mountain in the Abruzzi. Six thousand feet. The woods were supposed to be full of bears. That's why I climbed the mountain. To see the bears. There was a refuge on the top of the mountain and I got there just before dark. I went in and built a fire and ate the sandwiches I'd brought and drank some wine and got into my sleeping bag and looked around for sleep, but my goddamned member was not in the mood for sleep at all. It was throbbing and asking where the action was, why we'd climbed this mountain with no rewards, what was my purpose, and so forth. Then someone, some animal, started scratching at the door. It must have been a wolf or a bear. Excepting for me, there wasn't anything else on the mountain. So then I said to my member, 'If that's a female wolf or a female bear, perhaps I can fix you up.' This made it thoughtful, for once—pensive—and I got to sleep, but—"

Then the general alarm rang. Loomis had never heard it before and didn't know what it was called, but it was a racket, obviously meant to announce fires, riots, the climax and the end of things, but it rang on and on, long after its usefulness as an announcement, a warning,

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an alert, an alarm, it sounded like some approach to craziness, it was out of control, it was in control, in possession, and then someone pulled a switch and there was that brief, brief sweetness that comes with the cessation of pain. Most of the cats had hidden and the wiser ones had taken off. Bandit was behind the toilet. Then the metal door rolled open and a bunch of guards came in, lead by Tiny. They wore the yellow waterproofs they wore for fire drill and they all carried clubs.

"Any of you got cats in your cells, throw them out," said Tiny. Two cats, at the end of the block, thinking, perhaps, that Tiny had food, went toward him. One was big, one was little. Tiny raised his club, way in the air, and caught a cat on the completion of the falling arc, tearing it in two. At the same time, another guard bashed in the head of the big cat. Blood, brains and offal splattered their yellow waterproofs and the sight of carnage reverberated through Loomis' dentalwork; caps, inlays, restorations, they all began to ache. He snapped his head around to see that Bandit had started for the closed door. He was pleased at this show of intelligence and by the fact that Bandit had spared him the confrontation that was going on between Tiny and Chicken Number Three. "Throw that cat out," said Tiny to Chicken.

"You ain't going to kill my pussy," said Chicken.

"You want six days cell lock," said Tiny.

"You ain't going to kill my pussy," said Chicken.

"Eight days cell lock," said Tiny. Chicken said nothing. He was hanging on to the cat. "You want the hole," said Tiny. "You want a month in the hole."

"I'll come back and get it later," said one of the other men.

It was half and half. Half the cats chased the slaughter and made for the closed door. Half of them wandered around at a loss, sniffing the blood of their kind and sometimes drinking it. Two of the guards vomited and half a dozen cats got killed eating the vomit. The cats that hung around the door, waiting to be let out, were easy targets. When a third guard got sick, Tiny said, "OK, OK, that's enough for tonight, but it don't give me back my London broil. Get the fire detail to clean this up." He signaled for the door to open and when it rolled back, six or maybe ten cats escaped, giving to Loomis some reminder of the invincible.

The fire detail came in with waste cans, shovels and two lengths of hose. They sluiced down the block and shoveled up the dead cats. They sluiced down the cells as well and Loomis climbed onto his bunk, knelt there and said: "Blessed are the meek," but he couldn't remember what came next. "For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven?"



## GLACIERS ARE COMING!

(continued from page 94)

and went into natural selection's discard pile.

The rationalist sometimes accuses the evolutionist of substituting nature for God. It is an oversimplification. Never would the evolutionist bow his head and murmur, "Nature's will." Never would he look on nature as the creative force, but only life, that single portion of the natural world. Yet there is a small seed of truth in the accusation, for the evolutionist gains faith from his contemplations. I know of few rationalists who, placing their hopes on the omnipotent human brain, find much encouragement in our bewildering time.

The story of evolution, despite all of its failures and extinctions, is one of most improbable success. Enough of us have survived to reassemble our genes and temporarily perfect a still more able animal to tackle another of nature's nightmares, the successive waves of the ice age.

Our interglacial experience has been just one more test that accident has thrown our way. I cannot regard our immense production of food—despite its horrendous biological consequences leading inevitably to a most gruesome population outcome—as anything but necessary in the long evolution of Konrad Lorenz' human-being-to-be. We failed the test, it is true. From our brief experience with benevolence, we learned hedonism, gross materialism and institutionalized injustice; entertainments such as mass slaughter, massive destruction, massive reproduction—and, of course, *hubris*, and the delusion that we were masters of nature. Faced now by a ruthless future, we may, through our greed and our quarrels and our scrambles, take the easy way out and most decisively blow ourselves up. Every logic would support the probability.

Yet I find the proposition dubious. Were we beings without history, were we dependent on nothing but rationality and conditioned learning, my pessimism would be fathomless. But we do have our history, and it is older than the hominid, older than the ape or the monkey, older than the tiny arboreal mammals of 100,000,000 years ago. It is older than the reptiles who bore them, older than the first air-breathing fish, as old as those first microscopic organisms, in our earth's young years, who perfected before all others a determination to survive.

There will be those of us of rare courage and endowment who will accept, perhaps welcome, certainly adapt to a new kind of icy world that in truth is a very old kind of world that we have survived before. I doubt that those survivors will remember interglacial man as harshly as we sometimes see ourselves. The beauty that Cro-Magnon invented we took to soaring



"Are you the little girl who said she wouldn't go to sleep until Santa Claus came?"



heights of sounds, words and spires. Perhaps a few shrines will remain, in the valley of the Nile or on a warm Sicilian shore, and they will visit them as we once visited the caves of the Dordogne. They may rightly guess that a past race that so loved beauty in fortunate circumstances may have loved one another.

They will keep much of value that we created, while discarding most as baggage that the new bad-weather animal cannot afford. There will be the art of cooking and certain seeds to help them along in their few favorable climates and poor tropical soils. There will be old books that they will read with amusement, wondering at the way we were, until they come to seem too heavy to be worth lugging about or, more likely, the pages disintegrate. In the meantime, however, it would be a curious inheritance from all our technological paraphernalia if the one compulsory artifact remained eyeglasses. Evolution never had the opportunity to encourage eyes fit for reading.

We were truly not too bad a sort—stupid, it is true, much given to self-delusion and as tempted by sentimentality as by savagery—but, on balance, an experimental being who, while so often doing his worst, not too infrequently did his best. Though we weren't too strong about morality, still we thought quite a bit about it and could feel guilty once in a while. Though genetic altruism may have eluded us, still we were always preaching it in anticipation of a glowing collection plate. (Still, there were always those few, let us not forget, who weren't that concerned about the collection plate.) And there was this idea of education. While normally it consisted of the most callous brainwashing, still it was an idea that some future people could make use of.

What I must suspect is that the survivors of this glacial calamity that will befall and decimate us will, through most appalling natural selection, discard the Ardreys with their hyperdeveloped brains, paunch bellies, bad knees and flat feet and pool their collective genes into one more subspecies of *Homo sapiens* in a few tens of millennia and take one more step away from the ape in the direction of the human being. And I suspect that in an infinitely rigorous climate, with eternally hostile environmental demands, their mythology will become more pragmatic, and yet more demanding of belief. As the Greek poets and dramatists went back to Agamemnon and their centuries-old predecessors to whip into the Greek populace what was right, what was wrong, so I suspect that our ice-age inheritors, whatever their literate capacities, will turn back to the villains and heroes of interglacial man for the lessons of what and what not to do. It could be our greatest legacy.

As an interglacial man, I feel no embarrassment—*except* that we ended the hunting way. It had shaped us, given us



"Doggie...!"

anatomically and socially the way we are. But we killed off our fellow species in the natural world. The death of the hunter and the hunted must be the sin that interglacial man committed in the memories of his inheritors. How do you live when the tundra returns but not the reindeer, the aurochs, the extinct mammoth?

Animal species—if they are not truly extinct—have a way of reviving when ecological changes encourage a return. It isn't just a matter of the human predator. Far more important is the land to roam without interference from farmers. As farmers must surely decline in number, so may the ecological elbow room of species increase. So perhaps—and only perhaps—animal prey may expand to relieve the problem of food supply for the endangered species—future man—and man the hunter may again have his day.

Yet again, I must express my doubt. We shall not have gone back to the bow and arrow, let alone the hand-held weapon. We shall keep, beyond eyeglasses, technological advances in killing, so that our descendants will never be on equal terms with other animal species. The hunter died when he achieved supremacy.

Perhaps the death of the hunter will be the long monument to interglacial man. We denied a future to our successor beings. Evolution will show one day whether the balance between nature and evolving man—from the risen ape to the human being—will have been restored. I cannot know, nor can you, since we all shall long have been gone.

All I can assert is that I was happy, even proud, to have been an interglacial man. We sailed the world, we explored the universe of the mind, touched on the

moon, demonstrated through our molecular genetics that all life is one and demonstrated through natural selection how life outlives accident. We did so many things that could not have been done without our benevolent interglacial. Now we must retreat as nature resumes its hostility. And were I cursed to live long enough to witness the change—an impossibility at my age—I should find myself nostalgic for the good old interglacial days.

I should miss the opportunity of movement and the chance, for example, to enter an African kraal and recognize that long before their northern counterparts, these people created through tribal acceptances compassionate and most realistic welfare states. I should miss wandering along the Seine or through the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. I should miss the overconfident architectural monuments of Piccadilly and the endless green spread of Seattle's garden homes. I should miss window shopping on New York's Madison Avenue or Rome's Via Condotti, as I should miss my crab meat on San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf. I should miss so much the happy cry of children as they ride the carousel on a Paris boulevard.

Well, sooner or later it will all be gone. As an interglacial man, I shall regret it. As a risen ape, however, I must have no regret but, rather, a warm sort of pride for an ape that has risen so far along the Lorenzian course of becoming a human being. His future rests beyond an icy horizon. We have come this far, and that is about all one can say.

I am haunted by the happy cries of children and the clamor of the calliope.



## DOMINANT WRITER (continued from page 186)

putting your *shvantz* in both her mouth and her tushy. "Versatile" means not that she sculpts, does soft-shoe and can replace the transmission in your Oldsmobile; it means that she is not averse to licking another lady's *labia minora*. S/M is, of course, sadomasochism. Except, I am told, on the West Coast, where it refers to slave/master sex. B&D is bondage and discipline. This means that the advertiser gets kicks out of one person being trussed up like a yearling calf while the other person does unspeakably tough and humiliating things to him like, I don't know, telling him he makes a lousy martini or needs to use Scope mouthwash.

Some advertisers say they like TVs and water sports. This does not refer to *Eye-witness News* and the Australian crawl. TVs are transvestites—boys who wear Merry Widows and girls who wear—what? jockstraps? And water sports is a euphemism for taking a leak on someone for romantic purposes. It is also known as "golden showers." (Listen, I hesitate to even mention it, but if you ever see an ad mentioning "hot lunches," I am told that is a euphemism for fresh B.M.s. What one does with *them* I leave to your own imagination.)

Now, did I mention that "parties" refer to orgies and that "English culture" refers to being whipped or spanked and that "animal training" means romantic idyls with a poodle, a police dog or a Lhasa Apso? I didn't think I had.

How do I know such things? you ask. Well, first of all, I'm a journalist who does his homework. And second, I've been around, cookie, I've been around.

Dominant girl likes submissive men, TVs, French performers. Especially those who will wear my undies. Super studs challenged & couples sending photos invited to watch or join. . . .

OK, now you can read this ad and understand that the lady is not looking for Marcel Marceau to wear her undies on *Merv Griffin*. Aren't you glad I filled you in?

Submissive "tom-boy" type with very spankable bottom needs dominants who know how to control physical side, yet tease, humiliate & punish a semiwilling "slave" to ecstasy. Novice masters welcome. . . .

A fairly explicit ad, I think, and the photo accompanying it shows an attractive young lady bound with rope, as is usual in photos of masochistic advertisers. Although another terse, photoless ad in *Girls Galore* says only:

I have a large full round fat behind that I just love to have spanked with a heavy paddle.

The ad says nothing more, not even whether the large full round fat behind in question is attached to a male or a female person. Another ad, also photoless, in the same publication tends to give me the willies:

Topless model. Half one sex and half the other. I enjoy dating girls with long hair and tall gentlemen. . . .

I don't know if this person gets many responses to its ad. Certainly not from many girls possessing both long hair and tall gentlemen. Still, you never know.

In *Mixer*, I come across the best ad I have found to date. It shows five of the cutest young girls I have ever seen. They are standing on a beach, wearing bikinis on wonderful cute slender bodies and smiles on wonderful sweet beautiful faces. Here is what the copy says:

Sensuous group. Sensuous, slender, young stewardesses with great bodies, fascinated by B&D, would like to try it & other things. Will fly anywhere to meet men any age, dominant or submissive. We do not seek money, only fun! Penna. females.

Now, I ask you. Aren't they cutie pies? Do they sound like you'd want to do *everything* with them? Are they sincere? Who knows? But I abandon my usual short reply letter and write them a ridiculously long letter. I enclose not only my usual orgy photo but also a picture of me wearing a black-leather motorcycle jacket, sunglasses, a black cowboy hat, black-leather gloves with industrial zippers and a gun belt. I figure this photo will let the sensuous stewardesses see another side of me, however inaccurate.

I send out about 40 more letters, most of them to masochists, sadists and other weirdos. I haven't really decided if I will have the guts to become intimate with any of them, but it's sure fun to fantasize about.

In the meantime, I get further correspondence from our old friends Ellen, Genie and Rosalie. Ellen sends me five black-and-white Polaroids in various split-beaver poses and a letter that says I'm her kind of man and that she doesn't want me to go away now, because she's "got photos that really show pink tit and pussy I know you would love." They'll cost me only \$12 (a dollar price drop from the last letter), and this communication is signed "Suckingly, Ellen." Like her previous note, Ellen's suckingly signed letter

is Xeroxed. So are the letters from Genie and Rosalie, which contain relatively demure pictures—only *one* split beaver in the bunch.

About this time, the first of the replies to the replies to the S/M ads start groveling and swaggering in. An authentically handwritten letter from a dominant lady in Cromwell, Connecticut, named Virginia M. says that she can certainly give me the type of bondage and discipline I desire, that she has the proper equipment and experience and that she requires an advance "tribute-deposit" of at least \$20. She guarantees full satisfaction and will arrange our first session when she receives the money.

A dominant lady in Albany, New York, named Joyce B. writes, in genuine handwriting on lined blue note paper, as follows:

Dear Slave: I require that all of my male slaves wear my lingerie. I request lots of tonguing up the asshole and licking and sucking along the crack. I require *much* cunnilingus—and all of this while I stand over you in the superior position. I require that all my slaves adore my naked body. If you are ready to *serve* and *obey*, I will take off my lingerie and send them to you, but first you must send me \$8 cash, for I cannot afford to give them away. I will also send complete directions and commands for you to follow while you are wearing them. I can then be assured if you are both submissive and obedient for that is the only type of slave I accept.

Your mistress, Joyce

(Slave written at my dictation.)

P.S. For discretion—be sure to return this letter, and always send a stamped, addressed envelope if you want a reply.

Only a cynic would suspect that mistress Joyce was in the mail-order-undies biz, but since I have no immediate need for Joyce's pants, I hold off on whisking her my eight dollars.

Two submissive ladies reply to my letters. One writes on the bottom of the note I mailed her:

Dear Dan—

Many thanks for answering the ad in *Swingers Life*. I appreciate your taking the time to answer; however, your letter and the photo hardly seem on target to my rather specific, and limited, areas of interest.

Her note is signed simply "B."

The second submissive miss sends a

separate handwritten note to the same effect in teeny-weeny scrawl, signed "E."

Well, B. and E., I see I was wrong to send you my standard letter and photo instead of something more *macho*, a mistake that I shall correct immediately. I send both B. and E. copies of the picture of me in motorcycle jacket, shades and cowboy hat. And, with different salutations, I answer both of them sternly in the following manner:

I can see that I was too nice to you in my previous letter. I am more than able to satisfy your specific needs. The enclosed photograph will show you a more accurate representation of my dominant personality than the group photo I sent you before.

It is clear to me that you must be punished for your insolence in assuming I could not satisfy your needs. Here, then, is what you will do:

Immediately upon receipt of this letter you will send me an apology by return mail. You will enclose your full name, address and phone number. I shall call you when it pleases me and I shall tell you when it will be convenient for me to see you.

You will then come over to my house and apologize in person and attempt to convince me not to punish you. As you are doing so, you will strip down to your panties. Your apology will not be accepted and you will be handcuffed and made to kneel on the floor with your buttocks in the air. I will then take down your panties and spank you until your naughty little cheeks are stinging hot with shame.

You will at this point be told to go into my bedroom, where I will strap your wrists and ankles into shackles and chain you to the bed. From then on, I shall do whatever I wish to you, and you will be forced to repeatedly satisfy me orally.

At such time as I have decided you've been punished enough to atone for your impudence, I will be kinder to you and will take care of you and show you as much tenderness as you seem to deserve.

I shall now close and await your reply. Remember, the longer you make me wait, the harder it will be on you.

Dominantly, Dan Greenburg

P.S. In your reply, and in person, you may call me *Mr.* Greenburg.

I mail B. and E. copies of this letter before I have a chance to realize that I have undone myself with my closing sentence—if they are indeed masochists, then the warning that the longer they make

me wait, the harder it will be on them can only *prolong* their procrastination. Ah, the pitfalls of the dominant role!

Three more letters from dominant dames arrive. The first is from one in New York City named Janet D. She sends me a short chatty handwritten note stapled to a much longer mimeographed letter, which I excerpt below:

Suppose you were to meet in a private place a young woman of *haturer (sic)*, beauty, cruel and arrogant temperment (*sic*). She orders you to strip completely, treats you as a chattel, spansk your bare-bottom very severely till your cheeks are blazing red. Then she makes you kneel before her and pay homage to her womanhood, sweet anus, bare-feet using only your mouth and tongue. To her you are simply a slave, an animal used to gain pleasure. Even when you finish pleasing her most private and sensual parts, she mocks you, perhaps whips you more cruelly, for bringing forth the weakness of her most beautiful flesh.

Tell me if you dare how you'd react to this. If you are thrilled by the prospect of enslavement, perhaps I'll hear from you, with all I ask in this letter.

Your most arrogant, Janet

I'll tell you, Janet, here's the thing: I won't deny that some of my sex fantasies have been of the submissive variety. There is something deliciously reminiscent of being the little boy again and having Mommy angry at one in a sexually titillating way. It is also very tempting to fantasize a situation where one has given up all control and any responsibility for whatever nasty sex things might develop—I mean, what could I *do*, Officer/Daddy/God/whoever, she overpowered me! Which, by the way, is the appeal of most submissive or rape fantasies, and *we all* have them from time to time, yes, indeedly.

But my problem, Janet, is this. First of all, I also have lots of fantasies where *I'm* the master and *I'm* barking out the sexual orders. As a matter of fact, about a year ago it was my practice the third or fourth time I went to bed with a lady to suggest it might be fun if I tied her up with a length of clothesline and had my way with her. (Surprisingly few of them objected, by the way, and all who tried it admitted the experience was something of a turn-on.)

Second, and perhaps more important, my most arrogant Janet, how could I ever be thrilled by the prospect of enslavement for even 20 minutes to a woman who's a lousy speller? I mean

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"hatuer"? "temperment"? You can't be serious.

The second and third letters from dominant ladies are from Connie G. and Barbara R., both of New York, who are apparently into the S/M business in a big way. Along with their mimeographed letters, they send a number of items generally associated with serious mail-order solicitations.

First is a questionnaire of personal preferences in which I am asked to check whether I love, like, am unsure about, am indifferent toward or dislike a list of things including, in alphabetical order, Aggressive Women, Anal Adoration, Body Slavery, Bondage, Boots, Discipline (Mild), Discipline (Other), Equestrian Training (Woman Riding Man), Feet Bare & Beautiful, Female Authority, Fur (with Nudity), Foot Slavery & Service, Golden Showers, Leather, Lesbian Beauty & Authority, Man's Subjection to Woman as Destiny, Oral Adoration of Woman by Man (Reward), Oral Adoration of Woman by Prone Man (Forced), Punitive Women & Punishment, Submission (to Many Dominatrices), Submission (to One Woman Only), S/M Demonstrations (Woman Above Man), Two Women Dominating One or More Men, Wrestling, etc., etc.

Let's see here, waiter—I think we'll have the Fur with Nudity to start, then the Feet Bare & Beautiful, with a side order of Leather; then I think we'll try one order of Lesbian Beauty & Authority and, oh, yes, hold the Man's Subjection to Woman as Destiny, please.

Also sent by the ladies is literature describing a number of things one could get from them besides nasty treatment. For example, one could buy a cassette with 30 minutes of dominant palaver from Mistress Shirley at \$12 a throw; or introductions to a gaggle of dominant colleagues of Mistress Connie at three dollars apiece; or a set of bondage pics featuring Mistress Connie at ten dollars for six poses; or a Fetish Items Catalog at two dollars; or an estimate at three dollars by Mistress Connie's Master Craftsmen (Mistress Craftspersons?) on any custom-made implement, rack, restraint or whatever your cowering little heart desires; or your choice of four stories written specially by Mistress Annette to satisfy any of four popular personal deviations, at three dollars and four dollars the story—we are told by Mistress Connie that Mistress Annette's stories, artwork and sense of humor are "truly Unsurpassable."

Samples of Mistress Annette's truly Unsurpassable stories, artwork and humor are enclosed, and I quote from two of them. From *Mistress of Pain*:

"Alright, worm, you've proven you have an experienced tongue, but that hardly makes up for your insult. You will, however, be allowed to continue slave training. . . . The first rule you will remember is that you are never to rise above the level of my breasts," she said and lashed him across the back. . . . "The slightest infraction against any order I give will result in a severe whipping with this cat."

(Nobody better try whipping *me* with any cat. I can tell you that.)

Next is this from *Torture Unlimited*:

When the doorbell finally rang Colleen was already fuming. Her new trainee was 20 minutes late for his first session, an unthinkable mistake. . . . He was only one among hundreds who had responded to her ad in the magazine. She yanked open the door and there he stood, head bowed. He began to stammer an apology, but she stopped him short with a vicious slap across *his* face. "There can be no excuse for this insult. You should have been kneeling at my steps at least an hour before you were due," she growled as she jerked him in the door and dragged him upstairs to her work-room.

Well, sir, if *that* doesn't prove Mistress Annette has an Unsurpassable sense of humor, I sure don't know what does. I make note of the dialog style for future use, and then decide that Mistress Virginia's uncommercial and personal note is the only one I care to follow up on. I send her a check for \$20 and await her response.

In the meantime, I get what looks like my first promise of an actual face-to-face contact: a typewritten note from someone named Kathy F.—"my real name," she says, leading me to wonder what false names she has given me previously. She urges me to telephone her and encloses a New York phone number. There is no code letter or number on her letter, so I have no idea which advertiser she is. I am embarrassed to tell her this, in case she'd be offended to know that hers was not the only ad I answered, but I call her anyway.

Well, I needn't have been embarrassed about not knowing which one she is, because she clearly doesn't know which one I am, either.

"I'm the guy who sent you the group photo," I say. "I put an X on my chest so you'd know which one I was. Remember the picture?"

"No," she says. "Did you send me the ten dollars yet?"

"I don't know," I say. "I mean, I've sent a couple of girls ten dollars. I don't know if you were one of them. But how

come you asked me to call you if you don't even know which one I am?"

"Well, I don't always send those notes out myself," she says. "I mean, sometimes the guy who handles my photos sends them out. How did you hear about me?"

"Through *Swingers Life*," I say.

This doesn't seem to ring a bell. I'm nonplused. It's like when your phone rings and somebody's secretary asks if you'll hold for Mr. So-and-So and disappears, and there you are holding a dead phone, waiting to talk to somebody you never asked to talk to in the first place.

Kathy asks me to tell her something about myself. I do. Then I ask her to tell me something about *herself*.

"Well," she says, "I work in a social-service agency nine to five right now, but it's just temporary, because I'm also going to college. I'm in sociology, although a lot of people have told me I have this really good voice and everything, so I was thinking of getting into acting or radio announcing."

As a matter of fact, Kathy's voice is nasal and New York-accented, so whoever told her she ought to go into announcing or acting had more up their sleeves than armpits. I ask if she wants to get together with me. She's evasive.

"I'm really new to the swinging scene, you know," she says.

"So am I," I say, delighted to find a fellow innocent.

"My pictures don't do me justice, either," she says. "I'm five, four and I weigh a hundred and twenty pounds, which you can't tell from my picture, and I have dark hair and green eyes."

"That sounds nice," I say.

"You know," she says, "mostly I'm a model. You know what that means?"

"Yes," I say. If you have to ask if someone knows what it means when you say you're a model, then you're not a model. You're a hooker.

"I mean, I still swing with guys I dig for free," she says, "but mostly I'm professional, or semipro. Until I either get my degree in sosh or break into the acting or announcing thing, I mean."

I ask her if she wants to get together so she can decide whether or not she digs me enough to swing with me for free, but she can't seem to decide even that. What with all these career decisions mucking up her head, I can hardly blame her. She finally says she'll come over for a drink after ten and will call first, although neither of these proves to be true.

I take out my *swingers'* magazines and try to figure out which one Kathy is by her description of herself. After scarcely an hour's detective work, I find her. The ad describes her as having dark hair and green eyes and the height and weight are the same as she told me on the phone. Kathy is revealed to be code number

H-1018, who, at the time the ad was placed, lived in New Jersey.

I am quite proud of my detective work until I receive on the following day a note from the *real* H-1018 from deepest New Jersey, a person by the name of Pat.

Somewhat miffed, I return to my magazines but am still unable to come up with any other identity for Kathy than H-1018 in New Jersey. Since the note said Kathy was her *real* name, then perhaps Pat is her *fake* name?

It is getting far too complicated. But in running down further possible identities for Kathy, I discover something very interesting. I have become familiar enough with 100 or so photos to discover that many advertisers change poses, add inked-on masks or G strings and run several ads in the same publication. What they ask for in each ad may differ, but their physical descriptions and prose styles are often distinctive enough to identify the same person in several different ads. Sometimes the background details in their photos give them away—the same satin drapes with the one bad pleat, the same mosaic-patterned wallpaper with the identical brass chotchky.

I now see that I must have sent my 70 or 80 letters to only 20 or 30 ladies. Of course, the ladies themselves may not even realize this if, like Kathy, it's not they but some guy who is sending back their replies. Oh, it's beginning to sound very complicated, indeed.

More letters come in and, with them, opportunities to buy Polaroids of Crystal, Maria, Jan, Sharon, Natalie, Carla, Jennifer, Pat, Betty, Marianne, Selma, Beth, Jean, Jeannie, Mia, Carol, Joan, two Marys and two Lindas. Also, it appears that at least one of my dominant lady-friends has sold my name to a few S/M mailing lists, because I also receive offers to subscribe to three S/M magazines and invitations to attend an S/M mixer, an S/M ski party (where presumably you could have your leg broken without even getting to the slopes) and an S/M charter flight to Puerto Rico on which even the stewardesses and the flight crew are sadomasochists. ("Ladies and gentlemen, the captain has requested that you fasten your wrist and ankle shackles in preparation for take-off. We will be flying this afternoon at an altitude of 35 feet, and once aloft, your stewardesses will be serving you a hot lunch.")

Certain things are becoming clear to me. Not every lady I have written to wants to sell me Polaroids, panties or S/M software. Some—like Candy and Trudy—want to fuck me for money. Some—like Virginia and Louise—want to fuck me *out* of money. Because, although I sent Louise ten dollars and Virginia \$20, I never hear from either of them again. "Please do not reply that you do not wish to buy photos," said Louise's earnest letter, "that is not my objective."



*"It was great—I had this terrific fantasy that I was Forbush Industries and you were Smuthers Manufacturing and we merged."*

Well, *that's* certainly true. "I assure you I will keep my part of the bargain." Right, Louise, baby.

The thing that is becoming clearest of all to me, however, is that trying to get laid by answering sex ads is about 12 times harder than by simply meeting a girl and taking her out on a date. I'm not suggesting that *everybody* who advertises in swingers' magazines is a phony, mind you. I wouldn't say that's true of more than, oh, I don't know, 97 percent of them.

I have just about decided to chuck the whole experience and get on to other things when a letter arrives from E. Remember old E? Who thought I couldn't meet her specific masochistic needs?

E. turns out to be Edith, who lives on the West Side of New York City and who has changed her mind about my ability to dominate her. She encloses her phone number and implores me to call.

My phone call to Edith is short and to the point. My tone of voice with her is quite stern. I make an appointment for her to come to my house at eight the following night and I tell her not to wear panty hose. (I hate panty hose, in case I haven't told you.) I tell her to wear panties, a garter belt and stockings. She says she understands.

I have undertaken a great responsibility. I must not fail this person. I must dominate and persecute and humiliate her to rival her wildest dreams. I will need a scenario. I will need props.

Down the block from me is a store called The Pleasure Chest. It is a store that sells all sorts of sexual props—vibrators, French ticklers, dildos, the usual stuff. What makes this store unique is that it specializes in S/M devices, which it custom-designs. Oh, you can buy your ordinary New York Police Department regulation handcuffs there, sure, but you can also buy chain shackles of black leather and steel for wrists and ankles, heavy canvas strait jackets, black-leather hoods with heavy industrial zippers, leather and steel body harnesses, whips and crops and quirts and gags and paddles to warm the cockles of the coldest sadomasochistic heart.

Knowing that a homely length of clothesline is never going to be enough for Edith, I lay out eight dollars for handcuffs and \$25 each for two sets of wrist and ankle shackles. I suppose that going into an S/M store to buy chain shackles in the Seventies is equivalent to going into a drugstore for a box of condoms in the Fifties. I've done both with an equal amount of aplomb.

Back home, it occurs to me for the first time that I have no place to attach the swivel snaps on the ends of the shackles. If only I owned a four-poster bed. Luckily, I am handy with tools, and without much hassle I attach four screw eyes at strategic locations in the platform of the bed to anchor the swivel snaps. I practice snapping the snaps to the shackles and

buckling and unbuckling the heavy leather straps so it will look like I've been doing it all my life.

It is the following evening. Normally, when I arrange to see a woman in the evening, I take her to dinner before or after whatever else we do, but this is not normally and I somehow feel that taking Edith to dinner would cause her or any other serious masochist to eye me with suspicion and even wonder whether I might not be a closet nice guy.

Besides, having to maintain a monolithic sadist role throughout an entire restaurant meal sounds positively draining. I'm not even sure how I'd go about it. I guess I could order the best things on the menu for myself and nothing for her. Or make her eat only those foods she has always despised. I could order half a grapefruit and mash it, Cagneylike, into her face. As I say, too draining. Well, I'll just heat up a can of ravioli at home after she leaves.

At 7:30, I begin to get ready. I lay out the wrist and ankle shackles and the handcuffs. I begin to dress.

I don't know how masochists generally prefer their beaux to dress, but from the pictures I've seen, I'd say the touchstone was black leather and rubberwear. I have a black-rubber skindiver's wet suit and flippers somewhere, which does seem a bit extreme, and I think I might still own a pair of galoshes. But that's about the extent of my rubberwear, and not really the *macho* image I'd had in mind.

I do own a pair of black-leather jeans. Although they are tight and confining and make me perspire and squeak when I walk, they are clearly the thing to wear tonight. I put them on, along with a pair of black-leather boots and a wide black belt with a heavy steel buckle.

The shirt is going to be a problem, as I have nothing very butch. I finally elect to wear my black motorcycle jacket instead of a shirt. It'll be warm, but what the hell—either you're a serious sadist or you're not. I put on my sunglasses and the room gets considerably dimmer; but the look, as I appraise myself in the mirror, is properly menacing and worth it.

In the photo I sent Edith, I wore all this, plus a black cowboy hat, zippered black gloves and a gun belt. I put on the hat and gloves and sling the gun belt over my shoulder, but it doesn't look quite right. Is it possible I'm beginning to overdo it? I take off the hat and gloves and gun belt. Still menacing, no doubt about it, but as menacing as before? I buckle the gun belt around my hips. Nice, but the empty holster looks funny. I take out an old Colt Peacemaker that I found in Mexico and rebuild and I drop it into the holster. Better. I pull on the gloves again and leave them rakishly unzipped and plop the cowboy hat back on my head.

Hmmm. Very nice. Very ominous. I go into a gun fighter's crouch, left hand out, right hand poised above the Colt. Now a nasty sneer creeps over my lips. Perfect. It's Jack Palance in *Shane* with a quick stopover in *The Wild One* to become a Hell's Angel.

The doorbell rings, jarring me out of my sneer. I whip off gun belt, cowboy hat and gloves and walk slowly to the door, considerably hampered by my cumbersome costume, creaking impressively from every fold of leather. I press the buzzer, amble into the hall and pose menacingly atop the steep flight of stairs as the door at the bottom swings inward.

An attractive young woman with dark hair, somewhat tough face and possible Hebraic origins enters. She sees me framed above her in all my leather and appears badly startled. My inclination is to say Hi, Edith, but guys wearing this much leather don't say Hi, Edith.

"You're late," I snarl. Actually, she's exactly on time, but I can't think of anything else to say.

She starts to stammer an apology, but I cut her short with a vicious sneeze.

"There can be no excuse for this insult—you should have been kneeling at my steps at least an hour before you were due," I growl as I drag her upstairs to my workroom, thankful for Mistress Annette's scenario.

Upstairs, I look her over. Edith has an attractive if slightly hard face, as I said before. Her hair is black and on the short side. She is wearing a beige silk blouse, a delicate gold chain around her neck, a tan skirt and tan shoes with high heels. She is swallowing a lot and looks really nervous. If a car backfired outside now, she'd leap about 12 feet in the air. I'd like to comfort her, but it would be out of character.

Usually, when people come to my house in the evening, I offer them a drink. I wonder if Edith would be disappointed by any evidence of hospitality. I decide to risk it.

"Would you like a drink?" I say.

She nods gratefully.

"What would you like?"

"Anything," she says.

"How's about a gin and tonic?"

"Fine," she says. "Actually, *vodka* and tonic would be better. If you have it, I mean. And if it's not too much trouble."

"I have it," I say, "and it's not any more trouble than gin."

"Fine," she says.

I creak slowly over to the bar and prepare to make the drinks.

"If you have *Solichnaya*, I'd prefer that," she says. "But if not, don't worry about it."

"I don't have *Stolichnaya*," I say.

"Fine," she says. "Don't worry about it."

I go back to making the drinks. I should have had *Stolichnaya*. I should

have turned up both the lights and the air conditioner. With my sunglasses on in the dim bar light, I can barely make out bottles and glasses, and inside my jacket and leather pants, it is considerably muggier than out.

"If you happen to have a slice of lime, that would be ideal," she says. "But if not, don't worry about it."

I turn around and appraise her coolly.

"You certainly do have very specific requests for a submissive personality," I say. "I'm not sure I like that, Worm." (I don't know if I actually said worm, but I think I did.)

"I'm sorry," she says. "I don't know why I said that. I don't care about the lime if you don't have any, honestly I don't."

"Whether I have limes or not is beside the point," I say. "And I think the reason you asked was to test me."

She nods rapidly several times and swallows hard.

"I'm sure you're probably right," she says.

"That's another thing I can't stand," I say. "people who say 'I'm sure you're probably right.' Either you're *sure* I'm right or you're not. If you're only 'probably,' then you're not sure."

She nods even more rapidly and swallows hard again.

"I think I'm going to have to punish you for your impudence," I say. "Take off your skirt."

Her cheeks flush. To the extent that I am able to tell a flushed cheek from an unflushed one through my shades.

"You mean right now?" she says.

"I mean right now this instant."

She fumbles with the zipper on her skirt, unzips it and starts to step out of it.

"Just a minute," I say. "Are you wearing *panty hose*?"

She gets more flustered and nods.

"Didn't I tell you on the phone I *hate* panty hose?"

"I must have misunderstood," she says. "I thought you said you *wanted* me to wear them."

"I specifically told you not to wear them," I say. "Take everything off but your panties and kneel on the floor."

"What are you going to do to me?" she says apprehensively but with obvious excitement.

"Do as I say and be quick about it."

She hastily wriggles out of skirt, panty hose and blouse. Wearing only her panties, she kneels on the carpet. I pick up the handcuffs and unlock them with their tiny key.

"Hold out your wrists," I say.

"Do you have a tie?" she says.

"What?"

"A silk tie. Do you have one?"

"I don't know," I say. "I guess so. Why?"

"I think it would be really interesting to have you bind my wrists with a silk

ffolkES

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*"Funny, me, too. I'm as blind as a bat without my glasses."*

tie," she says. The thought of it alone is turning her on. Well, what the hell, whatever turns her on.

"Just a minute," I say. "I'll find one."

I creak slowly into the bedroom closet and rummage around. I have worn ties about four times in the past three years, but I still have a couple dozen of them hanging on a rack. The trouble is that there is even less light in the closet than in the bar, and with my shades on I can't see a thing. I'd change to my clear glasses, but I forget where I put them.

I try to pull a bunch of ties off the rack to look at in better light and the whole thing falls to the floor. Cursing, I pick up the rack and the mess of ties and drag them out into the light. I select one of them—not pure silk but still far too good a tie to be binding up wrists with—and creak back to Edith.

"Is it real silk?" she asks.

"No, goddamn it, but it will goddamn well do," I say. "Now hold out your goddamn wrists."

She holds out her wrists and I wrap the tie tightly around them and make a knot.

"Get on your knees and elbows," I say.

She does.

"OK," I say, walking around to her upraised tush. "this is for asking if it's real silk. . . ." I give her a hard open-handed smack on the right buttock. "This is for asking for a tie instead of handcuffs," I say, giving her a second smack. "This is for wearing panty hose," I say, giving her a third. "This is for 'I'm sure you're probably right,'" I give her a fourth. "This is for the limes." A fifth. "And this is for the Stolichnaya." A sixth. "This is for requesting vodka when I offered you gin." A seventh. "This is for coming late when you should have been kneeling at my steps at least an hour before you were due." An eighth. "And this is for——"

"Couldn't you switch sides?" she says. "The right one is starting to get numb."

"You're telling me how to *spank* you?" I say, enraged. "You're giving me advice on *technique*?"

"I'm sorry, I just thought——"

"Don't think! Don't give me advice on how to punish you! I'm right-handed, so I spank on the right!"

I yank at the waistband of her panties and pull them down below her cheeks.

"This is for telling me how to spank you," I say, giving her a ninth smack on her by now quite red flesh.

Just then the phone rings. When I am making love, I never answer the phone. But when I'm spanking?

I pick up the phone.

"What is it?" I say.

"What's wrong with *you*?" says the voice at the other end. It's my next-door neighbor, Fred.

"Nothing," I say. "What's up, Fred?"

"I was wondering if you'd like to go grab a bite to eat," he says.

"I can't right now. I'm busy," I say.

"What're you doing?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," I say.

"Try me."

"I'm spanking someone," I say.

"I don't believe you," he says.

"Suit yourself. Fred, I'll talk to you later," I say and hang up the phone.

"You actually told someone you were spanking me?" says Edith.

"I didn't say it was you I was spanking," I say.

"I can't believe you actually said that on the phone," she says.

"I can't believe how insolent you are," I say. "Who the hell told you to eavesdrop on my telephone conversations?"

"I'm sorry."

"You're not now, but you *will* be," I say and creak over to the bedroom, where I've left the wrist and ankle shackles. I am bathing in sweat inside my leather jacket and pants. I unzip the jacket and throw it onto the floor.

"Come in here," I say. "And don't you dare utter so much as another word."

Edith stands up and walks into the bedroom.

"Lie down on the bed," I growl.

She does. I pull off her panties, attach straps to both her ankles and snap the ends of the chains into the screw eyes. I start to untie the tie from around her wrists and realize it'll be hopeless with my shades on. I take them off and struggle myopically with the knot. I'm sweaty and hot and in a terrible mood. I pull off my boots and my sweaty leather jeans and again attack the knot, but it's still hopeless. I sigh and get a scissors and cut it apart.

"I'm ruining a perfectly good tie because of you," I mutter.

"At least it isn't real silk," she says.

"Did I tell you to talk? Did I? *Did I?*"

"I'm sorry," she says.

I strap her into the wrist shackles and, after lots of adjustments in chain length, manage to snap the ends into the screw eyes in the platform. She is finally spread-eagled on the bed and completely helpless, but it has been a hot and tiring process. Somehow I hadn't expected being a sadist to be such hard work.

"Could I please just say one single thing?" she asks.

"What?"

"The straps on my ankles aren't really very tight."

"You'll pay for telling me that," I say and kneel on the floor and adjust her ankle straps.

When I have finished, it occurs to me that I have temporarily run out of sadistic ideas—oh, I suppose I could simply go on spanking her, but what a bore for both of us. It also occurs to me that I never finished making our drinks. I stand up and go to the bar and mix myself a vodka and tonic and drink it straight

down. I make a second one and walk back to the bed.

"Is that one for me?" she says.

"No," I say. "it's for me. I know I never gave you your drink, but if I try to give you this, it'll just dribble down your face and go all over the bed."

"Not if you hold my head and help me," she says.

"Yes it will," I say, but finally I take pity on her and on her ridiculous spread-eagle position and I hold her head and help her drink and it dribbles down her face and goes all over the bed. The funny thing is, though, that I don't really care that much. The funny thing is that I kind of like holding her head. The funny thing is that, even though I'm sure it's strictly against the rules, I feel like kissing her a little, so I do and it's kind of fun and she doesn't seem to mind it, either.

I keep kissing her and stroking her and we are both beginning to get very turned on.

"You can be very tender when you want to," she whispers.

I sigh a deep sigh.

"Yes, I can," I say.

"You're a funny kind of sadist," she says.

"You're an even funnier kind of masochist," I say. "You're probably the pushiest masochist in New York."

I notice a peculiar expression on her face.

"What is that peculiar expression on your face?" I say.

"I have a confession to make to you," she says.

"What's that?"

"Well, I'm working, sort of," she says.

"Working?"

"Yes, I'm researching a book on masochism in women," she says.

"Are you *serious*?" I say, starting to laugh. She says she is, and there is no reason not to believe her. Come to think of it, would a true masochist *demand* Stolichnaya vodka? Still, it's the kind of thing that's only believable in real life and not in fiction.

"Well, I'm researching an article for *PLAYBOY*," I say.

We collapse with laughter. It's perfect—not only are the mail-order queens and the hookers I've been in contact with so far on this piece phonies but so is the sole masochist I've managed to flush out of the bushes. And so am I, of course.

"You know what I'd really like to do?" says Edith when she is finally able to speak.

"What would you really like to do?" I say.

"I'd like you to undo these silly chains and then I'd like you to hump my brains out."

"Edith, old buddy," I say, "you've got yourself a deal."



# TOOTH *(continued from page 177)*

stop. Goldman will shake his head and the loupes, spattered with many strange and opaque substances, will move back and forth like the antennae of an insect about to pollinate. Goldman will speak.

"Perfect teeth, perfect. White, even, perfect; did you ever let an orthodontist have a crack at these? Dr. Bernstein? Dr. Greenwald?"

"Never."

"They just came in like this?"

"Exactly."

Goldman shakes his head.

"A gift. A gift from God. What teeth! White! The work I've had to do on my kids to give them teeth like this."

My eyes move quickly to the Kodak print of Phyllis Goldman on the cabinet.

"And you, a poor brusher, a guy who neglects his mouth, have teeth like a prince!"

Goldman increasing accusatory pressure on my black tooth and yanking, the gray hairs on the back of his hand disappearing into my vision; Goldman yanks in frustration on my black tooth and shakes his head.

"Perfect! Except for this. This god-damned tooth sticks out like a sore thumb. How in the hell did you ever do this?"

And again, I tell him the simple tale of high school football.

Goldman stares out the window and shakes his head as he listens. Adolescence! For him, it is a tale without redemption.

Once again, the ghost of Dr. O'Connor visits my tooth. Poor O'Connor. Long since the victim of a stroke. But when he was good, he was good—even though he had only a dental chair he jacked up by foot. And a slow-speed drill. Once again, O'Connor is breaking into my root canal and excising the guts of the dead nerve with a twisty instrument, now holding it in front of me, now turning it slowly in the Castle light so I might observe with proper wonder and amazement my tooth umbilicus. O'Connor had subsequently sealed up the nerve passage behind my tooth with the finality of rolling a rock over the mouth of a tomb, the tooth had darkened bit by bit, and so it had become like an aged parchment, a talisman, which Goldman simply had to read at all costs.

Goldman still has the black tooth between thumb and forefinger and now, as I peer up at the double chins he gets when leaning forward, up at the missed gray whiskers, up into his nostrils, up into the very dark insides of Goldman's head itself, I know what Goldman will do next. He will pull back and almost plead, "For God's sake, let me bleach it for you."

He will explain the procedure. He will be patient. He will try to be tactful.

"It won't hurt. You won't feel a thing. I just drill into the canal, apply some bleaching agents—we'll do this maybe three or four times—and that's it. If that doesn't work, we can always grind it

down, drive in a gold post and fit a porcelain cap."

And I will always shrug noncommittally. Why I can't let Goldman bleach my tooth I don't know, I honestly don't know. Is it that there's a lot of history in the tooth? That I resist change? I know Goldman is a perfectionist. I know how much it means to him. I really do, in a way, want to let him bleach it—sometimes in my mind I even hear a voice: "Let Goldman have the black one"; or, "Give Goldman that black baby"; or, "Save Goldie the Black Beauty."

Goldman, pulling on the tooth, seeing by the vague glaze of my eyes in the Ritter light it's going to be yet another non-commitment, bears down.

"What? Why go through life with a one percent smile when I can give you a one-hundred-and-one percent smile?"

I mumble something.

"What? Is it the expense? Look, you I don't worry about. You pay me when you can. And money . . . where we're all going, you don't need money."

I briefly consider where we're all going. "Where we're all going," I repeat dully, "where we're all going, you don't need teeth, either. Especially bleached ones. More so, capped ones with gold posts inside."

Goldman sadly shakes his head and peers through his various lenses at the black tooth.

This has been going on for more or less ten years.

Though I might avoid Goldman for months at a time, dodging across the street when I see him, lest he grab me and command, "Open," right there on the street; though I might travel the wide

world over and the whole world round, see sights wondrous passing fair, be gone for years and years, have wandered bare-foot and half-crazed in dusty bazaars of the Orient, partaken of food, sweets and potions that might easily have killed a lesser man, gnawed fierce hard nuts, herbs and spices that stain poignantly the teeth of the local populace, still, all in all, no matter how long I had been gone, where I had been or what I had seen, who or who not I had fallen in or out of love with, it was Goldman, Goldman I would come back to.

Oh, not that things stayed the same for Goldman, either. No, no. There would be a new light in the room facing the street, a new dental tray, a compact electronic-looking metal box with some strange gauges and always, always there would be a new dental assistant.

Each of these new assistants, or oral hygienists, while totally different from her predecessor—some fat, some thin; some deft with eye shadow but bad with lipstick; some breathtakingly good in the haunch but woebegone from the waist up; others just the opposite, almost lame but elegant, simply elegant from the waist up; yet others deft with buffer and in all ways excellent in prophylaxis; others, again, embarrassingly and painfully lacking in technique, so that one, I remember, had gotten her hair so badly caught in the drill flywheel I had had to climb out of the couch and disentangle her, hair by hair, while she, bent double, tears streaming down her face, waited patiently, both of us praying Goldman stay involved in the oral cavity in the next room—but each, no matter how different, would have some intangible quality in common with the previous girl.

First, each would greet me like a



long-lost cousin, calling me by my first name, saying, we've heard so much about you, and asking me in a chatty voice about particulars of my life I had long since forgotten. Obviously, that would make me uneasy.

I would ease onto Goldman's couch, the sad eyes of myriad departed oral hygienists would flash before me like the life of a drowning man and I'd think, well, this one, this new girl must be different from all the others. Must be. But as soon as Goldman would get rolling, it would be the same.

Goldman would start: "Where's his chart? Have you taken X rays?"

"I thought you didn't want X rays, Dr. Goldman."

"And why shouldn't I want X rays? I don't ask you to think! I don't pay you to think! Just do what I say! Now this time is wasted." Goldman sighing. "Take X rays." Goldman suffering.

X rays taken, we would resume.

Immediately, they would take up right where they'd left off.

"Dr. Goldman, do you need a double forensic douche bag?"

Goldman, pausing, stiffening, becoming still with scorn. Mouth twisting.

"Do . . . I . . . look . . . like . . . I . . . need . . . a . . . forensic . . . douche . . . bag? Do I? For God's sake, please!"

Angels in their starched white uniforms, the girls would stare out the window, blink quickly many times, bite their lips. Who could be the ideal dental assistant for such a man? Could such a mortal creature exist, such a mistress of the dental couch, midwife of the properly blended filling? Christ, didn't these unsuspecting girls sense, when they first walked into his office, that they were dealing with an artist, a virtuoso, the Johann Sebastian Bach of the oral cavity?

My eyes would stray over the glare of the light and inevitably come to the large Kodak print of Phyllis Goldman and though the pictures would change—now she would be standing in snow glare, leaning on her Head poles; now on a beach, leaning forward out of her top, a little bit of domestic cheesecake; hell, in some countries, like India or Pakistan, a picture like that would have half the pubescent and adult male population jacking off until insane—but though the pictures might change, they would remain constant, so that finally I would come to suspect that they had been placed there above the cabinet by Goldman's own hand at exactly the place he knew—through years of dental experience—my eyes must stray. But instead of concluding that I must call aforementioned Phyllis Goldman, slowly, as time returned me again and again to Goldman's dental couch, I came to the conclusion that Phyllis Goldman, the girl coming out of her top, the girl with the cleavage and the perfect white smile, would be the

only girl who could make Goldman the perfect dental assistant. In a delirium of fear and pain, Goldman descending with the high-speed drill, I would see her, Phyllis Goldman, anima of Goldman's office, hovering in the rays from the Ritter light like a Chagall lover.

And, invariably, when Goldman would lay hold of the black tooth and wind up with his two-pronged proposition, I would still see her in that role.

What? What was it with the damn tooth? What was it to Goldman? Perfectionist!

And once, after a long foray out into the world, returning to the scrutiny of yet another new Kodak of Phyllis, I almost said, "Isn't she married yet?"

Instead, I closed hard on Goldman's finger—Goldman, whose finger tips, etiolated, wrinkled, gnawed and eaten, undergo a sea change in our collective saliva, Goldman, who is only trying to do the best he can for himself and his family, and through some strange notion, some attraction in my overbite, has decided I am the best he can do for his daughter.

This time, as I, odalisque, lie supine on his couch, it comes to me slowly, slowly; like Othello, the Moor, I am the last to suspect yet ripe for suspicion; my tooth, its blackness, Goldman, Ariel? my tooth sea-changed, he wants to make me perfect before he gives me to his daughter, perfect! Make the white-porcelain crown and drive in the gold post, too, if need be, make that white tooth the jewel for the crown of my perfect teeth, make me a perfect jewel for his daughter, make. . . . Oh, I see it all too well, I am to be his gift horse and he is always looking me in the mouth.

Goldman saying: "You're not taking good care of them, we eat hot things, cold things, enamel expands, contracts, things decay, nothing lasts forever."

But I'm not listening.

Has he not had a better chance than most potential fathers-in-law to test me, to scrutinize my inner fiber, to try me at close quarters; was it not a test, that day, years ago, through the spritz of the water and the suck of the drain, when, easing back on his drill, Goldman had stared deep into my eyes, studying me like a lover, and finally asked, "Too much for you? Novocain?"

And I, *macho* fool that I was, remembering a Hawaiian cowboy I'd met in a bar, who chewed kavakava root and pulled his own teeth with a pliers, had played right into Goldman's hands, fiercely whispering back through cotton packs and dry mouth, "No, no way, pour it on!"

Now Goldman looks long into my eyes, pats me on the shoulder, shakes his head. "You've got to brush better."

Deep inside me, I hear an unfamiliar voice:

"Give it to him."

What?

"The black one. Give Goldman the black baby."

Huh?

"Go ahead."

I close my mouth and place the point of my tongue against the smooth wet convexity of the left incisor, departed circa 1960. I close my eyes. I tap the tip of my tongue against the tooth in inquiry. I meditate. I hear Goldman, strangely silent except for the expectant rush of breath in his nostrils.

"Go ahead, give Goldman the black one."

I dunno.

I break into a sweat.

"Dr. Goldman. . . ." I complain of nausea. I stammer out my apologies.

Is there a look of triumph around his mouth as I ease myself out and close the door? Behind the frosted-glass panel, the outline of Goldman, D.D.S., looms in silhouette like a Thirties movie gangster.

I go through a period of agonizing soul-searching. I walk the streets until the wee hours of the morning. On distant corners, phone booths, like luminous blocks of ice, beckon. Come in, drop in a dime, call Goldman.

Naturally, I think of my father's teeth—the teeth of my father.

There he is, standing, talking to Goldman at a garden party. Apparently, my father has been foolish enough to complain he has developed a pain in his mouth. Bad move. Bad, bad move.

In short order, Goldman has my father out of the garden, into the den and bent back in a lounge. From the doorway, I see Goldman in madras sports coat, tie hung back over one shoulder, Tensor lamp in one hand, spoon in the other. The spoon disappears into my father's mouth, Goldman leans toward my father, my father disappears from view; all I can now see of my father is his hand emerging from around Goldman's body, the fingers impressed in the perspiration of the gin-and-tonic glass. Above Goldman's bent back, through the picture window, the wedding reception transpires in lucid splendor; it is like a tableau viewed through the eyepiece of an Easter egg.

Goldman straightens up. He has made some decision.

Suddenly, they are stampeding by, pressing me back in the doorway, Goldman fairly dragging my father down the hall. They reappear in the garden and I see them hopping from flag to flag down the garden path to the street, Goldman in the lead, moving at a rapid clip, slipping out of his jacket and rolling up his sleeves as he goes, my father, still clutching his gin and tonic, bringing up the rear. In mere moments, they are gone.

I can hear Goldman's gun-metal-blue Jag winding out in the direction of his office.

The intelligence reports come jumbling back fast and thick from the front,

Bruxism. Father's been grinding his teeth in his sleep for years. Teeth, all of them, loose as rubber bands—Goldman's analogy!

Goldman working fast. That very afternoon, the final decision made. No prevarication. No hanging back. All teeth must go! All teeth out! To be pulled! False teeth! Full steam ahead!

Shortly after, Father chastened, all teeth pulled, perfect white false teeth, what beauties!

Father suddenly a movie star!

I see the teeth on the blue porcelain of his sink. I descend motionless onto the toilet seat. I contemplate the false teeth. White. Perfect. Even. Equipped with their very own red gums. The distillation of something. What? Being a long-suffering father? A responsible, taxpaying member of the republic? What? Just what? I stare at those even white-porcelain teeth lying on the sink, they stare back and we wonder about each other.

I walk the streets. The voice is insistent; "Give Goldman the black one."

Go away!

"Give Goldman the black one."

I think of my father's false teeth—the false teeth of my father. Is there a moral in them for me? A warning? If I could pry open those false teeth on the sink and command or cajole, flatter or trick them to speak—"Teeth, speak!"—what would they have to tell me? What riddles? What aphorisms?

I stare at the false teeth, but they remain mute.

If nothing else, if the teeth won't speak, I know at least this much. My father could take it—having all of his teeth pulled. Well, then, so can I!

But it is not a matter of pulling teeth. And even that convenient old equation  $\text{Pain} \times \text{Father} = \text{Pain} \times \text{Son} + \text{I-Can-Take-More}^{*1}$  won't wash, since Goldman has sworn on his heart, throwing out his hands, staring at me through any one of his three sets of lenses, "There will be no pain! It's a dead tooth, right? The nerve is dead! So what's there to worry about? What?"

I'm at a loss. Yes, what?

The voice insists, "Give Goldman the black baby."

I say to the tooth, "Tooth, what? Tooth, are you afraid?"

And Tooth doesn't answer.

I try to empathize, to understand my tooth. How would it feel to have Goldman bore in, apply the bleach?

Fear fear fear fear.

Awful to tamper with Tooth, set beneath my nasal cavity, now embedded in the soft, lastly hardened bones of my jaw but scant inches away from the Big Nerve itself, my brain. Tamper and upset the precarious balance of my reptilian cortex. After all, Big Nerve is the home of my alpha, beta and delta waves, my heaven and hell, my centers of spiritual and sexual ecstasy, which are no more than



"Oh, that's a fake. My real fireplace is over here."

a few synapses away from each other as it is and which are already theologian's nightmare enough in their whispering chemo/electric conspiracy. And to just come barreling in there and mess with Tooth, Tooth so close to the dream factory, Tooth, already the star of so many of my dreams, or nightmares . . . ?

I sit down under a streetlight and, taking up some cat-food coupons providently scattered on the sidewalk, I try to write a poem. Nothing comes.

The pen writes of its own accord: "Give Goldman the black one."

In the morning, I call Goldman. His new girl, Jean Valentine, picks up the phone. In a parched, tired voice, I whisper: "Give me Dr. Goldman."

It's as though he's been waiting by the phone and on a prearranged hand signal from Jean Valentine, he punches right in. "Goldman here."

The receiver leaves my ear and dips over the cradle.

"Goldman here."

I lower the receiver.

"Give Goldman the black one."

The receiver rises slowly as the snake charmer's cobra.

"Dr. Goldman?"

"Yes!"

"Can you take me this afternoon? This is—"

"I know who it is! How's one-thirty?"

"One-thirty? All right, one-thirty."

We hang up at the same time. I go into the bathroom and give my teeth a good brushing.

It doesn't escape me that Goldman is wearing a clean blue frock, that all six of his lenses, even the squares of pure observation extending from his forehead, are free of any and all opaque substances, that, in fact, they are, as the trout fishermen are wont to say of their streams, gin clear; Jean Valentine is in a perfectly starched and pressed white uniform, her lips are visibly buttoned, there are fresh flowers in the vase on the reception desk, the phone is off the hook and Goldman has almost creased his double chin in a smile as he hands me onto the dental couch. As I lean back, I think of the serpent and scepter entwined over the date on the building: 1937. I had never noticed that before. Verily, I have come unto the temple.

Goldman commands, "Open!"

And I open.

The chart is right there.

"Well, we cleaned them yesterday, yes?"

I nod.

"And no cavities, yes?"

I nod.

"So let me guess why you've come."

I nod.

When Goldman finally lays hold of the black one, it is with a look of such

(continued on page 206)

## BEHAVIOR



### LADY DAYS

In 1840, Norwegian girls used to have their first menstrual period around the age of 17. Today, the average age is 13. For the past 130 years, the age of menarche has been dropping at the rate of four months per decade in the U. S. and in Europe.

J. G. Vandenberg at North Carolina's Department of Mental Health experimented with animals to see what was causing this. Beginning with variations in diet and environment, he found that 47.3 percent of the variation in age resulted from the presence of an adult male. Immature females, when kept with a mature male, reached puberty at an earlier age.

In addition to this, recent studies have shown that women who spend a large portion of their time together (such as roommates in dormitories) experience a synchronization of their menstrual cycles. In other words, they ovulate and menstruate simultaneously. One explanation for this is the suspected presence of pheromones, scent-producing substances that trigger sexual and other biophysical responses in animals. And, on the subject of menstruation, another interesting bit of information: Tampax seems to be an almost inflation- and depression-proof company. While other firms' profits on sanitary napkins have gone up 24.7 percent, those of Tampax on sales

# THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

of tampons went up more than 300 percent between 1960 and 1973. And the company is almost certain never to go broke.

### PHOTO FINISHED

While the big New York art dealers and the media are hailing photographic prints as the next great art market, there are some things you should know before reaching for your life savings. You've already missed getting rich buying Alfred Stieglitz originals. You can't get them and the few that have been available in recent years have been overpriced. Secondly, the notion of an original in photography is questionable, since an infinite number of virtually identical prints can be made from a single negative. While no ethical dealer would do this, the mere fact that it is possible could keep any given print from ever acquiring the value of a painting or a piece of sculpture. (If you had collected Picasso in 1920, you would be rich now.) Probably the only way to exploit this new market is to find a 1976 version of Ansel Adams and get him to make signed prints for you. Then buy his negatives.

### HARD RAIN

Patrick Porgans nearly drowned while on California's Feather River in a 19-inch rainfall. He sued the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. On June 9, 1972, ten inches of rain fell in a few

hours near Rapid City, South Dakota, widening Rapid Creek to 400 feet, bursting Canyon Lake Dam, killing more than 200 people and doing about \$120,000,000 worth of damage. Some of the survivors sued the U. S. Government for millions. In 1974, Hurricane Fifi tore into Honduras, ruining the vital banana crop and killing an estimated 10,000 people. Dr. Jorge Vivo of the Geographic Research Center of the University of Mexico charges that the United States Weather Service is responsible. No one has been convicted of wrongdoing in these matters, but just before Porgans' near miss, P.G.&E. was seeding the clouds in the area. Seeding, practiced since just after World War Two, involves putting silver-iodide crystals into clouds. Droplets form around the crystals and rain, snow, sleet or hail results. Just before the Rapid City flood, the U. S. Department of the Interior and the Bureau of Reclamation were seeding clouds in the area. And Fifi was seeded by the Weather Service in an apparently successful attempt to keep the hurricane from hitting Florida.

Weather mod (modification), as it is called, is big business. For example, power companies like P.G.&E., Southern California Edison, et al., depend on water for power, which they sell to the people. By seeding winter clouds in the mountains, they increase snowfall. When it melts, the result is more water, more power, more money.

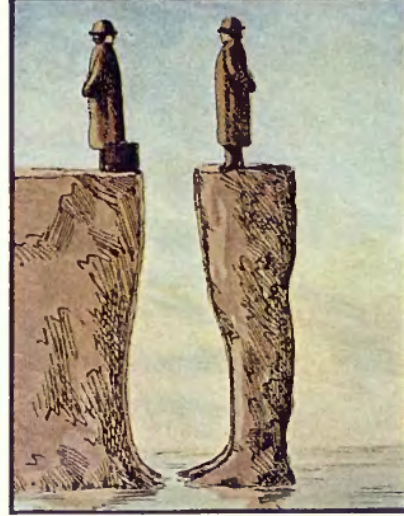
## MONEY



## ECOLOGY



## LAND



The catch: Tax dollars subsidize the seeding. The Bureau of Reclamation conducts a project called Winter Orographic Snowpack Augmentation, which could bring in an extra \$3,300,000 worth of water annually. It could also produce an increase in avalanches, in the cost of snow-plowing roads, in the amount of feed that would have to be taken to cattle and a reduction of the range of wild animals. A secondary effect of cloud seeding is that, once the moisture is dumped, no rain falls downwind. This produces patches of extremely wet and dry land and could wipe out marginal farming areas.

Though the full effects of weather mod are not known, there are virtually no laws governing the practice in most states. Coors Beer did it just so it could have rainfall at the right time for its barley and sunshine during harvest (you can overseed a cloud, so that the droplets formed are so small that the clouds disappear, literally, in a puff of smoke, thus suppressing rain, hail, sleet or snow). And one of the worst things about weather mod is that it's not very easy to aim. The rain might fall 30 miles downwind or 100 miles downwind. Past performance shows that those who modify the weather pretty much ignore the question of whom it's going to come down on. In view of the fact that weather is the most powerful, readily available single source of energy on earth (a thunderstorm

can deliver several hundred megatons of energy)—and we know from the Pentagon papers that the CIA used it as a weapon of war—its modification carries with it a great danger of abuse.

### PARADISE FOUND


In looking for a vacation home, have you considered an island? Private Islands Unlimited (17538 Tulsa Street, Granada Hills, California 91314) will show you that islands are not just for the rich. Butter Island in Nova Scotia, six acres in the Tusket River, featuring sand and rock beaches, is for sale for \$9000. Five-acre Little Riley Island in the same area goes for \$16,000. Partridge Island is 20 acres and sells for \$35,000.

There are also some very attractive properties in warmer climates. Taramo Island, near Tahiti, with 15.5 acres, including white beaches and palm trees, is offered for \$39,170. Nearby Motunono (8.93 acres) costs \$33,610. A whole range of such properties is for sale in the Bahamas, from three acres for \$40,000 and seven acres for \$45,000 up into the millions. There are thousands of others for sale around the world. One of the famous Seychelles off East Africa is for sale for \$50,000 Deutsche marks.

More convenient are properties off Florida, such as Pelican Key, 2.8 acres for \$75,000, and Summerland North Key, 17 acres for \$42,000.

For larger budgets, Previews, Inc.

(with offices in major cities) specializes in homes with something special to offer, such as 36-acre Pelican Island near Antigua, where in 1793 Admiral Nelson set up his military forces. Some of his buildings are still there, though in ruins. Not by any means ruined is the five-bedroom house, fully furnished, included in the price (\$350,000). In the Exuma group of the Bahamas, Elizabeth Island, 100 acres of lush vegetation surrounded by rocky cliffs, is available for just under half a million. The main house has seven rooms; the guesthouse and an older house each have two bedrooms. On the other hand, you don't have to go all the way to the Bahamas to have your own island. Lake Champlain in Vermont surrounds several that are convenient for those who enjoy hunting, fishing and water or snow skiing. Stave Island is 85 acres with a seven-room house, heavy woods and a concrete dock that can accommodate a 60-foot yacht. Price: \$265,000.

But if you're looking for a bargain, try this three-island set in Lake Lucerne, northern Wisconsin: Sugar Loaf, Mark Anthony and Cleopatra islands, plus 100 feet of mainland frontage, are offered for only \$170,000. Sugar Loaf is one and a half acres, on which stands a new, furnished three-bedroom home. On Mark Anthony is the guest cottage. Cleopatra and the frontage are vacant. A 14-foot aluminum rowboat comes with the deal. 

# TOOTH (continued from page 203)

infinite satisfaction that I avert my eyes.

Goldman smiles, "Yes?"

I swallow, give a half-nod, wait expectantly for some release papers to sign. There are none. No time?

For Goldman is quick. In mere moments he has drilled into the back of the tooth, poked around, I hear the metallic clank of his hook inside the nerve canal, feel the shock waves spread through my jaw. He presses close. His eyes move behind all three sets of lenses like some wondrous species of tropical fish. "More light!" The Ritter light pours its candlepower into my oral cavity and down my throat. Goldman could sit inside my stomach and read a book.

Now a burner is lit, now the heated air shimmers miragelike. Jean Valentine has assisted in packing my mouth with cotton, bleaching agents are disappearing under my line of vision, Goldman is heating the hook in the flame, now applying, his lips pressed together in intense concentrated pleasure: "We'll steam it in," his lips allow as he applies the heated instrument. "Steam. It. In."

I go lightheaded. Goldman leaving me to bleach, my mouth full of cotton, the Ritter light beaming at my tooth, my throat parched, Jean Valentine gazing at me adoringly.

Goldman holding up the mirror.

"Look!"

"I can't."

Goldman pushes the mirror up in front of me. "We're only starting. But look!"

I look quickly.

Already the tooth has lightened up some. But it is still not too late to stop.

Goldman pats me on the shoulder. "Fine, fine."

He is beaming.

"Tomorrow, same time."

I nod yes, resolving no. I'll call back later and cancel.

I spend a bad night. Tossing and turning. Feverish. I avoid mirrors.

I dream the tooth has crumbled out, been pulled out, I wake with a start, I fall back to sleep. I swallow the tooth. I dream I am standing in front of Goldman, I am slowly reaching in and bringing a handkerchief out of my pocket. I open the handkerchief, one corner at a time, like the petals of a flower. Goldman looks, my tooth lies in the center of the handkerchief, Goldman is furious, he. . . .

The afternoon session is much like the first. The office is deserted, both Goldman and Jean Valentine have fresh uniforms, Goldman's many lenses are immaculate, the flowers in the vase are again fresh. Goldman is swift. In no time, he has broken through the temporary filling and is at work. I stare dully between Jean

Valentine and Goldman. Before the light, their heads make a silhouette like Archie and Veronica sharing a malt. I close my eyes. Something is trying to be remembered. At the end of the session, Goldman, beaming, mirror in hand: "*Regardez! Voilà!* We're getting there."

I spend another bad night.

Then, once more, I am standing before the reception desk. Yet another vaseful of fresh flowers. Snapdragons.

Why, why do I keep returning? What is it? I tap my tongue against the back of my tooth.

"Tooth, is it too late to stop?"

I listen. Tooth remains silent.

Jean Valentine smiles encouragingly at me.

I smile back.

"Oh, it's beautiful already."

I feel my smile collapse.

Jean Valentine pops her ballpoint pen. In, out, in, out: Goldman says the companion tooth is so white it's going to take a lot of bleaching.

Am I only imagining things, or is Jean Valentine softening in gratitude to a man within the confines of Goldman's pale-gold walls who does not yell?

I look Jean Valentine over, once again. She's not bad, not bad. Maybe there's hope. I'll get another look at her legs when she comes out from behind that desk.

I take a short turn, tight with nervousness, around the floor.

Jean Valentine, intuitive geisha of oral hygiene that she is, says, "He won't be but a minute."

From the side room, the one where he keeps his tiny cabinets and trays, where there seem to be enough odd pieces of silver, gold, porcelain, wisdom teeth, molars and assorted curiosities to assemble a mouth of any description for almost any race or species from any period in history or prehistory, from this enclave rises a low whir.

Jean Valentine must see a strange fearful look in my eyes, perhaps she thinks I'm going to bolt; she says, confidently, soothingly, "Oh, he's just making some jewelry; you know Dr. Goldman, he's never happy unless he's doing something with his hands."

She is suddenly like a wife indulging the idiosyncrasies of hubby.

"Jewelry?"

"It's his hobby. He's so talented. He's just finishing up a piece now."

Jean Valentine sighs wistfully, casting her eyes at the flowers. So she must have gazed after the football captain senior year when she caught sight of him passing the doorway of Oral Hygiene Prep III. Jean Valentine shakes her head and sighs wistfully.

"It's beautiful."

"What?"

"The piece he's working on now. Pure gold. And it's not costing him a red cent. It's made from the leftover fillings from extracted teeth."

I pace some more. I look at my watch. Mother of God! Five minutes early for a dental appointment?

And here is Goldman, one-thirty on the nose, in the doorway, beaming, holding his hand forth, enter.

Goldman always gets me onto the couch fast.

Goldman has broken into the root canal, he has the burner lighted and he and Jean Valentine have in unison shuffled cotton into my mouth like a Vegas blackjack dealer, the hook is clanking around in the canal, when it comes to me.

I make a noise.

Jean Valentine taps Goldman.

"He's making a noise, Dr. Goldman."

"What? What is it? Can't you see I'm busy?"

Goldman looks like a sleepwalker who's just stepped in a bucket of cold piss.

"He's trying to say something, Dr. Goldman."

Goldman looks down at me. "No, no he's not!"

I squawk—raspy, no-saliva squawk. Pink-mouth squawk. Loud.

Jean Valentine vindicated!

Our eyes meet for a second. Maybe something with this new one, this Jean Valentine.

Goldman disgruntled, composing himself, then patting me on the shoulder. "It's all right, you know it won't hurt. Haven't we proved that?"

I squawk again.

Jean Valentine wants to reach for the drain hooked over my lowers. I can see her fingers twitching.

Goldman concedes me two cotton packs and the drain out.

"What?"

"Hawthorne."

Goldman looking around the room. "Hawthorne?"

"*The Birthmark.*"

"What?"

"You know Hawthorne?"

Goldman looking suspiciously through all three sets of lenses in succession. Is he going to send Jean Valentine out for Hawthorne's chart? "What about him?"

"He wrote a story called *The Birthmark*. It's about this dude who's got a lady who in all ways is perfect. . . ."

Goldman sighing. Restraining himself. The rush of the flame, the mirage shimmer of heated air above.

"We haven't got time for stories——"

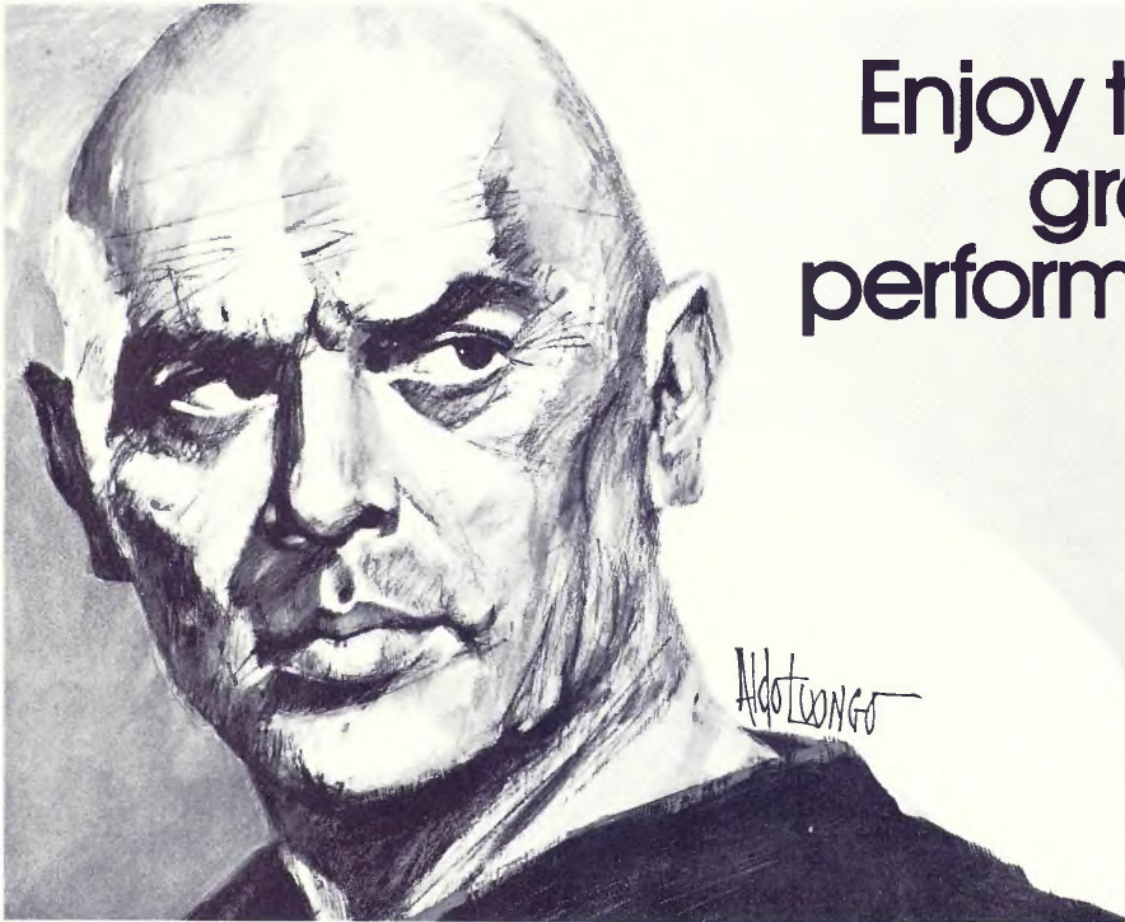
"She's perfect in all ways except she's got a little birthmark on her cheek."

Jean Valentine reaching up and tenuously touching her cheek.

"Make this quick."

"Oh, I am, I will, I am, I'm almost

# YUL BRYNNER



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great  
performers

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

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Yul Brynner stars in "The Ultimate Warrior" from Warner Bros.

# WALKER'S

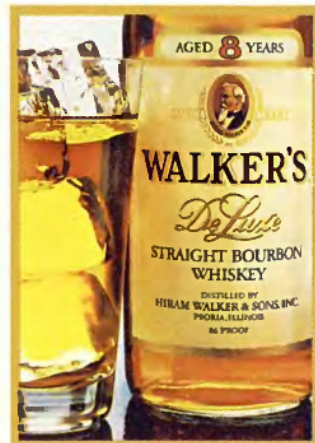
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## 8 YEAR OLD BOURBON



Our famous eight-year-old bourbon is still made with the care and patience that went into this famous eight: The 1927 Stutz Speedster.

You might never own the car, but you can enjoy the bourbon tonight.



Aged 8 Years



finished. The dude loves her, but he wants her perfect, right? So he makes an elixir and when she drinks it, the birthmark vanishes, and just as it's vanishing, her last breath ebbs away."

Jean Valentine nodding, the saliva shining on her parted lips and teeth.

Before I can add, "Nothing mortal is perfect, dig?" Goldman packs the cotton and drain back into my mouth.

"That stuff doesn't happen here. That's make-believe."

Jean Valentine nodding reassuringly, nodding that it is only decaying enamel and the damaged tooth we are interested in here.

But Jean Valentine looking warm and comely. "I had read that in tenth-grade English. So neat! I love the part where she turns pale at the end."

Goldman boring in. Once my eyes stray over the light and catch part of the Kodak sand beach, but I successfully keep them down.

At the end of the session, Goldman draws back. He shakes his head. "White. Whiter! Whiter still!"

He holds up the mirror. Again, I can hardly raise my eyes to the reflection. There seems to be a lot of white in front, all right.

I feel rather lightheaded.

"One more time." Goldman says. "one more time! We'll make it like mother-of-pearl, like the ivory tusk of a young African elephant! One last session!"

For the last session, the office is heavily redolent of the orchids on the reception desk, after-shave lotion from Goldman, what I think might be some domestic imitation of Chanel No. 5 from Jean Valentine's heated mammalian self, as well as the springtime fragrance of starch in her uniform, all combining with various pink mouthwashes and the odor of nervous sweat staining my shirt armpits.

Goldman gets to work.

Really, I am quite ill, nauseated and lightheaded.

Suddenly, Goldman draws back. "There! *Voilà!*"

Cotton and drain plucked from oral cavity, the chalice of pink mouthwash proffered, Goldman holding up the mirror, the room grows lighter and lighter.

When I open my eyes, I see colors. The Kodak. Phyllis. Phyllis Goldman. She is smiling down at me. She is moving. I never noticed before how much she is her father's daughter—her dental-frock-blue eyes, the fullness of her round cheeks.

Jean Valentine peering down at me.

"Is he all right?"

Goldman's voice. "All right? Please! All right, that tooth is like mother's milk, like the ivory tusk of a young African elephant."



*"What do you mean, I don't respect you? Everybody knows you're the best piece of ass in Prairie Village."*

The colors are moving, it's Phyllis, she smiles, it is Phyllis.

I sit up.

Goldman is gone. Suddenly, he returns from his enclave of thousands of tiny cabinets and spare teeth.

Something flashes gold in his hand.

Jean Valentine's eyes fill with a peculiar mixture of joy and sadness.

"Oh, Dr. Goldman, it's just beautiful. You'd never know from looking that it's made out of old fillings."

Goldman, lips pressed together, takes the drill and inscribes inside the ring. "For Phyllis, Love, Dad," slips a buffer onto the drill, gives the ring a quick burnishing and holds it up to the light, turning it over slowly in his fingers.

Trying to clear my head, I start disengaging myself from the couch.

Goldman, in the most casual of voices, in a voice I have never quite heard him use before, in a voice fairly dripping with tenderness and honey, yet laced with a brace of anxiety, says. "Have you met my daughter, Phyllis? She just dropped in . . . for a minute."

I stare up at the bikini girl in the picture. Then at Phyllis. I am still having trouble focusing, but I hear my voice far away. "No, no, I haven't, but I feel like I've known you for years."

Goldman smiles, reaches out for Phyllis' hand and eases the ring onto her finger.

She gives him a kiss high on the cheek. Goldman pats her shoulder.

I'm up out of the couch now. This is the girl in the Kodak all right. She has a perfect white smile. I assume I am looking at a perfect bite as well.

Goldman is looking at us, one to the other, beaming.

Jean Valentine is smiling, sighing.

I see Phyllis in the bikini, though she is in skirt and turtleneck. I will always see Phyllis in Kodak. I am afraid. A Kodak bikini.

Under different circumstances, we might have merrily ravished each other and gone our way without a backward glance.

Now, so confused is she in my mind with Goldman's chins, the folds of his eyelids in deep concentration, the special angle of his nose and nostrils as he bores in, that all I can see, even when looking directly at Phyllis, is Goldman.

Still, still, I wait for a long moment, for some chemistry, some little surge from the DNA coils.

There is none.

It is a Kodak vision, through and through.

Goldman is smiling up at me, his hand on my shoulder.

Jean Valentine is sighing, Phyllis is smiling. What teeth!

I savvy I better do something, and quick, but what?

My mouth has gone dry. No words.

Over their heads, I see the frosted glass panel of the door, the gold letters in reverse: DR. GOLDMAN, D.D.S. Man, it's a long way off.

I look at Goldman. I look at Jean Valentine. I look at Phyllis. Suddenly, I feel myself starting to smile. I can actually feel the smile. It is perfect, dazzling, white. It is like mother's milk. It is like the ivory tusk of a young African elephant. It is like everything Goldman said it would be.

I nod, bow slightly and head for the door.



## AMERICA IS GOING BROKE

(continued from page 142)

wonder if things could get much worse. The answer is yes. It also makes you wonder what the source of the problem is.

Start with Congressional error. In 1972 legislation was passed that called for automatic increases in Social Security benefits to reflect changes in the cost of living. The basic idea was sound; indexing—increasing benefits in accordance with the general increase in prices—meant that the elderly were no longer dependent on Congressional action (or inaction) and their benefits would reflect the increases in the cost of living. Nor should Congressional sacrifice be overlooked: By voting for indexing, the lawmakers were giving away a guaranteed display of big heart. No longer would they be able to tell their legions of elderly voters about their annual struggle to put bread on Grandma's table.

Things ran amuck in the translation from conception to action. When you plug the benefit formulas together with the consumer price index, you get *double indexing*. Benefits and future costs rise even faster than inflation. This happens because the increase in current benefits to existing beneficiaries is financed not by an increase in the tax rate but by an increase in the *taxable wage base*. This, in turn, means that present benefit increases are financed by increasing the promise of future benefits! No one knows how this happened; and virtually no one can explain how it works; somehow, with an entire nation filled with underemployed consultants, readily available experts and assorted technical talents, the Congress managed to create a generosity multiplier capable of bankrupting us.

One way to see the effects of double indexing is to ask what portion of your income Social Security benefits will replace at retirement. If you're an average person, Social Security payments will replace 63 cents of each dollar of your preretirement earnings; the "replacement rate" drops rapidly as income rises and exceeds the taxable wage base (\$14,100).

Double indexing and a four-percent rate of inflation have the long-run effect of increasing the replacement rate to as much as 164 percent of preretirement income; it will provide the average worker with 95 percent of preretirement income. A substantial portion of the population, in other words, may get their largest raise on the day they retire! For millions of Americans, working will come to involve a real financial sacrifice—a *macho* demonstration of the work ethic.

Mistakes of this nature are a tradition with the Congress. Federal pensions are already overindexed and increase at the rate of four percent for every three-percent increase in the cost of living. While this lacks the subtlety of the Social Security method, the effect is the same; some Federal workers receive more in retirement than they ever earned working.

Congress with its insistent generosity has created a new class of public *rentiers*. It has also created something that might be called transcendental capital.

Transcendental capital is not based on buildings, machinery or any of the other vulnerable, depreciable stuff employed by corporations such as Penn Central or Con Ed. Nor is it susceptible to a lack of money or desire on the part of consumers, who may decide they've bought enough cars from Chrysler or make-up from Avon Products. Transcendental capital is sublime because it creates income from the ability to tax rather than from our faltering ability to produce.

The superiority of transcendental capital is best demonstrated by a comparison. If you were dumb enough to save money in recent years, you got a taxable return of five percent and saw the purchasing power of your savings demolished.

If you were a bond buyer, you saw rising interest rates depress the market value of your cautious investments; long-term bonds that were sold to yield six percent are now discounted far below their purchase price. But the income is still taxable. Stock buyers now constitute an endangered species, as people have learned that speculating in peanut butter, salad oil and old comic books pays bigger dividends. While corporate dividend payments increased 50 percent over the past decade, from 20 billion dollars to 30 billion dollars, Social Security benefits increased more than threefold, from 20 billion dollars to 57 billion dollars, and public-employee retirement benefits increased from 1.5 billion dollars to 7.6 billion dollars. Clearly, the best market to "play" was the transcendental-capital market: it was the only "wealth" safe from inflation. Better yet, it's backed by the U. S. Government and its subsidiary, the Internal Revenue Service.

In 1940, the total value of Social Security wealth was only 175 billion dollars—less than one fifth of the net worth of all consumers, measured in ownership of things real and palpable. In less than 40 years, a small tax whose purpose was to put a floor under incomes for the elderly (and simultaneously put money in circulation to stimulate a morbidly depressed economy) has grown to the point that now it is a substantial burden on everyone who works and on the economy itself. It is a burden, however, with a growing political constituency—31,000,000 direct beneficiaries—and an active voting record. Social Security recipients are now the largest pressure group in the country.

By 1969, Social Security wealth had increased eightfold to 1.4 trillion dollars, while consumer net worth had risen to 2.3 trillion dollars. In the past five years, Social Security wealth has grown by another trillion to more than 2.4 trillion dollars, a sum that is within wheezing distance of

the value of real wealth. None of this wealth is represented by anything more concrete than the future earning power of today's children. Perversely, it's likely that the wealth of the Social Security system will surpass the collective real wealth of Americans just as it spends the last assets of its trust fund.

There is, unfortunately, no immediate cure for the Congress' love of creating income via taxation; but we will soon see an effort to eliminate double indexing.

But another problem is insoluble. Since both the birth rate and the absolute number of children being born each year are declining, the ratio of people working to people retired is going to decline. Barring a sudden return to the three-or-four-child family, the ratio of retirees to workers (called the dependency ratio) is going to shift from 30 per 100 to 45 per 100, an increase of 50 percent, as those now entering the job market retire. The only way to maintain the flow of promised income will be to increase the Social Security tax burden by 50 percent.

Some might conclude that we can solve the economic problems posed by Social Security with a resumption of fruitful lovemaking. Alas, the problem is more complicated than that. Bodies alone aren't enough. Those bodies must have jobs to produce the necessary taxable income. In industrial societies, jobs require capital. By most estimates, it now takes more than \$30,000 to buy the machines, factory space, materials inventory and related equipment necessary to support a single productive worker. In many industries, such as petroleum refining, utilities, etc., each worker is supported by as much as \$200,000 of capital investment.

Since the vitality of any industrial economy depends on capital and the formation of new capital depends on the ability to save rather than consume, the growth of the Social Security system poses a curious problem. By participating in Social Security, you "save" without accumulating real capital: Your payments enable the retired to consume and entitle you to a future income based on taxing the income of the next generation. The illusory savings in Social Security occur at the expense of real savings that are put aside by individuals and then used by corporations, builders and others to make the investments in new plant, equipment and housing necessary to provide employment (and products) for a rising population.

*What happens if the nation doesn't save enough real money to provide employment for the next generation? You can't tax an income that doesn't exist. Since people perceive Social Security as a substitute for personal savings and will be neither inclined nor able to save as the costs of Social Security increase, our real savings may be choked off, limiting economic growth and future employment.*

Gaylord Freeman, chairman of Chicago's First National Bank, contrasted the



*"Hi! We are provided by management for your entertainment until your closed-circuit adult TV is repaired."*

savings of the United States and Japan at the National Conference on Capital Investment and Employment in New York last spring: While Japanese families save 15 to 19 percent of their disposable income, Americans save only six to eight percent.

The difference is what allows Japan to grow and achieve a remarkable degree of employment security. Japan has little in the way of government-sponsored retirement programs.

Contrary to the prevailing mythology about the new industrial state and the power of corporate America, corporate savings in the form of retained earnings—profits the company does not distribute to shareholders—are inadequate to sustain the rate of economic growth required to support the Social Security system. After adjusting for inventory valuation (the cost of replacing working inventories), corporate savings have deteriorated from being about equal to personal savings in 1950 to less than half of personal savings in 1973. In that banner year, American corporations set aside a piddling 25 billion dollars for growth, while individuals and families socked away 55 billion!

Martin Feldstein, a Harvard economist who is highly critical of Social Security, testified before Congress last spring. His research indicates—as Freeman's figures suggest—that Social Security is a direct cause of our dangerously low rate of personal savings. He believes that further increases in the tax will produce an era of

stagnation and inflation that will make us nostalgic for 1975. As might be expected, Feldstein's observations are seldom greeted with enthusiasm. More than a few of his professional brethren consider him a hair-shirted conservative and would like to see him drummed out of Harvard Square.

Whether Feldstein is liberal or conservative is irrelevant. While Congress debates the distribution of national wealth and income and constantly creates new programs that will solve our economic problems by a policy of "soaking the rich," it glibly assumes that the supply of wealth and income is unending and that the machinery of growth and new investment is immune to damage or outright failure. Rather than join the tiresome deliberations on the distribution problem, Feldstein is addressing a more basic and crucial issue: *Is the burden of Social Security crushing our ability to save and to create wealth and income?*

The essence of Feldstein's observations is a kind of economic catch-22: If we save as though we're personally responsible for our future, the economy will grow adequately and Social Security benefits will be large enough to have made our diligence and thrift unnecessary; if we stop saving, trusting to Social Security, the economy will collapse, taking the Social Security system with it.

Ironically, the entire vast structure—the 2.4-trillion-dollar chain letter that is the Social Security system—rests on the

personal savings for which it is a substitute!

Is there hope? Although there is a substantial laundry list of practical cures, they all require a return to an unfashionable enthusiasm for thrift and a kind of economic fundamentalism that has been absent for nearly half a century. Consider, for instance, the political appeal of the following possible cures:

1. Increase the Social Security tax dramatically.
2. Discourage retirement.
3. Scale down benefits or put a flat ceiling on future benefits.
4. Give greater incentives to private savings by reducing the taxes on dividends and capital gains or deferring taxes on reinvested dividends.

While the last idea has been proposed, the probability of seeing anything enacted is about as high, say, as the chance Patty Hearst will be the Republican nominee for President. Economic reality and political survival, alas, are mutually exclusive.

So the answer is, no, there isn't much to sustain hope. Looking into the future is not a Congressional strong point. Worse, the Social Security system is a sacred object, ranking in esteem with re-election and motherhood. Congress lacks both an incentive to act and understanding of the inner workings of Social Security. But we can give it credit for one thing: *faith in the future!*



# Alive with pleasure!

# Newport

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

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

## PLAYBOY ADVISOR (continued from page 103)

(C) yes, but only if you get the K-Y jelly confused with the superglue.

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

15. Take a deep breath and name that tune: What is the longest song title?

16. According to H. L. Mencken, how many kinds of cocktails can be mixed from the ingredients found in most first-class bars?

17. How many cubic centimeters of blood are needed to fill the average-size penis? (In case you're tempted to look it up, the formula for finding the volume of a cylinder is  $V = \pi r^2 h$ .) (A) 10 c.c., (B) 100 c.c., (C) 300 c.c., (D) 750 c.c.

18. On which finger should you wear your class ring?

19. What living creature has the largest penis in relation to its body size?

20. What do lycopodium, silicon and French talc have in common?

21. You are involved in a group activity described as a concatenation of erotic

contact "in which each participant simultaneously does to someone else more or less what someone else is doing to him or her." What are you doing? (Hint: It is not an obscene conference call.)

22. Which of the following groups have something in common and why? (A) cups, swords, coins and batons. (B) dogs, ducks, falcons and stags. (C) lions, elks, masons and moose. (D) Commies, pinkos, dykes and queers.

23. Racing stripes are used to distinguish Grand Prix teams from different nations. The color that is now used for the stripes used to be the color of what part of the automobile?

24. What was the lowest sticker price ever posted on an American automobile?

25. What is the average life span of a sperm cell?

26. Plastic covers should be removed from record albums. Why?

27. During the course of the Chinese basket trick, a woman climbs into a basket suspended from the ceiling by a block and tackle, lowers herself until her genitals come into contact with her partner's, then slowly twists the ropes. What is the variation of this technique known as the Chinese picnic basket?

28. Is sterility inherited?

29. To what did Saint-Amant refer as the "gentle jam of Bacchus"?

30. A Brough Superior is (A) a Cuban cigar. (B) an English motorcycle. (C) an esoteric sexual position. (D) a Scottish wine.

31. Is it proper to clean a pipe with a combination tool in mixed company? On formal occasions?

32. Which of the following games of skill did cardsharp Edmond Hoyle *not* write about? (A) poker. (B) whist. (C) quadrille. (D) piquet.

33. You find yourself kissing your girlfriend's face and breasts while her roommate performs oral sex on you. The *ménage à trois* is marvelous. Obviously, you must be doing something right, but what exactly are you doing? (Name the technique.)

34. Where did James Bond buy his cigarettes?

35. This land is your land: Is it possible to homestead in the United States?

36. Why is rum sometimes known as Nelson's blood? (Hint: The answer may put you off rum for the rest of your life.)

37. At a cocktail party, you overhear a woman discussing her new wardrobe, something about a double-breasted grope suit in English leather. Her companion asks if it would clash with his Brooks Brothers hair shirt with the oxford collar. What is a grope suit?

38. True or false? Vodka is less likely than whiskey to give you a hangover.

39. How long can a man's cigarette

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Newport  
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES  
MENTHOL KINGS

© Lorillard 1976



"We were thinking, J. W., just off the top of our heads, of course—why not make the stuff addictive?"

holder be before it is considered affected-looking?

40. "Tell your boyfriend that one erogenous zone is as vulnerable as the next and that you know a girl who has a jar full of what appear to be mushrooms." This was the advice. What was the problem?

Pretty easy quiz, right? After all, we did give you the answers in advance. But just in case you missed them the first time around, here they are again. If you didn't get any of the questions right, contact Bob Guccione for a job giving advice to the readers of *Penthouse*. If you got fewer than ten questions right, we know your problem, and it's nothing that reincarnation won't cure. Ten to twenty right; it's time to stop taking PLAYBOY to "show and tell" and start that remedial-reading class. Twenty to thirty right; not bad. Thirty plus right; you don't need any help from us. Forty right; we might give you our job. (By the way, it is OK to remove the tags from the pillows in your apartment, the caloric content of sperm is less than that of most diet colas and kinky sex before marriage is a proof of love.)

1. September 1970: B. The number of threads indicates the weight of the fabric used to line the tie—one is lightest, six heaviest. We still get letters asking us to confirm or deny this information. Apparently, since we ran our answer, someone has been going around the country accosting businessmen in bars and saying, "Hey, I bet five dollars you don't know what the threads in your tie mean."

2. November 1973: No, opening champagne bottles with your tongue will not improve your cunninglingual skills. Our answer: "Football players who run through rows of old tires get better at running through rows of old tires. The exercise does little for their broken-field running (opponents seldom behave like

rows of old tires)." Unless, maybe, they happen to be the Chicago Bears.

3. August 1974: The man is engaged in a popcorn surprise, a masturbatory technique that is the rage in porno movie theaters. Having first cut a hole in the bottom of a container of popcorn (large, with butter), he then camouflages his erection in the popcorn—then invites his partner to help herself. Hence the phrase "Coming soon in a theater nearest you."

4. A3—We quoted P. T. Barnum, the world's greatest showman, in a July 1964 response to a letter from a young woman whose two-legged dates were unusually aggressive. B5—In July 1973, we quoted Abraham Lincoln in a short essay on bondage and discipline. Of course, we admit that the famous Rail Splitter may have had some other kind of bondage in mind. C2—Benjamin Franklin's advice to young men on older women was given years before anyone had even heard of Margaret Mead. We repeated it in answer to an October 1971 letter on the same subject. D1—We've quoted Oscar Wilde more often than we have any other sage. The October 1973 letter that elicited this reference was from a guy who had always dated small-breasted girls. (Their "cup sizes equaled their grade averages; they have all been dean's-list caliber.") He was about to marry but had second thoughts about future happiness, having never experienced a well-endowed partner. E4—October 1974: Nathaniel Bynner's quip was repeated in an answer on the pleasures of cunnilingus.

5. January 1972: B. The creased corner indicates that Kissinger is making a personal visit. In the international diplomatic code of etiquette, a flat card would indicate that an aide was making the house call.

6. September 1967: C. A French letter is the late-19th Century English slang

term for a condom. Interestingly, the French term for the same item is *une capote anglaise*, or "an English hood."

7. March 1965: The pleats of a cummerbund should open up: They form pockets for mad money, hotel-room keys and French letters.

8. May 1967: A. The Classic Car Club of America says that Lincoln Continentals, built as late as 1918, should be considered classics. (Also acclaimed are the 1917 Cadillac limousine and a few assorted Bentleys, Rolls-Royces and Packards. What do they know?)

9. August 1968: C. A woman is most likely to attain orgasm during intercourse when she is on top. Ride 'em, cowgirl.

10. June 1975: The couple is engaged in a flying Philadelphia fuck. Leave it to Philadelphians to misname what is obviously an act of fellatio. (When done by members of the same family, the incestual flying fuck is known as the Whistler's Mother Bicentennial Blow Job.)

11. January 1969: True. Bird-nest soup is made with genuine swifts' nests (thoroughly cleaned). The nests are found along the coasts of China and on some islands in the Indian Ocean.

12. October 1974: Monsieur Zig-Zag—the guy who looks like a Shriner, whose picture graces a certain counterculture product—was a Zouave, an Algerian recruited by the French army to fight in the Crimean War.

13. January 1968: B. No. *The Carpet-baggers* aside, there is no medical evidence of *penis captivus*' ever occurring in humans.

14. August 1974: "Having an 11-inch penis can be a problem. Whenever I get to the point where sex is possible with a girl, she usually takes one look at my club and refuses to join." That was some problem.

15. June 1962: The song with the longest title is a 1941 hit: *I'm Looking for a Guy Who Plays Alto and Baritone and Doubles on a Clarinet and Wears a Size Thirty-seven Suit*. Can we have that again, from the top?

16. March 1967: H. L. Mencken and a friend once employed a mathematician to calculate how many kinds of cocktails could be fashioned out of the *materia bibulica* ordinarily available at a first-class bar. The number was 17,864,392,788. Mencken and his associate "tried 273 at random and found them all good, though some, of course, were better than others."

17. March 1974: B. Even at maximum distention, the average penis holds no more than 100 c.c. of blood. The average adult male has a total blood volume of almost five liters (5000 c.c.). The formula for finding the volume of a cylinder is misleading; as Alexander Woollcott once remarked, "There is less in this than meets the eye." For example, if you assumed a height of 15.24 centimeters (six inches) and a radius of 2.54 centimeters (one

inch), the volume would appear to be over 300 cubic centimeters. Wrong. You forgot to account for the flesh. Of course, if you left that volume constant and chose as your radius .50 centimeter, you would have a cylinder with a height of 393.29 centimeters. Old needle dick the bug fucker rides again.

18. March 1963: Your class ring goes on the little finger of your left hand.

19. January 1970: No, it is not John Dillinger or John C. Holmes, nor is it Moby Dick; the common household flea has the largest penis in relation to body size.

20. December 1973: Lycopodium, sili-con and French talc are the powders used to lubricate condoms. Obviously, the lubricant should be changed after every 10,000 inches.

21. July 1973: The activity is known as a daisy chain—usually oral and almost always circular, it is graphically represented as the figure 696969696969696969.

22. November 1966: A and B. Cups, swords, coins and batons, and dogs, ducks, falcons and stags have something in common. They are, respectively, the Spanish/Italian and German precursors of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades—the markings on cards. If lions, elks, masons and moose have anything in common with Commies, pinkos, dykes and queers, you know something that we don't.

23. May 1965: Now you see it, now you don't! The chassis was visible on early racing cars, and international teams used a different-color paint for the body and the chassis. When streamlining was introduced, the chassis disappeared from view and the color was transferred to the stripes and the trim.

24. July 1962: The lowest sticker price ever posted on an American automobile was the \$295 tag on the 1923 Ford Model T. Cheap at ten times the price.

25. March 1970: The average life span of the sperm cell is 24 to 48 hours. Short, perhaps, but it has a lot of fun.

26. July 1973: Plastic covers should be removed because they can shrink and cause the records to warp.

27. February 1974: In the Chinese-picnic-basket trick, you throw a block and tackle into a basket, drive to the country, set up the rig on a suitable tree and go to it. Under the spreading chestnut blonde the village smithy lay.

28. June 1973: Is sterility inherited? No, unless "the child is the product of immaculate conception."

29. July 1973: Brie cheese is the gentle jam of Bacchus.

30. September 1967: B. A Brough Superior is an English motorcycle. Called the Rolls-Royce of two-wheelers, 400 of the handmade bikes were produced between 1921 and 1939. Lawrence of Arabia owned six of them and was killed riding one in 1935.

31. December 1965: Decidedly not. Ditto.

32. September 1964: A. Poker. Hoyle wrote treatises on whist, quadrille and piquet, but he never played or wrote about poker. Instead, he gave his name to all subsequent books of the kind. Charles Goren wrote the *Hoyle* used by you and your poker cronies.

33. January 1975: You won't find it in *Hoyle*. The arrangement in which a man is kissed by one woman while another fellates him is known as the queen of hearts. The man has the sense of making love to a two-headed lady. We should be so lucky.

34. September 1966: James Bond acquired his cigarettes, a special blend of Balkan and Turkish tobaccos, from Morland & Co., 83 Grosvenor Street, London W.1.

35. May 1973: Technically, it is still legal to homestead in any of the 50 states. Unfortunately, agricultural land in the public domain has virtually disappeared. Alaska has some land available, but you'd have a hard time finding it.

36. September 1970: Admiral Nelson's body was shipped home in a cask of rum. Thirsty sailors tapped the cask for a drink of rum laced with Nelson's blood. Hence the name.

37. August 1975: A grope suit is a piece of exotic attire that is supposed to drive women wild; it consists of textured cups over the nipples and a G string with a small vibrator or vaginal plug. To our knowledge, the grope suit is still not available right off the rack.

38. April 1974: True. Vodka is less likely than whiskey to give you a hang-over, because it has fewer congeners—those demon molecules that form when alcohol is stored in wooden barrels and that are the primary cause of acute membrane outrage.

39. August 1963: Exactly four inches.

40. December 1973: Our advice was directed to a young girl whose boyfriend had looked at her in astonishment and asked, "You mean you still have both of your nipples?" He told her that a woman's nipples are often removed by a man in the heat of passion and that one person he knew had a whole jarful. "They looked like dried apricots." Either this letter was a put-on or there are people out there who are a whole lot weirder than we thought.

Y



"Now, may I give you a last-minute suggestion, sir? Up yours."

SPORTING LIFE *(continued from page 146)*

speaks Spanish but in a week down here has yet to make any significant contact except with some Braniff stewardesses who speak fluent English.

I stretch out along the gunwale trying to convince myself that I am relaxed, though fear comes in surges. They'll never get the engine started and we'll drift to Australia, missing the Galápagos in the night by a helpless few miles. I can't even see land. We don't have any water, which anyway is undrinkable hereabout. A lot of foul-tasting Chilean soda pop. One of the two mates hands me a plate of fresh pineapple in a shrugging fit. It is ripe, cool and delicious. Feed the fearful bear. I toss a chunk at three passing sea snakes that look terribly yellow in the blue water. They are related to the cobra and extremely venomous though not very aggressive. They scatter, then one swirls around to check out the pineapple. I've been assured that they never bother anyone but the wretchedly poor Peruvian fishermen who deep jig from cork rafts. Good ole swimming hole. Sharks. Snakes. Even whales. Often in nature you get the deep feeling you don't belong. This is especially true of the Pacific and the Serengeti Plain.

Hours pass and they are still tinkering with the engine. I glance into its guts and regret not knowing anything about them. The day before, the engine had quit while I was fighting a striped marlin. It is a difficult and exhausting job from a dead boat, especially after the spectacular jumps are over and the fish bulldogs. You can't follow the marlin on his long runs. You have to pump him back. And I had hooked the fish out of vanity on 20-pound test. It took over two hours in the 90-degree sun and I felt murderous. Now I was pretending the boat had a marine radio, which I knew it didn't.

But it had been a fine week's fishing so far, though we had failed to catch a striped marlin on a fly rod, something that had been done only twice before. My friend had teased a marlin to within 40 feet of the boat with a casting rod and rubber squid. When my streamer fly hit the water the marlin rose up and slashed with his bill, then took it firmly in the corner of his mouth. I was thinking numbly about how beautifully blue his body was and how from the side his eye appeared to be staring at us. Perhaps it was. But it lasted only a few seconds while he twisted his head and sped off in a flume of water. The leader popped. It was like fly-fishing for Dick Butkus or a Harley-Davidson. I thought while trying to sleep on a sunburn that night. We had been getting a lot of sleep, having been warned by the hotel manager of the endemic shanker problem in the local villages.

You have a great deal of time to think between fish, and you wonder why you

are never bored. A friend, the novelist Tom McGuane, has fished for months in a row in the Keys, particularly when he was learning salt-water fly casting. When I was learning from him there were moments of doubt until I had my first big tarpon in the air. Before that I had been quite pleased with a two-pound rainbow. And still am, though the true maniac deserves a tarpon. Such sport is a succession of brutally electric moments spaced widely apart. Someone with McGuane's quantum energy level quite naturally applies the same effort to fishing.

There is doubtless the edge of the lunatic here. In Ecuador the crew was enormously alarmed when my friend went overboard to get underwater photos of a fighting marlin. Billfish have been known to charge a boat out of generalized ire. I was supposed to control the fish. I was sure my stomach wall would burst and spill its contents—an even quart of Añejo. But dangers in nature are vastly overrated, though while backpacking I tend to think of grizzlies as 700-pound Dobermans that don't respond to voice commands. In Africa you are more likely to get bitten by a snake than attacked by a mammal. Comforting thought.

There are unquestioned flops. We try to see the brighter side of our flops, telling ourselves we haven't wasted our time. And we are dolts if we aren't comfortable in a world outside our immediate preoccupations. A sports bore is far more deadly than a krait or Gaboon viper. A true N.F.L. freak can make a more casual fan pine for opera. A real quadra or stereo buff makes you want that Victrola the big white dog was listening to.

One of the reasons I wanted to go to Russia was to scout the possibility of an extended trip for fishing and hunting. How splendid to shoot grouse where Ivan Turgenev had hunted, and I had heard that there was good steelhead and salmon fishing on the Pacific coast of Siberia. As a poet I have a tendency to imagine conditions and pleasures without precedent on earth. When fishing is bad, you can't tell but that just around the next green island there might be a nude fashion model sitting in a mohair chair on the water.

When I reached Russia my ideas seemed clearly impossible except for an important official visitor or on an established tour, a loathsome prospect. Red tape is a euphemism. And my first morning in Moscow had been encouraging, watching old men fish the broad Moskva River, which runs through the middle of the capital. They were sitting on an embankment below the faded red walls of the Kremlin, the mid-October sun catching the gold of the minarets as a backdrop. But I never saw anyone catch a fish, just as I had

gazed at other fishless afternoons on the Seine in Paris. It is enough to have a river in a city.

After several days of badgering I managed to get to a horse race, but the weather had turned bad and the horses all but passed invisibly in what must be called a howling blizzard. The tote board said that Iron Beauty beat out Good Hoe, our plump female guide translated. Her pleasure was to wander aimlessly in great halls filled with the machinery of progress. It's hard to explain to someone so adamantly political that you see enough progress at home, and that to you progress means motors that quit rather captiously far out in the ocean. Or the shotgun that misfires when you have a good chance at a double in grouse. No matter that it is the first time in your life that a shotgun misfires. It brutishly picks the wrong time.

The climate of inquiry was more pleasant in Leningrad, where a black market is active and there are more creature pleasures. I found a sporting-goods store on the Nevsky Prospekt where the clerks were affable. An electrical engineer I met there joined me for a number of drinks and explained that fishing in Siberia would be difficult. Permissions were necessary. Bird hunting would be difficult but not impossible. Since I find even mild theater queues a torment, I checked Russia off my list. It was sad, as I had visions of sitting at the edge of a swale taking a break from grouse with a chilled bottle of Stolichnaya, some *blinis* on which I would spread large amounts of Beluga caviar, rolling them up like miraculous *tacos*.

Outdoor sport has proved fatally susceptible to vulgarization based mostly on our acquisitiveness. Fishing becomes the mechanics of acquiring fish, bird hunting a process of "bagging a limit." Most sportsmen have become mad Germans with closets full of arcane death equipment. To some an ultimate sport would be chasing a coyote with a 650-c.c. snowmobile and an M-16. And some have found that baseball bats work as well, as a coyote can't run more than 20 miles and a snowmobile has a superior range.

You suspect that the further hunting and fishing get away from our ancient heritage of hunting and gathering the better. And I don't mean the native Americans, the Indians, who had the mother wit to understand that "the predator husbands his prey." Hunger causes the purest form of acquisitiveness, but our tradition always overstepped hunger into the fields of hoarding and unmitigated slaughter. The saddest book printed in our time is Peter Matthiessen's *Wildlife in America*, where the diminishing and disappearance of many species are minutely traced to our greed and game hoggery. Sporting magazines still publish those obscene photos of piles of trout,





*"Why so quiet tonight, my darling?"*

though there does seem to be a change in the air. The dolt who stands before the 100 crows he shot, smiling, should be forced at gunpoint to eat them, feathers, beaks, feet and offal. The excuse is that crows eat duck eggs, as if crows were supposed to abandon a 1,000,000-year food source for some clown who has taken Saturday morning off for a duck hunt.

Any sense of refinement seeps slowly into the mind of the sportsman and every advance made to improve the ethics of sport by organizations such as Trout Unlimited or the Grouse Society is countered by thousands of examples of boobyism, murder and exploitation. Each state has a professional natural-resource staff, but so often its efforts are countered by what are called the beer-bottle biologists in the legislature who think of hunting and fishing as some sort of patriotic birthright, something they know intimately by osmosis. You see the same thing out West with townspeople who've never been on a horse assuming they are all-knowing because they are Westerners.

I know a plain of about 500 acres near the Manistee River. We often begin a day's hunt there and my image of grouse and woodcock shooting is inextricably tied up with this great flat pasture cut near the river by a half-dozen gullies choked with thorn-apple and cedar trees. On our long walk to the grouse cover near the river we hunt a small marsh that invariably yields a few woodcock and snipe. You are lucky if you connect with one shot out of five. It is always early in the morning: cold, often wet, with the shotgun barrels icy to the fingers. The same location means nothing to me in the summer before the frost has muted the boring greenness.

Part of the pleasure of bird hunting is that it comes after the torpor of summer: beaches, the continuous sound of motorboats, the bleached air of August, a tendency to go to too many parties and to experiment with drinks an honest bourbon addict finds abominable in the winter. (A drink of my own devising I call the Hunter Thompson Special: Take juice left over from four stewed figs, add ground lime rind, a jigger of bitters, eight ounces of cheap tequila, one gram of hash, powder from three Dexamyl Spansules and a cherry bomb for decoration in an iced mug, stir vigorously with either end of a cue stick. This is the only aphrodisiac I know of. It will also remove warts and give you an interior suntan.)

And there is the color, the hardwoods sinking their juices into the ground before the horror of a Michigan winter. This stunning transformation of leaves creates colors that would look vulgar on a woman. They look good on trees and with the first cool days of autumn you find yourself hunting grouse and woodcock. You have given up duckhunting as too sedentary.

Besides you have to get up at dawn, while midmorning is plenty early for grouse. So you walk around in the woods for a month and a half. Unfortunately, the steel-head fishing is good during the same period, but you can't afford to divide your attention. Surely it is a dreamworld: the nearly thundering flush and the always difficult shot. Grouse are very fast and the cover is heavy. If your shooting isn't trained as a gut reaction you simply miss, and when you miss a grouse you lose a very good meal. I suppose I especially value this form of shooting because I lost an eye in an accident and it has taken me years to reach even average competence.

The symptoms of all the vaunted instabilities of artists tend to occur in interim periods. It is the mental exhaustion of having just finished a work and the even more exhausting time of waiting for another set of ideas to take shape. Poetry and the literary novel are a desperate profession nowadays—they probably always were—and any satisfying release seems to be desperately energetic. You tend to look for something as intricately demanding as your calling so you can forget yourself and let it rest.

Fly-fishing for trout offers an ideal match of the exacting and the aesthetically pleasant: to sit by a stream during the evening hatch and watch what trout are feeding on, then to draw from the hundreds of variations in your fly boxes a close approximation and catch a few trout. It's easily the most hypnotic of the outdoor sports. Once we began fishing the middle branch of the Ontonagon at dawn. I was numbly depressed from having finished my second book of poems and had been sleepwalking and drinking for weeks. My friend, who is equally maniacal and has no pain threshold that is noticeable, insisted we eat a pound of bacon, refried beans and a dozen eggs for strength. We fished nonstop then from dawn to dark at ten in the evening. It was a fine day, cool with intermittent light rain and enough breeze to keep the mosquitoes away. I remember catching and releasing a half-dozen good brook trout from a pool where a small creek entered the river. We saw deer and many conical piles of bearshit that gave us pause, but then, our local bears are harmless. We watched the rare and overwhelming sight of two adult bald eagles flying down the river course just above our heads, shrieking that we didn't belong there.

To perhaps lessen the purity of the day I admit that at nightfall we drove 100 miles to a whorehouse across the Wisconsin border. The next night a local bumpkin of the *Deliverance* sort was waving an ax around at the edge of our fire warning us not to steal any of his logs. We felt at ease—rather than a bow and arrows we had a rifle along.

This is a peculiarity of trout fishing—you can lose yourself completely for days at a time. If you feel your interest in women and the not-so-ordinary simplicities of sex waning, try getting on a horse and spending a week or two fishing up in the Absaroka Mountains of Montana. There are no women up there. Not even a little one. When you get back down to Livingston the most resolute dog looks good unless she actually begins to bark. A barroom tart invariably reminds you of the Queen of Sheba or Lauren Hutton. Unless you're careful you can manage to get into a lot of pointless trouble. Of course, the same conditions can be initiated by going off to war, but it's not as much fun.

There is something about game that resists the homogeneity of taste found in even the best of our restaurants. A few years back, when we were quite poor, lower class by all the charts, we had a game dinner at our house. There were about 12 people contributing food and with a check for a long poem I bought two cases of a white Bordeaux. We ate, fixed in a number of ways, venison, duck, trout, woodcock, snipe, grouse and rabbit and drank both cases of wine. I doubt you could buy the meal anywhere on earth.

The French, however, are marvelous at game cookery. Two years ago I spent a week up in Normandy covering a stag-hunt at the invitation of a friend, Guy de la Valdene. His family has a château near Saint-Georges and a breeding farm for race horses. You do not go to Russia to eat and I had just returned from a hungry trip to Moscow and Leningrad. Other than the notion that staghunting seemed to me the pinnacle of stylishness in mammal hunting, the memorable part of the week was the eating, a vulgar word for what took place nightly in a local *auberge*. Despite my humble background, I found I enjoyed saddle of wild boar or a '28 Anjou with fresh *pâté de foie gras* in slabs, trout laced with truffles, *côtelettes* of loin from a small forest deer called a *chevreuil*, pheasant baked under clay with wild mushrooms. It all reminded me of the bust of Balzac by Rodin at the Metropolitan in New York, the evidence in his immense, bulbous face of his legendary interest in food and wine. But moderation makes sense only to those to whom such food is continuously available. The staghunt itself began after dawn and the animal was brought to bay by the hounds at twilight, when the master of the hunt dispatched the stag with a silver dagger after the manner of some six centuries. All day we had been sipping Château Margaux straight from the bottle and not feeling even vaguely boorish.

After reading about African hunting for 20 years it took a trip to Kenya and

Tanzania to cure me permanently of any notion that I might hunt there except for duck and grouse. And it's not that a great deal of the hunting there by outsiders lacks validity, excepting the endangered and diminishing species. It's simply that my time there more closely resembled a religious rather than a travel experience. In the Serengeti you get an eerie conviction of what the American West was like before we got off the boat. Perhaps I could have hunted there in the Twenties or Thirties before it became apparent that the natural world was shrinking in direct proportion to our insults against it: almost as if this world were a great beast itself and it had so demonstrably passed the mid-point of its life and needed the most extreme and intense care not to further accelerate its doom.

The problems of East Africa have been talked about and publicized to the saturation point, which has not in the least slowed the unnatural predation of new farms, overgrazing, poaching for skins, the tide of population, ivory smuggling for jewelers and to the Orientals, who have the silly notion that ground ivory gives them hard-ons. Think of the boggling sexual vanity involved in killing a seven-ton beast for hard-ons. And it is not at all sure how long we can expect native populations that smarted under colonialization to maintain game parks for wealthy Westerners, no matter how beneficial.

I came to the point rather early when I realized I was not much interested in shooting mammals. This does not mean I disapprove of others' doing so. Maybe it's my squeamishness over gutting and cleaning a large animal, though I suspect my qualms would disappear if I needed the animal to feed my family. And deer hunting as opposed to bird hunting is difficult to do cleanly. We mammals are more sturdy than we assume. While a single pellet can bring a grouse tumbling down, both man and deer can crawl on for hours after Claymore Mines, .357s, a half-dozen badly placed rifle shots. When they were butchering it took seven unlucky shots for my neighbors to bring down their Holstein cow.

Last Thanksgiving Day during deer season we heard loud bleating, then barking from up behind our barn. Our horses were frantic and stared in the direction of the wood lot like pointing dogs. The bleating was from a deer dragging itself through the snow by its forelegs. The deer had been wounded in the spine and a hind leg had been shot nearly off, barely hanging by a tendon. A large collie had been harrying the deer and had torn much of its ass off. It was red like a baboon's. The game warden came and put it away. The deer was a young buck and lacked legal horns. Someone had shot it, then discovered the lack. Before the game warden dispatched it the deer, in

deep shock, stared at us, seemingly well past caring, some kind of runaway slave that had fallen victim to our fatal hobbies.

It is finally a mystery what keeps you so profoundly interested over so many years. The sum is far more than simply adding those separate parts. In the restorative quality there is the idea that as humans we get our power from the beauty we love most. And the sheer, unremittent physicality makes you lose for a while those fuzzy interior quarrels your head is addicted to, sitting as it does on the top of a Western man. It is also the degree of difficulty: to outwit a good brown trout with a lure less than the size and weight of a housefly or mosquito, to boat and release a 100-pound tarpon on a 12-pound-test leader, to hit a grouse on that long shot between the poplar trees. It could be very sporting to hunt a lion if you had the balls to do it like the Masai—with a spear.

The beauty and sensuousness of the natural world is so direct and open you often forget it: the tacility of standing in the river in your waders with the rush of water around your legs, whether deep in a cedar swamp in Michigan or in Montana, where you have the mountains to look at when the fishing is slow. With all of the senses at full play and the delicious absence of thought, each occasion recalls others in the past. It is a

continuous present. You began at seven rowing your father around the lake at night, hearing in the dark the whir of his reel as he cast for bass, the creak and dip of the oars and the whine of clouds of mosquitoes around your head. You might have been lucky enough to hear a loon, surely the most unusual birdcall on earth, see heat lightning silhouette the tips of the white pines and birch.

You think of this 30 years later in Anconcito, a small, shabby village on the coast of Ecuador. You're taking the day off from fishing with heat weakness, vertigo, sore hands and the fear of death that being sick in a foreign country brings. You are sitting on a cliff next to a pile of refuse and a small goat. The goat is pure black and when it stumbles closer you see that it can't be more than a few days old. The goat nuzzles you. Not 30 feet away a very large vulture sits and stares at you both. You stare back, idly listening to the Latin music from the tin-shed café in the background. A piglet scurries by. You, the goat and the vulture watch the piglet and the goat takes chase. Far below you, so far that they are toys, there are fishing boats in the harbor powered anciently by sail. It is the hottest day you can remember. Beyond the harbor is all the vast, cool, deep-blue plenitude of the Pacific.



*"I find you guilty, young man. And don't let me hear of you running off appealing this decision to a higher court, like some spoiled child."*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

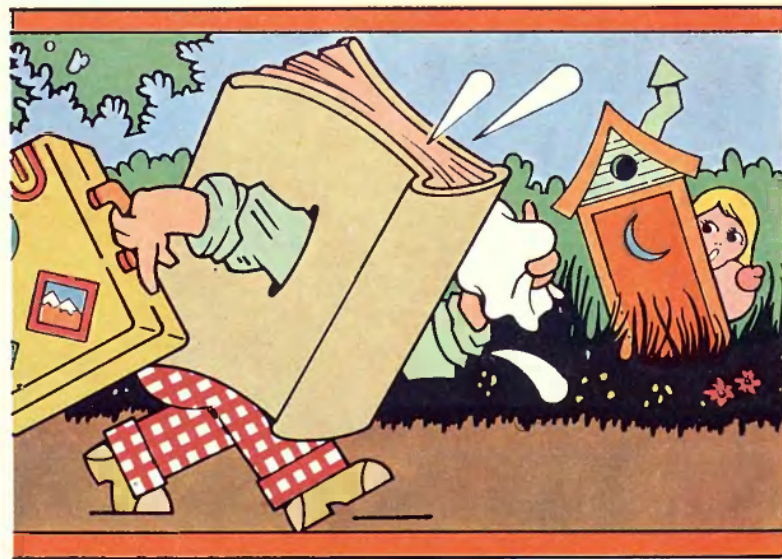


## SOMETHING TO JAW ABOUT

If you've seen or read *Jaws* (and by now, who hasn't?), you know for sure that sharks aren't exactly the kind of pet you'd like to snuggle up with. But all this fish slander hasn't stopped an outfit called Esther Miller Creations (36-46 33rd Street, Long Island City, New York) from putting out a stuffed shark doll, a Teddy bear version of the Great White himself. And, like the real article, it comes in various sizes—from a 21" baby shark for \$7 (including postage) to a 5'4" model (at left) for \$60, to a nasty 12' leviathan size for \$750. They're great for kids who like to be shocked into cardiac arrest.

## HEAVY STAR

All you superpatriots out there will undoubtedly want to do more to celebrate our Bicentennial than wave a ten-cent flag and cry whoopee. So in honor of free enterprise, why not buy an 8' high, two-ton red-white-and-blue (what else?) concrete Ameri-Star from Happy Birthday America, P. O. Box 1776, Worthington, Ohio, for only \$3000? When 1976 is over, it will make a terrific jungle gym.



## SON OF FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Remember the one about the man who, after his wife fed him dog food, suffered a broken neck while trying to lick his balls? That fine old chestnut and some 1999 more—selected from, the publisher tells us, 60,000 variants—resurface in *No Laughing Matter*, the second and final volume in G. Legman's analysis of sexual humor collectively titled *Rationale of the Dirty Joke* (Breaking Point, Inc., P. O. Box 328, Wharton, New Jersey 07885, \$18). Interspersed with the jokes—which are divided into such categories as Cannibalism, Orgies and Exhibitions and Castrations—are a tribute to Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and a diatribe against the practice of circumcision. Real yoks, those.

## BOX LAUNCH

Although most folks will see them as nice bits of wild West memorabilia, they would make great beer coolers, too. We're talking about the collection of 19th Century express-company strongboxes that Western Americana, 192 Central Avenue, Stirling, New Jersey, is selling for \$195 each or two for \$350—and the second one can be an unopened chest, possibly full of loot. A dynamite offer.





### FLASH FLOOD

You say you can't remember whether the gooey clay people in *Flash Gordon* were friend or foe? Well, Maljack Productions, P. O. Box 153, Tinley Park, Illinois, stocks a complete 16mm library of Flash's adventures for rental (no commercial use, please) at a variety of prices. (Most rentals per chapter—12 to 15 in a series—go for \$20 a day; a condensed complete feature rents for about \$50.) And if those don't do it, Maljack has *Buck Rogers*, too. Watch him battle Killer Kane and the Zugg men.

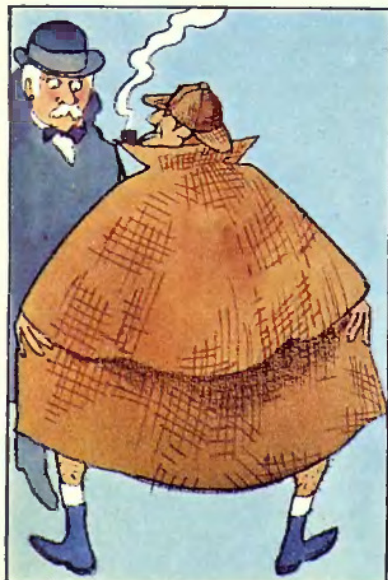
### HAIL, COLOMBIA

Now, mind you, we're not guaranteeing that your doubles partner will be Juan Valdez, but we know he hangs out near Medellín, Colombia, which, along with historic Cali, forms the destination for the eight-day, seven-night South American tennis vacations being offered for \$215, plus air fare, by Andes Tours, 85-06 Roosevelt Avenue, Jackson Heights, New York. You'll be staying—and playing—at exclusive country clubs. And if you choose Cali, reputedly home of the most beautiful women in South America, you get Bogotá thrown in free.



### QUICK, WATSON, THE CLOAK

As anyone who hasn't spent the past six months in a steamer trunk knows, there's a Sherlock Holmes revival going on. Holmes books, busts and tobacco are all available. But what about cloaks? Now you can get them, too, by writing to Carol Brown, a little old lady in Putney, Vermont, who custom-makes them for \$175 and up—including your choice of tweeds and detachable cape. After all, a Holmes fan without a cloak is like an electric fan without the blades.



### AMERICA, THE BREWFUL

This is the target year for Maurice Coja, owner of the Brickskeller Saloon, at 1523 22nd St. N.W., Washington, D.C. In honor of the Bicentennial, he was trying to stock every beer, ale and malt liquor brewed in the United States. And when last we checked, he did have over 300 native brands, plus a huge inventory of foreign numbers (and, as it happens, a well-stocked game room). All beer nuts ought to check it out—and the food's not bad, either.



### DATED SEX

Listen, swinger, we think you owe it to posterity to keep a diary of your sexual escapades. And the best place we know of to record them is the 1976 International Sex Maniac's Diary, which is available from Grove Press, 53 E. 11th Street, New York, for \$8.50 postpaid for the desk size and \$4.50 for the pocket model. Both volumes contain sexual info on such things as pickup bars. And if *that* doesn't get you going, it's also copiously illustrated.



## SPIRITS OF '76

(continued from page 105)

at the local ordinary. Drinks of the day bore such forbidding names as Kill Devil, Rattle Skull, Whistle Belly Vengeance, Coo-Woo and Ipswich Switchell, which says something about the Colonial sense of humor—and even more about the quality of native firewater.

The most popular Colonial quaff was the flip, consisting of strong beer or cider, rum, brown sugar, spices from the West Indies, maybe a smidgen of dried pumpkin and, frequently, a lacing of cream and eggs. When tossed back and forth between large pewter mugs, the mixture took on a smooth and viscous texture—One Yard of Flannel. It was food as well as drink, and if you took enough on board, it was a warm wrap for the night.

The lathstring was always out on the frontier. Strangers enjoyed the right to enter any door, warm themselves at the hearth and chugalug from the cider jug before departing. A certain Robert Beverley, writing on the history of Virginia, observed, "The inhabitants are very courteous to travelers, who need no other recommendation but the being human creatures." Even so, at holiday time, the normally generous "inhabitants" exceeded themselves. Ham, bacon and sausage tumbled out of smokehouses; the land yielded game and fish; sideboards groaned under joints of beef, wild turkey, suckling pig, pies, hot breads, fruitcakes and steamed puddings.

There was an equally lavish flow of the comfortable waters. Madeira was esteemed. Canary, Fayal and French wines were supplemented by local ferments and brews. For serious celebrants, there were applejack, peach brandy and spice brandy—flavored with fruit and berry leaves—French grape brandy, whiskey (mostly rye), Parfait Amour and various homemade cordials and ratafias (liqueurs made with a fruit or fruit-cordial base). And, of course, there was rum—the prime Colonial potable. Rum was currency and commerce. Rum was medicine, solacing the sick and sustaining the healthy. It's likely that rum altered the course of American history. Paul Revere embarked on his epic jaunt to alert Samuel Adams and John Hancock, so they could flee impending arrest. En route, the young silversmith stopped at the home of Isaac Hall, captain of the Medford Minutemen and proprietor of a rum distillery. After a brief rest and several stirrup cups of Hall's best old Medford rum, "he who came a silent horseman departed a virile and vociferous crusader, with a cry of defiance and not of fear."

Above all, rum was hospitality—the base for elegant holiday eggnogs, tom and jerries and such venerable potions as the Fish House Punch. This last concoction was born in an exclusive club for gentlemen-anglers, improbably named The Schuylkill Fishing Company of the State

in Schuylkill. The club was actually incorporated as an independent entity within Pennsylvania, and was not subject to the laws of the colony. For more than a century, Fish House Punch was known only to the limited membership of the Schuylkill Fishing Company and such distinguished guests as George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette. Somewhere around 1900, the members consented to let the recipe go public. You can sip the drink in a proper historic setting—Fraunces Tavern, the scene of Washington's Farewell Address to his officers—or you can make it at home. Recipes for the original Fish House Punch and other spirits of 1776 are given below. Enjoy them. It was a very good year!

FRAUNCES TAVERN ORIGINAL  
FISH HOUSE PUNCH

This is a potent brew. Do not confuse it with your typical wedding-reception punch.

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 fifth cold water
- 1 fifth lemon juice
- 1 fifth cognac
- 1½ fifths Puerto Rican rum (golden)
- ½ fifth Jamaican rum
- ½ pint peach-flavored brandy (or peach cordial)

1 large bottle club soda, chilled  
Stir sugar with water to dissolve. Add all other ingredients except club soda. Place in refrigerator to chill and mellow for several hours or overnight. When ready to serve, pour over block of ice in large punch bowl. At the last moment, add club soda and stir once. Serve in punch cups.

*Note:* Although Fraunces Tavern suggests 20–25 drinks from this recipe, it should easily yield twice that number. You might also consider substituting tea for the water and adding ½ cup grenadine.

FRAUNCES TAVERN  
FISH HOUSE COCKTAIL

- 1 teaspoon sugar
  - ¾ oz. lemon juice
  - ¾ oz. cognac
  - 1 oz. Puerto Rican rum
  - ¼ oz. Jamaican rum
  - 1 teaspoon peach-flavored brandy
  - Slice of lemon, lime or orange
- Shake energetically with cracked ice to chill well. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with slice of lemon, lime or orange.

## PAUL REVERE'S TRIP

"Paul Revere made history with two of these and a horse," according to American drink chronicler S. S. Field.

- 2 ozs. Puerto Rican rum
- ½ teaspoon brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon lime juice
- 1 oz. pineapple juice, or to taste
- Lemon peel

Blend first four ingredients well, making sure sugar is dissolved. Fill highball glass with ice and rum mixture. Top with extra pineapple juice, if desired, and stir. Decorate glass with long spiral of lemon peel.

## WHALER'S TODDY

*Combine:* 1 fifth whiskey (any kind), ½ cup sugar, peel of 1 lemon (yellow part only), 6 allspice berries, 3 cloves and thin slice of fresh ginger. Cover tightly and let stand 2 or 3 days. Strain into bottle or other closed container.

*To make toddy:* Pour 1 oz. spiced mixture into preheated mug. Add 3 or 4 ozs. boiling water, wedge of cored, unpeeled apple and ½ slice of orange.

## GOVERNOR BERKELEY'S CLARET CUP

From *Beverages and Sauces of Colonial Virginia*.

- 1 bottle claret or other dry red wine
- 1 bottle soda water
- About 6 ice cubes, coarsely chopped
- 4 tablespoons powdered sugar
- 4 ozs. maraschino liqueur
- ¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg
- Sprig of green borage (or mint)

Put all ingredients into large silver cup, regulating the proportion of ice by the state of the weather. Stir. Hand the cup around with a clean napkin passed through one of the handles, so that the edge of the cup may be wiped after each guest has partaken of the contents thereof.

## MORELLO CHERRY BOUNCE

This is a ratafia, very popular in Colonial America and almost always homemade. The recipe is taken from *The Williamsburg Art of Cookery*. There are many recipes for bounce, including one from George Washington.

Gather and pick your Cherries when perfectly ripe, put them into a Tub and mash them with a Rolling-pin, Stones and all, and to every five Pints of Cherries put a Quart of Rum, let it stand a Week; strain it through a Flannel Bag; to every Gallon of Bounce put three fourths of a Pound of brown Sugar. Cheap Rum at 75 Cents or 50 Cents a Gallon answers equally as well as the best Spirit for Bounce.

*Note:* You may strain through cheesecloth instead of a flannel bag. Note, too, that rum prices have changed in the past couple of centuries.

## JAMESTOWN JULEP

The Jamestown Julep was predecessor to the Kentucky or bourbon julep. In addition to rum, brandy and port were sometimes included in early recipes.

- Fresh mint
  - 1 teaspoon superfine sugar, or to taste
  - Water or club soda
  - 1½ ozs. Puerto Rican rum
  - 1 oz. Jamaican rum
- Place 3 or 4 mint leaves in mug or tumbler, add sugar and a light splash of

water or club soda. Muddle to bruise mint and dissolve sugar. Pack with crushed ice and add rums. Gently work long-handled spoon up and down to frost; try not to hold the glass. Plant sprig of mint on top and serve with straws.

#### ONE YARD OF FLANNEL

*First make a batter:* Whip 2 eggs, add ½ cup brown sugar, a pinch each of ground nutmeg, ginger and allspice; beat thoroughly. When smooth and well mixed, slowly beat in ½ pint heavy cream.

For each drink: Combine 1 oz. or so of the batter with 2 ozs. rum and ½ pint hard cider or beer. Pour back and forth between large mugs or tankards until smooth. A red-hot poker (loggerhead) was often thrust into the concoction to heat it. Using warmed beer or cider will do the same, but you'll probably prefer the drink cool.

#### SUMMER SOLDIER

3 ozs. madeira (sercial or rainwater)  
1 small egg  
Sugar, if desired  
Slice of lemon  
Nutmeg

Combine first three ingredients and shake briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled 6-oz. glass. Garnish with lemon

slice and sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

#### IPSWICH SWITCHELL

1½ ozs. light rum  
1 oz. cranberry-juice cocktail  
Wedge of lime

Pack old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Add rum and cranberry-juice cocktail. Squeeze in lime juice and drop peel into glass. Stir well.

#### RUM AND RILL

Pour a healthy jolt of light rum over ice into highball glass. Add chilled spring water to taste—or, if you prefer, club soda. Lemon twist optional. As you must know, the Kentucky version of this is called bourbon and branch.

#### MULLED CIDER

2 bottles hard cider or apple wine  
Small stick cinnamon  
6 allspice berries  
Bitters—orange or Angostura  
2 or 3 lemons, sliced  
1 bottle applejack

Heat cider and spices slowly in enamel pan; keep just below simmer. Preheat punch bowl or large pitcher by rinsing with hot water. Add several dashes bitters to pan when spiced cider is hot, then strain into bowl or pitcher. Serve in cups or small mugs. Add slice of lemon and

a nip of applejack—about ½ oz.—to each portion.

*Note:* Taste the mixture before transferring from pan. Some hard ciders are quite dry and you might want to add a bit of sugar or perhaps even a little more spice.

#### SALEM SOOTHER

2 ozs. rum  
6 ozs. cold milk  
½ teaspoon sugar  
Nutmeg, ginger

Shake first three ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Pour over fresh ice in tall glass. Dust with a pinch each ground nutmeg and ginger.

*Note:* Vanilla-scented sugar, if you have it, adds to the flavor.

Spirits were so much a part of the Colonial life that the popular argot was full of synonyms for inebriety. A *Drinkers Dictionary* of such terms, printed in the January 13, 1736, issue of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, is attributed to Benjamin Franklin. Remember the old kiteflier while you're out celebrating, and don't get too *biggy, block and block, boozy, bowz'd, cock'd, wamble crop'd* or *piss'd in the brook*. And when your *skin is full and the malt is above the water*, taper off or thee will get *corns in thy head!*



# Why is Tareyton better?

Charcoal is why. Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make water and other beverages taste better. It does something for cigarette smoke, too.

TAREYTON has two filters—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Like other filters they reduce tar and nicotine. But the charcoal does more. It balances, smooths—gives you a taste no plain white filter can match.



"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



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

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

## DEATH TO TYRANTS! (continued from page 170)

too much and thought too little.

To these, when the conspirators' trial came, would be added two more interesting names: Mary Surratt, 45, a widow, the mother of John, who kept a Washington boardinghouse said to be the nest where the plots were hatched. Mrs. Surratt also had a tavern at Surrattsville, Maryland, on the Southern escape route. And Dr. Samuel Mudd, 32, a physician charged with introducing John Surratt and John Wilkes Booth, and who, after Lincoln's murder, admitted having treated Booth for the broken leg he sustained leaping from the Presidential box to the stage at Ford's Theater.

These are the principal players in the kidnaping-become-murder plot. There are many others, one in particular named Louis Weichmann—a pudgy, 22-year-old former theology student who was a clerk in the War Department, an avowed Southern sympathizer, a boarder at Mrs. Surratt's and a fink.

Booth first planned to seize the President at Ford's during a performance of *Jack Cade* on January 18, 1865. He knew Lincoln went often to the theater. Indeed, in 1863, the President had seen Wilkes at Ford's in *The Marble Heart* and had admired his acting. That was the year Booth took to denouncing Lincoln's Administration from the stage—an act that got him arrested in St. Louis and released only when he signed an oath of allegiance to the Union. On another occasion, the President saw Booth perform a villain's role and noted that each malevolent speech seemed directed at him. He said afterward, "That fellow did look might sharp at me." So Booth's theatricalism would have made him perfectly satisfied to attack Lincoln in his box, singlehandedly truss him up, lower him to Herold, Arnold and O'Laughlin and escape through a door held open by another actor. In New York, Booth offered a stock player named Samuel Chester this role, but Chester refused, despite the assurance that "50 to 100" men were involved in the venture. Inevitably, Chester's recollection would lead to speculations after Lincoln's death about just who, and how many, had conspired to kill the President.

With Lincoln subdued, the kidnapers would head for the Navy Yard Bridge in a carriage driven by Surratt and escorted by other conspirators. Thence to Port Tobacco, Atzerodt's boat, Richmond and the presumed plaudits of a grateful Jefferson Davis. The plan failed when the weather turned bad and Lincoln stayed home.

While no evidence exists that Lincoln was aware of this late-show plot, he certainly knew someone was after him. On March 19, 1864, *The New York Times* reported rumors of a plan, vetoed by Davis, to send 150 Confederate raiders to kidnap Lincoln. In August of that year, a sniper plucked the President's top

hat as he rode the three miles from the White House to his summer retreat at the Soldiers' Home.

Unabashed, Lincoln rode in and told the retreat's sentry, "Someone seems to have tried killing me." Who is unknown. It could have been a free-lance killer or one of Mosby's raiders (those irregulars were then operating in the Washington environs, to the consternation of officials) or merely a disgruntled citizen. Likewise, no one knows whether the attempt was premeditated or spontaneous.

Next came a report in November from Union spies that Confederates in Montreal were plotting Lincoln's death (Booth was then in New York, fresh from a Canadian visit, playing Marc Antony in *Julius Caesar* with his brothers Edwin and Junius Brutus, Jr.—during the star-studded performance, Canadian-based rebels made daring arson raids on several New York hotels and Union ships and docks, a coincidence that did not go unremarked). On December 1, 1864, an unsigned ad appeared in the Selma, Alabama, *Dispatch* soliciting funds to arrange the murders of Lincoln, Vice-President Andrew Johnson and Secretary of State William Seward. Why Selma was chosen is unknown, unless the advertisers believed the town of 800 was especially ripe territory for such a scheme—an opinion Martin Luther King shared a century later. By April 1865, Lincoln had numerous serious death threats filed in his desk under ASSASSINATION.

Naturally, these reports brought efforts to protect the President, despite his dislike for bodyguards. Soon after taking office in 1862, Stanton had had his National Executive Police take over patrolling Washington from the small, badly manned Metropolitan Police. They were commanded by Lafayette C. Baker, later a prominent figure in the assassination saga. Baker formerly served the San Francisco vigilantes and he inclined to rough and immediate justice. He was described as sandy-haired, red-bearded, with "long, insatiate jaws." But his police did not guard the President. That was left to special detachments of cavalry (Lincoln complained that their jangling prevented conversation in his carriage) and to bodyguards either detailed by the Metropolitan Police or chosen by Lincoln's old friend Lamon, marshal of the District of Columbia. Altogether, it was catch-as-catch-can.

Stanton often nagged Lincoln to be guarded more. But the President was obdurate, and so Stanton, Baker and Lamon did their best—or so it was thought. The result was a wartime President curiously open to threats, even from vainglorious actors.

Booth next planned to kidnap Lincoln on March 20, 1865. On the fourth, with most of the conspirators, he attended

Lincoln's Second Inauguration. A photo shows Booth's hoboish underlings—so like the Dealey Plaza "tramps" of a century later—stationed at the foot of the speaker's platform, while the top-hatted sinister dandy Wilkes peers down from a gallery at the President. Some historians speculate that Booth intended a flourish there and then, the whisking away of the President at his own Inauguration. But Booth's men were not up to that stroke, even if he bragged later that he could have shot Lincoln where he stood. He didn't, either because the crowd would have torn him to fragments or because the conspirators' inaugural attendance was a scouting mission to see just how well protected the President was those days.

Apparently, not well enough that the group abandoned its plans. In mid-March, Booth and Paine supposedly laid in wait for Lincoln near the White House. They were frightened away when Lincoln strode into view surrounded by men. But with the South now tottering at Petersburg, it seemed to Booth they *must* strike, grab the President and use him as a towering pawn in the peace talks.

On March 13, Booth reassembled his band, which had scattered to prevent detection following the Inauguration. They drifted into Washington, all making appearances again, as before the *Jack Cade* plan and the Inauguration, at Mrs. Surratt's boardinghouse. All were duly noted by the observant Weichmann, who reported them to the War Department. The department did nothing about these callers. Perhaps they were thought too clownish for serious attention. But the inactivity provoked serious questions a few weeks later.

A number of the conspirators attended Ford's Theater on March 13 to reconnoiter (the Fords were Maryland friends of the Booths) and Wilkes urged again on them the ineffable *rightness* of grabbing Lincoln in a playhouse. At a dinner soiree that evening, after plenty of food and drink, Arnold and Booth argued over the plan. Arnold, supported by O'Laughlin, said even the newspapers were predicting the South would make some move against the President. They'd stay in for one more attempt, and that in some sensible place, not a damned playhouse. Booth muttered that a man should be shot for backing out and Arnold retorted that two could play that game.

March 18 brought Booth's last full performance, again in *The Apostate*. From a stock player named John Matthews, Wilkes gathered that Lincoln would on the 20th go to the Soldiers' Home retreat for a matinee of *Still Waters Run Deep*. That was the time. Again the conspirators gathered. Herold, Surratt and Atzerodt stashed carbines, rope and tools at the Surrattsville tavern, arranged for a boat, then returned to Washington. By the lonely road they





*"Come on, baby—just one more goodnight kiss to remember you by."*

waited. Surratt would seize the President's carriage. O'Laughlin, Arnold, Atzerodt would deal with the escort. Paine and Booth would handle Lincoln. The carriage clattered into view, alone. The conspirators surged forward . . . but it was not Lincoln in the carriage; rather, another person, whom Surratt later said was Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Red with rage, the group returned to Mrs. Surratt's. Booth whipped his boots in anger. The group dispersed. Arnold and O'Laughlin said they were through and left for Maryland. Surratt went to Richmond to resume dispatch carrying up to Montreal. Booth decamped for New York and a week of ladies and booze. Presumably, he suspected the Government knew something was afoot. And some officials did, if they were listening to Weichmann.

Still, Booth would make one last try. On the 29th, the President would be at the theater. Booth wired O'Laughlin, but Michael was finished. Arnold wrote Booth the same. Cursing, Booth repaired on April third to Newport, Rhode Island, with an unknown lady. That day, Richmond fell to Grant. On Saturday, April eighth, Booth checked into the National Hotel in Washington. On the tenth, the shouts in the streets told him Lee had surrendered. He began to drink heavily, to call at Mrs. Surratt's, searching for the remnants of his gang. Only Atzerodt, Herold and Paine were about. With Paine, or perhaps Herold, Booth heard that gentle speech on the 11th. Booth railed about votes for niggers and drank on the next day in John Deery's saloon. Like assassins of a later era—Oswald, Ray, Sirhan—he seemed bent on mad public displays of his opinions, his intents, his skills. Whether Booth was mad or chose outrageous behavior as a protective device is moot, though a question we might ask of a contemporary expert such as "Squeaky" Fromme.

Lincoln not only spoke of his premonitions of death—he saw himself dead. Within a month of April 14 he'd had, and remarked on, a dream in which he saw a corpse lying in state in the East Room. The dreaming President asked a guard who was dead in the White House. He answered, "The President, he was killed by an assassin." Surely this was in the President's mind on the 14th, when he conducted his 11 A.M. Cabinet meeting. He listened once more to Stanton's urgings that parts of the defeated South be put under military rule and denied statehood. It's incontestable that in the afternoon Lincoln went to the War Department and requested that Major Thomas Eckert accompany him as bodyguard to the theater that night. Eckert, Lincoln said, could break iron pokers over his arm.

Stanton denied the request, saying he had pressing work for Eckert that evening. Lincoln then asked Eckert himself, who

said he followed Stanton's orders. In fact, Eckert only went home that evening, while Stanton called on Seward and then went home himself. However many questions their excuses raised later, the President acquiesced that afternoon. He would have one Metropolitan Police Force bodyguard. In addition, Major Henry Rathbone and his fiancée, Clara Harris, would accompany him and Mrs. Lincoln. The Grants had begged off, pleading their desire to go to their children in Burlington, New Jersey. Lincoln suspected the real reason was Julia Grant's dislike for Mrs. Lincoln. Mary was insanely jealous of women around him. Lincoln would as lief stay home. His wife deserved the recreation. They'd lost two of their four sons, had watched their beloved Willie die in 1862 in the prison of the White House. But she'd put on her brave face, get gussied up . . . she spent plenty for clothes, that was sure. At Ford's was a benefit for her favorite actress, Laura Keene, who was appearing in an amusing comedy, *Our American Cousin*. A pity his older boy, Robert, was too battle-fatigued to go. The Stantons had also excused themselves before, which hardly surprised Lincoln. Stanton had little sense of humor. Lincoln would go, accept it, too. He knew he was tired, worn thin, older than his 56 years. His belly bothered him, he slept badly, he stooped and shuffled—hardly the indefatigable frontiersman. Victory was his, but at what cost? To what end? So much to do.

Booth was busy, too. Though he'd booked a box at Grover's Theater the day before, in case the Lincolns and the Grants went there, Ford's would be easier. He knew the Ford family well, received his mail at their office. A stagehand named Edward Spangler had agreed to help. He said the locks on the doors to the Presidential box were broken, which would make it easier. Walking toward Ford's that chilly morning of the 14th, Booth heard people singing *When This Cruel War Is Over* as they waited for the ragtag of General Joseph Egleton Johnston's army, then at bay in North Carolina, to surrender. So he was delighted when he overheard Harry Ford tell the stage carpenter that the Presidential party was coming to his theater. The partition between boxes seven and eight was coming down. Booth was sorry now he had no use for O'Laughlin, who'd shown up drunk at the hotel that morning. Still, things were no longer as dull as he'd said in a letter to his mother the day before.

With characteristic agility, Booth leaped through the day. At Ford's, he inspected the Presidential box. An easy jump of 12 feet from it to the stage, then out the back door to the alley, where Spangler would be holding a horse. Then along the escape route, east across the Anacostia River into southern Maryland, down to Surrattsville, across the Potomac into Virginia and on to Richmond. Then

he watched a rehearsal, though he knew the play as well as Laura Keene. During the third act, there was a line—"You sockdologizing old mantrap"—that always brought a big laugh. Only one actor (Harry Hawk that night) was onstage then. So there it was.

Then to a livery stable to arrange a fast mare for the evening. Next, back to his hotel to dress all in black and pocket his wallet, an unused diary, a compass, his watch, a gimlet, a small brass derringer and a long knife that, unsheathed, bore the inscription, LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE. AMERICA—THE LAND OF THE BRAVE AND THE FREE. SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

Booth soon afterward dropped in for a moment at Mrs. Surratt's boarding-house and, before long, the widow woman set out for Surrattsville. Weichmann agreed to drive her.

The Herndon House, one block from Ford's, was Booth's next call. To the reliable Paine, he gave the job of killing Seward in his bed as he lay recovering from injuries received in a carriage accident. Paine was eager, but he didn't know Seward's home, couldn't learn the lay of Washington. No trouble. Herold would guide Paine. They should strike near 10:15 P.M., so that the Union hydra heads would all roll at once.

On to the Kirkwood House, where Atzerodt should be. But the Prussian was out boozing, so Booth pushed a note under his door. Then, most curiously, he left a card for Vice-President Johnson, who stayed at Kirkwood House, reading, "Don't wish to disturb you. Are you at home? J. Wilkes Booth." That gesture has reverberated ever since.

Booth went on to Deery's saloon after picking up his horse at the stable. He drank brandy and water, thoughtfully watched billiards and then hurried downstairs to Grover's Theater's office. There he wrote a letter to the editor of Washington's *National Intelligencer* explaining why he had killed. He signed the letter, it's said, "J. W. Booth—Paine—Atzerodt—Herold," and so he crossed forever his Rubicon.

He showed his mare's speed to some stagehands from Ford's and then riding on Pennsylvania Avenue saw John Matthews. Booth knew him well, used him for information, had once even tried to enlist him in his kidnap plots. Now he asked Matthews to deliver the *National Intelligencer* letter the next morning. Matthews agreed. While they chatted, a file of Confederate prisoners was marched past. Booth exclaimed, "Good God, Matthews, I have no country left!" and galloped away. He passed a carriage escorted by outriders. It was General Grant and his wife. On his way to the train station, bystanders told Booth. Well . . . only "the ape" was left to him.

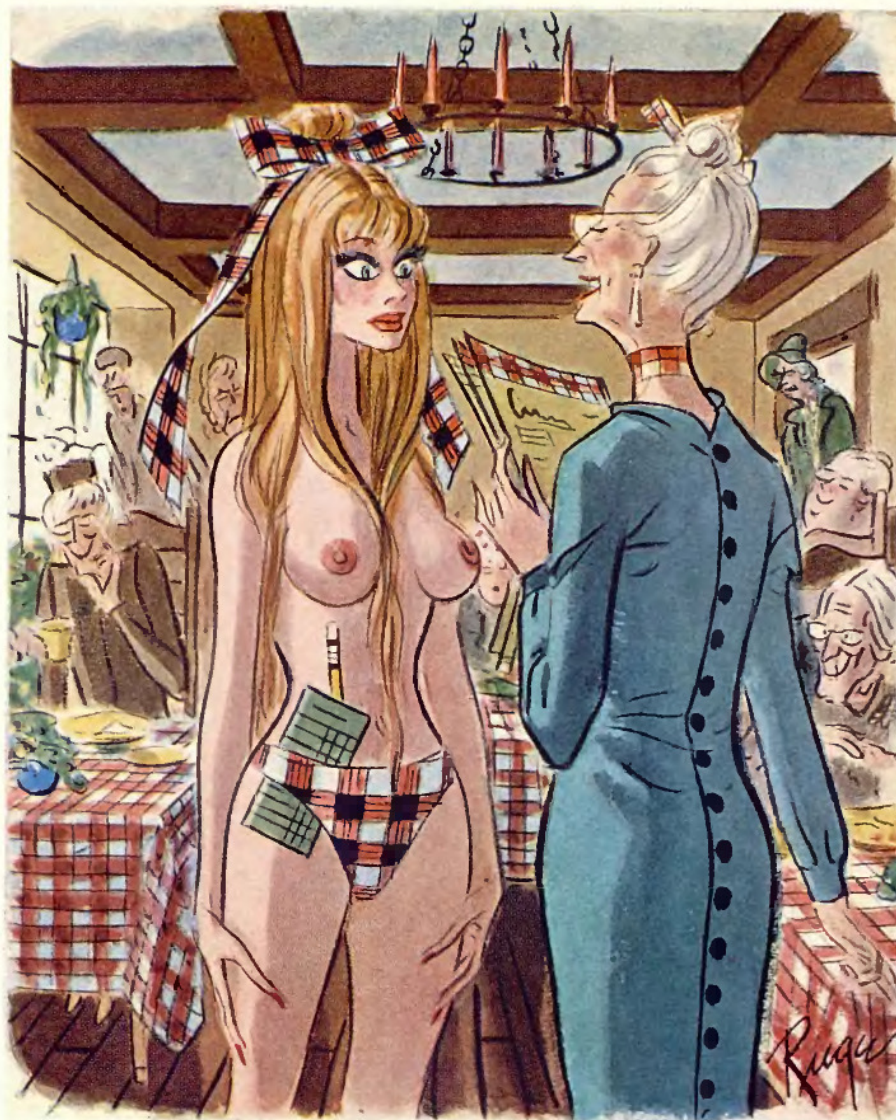
Booth seems then to have found Atzerodt. He ordered the drunken immigrant

to enter Johnson's room around 10:15 and kill the Vice-President. Atzerodt demurred. Too dangerous. Johnson may have been drunk and foolish at the Second Inauguration, but, as Lincoln said, "Andy ain't no drunkard"—and nobody disputed Johnson's courage. Booth insisted, threatening Atzerodt. He caved in and Booth left. Atzerodt continued drinking.

At Taltavul's tavern, next to Ford's, Booth was setting them up for Ford's stagehands. He soon excused himself to go into the empty theater. He went to the pine door leading to boxes seven and eight, those above and directly left of the stage. The broken locks would admit him, but he had to keep others out. He took a board that had supported a music stand. He carved a niche in the plaster wall to jam its end firmly against the door. The fragments he scooped up with one of the five pictures of girlfriends he carried. In the door to box seven he bored a hole with his gimlet. Now back to the hotel. He loaded the single-shot derringer, packed a disguise and two Colt revolvers in his saddlebags. Then to the last meeting with Paine, Herold and Atzerodt. He'd take Lincoln. Paine would enter Seward's house on the pretext of bringing a prescription from Seward's doctor. Atzerodt had his job. When all were finished, they'd rendezvous at the Navy Yard Bridge. Then on to the South, maybe even Mexico. He told them of the *Intelligencer* letter. There'd be no turning back.

By 9:30, Booth was in the alley behind Ford's. He called for Spangler to hold his horse, but the stagehand was occupied with the play. Young Joseph Burroughs came to hold the famous actor's mount. Booth entered the theater, nodding left and right, and walked under the stage through a passage to the street. He ordered a whiskey at Taltavul's. At the bar, but unknown to Booth, were Lincoln's valet, Charles Forbes, and his Police Force bodyguard, John F. Parker, clearly not by the body. Some acquaintances needled Booth, telling him of Edwin's latest successes in New York and elsewhere. Wilkes smiled graciously and replied, "When I leave the stage for good, I'll be the most famous man in America."

Outside the tavern, Booth chatted with other admirers, refusing a drink from Captain William Williams of the Washington Cavalry Police. After accepting a chew of tobacco from the ticket taker, he ascended to the dress circle and watched for his moment. It approached and he moved toward the first door. He was astonished to see no one barring his way. The President was unguarded! As the theater rang to comic lines, Booth entered the vestibule of the Presidential box. He barred the door with his board, then tiptoed to the door to box seven. Through the gimlet hole he saw the President, holding his wife's hand. To



*"It's a natural mistake, my dear—this is 744 East Prescott Avenue; your new job must be at number 744 West."*

the right, on a sofa in box eight, Major Rathbone sat making cow eyes at his fiancée. Onstage, Hawk began his boffo lines in act three, scene two of Tom Taylor's ever-popular comedy. Booth opened the door. As Hawk spoke and the President smiled, Booth aimed the derringer just behind the left ear. It was about 10:15.

"You sockdologizing old—" and the laughs came, muffling the explosion, the thumped-melon sound of a half-inch lead ball entering Lincoln's skull. The 1675 spectators flinched as the President's head moved slightly to the right and forward and slumped soundlessly. Booth said, softly, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" Major Rathbone jerked upright, jumped at him, was repulsed by a knife slash to his left arm. Mary Lincoln's face bore the puzzled look of a bludgeoned cow, then crumbled to hysteria. Booth's hand found the railing. He vaulted. Noises now. Screams. There was a tear as his spur

caught the Treasury Guard's flag decorating the box. A thud as he hit the stage, the snap of his left shinbone. Hawk stood paralyzed. Booth! Shouts from the audience. . . . "What? . . . Stop that man! . . . What? . . . The President? . . . Part of the play? . . ." Some later said they heard Booth cry "Revenge! I've done it!" Others that he shrieked "Death to tyrants." Others that he merely limped away, brandishing the knife. Certainly, once backstage, he pushed away an actor, then a stagehand, hobbled to the rear door, out to his horse. A blow to young Burroughs' head with his knife hilt, a kick. Then the pounding hooves off toward the Navy Yard Bridge leading South. Everywhere, sounds ripping the night:

• At Seward's house, maniacal screams and groans fill the street as the huge Paine runs amuck, slashing down Seward's son, a soldier, a nurse, at last falling on the helpless Secretary himself. cutting

again and again down across his face, his neck, until his knife grates against the iron brace supporting Seward's injured neck. Then Paine screaming, "I am mad, I am mad!" knifing a State Department courier, running from the house to find his guide, Herold, gone, spurring for the Navy Yard Bridge to Booth and safety. Paine runs, the rendezvous, everything forgotten, and leaves a badly wounded Seward, who will recover.

• Around Ford's, a fugue—the sobs of Mary, sad, knowing sighs from doctors, belligerent inquiries by the police and Stanton's men, the clank of cavalry sabers and bayonets restraining crowds, soon the grunts of men carrying Lincoln across the street to Petersen's boardinghouse, to be stretched across a too-short walnut spindle bed in a little room off the hall. The deathwatchers listen to the President's hopeless breaths tear the room and soon the nation. Stanton whispers orders, directs the investigation, rules America from Petersen's gaslit cubbyholes.

• In the streets, men shout, fire guns, mob those who say they're glad the son of a bitch is dead, as the news is spread by jungle drums of rumor ("Confederates, Mosby's raiders, Jubal Early's . . . the last bloody raid . . . Lincoln, Seward, Johnson, Grant, all dead, for God's sake, look out!"—and, listening, we hear in our time Lyndon Johnson's conspiracy fears after Kennedy, hear "They'll get me, too" in his pulse). The uproar reaches Atzerodt, riding blind drunk, heading for the Kirkwood House and his death date with Johnson. The shouts scare him. He abandons his horse. He'll sell his revolver for drink money and try to make for upper Maryland.

• Those listening most closely hear in all this the sounds of more distant thunder, storms gathering over the death of Lincoln's policy of magnanimity to the South. Like echoes of Booth's escape, Lincoln's death brings on night hooves of the K.K.K. and the counterforce of carpetbaggers. In the dying breaths of the 16th President, we catch those of the nation's innocence.

• Lincoln died at 7:22 A.M. on April 15. Stanton, who had taken control of the Government by virtue of his wartime powers, was supposed to have said, "Now he belongs to the ages," though some eyewitnesses said he merely asked a minister to lead them in prayer. All agreed Stanton did a curious thing when the President breathed his last—took his top hat and ceremoniously settled it upon his own head, as though crowning himself. At ten A.M. Holy Saturday, 1865, Salmon Chase gave the oath of office to Andrew Johnson as 17th President of the republic. Incredibly, in the uproar, the character assassination of the new President began, as men like Senator Stewart of Nevada said Johnson had been drunk and mud-caked that morning, never mind that he

was seen sober and somber at Lincoln's deathbed during the night and comported himself well at his oath taking. All in all, things were unhinged.

During the frenzied night, the nation had learned the news in stories bold-bordered in black. But a few Americans were not surprised. Astonishingly, a town in Minnesota throbbed with news of Lincoln's death and a small newspaper in New York had published a bulletin that Lincoln had been killed—before Booth acted; and in the confusion, these facts were lost, though not forever forgotten. As for the major media, despite a telegraph blackout, the Associated Press broke the news about midnight, followed later by every major correspondent. Uncertainty and caution after the first flash prevented mention of Booth as the killer, despite the testimony of dozens of witnesses, theater folk and others, who identified him under the wrathful interrogation of the police and Stanton—who had established his command post in Petersen's rooming house.

Throughout America, weeping women, angry men, rabid mobs poured out to lament and protest the act. Before 24 hours had passed, mobs had even set upon former Presidents Franklin Pierce (for being a Democrat, hence "Southern") and Millard Fillmore (for not draping his home in black). Crowds everywhere attacked known rebel sympathizers as the rumor spread of a giant Confederate conspiracy. Sympathy and compassion for the defeated "erring sisters" vanished. Demonstrators and even Andrew Johnson shouted for hanging Jeff Davis and all other Confederate leaders (to a sour apple tree, as the song went). People who dared whisper against the martyred President were summarily beaten. Only in the South were there signs of jubilation, as with a Texas paper that wrote that the killing was "ordained by God." More sensibly, the *Richmond Whig* said, "The heaviest blow which has ever fallen upon the people of the South has descended." Overall, in its reflexive combination of grief and violence, the nation never saw its like again until the murder of Martin Luther King, another leader who combined political power (and consequences) with a high and authentic moral tone.

Almost from the derringer's report, Stanton and his deputies—especially Lafayette C. Baker—worked furiously to catch and dispose of the assassins. Stanton barked orders through his perfumed beard. The telegraph service was to be cut, except the secret War Department line, until they could give the "correct" story to the press, to the ambassadors, to the world. Booth was not to be identified until they were sure. Search his rooms, bring in his friends, prepare posters, offer rewards no witness could refuse. All trains out of Washington were to be searched, all roads were to be sealed (though seemingly not fast enough, since Booth's escape was suspiciously easy). All

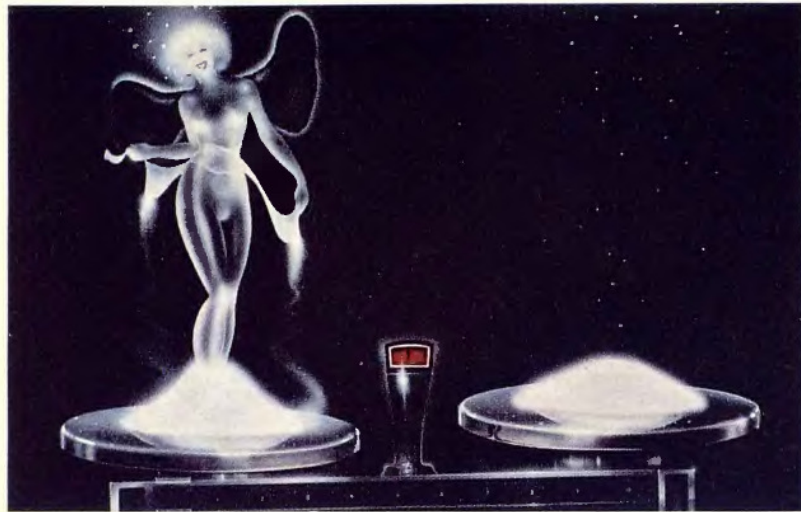
known secesh agents to be corralled. Alert 8000 troops, plus Navy vessels, to interdict travel. Above all, get Booth and his associates, such as that maniac responsible for the attack on Seward. As for rights, they were suspended—habeas corpus, press freedom, whatever. This was war.

Stanton's reign of terror worked—in all the ways that such things do. It worked more than partly because Stanton's War Department had known for several weeks that Booth, the Surratts, Arnold, O'Laughlin, Atzerodt, Herold and, at the end, Paine intended to harm Lincoln. Weichmann had told them. Yet, until April 15, Stanton and Baker did not move against the plotters. When they did, it was quickly. By Monday following Black Easter, Stanton's men and the Metropolitan Police had arrested Arnold, O'Laughlin, Spangler, Mrs. Surratt and Paine and had detained many known Confederate agents, sympathizers, bystanders and assorted "witnesses." To anyone ignorant of Weichmann's information—which he was especially eager to amplify after an interview with the police the morning following the assassination—the catch would seem the result of impressive policework.

Though Maryland had never seceded from the Union (and Lee's campaigns had intended to rectify that), it was strongly prorebel. Particularly to the southeast of the Yankee capital. Somewhere there were Booth and Herold—reunited on the road to Surrattsville—at large, still, despite rewards that eventually reached \$50,000 for Booth and \$25,000 for Herold. But arrests were to come. On the 18th, the Cavalry caught wind of Dr. Mudd. The doctor told his cousin he'd set Booth's leg early Saturday and sheltered two men briefly. The cousin informed the police. Mudd was soon brought in. Weichmann said Mudd had been in Washington to see Booth twice and had met him frequently near Surrattsville. They had merely discussed land deals, Mudd said. He was shackled hand and foot and, like the others, in due time taken aboard a monitor in the Potomac. By Stanton's order, a hideous canvas hood was placed over the head of each conspirator—except Mrs. Surratt. The hood prevented speech and hearing and was a barbarous exercise in sensory deprivation.

The Cavalry sweeping the Southern route—all lusting after the rewards—also brought in a drunken John Lloyd, who rented Mrs. Surratt's tavern at Surrattsville. Given Weichmann's choice of being hung as a conspirator or feted as a stoolie, Lloyd stammered that he'd seen Booth and Herold on the murder night. They'd stopped to get some carbines secreted there and some whiskey. Booth seemed injured. Lloyd also said that on Mrs. Surratt's visit on the 14th, she'd told him to get "the shootin' irons" ready, that somebody would be for them. Thus, he incriminated Mrs. Surratt,

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elating Baker and particularly Stanton—who now busied himself preparing indictments of all the captured conspirators, along with Jefferson Davis and sundry other Confederates he thought deserved punishment. Immaculately scribed in Stanton's precise hand, these indictments (only recently discovered by the Library of Congress) were perhaps beyond the Secretary's province. The duty customarily lay with the Attorney General. But Stanton ignored this legality, among others, in his zeal to legitimize radical Reconstruction and to keep the matter wholly in his grasp.

All this time, Booth and Herold were hiding in a thicket near the Zekiah Swamps, about 30 miles south of Surrattsville. They were concealed by a sympathizer named Captain Samuel Cox and cared for by Thomas Jones, the chief rebel signal officer on that stretch of the underground route. Booth was cold and hunted and his leg pained him. He lay, waiting for a chance to cross the Potomac and get to Richmond. He passed hours writing in his diary, telling how he'd killed Lincoln and yet "I am here in despair . . . doing what Brutus was honored for—what made [William] Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down an even greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat." Worse, he found no mention in the *National Intelligencer*, which Jones brought him, of his letter (Matthews, afraid, said he had burned it). Instead, there were denunciations, even by the leaders in the South. He recorded that the Government must be suppressing his letter, his side of it. He told Cox they would never take John Wilkes Booth alive and wrote in his diary, "I have too great a soul to die like a criminal."

But he was fleeing like a criminal. On April 20, Booth and Herold tried to cross the Potomac but were scared back by shots from a patrolling gunboat. The next night, in the fog, they made it, rowing blindly. They fetched up at Nanjemoy Creek but were rebuffed by a Colonel Hughes. They then drifted downstream to find Jones's acquaintances. In fact, everything was downstream from then on.

Ashore, a Dr. Stewart refused to aid them. Booth sent him \$2.50 and a nasty-note on a diary page. The night of April 23, the two fugitives slept in a Negro's shack. The next day, they commandeered the man and his team for a journey to the banks of the Rappahannock. There, waiting for a ferry, they fell in with three rebel parolees (or, conceivably, Mosby's raiders detailed by someone to escort them to Richmond). With them, Booth and Herold crossed to Port Royal, sought shelter and were sent to the farm of Richard Garrett, about ten miles north of Bowling Green. Booth was introduced by Captain Willie Jett, his Confederate friend, as Boyd, a wounded ex-soldier seeking lodging. In the ten days

since Lincoln's murder, Booth had traveled about 80 miles.

On the 24th, Lafayette Baker is supposed to have drawn a circle around Bowling Green and announced that despite all the reports of Booth in Canada, Mexico, Texas, they could find the escaped assassin within that ten-mile radius. This divinatory act has never been explained. A Major O'Beirne reported that he had rooted out word of Booth and Herold a day earlier and requested authority to capture them and claim the \$75,000 but was refused. Baker first said he "deduced" their location, then that a "Negro informant" told him about the fugitives (this informant's deposition has never been found).

However it struck the trail, the Cavalry did find Booth and Herold. The horse soldiers went by steamer on April 25 to Port Royal, raised dust galloping past Garrett's and immediately found Jett in Bowling Green. They wanted information about the strangers they'd heard about in Port Royal, and if they didn't get it, Jett would hang at once. They got the information and, before dawn on the 26th, they were at Garrett's.

Commanding were former Lieutenant Colonel Everton Conger and Lieutenant Edward Doherty. Second in command and chief detective was Lieutenant Luther B. Baker, cousin of the oracular Lafayette. With them in this detachment of the 16th New York was a religious-nut sergeant named Boston Corbett.

They stood farmer Garrett on a chopping block and told him they'd string him up if he didn't say where the assassins were, but the old man was speechless, and they were making the noose when one of his sons announced that Booth and Herold were sleeping in the tobacco barn. The troopers surrounded the \$75,000 on the hoof. Conger, Baker, Doherty shouted for the men to come out, they knew who they were. The trapped men shouted they wanted time. Debate ensued until finally Herold gave up, was yanked from the barn door, handcuffed and tied to a tree. He yelled, "Who is that man in there?" Herold's cry caused bewilderment. Was it Booth (though Herold later said it was) or a trick? The other man pleaded for time, then for the troopers to retreat a bit to give him a fighting chance, finally that they should "prepare a stretcher for me, boys." All very theatrical. But it didn't move Conger and Baker. They'd burn the barn, they called. The Garretts shouted at "Boyd" to surrender. They heard him arranging a barricade. The fire was started. It tore the night. The officers could see the man standing upright, silhouetted, his carbine cradled, pistol in his right hand. His crutch was thrown aside. Then a shot and he fell. It was 3:15 A.M., April 26. He was pulled out and laid on a straw mattress on the Garretts' porch. A mortal gunshot wound behind and below

the right ear through the spinal cord, exiting on his left. Baker called the man Booth and the dying man looked surprised, forever adding a measure of confusion to the puzzling case of John Wilkes Booth.

The officers were furious—he was to be taken alive—and they raged. Who shot him? Or did he kill himself? Corbett stepped forward to say he did it because God told him to. And so the assassin had his own assassin, Oswald his Ruby. The head-shot man whispered that they should "Tell Mother I died for my country." He weakened in agony, small cries.

Herold and the others watched Booth die around seven A.M., 11 days to the hour after Lincoln. After collecting his personal effects, they had the body sewn in a horse blanket. It went by wagon and ferry across the Rappahannock and on to find the Cavalry's steamer. Along the way the wagon collapsed, dumping the body into a ditch. The stiffening corpse stayed sometimes unguarded while the officers searched for a new wagon, then for a landing place for the steamer. And Captain Willie Jett escaped during all this, not to be recaptured or to testify until early May. By early morning on the 27th, the body arrived at Washington. There it and Herold were transferred to the monitor Montauk. Herold was ironed and hooded and put into the hold with some of the other conspirators. An autopsy was performed on Booth, for so was the putrefying body identified by a desk clerk, a dentist and a doctor—all familiar with his distinguishing marks. However, close relatives, including his brother Junius, imprisoned as a suspected collaborator, were not summoned to identify the body—an oddity that led later in the century to several mummified "Booths" touring with carnivals.

Then, even more oddly and on Stanton's orders, Lafayette and Luther Baker made a dumb show for the curious crowds of preparing to bury the body at sea. They lowered a shroud, weighted by cannon balls, to a skiff and rowed downriver. Stanton wanted no relic seeking or Booth-the-hero cult nonsense springing up. When the crowds dispersed, Booth's body was secretly buried in an ammo vault of Washington's Old Penitentiary. His last name was painted on the coffin cover. The result of Stanton's secrecy, in one of history's ironies, was a mortal suspicion about Booth's remains, so similar to our time's "autopsy mysteries" about John Kennedy.

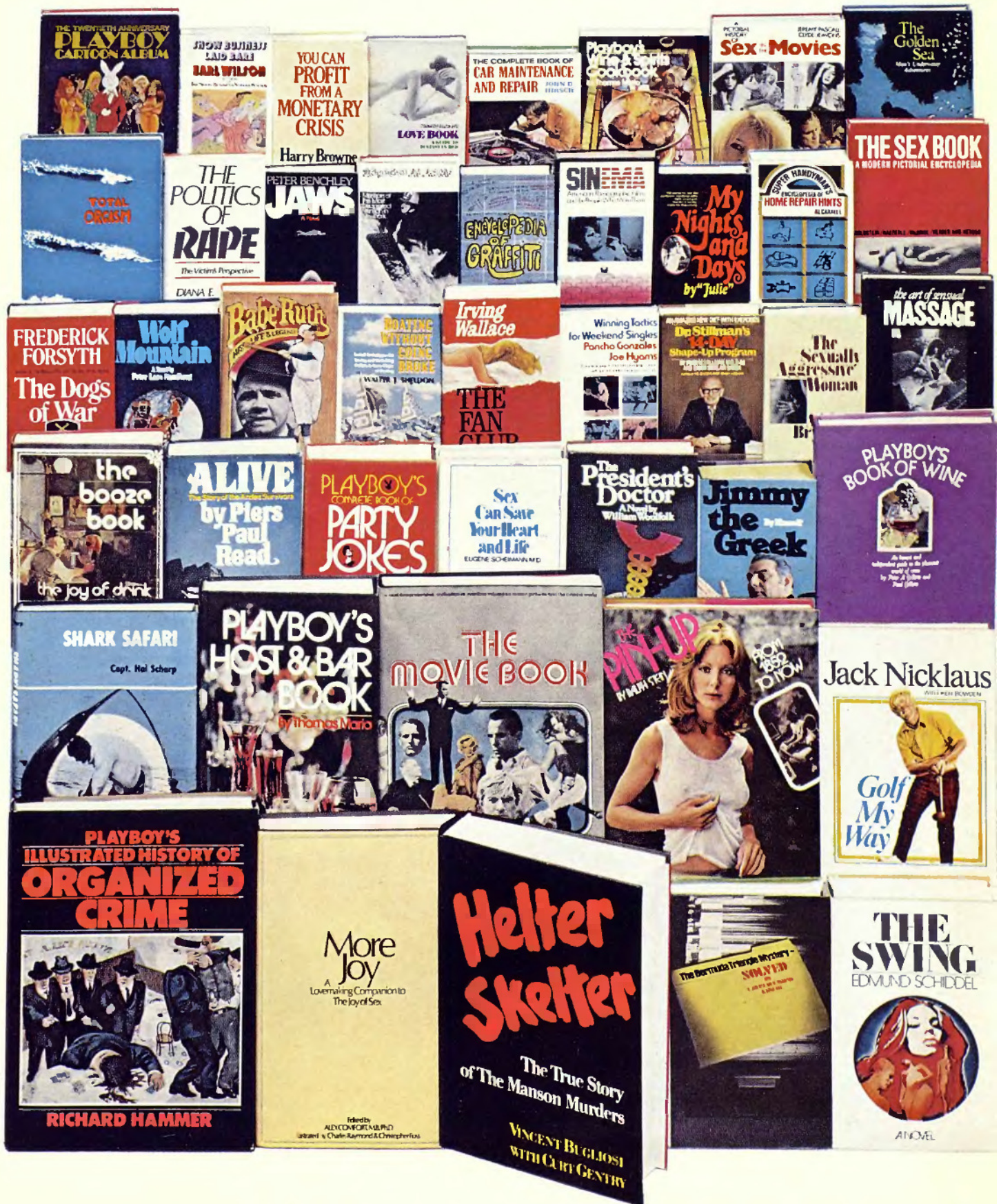
Stanton's behavior further mystified things. Colonel Conger had galloped for Washington and his share of the reward as soon as Booth expired. He told Lafayette Baker the news. Baker was ecstatic. He rushed to tell Stanton. "We have got Booth," he announced. Stanton's reaction: "He put his hands over his eyes and lay for nearly a moment without saying a word. Then he got up and put on his coat very coolly." But when Baker next said



John  
Dempsey

*"Think metrically, Mr. Lester. Then it would be at least 100 millimeters long...."*

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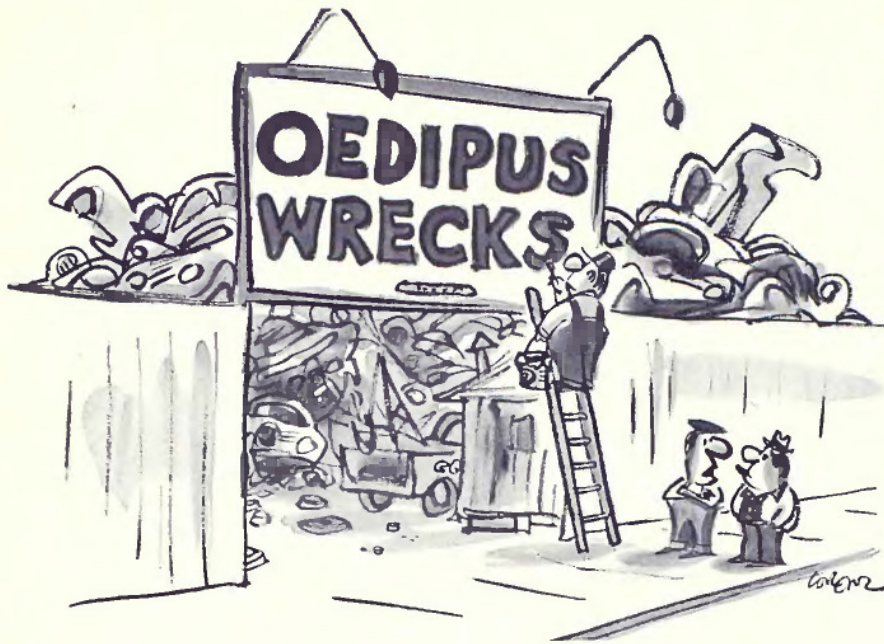
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6-34



"You don't feel it's too cute?"

Booth was dead and gave Stanton his effects, including the diary, the Secretary sprang to work.

At Stanton's insistence, President Johnson ordered a military tribunal for the conspirators. Nine officers selected by Stanton would deliver the verdict. They included General Lew Wallace, who later wrote an imitation of Christ called *Ben-Hur*. The prosecutors were headed by Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt, who reportedly once said, "Not enough Southern women have been hanged in the war." Immediate protests to a military trial were voiced, notably by Horace Greeley. But Stanton maintained the assassination was an act of war. By the time the trial began, he would have Jeff Davis in jail for it. Besides, a court-martial circumvented normal rules of evidence and other legal niceties. President Johnson did ask the Attorney General for a ruling on the legality of the trial. It said everything was OK. Critics said it was judicial murder.

They had reasons. The trial began May 10, 1865. Throughout, the conspirators and Southern leaders were inadequately represented by lawyers, who offered feeble pleas of insanity for Paine, of stupid complicity for the others. The attorneys were reluctant to defend proved monsters. Herold and Paine were hopelessly guilty. Atzerodt had moved after Johnson, leaving incriminating circumstantial evidence. Arnold and O'Laughlin admitted their kidnap roles. Mudd? No proof, other than his acquaintance with Booth and setting the assassin's leg, but that was enough. Spangler had shoved Booth's pursuers back into the theater, had called, "That's not Booth" and, besides, had met with the killer, witnesses said. Mrs. Surratt—well, little except her

proximity to things, plus Lloyd's and Weichmann's testimony about her bearing suspicious packages to Surrattsville.

The defendants came clanking each day from solitary confinement in hoods and irons to the dingy courtroom, where the hoods were removed, but they remained shackled except for Mrs. Surratt and were forbidden to testify freely, even to face the judges and witnesses. They heard, though, their officer-judges frequently interrupt testimony with outrageous opinions of their guilt. They heard witnesses perjure themselves—notably, a congenital liar called Sandford Conover (real name, Dunham), who claimed he'd observed the Confederate cabinet plotting the assassination. Conover also instructed in perjury other Government witnesses, including spies, pimps, deserters and gamblers summoned to prove the defendants guilty. The Government introduced patently phony letters (one retrieved from a bottle in the sea, they said) to implicate Booth's band and the Southern leadership in a vast scheme directed from Canada. Holt hammered at the objective, evidence of the killing, pursuit, capture. All were found guilty on June 30. On July sixth, the individual sentences were delivered.

Jefferson Davis, et al. were to stay in prison.

Mudd, Arnold and O'Laughlin would spend their lives in jail.

Spangler got six years.

Herold, Paine, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt were to hang.

So all was in order, except perhaps the last. Women were revered in Victorian America. The press hadn't liked trying Mrs. Surratt at all, there seemed so little evidence. Now vehement protests burst out. But a deal for the woman was in the

works. The tribunal would show that no one gets away with killing a President or thwarting Reconstruction but would forward a petition for mercy to President Johnson.

The President said he never got it. Mrs. Surratt's daughter Anna, pleading for her mother's life, was rebuffed at the White House the morning of July seventh. Unbelievably, the executions were set for that day, one day after sentencing. Andrew Johnson signed the order at 10:30 A.M. And the traps fell at 1:26 P.M. Atzerodt whimpered and cried to the end. Herold stood mute. Paine joked with guards, seized a straw hat and put it on. He proclaimed Mrs. Surratt's innocence, then said his last words, "You know best," to his hangman, who'd assured him he'd try to make it painless. (As it was, Paine slowly strangled, his huge neck refusing to break.)

It was over for them, mostly over for the Government.

It could leisurely pursue John Surratt—he'd not been lured by his mother's plight—to England, to the Vatican (where he had enlisted as a papal Zouave guard), to Egypt, and eventually bring him back in 1867 to be tried by another phoned-up court and, miraculously, released after a jury failed to reach a verdict.

Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin and Spangler, in a final twist by Stanton, were diverted from the prison in Albany, New York, to the pestilential silence of America's own Devil's Island, at Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas. O'Laughlin died there of yellow fever in 1867. Mudd fought it as a physician and won. He, Arnold and Spangler were pardoned in 1869 by Johnson. Booth's body rotted until it was exhumed in 1869, identified again (or not) and reburied in the family plot in Baltimore.

Those are the facts as a consensus of Lincoln scholars sees them. But, like Booth's body, the questions will not stay buried.

Here are the most puzzling queries—so reminiscent of the Kennedys, of King—hovering over Lincoln's assassination. They emerge from the myriad accounts of the murder, including the latest: Weichmann's memoir, an alleged hypnotic reincarnation of Booth and the discovery of a code charging that Stanton was Lincoln's Judas and Booth his Brutus.

The first question must be, Were Booth's conspirators acting independently of others who might want the Administration beheaded? Any answer lies in Booth's possible motivation. We've seen his egocentricity. "I must have fame," he said as a boy. And he told Captain Jett, before revealing (if it were needed) that he was Booth, "It was done for notoriety." But can this Oswaldian rationale be all? His voice, hence career, was failing in 1865, but a frustrated lust for fame and

a failing voice might not have been sufficient impulse for assassination. Freudians speculate that Presidential assassins—and Booth, we recall, *was* our first—may kill to rid the nation of the “bad father” who had promised them much, delivered little and punished severely. It could be that Booth’s father, with his fame, with his long absences, was the progenitor of Wilkes’s hate (the flip side of the love denied). Yet how can anyone prove that?

It is simpler, maybe more accurate, to ascribe his acts to Confederate patriotism.

In January 1865, Booth left a letter with his well-loved sister Asia and her stage-comedian husband, John Sleeper Clarke. It outlined kidnap plots and sweetly proclaimed his love for the “old flag,” now besmirched under Lincoln. He signed it “A Confederate doing his duty upon his own responsibility.” Along with getting Clarke jailed for a while, this letter could be Booth’s honest declaration of his motives. Except . . . except that in Booth’s trunk, the police found a Confederate secret cipher and other documents, including letters, that may well have been in code. Paine, when caught, was carrying a pocket dictionary. He seemed no intellectual, but Noah Webster was often used as a code book. And throughout the investigation of the conspiracy, letters and pamphlets surfaced that kept mentioning oil, cotton, horses. Union intelligence officers knew these as Confederate underground code words, and so they wondered. They mused, too, over Booth’s frequent writings to and about his “mother,” even his dying words could have been code.

Then there were Booth’s several trips to Canada, where resided a mysterious “Jenny,” never explained and so a possible spy contact. There were coincidences such as when the rebel raiders struck New York just after Booth had visited their chief city of Montreal and while he himself was in New York playing in *Julius Caesar*. In his escape from Washington, Booth had the aid of men who were part of the underground conduit. His most able fellow plotter was John Surratt, a professional spy.

Further, where did Booth get the money to support the conspiracy (a question asked of many American assassins; notably, James Earl Ray)? In late 1864 and early 1865, his performances were few. He had had money before, as much as \$20,000 a year, but his expenses were high. He sought to sell some oil shares (oil, again), in June 1864, but that venture was fruitless. What about the infamous Confederate operatives such as Messrs. Howell and Ficklin, who dealt in “oil” and “cotton” and at least one of whom had visited Mrs. Surratt’s? It could have been that Booth was a fully certified spy, working under a perfect cover as a loudmouthed, hard-drinking, flirtatious tragedian, whose

profession gave him free access to theaters and agents both North and South.

But even if Booth were a spy, there is no evidence that he was *directed* to kill Lincoln. In fact, all the physical evidence, however contradictory in other ways, suggests he decided on it independently. And *that* suggests he was either a damned poor spy or none at all. We have our choice of motives: vanity or patriotism or congenital madness (his eccentric father, named after the heroic foe of Rome’s Tarquin tyrants, was called Mad Booth—and when Wilkes was accused of Lincoln’s assassination, an actor friend said he wasn’t surprised, “all the goddamn Booths are crazy”), or as a professional hit man or, most improbably, as an avenger. That last comes from the tale that Lincoln’s assassination avenged the hanging of John Yates Beall, a Confederate officer executed for an attack in multi on a Union prisoner train near Buffalo. The story goes that Booth and Beall were school friends, had reunited in Canada and that when Beall was sentenced, Booth went to Washington to implore Lincoln to spare him. On his knees, he begged Lincoln and won his friend’s pardon, or so he thought. When Beall died anyway, Booth resolved to kill Lincoln. Unfortunately, it seems that a scandal magazine invented this motivation.

Similarly, nothing links the assassination directly with the Confederate Government. Though it is a point of law that *not* doing something to prevent the killing can be construed as conspiracy (as with current suspicions in the Kennedy killings), that seems tenuous, since Davis repeatedly repudiated the act, not to mention serving time for it. The Confederates may have known about the attempts (from Surratt, their courier?), even have wished it well, but they may also have wished it would go away, especially since there was a bona fide Confederate plan—remarkably similar to Booth’s—to kidnap Lincoln in 1864 with which Booth’s stay enterprise could have interfered. So no one can show that Davis and his Cabinet ordered Lincoln dead. Indeed, they lamented as the full list of Stantonian Reconstruction fell on the South. They knew the basic rule of assassination between countries has, since the Greeks, been that the weaker does not assassinate the stronger (a point to consider when speculating that Castro ordered J.F.K. eliminated). Reconstruction was an example. The South did not benefit from Lincoln’s death.

Who might have benefited, then?

Some believe Lincoln died in a Roman Catholic conspiracy. It’s fact that Booth and Arnold were schooled by Catholics (not unusual in Maryland) and that John Surratt, Mrs. Surratt and Mudd were devout Catholics (as was Weichmann, a schoolmate of Surratt’s in a Catholic seminary). When Surratt slipped off to

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Canada, he found refuge with Canadian priests and he later found employment in the Vatican. Also, Mrs. Surratt's confessor in her death cell was ordered by his archbishop never to reveal what she had told him—an extraordinary measure, considering the traditional confidentiality of the confession. Consider that many priests denounced Lincoln's nonsectarian deism and that the Church tolerated the Confederacy. But nowhere in these coincidences is proof of a Catholic plot except in American minds still steeped in Plymouth Colony bigotry. The Roman Catholics could not gain by Lincoln's death.

Equally likely, and more racy, are the accusations that Mary Todd Lincoln connived in the murder of her husband. Mary was vain, extravagant, jealous, bossy and she had one brother, three half-brothers and three brothers-in-law serving the Confederates, one of whom—David Todd—brutalized Yankee prisoners at Richmond. It's true that by 1865 she owed \$27,000 in clothing bills, which could make her vulnerable to blackmail. It's true that people who hated her called her "two thirds proslavery and the rest scesesh" and whispered that she was a spy for the rebels. It's rumored that while in the White House, watching a son die and a husband age, she had two love affairs, including one with a gardener. And, most damning, it's true that it was Mary Todd Lincoln who requested that John F. Parker be exempted from the draft and assigned to the White House detail as the President's bodyguard. Parker, who stood cheek to jowl with Booth at Tal-tavul's saloon the night of April 14, leaving the President unguarded. Strangely, though, he escaped reprimand from Stanton for his negligence; perhaps he redeemed himself with his arrest of a wandering whore the next morning. But even accepting half the rumors about Mary, including an inexplicable fondness for Parker, we cannot maintain with objective evidence that she betrayed Lincoln. On the contrary, there is much to prove she loved him deeply. Until she died, half-mad in Springfield in 1882, she did nothing that supported her accusers' case; in fact, she continually accused Parker of treachery. Nor has any credible evidence since come to light to make her Lincoln's Clytemnestra.

Certainly more plausible is the case against Andrew Johnson. Orchestrated by Stanton and the Radicals, the seditious noise started before the funeral cortege deposited Lincoln's body in Springfield. The abolitionists, at first satisfied with Johnson's anti-South tirades and the Surratt execution, soon saw that this tailor from Tennessee was not going to impose Stanton's military dictatorship, or hang more rebels, but instead would be lenient and implement the ignorant Illinoisan's policies. They claimed that Johnson had benefited *most* from the assassination. Exhibit A was Booth's calling card,

It still is. Why had Booth left it? It may have been for Johnson's secretary, whom Booth knew and could use for information. Perhaps he hoped for a pass through the Washington pickets (but why, if he were a spy?—it's said he had a forgery in Grant's name). Was Booth renewing an old acquaintanceship made in Nashville, where rumor once had Booth and Johnson keeping sisters as mistresses (if so, why)? Could Booth have wanted to implicate Johnson and thus cripple the new Presidency (but why, if Atzerodt was to kill Johnson)? Was the card a lure to get him out where he could be killed? It could even be that Atzerodt was an unwitting decoy (assigned by whom?) who would simultaneously throw off pursuers and implicate Johnson. We have no answers.

In any event, Stanton's party assailed the new President. It said his drunkenness at the Second Inauguration was to steel himself for the murder or kidnaping he expected that day. It claimed that Booth's card was a signal of intent, that Johnson's brief appearance at Lincoln's deathbed convicted him of heartlessness, that his alleged drunkenness the next morning, his appearance, suggested he had palavered that night with the killers. Harnessed to Johnson's avowed Presidential ambitions, this was powerful, circumstantial stuff. Stories were offered that Johnson was not in his room on the 14th (because, presumably, he had a hand in killing Lincoln). That Stanton had confided after the shooting that he thought Johnson was party to it. That Mrs. Surratt had perished to protect Johnson, who'd ignored her petition for mercy. When Johnson escaped conviction after impeachment, every abolitionist weapon had been used against him. But there was not then, nor is there now, proof that the 17th President plotted to kill the 16th. Rather, Johnson tried to continue Lincoln's policies and even kept Stanton until 1867, when he finally fired his dour Secretary and bitter enemy.

In Lincoln's time, these theories—Booth as rebel spy, a Catholic conspiracy, Mary did it and Johnson did it—enlisted great support. They flourished in the climate of uncertainty and in the mad distress generated by a fratricidal war. Today, we have similar weather, compounded of assassination, Vietnam and Watergate, in which, because so many things have happened, we assume anything could be, however cloudy. Yet history may tell us, as it has told Lincoln scholars, that such contemporary theories are quaint paranoias, nurtured in vapors soon to dissipate. In Lincoln's case, there is just one stubborn, weighty storm front; it hovers around Edwin Stanton and calls him a murderer.

The circumstantial evidence suggesting that Stanton betrayed Lincoln ranges from absurd to credible. The recent hypnotic reincarnation of Booth exemplifies the silly anti-Stanton stuff. Out of the

mouth of a farm boy named Wesley (a sort of bucolic Bridey Murphy) comes Booth to say Stanton was a secret member of the Knights of the Golden Circle—that rocoo bunch of scesesh gallants who took their name from a circle centered in Havana, which Caribbean port was to anchor a vast slave empire including the American South, Central America and, presumably, the Sargasso Sea. As such, Stanton directed the Circle's plot against Lincoln—even arranging for a stand-in for Booth at Garrett's farm and the subsequent successful escape of the actor to England, where he lived for years before dying, lonely, in Calais, France. Wesley doesn't vouchsafe precisely how all this was accomplished, nor does he seem to realize that such murder-and-escape stories are mythic and go back at least to Cain. Nevertheless, the case against Stanton is reasonable.

First, he was an unlovable man, whose behavior as Buchanan's Attorney General and Lincoln's War Secretary caused Gideon Welles (Secretary of the Navy) to record: "He has cunning and skill, dissembles his feelings . . . is a hypocrite." Welles did not add, though he might have, that Stanton also was peculiar in some ways. He once dug up the body of a favorite servant girl to look on her again. He exhumed his daughter's body and kept it, suitably contained in metal, in his room for a year, the better to mourn. When his wife died, he dressed her for burial in clothes like those she'd been married in. He slept with her nightgown and cap beside him. Coupled with boundless ambition, such necrophilia could produce a dangerous Secretary of War.

Certainly, there is little doubt that Stanton wanted to succeed Lincoln either electorally or as the South's military dictator. He had three major obstacles: the war, Lincoln and Johnson. The war he prolonged, then won. His accusers say he felt threatened, though, by Lincoln's growing popularity, and so he decided to strike by assassination—if not directly, then by *allowing* it to happen. God knew, he had warned Lincoln often enough. *Cui bono?* the accusers ask. Well, the Government's most powerful officers were Lincoln, Johnson, Seward, Stanton. The first three were targets and Stanton's rivals for power, and although Stanton's defenders strain to establish that desperadoes went to the Secretary's door that night, the evidence is otherwise. Only Stanton and a servant proclaimed that shadowy figures lurked on the steps, seemed to be pulling at the Secretary's broken doorbell—a mechanical failure that saved Stanton, it was said. The men who brought word of Booth's shot to Stanton's house said the doorbell worked just fine. Why would Stanton want to establish that he, too, was a target? Why did the conspirators miss him, while getting to Lincoln and Seward?

Perhaps they thought Stanton was too

well protected. But they could have seen otherwise. If, indeed, O'Laughlin had, as the Government said, scouted Grant on the 13th (and found him well protected), someone could also have found that Stanton was unprotected. He was conscious of security, certainly. He did tell Grant not to go to *Our American Cousin*, and the Grants promptly left town "to see their children," one of whom was in Washington. He told Lincoln that Major Eckert could not accompany the President as bodyguard. The questions come: Could Stanton have been protecting men he wanted to live and was he safe himself because he was a plotter? Did Grant leave town because Stanton knew something was up for Lincoln?

Stanton *did* know it, too. Weichmann's report, received at least a month before the assassination, specified that men gathering at Mrs. Surratt's were plotting against Lincoln. All such threats were reported to the War Department and presumably then to Stanton. Did he regard that one as routine because there had been so many? If so, why had Mrs. Surratt's—according to War Department records—been under surveillance for a month before the killing? Was the failure to act the mistake of a clumsy bureaucracy or part of a plan?

If planned, Stanton's April 14th refusal of Eckert as Lincoln's bodyguard makes sense. Stanton told the President the redoubtable major had urgent business. That night, Stanton ate supper, visited the bedfast Seward and went home. Eckert just went home. They may merely have been avoiding a tedious evening, yet the suspicion grows. Feeding it are the many statements from other officials, such as Provost Marshals David Dana and Ward Lamon, that they believed someone high up knew of the coming assassination attempt. Yet that, too, may well be hindsight—particularly if Booth's diary is to be believed and he didn't decide to kill Lincoln until the 12th or so (more perplexing, the diary entries were made *after* the killing, while Booth was fleeing). And the fact remains—Lincoln was unguarded except by the dandy Major Rathbone. His bodyguard was drinking. His valet, Charles Forbes, may have been in the box—authorities disagree—but whatever, he was scarcely suited for dealing with homicidal, gymnastic actors.

Return, then, to the diary. That should establish whether Booth acted alone. The trouble is, it was delivered to Stanton alone, by Lafayette Baker, right after it was taken from Booth's body. Only one journalist in 1865 even mentioned its existence. It was not offered in evidence at the tribunal's show trial! It just vanished from the War Department files and didn't reappear until John Surratt's trial in 1867, at the insistence of his attorneys. It was discovered then that 18 pages were missing, cut out of the section covering the days

immediately preceding the assassination. Booth's diary was like Nixon's tapes.

Consider, also, the peculiarities of Booth's escape. Why was the most logical escape route left unguarded and open, while the Northern roads were quickly blocked? Did Stanton want Booth to escape? Had he provided the conspirators with the password to get over the Navy Yard Bridge? The Southern route *was* open and the pursuit down it was handicapped by conflicting orders from the War Department (Major O'Beirne's detachment was within a few miles of Booth on the 23rd, when it was recalled). However, it's equally true that Atzerodt went North and made it through the check points.

Anyway, why would Stanton have wanted Booth to escape? So his men could catch him, after being tipped off? How did the Cavalry find Jett so quickly? Was Baker's "deduction" about Garrett's flimflam? Stanton did bless Boston Corbett as a "patriot" and let him go, despite orders that Booth was to be taken alive and that anyone who shot the actor would

be severely punished. But maybe Stanton's deep religiosity welled up for Corbett. Maybe Stanton's cool reaction to Booth's death was not relief but pain. Perhaps, as many think, Booth made good his pledge not to be taken alive. The position of his death wound, the supposedly small caliber of the slug indicated a pistol—not Corbett's carbine—and so Wilkes may have made his own exit while Corbett grabbed for glory.

Did the disrupted telegraphy service on the 14th bear on Stanton's implied complicity? His accusers say it was his intention to create the impression of a large-scale Confederate operation, thus to create panic in which he could usurp power. Perhaps he didn't want rumors to spread before fact did. If so, the rebutters ask, how come some Northern communities broke the news of Lincoln's assassination the afternoon of the 14th *before* it had happened? Unless mental telepathy was at work, someone else was. Did Stanton's people err and let slip what was coming? Did the reports come from the Confederate underground? The Golden



Circle? The local priest? We don't know, and never will, it seems.

Even Booth's body assails Stanton. To this day, legends persist that it was not Booth shot in the barn, not his body Stanton buried. Wesley, the hypnotized farm hand, says Wilkes rests in Calais. Some think Booth's body was lost on the way to Washington. In 1870, a man calling himself John St. Helen claimed to be Booth (he accused Andy Johnson), and in 1903, when a man called David E. George died in Enid, Oklahoma, it was said that St. Helen and George were the same man and both were Booth. The body was embalmed and shown for decades at carnivals. Several Confederate soldiers said Booth had escaped, contacted them and died in Texas, California, Mexico, Virginia . . . and so on. Distant relatives and self-styled "grandchildren" have asserted Booth survived. O'Beirne reportedly said he knew that three men were in the barn and one had gotten away. Hadn't "Booth" looked surprised when his name was called? Hadn't Herold said at first it wasn't Booth with him? Again, these are usual hallucinations after soul-rattling killings. The trouble is, such questions ignore ones closer to Stanton. For example, why didn't Wilkes's brother Junius Brutus, Jr., identify the body, since he was so handy to the monitor, being in the Old Capitol Prison under suspicion? Why was Booth identified by

comparative strangers? Why did Dr. May, who did the autopsy of Booth, first say it looked nothing like him, then identify him by a scar on his neck? Why, then, did the Surgeon General obliterate the scar by removing some of Booth's vertebrae (in still another eerie resemblance, critics of the Warren Report say the Kennedy autopsy reports are irregular, contradictory, even falsified)? What happened to the lady admirer who is said to have bribed her way onto the monitor and snipped a lock of Booth's hair, only to discover the hair was auburn while Booth's was raven black? Why was there controversy over his identity in 1869, when the body was exhumed and shown to the *family*? Well, legends die hard, and John Wilkes Booth is one of them. Inquiries over his death were complicated by Stanton's desire for secrecy, by the surreptitious burial to prevent hero worship—an act that in itself is part of a cover-up, Stanton's adversaries insist.

With Booth and his testimony secretly interred, the matter of truth was left to people like Weichmann. His memoir—written in the 1890s and drawing heavily on contemporary histories—insists on the guilt of Surratt, Mrs. Surratt, Booth and all the rest. As for Stanton, he calls him "the man of iron and blood" (appropriate in those Bismarckian days), remarks on his kind heart and nobility. Of his

posttrial experience, Weichmann writes: "When the ordeal was over, Edwin M. Stanton, who had sternly called me to account, became my friend and protector, and was only too glad to accord me the justice which I had won by my conduct. . . ." One is tempted to ask, What conduct? except as an informer who knew Booth and his anti-Lincoln crowd and who reported them before Stanton's boss was killed. What other secrets might Weichmann have? And if the Government's case rested on stooges, isn't it odd that Stanton did not summon as witnesses or defendants the several other people who assisted Booth: Matthews, Chester, Jones, Cox, odd people like an Anna Ward, whom Weichmann reported as very suspicious in her dealings with Booth? Why not question Booth's mistresses, correspondents, business associates?

Possibly Stanton was acting legally (though he violated judicial procedures with his investigation and trial), punishing only those he could prove were involved. His police brought in buggiesloads of suspected conspirators, but they were released with the Nixonian fiat that further investigation "was not compatible with the public interest." That only led skeptics to more questions.

Was there another conspirator shadowing Grant? Booth couldn't shoot both Grant and Lincoln with a single-shot derringer. In fact, had Grant and his military escort attended the theater, Booth would have had a hard time getting to the President.

Why had Stanton not followed up his department's immediate leads—its foreknowledge of the Surratts, the report of Booth and Herold's flight South? Surrattsville was South. But they didn't make arrests there until Monday.

Why was there no sustained pursuit of John Surratt? Stanton knew where he was, could have had him arrested in Liverpool just after his escape from Canada. Yet Stanton revoked the reward for him. Was the Secretary trying to cool the situation or was he afraid? It turned out that Surratt said nothing about Lincoln's assassination when finally tried. Why?

Could other witnesses establish a tie between Stanton and Booth? They could have met at the Second Inaugural ball, since Booth was there with his Senator's daughter and Stanton had been invited.

Why was Edwin's photo, not Wilkes's, shown to witnesses? Whatever the reason, it confused eyewitness identifications of Booth, inducing even more skepticism about eyewitness testimony, if that were possible. Why did witnesses Rathbone and Harris change their testimony between April 15 and May 10 to exclude a statement that someone had called at the Presidential box less than an hour before the killing with a message for the President? If this were so, why wasn't Parker's absence noted then? Or was the message a



Booth

"The boys located a short in your high-voltage wire, Mr. Bates."

signal to Parker that someone waited outside?

Why did the depositions of key witnesses disappear, such as Lafayette Baker's? Why did Stanton's prosecutors feel compelled to manufacture evidence to convict the captured conspirators?

All interesting questions, but probably unanswerable. Even if Stanton did conceal the truth, those who survived could have uncovered it later. None did. Unless we can accept as true a recent flare from the banked fires of this mystery.

In 1957, a Mr. Ray Neff discovered what seems to be a code inserted by Lafayette C. Baker in a bound volume of *Colburn's United Service Magazine* for late 1864. In this British military journal, Neff supposedly deciphered a message dated February 5, 1868, saying that Stanton was Lincoln's Judas and that he, Baker, was in danger from Judas' agents. It went on to say Booth committed the deed as Brutus, with Judas' aid. A second message was also deciphered that said that "Ecert [Eckert] had made all the contacts, the deed to be done on the 14th. I did not know the identity of the assassin, but I knew most all else when I approached E. S. about it." The remainder laid the murder on Stanton, the motivation being Lincoln's decision of April 13 to allow the Virginia legislature to be rescued to decide on again joining the Union. The plot, according to this code, involved more than 50 people, including businessmen who wished to profit from the South's dismemberment, Army and Navy officers, a governor and "at least 11 Members of Congress."

This cipher has never been discredited. It was a common Civil War code. Its messages jibe with Booth's initial claim of the size of the plot (even with Wesley's hypnotic remouthing of them). The motive is plausible. Booth's politics were well known. He could have been used by *sub rosa* conspirators capitalizing on his sense of "honor." Baker's signature following the magazine ciphers is certified genuine. Such a plot would explain the cover-up and the subsequent attempts on Baker's life—which culminated in 1868 with death from what resembled arsenic poisoning. But it would not explain how such a far-flung conspiracy failed exposure in the years following.

Indeed, in all the years, we are left with the questions. Some silly, some pertinent, all unsettling. As of today, we must be content with what we know and not trust too much what we suspect. Yes, Lincoln may have been Stanton's pigeon, or some other group's, or it could have been as the Government said—Booth and his un merry men. All we know with certainty is that in Booth's character, in the questionable aspects of the assassination, we find the lineaments of all our political killings since. To understand that, we



must leave these characters as fate did—mute and historical.

Weichmann stood on his testimony until his death in 1902, though he suffered nervousness and harassment until the end.

John Surratt, after his trial, worked as an auditor in Baltimore. He revealed nothing new about the assassination up to his death in 1916 of natural causes.

Edwin M. Stanton died in 1869, his personal ambitions unfulfilled. His abolitionism won, however. Its morality triumphed, though it spawned strong reactions that have swum upstream to us. The cause of his death was debated. Some vowed he slit his throat, others that he passed naturally.

John Lloyd died an alcoholic, saying he'd testified against the conspirators on pain of death.

Dr. Mudd lived honorably until 1882. The fight to clear his name goes on today.

Edward Spangler, sick with t.b. from the Dry Tortugas, was sheltered by Mudd until his death in 1875.

Sam Arnold died in 1906. Mudd, Arnold said before dying, told him he had no connection with Booth's conspiracy.

William Seward lived until 1872 as a grand old statesman.

Jefferson Davis was released from prison in 1868, went off to Europe, returned to the United States and died in 1889.

The men who turned Anna Surratt away from Andrew Johnson's door both committed suicide soon after the executions.

Major Rathbone married Miss Harris, moved to Germany, became mad and murdered his wife. He died in a lunatic asylum.

Willie Jett became a traveling salesman. He died of syphilis.

Boston Corbett, the religious fanatic

who had castrated himself the better to resist sin, wandered awhile, became a doorman for the Kansas legislature and one day fired two pistols into the crowded chamber. He was put into an asylum, escaped and vanished—some say to peddle patent medicine.

Thomas Eckert became an industrial magnate in the telegraph business and later a judge in Texas. He died in 1910.

Edwin Booth paid Garrett for his burned-down barn and continued as America's greatest actor. He and all his family suffered ignominy because of John Wilkes, whom Edwin called "a rattled fellow." Edwin died in 1893, ending the era of the Booths.

Abraham Lincoln was buried in Springfield after the greatest mourning our nation had seen. His body was the object of another planned kidnaping in 1876—to be held for ransom—but the plot was discovered and the perpetrators imprisoned. The \$75 coffin was buried under steel and concrete in 1901. That year it was opened for the last time. Lincoln seemed to have changed very little in appearance.

What had changed was America. We had murdered our first President. As the *Illinois State Register* said on April 15, "The effect of this terrible blow cannot now be estimated." It was easy enough to yoke the South in recompense for Booth's act. It was less easy to regain our innocence. In the years that followed, we found it was lost forever in the mystery of ourselves. We can say that our first assassination was the hardest. After Lincoln, we knew how.

*This is the first in a series of articles on political assassination in America.*



## IT HELPS ME RELAX *(continued from page 166)*

been in the corners of Baby Joe Gans, Kid Chocolate, Henry Armstrong, Joe Louis, knew the habits of Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Jack Dempsey, Harry Wills, had been an Olympic boxing coach and had come to camp for my 1970 fight with Ellis. I was amazed at his detailed knowledge of every aspect of a fighter's life.

"On sex activities for fighters," Wiley admitted, "I'm of the old school. You find most prize fighters have enormous sex drives. I've seen the time when you had to feed some of them saltpeter to keep them cooled off. They build up this tremendous store of vitality and drive, and just a few rounds in the ring is not enough release."

"How about Liston?" someone asked. "How was he?"

"One of the worst," Wiley said. "Liston used to take his sex drive out on opponents. I heard they told Liston that Lena Horne would see him if he whipped Patterson, that the only thing standing between him and Lena was Floyd. He slaughtered Patterson in the first round in both fights. Patterson was lucky he came out alive. They used to tease Liston, telling him a beautiful woman was out there waiting for him, but if he didn't knock his opponent out by the third, she wouldn't see him. Then they'd set a woman at ringside, and at the end of the second round, she'd get up and walk down the aisle and they'd whisper to Liston, 'Well, there you go. You lost your chance.' Liston would hurry to get the fight over."

"I heard you had trouble with Sugar Ray," one reporter said.

"Don't believe it. At his peak, Sugar Ray was the best-disciplined fighter in the trade. He valued his looks too much to take a chance on getting hurt in the ring. When it came time for him to stop, his will power was like iron. He could sleep next to Venus without touching her. But some of my others . . ." Wiley groaned. "Uncontrollable."

"Kid Chocolate?" someone asked.

"Kid Chocolate was bad, an awful hound. Joe Gans was, too. But the worst I ever had was Henry Armstrong. How he ever won and held three world titles with all the women he went through. . . ." Wiley shook his head. "A glutton. Almost as bad as Sonny Liston. I blame a big part of Joe Louis' decline on his getting too much.

"The only fighter I ever saw just the opposite was light heavy champion John Henry Lewis. I remember John Henry Lewis' manager, Gus Greenlee, calling me in, telling me how upset he was over Lewis' listlessness, his unresponsiveness. I took Lewis aside, asked him when was the last time he'd had a woman.

"Over a year," he said.

"I screamed to Gus, 'Listen, this guy's got to get laid!'"

"Then we got a woman. Like good

medicine, he got better. Of course, Lewis was unusual like that." Wiley turned to Pacheco [Ali's ringside doctor], who has known me ever since I first came to Miami. "You heard of any like that, Doc?"

Pacheco laughed. "The closest I could come to that was Muhammad Ali in those days when he was Cassius Clay. His Louisville sponsors had him staying at a hotel on Second Avenue, a hotel loaded with pimps, hustlers and prostitutes going after him every day. They'd come up to him, asking, 'What you want, kid? You want a broad or a sissy? Let me get you somebody. Whatever you need, we got.' And he'd turn 'em down stone-cold, not even a bit of interest. Even when they tried to trick him to take a picture with his arms around a broad, he'd jump away as if they'd asked him to pose next to Hitler." He shook his head as if those days were long gone. "In fact, it got so bad around Second Avenue that for years hustlers thought he was a funny.

"You know, I think this guy may be a little queer," one hustler told me. 'Maybe he don't know it yet, but I think we could turn this guy.' He winked. 'Man,' I told him, as I knew this hustler—he had come to my office many times to get a shot or a prescription—'man, leave the new kid alone, for Christ's sake.'

"But the guy won't do a thing with women,' the hustler tells me. 'This guy got to be funny.'

"Ali's not like John Henry Lewis, but in those days he had only one thing in mind—winning the championship. That's why the gamblers bet on young Cassius. I knew the best gambler in Tampa, and I wish I'd taken his advice. When he first sized up Cassius, he came and told me, 'There's a kid just come down here named Cassius Clay. If you bet on him every time he fights, you'll be a rich man, 'cause he won't lose a single fight. I believe his thing is sexual control. And he's got it.'

"In those days, Sonny Liston was considered the coming power, Floyd Patterson had the title, but the gambler told me this kid would go through Floyd and Liston and he'd go through every heavy-weight up there or who was coming up. He'd never lose a fight. 'I tell you, I go by his sex control,' the gambler said. 'I believe in it. Any kid who can control his sex can win the title. I believe it. If you double on everything, you'll win on Cassius and you'll come home rich.'

"I wish I had listened to that guy. There was a headwaiter at a big hotel in Los Angeles who did just that. He started out with a hundred-dollar bet on Cassius. Then he doubled the winnings every fight. Soon he had enough to buy himself a Cadillac convertible and his wife a Mercedes-Benz, and all that before Cassius fought Liston.

"After the Liston fight, I saw him and I said, 'You must have really gotten well

with Sonny Liston's fight.' He just smiled and said, 'Man, don't even talk about it. I don't think I'll work for the rest of my life.' He said that discipline and self-control was the thing that would make Cassius a champion. It's the discipline and self-control that makes it—"

"I don't agree with that at all," Bundini [Drew Brown, assistant trainer, Ali's corner man] cut in. He had been sitting silent all the time and listening to the trainers. "It's not that at all. It's freakishness that makes a champion."

They all turned and looked at him as he sat there with his bleary eyes and baby face, the only thing innocent about him; otherwise, he's the most thoroughly profane person I've ever met, inside boxing circles and out.

"Every champion I've ever known is a freak," Bundini said as though he was the undisputed authority. Then he named the great fighters he had been associated with, names I won't mention only because they would be shocked to be defined like this. "Freakishness crawls out of their little finger. It's in all their bones and down to the tip of their toes. They can't help it. That's the thing that makes a champion. Now, you take Mel Turnbow over there." He pointed to Turnbow, one of the strongest fighters in the ring but one who always had trouble keeping himself from being knocked out.

Turnbow, a 6'6" giant from Ohio, heard Bundini and came over with his odd walk and his pants that always seem too tight and never quite long enough for his legs.

Bundini frowned. "You're built too strange to be wearing store-bought clothes. You ought to have your clothes tailor-made. Ain't no store-bought clothes in the world that'll fit your ass and size."

"I buy 'em off the rack, just like you do," Turnbow retorted.

"That's why you look so peculiar," Bundini said. "It's a good thing you're a prize fighter and you're strong. The way those pants make your ass jog—God! Let's hope you never get put in jail—all that round-eye goin' to waste, you turn even me into a sodomite."

Turnbow stood up defensively, as though Bundini was really prepared to rape him.

"What I was going to say," Bundini went on, "is that even with all those muscles and power, long arms, the thing that's missing from Turnbow is he's not a freak. There's not a freakish bone in his body." He shook his head sadly, as though he was giving a profound opinion.

When Wiley wanted to read opinions on the subject from scientists, he was shown the response from Dr. Warren R. Guild of Harvard Medical School, who had done extensive research on the effect of physical intercourse on athletes. Dr. Guild wrote: "If I were Muhammad Ali's physician (which obviously I am not), I not only would not discourage him about





*Buck Brown*

*"If you think you're lonely, put yourself  
in my place. Here's the key."*

sex, I would be on the positive side, definitely recommend and encourage him to have intercourse with his wife a night or two before the bout to ensure better sleep and have increased vigor for the competition. The above response is a summary of our studies on this subject, the details of which I will not go into, as they are too complicated. Physical intercourse." Dr. Guild concluded, "does not in any way sap one's strength or make one weak."

Then a reporter told Wiley that Masters and Johnson and psychologist William Harper supported Dr. Guild's thesis.

The old trainer, who had eaten, slept and worked in the corners of the greatest fighters for two generations, sat thoughtfully for a while, said he was reanalyzing the case of Baby Joe Gans, of the Armstrongs, the Langfords, the Harry Willises, and finally concluded, "I don't believe the doctors understand what builds up inside a fighter. A little piece to an average athlete is all right, but prize fighters don't play around with small-size pieces. They never researched real prize fighters. I have."

Angelo Dundee [Ali's chief trainer] nodded in agreement. "Without it a fighter

gets mean, angry, willing, anxious to fight. With it he purrs like a pussycat. It's psychological, maybe, more than physical. You keep a fighter away from women, keep him in camp pounding bags, punching fighters day in and day out, and when he gets in the ring, he's ready to take it all out on his opponent.

"Who wants to fight after good loving? All wars are brought about by leaders who never had good loving. Take Hitler, Mussolini, Napoleon. How about all those war hawks? Those who fuck well want to be peaceful. We can't have prize fighters like that.

"A fighter who has sex regular, the way these doctors talk, would be a placid, easy-going pussycat with no drive, no resentment, no anger. The doctors don't know the fight game."

Now that I am near the end of my career, the controversy rages on just as it did when I stepped into the ring at the age of 12. The only difference being, now when I climb the steps for the fight, I hope the scientists know what they're talking about.



## FAILURE

(continued from page 136)

the Presidency is now an appointive office—the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions has failed. I used to get a futurist magazine called *Fields Within Fields*. Last year, I got a letter: *Fields Within Fields* has temporarily suspended publication. Even the future's a turkey! Remember the old joke about how tomorrow has been canceled due to lack of interest?

One of the underlying reasons for the success of failure is that we no longer worship the Bitch Goddess Success as William James told H. G. Wells we did. James was right—we truly did make a religion of success, complete with saints and a liturgy. Exposure to the liturgy began in grade school with *McGuffey's Eclectic Reader*, full of hymns like:

*Once or twice, though you should fail,  
Try, try again;  
If you would at last prevail,  
Try, try again;  
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,  
Though we may not win the race;  
What should you do in that case?*

(Three guesses.)

Elementary school kids today aren't exposed to that kind of reading matter—they're all in the bathroom pawing through *Show Me!* But back before the liturgy of success fell into disuse, the next step after McGuffey was Horatio Alger. Alger churned out novels for what the book trade would today call young adults. His typical hero is a "street boy" between the ages of 12 and 18, son and sole supporter of a widowed mother. Forced to scuffle for his living on the sidewalks of Manhattan, he is without hope of advancement. His virtuousness and hard work are rewarded by a chance encounter with a benevolent businessman who offers him a job with a future. Alger's books used to be as popular as whacking off among teenage boys, who bought over 100,000,000 copies and took them seriously, believing that by "luck and pluck," any boy could get ahead.

Alger is read today only by writers researching the American way of failure for PLAYBOY. If a teacher ever caught a teenage boy reading *Ragged Dick*, he'd send him to Psychological Services for an electroencephalogram. ("The obvious castration anxiety implicit in the title of the book Christopher was found reading leads us to recommend that he be provided with psychiatric help immediately.") The holy of holies of the liturgy of success has become totally anachronistic. *Dan, the Newsboy* couldn't make it today, because he's been replaced by vending machines. A benevolent businessman doesn't have chance encounters with 12-to-18-year-old boys anymore for fear of being accused of pederasty. But say he wasn't worried



"Deck the halls with marijuana, Tra-la-la-la-la..."

that he'd have to buy back the Polaroids, that he did try to help the kid—who, incidentally, would most likely be black or Latin. He wouldn't offer him a job. He'd try to get the widowed mother on welfare. The child-labor laws wouldn't allow him to give a 12-year-old a job. Besides, if the kid had any brains, he'd be burning down apartment houses for insurance-hungry landlords. *Jerome, the Arsonist.*

When Dr. Benjamin Botkin, the folklorist, collected New York City children's chants for the WPA in 1938, one of the most popular was:

*Take a local,  
Take an express.  
Don't get off  
Till you reach success.*

I haven't seen that sentiment spray-painted on any subway cars lately. Kids are no longer exposed to the liturgy of success. Nobody tells them to try, try again. There is no Alger telling them to *Try and Trust* or *Do and Dare*. Kids are tantalized by images of success on TV, but the culture doesn't give them the slightest hint as to what qualities they ought to cultivate if they want to succeed. In the old days, there was always *The Saturday Evening Post*, which featured a column called "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." Then, a decade ago, the *Post* became the most hashed-over business failure in American history. Several writers had successful careers just writing about what went wrong.

It is not merely that the Faith has fallen on hard times. We are also being inundated with images of failure. Michael Corleone fails in *Godfather II*. We discover in *French Connection II* that Pop-eye Doyle became a cop because he was a failure in professional sports. Jack Nicholson has built a career on playing failures. America lines up to see Jack fail as a concert pianist, see Jack fail as a radio personality, see Jack fail as a private eye, see Jack fail as a TV reporter, see Jack fail as a wife murderer. At this very moment, half the population of Brentwood is simmering in Jacuzzi, trying new ways for Jack to fail on each other.

*Ragtime*, which tacitly proposes itself as the epic novel of American failure, comes along when we're clinging to the ledge and stamps on our knuckles. Thank you, E. L. Doctorow. *Nashville* tacitly proposes itself as the epic film of American failure. According to *The New York Review of Books*—and it ought to know—director Robert Altman is the *Zeitgeist*, "because he represents a certain failure of nerve." Cecil B. De Mille specialized in representing triumphal entries into temple cities; John Ford specialized in representing the awesome grandeur of the trek West; and Robert Altman specializes in representing a certain failure of nerve. And here's a coincidence—guess who's going to bring *Ragtime* to the big screen?

Ah, yes, you will say, we decadent

*cognoscenti* are being deluged with mythic images of failure. But the common folk—those who have fish decals on the backs of their cab-over campers, refer to beers as "cool ones" and dream in shades of avocado and mustard—surely these sturdy yeomen still cleave to success figures. Sure they do. Success figures like Evel Knievel. But as long as Evel succeeded at jumping his sickle over 100,000 midget gherkin jars or whatever, he was just another roadside attraction. What made him hotter than fresh goat shit was when he began totaling. His miscarriage at the Snake River in the fall of 1974 was the most extensively publicized, highest-grossing nullity in the history of mass culture. We've come a long way from the days of Charles Lindbergh and Babe Ruth in our search for popular heroes. The surest way to become a mobile-household word these days is to pick out an implausible feat that nobody has yet been so self-destructive as to attempt, come on as belligerent and cocky as possible, fail ignominiously and blame your detractors. Kids these days are "playing Evel Knievel," riding bikes off board ramps—probably the first time small children have played at being someone who cripples himself for money.

Failure fetishism is good mind-rotting fun, but isn't it time we stopped jerking off over the pornography of failure and got naked with the real thing? Rather than simultaneously denying and worshipping failure, wouldn't it be easier on our nerves to come to terms with it? To force ourselves to admit that failure isn't really all that bad—any more than it's all that good?

The first thing we've got to understand is that sometimes being a failure is preferable to being a success. We live in a world of beautiful losers. Whom would you rather be marooned with on a desert island—Orson Welles or Blake Edwards? In a society that makes a Ray Kroc a peer of the realm for gracing the landscape with 3186 golden arches, it shouldn't be surprising that the failures are more interesting than the successes.

Take the music business, for instance. When a record doesn't sell, it's called a stiff, as in corpse. As each new Elton John album ships molybdenum, the more I find myself becoming a connoisseur of stiffs. Wayne Cochran is a 6'3" singer/songwriter/bandleader with a prematurely platinum pompadour who will have to shuffle from one roadhouse to the next for the rest of his days because his album on Columbia stiffed. The next time his bus pulls into town, do yourself a mercy and discover that he is the most spectacular night-club performer of our time—an authentic religious experience for a two-drink minimum. You have my personal guarantee that your socks will roll up and down. But ozone can't be trapped in plastic, and Cochran ends up in the bins. Or take the New York Dolls, one of

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**THERE'S STILL TIME!**  
SEE PAGE 25.

the finest rock bands in this galaxy. A couple of years ago, the insiders were saying they were the Next Thing. Then they did something unforgivable—they stifled twice in a row. This is as unforgivable as not being able to get it up twice in a row. Tip-sheet hit pickers decide a record's fate by listening to it on the "little speaker"—just like a car radio, get it? If your music's too big to squeeze through the little speaker, it's Thin City. Not long ago, I saw the Dolls at The Sahara in Adams, Massachusetts. Let me tell you, the Fabulous Forum ringed with mounted police it wasn't. But the band was the answer to a teenager's prayer. As we were driving home, I said to my wife, "Ain't it a shame that the Dolls are a failure so we can see them up close in a place with good sound for three dollars? Too bad they're not a success so we'd have to *schlep* 200 miles to squint at them through binoculars from the second balcony of a hockey rink at \$50 a ticket for which we had to do a simultaneous suck and fuck on a scalper." By the standards of the music industry, these performers are failures. So? By my standards, the music industry is a failure.

Many of the images of creative failure are the results of inflated expectations. Take everybody's favorite failed playwright, Tennessee Williams. Every so often, Williams manages to scrape himself together enough to get another play produced. Invariably, it's a bomb. Last year's Williams entry was put out of its misery in Boston. Pore, pore Tennessee. Tahn has passed him bah.

Recently, I had the experience of seeing, over the course of a few months, four of Williams' choicest—the movie of *Suddenly, Last Summer*, the American Shakespeare Theater's Broadway production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, the movie of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and the Williams-town, Massachusetts, Theater Festival's *Summer and Smoke*. When the elevator descended in *Suddenly, Last Summer* as Katharine Hepburn *ex machina* delivered her opening speech, the normally blasé Williams College audience gasped and whewed so loudly I thought I'd faint from the carbon dioxide. The *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* audience clapped until its hands were swollen amid yells of "Author! Author!" The audience for *Streetcar* at the Music Inn in Lenox, Massachusetts, was the largest I'd seen there and it gave Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando the first standing ovation I've ever seen in a movie theater. As the curtain went up for *Summer and Smoke* to a packed house, there were, crowded around the guy with the waiting list, 50 people with looks on their faces like Vietnamese escapees at the Tan Son Nhut airport.

Williams' works still draw, still hit below the belt and, if anything, have improved with age. Meanwhile, their author has one lovely home in New Orleans, another in Key West, Tallulah Bankhead's

apartment in New York's East 50s, a shelf groaning with awards, \$750,000 in the bank and substantial royalties from the hundreds of productions of his classics that are mounted each year. Yet we are so afflicted with yes-but-what-have-you-done-for-us-latelyism that every time a visual of Tennessee Williams flashes across our consciousness, a subtitle appears that reads FAILURE. Williams himself is a prime exponent of his own loserhood, mind you. By him, not only has he not written anything worth while in 20 years but the stuff he did before that wasn't so hot, either. If there were any rationality to the American way of failure, a man like this—an artist who produced a body of work that stood the test of three decades, who is wealthy enough to live by clipping coupons, whose name is a household word throughout the civilized world—would be esteemed a paragon of success. His path would be strewn with rose petals. Young boys anointed with K-Y would be offered to him at every whistle stop. Instead, he is condescended to as a pathetic relic. The demand that artists churn out masterpieces at regular intervals until the day they croak or be chalked up as failures—thereby inhibiting their ability to churn out masterpieces—is so cruel and self-defeating that it sounds like something you'd find in a Tennessee Williams play.

The most important thing we must come to understand is that failure isn't there just to annoy us and keep us from appearing in a Dewar's ad. It serves a crucial cosmic purpose: the *elimination of everything that doesn't work*. Any individual, any group, any institution, any theory that cannot hold its own in the world fails. This can be a brutal process. But failure is the way the cookie crumbles. Rather than be depressed by it, we can come to take bitter comfort in the way failure operates. Adolf Hitler said, "Success is the sole earthly judge of right and wrong." He was right, and that's why he ended up the most notorious failure of the 20th Century. Remember Murphy's Law. "Anything that can go wrong will?" Well, here's Karpel's Corollary: *Anything that can go wrong should*. There is a moral imperative to failure. If things that didn't work did not fail, they would plague us world without end. If failure itself failed, we would soon live in an incompetent world, a world in which the dysfunctional had equal opportunity with the functional. It is good that we failed in Vietnam: What business did we have exporting the American dream to Southeast Asia when we can't realize it in New York? It is good that Nixon's Executive coup failed: Its leader had a whoopee cushion for a brain. It is good that the movement failed: If it had prevailed, we'd all have to speak in translations from the Chinese. It's good that the Mafia failed:

It was not all that romantic for a nightclub owner to have to eat his testicles because he didn't want a silent partner. It was good that Max's Kansas City failed: I have it on good authority that in ten years they never emptied the shrimp barrel—they just kept adding. It is good that Sonny Bono failed: He is too short.

As destructive as failure may be, it has a creative potential that is even stronger. The Renaissance couldn't have happened unless the Middle Ages had failed. The telephone came out of the failure to invent a hearing aid. Chemistry came out of the failure of alchemy. They failed to turn lead into gold, so they had to settle for turning mold into penicillin. The very discovery of the Western Hemisphere came out of the failure to find a westerly route to the Indies. "Chagrin is the honey and the teacher," said Edward Dahlberg in *The Sorrows of Priapus*. "Never to fail is a ditch and delusion."

I subscribe to a \$300-a-year economic forecasting service put out by Muriel and Louis Hasbrouck, seers. You won't find that category in the Manhattan Yellow Pages between "Seeds & Bulbs—Whol." and "Seguros." But what else can you call people who wrote in 1972 that the major economic turning point of the rest of the 20th Century would come in mid-October 1973? The Hasbroucks postulate a wave of evolutionary trend change that has a periodicity of 36 years. They say that after the wave crested in 1966, we entered the phase known as the "time of trouble." It is this time of trouble that the prophet Bob Dylan was talking about in 1961 when he said a hard rain was gonna fall, that the prophet Norman Mailer was talking about in 1964 when he said a shitstorm was coming. The effect of the periodic time of trouble is evolutionary because any idea, any institution, any system that cannot resist or adapt to its onslaught falls by the wayside along with the pterodactyl, knights in shining armor, mercantilism and the 409-cubic-inch V8. The time of trouble is the painful but necessary prelude to what the Hasbroucks call the "cosmic house cleaning" that must take place so the decks will be clear for the next stage in the evolution of human consciousness and civilization, so that we'll have the space to create the tools that will get us through the next 36 years. And the cosmic Electrolux with which that house cleaning is performed is *failure*. The Hasbroucks insist with the same cheerful assurance with which they predicted a climactic event for midsummer 1974 that the length of the time of trouble is invariably nine years. Friends and neighbors, our time is up. 1966 plus nine equals 1975 of blessed memory. The hard rain has fallen. The shitstorm has finally blown over and we have all survived to tell the tale.

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

WHATEVER OR WHOMEVER YOU'RE INTO THESE DAYS—WOMEN, SMALL DOGS, A NICE PIECE OF LIVER—CHANCES ARE THERE'S A DISCOTHEQUE, PUB OR BATHHOUSE THAT CATERES TO YOUR WHIM. NOT ONLY THAT; CHANCES ARE THE ESTABLISHMENT IS TASTEFULLY RUN BY THE MAFIA. ONE SUCH PLACE IS THE CONTENTMENT BATHS, WANDA'S HAUNT OF THE MOMENT, TO WHICH, ONE NIGHT, SHE COAXES OUR INNOCENT ANNIE—

VISIT OUR BEAUTY SALON FACIAL RUB UNSIGH ORGANS REMOVED

TO PROVE WE PAID ADMISSION, TONY STAMPS OUR WRISTS WITH AN INVISIBLE INK THAT GLOWS UNDER A BLACK LIGHT. DIDN'T TONY STAMP YOURS?

-NOT MY WRISTS!

I GOT A TWOFER!

ENTR



WANDA, LOOK AT ALL THE ADORABLE MEN! THERE ARE HARDLY ANY WOMEN. I GUESS THERE WON'T BE VERY MUCH COMPETITION FOR US.

GUESS AGAIN, ANNIE! THIS CROWD IS GAY!

YES... PERFECT! I'M IN A GOOD MOOD, TOO!

YOU SAY RON WAS PUNCHED OUT FOR TRYING TO SEDUCE A MINOR??

HE WAS A COAL MINOR!

ROGER'S IN BED WITH HEPATITIS!

MAN, THOSE GREEKS!

GOOD GRIEF! IN THE DOORWAY! BOTH MY LOVERS ARE HERE! THEY MUSTN'T SEE ME!

-I SEE ONE. HE'S STANDING BY THE LADY IN RED. BUT WHERE'S THE OTHER ONE!?

THE OTHER ONE IS THE LADY IN RED!

I GOTTA HIDE!

SO THEN THIS JERK SAYS, "IS ORAL SEX SOME KIND OF RELIGIOUS NUT?"

DID SOMEONE SAY "JERK"!?







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