

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

**Defy the IRS!
A Revolutionary
Movement Takes
Root in America**

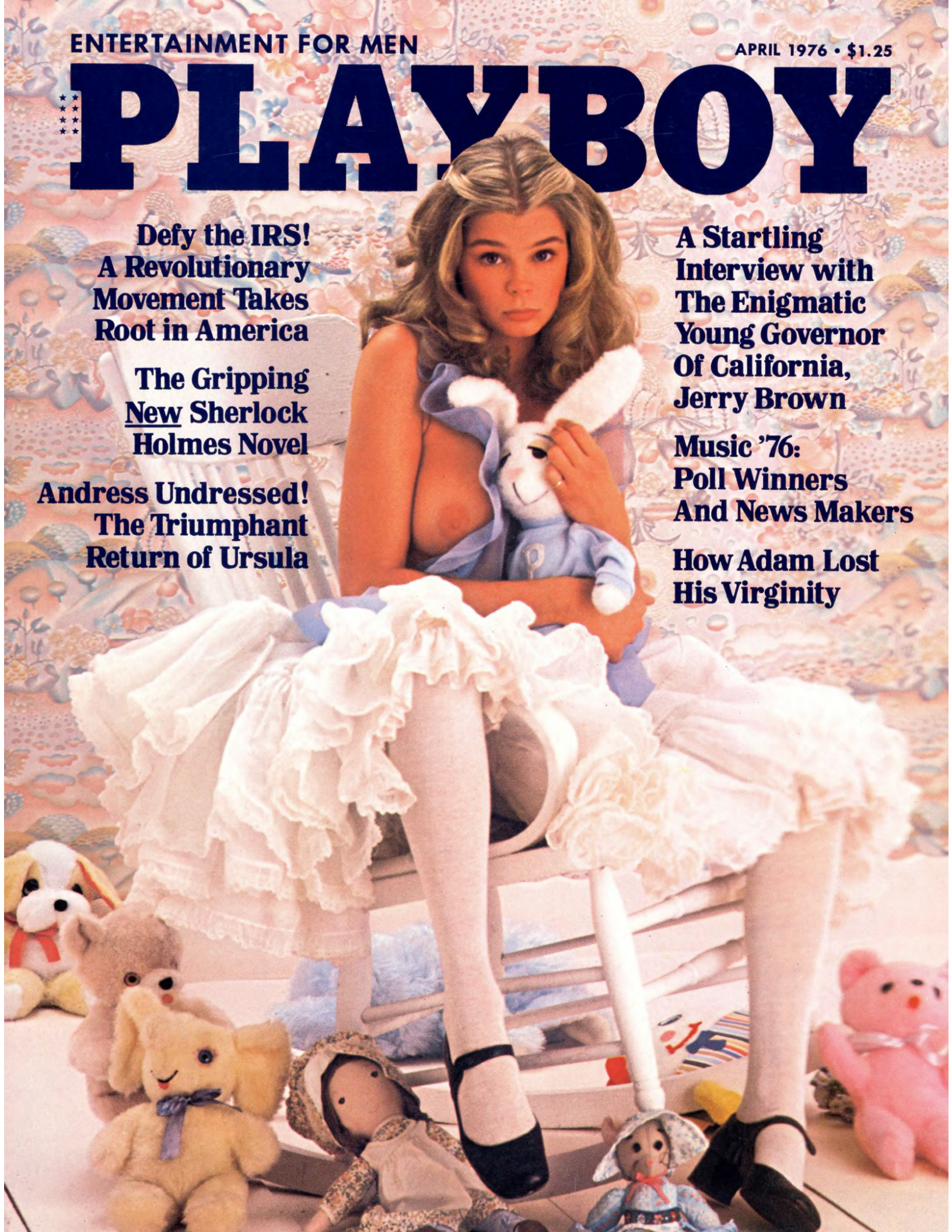
**The Gripping
New Sherlock
Holmes Novel**

**Address Undressed!
The Triumphant
Return of Ursula**

**A Startling
Interview with
The Enigmatic
Young Governor
Of California,
Jerry Brown**

**Music '76:
Poll Winners
And News Makers**

**How Adam Lost
His Virginity**



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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

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With its extraordinary engineering, advanced design concept and extreme flexibility, Pioneer's new SX-737 AM-FM stereo receiver offers a level of performance that can only be described as awesome.

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It accommodates every listening interest with a complete range of connections for two pairs of speakers, turntable, tape decks (with tape-to-tape duplication), headphones and microphone. And it offers an exclusive Recording Selector that lets you record FM while listening to records, or vice versa.

All of this performance requires the proper controls to handle it. And the SX-737 gives you the kind of control mastery you deserve. Click-stop tone controls . . . high/low filters . . . loudness control . . . dual tuning meters . . . and FM muting.

The SX-737 is under \$400* — including the cabinet. If, by chance, you're looking for even more power and additional features, the SX-838 is under \$500*. Both deliver the

awesome level of performance that is typical of Pioneer excellence.

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West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles,
Calif. 90248 / Midwest: 1500
Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill.
60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

Specifications	SX-737	SX-838
FM Sensitivity	1.9 uV	1.8 uV
Selectivity	60 dB	80 dB
Capture Ratio	1.0 dB	1.0 dB
S/N Ratio	70 dB	70 dB
Power	35 Watts per channel, minimum continuous power, 20-20,000 Hz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.5% at 8 ohms.	50 Watts per channel, minimum continuous power, 20-20,000 Hz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.3% at 8 ohms.

SX-838 AM-FM Stereo Receiver



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PLAYBILL

THERE'S LITTLE DOUBT that Governor **Jerry Brown** of California is the man to watch, possibly this Presidential race, certainly the next. But he had never before sat down for the kind of extended talk he had with radical journalist **Robert Scheer** for the *Playboy Interview*. The mood was more that of a college dorm than of a governor's office. For instance, in a small, inexpensive restaurant, where Brown sat chatting with the interviewer—while a security man nearby kept a watchful eye—a young man at the next table leaned over and said, "Jerry Brown? I hear you're doing the *Playboy Interview*. When's it coming out?" Brown asked, "Why?" The young man replied, "Because I really want to know what you have to say." After the last exhaustive session with Scheer, which was combative though still friendly, Brown remarked, "I have 150 requests for interviews, but from now on, I'm going to refer them to this one."

When T. S. Eliot claimed that April is the cruelest month, he wasn't talking about paying income tax—but he could have been. The annual encounter with the Internal Revenue Service has been described as a do-it-yourself mugging and now, it seems, concerned citizens are beginning to fight back. *Tired of Being Pushed Around Every April 15? Punch Out the IRS!* is **Jim Davidson's** account of the Great American Tax Revolt. The article (illustrated by **Ron Villani**) tells you how not to pay taxes—and what reprisals to expect from the IRS when you don't. (Never fear. We'll forward your subsequent copies of *PLAYBOY* to the Federal pen.)

April is a cruel month for yet another reason: We were able to find room for only the first part of our condensation of *The West End Horror*—a posthumous memoir by **John H. Watson**, M.D., as edited by **Nicholas Meyer**. The new Sherlock Holmes adventure (illustrated by **Bruce Wolfe**), from the author/editor of 1975's best-selling *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, follows the supersleuth as he tries to untangle a double murder. The full-length novel will be published by E. P. Dutton in the U.S. and Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., in Great Britain. Very real murder is recounted in *Playboy's History of Assassination in America, Part IV: The End of Camelot*, by **James McKinley** (the first of two installments on the death of John F. Kennedy).

Yet, April does have its virtues. This is the month a man's fancy turns to baseball. Or sex. Or both. *The Short Season* is an account of the boys of summer as they undergo the ritual of spring training. Author **Jim Brosnan** is a retired pitcher whose book *The Long Season* took a high, fast and inside look at life in the big leagues. April also means it's time for *Playboy's Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast*, tailored for us this year by Fashion Editor **David Platt**, our expert on threads. And, replacing our annual jazz & pop retrospective, we proudly present *Playboy Music '76*, featuring a wrap-up of the sound industry—the comebacks, the comedowns, the *discos*, the lawsuits and the winners of the revised *Playboy Music Poll*. The package is held together by the pinball wizardry of artist **Charles White**, who supplied the high-scoring graphics.

To get your juices flowing, we have *My First Time*, by Associate Editor **John Blumenthal**, a tongue-in-cheek (or in the orifice of your choice) chronicle of how several legendary figures lost their virginity. Blumenthal claims to have had his first sexual experience in Brittany in 1944—"The earth moved. Later I found out it was D day." Then there is *Up the Tubes*, a pictorial of rock's latest show group, photographed by **Phillip Dixon** (who doesn't normally look that way—some of the glitter must have rubbed off during the shooting). In this issue, we also have the return of **Ursula Andress** and December 1975 Playmate **Nancie Li Brandt**, as a wiggly girl—and, of course, the best thing about it being April, Playmate **Denise Michele**. You call that cruel?



WATSON



MEYER



WOLFE



DAVIDSON



VILLANI



DAVIDSON



BROSNAN



PLATT



DIXON



WHITE



BLUMENTHAL

PLAYBOY®

vol. 23, no. 4—april, 1976

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 Everybody knows there's something wrong with our penal system, but nobody really knows what to do about it.

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 California's enigmatic young governor talks with interviewer Robert Scheer about his refusal to live in a mansion, the influence of Bob Dylan, law and order, and the Presidential races. Accompanying the interview is Scheer's insightful opinion piece on *The Politics of Jerry Brown*.

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 Unfair taxation is nothing new to us Americans. The British tried to pull it off once and look what happened to them. Now, 200 years later, there's another tax revolt alive in the land. Our outhor tells how to beat the IRS and what to do when the men with the calculators come knocking at your door.

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Credit this month's cover to the women. Marilyn Grabowski, our West Coast Photo Editor, conceived the idea; lens lady Suze (who shot August 1975 Playmate Lillian Müller for us) did the photography; and actress Kristine De Bell is the model. The picture at right was taken by Suze during a playful lull in the shooting.



THE WEST END HORROR—fictionNICHOLAS MEYER 88
In this, the first of two parts, the "discoverer" of *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* unearths a further adventure of Sherlock Holmes (starring George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert & Sullivan and friends).

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MY FIRST TIME—parodyJOHN BLUMENTHAL 131
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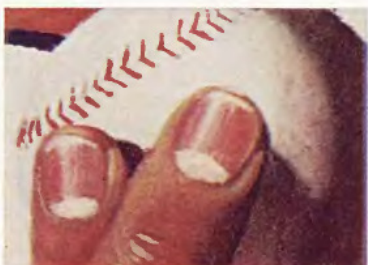
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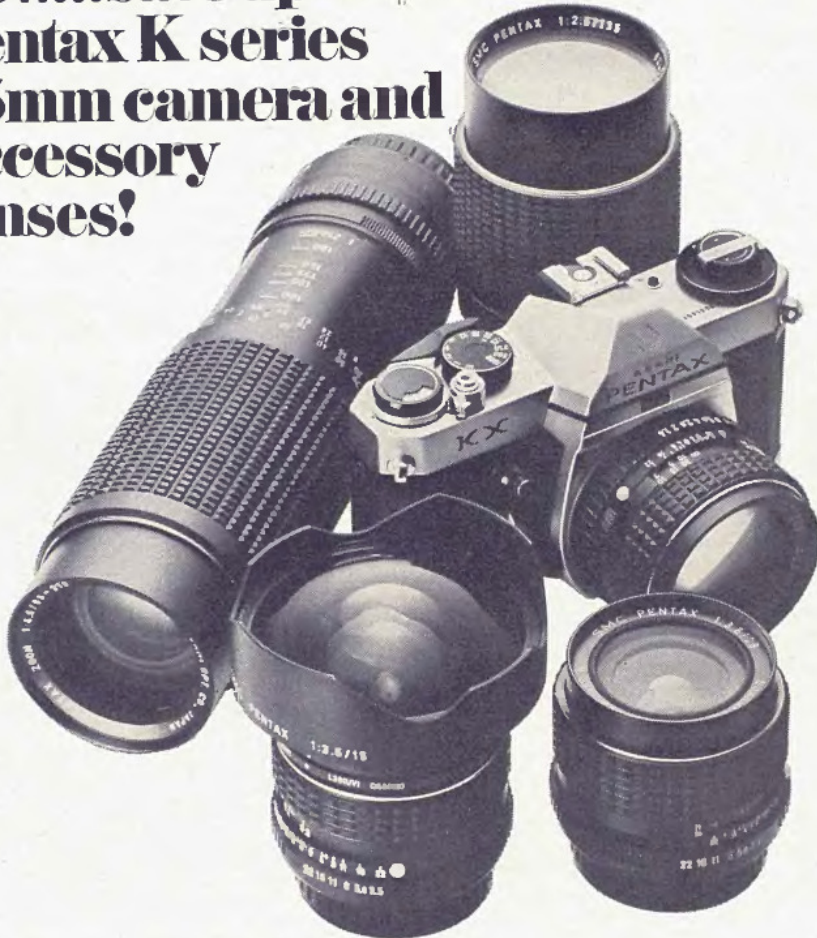


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DEAR PLAYBOY

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COLD RUSH

I must heartily applaud Robert Ardrey's article *The Glaciers Are Coming!* (PLAYBOY, January). Unfortunately, most people will undoubtedly excuse it as just so much more doomsday literature, rather than see it as an intelligent effort to awaken us all to the impersonal and often cruel ways of nature.

Rodger Loren Nelson
Davis, California

It is pleasing to see that PLAYBOY is publishing timely scientific accounts that may have strong bearings on mankind and the earth's environment.

James P. Kennett
Professor of Oceanography
University of Rhode Island
Kingston, Rhode Island

Long before the coming of a new ice age, we will face a combined food-energy-population crisis that will be mankind's biggest and most serious problem ever. If we solve it, we will be prepared for that future time when the climate becomes colder than it is now.

Daniel P. Shine
Cincinnati, Ohio

Ardrey is surely lacking in intellectual foresight when he assumes that the future of interglacial man is that of a hunter in the next ice age. With just normal luck and another two or three hundred years of passable climate, the future of interglacial man will be intergalactic man. Man is too noble a creature to have his future tied to a little rock spinning around a minor star. Look to the stars, Mr. Ardrey, look to the stars.

Vince Mooney
Sand Springs, Oklahoma

Who cares about another glacial age? We'll probably blow ourselves up long before it even gets close.

Al Estabrook
Mobile, Alabama

The Glaciers Are Coming! gave me a bad case of the wintertime chills.

Dan Seiver
Anchorage, Alaska

I'll never go ice skating again.

Pete Burch
Salem, Oregon

John O'Leary's illustration to Ardrey's article on the coming glaciers shows in naked clarity where the real blow to mankind lies: turning womankind frigid. We must not let this happen. Let's fight the ice back through organized pollution: Carbon dioxide in the air, dirty snow, oil-contaminated sea ice and waste heat from atomic power plants will keep our globe—and our females—warm.

George Kukla
Lamont-Doherty Geological
Observatory
Palisades, New York

Congratulations, Ardrey. You've succeeded in making me paranoid about one more thing—glaciers. Is there no end to it?

Sol Wendell
Los Angeles, California

Oh, come on, fellas. Aren't things bad enough already?

Carl Paterson
Tampa, Florida

EVALUATING ELTON

Your January interview with Elton John is outstanding. He is the most remarkable musician of the Seventies (with due respect to Bernie Taupin).

Dennis Collins
Duncan, Oklahoma

I am happy to find that Elton is still a down-to-earth guy despite all his wealth and popularity.

Lainy Nerby
San Mateo, California

A comprehensive, in-depth look at one of the world's best musicians.

Ted Karcasinas
Haverhill, Massachusetts

Thanks a lot for your interview with ole people-hatin' Elton. It helped reinforce my opinion of the guy. He was really right about rock-'n'-roll people being boring—he is.

Cathy Schwarzkopf
Toledo, Ohio

Needless to say, we at CREEM were delighted with Elton John's flattering words in your interview. Elton is a gentleman among *Schweinhunds*, a sartorial supernova who has proved that even

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if clothes do not make the man, they certainly can make the star. Most importantly, to those myopic wretches so unfortunate as to need glasses, he is a personal inspiration on a level so cosmic it's commensurate with what Bruce Springsteen has done for people who have to come from New Jersey. So here're, oh, about 73,856 steins of Boy Howdy beer raised to the Perry Como of teenage noise.

Lester Bangs and the Entire Staff
CREEM Magazine
Birmingham, Michigan

Elton John is a cool cat. He would not give a straightforward answer concerning his feelings toward bisexuality. That's OK. He's no sex symbol—he's a musician!

John Subotici
Irvington, New Jersey

It is good to know that Elton John, superstar, has it all together.

L. S. Harrison
Chicago, Illinois

WORRY WARTS

I never read a sadder piece than *What, Me Worry?* (PLAYBOY, January). What a frightening display of shallowness and, with very few exceptions, stupidity! None of the almost exclusively well-heeled assortment lists a charitable contribution made impulsively as an emotional outlet and none of them would read a good book, listen to a string quartet, visit an art gallery or go on a long hike.

Dieter W. Miesler
Palo Alto, California

What, Me Worry? may not have helped me get over the blues but it sure made me forget them for 15 minutes. Thanks.

Lee Newton
Boston, Massachusetts

Professor Irwin Corey is the only one who makes any sense at all.

Tim Johnston
New York, New York

How dare you give my idol Robert Mitchum a purple forehead?

Angie Clark
Tucson, Arizona

DIGGING DAINA

Daina House, your January Playmate, is the most gorgeous young lady I have ever seen in your magazine or anywhere else. Without even seeing the next 11 issues, I'm sure she has to become the Playmate of the Year.

William H. Bodine
Haddonfield, New Jersey

We, the first-floor Spens-Black Hall residents of the University of California at Berkeley, must compliment you on

your choice of Daina House as Playmate of the Month. She has been the center of attention and has raised havoc at a time when preparation for finals should be of main concern.

Eric Hashimoto
Ed Hernandez
Berkeley, California

I realize it's a little early in the year for this, but I nominate Daina House for Playmate of the Year. My only hope is that I don't have to wait until June 1977 to see her again.

Ted Stimpson
New York, New York

Not to worry, Ted. Chances are you'll be seeing more of Daina in the months



ahead, but, in the meantime, here she is again.

SUBMISSIVE MISSIVES

Dan Greenburg's *Dominant Writer Seeks Submissive Miss* (PLAYBOY, January) had me howling. There's no doubt in my mind anymore: Greenburg's the funniest writer alive or dead in America today.

Sam Cullins
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

It's Greenburg's magnum opus.

Claude Tyleu
Houston, Texas

Dan . . . ha-ha-ha . . . Greenburg . . . ha-ha-ha . . . is . . . ha-ha-ha . . . priceless . . . ha-ha-ha.

Calvin Tibbs
Newark, New Jersey

As publisher of *Swingers Life* magazine, I resent Greenburg's article, the reason being that *Swingers Life* performs a real and valuable service to hundreds of thousands of honest, sensible, well-

educated people who believe in and enjoy swinging as an alternate lifestyle. I might add that we do not cater to or encourage the sadomasochistic crowd, as Greenburg implies.

Donald Collins, Publisher
Swingers Life Magazine
York, Pennsylvania

Hysterical reader seeks further entertainment by dominant Jewish writer.

Jim McDonald
Great Falls, Montana

QUIZLINGS

We are three students of allied health professions at a great metropolitan university and have just finished reading *Great Hits from the Playboy Advisor* (PLAYBOY, January). There are certain discrepancies that came to our immediate attention. In your answer to question 13, you state that there is no medical evidence for *penis captivus* in humans. Wrongo, sports fans! You've obviously not consulted three of Boston's major teaching hospitals. Our observations as health professionals show that *penis captivus* has, does and will probably continue to occur in humans. Regarding your answer to question 15: To our knowledge (which, by the way, just happens to coincide with the *Guinness Book of World Records*, 1969), the longest song title is (take a deeper breath) *I'm a Cranky Old Yank in a Clanky Old Tank on the Streets of Yokohama with My Honolulu Mama Doing Those Beato Beato, Flat on My Seato, Hirohito Blues*, by Hoagy Carmichael.

Adam Weiss
Ken Kelley
Joe Goldstein
Allston, Massachusetts

Our Playboy Advisor replies:

"According to Masters and Johnson, who should know, penis captivus does not occur in humans. Perhaps you should stop dating dogs. As for the song with the longest title, we're not sure who's right. The editor who handled 'The Playboy Advisor' column in 1962 was responsible for first publishing our contender, the 1941 hit. 'Guinness' carried the Hoagy Carmichael title in 1969 but later abandoned it, so who knows?"

RELAXATION RESPONSE

But, Coach, It Helps Me Relax (PLAYBOY, January), by Ali and Durham, is a gem. I used to think Ali was a bit of a buffoon, but after reading the article, I'm convinced that, below the surface, he's actually an intelligent and articulate man.

Lester Norde
Boston, Massachusetts

Richard Durham and Muhammad Ali have produced a unique, revealing, in-depth study of probably the most-talked-about (albeit, possibly, the most

**"If you Space Ski Mount Asgard...
before you hit the ground,
hit the silk!"**



**"Those treacherous winds
and the death-defying drop
down the mountain's sheer
granite face were enough
to make me as nervous as
a flea on a hot skillet.**

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.



"Shari made doubly sure my chute was secure. And triple-checked my skis. Then schuss! From my launching pad on the frozen mesa, I was on the way to my space walk. 4000 feet over the Turner Glacier in the Canadian Arctic.

"P-o-o-o-ol! My chute billowed out. And none too soon. Because I still had some tricky maneuvering to do. Those deadly downdrafts almost collapsed my chute. But a little body English luckily prevented it...and it was happy landings.



"Later, we celebrated with Canadian Club at the Peyton Lodge in Pangnirtung." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka...it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 118 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.



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talkative) and widely known man in the world for the past decade.

Loren Cassina
London, Ontario

You guys ought to change your name to *Muhammad* magazine. This is the fourth Ali-related piece in *PLAYBOY* in the past year. Frankly, I'm getting bored with him.

Philip Fursten
Buffalo, New York

Ali's the only man in the world who could title his autobiography *The Greatest* and get away with it.

Conway Jinnings
Birmingham, Alabama

Durham's done a remarkable job of making Ali sound halfway human. He must be one hell of a writer.

Arnold Stroup
New York, New York

It reads like Hemingway's best.

Chauncey Eskridge
Chicago, Illinois

NOTHING SUCCEEDS . . .

In *Failure Is Its Own Reward* (*PLAYBOY*, January), Craig Karpel makes the lucid point that failure "serves a crucial cosmic purpose: the elimination of everything that doesn't work." Furthermore, there are two kinds of failure, apparent and real. Apparent failure is the type Karpel writes about; real or cosmic failure comes from an inability to turn an apparent failure into a success. No one really fails, he just stops trying, unless he has a Nixonian complex (defined as one who can't learn from his own mistakes).

Douglas S. Boggs
Bloomington, Indiana

In Craig Karpel's article, the author has failed, since his failure is, in reality, a success.

Robin Perry
Waterford, Connecticut

I'm a failed failure. Does that make me a success?

Oscar Lapp
Butte, Montana

Craig Karpel's a fine writer, but sometimes he has trouble telling the difference between success and failure. Watergate wasn't a failure—it was a success. Finally, after all those years, the American people succeeded in telling Richard Nixon to take a walk.

Pete Hogen
Los Angeles, California

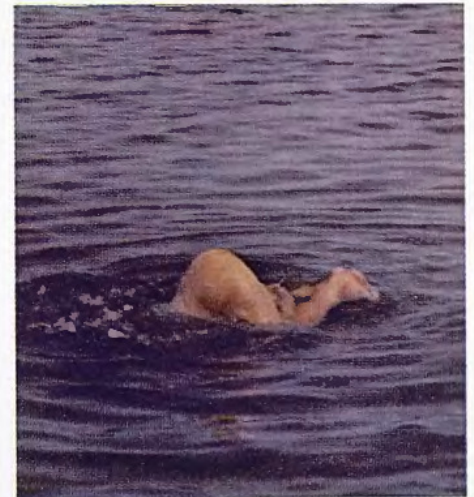
The problem with Karpel's article, as wonderful as it is, is that it is written by a very successful writer. Maybe that's why I had trouble dealing with it, because I, too, am a success. I admire and

understand success. So does Karpel. He says most people these days don't. I hope he's wrong.

Long John Nebel
New York, New York

JUGS REDUX

Robert Billings' *Jugs* (*PLAYBOY*, December) is fine, but it can't compare with



the Great White we saw while house-boating on Chesapeake Bay.

Jerome M. Grossinger, D.D.S.
Benjamin Weinberger, D.D.S.
Allentown, Pennsylvania

SPORTS CASTS

Jim Harrison (*A Sporting Life*, *PLAYBOY*, January) is a good writer, a good poet and a good man. But I find his infatuation with hooking fish and shooting birds, at his age, incomprehensible. Sure, I was a great hunter myself, in boyhood and adolescence, a ferocious trapper of skunk and muskrat, a fearless slayer of rabbit, squirrel and deer, I'm sorry to admit, in my Arizona days. But no more—the earth can bear it no more. And one grows up, at least in some respects. The killing of wildlife can no longer be justified except for reasons of hunger and real need. Let the hunters hunt one another if they must have their sport.

Ed Abbey
Wolf Hole, Arizona

Harrison really captures it. Great piece!

Steve Portel
Dallas, Texas

Right on, Jim!

Jeff Carston
Denver, Colorado

SOCIAL INSECURITY

In *America Is Going Broke* (*PLAYBOY*, January), Scott Burns ignores the fact that the Social Security system was designed to be based on a pay-as-you-go tax and started paying benefits the year after it was enacted into law—1935—to provide for the

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CABINET—3RD PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY AND WAS THE 3RD AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE FOR
3 YEARS. IN 1796—HE LOST THE PRESIDENCY BY 3 VOTES—
BUT WAS ELECTED 3RD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
IN 1800 HE DIED AT THE AGE OF 83

HENRY WISNER 1720-1790
THE ONLY NEW YORKER WHO
VOTED FOR THE DECLARATION
OF INDEPENDENCE
MISSED IMMORTALITY
BECAUSE
HE NEGLECTED
TO SIGN IT!



needs of the retired worker whose life savings were wiped out by the very economic fundamentalism that Burns wants to return to and that preceded the Depression.

John T. Taylor
Seattle, Washington

Three cheers for Scott Burns!
Ron Harman
Colorado Springs, Colorado

America Is Going Broke was of great interest to me, since I've been making the same arguments about the Social Security system for years. Keep up the good work.

Nelson Johnston
Albany, New York

So America is going broke? So what else is new?

Les Wilton
Tallahassee, Florida

Why is it that all the really bright economists in the country are writing for magazines instead of working for the Government?

Sam Carswell
New Orleans, Louisiana

The big question seems to be what will come first: a depression or the glaciers?
Arnie Robersen
Louisville, Kentucky

ART LOVER

I have just seen *Woman!*, the work of artist Elizabeth Bennett in January's *PLAYBOY*. It is dynamite!

Susan E. Oakley
Miami, Florida

POLARIZED

As a member of the Plaisted Polar Expedition, I must refute Gene A. Bucci's statement of his having probably been the first to read *PLAYBOY* at the North Pole (*Dear Playboy*, January). Among the reading material carried by the Plaisted Expedition upon its attainment of the North Pole on April 19, 1968, were issues of *PLAYBOY*, which was some eight years prior to Bucci's arrival at the North Pole.

George A. Cavouras
Missouri City, Texas

In an article entitled *Mason Hof-fenberg Gets In a Few Licks* (*PLAYBOY*, November 1973), by Sam Merrill, it was stated that writer and satirist Terry Southern appropriated other people's ideas in his work. That statement and certain others concerning Mr. Southern that appeared in the article are not true. The editors of *PLAYBOY* apologize to Terry Southern for any personal or professional harm the article may have caused him.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The world record for snuff taking has been set by Hermann Schnatz of West Germany, who sniffed one sixth of an ounce of snuff in 53 seconds, beating the previous record by two seconds. After the contest, Schnatz sneezed with such force that his glass eye was dislodged and it sailed across the room into the judges' box. "We are quite used to this sort of thing," said the championship organizer. "Last year, we had four lost dentures and a rupture."

During a telecast of the St. Louis Cardinals-Washington Redskins football game, a Cardinal back was gang-tackled by Redskin defenders. Cried sportscaster Vin Scully: "And he's buried under four Skins!"

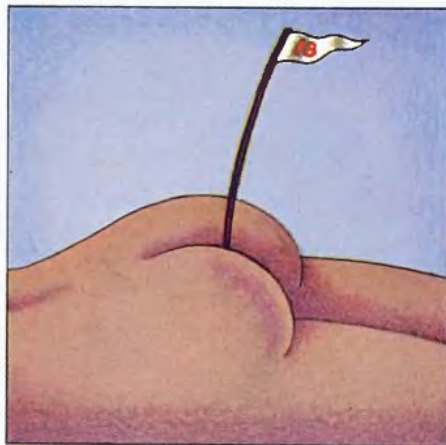
A 24-year-old Arkansas man has been charged with murdering his wife, who was killed when a stick of dynamite blew up under the bed she occupied with another man. The suspect, said police, had planted the dynamite under the bed after he and his wife separated a week before the incident. Apparently the man was watching outside the house, saw his wife in bed with the other man and, after the adulterous couple had had intercourse twice, lit the fuse.

The Effective Public Relations Award of the Month goes to Detroit's public information department, which, while running a campaign to fight Detroit's image as a crime capital, was burglarized.

Keep those tax dollars coming in: Senator William Proxmire revealed recently that the Army has spent \$200,000,000 for a fleet of new trucks especially designed for "swimming" through water. There's

one minor wrinkle that needs to be ironed out: Unless conditions are just right, the trucks sink.

Fore! When school officials at a Princeton, New Jersey, high school suggested the annual prom be held at the local golf



course, an assistant principal objected by saying: "We'll never have enough chaperons for every hole."

Fifty cents an hour if you just look at the pictures: A Bombay publication,



Debonair, reports that, in India, people are paying exorbitant sums for the privilege of reading PLAYBOY. Since the magazine is officially banned there, only smuggled copies are available. They can be rented for a two-dollar deposit and a reading charge of one dollar per day.

In a court decision upholding Durham, North Carolina's, new massage-parlor ordinance, Judge Hiram H. Ward stated: "This case presents a touchy situation in which it will be impossible not to rub one of the parties the wrong way."

More smut in our schools: *The Dallas Times Herald* was referring to the difficulty of recruiting female school principals, but this is the way it came out: "School officials . . . claim women rarely offer themselves as serious candidates."

Evel Kniesel would follow her anywhere. A Houston, Texas, woman mistook the double door of a loading dock for a parking-garage exit and drove off the dock. On the bumper of her car was a sticker that read: DON'T FOLLOW ME, I'M LOST.

It finally happened. In a Grand Union supermarket ad in *The Washington Post*, a certain coffee company was mistakenly listed as "Cock Full O' Nuts."

Polly wanna bimbo? In an effort to win funds for his drama club, Englishman John Levermore offered himself as a prize in a raffle, hoping he would be won by a "beautiful bird." (Bird in England is slang for girl.) The tall, dark and handsome Levermore promised to spend 12 hours with the winner and do "practically anything" that the "bird"

should desire. Not surprisingly, he was won by a parrot, whose owner had bought a raffle ticket so that Levermore, who happens to be a professor of English, could teach the bird to talk.

Mattel Incorporated has recently come out with a new doll that develops breasts when her arm is twisted. In a letter to the toy company, the chairperson of the National Organization for Women's subcommittee on toys denounced the doll as offensive and dangerous. Children, she warned, are likely to "begin twisting their own arms and those of their friends to see if breasts develop." To say nothing of little boys pulling one another's legs.

While the temperature soared to 100-plus degrees Fahrenheit, strollers in Frankfurt, Germany, observed a man sitting in a glass telephone booth, wearing only a towel wrapped around his waist. When someone finally asked him what he was doing there, the man said that he had measured the temperature in the booth at 125 degrees and was using it as a sauna.

"SEX ED GROUP SETS GUIDELINES," read the headline above a story in the *Post*, of Loves Park, Illinois. "MINISTER WITH-DRAWS TWICE," read the overline.

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for the most sensible solution to a sticky dispute since King Solomon: two Iranian youths who, both in love with the same girl, decided that they would smash their motorcycles together at full speed, with the survivor of the crash getting the girl. They were both killed.

C&W MADE EASY



God. God walks with the country folk. They believe that He lives in Macon, Georgia, and wears a DeKalb Seed hat. Jesus plays the dobro, the Virgin Mary drives a pink El Camino and the Three Wise Men work for the highway department. Take

my word for it. God moves vinyl.

Death. If you want to tug heart-strings, sing about death. Infant death, suicide, murder, any kind of death. Throw on a weeping track with echo and you'll have yourself a number-one record.

America. They used to say, "If shit were red, white and blue, I'd run it up my flagpole." America is serious business to the country fan. And with this love of America goes a love of her sacred traditions. Before a youngster in Memphis learns to walk, he learns to crush Pabst cans.

You have your melody, your subjects, you're ready to put together your own song. The best way to learn that is to look at one of my hits. It's called *God Loves America's Hard Workin' Truck Drivin' Cowboys Even When They Go Off Drinkin' with Another Woman and End Up in Prison.*

Spoken introduction. "You know, my momma told me, 'Son, work hard, drive a truck. Set me up with a café in Florida when I get old and don't never murder no one.' I wish I woulda listened to my momma. But I know in my heart that the Lord is with me. He's a teamster, just like you and me."

Sing.

God drives a Peterbilt, it's custom made.

He loves all the drivers, sees they get paid.

I can cheat, yes I can, He'll understand

That a man does what he does 'cause he's a man.

I know if I kill a man He'll stick by me,

He'll call me from heaven on His private C.B.

And when that jail door closes for 99 years,

He'll be there to bring me them ice-cold beers.

—JOHN HUGHES

Back in 1964, when I pulled into Nashville as a greenhorn songwriter, I had the pleasure of sharing a woman with the late but great Jimmie Lee Joe Bob Baker Carter Russell, Jr. I asked him how he wrote his many hits.

Jimmie Lee smiled that famous smile and said, "With a blue pen." I knew right then that I would make it big in the country world. I had a whole suitcase filled with blue pens.

Country music isn't hard to write. There are no big words, no complicated phrases. Write yourself a simple song, throw in a steel guitar and you'll be behind the wheel of a gold Lincoln before you know it.

Unlike most songwriters, the country-and-western songwriter doesn't have to bother with a melody. Country music has one standard melody—dum dada dum dada dum dada dum. It can be used over and over again, because where a country song lives or dies is with the words, the lyrics.

Hit country songs reach into the listener's heart, yank it out and throw it on the ground. To be able to do this, your words have to relate to the lives of your listeners. I knew a fella who wrote and recorded a song called *You Can Drive Your Rig, but I'd Rather Dig at the Olduvai Gorge.* Needless to say, the song was never released. Why? Because the average country-music fan thinks that when you go on an archaeological dig, you need rubber gloves and Vaseline. You must write about subjects that the country listener will be interested in. Fortunately, the country listener isn't interested in much.

Trucks. Good ole boys love their trucks and they love to hear songs about them. There's an old Tennessee saying, "You can make love to a whore all night long, but you can't drive her to church."

Cheating. Every man entertains the thought of cheating on his wife. Every wife entertains thoughts of shooting her husband between the eyes when she catches him cheating. The pain of a broken heart and the inconvenience of a ventilated forehead will draw interest without fail.



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BOOKS

In his first book, a biography of George S. Kaufman, Howard Teichmann demonstrated a profound admiration not only for his subject but for all the men and women who formed that august clan of wisecracks known to us as the Algonquin Round Table. So it comes as little surprise that Teichmann's second book, *Smart Aleck* (Morrow), demonstrates a similarly profound admiration, bordering on downright reverence, for the alleged founder of the renowned Table, Alexander Woollcott. Reverence is not a good atmosphere in which to write a biography. The Kaufman book worked because Kaufman managed to live up to most of the author's claims, but, after touting the great Aleck as a super wit, all Teichmann can seem to come up with as proof are several rather sophomoric excerpts from Woollcott's reviews; e.g., "The leading man should have been gently but firmly shot at sunrise." Astringent maybe, but witty? Even at the Round Table, Woollcott seems to have been one-upped by everybody, including the waiters. Not that he didn't have other talents—he was, as Teichmann points out, somewhat of a Renaissance media man. In the 50-odd years of his life, he was a drama critic, war reporter, actor on stage and screen, director, playwright and radio-show host who is more or less credited with having discovered the Marx Brothers, Fred Astaire and Paul Robeson, among others. But his major talent, like Oscar Wilde's, lay in the premeditated cultivation of an articulate personality, an achievement that was later distilled into the character of Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Woollcott may have served as the model for the irascible and temperamental Whiteside, but the lines were conceived and written by Kaufman and Hart. The real Woollcott was, underneath all the pretense, a bitter and lonely man. The fact that he was asexual, having been born with a hormonal imbalance that resulted in a certain effeminacy, probably had a great deal to do with this, but Teichmann makes only several superficial allusions to this condition, preferring to wax rhapsodic on his subject's numerous charitable deeds. Chances are Woollcott, the critic, would have liked this book; as Teichmann points out, he was eminently vulnerable to the maudlin.

It may be easier to report what *World of Our Fathers* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is not. It is not a definitive history of Jewish immigration to America. Although author Irving Howe is a recognized member of the Jewish intelligentsia, this book does not attempt to deal at any great length with the questions of Zionism and



Not-so-Smart Aleck.

"Even at the Round Table, Woollcott seems to have been one-upped by everybody, including the waiters."



Howe's nostalgic nosh.

assimilation or with their effect on Jewish identity. It is a social and cultural documentary, put together like a scrapbook, of the life of the Jews on Manhattan's Lower East Side for four decades from the 1880s. The result is something like a photo album, with words written by and about the immigrants. Among the bits of information we get from Howe, who was assisted in this project by Kenneth Libo, is the fact that the most frequent crimes com-

mitted by Jew against Jew were those of fraud, not violence. The idea of doing physical harm, at least among themselves, was incomprehensible to them. America is awash in nostalgia these days, but Howe's appreciation of times past manages to recall an era without being mawkish about it.

Louis Auchincloss has given us as his Bicentennial present *The Winthrop Covenant* (Houghton Mifflin), a novel consisting of nine quick chronological dips into the history of a Puritan family that sank prosperous roots into the thin social topsoil of Auchincloss' New England and New York. The Winthrops had a nagging puritanical fixation that required overdoses of guilt and sacrifice; it all started back in 1638, when Governor Winthrop threw a ranting zealot out of his colony for "concerning herself with the hereafter" without a license. In succeeding chapters, we meet a Winthrop who burned witches in Salem and has hot flashes of conscience on his deathbed, and others who scurry about early New York mending adulterous marriages and nursing outsized artistic egos. Finally, we arrive in 1973 Manhattan and Washington. Here everybody is a graduate of Harvard, has an aquiline nose, collects abstract art, makes money and gains his reputation by substituting country for God with the same single-minded energy that compelled Governor Winthrop to kick the lady out of the neighborhood. All the stories resound with themes of martyrdom and hypocrisy played on an acoustic fife, but the book is facile and fun—and marketable. We can easily see Bicentennial-wrapped editions of *The Winthrop Covenant* selling like hot cakes. Which is only fitting, for Auchincloss has stacked this starchy stuff high and drenched it in thick, sweet syrup.

The Hiss-Chambers case isn't really a question of criminality any longer. It belongs more to the realm of philosophical disputes, like free will *vs.* determinism, or that of great melodrama, one that can be played out forever with each successive actor interpreting the major parts with some new and subtle insight. Was Chambers insane? Hiss the greatest liar of all time? Who is the tragic figure here and who is the villain? Sadly, *Alger Hiss: The True Story* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by John Chabot Smith, doesn't go very far toward answering any of these questions. Smith does try to establish some sort of motive for Chambers—since he clearly assumes that Hiss was innocent. That

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question of motive has always been difficult for Hiss defenders. If their man was indeed innocent, then Chambers just about singlehandedly brought off the biggest frame-up since the Dreyfus affair—perhaps the biggest frame-up in history. And for what? It is Smith's contention that Chambers was mad and a calculating opportunist as well. He had always been a dark, brooding, suicidal man, of course. And he had worked to gain a reputation as a stern anti-Communist since he had broken with the party. According to Smith, the only way Chambers could protect this reputation at *Time* magazine, where he worked and where anticommunism was a precious commodity, was by framing Hiss. It is a hard line to swallow. Of course, we know now that the FBI is not above framing innocent people for reasons of self-interest. And the FBI was crucial in the Hiss investigation, though Richard Nixon would have you believe he took care of the case almost all by himself. Smith's book doesn't make the case against the FBI, but perhaps the next Hiss book will. Or the next one. Or the one after that.

On page 296 of Robert Ludlum's *The Gemini Contenders* (Dial), the hero turns to his girlfriend, with whom he is having lunch at a sidewalk café on Central Park South, and asks casually, "Have you ever heard of something called the Filioque Clause?" Without stirring a martini, she replies, "Certainly. It was incorporated into the Nicene Creed. It separates the Western and Eastern churches and led to the Photian Schism in . . . the Ninth Century, I think. Which, in turn, brought about the schism of 1054. The issue ultimately became papal infallibility." Some girlfriend. Actually, everybody who is anybody in this fast-paced thriller about World War Two espionage—intelligence agents from Germany, Italy and Britain, a rabid Vatican cardinal and the members of an ancient order of Greek monks—knows about the Filioque Clause and is irrationally interested in a hidden vault that contains papers refuting it. Still with us? Families are massacred. Agents are sacrificed. Escapes are narrowed. Pages are turned. Ludlum—whose previous novels include *The Matlock Paper*, *The Rhine-mann Exchange* and *The Scarlatti Inheritance*—has come up with another sure-fire suspense novel with a three-word title. And that's not the half of it. The vault also contains another centuries-old document that could tear the Christian world apart, setting church against church, nation against nation. What could it be? The winning ticket of the first Irish Sweepstakes? The number of Judas Iscariot's secret Swiss bank account? Mary Magdalene's appointment calendar? Come now. You don't expect us to give everything away, do you?

DINING & DRINKING

You might want to discuss the decline and fall of the Roman Empire between courses at *The Palace*. You see, at this, the most outrageously expensive and relentlessly elegant restaurant in New York (420 East 59th Street), finishing an eight-course meal takes at least three hours. And if you're an overreaching bitch like most New York restaurant mavens, you will be frustrated: The food seems to have no defects. But how about the decor? Yes, it is too "relentless." But the flowers, the napery, the china, the silver, the furniture, the silk wall coverings *are* truly beautiful. Aha! You pick up your cut-glass wine goblet and you ask Frank Valenza, the owner, "Is this, uh, Waterford?" "No, but close." "Baccarat?" "Close again. Drop one of those

babies and I'm out twenty bucks." Is that any way for the owner of what may well be the world's costliest chow hall to talk? Valenza used to be an actor. He still is. And *The Palace* is his finest performance. Valenza obtained his chef from Lutèce, which used to hold the title in the New York French Restaurant Snobisme Sweepstakes. His waiters discuss the repast with you in scholarly terms. At least one offering on *L'Escriteau*, as the menu is labeled, *Gravlaks du Roi Olav* (cold salmon in a dill marinade), is named for royalty, the reigning monarch of Norway. The Palace's staff won't let an ash soil your close-to-Waterford ashtray before replacing it with a clean one; each course is a fascinating game of show-and-tell as it is presented on a silver salver decorated with bread sculpture. (We seem to remember that one of the creations was a Spanish galleon under full sail.) Before the main course, your palate is refreshed with lemon sherbet and cassis, as it just might be a tad weary from the courses that went before (perhaps a sensational lobster salad with walnut oil or a saffron and mussel soup or soft-shelled crabs in caviar butter). Speaking of caviar—and when aren't you, in a place like this?—the Beluga caviar

"The Palace's owner, Frank Valenza, says, 'I don't want that \$30 *prix fixe* crowd. They break glasses.'"



wrapped in Scottish smoked salmon in a delicate pastry boat made us understand what a certain food-fetishist restaurant critic meant when she wrote: "My taste buds shrieked with joy!" Ours merely squealed. Roasts are served from a silver trolley that must have cost Valenza as much as a secondhand Bentley; the *Côte de Boeuf Grand Palace au Madère* is the finest meat you're ever likely to try. After all this, can there be more? Yes, there's another big salad, a cornucopia of rare and costly cheeses (no Stilton, oddly) and then an avalanche of desserts.

You get two mousses for the price of one: chocolate and strawberry. Then our waiter tried to force some crepes suzette on us, but we drove him off with one of Reed and Barton's finest dessert forks. The

wine list, as they say, is *très cher*: A bottle of Pavillon Blanc du Château Margaux, 1973, light and dry and one of the wine list's real cheapies, costs \$25; and a nice red, a Chambertin-Clos de Bèze, Louis Jadot, 1972, is \$40. The Palace sommelier ("just call me Sanath") claims to be the only Hindu sommelier in the U. S. Now, here comes the cruncher: The *prix fixe*, which doesn't include wine or any other "extras" like Havana cigars, is \$50 per person. Valenza says, "I don't want that \$30 *prix fixe* crowd. They break glasses." And, yes, Virginia, there is a suggested service charge: 23 percent. That pays for the show-and-tell scholarship, the ash-free ashtrays and the general niceness and neatness of *The Palace* staff. So plan on spending at least \$200 for two at *The Palace*. You'll feel a little guilty, maybe even a little evil, when you leave this extraordinary restaurant. But you won't feel bloated: The portions are just the right size and, remember, if Louis XIV customarily took four hours to dine, you can spare three. *The Palace* is open for dinner only, 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. Tuesday through Saturday; Valenza accepts all major credit cards and letters of credit from Swiss banks. Reservations: 212-355-5152.

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MOVIES

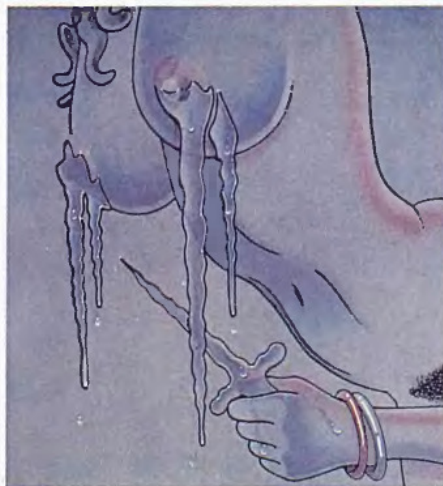
George Segal plays Sam Spade, Jr.—and playshim very engagingly—in *The Black Bird*, writer-director David Giler's tongue-in-cheek sequel to *The Maltese Falcon*. Movie buffs or cultists who have enshrined the original film classic may need reminding that *Falcon* was never more than a piece of beautifully gilded trash, with which director John Huston and star Humphrey Bogart climbed to the big time on the back of Dashiell Hammett's tough-talking private eye. "Oh, God, I hate my life," groans Segal as Spade's reluctant son and heir, still grubbing around the seedier parts of San Francisco in the eternal quest for that priceless goddamn bird. The pursuit of new clues brings him into contact with freaks, flashers, a Nazi midget and "a professional killer working out of the phys.-ed. department at Berkeley"—played, improbably enough, by 1969 Playmate of the Year Connie Kreski. He also has frequent run-ins with Dad's loyal old secretary, Effie, whom he calls Godzilla (a role replayed with relish by Lee Patrick of the original cast), a mystery woman (France's Stephane Audran, obviously on a holiday romp in the U.S.), a gruff assistant (scene-stealing Lionel Stander) and an unwilling murder victim named Wilmer (Elisha Cook, Jr., another *Falcon* alumnus). While the performers maintain an exuberant and sassy tone throughout, *Black Bird* is basically a joke that can't be stretched quite as far as the film's allotted running time. The movie's nose-thumbing impudence becomes contagious, though, when several wary black brothers leap to their feet every time an outraged cop yells "Spade!"

Remember Moss Hart's autobiographical *Act One*, made into a pretty bad movie starring George Hamilton? Now here comes Paul Mazursky's semiautobiographical *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, made into a pretty good one starring Lenny Baker. It's a similar tale—the fairly conventional saga of a star-struck Jewish boy named Larry Lapinsky, who moves from Brooklyn to Manhattan to invent a career for himself in showbiz, circa 1953. To sleep with, he's got a nice Jewish princess, Sarah (played by singer Ellen Greene, in a flashy movie debut that could well be the start of something big). To eat, he's got a job at a sandwich counter. To inspire him, he's got Marlon Brando for a shining example, plus Method acting classes. To drive him crazy, he's got parents (Shelley Winters and Mike Kellin) who keep coming across the Brooklyn Bridge to make sure he's not starving or turning into a bum. *Next Stop* exudes a kind of amiable self-indulgence and tacky romanticism about the Fifties in New York that are impossible to resist, particularly for those who



Black Bird: sassy.

"Whatta we gonna do with our lives?" groans Larry. Sarah replies, 'I don't know about you . . . but I'm gonna get a diaphragm.' "



Icy Breasts: sagging.

remember. Writer-producer-director Mazursky (of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*) puts a lot of himself into his movies and made a wise choice in placing Baker, a relative newcomer, in the shoes of Lapinsky—the kind of native nut case who does imitations or stands on an I.R.T. subway platform dreaming up an Oscar acceptance speech on his way home from a date. The movie leaves him saying goodbye to the folks en route to his first acting job in Hollywood; the time between is spent studying, meeting new friends, paying for an abortion, making the rounds of casting offices. Mazursky demonstrates a sharp

ear for the droll, slightly banal dialog of all young hopefuls seeking a toe hold in The Arts, or in life itself: "Whatta we gonna do with our lives?" groans Larry. To which his practical Sarah swiftly replies, "I don't know about you . . . but I'm gonna get a diaphragm." One of *Next Stop's* surest showstoppers is Shelley Winters, in an uncorseted but definitive performance as a well-meaning Jewish mother who appears to combine the instincts of a bloodhound with the heart of a strictly kosher saint.

Icy Breasts teams Alain Delon with Mi-reille Darc (the favorite blonde of several million Frenchmen, including Delon) in a murky, convoluted suspense drama about a girl who turns murderous when men make passes at her. Her late husband forced her into prostitution to obtain money for drugs; she killed him, so now she's off sex and into homicide; hence, the title—a clue to the lady's frigidity. Delon and Darc handle all this very ably and made a hit of it in France, where their names on a marquee are money in the bank. Over here, *Icy Breasts* needs something more to give it a lift; writer-director George Lautner offers too much plot, too much talk and too little of the hair-trigger tension that keeps a thriller from sagging prematurely.

Already acclaimed the world's foremost woman film maker, writer-director Lina Wertmuller (of *The Seduction of Mimi* and *Swept Away* . . .) ought to gain further prestige with her dazzling, corrosive *Seven Beauties*, subtitled *That's What They Call Him* (supposedly that's the nickname given, in Naples, to a man no woman can resist). Giancarlo Giannini, star of every major Wertmuller movie to date, plays the title role as a cowardly, unprincipled Neapolitan hustler who is actually a kind of Italian Everyman. Just before World War Two, he's sent off to a mental asylum as an ax murderer, after dissecting the pimp who had lured one of his ugly sisters into prostitution and shipping fragments of his victim to Milan, Genoa and points north. He gets through the war by deserting the army, betraying his comrades, shooting his best friend and screwing the beefy lady commandant of a POW camp. When it's over, he comes home to forget the past and breed kids, resuming the old *macho* views of honor and family that have made him what he is—a born survivor, but not much else. Mixing sex and politics as usual, Wertmuller wraps it all up as a savage indictment of Italian society. She finds a brilliant ally in Giannini, who, as an earthier actor than Mastroianni, is evidently getting most of the meaty parts that used to go to Marcello by

default. Giannini treads a thin, risky line between pathos and grotesque black comedy, yet manages to remain believable even when he's grappling, à la Buster Keaton, with a bulky corpse—or trying to hump his fat Nazi jailer (marvelously played by Shirley Stoler) who tells him: "First you eat, then you fuck. If you don't fuck . . . kaput." *Seven Beauties* is a devastating social study—fierce, funny and brim full of painful truth.

Director Sam Peckinpah's erratic output complicates life for his ardent admirers, who may hail him as a genius one year only to find his next film a huge embarrassment. *The Killer Elite*, though generally panned by the press, is a coldly brilliant and bloodcurdling picture about a professional assassin, underplayed by James Caan in a concentrated, tough-minded performance that probably beats anything he has done to date. Equal to him in every way is Robert Duvall as a treacherous colleague who won't hesitate to kill or maim his best friend—if the order comes down and the price is right. Peckinpah explores the outer limits of a system so corrupt that it's impossible to tell whether the bad guys are CIA chiefs, captains of industry or political nabobs. They may all be part of one vast, powerful conspiracy. That's the message given to Caan, who gradually begins to understand it. *Killer Elite* does not ask to be liked, and has serious flaws—the ballsy *macho* humor becomes ludicrous at times (Duvall laughs uproariously when his buddy thinks he has a dose of clap), certain plot details defy easy tracking and Peckinpah remains incurably, boyishly romantic about violence and physical courage. His latest example of overkill sticks in the mind, regardless, as a skillful man-sized movie that stubbornly does everything the unmistakably Peckinpah way—with no pandering and no apologies.

French actress Isabelle Adjani—the piquant 20-year-old nymph who won a 1975 Best Performance award from the New York Film Critics for François Truffaut's *The Story of Adèle H.*—has an excellent showcase role in writer-director Claude Pinoteau's *The Slap*, made a year earlier. In this belated release, Adjani's talent can be measured by the fact that she nearly steals the picture from two major French stars, Lino Ventura and Annie Girardot, who play her estranged parents in a bittersweet domestic comedy about the generation gap. It's all quite modern, believably human, worldly and charming. Alas, it's also true that *The Slap's* concerns seem no more urgent, after a while, than those of an old Andy Hardy movie; it just happens to play like *A Star Is Born* whenever Isabelle is on the screen.

Hard-core leavened with impish humor is the aim of *Bang! Bang!—You Got It*, writer-director Chuck Vincent's potpourri of pornographic fun and fantasy that often looks like a lewd, nude *Laugh-In*. The fun part—Mother Goose telling the story of *Goldilocks and the Three Dildoes*, or a *What's My Line?* parody called *What the Fuck Do You Do?*—doesn't work out too well, with the possible exception of some drollery among a trio of painted bodies loosely identified as *The Talking Tits* (one of which has a black eye on its nipple). There are several effective turn-of-sequence, however—including a male-rape fantasy with four comely molesters, a surprisingly lyrical sexual duet by an attractive couple who make love as if they mean it (a relative rarity on the porno scene) and an intense but amusing case of mutual masturbation over the telephone, practiced (on a split screen) by a guy and a gal with no visible sexual hang-ups. Overall, it's an uneven mishmash, though a welcome change from the tiresome old fuck-and-suck format. Vincent, at his best, takes a baby step toward disproving the notion that humor and eroticism are incompatible. Too bad he does not also defy the stubborn tradition that the boring, obligatory "come shot" is the *sine qua non* of a credible sex film.

Another top photographer of *les girls*, Francis Giacobetti, has fashioned *Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman* (previewed in *PLAYBOY's* March issue) as a sequel to the pace-setting hit that broadened the scope of erotic cinema by tacking on a label with proven snob appeal: *Made in France*. More aptly titled *L'Anti-Vierge* (or *Anti-Virgin*) over there, *Joys of a Woman* brings back piquant, willowy Sylvia Kristel as an engineer's venturesome young wife whose erotic odyssey continues from Bangkok to Hong Kong to Bali and brings her into contact with all sorts of traveling companions—a masseuse, an acupuncturist, a black dance teacher, her own husband (played by Umberto Orsini this time around), a tattooed



Titty titty Bang! Bang!

"The second coming of *Emmanuelle* stops just short of complete fantasy fulfillment. It's lukewarm porn for mixed company."

polo player and three total strangers in a Hong Kong brothel. *Emmanuelle's* principal mission—also the substance of the film's vestigial plot—is to introduce an attractive virgin (Catherine Rivet) to her husband for a finale of sex à trois. The second coming of *Emmanuelle* stops just short of complete fantasy fulfillment. It's lukewarm porn for mixed company, seldom wildly exciting—unless you believe, as the late Noel Coward once quipped, that "sex is mostly a matter of lighting."

A statuesque redhead named Julia Franklin endorses the autobiographical authenticity of *The Divine Obsession*, which describes—with uninhibited hard-core action—how a highly sexed Ohio schoolgirl becomes a suicidal stripper and prostitute after meeting numerous Mr. Wrongs in New York. Initially excited about her future prospects in the Big Apple, Julia relates, "I knew I would lick it." And so she does, repeatedly. For those who seek glossy porno with some serious dramatic purpose, this may be the ticket.

At a reported cost of \$600,000, *Sodom and Gomorrah . . . the Last Seven Days* provides conclusive proof that pornography can be just as top-heavy, tiresome and tasteless as any Biblical epic ever foisted upon a gullible public by guys like Cecil B. DeMille. The perpetrators of *Sodom* are San Francisco's hard-core entrepreneurs, the Mitchell brothers (Artie and James), who brought us such milestone works as *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve*. Lacking a Marilyn Chambers, the Mitchells this time offer a motley cast of a hundred or so, not including donkeys, a camel, sheep and a space-age chimpanzee who talks like John Wayne. The plot defies description—something about sexual repression in Sodom (no conventional fucking allowed). This holier-than-thou hard-core spectacular simply gives erotic cinema another cross to bear, one *Testament* too soon.

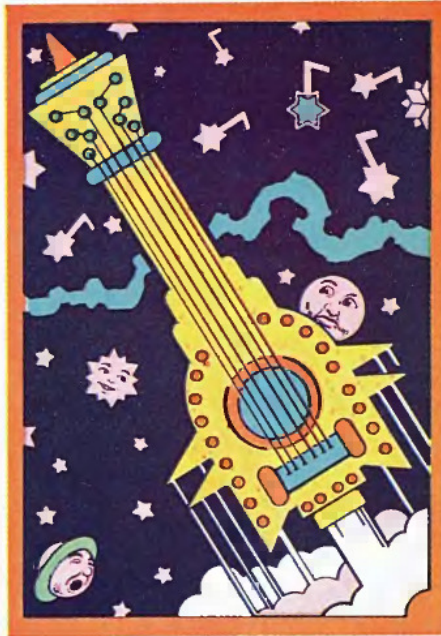
MUSIC

Bo Diddley's stage persona has always been ultrablack, which is probably why Bo, of all the giants of original rock 'n' roll, has aroused the least fervor among white fans. Even usually astute rock critics curiously ignore both the importance of his contribution to the creation of the musical form we call rock 'n' roll and the fact that, almost alone among its pioneers, he sounds even better today than he did then. When he took the stage at Radio City Music Hall, during a revival show called *The Royalty of Rock*, he took it the way Muhammad Ali takes possession of a ring. In his black Western-gunslinger duds, with that same red, science-fiction-looking guitar he has been playing for two decades slung low on his hip, his broad, black hat pulled down so that half his face was lost in ominous shadow, he seemed the very manifestation of I-am-your-world's-baddest-mother rock 'n' roll.

By now, Bo has refined his art to the point of effortless perfection. During the primal, slow-drag opening section of *I'm a Man*, as Bo leaned forward with his guitar, looking like the hood ornament of some ultimate evil black limousine, scraping his pick excruciatingly backward along his guitar strings to make sounds Jimi Hendrix alone was able to re-create, the young white maracas player behind him seemed all but overcome with multiple orgasm. He knew what manner of man he was playing with. For Bo—or Mr. Diddley, as *The New York Times* calls him—is more than a legend, he's a genius.

He is also a bit, ah, ripe. He has been known to simulate flicking boogers at his sidemen and to reply to hecklers with, "Thass all right! 'Cause yo' breff smell like zoo dirt!" This is not the sort of showbiz image that is going to win him very many of those 13-year-old girls who are reputed to buy most of the rock-'n'-roll records in this country. And so Bo, his own uncompromising niggeryness the ceiling on his career, continues to be made penultimate act to a Little Richard, who, though once as gigantic as Bo, now performs a kind of tedious parody of his earlier work.

Naturally, Bo played *Bo Diddley* at the Music Hall show. The famous rhythm has mellowed; it no longer blasts you through the back of your seat. Rather, it slips a powerful hand beneath your buns and lifts you casually 20 feet into the air. Ah, Bo. Everything he did was so totally right. The comparison with Hendrix was inescapable; both men created new electric-guitar vocabularies that have permanently extended the range of the instrument. Who knows, maybe Jimi first became aware of some of its inherently bizarre sound possibilities by listening to Bo. Why doesn't somebody find out these things? Bo Diddley deserves a book, a TV



Bo: effortless.

"Bo leaned forward with his guitar, looking like the hood ornament of some ultimate evil black limousine."



Rufus: more (and more) of the same.

special, perhaps knighthood, and definitely some sort of fancy, carefully remixed, double-record reissue of his greatest music, preferably heavily laced with his incredible latter-day live jams, especially those in which he was allowed a chance to stretch out and *didn't have to leave the stage after a criminally truncated 15-minute set as he did at Radio City Music Hall*.

Why was Bo cut short? Because he was part of a rock-'n'-roll revival show, a

package of attractions from the Fifties and early Sixties, and promoters seem to believe that the main appeal of these spectacles is a long list of acts. Hence, *The Royalty of Rock* featured eight of them; in addition to the headliners (Little Richard, Bo, the Shirelles, Chubby Checker), the show was padded out with the Marvellettes, Bobby Lewis, Gary U.S. Bonds and the New Platters without Tony Williams, who had laryngitis. Now none of these acts was *bad* or anything, but they did take up time. That half the three-hour show was occupied with their performances was absurd.

So what's the answer? More carefully programmed revival concerts featuring acts that are not only nostalgic but were good musically in the first place and continue to be. The Flamingos (who were, in fact, featured in other *Royalty of Rock* shows than the one we caught) have never lost their stuff. Ditto the Five Keys, Nutmegs, Harptones and Five Satins. Chuck Berry has much of his old fire and all his sly charm. How would *that* be for an oldies presentation: First half, several classic vocal groups; second half, Bo for 30 minutes, Chuck for another 30 and the two of them together for half an hour? For that show, which *truly* might be called *The Royalty of Rock*, we'd start waiting in a ticket line now. —CHRIS MILLER

Gil Scott-Heron probably wouldn't be too crazy about the latest Rufus album, which—dispelling any doubt about who's in charge—is called *Rufus Featuring Chaka Khan* (ABC). That's because all the songs, just about, are about partying, and from the lyrics—and the way Chaka delivers them—it seems she just wants everybody to boogie and ball a little bit more. Which is OK by us. But when the subject matter does change a little bit—as on *Everybody Has an Aura*—you don't really notice, because the music stays the same: good-timy and funky but very soft, almost muted, with no instrumental voices standing out. Variety is what the group needs more of; for instance, it's a relief to hear some rhythmic variation, like the way the beat turns over on *Little Boy Blue* or the three-bar phrasing (as opposed to the inevitable fours) on *Sweet Thing*. And no offense to Chaka, but it would be nice if they let the band play more.

The Gentle Side of John Coltrane, a two-LP Impulse reissue of tracks recorded between 1961 and 1965, proves conclusively that the hard-edged sound of Trane was perfectly at home on even the most delicate of ballads. Playing tenor and soprano saxes, Coltrane waxes lyrical on the likes of *What's New*, *Nancy*, *Lush Life* and *My One and Only Love* (the last two containing splendid vocals by Johnny

“Before we found Vat 69 Gold, we used to go on hikes. Now we explore in style, and call it safari.”



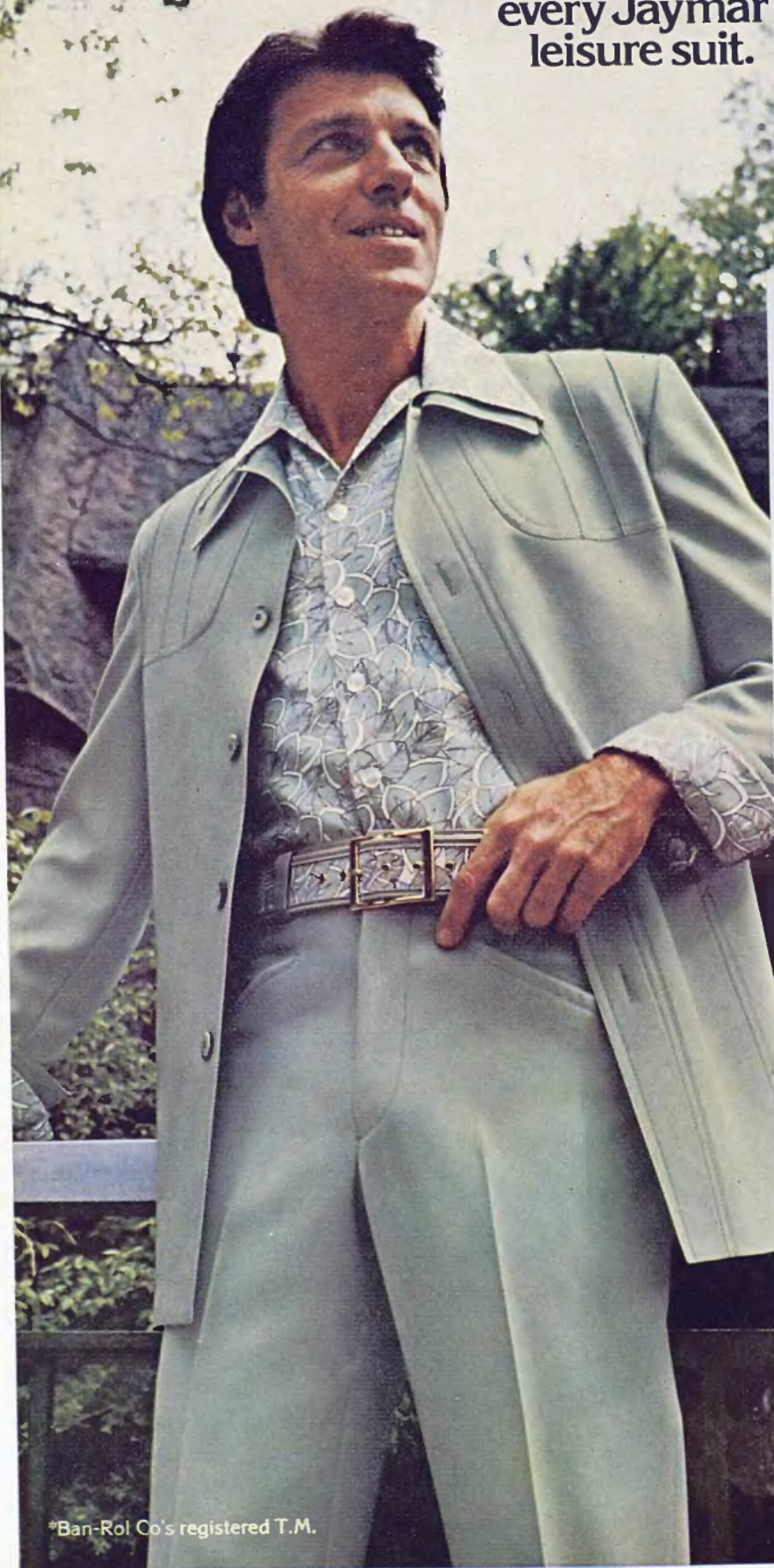
“We’d say, ‘Adventure! Discovery!’ Our friends would say, ‘Poison ivy! Sore feet!’ We’d say, ‘Those talks around the campfire!’ They’d say, ‘The drinks are better at home.’ They had a point. But the Scotch we used was all we thought we could afford. Then we discovered Vat 69 Gold.

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Hartman). Trane found himself in very good company on these tracks—Duke Ellington, McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, Eric Dolphy (on bass clarinet)—and that was only his due: *Gentle Side* confirms, as if confirmation were needed, that Coltrane's untimely death removed a monumental talent from the music scene.

By the time you read this, the Dave Brubeck Quartet (yes, *the* Dave Brubeck Quartet) will have been well along on a concert tour celebrating the silver anniversary of the founding of the group. As a prelude to the tour, A&M's new jazz label, Horizon, released 1975: *The Duets/Brubeck & Desmond*, an album that augured well for the reunion of the full group. Dave and Paul suffer not at all from the absence of drummer Joe Morello and bassist Gene Wright. In fact, it seems to have made them work a little harder. There are three splendid reworks of standards—*These Foolish Things*, *Stardust* and *You Go to My Head*—and several originals. Desmond's alto has never sounded better and Brubeck is, well, Brubeck.

How big or small Dylan looks these days really depends on which end of your telescope you decide to look through. And grinding up figures from Mount Rushmore for gravel fill would probably be more expensive than it's worth at this point, so we won't try to knock our culture hero. But you do have to stop and wonder what—or if—Dylan was thinking when he put a song protesting the innocence of Rubin Carter on one side of his new album, *Desire* (Columbia), and on the other side sings for 11 minutes about poor Joey Gallo, a cheap extortionist and hood. It sounds like Dylan was really impressed by the fact that some of Joey's best friends were black.

That minor mystery noted, it is time to say that it ain't any *Highway 61*, but it's an awfully good record, and even *Joey* demonstrates that Dylan has as much control over his lyrics as ever: "One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York / He could see it coming through the door as he lifted up his fork / He pushed the table over to protect his family / And he staggered out into the streets of Little Italy."

Romance in Durango is a truly beautiful, traditional-sounding Mexican song, partly in Spanish, with a very untraditional arrangement that switches time signatures from 4/4 to 6/8 to 3/4 and back again. *Sara* is, of course, for Dylan's wife and is one of the best pieces on the record. It's hard to pin down what makes *Isis* so remarkable. Obviously, it is named after the famous Egyptian goddess whose representation appears in many pyramids and the song is about an attempt by two men to steal a body from a pyramid. Ultimately, one of them dies and the other places him in the tomb. On the other hand,



Bargain Beethoven.

"Desire ain't any
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the wonder of this song may be simply that only Dylan would rhyme "contagious" with "outrageous."

That old and usually valid maxim "You get what you pay for" has many happy exceptions in the area of the classical LP. Among the budget-priced labels, you can often find a performance that would be the preferred choice *regardless* of cost. Consider a few of the many budget Beethoven recordings currently available:

Beethoven: *The Nine Symphonies* (Odyssey). Bruno Walter/Columbia Symphony Orchestra, in stereo. Not to be confused with Walter's earlier New York Philharmonic recordings (mono, also on Odyssey), this is the finest all-round budget set of the complete nine. There is not a poor performance in the lot and a few are as good as any available. Of particular merit is the *Sixth* ("Pastorale")—a relaxed and joyful reading with a final movement gleaming with lyric radiance.

The "Columbia Symphony Orchestra" in this case is made up of members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, complemented by the best musicians available from the film studios. If they do not match, say, the Chicago Symphony (and who does?), the orchestral playing is nevertheless first-rate throughout. Though all nine recordings were made in 1958, the sound holds up very well.

The monaural recordings of these works by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony (RCA Victor) deserve special consideration. The perfection of orchestral playing, the passion and pure, literal honesty that one finds in most of these performances remain unmatched. There is, however, a price to pay. These are all from recording sessions and live NBC radio broadcasts of the early Fifties and some do not approach even the more limited technical standards of that era. Still, we have a number of priceless readings that are preserved in quite acceptable mono. There is a sunny *Sixth* of purest classical beauty. The *Third* ("Eroica"), in this case, is not the old 1949 recording that was once found in the original full-priced set but is from a 1953 broadcast, much superior in sound, that has a uniquely light, almost 18th Century approach—a revelation to anyone who has encountered only the dramatic heaven storming that is the usual way with this symphony. And then there's the Toscanini *Ninth* ("Choral"). A large proportion of the civilized world seems to consider it the one by which to judge all others. This version gives us Beethoven marked by fire and intensity, plus an Italianate sense of melody.

But watch out for the so-called electronic-stereo versions available as single discs. This worthless, sales-oriented processing effectively destroys all that is clean and listenable in these venerable recordings.

Beethoven: *The Five Piano Concertos* (Columbia). Leon Fleisher, piano; Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, conductor, in stereo.

Here again is a set of bargain-priced recordings that could easily be called the choice set at any price. Fleisher's performances are the most satisfactory accounts of these works committed to records since those of Artur Schnabel in the Thirties. Fleisher studied with Schnabel and these recordings show him to be a worthy heir of a century-old Central European tradition with this music that Schnabel represented.

All readings are superlative—especially that of the great G major *Fourth Concerto*, the finest that we have encountered. The playing is full-blooded and monumental in the big moments and poetically introspective in the slow movements. It is always illuminating, making familiar passages sound fresh and new.

George Szell and the Clevelanders re-recorded these concertos some years later for Angel with Emil Gilels at the piano, but that collaboration fails to match this one.

Fleisher and Szell are well served by the engineers, for the stereo sonics are quite contemporary, even though these recordings are well over a decade old. Don't be put off by the fact that this set is on the regular full-priced Columbia label—it's specially priced down for skinflints with expensive tastes.

ADVENTURES

What really happened, to quote from an ad campaign for a hit movie of 1972, on the Cahulawassee River? Since that body of water exists only in the mind of poet-novelist James Dickey, we can't tell you. We can, however, report what's going on along the real river where the movie version of Dickey's novel "Deliverance" was filmed: It's becoming a hit

with the white-water crowd. PLAYBOY Research Editor Tom Passavant describes his adventures on the rapids:

Somewhere around the sixth mile of our run down the wild Chattooga River, just below the creek where Ned Beatty got raped by the mountain men in the movie *Deliverance*, is a ripped and battered aluminum canoe, stuck upright in the muddy bank of the river. If we were getting a little cocky about our ability to maneuver our eight-man rubber raft through the crashing rapids of what is generally regarded as the most challenging white-water river in the Southeastern United States, the sight of that canoe quickly brought us back to reality.

Not that we needed much reminding. We'd become aware of what we were getting into as soon as we'd arrived at the cabin headquarters of Southeastern Expeditions, just outside Clayton, Georgia. Southeastern, whose cofounder, Claude Terry, was Jon Voight's stand-in during some of the action sequences in *Deliverance*, is one of three commercial outfits that escort the willing and able down the Chattooga's 50 twisting miles on the southern flank of the Great Smoky Mountains. After first signing the usual legal form promising our hosts we wouldn't get mad in the event we were killed, we assembled at the river's edge, feeling slightly awkward in standard-issue life jackets and safety helmets. The sun was just beginning to cut the chilly mountain air as Butch Terry, Claude's 16-year-old son, began his pretrip lecture to the 27 swimsuit-and-cutoff-clad crew members. "Anyone here have a heart condition? Allergic reactions to bee stings or anything? OK, now, remember to keep your legs *inside* the raft; keep your body braced when you go over a rapid... if you do get tossed out, point your feet down the river so you'll hit the rocks with them and not with your head."

Our put-in area is under a bridge that joins Georgia and South Carolina; for



"At least 19 people have been killed by the river since *Deliverance* was filmed here. Just this morning a man's body was pulled from under a rock."

part of its length, the river forms the border between the two states. At first, the Chattooga rolls calmly over its rocky bed and crews quickly learn to maneuver the rafts. As the first big rapid, Screaming Left Turn, approaches, the river narrows and picks up speed, roaring over and around the rocks; foam and spray hiss all around us. The front end of the raft falls away as we go over a drop and slam into a huge stationary wave of water at the bottom. Paddling forward to gain as much speed as possible, we smash through this wave and on down into what is suddenly a screaming *right* turn. The three kayakers that accompany us to act as rescuers, should anyone go for a swim, sit at the bottom of the rapid—somehow motionless in the face of the white water.

Woodall Shoals, next in line, is rated a class-five rapid (on a scale of difficulty ranging from one to six) and has a reputation as a killer. The left side of the river funnels completely under a huge rock, sucking anything and anyone under with it. When that happened to one of the guides just a few days earlier, he was spit out bruised and bloody but still alive. Others haven't been so lucky.

When we break for lunch, served by the guides on the rocks in mid-river, we learn that at least 19 people—none of them on an organized tour—have been killed by the river since *Deliverance* was filmed here. Just this morning, Butch tells us, a man's body was pulled

from under a rock where it had been wedged for two weeks. "His life jacket, ripped off his back by the current, floated up about five minutes after he went under. That's the only way we knew he was down there," he tells us matter-of-factly as we pile back into our rafts.

Now the river again narrows dramatically, funneling into steep-walled canyons that seem to am-

plify the roar of the water. Our raft is thrown head on into a huge rock and water pours over us; it's like riding a roller coaster through a car wash. Luckily, no one is thrown out of our raft, but in another, the guide, sitting aft, suddenly finds himself catapulted about six feet into the air. He disappears in the boiling foam but quickly surfaces and grabs a rescue ring attached to a kayak's nose.

Finally, we approach Five Falls, the climax of the run, and, after pausing to plot our course through each rapid, pick our way down Entrance Falls, Corkscrew, Crack-in-the-Rock and Jawbone. Above Sock-em-Dog, the last and most treacherous falls, the guides call a halt. This is where the body had been found this morning and they decide the river is too high to challenge in rafts. The kayakers, experts all, try it one by one, but each is wiped out in the huge waves at the bottom. One of them capsizes and is pinned, in his kayak, against a rock; after what seems like hours of struggle, he finally rights himself. Later, he shows us his double-bladed metal paddle—bent and twisted by the force of the water. While the guides take the rafts over alone, there is time for everyone to wade into the lower part of the swirling rapid and catch a chilly ride—bodysurfing, as it were—to a nearby sand bar. Soaking wet and exhausted, we paddle two miles across the stillness of Lake Tugalo to our pickup point. The mountain shadows are beginning to stretch across the water, but before dark, we'll be back in the hustle of downtown Atlanta, which is—unbelievably, it seems at this moment—a mere hundred miles away.

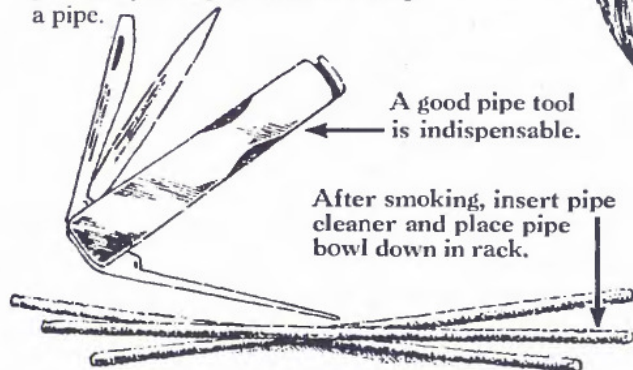
Guided trips down Section 4 of the Chattooga are run daily during the summer months and on weekends in the spring and in the fall. Reservations are a must; for addresses of tour guides, write to PLAYBOY's Reader Service Department, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

The care and feeding of your pipe.

Apply a little T.L.C.

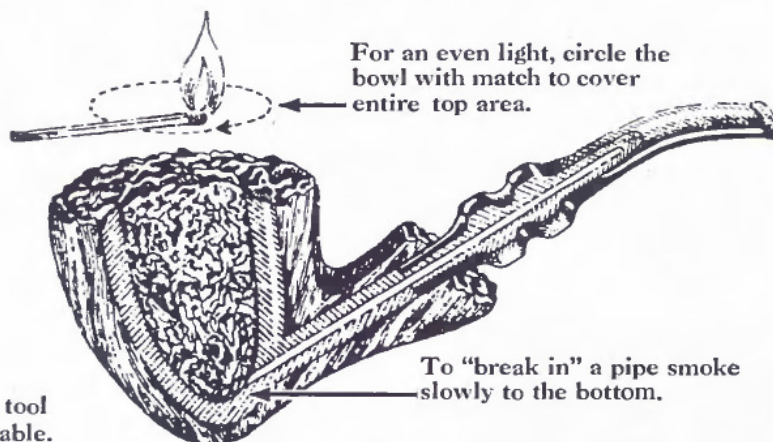
So you just got a new pipe! Congratulations. New pipes are like infants. Both can bring you a great deal of happiness. Both require tender, loving care.

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



A good pipe tool is indispensable.

After smoking, insert pipe cleaner and place pipe bowl down in rack.



For an even light, circle the bowl with match to cover entire top area.

To "break in" a pipe smoke slowly to the bottom.

How to avoid tongue bite.



Handcrafted pipe by Nording of Denmark

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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P4

EROTICA

The *Catalog of Sexual Consciousness* (Grove Press) takes up where the *Whole Earth Catalog* left off, in bed. Editor Saul Braun has compiled what amounts to a field manual for the vanguard of the sexual revolution. The book presents basic facts on such topics as contraception, abortion, childbirth, V. D., hygiene, masturbation and rape, in addition to listing reliable sources for further information. Braun and his contributors recommend books on every-

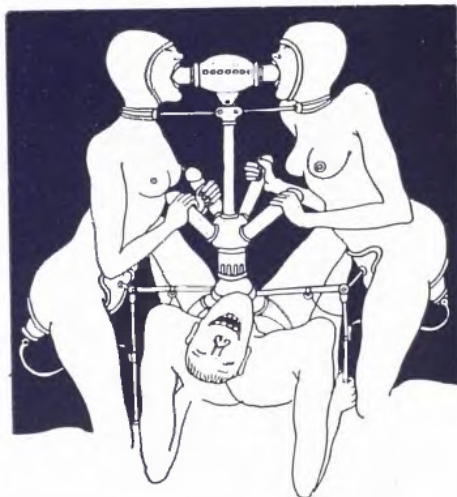
thing from hot baths, nude beaches and underground comix to encounter groups, Gestalt therapy, tantric yoga and open marriage. Find out where to buy vibrators, sexy lingerie, S/M accessories, a coloring book of the female genitals or a porno novel written by a poet in residence at Yale. Perhaps the best part of the book is the section on the body politic, a history of sexual consciousness—it is an insightful summary of how and why we got so sexually hung up, and what people

are doing about it. Included in this section is a nonjudgmental description of sexual lifestyles (homosexuality, voyeurism, S/M, etc.) that is remarkably sane. (The book opens with a quotation from Thaddeus Golas: "Whatever you are doing, love yourself for doing it.") It's been a long fight: Braun's extraordinary compendium celebrates the kind of victories that you won't see portrayed on television's *Bicentennial Minutes*. It should be required reading for everyone past the age of puberty.



Adjustable body harness (Pleasure Chest, New York).

"Braun has compiled what amounts to a field manual for the vanguard of the sexual revolution."



Fantastic gadgetry from Tomi Ungerer's book *Fornicon*.

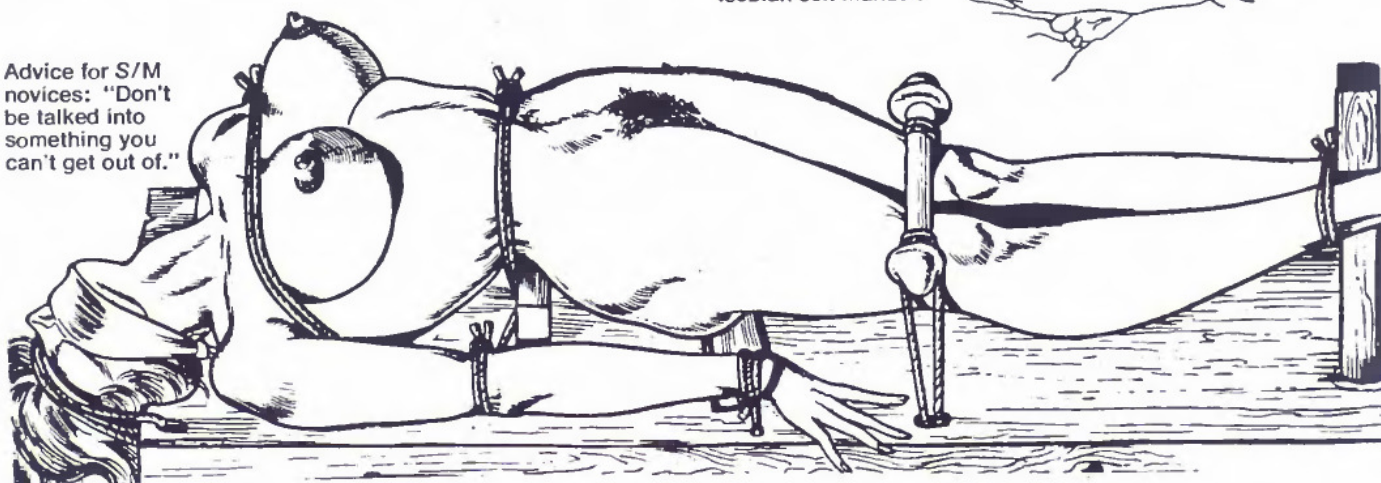


A Laszlo Matulay illustration from *Sexual Stimulation, Games Lovers Play*.



Line drawing from *Loving Women, the Nomadic Sisters' lesbian sex manual*.

Advice for S/M novices: "Don't be talked into something you can't get out of."



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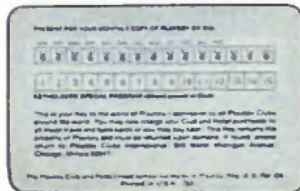
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SPORTS

Seymour Siwoff will add up anything. One day, he totaled the digits on his office door—1354—and discovered, much to his bliss, that they equaled 13, the same number as the floor his office occupies. "It made my day," he recalls. For Siwoff, there is something warming and elegant about numbers.

"Some people would make me out to be a human computer," he says. "But I'm really not. There's such enormous drama in this business. Statistics can be cold and trivial, but they can also be incredibly exciting. Whenever I leaf through the record books, I come up with something I never knew before, and it allows me to relive the past. Numbers are my friends."

Through his lifelong romance with digits, Siwoff has established himself as the sports world's ranking professional answer man. Although principally a statistician—dealing in ineluctable matters such

as earned-run averages, pass-completion percentages and kick-return yardage—Siwoff also traffics in the fleshier material that is commonly referred to as dope. "I'm a problem solver," he says. "I kind of operate a think factory." A wiry, zealous man of 54, with a neat mustache, Siwoff is president and owner of the venerable and reliable Elias Sports Bureau, a New York number warehouse that computes the precious stats of the game for the National Football League, major-league baseball and the National Basketball Association. He also sprays out data to newspapers, magazines and clients such as Seagram's, for which he annually chooses the best player in each of seven sports, using a complicated Productive Efficiency Rating. And he compiles *The Book of Baseball Records*, a digest of marginalia that has been the bible of baseball writers for four decades. What's more, he is at the call of figger filberts intent on sleuthing out such heady matters as the number of passed balls bespectacled Detroit catchers allowed on overcast days. Almost any sports statistic you see can probably somehow be traced back to Seymour Siwoff's computations.

In recent years, there has been a seemingly unstoppable rush of numbers into pro sports, a proliferation that, in large part, can be squarely blamed on Siwoff. "I'm



"Almost any sports statistic can be traced to Seymour Siwoff. 'I'm guilty,' he shrugs. 'I'll assign numbers to any damn thing. I could do hopscotch.'"

guilty," he shrugs. "I'll assign numbers to any damn thing. I could do any sport. I could do canoe races. I could do hopscotch. I could do Frisbees." It is his whim to bring order to sports by attaching numerical values to everything, and then to scramble the digits into some sort of meaningful patterns.

Siwoff's absorption expresses itself in many ways. For example, when he tools past a measured mile on the highway or past a sign reading, say, BUZZARD CROSSING, 2½ MILES, he actually checks the distance against his odometer. "I've got to do it," he says.

Siwoff's true specialty is not the trivia he can rattle off the top of his head, in the tradition of barroom lunkheads, but the things he can smoke out. "I don't know everything," he says, "but I do know where to look it up." He and his 15 employees draw on an amalgam of research materials, which include box

scores of every major-league baseball game and most professional football and basketball contests ever played.

In digging out answers, Siwoff is remarkably efficient. Someone will call up and ask the height of Eddie Gaedel, the midget whom Bill Veeck sent up to bat as a pinch hitter for the St. Louis Browns against the Tigers in 1951. It takes Siwoff only a moment to reply: 3'7". What about the count on Cincinnati's Billy Martin when he stormed to the pitcher's mound and slugged Chicago's Jim Brewer for allegedly brushing him back? That was 15 years ago and even Martin doesn't remember. In a flash, Siwoff has it: 0-2.

But what good are these digit thicketts? "Statistics form the critical dimensions of sports," Siwoff says. "They hang over the head of every player, every team, recording every action. They're a player's clothing, his personality. They tell us how to judge him. Bad figures for a hitter spell Omaha. The superstar, with years of impressive numbers banked in the record books, knows there's a lofty place for him in the history of the game. Look, when Moses went up onto the hill, he came back with ten commandments. Wouldn't it have affected the world if he'd brought fewer or more?"





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SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

TRANSCENDENTAL PREMEDITATION

By Laurence Gonzales

IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, nirvana sales have dropped sharply. Christianity is still bullish among the 16-to-23-year-old buyers, but your common offerings—Buddha, Krishna, Mahara Ji, and so on—have proved to be fads more than anything else. In response to that, clever promoters in the faith business have tried a totally new approach to the problems of psyche, soul and karma by introducing a New Improved Model of Heaven.

Clumsy and not terribly popular when first introduced, Transcendental Meditation has now been stripped down to the 1976 sports-custom version and given the catchy title TM. It is billed as a kind of instant nirvana, with no messy gurus or complex pretexts. You don't have to pray or eat brown rice. There's no worry if you're just a simple, crass, ungraceful human and there are no strenuous-pervoercises to master. As the instructions will tell you in any of the four or five best-selling books on the subject, all you have to do to achieve ecstasy (and from the way they tell it, probably acquire some extra body hair) is to sit on your ass and relax.

Given the history of sitting on your ass in Western culture, this is a remarkable feat of packaging and has in it a lesson for anyone of average intelligence who would like to get rich. For one thing, I've known people who—from all appearances—have been practicing TM for years, certainly before they'd heard its proper name. Most of them find that the "comfortable chair" referred to in the books is usually located inside a dark tavern on a street corner. TM instructions warn against allowing any distracting thoughts to interfere with "pure awareness." Those who have had long experience in those taverns would never

allow such things to happen. When you're having ten or fifteen cool ones, the last thing in the world you want is to have a thought or an idea ruin the whole deal.

Furthermore, the "mantra"—a word or sound that is repeated over and over to help induce pure awareness—was around for many years before TM books came out. I've sat in bars and heard dedicated TM practitioners say, "Two Buds for two studs," over and over for hours on end, each time coming closer and closer to nirvana, total awareness, heaven and the local slammer.

In spite of the longtime popularity of what appears to be TM, the subject has been reintroduced under a new guise with astonishing success. And that suggests a formula that might work in other areas. Simply take something everybody does, anyway, and give it a name, make up some ground rules for it and sell it back

bodily functions, including heart rate and blood pressure?" Of course, the way she can do that is by taking off all her clothes and lying down on her back. Presto, your heart rate and blood pressure shoot up. Tantric Yoga.

So, as you can readily see, there may be a vast, untapped market in writing books about various bodily functions. One called *TB* could carry the subtitle "Transcendental Expectoration" and be sold at sanitariums. A less limited market could be found for "Transcendental Crepitation" (or farting), which would make a likely companion volume to any of the TM books for those determined TM practitioners already mentioned, who—poor slob—probably never knew they needed *two* books to do what they've been doing, one on how to sit down and another on emissions control. That may sound pretty off the wall, but Robert Pirsig found God in an internal-combustion engine, so don't

dismiss it out of hand. The possibilities are limitless (and if someone hasn't already opened up a repair shop for two-wheeled vehicles called Zen and The Art of Motorcycle Maintenance, he should do it now). Your dentist could become the most popular oral surgeon yet, with Transdental Medication. And you could bill any place that has comfortable chairs as Transcendental Medication Parlors—restaurants, movie theaters, bars, bus stops, bar-



bershops and airliners are some likely places. Instead of advertising wide-bodied jets, airlines should concentrate on the fact that those cushy chairs are perfect tools of pure awareness. "Fly the aware skies," "Delta is perfectly relaxed when you are"—that sort of thing. And certainly one of the ultimate forms of this hustle would be a book called *TZs*, subtitled "Transcendental Sleeping," since even those people who don't like to sit in comfortable chairs and relax have been known to conk out for a few hours now and then, even if they don't know the proper techniques. You could work up a little advertising campaign to induce people to buy the book. Something

subtle, like "You wouldn't try to perform brain surgery without proper training, don't go to bed tonight without TZs." After that, they won't be able to get to sleep to save their lives.

And finally, way over in the right-hand slot on every bookshelf should be a copy of *TD*, or *Transcendental Death*, for those who don't know that it takes a heck of a lot of ingenuity to punch out properly. The theme of this one is deadly simple: "You get only one crack at it, friend, so for Christ's sake, don't screw it up." As you can see, TM books are only the beginning of a whole new breed of do-it-yourself manuals for those of us who have forgotten certain ancient techniques, such as walking, also known as TM or Transcontinental Motivation.

REFORM IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

By Donn Pearce

NOBODY CARED until marijuana and Vietnam came along. It was only when those righteous, middle-class sons of professors got their asses busted and found themselves guests of honor at a kangaroo court and *pièces de résistance* at a punk party; when they found themselves eating beans, sleeping on concrete and sneered at by parole boards; when they found out about hard labor, about hard time, about no bail and illegal searches; then, only then, did prison reform become the subject of sweet, skinny chicks strumming away on guitars, movie stars and country musicians doing TV spectacles, liberals in jail overnight for parading without a permit, then running home to write articles and books.

Now that the Sixties are over, forget it.

Prisons come last. And they should. If we cannot solve our transportation problems, the energy crisis, the population explosion, neither DDT nor I.T.T., the credibility gap or the edibility gap, if we can't even get a letter delivered on time, why should anyone worry about thieves, queers, crackpots and heads?

Besides, nobody really wants to reform anything. Pundits, investigators, folk singers, documentary film makers, newspaper executives, social commentators, entertainment personalities—everybody's



having too much fun. Why appoint a board of experts who have spent their lives dealing with every aspect of the situation, including both fuckor and fuckee? Why give them the time, the money, the place where they can get their heads together, the proper incentives—that is, a straight salary with no propaganda dividends? Don't just let them come out of locked doors and announce their plan. For God's sake, we might even have to *act* on it.

There was a close shave not too long ago, when this redneck with a Ph.D. up there in Arkansas got all hot and excited about those convicts getting beaten up with straps, their balls wired up to hand-cranked telephones and getting buried in unmarked graves with missing skulls, arms, legs or what have you. He even started changing things. But finally the governor had sense enough to fire him and ship him off to where he could do no harm; that is, teach at some university.

Every state has its reform governor, even here in Florida. Doesn't drink booze and is a church deacon and hates abortion and all. But he was plenty tough when there was a sit-down strike at the state prison and the guards lined up between the fences and opened fire with shotguns. Mowed down several dozen convicts all in a heap. But didn't kill anybody. No hard feelings. Ole Guv, right away, he appointed an investigation committee. Recruited them right up there on Porkchop Hill. But he wouldn't let any journalists inside to poke around and ask silly questions. Like why did they ask for volunteer convict spokesmen and then slap them all into the Flat Top, where, one by one, they were taken out of the old

death-row cells and beaten up by a goon squad?

Just let the committee meet a few times and issue a few "No comments." Transfer a guard captain, maybe. Deplore a lot. And then tyranny and malnutrition can continue. Graft can resume. Vice-presidents who steal plenty can get three years' probation, while vice punks who steal peanuts can get 30 years in the slammer. Rehabilitation can remain the dirtiest word in prison slang; justice a word so profane no one is deprived enough to say it.

Extremism is in the jism of do-gooder and no-gooder alike. One refuses to recognize any criminal except that poor young thing who had no social advantages. The other will discuss only the Communist prevert omnisexual who slaughtered a kindergarten class. One wants to open the gates and let the boys go home. The other demands life with no parole.

So let the jails get so overcrowded the judges will refuse to sentence anybody for anything. Give everybody probation. Commit them all for observation. Hire more consultants. Elect more reform candidates. Technology has driven out the hard-working, professional thieves and now we are overrun by the new breed who shoot old ladies for two dollars and set fire to winos for kicks. Now that we got rid of the 32nd-degree rednecks, let's bring in the bleeding angels. Now that the personal word of an uptight cop is no longer enough to get a vagrant the electric chair, let's make it impossible not to violate the civil rights of anyone caught with blood right up to his elbows.

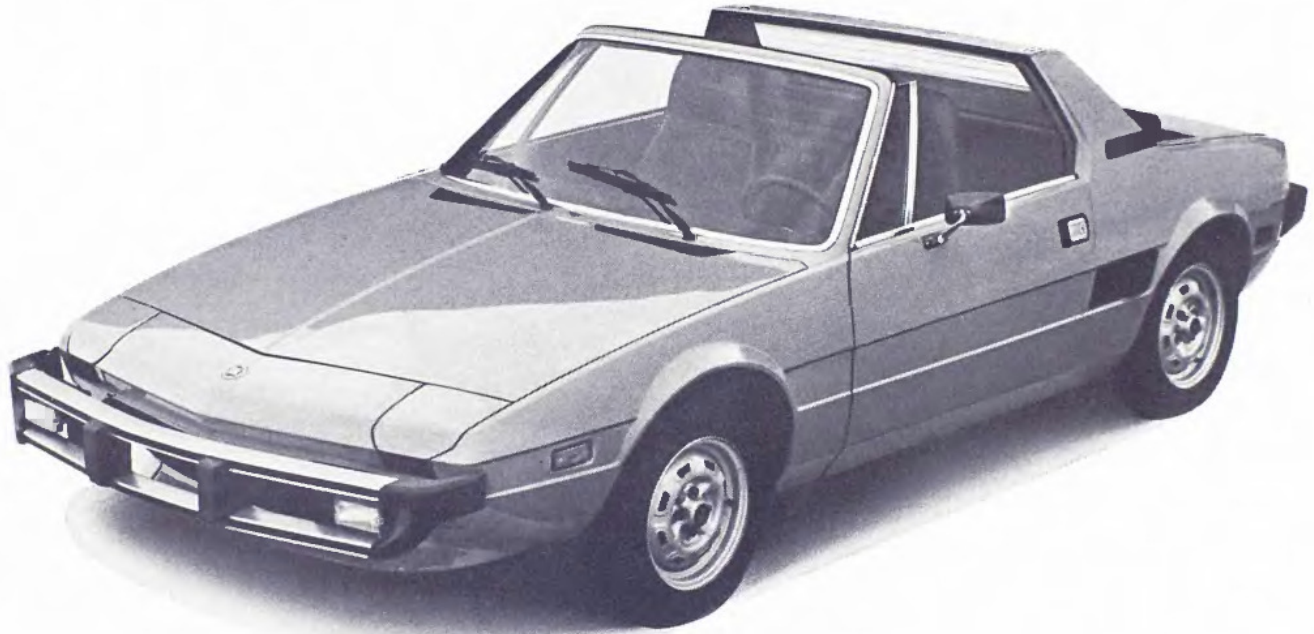
Because the hard facts are simple: There isn't enough money. There is no plan. Prison race wars are imminent, the hatred hanging in the air, at the saturation point. Homosexual rape has become a power game, counting assholes the way you keep score. Vocational programs are a farce. The parole system is decadent. The majority of convicts are mentally defective and a significant percentage are incurable monsters. All of them are socially neurotic when they go in. They are much worse when they come out. Four out of five go back in again. Why? It's simple. They like to build time. What can really be done about all this? Nothing. Not a goddamn thing.

So stir things up. Confuse. Forget. File reports. Shuffle. Deplore. And above all, talk. Testify. Sing a song.

But do not fix anything.



The mid-engine makes it unique. But the price makes it exceptional.



The Fiat X1/9. \$4,947*

There are only seven mid-engine cars in the world today.

All come with things like rack-and-pinion steering, radial tires, four-wheel disc brakes, and fully independent suspensions.

All feature the remarkable kind of handling mid-engine cars have become famous for.

And all will go much faster than local law enforcement officials would care for you to find out.

But in spite of all the remarkable similarities between the cars, we wouldn't feel fair if we didn't point out some of their subtle differences.

A Maserati Bora, for example, will run you about \$26,000 over and above the cost of the Fiat X1/9.

A Lamborghini Uracco will run you about \$20,000 more.

And a Ferrari Dino has to look like a bargain at only \$18,000 more.

The fact is, the Fiat X1/9 costs thousands of dollars less than the nearest priced mid-engine car.

Of course, no two mid-engined cars are the same. And the X1/9 is no Maserati Bora or Ferrari Dino.

But for a difference of 15 or 20 thousand dollars, what do you want, twins?

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

*1976 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

During the past year, a former girlfriend visited me. She is very petite—a foxy little chick who has always been fun and delightfully liberated. It happened that the conversation drifted to the topic of the relationship between breast size and sensitivity. She claimed that because her breasts were small they were more responsive and that was what counted, not size per se. Later, I realized that the women I have slept with fall into two groups—those with large breasts and those with small breasts. It seems to me that the small-breasted partners did get more pleasure from stimulation. What do you think?—T. R., Jamestown, New York.

We can't find support for your theory. Some sexual myths are so widespread, we figure they must be encoded in our DNA. This is one of them. Breast sensitivity is largely subjective. Kinsey found that (regardless of size) only about half of the women he surveyed liked to have their breasts kissed or fondled. (Whereas 93-99 percent of the men were excited by kissing or fondling the above-mentioned breasts—so it really doesn't matter one way or another, right?) In addition, your theory has another flaw: How do you arrive at a suitable dividing point between large and small? The number of nerve endings is the same regardless of size. Masters and Johnson found that a breast can increase in size by up to a third during excitation. According to this myth, would a girl who crossed the line cease to be sensitive? Still, we conducted an informal survey to determine if there might be any truth to the supposition. The first woman we contacted replied, "I don't know about anyone else, but my breasts are more sensitive than you can possibly imagine." Her cup runneth over.

My doctor recently recommended that I stay off caffeine. I'm an avid coffee drinker, however, and I like to grind my own beans. I have noticed that some stores sell whole-bean decaffeinated coffee. How do they get the caffeine out of the bean?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

"I get no kick from caffeine." Caffeine, along with the elements that make up flavor and aroma, is extracted from green coffee beans by washing them with steaming water. The water is then mixed with methylene chloride, which removes the caffeine from the solution. Finally, the beans are steamed in the caffeine-free solution to restore the flavor and aroma elements before roasting.

The January *Playboy Advisor* published a letter from a man who had an odd



complaint: His girlfriend no longer seemed to need foreplay. As soon as she noticed he was ready and willing, she would climb aboard without preliminaries. Your advice: "Coldcock the bitch, tie her to the bed and take your own sweet time." This struck me as being out of character for the *Advisor*. Have you reconsidered your position?—C. N., San Francisco, California.

Yes. We should have asked for the girl's address. Hell, we should have made her an honorary Playmate of the Year.

Plug in, sit back and say goodbye to the world: I was all set to pick up a pair of stereo headphones for my sound system, when a salesman said that if I wanted the best, I should try on a pair of electrostatics. He whipped out a pair and, I must admit, the sound really made my ears stand at attention. So did the price. I'd like to know your opinion before I sink that much bread into my ears. Are the electrostatic headphones worth the price?—J. B., Bloomington, Indiana.

Electrostatic headphones are miniature versions of electrostatic speakers. They offer the ultimate in frequency response, coupled with extremely low distortion. Unless your equipment is the equal of your headphones, however, the only thing a pair of electrostatics will do is highlight the imperfections of your system. (We'll bet the salesman attached his demo set to the best amp in the store.) Electrostatic headphones require more voltage than the simpler dynamic headphones—they are connected to the speaker outlets on the back of your amp,

rather than to a central plug. You switch to the auxiliary-speaker circuit when you want private listening. Our guess is that you would be satisfied with the more conventional dynamic headphones. They come in two styles—enclosed and open (or nonisolating). The latter allow you to hear a phone ringing or the DEA knocking on your door, but they also sacrifice some bass response. For total escape, try the enclosed style. Bon voyage.

At a party last month, I met a fellow who had spent five months in a Viet Cong prison camp. He related two incidents that I found very hard to believe. He claimed that he was stripped and bound face up on a bed, at which point a beautiful young woman fellated him to a throbbing erection. Then a leather noose was slipped around his genitals and tightened. In a very short time, he became numb, remained hard and very excited but was unable to climax. Ten to 15 women then mounted him one after another for over eight hours. Afterward, the noose was released and a male guard gave him a hand job. In the second story, he was stripped and spread-eagled between two vertical poles and three girls set to work on him. The first buried her face between his buttocks and tongued his anus, the second suck/licked his testicles and the third suck/licked his penis. At the hint of orgasm, the squeeze technique was applied, sometimes with the fingers, other times with the mouth, causing him to lose his erection. He endured this torture for a period of ten hours or more. I don't see how either of the incidents could have happened without some form of permanent damage resulting. What do your experts say?—W. A. B., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Actually, it sounds to us like he spent an average weekend at one of those California sensitivity-training clinics. Regardless of the method used to prolong erection, when the limit of sexual responsiveness has been reached, the penis simply cannot achieve erection again. So much for pleasure torture. No doubt, when he had finished these stories, he offered to sell you a Corvette Sting Ray for only \$200—you know, the one that was found in a snowbank in perfect condition, except that the driver, who'd had a cardiac arrest, had been dead for months and no matter how hard you scrubbed....

I work for a large advertising agency and often entertain clients at fancy restaurants. My question is this: Under what circumstances is it proper to refuse

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

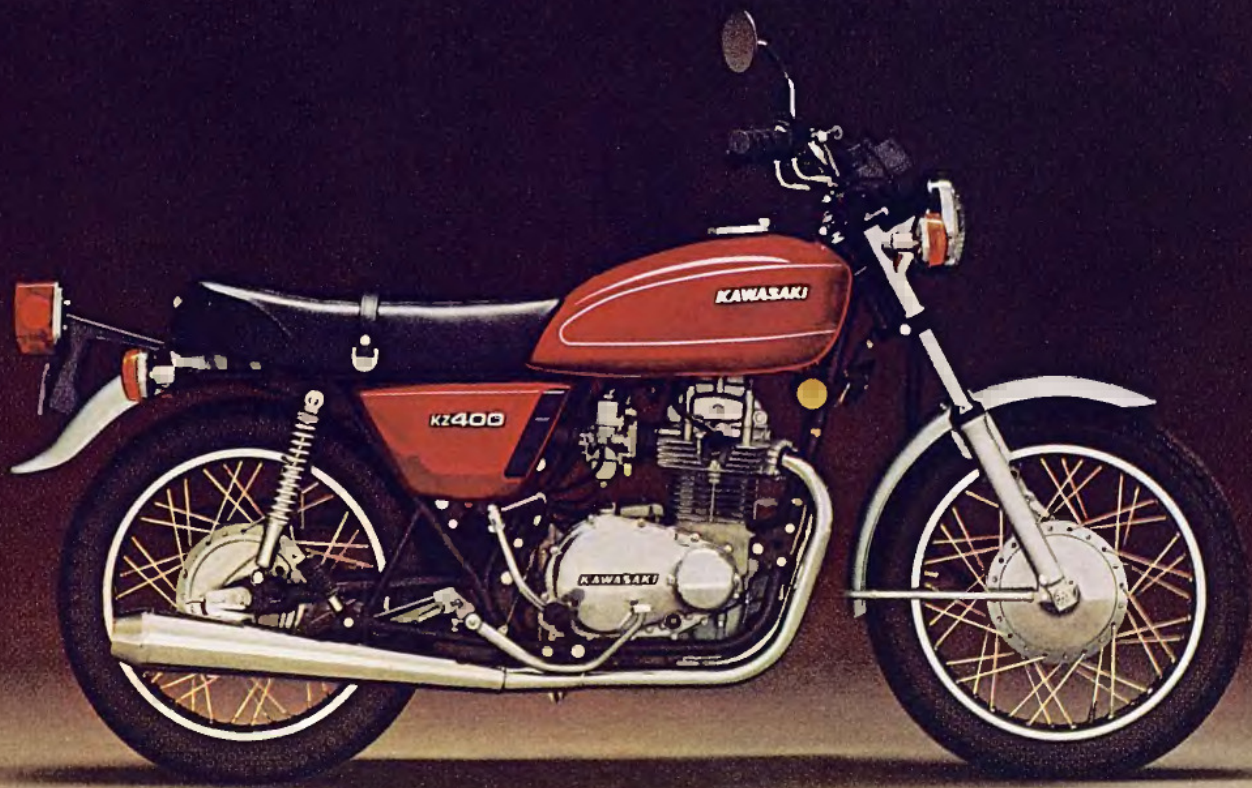
a wine that I have ordered and what is the accepted procedure?—W. T., New York, New York.

The trauma of dealing with an arrogant, if not knowledgeable, wine steward has driven many a diner to leap from a restaurant window, which is one reason to frequent basement eateries. But here goes: If you order a wine and it is in good condition, but for some reason you decide that you have made the wrong selection for the meal, make the best of your error. It would be improper to refuse the wine. Therefore, it is not a bad idea to stick to familiar wines and save your experimentation for home dining. For one thing, it's less expensive. If you are familiar with a wine and you suspect that it has been improperly stored, that it has been allowed to over-age or that it has gone flat, or if there is visible evidence of deterioration (a faulty cork, etc.), then, by all means, refuse the bottle. The situation is ripe for repartee ("Excuse me, have you had a fire in your wine cellar recently?" or "If you'll bring the oil, we'll have everything we need for the salad dressing" or "What do you mean this Red Mountain Pink Chablis is only six weeks old? It's past its prime.") But unless your wit is as dry as the wine, just be polite. Always give your reason for rejecting the wine. A good wine steward will not take offense. (Indeed, he would be out of line to challenge your claim.) If the steward does take offense, he is probably a graduated bus boy whose only talent is the manual dexterity required to open the bottle. Be secure in your knowledge.

Recently, at an orgy with several friends, someone brought out a bottle of Wesson oil. We covered our bodies with the oil before the fun began. It was really fantastic. Now we want to try body paint. However, it seems impossible to find. Can you help us?—R. D., Brook Park, Ohio.

To make body paint, our art department uses water-soluble tempera or acrylic paint, mixed with a bit of detergent or a noncrawl medium that you can obtain at any art-supplies store. Bear in mind that the mixture won't be as slippery as pure oil, indeed body paint will crack or crumble if worn for a long period of time. Most artists have to retouch their work if the model wears the design for some time. They say it's to maintain their artistic standards; we say it's a crafty excuse to cop a feel.

After a beautiful orgasm the other night, my wife remarked that she would like to keep me in her forever. It made me wonder how much time I've spent in her. If I've occupied her pussy 15 minutes a day for 1500 days, I've been in her only



Only \$995*

No question about it.

Only \$995 is a surprisingly low price for the new Kawasaki KZ400 Special. After all, there's no other motorcycle quite like it. Anywhere.

Only the KZ400 Special gives you the performance and reliability of a 398cc four-stroke, twin-cylinder engine. With a 2-into-1 exhaust system. The result is powerfully economical. And because of its ingenious simplicity, there's just plain less to go wrong, too.

Only the KZ400 Special is so versatile. Thanks to its unique engine, frame design and tuned suspension, you've got an agile handler for busy city traffic. As well as a solid cruiser for the wide open road. All in one bike. Easy going wherever you go is about the size of it.

Only the KZ400 Special is so practical. All the frivolous frills that increase upkeep and price have been engineered out. The remainder is an unusually crisp, clean and compact machine. With a classic sense of

functional balance and symmetry found only in bikes costing much more.

Only the KZ400 Special so perfectly meets today's transportation requirements. A beautiful blend of size, performance and economy. Not too much. Not too little. But just what's needed.

Only the KZ400 Special. Only from Kawasaki. And, only \$995.

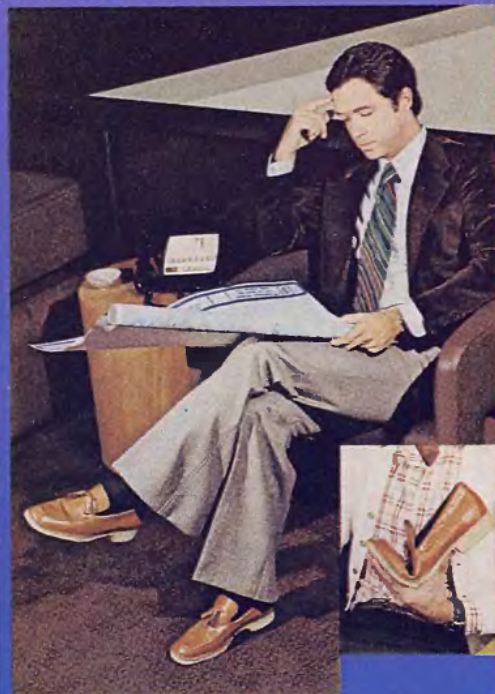
Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.

Good times include riding safely. We recommend wearing a helmet and eye protection, keeping lights on and checking local laws before you ride. See Yellow Pages for nearest Kawasaki dealer.
*Manufacturer's suggested list price excluding freight, title, dealer prep, state and local taxes. Price subject to change without notice.

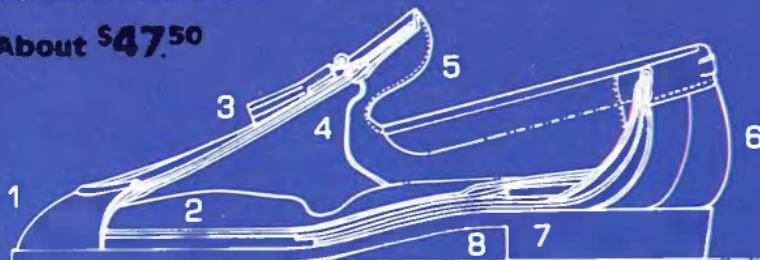
Sportivo

DEFINED BY DESIGN

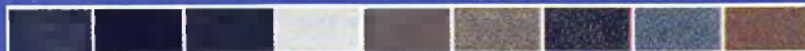
Sportivo Actually engineered to achieve the ultimate in comfort and durability. **Sportivo** Elegantly styled to create a fashion classic for casual and semi-formal wear. **Sportivo** Inimitable Johnston & Murphy craftsmanship throughout, a hallmark of quality. **Sportivo** A shoe to experience!



About \$47.⁵⁰



1. Styrene Box Toe. 2. $\frac{3}{16}$ " Sponge Innersole w/Leather Cover Sock Lining. 3. Calf Tassel. 4. Vamp Lining-Cloth & Foam Combined. 5. Calf or Calf Suede Uppers... Calf Quarter Linings. 6. Styrene Counter. 7. Genuine Plantation Crepe Sole & Heel. 8. Steel-Shank for Support.



9 GREAT COLORS: Blue Smooth Calfskin, Black Smooth Calfskin, Brown Smooth Calfskin, White Smooth Calfskin, Cheno Smooth Calfskin, Tan Suede, Rust Brown Suede, Pale Blue Suede, Golden Brown Smooth Calfskin

Unmistakably
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A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY, GENESCO PARK, NASHVILLE, TN 37202

15.625 days, just 1.04 percent of our marriage or 3.125 percent of our bedtime. No wonder she's so horny! What could we do to fill the void?—R. S., San Francisco, California.

It's the ménage à trois of the sexual Seventies—man, woman and pocket calculator. There are some folks who believe the function of any sport is to generate raw data for their record sheets. As long as you're getting into statistics, try tabulating your earned orgasm average, simultaneous orgasms attempted/completed and multiple techniques per coitus. Perhaps you could contact other data freaks and start a league. At the end of the year, you could throw a banquet and give the outstanding couple the obvious trophy—a digital vibrator.

On our most recent weekend together, my boyfriend proposed sexual intercourse, which I categorically reject until we are married. After my refusal, he convinced me to have oral sex with him. I wanted to give my virginity away on the marriage bed, not before; but now I'm wondering whether I can still think of myself as a virgin. Can I?—Miss C. V., Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Why not? The definition of virginity pertains to the breaking (or, rather, non-breaking) of the hymen. Personally, we think you're playing silly games with yourself and that you'll be a lot more comfortable when you stop trying to find labels for your sexual status.

I've noticed that at classical-music concerts, the pieces on the program are often identified not only by their numbers and keys (such as Mozart's symphony number 41 in C) but also by another number preceded by a letter, such as K. 551 or D. 960. Sometimes you hear people refer to a piece only by this letter and number, which is pretty damned confusing. Are they just trying to be snobs or do these letters and numbers have some hidden meaning?—K. S., Atlanta, Georgia.

Back in the days when Mozart and Schubert were cranking out tunes for the Vienna hit parade, composing music and getting it published could be two very different processes. Often music was played once and forgotten, misplaced or simply ignored. Years later, it might be published with an arbitrary number attached by the publisher, leading to no end of confusion as to just what Mozart, for example, had composed and when. Ludwig Köchel set Mozart's case straight in 1862 by publishing the first accurate list of all the composer's works in the order they had been composed. K. 551, therefore, refers to the position in Köchel's catalog of the 41st symphony. Otto Deutsch did the same with Schubert's works; so the letter D precedes the listings from his catalog. Other composers

The Revolution to Mixed Drinks

Spirit of '76

HAPPY HOUR

BARGUIDE

The Top 15 Cocktails

Ranked by Sales
and their recipes

Recipes for the new "in" drinks

By Cities

Learn How
to improve
Your Drinks
—the Secret
of the "pros"





America's
**MIXED
DRINK**
Revolution

and all about today's
top **15** best sellers
in bars/restaurants

CAN YOU RANK THEM?

*TEST YOURSELF. WRITE IN
YOUR GUESS IN BOXES BELOW*

**YOUR
RANK**

- BLOODY MARY**
- DAIQUIRI**
- OLD-FASHIONED**
- SCREWDRIVER**
- WALLBANGER**
- MARTINI**
- SOUR**
- SOMBRERO**
- TONIC**
- GIMLET**
- COLLINS**
- STINGER**
- MARGARITA**
- BACARDI**
- MANHATTAN**

*Answers are shown
on the following pages
with their recipes.*

How Cocktails have become the Spirit of '76

The growing popularity of mixed drinks has exploded into a full-scale revolution (. . . aptly called the "Spirit of '76"). *Young adults* have been the key factor in this great switch to mixed drinks. This group, a generation brought up on fruit juices and sodas, *demand*s alcoholic drinks that are similarly palatable and pleasant. Innovators, eager to try the new, they've popularized most of the *new* drinks on the best-seller list. And while experimenting, they've "rediscovered" many of the old classics, making them more popular than ever.

How a drink makes today's best-seller list

Young adults are now setting trends for all ages! New drinks are introduced at "in" bars and lounges which they frequent. These drinks, with provocative names, are popularized first by *women*. Impulsive, especially enticed by drinks that *taste good*, they influence husbands and boyfriends to try those they enjoy most. The word spreads. Youth-oriented older adults follow their lead, and the best drinks become famous. Ranking of the "top 15" drinks (many are old favorites) indicates their relative popularity on a nationwide, annual basis. But, rank of individual drinks may vary by locale, season, climate.

The new "in" liquors and the new "in" drinks

Satisfying today's tastes in drinks has popularized a new set of "in" liquors. Highball whiskeys and gin still have their fans. But a special group of versatile liquors that mix especially well with a variety of juices, sodas, etc., are now favorites of the young crowd. Most of the "hot" new drinks use rum, vodka, tequila, or Southern Comfort as a base. Southern Comfort, with its unusually delicious taste, is used to *improve* old classics as well as to create new drinks.

Here's how to be the **No. 1** DRINK MIXER in your crowd

Learn how to make the top 15 drinks

Follow this guide—and explore the intriguing new trends in mixed drinks. You'll be amazed at how easily you can mix drinks you've never made before, and enjoy being the first to serve the new "in" drinks to your crowd at Happy Hour. This guide has easy-to-follow recipes for all today's favorites—including the "top 15" best-sellers in bars and restaurants. It shows you how to mix great drinks made with all basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, rum, tequila, vodka, gin, Southern Comfort. You'll even

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! There's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create a superb, unusually



smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. Thus Southern Comfort was born! Its formula is still a family secret, its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try it on-the-rocks.

Then you'll see *why* it improves mixed drinks, too.

How to improve drinks—secret of the pros

The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the flavor of the liquor you use as a base. Therefore, you can *improve* many drinks just by "switching" the basic liquor called for in a recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. The taste test at right shows *why* this is true.

Make this taste test; prove it yourself

Fill short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, rum into another, gin into a third, and Southern Comfort into a fourth. Sip the whiskey, then the rum, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different basic liquor—one that tastes *good* with *nothing* added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better. It adds a deliciousness no other basic liquor *can*. Try it in *your* favorite drink. One sip will convince you!



**9 of the 15 top drinks taste better
when made with Southern Comfort!**

RANK

1 DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add green olive or twist of lemon peel.

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



4 BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice
1/3 jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) vodka

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



6 DAIQUIRI

Juice 1/2 lime or 1/4 lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain into glass.

For a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only 1/2 tspn. sugar.



ROB ROY

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Scotch
1/2 jigger sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Add a twist of lemon peel. (Often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")



Try both recipes . . . prove it to yourself!

RANK

2 ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Bourbon or rye
1/2 oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret; use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in liquor improves this drink.

improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort
1/2 oz. dry vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

*Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort's delicious flavor makes a much better-tasting drink. **Comfort® Manhattan, ranking favorite at Paul Young's Restaurant, Washington, D.C.***

*Southern Comfort®



The Manhattan and Sour are top choices with whiskey fans!



COMFORT* WALLBANGER RANK
13

New among best-sellers, a big drink at the Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. Liqueur Galliano • orange juice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add liquors; fill with orange juice; stir. It's delicious, fabulously smooth.

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



GIMLET 5

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional: serve with small slice fresh lime.)



STINGER 12

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
¾ oz. white creme de menthe

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass.

Use Southern Comfort instead of brandy... and make a stinger that's a real humdinger.



MARGARITA 9

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

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



RANK
3

ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add an orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use the recipe at right. See how a simple switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.



the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

Mix like ordinary recipe. Then taste it. S.C. makes the smoothest Sour ever!
Comfort* Sour,
as served at the Top of the Mark, Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco

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

The College Influence

America's college-bred young adults have their own individualistic life-styles and preferences. They are trend-setters among not only their peer group, but all ages. In drinks, they prefer liquors that actually *taste good*. The same holds true in mixes; fruit juices and sodas are their favorites.

All-Conference Choices:



RANK

14 GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{4}$ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin; fill with tonic and stir.

Switch to a better-tasting drink. Skip the gin, and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.



10 SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Orange juice

Put ice cubes into 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice; stir.

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



RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{4}$ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort Southern Comfort is to cola.

Make both recipes . . .
for a great lesson in drink mixing:

RANK

7 ordinary COLLINS

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
1 tspn. sugar • sparkling water

Use tall glass; dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes, gin. Fill with sparkling water; stir. Now use recipe at right. See how a switch in basic liquor makes a much better-tasting drink.

smoother COLLINS

1 jigger Southern Comfort
Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort, lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes, fill with 7UP. Best tasting—and easiest to mix—Collins of all!

Comfort* Collins.
"cum laude" cool one on the beach at Ft. Lauderdale

*Southern Comfort®



Recipes for the

Newest Hit Drinks

and the cities where
they started

In Miami Beach: the cool TEUL

As served at Hotel Fontainebleau

1 ounce Southern Comfort
½ ounce tequila • orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Fill with orange juice; stir. Add a cherry. An unusual, delicious drink, imported from Mexico City. Caramba!



In Los Angeles: TEQUILA SUNRISE

2-3 dashes grenadine
1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila
Orange juice

Put grenadine into an 8-oz. glass and fill with ice cubes. Add tequila. Fill with orange juice. Do not stir!

In New Orleans: COMFORT* COLADA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
1 ounce Cream of Coconut
2 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice

Shake with ½ cup crushed ice or use blender. Pour into tall glass filled with ice cubes; add a cherry. Enjoy a great coconut accent!



RANK
15 In Boston:
SOMBRERO

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
coffee liqueur
Chilled milk

Fill 8-oz. glass with ice cubes. Pour in liquor, fill with milk; stir. A tip of the hat to a new cool one!

In St. Petersburg: SICILIAN KISS

New, sun-sational salute to love!

2 parts Southern Comfort
1 part Amaretto di Saronno

Pour over crushed ice in short glass; stir. Southern Comfort mates deliciously with this romantic liqueur from Italy.



Women's clothes by Catalina.

Men's clothes by Marman of San Francisco

Pebble Beach Sportswear.

Photo locations, Saratoga Hills, Agoura, Calif.



COMFORT* JULEP

Favorite at Churchill Downs,®
home of the Kentucky Derby®

4 sprigs fresh mint • dash of water
2 ounces Southern Comfort

Use tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack glass with cracked ice. Add Southern Comfort; stir till frosted. Perfect julep to salute the annual "run for the roses."

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



RANK

8

COMFORT* OLD-FASHIONED

"In" fashion at the Gaslight Club, Chicago,
Washington, D.C., Beverly Hills, Paris

Dash of Angostura bitters
½ tspn. sugar (optional) • ½ oz. sparkling water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass; add ice cubes, Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar; Bourbon or rye instead of S. C.

Spirit of '76

HAPPY HOUR

BARGUIDE

Recipes for America's Mixed Drink Revolution

and how to make better drinks

Great recipes for Happy Holidays!



OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

Super punch! Tastes like a cocktail!

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

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice; add orange, lemon slices. Serves 32.

Mix in advance! Just add 7UP and ice when ready to serve... and be able to enjoy your own party!

New! COW SHOT

1 shot (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
1/3 shot (½ oz.) creme de cacao
2 shots (3 oz.) cold milk

Fill 8 oz. glass with ice cubes. Pour in liquors. Then add cold milk and stir. This is one of the smoothest, most amazingly delicious new drinks ever created—no bull!



RANK

11

BACARDI

Juice ½ lime or lemon
½ teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon grenadine
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light Bacardi rum

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS

Famous in Boston at Anthony's Pier 4, now London's No. 1 choice

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add twist of lemon peel.

This liquor's so delicious it's popular on-the-rocks anywhere.



SCARLETT O'HARA

Intriguing as its namesake, at Antoine's. New Orleans

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray
cranberry juice cocktail

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. A star in any crowd!



HOT BUTTERED COMFORT®

Skiers' choice at the Red Lion, Vail, Colo.

1 jigger Southern Comfort
Small stick cinnamon
Slice lemon peel • pat butter

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, Southern Comfort in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in glass mug when pouring hot water.)



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*Southern Comfort®

REMOVE THESE ADVERTISING PAGES BY TEARING ALONG PERFORATION

have since received the same treatment, and, while this is very precise, it's also very impersonal. Imagine paintings' being referred to only by numbers. It's our feeling that dullness should be intrinsic to the work of art and not tacked on later as an afterthought.

I am considering having a vasectomy. Are there any complications after the operation?—N. P. R., Evansville, Indiana.

Vasectomy has fewer side effects than any other form of contraception. Minor discomfort can arise directly after the procedure (swelling and bruising of the scrotal skin), but it usually disappears without treatment. After any kind of surgery, hemorrhage and infection can occur. Two infrequent complications following vasectomies are epididymitis and sperm granuloma. Epididymitis is an infection of the tube at the back of the testis. Sperm granuloma is not some kind of kinky health-food breakfast but rather is an inflammation that is thought to be caused by sperm leakage from the cut ends of the vas. (Both conditions are not very serious and can be treated.) However, the over-all incidence of epididymitis is less than two percent and of sperm granuloma less than one to three percent. No hormonal changes occur after vasectomy; so there's no danger of your being a candidate for the Vienna Boys Choir. In less than one percent of vasectomy cases, the vas spontaneously reconnects, making unexpected fatherhood a possible, and embarrassing, complication.

For the past seven months, my mistress and I have practiced to perfection a provocative technique that, I am convinced, produces the ultimate in male orgasm. Immediately prior to coitus, the lady employs fine-grained sandpaper to remove a thin layer of epidermis from the whole surface of my penis. The results are an incredible sensitivity and an unbelievably prolonged climax. The only difficulty is the progressive loss both in diameter and in length of my copulatory organ. Recently, I have found it necessary to notify my partner when I have entered her. Please advise.—L. H., Detroit, Michigan.

Why say anything? It should be obvious that you're not all there.

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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20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

ORIGINAL STREAKS

Before your Past Fads Department closes the books on the history of streaking, consider this excerpt from Pepys's Diary for October 23, 1668:

This day Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sidly and Buckhurst, running up and down all the night with their arses bare, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next Sessions: which is a horrid shame.

The episodes of Alexander the Great and Archimedes recounted in the January *Playboy Forum* may be earlier, but they lack the element of rowdiness essential to streaking.

C. A. Donadio
Launceston, Tasmania

CAUSE AND CURE

The Gallup Poll reports that 28 percent of Americans don't know what important event happened in 1776 and 19 percent of them don't know who discovered what in 1492. Remember these facts next time you're wondering why it seems so hard to get sex, censorship and drug laws changed. This country is chock full of people who are ignorant. The most direct route to progressive social reform is more and better education. As Thomas Jefferson put it, "Enlighten the people generally and tyranny and oppressions of body and mind will vanish like evil spirits at the dawn of day."

C. Sykes
Kansas City, Kansas

Thomas who?

FILTH FIGHTER

Gene Rogers is a Georgia broadcasting executive who has formed a group called Remove Indecent Broadcasting (that spells RIB, but he's apparently not ribbing anybody) to protest "filth" on the air. Filth in Rogers' view seems to consist primarily of cursing. "The majority of TV shows have cursing in them," he says. "Do you want your children singing songs with 'damn' and 'hell' and worse in your homes?" In an interview by *Chicago Daily News* TV critic John Camper, Rogers grandiosely claimed that "the Lord has laid this on my heart to take this responsibility."

Rogers suggests that people write to the Federal Communications Commission, and also send a copy to the station, complaining about "filth or cursing" on the air and demanding the FCC do something about the complaint when the station's license-renewal time rolls around. Ah, but these tactics work both ways. From now on, whenever a word is bleeped on a talk show or I know that some candid material has been cut from a movie, I'm going

"I have the good fortune of being married to one of those loose-jointed and supple women who can have oral sex with themselves."

to write to the FCC, with a copy to the station, complaining about this censorship. And whenever a nude scene or a piece of rough language is particularly effective and handled with good taste, the commission will get a letter of praise from me. Such letters will go a long way toward countering the likes of Rogers.

Daniel Mahoney
Chicago, Illinois

Darned right. Just as people rarely write songs about requited love because



they have better things to do, so people who like a TV program rarely write letters saying so. But this gives the game by default to the pro-censorship people and creates an impression in Washington and at networks' headquarters that only nitwits watch television. The address of the Federal Communications Commission is 1919 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20554.

VICIOUS SQUAD

The mention of *Marilyn and the Senator* in *Sex in Cinema—1975* (PLAYBOY, November 1975) reminded me that six participants in the film are now awaiting trial on charges of oral copulation and conspiracy to commit oral copulation. The Los Angeles vice squad swooped down on the film's producer, cast and others, including the make-up man, with a series of actions that bordered on lawlessness. I did not consider my role in the film a criminal act, but I was told that I would be a defendant in the trial unless I made out a statement testifying against several of my friends in the cast. I like to think that I managed to do so in a manner that did not injure any of the cast members (I was not present at the shooting of any scene I was not involved in). Several charges, including prostitution and those against the make-up man, were eventually dropped.

I have not worked as an actor since that film and it seems to me that the police action may have jeopardized my career. Why was such zeal necessary in the first place? And what good has been accomplished?

William Kirschner
Los Angeles, California

Before January first of this year, fellatio and cunnilingus were crimes in California and, believe it or not, so was something called "conspiracy to commit oral copulation." California's new criminal code ended that foolishness, but the producer, two actors and three actresses from "Marilyn and the Senator" are still scheduled to go to trial under the old law.

LOOSE JOINTS MAKE POINTS

I read with interest the letter in the December 1975 *Playboy Forum* from the man whose wife can perform cunnilingus on herself. I have the good fortune of being married to one of those loose-jointed and supple women who can have oral sex with themselves. She has been able to do this ever since she was a teenager. I am

also very loose-jointed and can fellate myself. In fact, both of us can twist our bodies until they look like pretzels. We get turned on watching each other perform the act and have made love in positions that are not in any book, because they are impossible unless both partners are very supple or what some call double-jointed, though actually there is no such thing.

(Name withheld by request)
Westport, Connecticut

Have you thought of contacting Johnny Carson?

WHO'S DOING WHOM?

I'm a bisexual male who is able to fellate himself. It is quite taxing physically no matter how lithe you are and, since physical comfort is essential to pleasure (masochists excluded), of course, the enjoyment is diminished. Nor is it any substitute for a real partner. I often find myself wondering whether I am the cocksucker or the cocksuckee.

Others I know who can perform the act are, like myself, slender, supple and possess longer-than-average penises. No one should force his body to do something it can't; it's possible to do serious damage to one's neck and back, and how would you explain that in the hospital?

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

MALE NIPPLES

To quote that great sex gourmet Alex Comfort, "Few men can get a nipple orgasm, but a stiff pair of feathers is worth trying," and "Unlike a man's nipples, a woman's have a direct hotline to her clitoris." I believe the male breasts are even more sensitive than Comfort acknowledges or, for fear of being thought abnormal or a bit feminine, than many men are willing to admit. The author of *The Sensuous Woman* writes that 50 percent or more of men are capable of nipple erections and that a woman can produce enormous pleasure in a man by licking, sucking and swirling her tongue around his nipples. This can sometimes lead to orgasm. As a 100 percent heterosexual male, I enjoy this source of pleasure and don't feel in the least peculiar.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

FREQUENCY FREAK

I'm confused by many of the letters I read in *The Playboy Forum* from men and women who claim they have a good and frequent sex life doing it a couple of times a week. My average is once a night (sometimes morning and noon, too) and it's not just because I'm a healthy 23-year-old female. My man is 40 and he certainly appears to share my sex drive. We also like to try various positions in unusual places, such as the local park after dark when the mosquitoes aren't out. Am I screwy or what? My parents are

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BACK-SEAT DRIVING

BOLOGNA, ITALY—A prostitute cannot be stripped of her driver's license merely for servicing customers in the back seat of her car, a local judge has



ruled. He agreed with the woman's attorney that a person can "drive a car carefully and at the same time lead a scandalous life."

HARD-CORE COMPROMISE

PARIS—The French government and the movie industry have drawn up an agreement intended to curb the pornographic films that have proliferated since France repealed censorship laws in 1974. The country's large movie-theater chains, which control about half of the theaters, will no longer show hard-core porn and will tone down their advertising. Sex films will still be available at some 200 smaller theaters, however.

COP PLOT BACKFIRES

LOS ANGELES—Eight women who were lured to a hotel by a newspaper ad for "sexy hostesses" and then charged with prostitution have filed an \$8,400,000 damage suit against 25 vice cops and two hotel officials (*"Forum Newsfront,"* August 1975). The suit alleges false arrest and violation of constitutional rights. Some 150 women answered the ad but the city later dropped all

charges because the tactics of the police may have constituted entrapment.

BELOW THE BELT

FREMONT, CALIFORNIA—A group called Citizens Against Massage Parlors (CAMP) is using drastic tactics to combat the body business in the San Francisco suburb of Fremont. CAMPers traced the license numbers of several cars parked outside local parlors and called the homes of the men in whose names the cars were registered. Three wives burst into several parlors, putting to flight a number of scantily clad masseuses and their customers. "The wive wives never did find their spouses in the parlors," one newspaper reported, "and it's unknown what happened when the men returned home."

NARC, NARC! WHO'S THERE?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Metropolitan narcotics officers broke into the wrong apartment with sledge hammers and held three occupants at gunpoint before realizing their error. Then they smashed their way into another apartment but left after finding neither drugs nor the man they had thought lived there. Police said they would replace the first door but not the second, because that apartment was duly listed on their warrant.

THE DISINHERITED

ALBANY—The New York Court of Appeals has upheld a law that bars many illegitimate children from sharing in the inheritance of their natural father's estate. Under state law, an illegitimate child may inherit from his mother but not from his father unless a court has determined paternity within two years of the child's birth and during the father's lifetime.

FETAL POLITICS

CHICAGO—A panel of Federal judges has enjoined the enforcement of a new Illinois abortion law until it can be tested in court. The law would require married women to have the consent of their husbands before obtaining an abortion and unmarried women under 18 to get permission from parents or guardians. Governor Daniel Walker had vetoed the bill on grounds that it was both unconstitutional and in conflict with existing state laws. The Illinois legislature, responding to pressure from antiabortion groups, later passed

the bill over the governor's veto. Similar laws passed in other states have been found unconstitutional in light of the Supreme Court's 1973 decision that removed virtually all restrictions on abortion during the first three months of pregnancy.

PROPHYLACTIC PREFERENCES

HONG KONG—A Family Planning Association survey of free condom distribution at two Hong Kong birth-control clinics came up with the following statistics:

- Sixty-nine percent of males requested small-size rubbers, five percent wanted the large size and the rest wanted mediums.
- Males 20 to 30 used an average of eight condoms a month; between 31 and 40, the number was six; and men 41 to 50 used an average of four.
- Ninety-four percent requested lubricated condoms.
- Only 14 percent asked for condoms in various colors.

GOODBYE, CHARLES ATLAS

CHICAGO—A Loyola University study indicates that women today, especially "liberated" ones, prefer men of medium-thin, linear physiques to the muscular, athletic types. The two-year study was conducted by Paul Lavrakas, a Loyola social psychologist, among 70 women from the ages of 18 to 30, most of whom were single and from an urban, middle-class background. He said many more of the women described themselves as liberated than as traditionally feminine.

LIQUOR IS QUICKER

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA—Studies conducted at the University of Oklahoma indicate that women are more susceptible to booze than are men, especially just prior to menstruation and about the



time of ovulation. Dr. Ben Morgan Jones, a behavioral-science researcher at the university, attributes the difference to the fact that men have more water in their bodies than women of the same weight and to the hormonal changes

that women experience during their monthly cycle.

GO-GO GUYS

HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY—A women-only bar featuring male go-go dancers has had its license suspended for 60 days for presenting "lewd, indecent and immoral" entertainment. Two female liquor-control agents who had attended performances testified that they were allowed to stuff dollar bills down the shorts of the dancers, while the crowd



of some 400 women cheered and shouted, "Take it off! Take it off!" One agent stated that the dancing aroused her sexually and the director of the state liquor-control board said, "It appears quite obvious that many of the female patrons who acted in the manner described by these witnesses were similarly aroused."

EQUAL RIGHTS VS. WRONGS

LOS ANGELES—In two landmark cases, courts have awarded substantial settlements to women whose emotional problems were found to be caused by on-the-job discrimination. One of the women, a 57-year-old planning analyst who had worked for an aviation firm since 1943, became severely depressed when her boss allegedly promoted men in her department while demoting her. This was found to be an on-the-job injury and she was awarded \$17,500 in workmen's compensation, plus medical expenses. The other woman was hospitalized for three months after a supervisor allegedly insulted her repeatedly because of her Mexican heritage. She was awarded \$50,000. The attorney for both plaintiffs said these cases were the first in which women or minorities have successfully claimed job-connected emotional injuries due to discrimination and he predicted that more such suits would help enforce compliance with equal-rights laws.

in their 60s and they still do it twice a week.

(Name withheld by request)
Aurora, Illinois

Wives in your age bracket average a little over three times a week, so yours is no mean frequency. But so what? Doing it more often doesn't mean you're screwy—just well screwed.

THE RIGHT TO HANG-UPS

Yes, I know that nothing is perverse and everything is permitted as long as you don't hurt anybody, and all the rest of that sexual-liberation jazz, but I still have a question: Am I entitled to my hang-ups? Though I've been reading PLAYBOY for many years, this is one aspect of the PLAYBOY philosophy that remains unclear to me. In your opinion, if one rules out certain sex practices as not for him or her—such as anal intercourse, making it with animals, bisexuality, bondage or the use of vibrators—is that restriction neurotic, unliberated, puritanical, hung up (substitute your own favorite pejorative term)? Another way to put the question might be: Since most of us have hang-ups, how far should we go in working to rid ourselves of them?

David Wright
Fort Worth, Texas

Invited to an orgy by the Marquis de Sade, Voltaire attended and acquitted himself with so much gusto and such a display of sexual prowess that the marquis invited him for an encore. This time Voltaire declined, explaining, "Once is philosophy, twice is perversion." Ideally, one might follow Voltaire's example of giving the conduct in question a fair try before drawing any lines. Not only is sexual variety fun in itself, but willingness to try new things is what keeps life lively. Still, if a particular act seems so repellent that the effort needed to overcome one's inhibition is greater than one's eagerness to experiment, why bother? We should feel free to lead whatever kind of life, varied or monotonous, pleases us most, without being labeled neurotic, unliberated or hung up. It's not how many ways we can perform sex that counts, it's how much joy, spontaneity, energy, sensitivity and openness we put into it.

RAPE FANTASIES

I doubt that most women are as literal-minded about their sexual fantasies as Donna Lombardi (*The Playboy Forum*, January). I'm sure that what she says about rape's being horrible is true, but for me, that has little to do with rape fantasies. I secretly fantasize about being taken by brute force because some man or group of men are so turned on by me they can't control themselves. That doesn't mean I want to be raped by your friendly neighborhood psycho. The reality would be dreadful, but the fantasy is safe and exciting. After all, one can control a fantasy. Maybe I'm somewhat perverse,

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(Name withheld by request)
Denver, Colorado

LOONS OVER MIAMI

Students at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, recently helped both the town and the university take progressive steps by supporting changes in local marijuana laws. Till now, Miami's outward appearance of mid-19th Century somnolence has always very accurately reflected the prevailing moral outlook of both the townspeople and the university.

The predictable responses to the new ordinance, which virtually decriminalizes possession of four ounces or less of weed (it'll be a mere five-dollar fine if you're caught), would be hilarious if they didn't reflect the way people really feel over there. The county prosecutor, for example, vowed to put as many undercover agents as students onto the campus to prevent the university from becoming a "drug distribution center." Do you think anyone would notice the sudden appearance of 16,000 sullen adults on campus? The prosecutor probably figures the students would all be tripping on marijuana, anyway, and wouldn't pay any attention. Then again, if 16,000 cops enrolled in classes (at taxpayer expense, of course), they might actually learn something useful and be too busy studying to bust anybody.

Since Oxford's new ordinance is slightly at odds with the Ohio state law (less than 3.5 ounces draws a \$100 fine), officials have to decide which one to enforce. Perhaps it will occur to some of them to do the sensible thing and not enforce either but concentrate instead on fighting real crime.

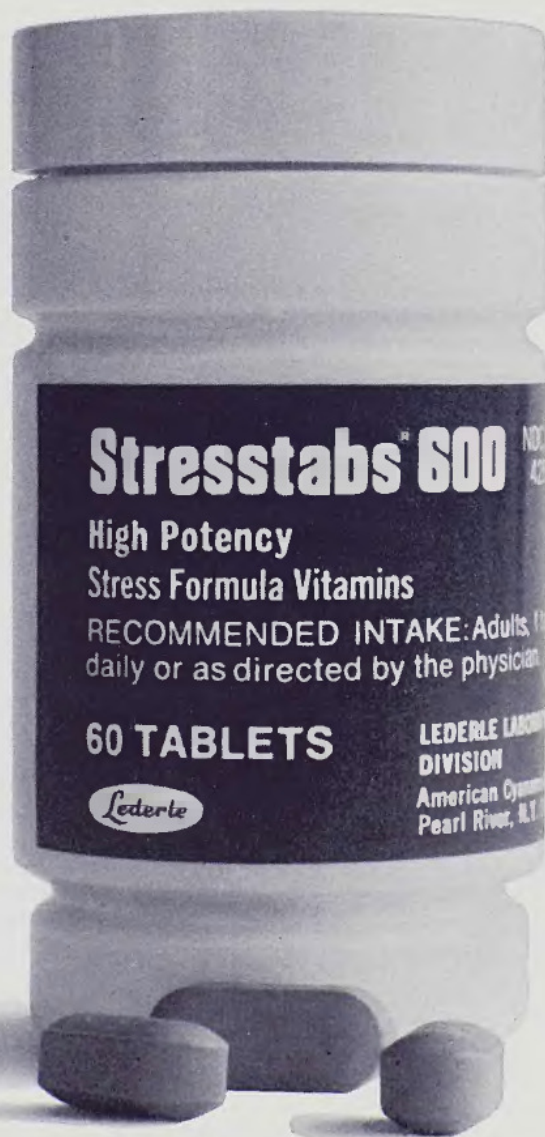
Warren Powell
Cincinnati, Ohio

REAL DRUG EDUCATION

When my 16-year-old son told us a policeman was coming to the local high school to give a lecture on drugs, I immediately gave a long spiel about the necessity of keeping a straight face, not asking satirical questions and generally humoring the man in blue. You see, I served two years in the early Sixties for possession of grass, and I didn't want my boy saying anything that would draw attention to our family. I learned long ago that any sanity or accurate information about drugs can spook the herd badly, since it contradicts its superstitions.

Imagine my surprise when my son came home after the lecture and reported that nothing the police officer said was nonsense. He discussed marijuana accurately; he described the dangers of heroin and downers precisely but without terroristic emphasis; he distinguished the real dangers of speed from the myths; and he didn't even extravagantly misrepresent LSD. In short, the lecture,

Stress can rob you of vitamins



How stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble B and C vitamins. Stress can upset your body's equilibrium. When it does, you may need to replace the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. Unlike the fat-soluble vitamins, your body doesn't stockpile these essential nutrients. During times of continued stress—when you may be affected in many ways—your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide.

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even though given by a cop and billed as drug education, really was educational. If the officer had said the same things in 1965, he probably would have been thrown off the force.

I guess that proves there is such a thing as progress.

(Name withheld by request)
Berkeley, California

BEER AND POLITICS

For years, my beer-snob friends amused me by cooing over Coors, which I could never distinguish from all the other undistinguished American beers. I suspect they couldn't, either, but were turned on by the fact that it wasn't available except to other beer snobs who could afford to go skiing in such places as Colorado. People here in Ohio crowed about Coors because it was a subtle way of revealing that they had been out to the great places where you could buy it.

But now I notice that some of my friends are cooling it on Coors; specifically, those liberal intellectuals who stay up-to-date on public affairs. Ever since Joseph Coors found himself being looked at by the public eye as a right-wing political activist, financing a variety of archconservative propaganda efforts and nominated by Nixon to direct the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Coors beer hasn't tasted nearly so good. Ha! Which only means that pseudo intellectuals don't know a damn thing. They are rock-hard in their politics but have no integrity whatever when it comes to beer. If a beer tasted good when it came from a funky regional brewery in the beautiful Rocky Mountains, it should taste just as good brewed by a Nazi. (Not saying, please, that Coors is a Nazi just because he may be politically conservative—in fact, I am politically conservative—but only that beer drinkers shouldn't judge beer on scarcity and elitism any more than on the politics of the brewer.)

I just think it's very amusing that my glassy-eyed liberoid friends seem to have beer tastes based on political convictions.

William Weber
Cleveland, Ohio

HOLDING THE HAIR LINE

First Lieutenant W. Clayton Klemm, Jr., claims that young Lee Pliscou, by not cutting his hair as directed by his tennis coaches, is contributing to anarchy and to the breakdown of the family unit and of society in general (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1975). How the hell can anybody be so close-minded? I wonder how he'd react if I said, "Everybody with a crewcut is a militarist pig."

ADJ AN Michael M. Buzzeo
Imperial Beach, California

In your answer to the Marine lieutenant who wrote defending hair-length regulations for high school athletes, you came up with a wisecrack only slightly

"Playboy Forum" Casebook

UPDATE: TOM MISTROT PAROLED

Two years ago, with no family or close friends and facing life in the Texas state penitentiary, Tom Mistrot's future looked pretty bleak. His three crimes—two coin-machine burglaries and a marijuana offense—had been reduced to misdemeanors by the state legislature without affecting his 1968 conviction as a habitual criminal or the sentence that went with it. Neither he nor prison attorneys could get more than polite evasions from state officials, if they responded at all. Finally, at the urging of another prisoner, he wrote to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, which put him in touch with PLAYBOY. His case was unusual and we reported our efforts to help in our issues of July and November, 1975. We're now pleased to report that, after months of often-frustrating negotiation and a great deal of red tape, Mistrot has been paroled. He is participating in the New Directions Club, Inc., a halfway house in the South Texas city of Victoria. There he will receive housing, counseling, training and help in finding a full-time job.

We're also pleased to report that James Oliver will not be going to prison for selling an erotic magazine to a Tulsa, Oklahoma, police informant. As we related last September, Oliver, a part-time cashier in an adult bookstore, was one of several arrested by Tulsa district attorney S. M. "Buddy" Fallis during a much-publicized antipornography campaign before the fall elections of 1973. He received a sentence of 15 years in prison and a \$25,000 fine. An appellate court later upheld his conviction but reduced his punishment to three years in jail and a \$5000 fine. An Oklahoma judge has now probated that sentence and he will be allowed to pay his fine at a rate of \$5 per month—hardly a victory over censorship or police meddling in the private affairs of adult citizens, but at least a tacit admission that Oliver was a victim of injustice and misguided law enforcement.

Following are some of the letters we've received about these cases:

I received the good news several days ago and only now has the shock worn off enough for me to write. I first heard it on the radio. I honestly couldn't believe they were talking about me. For the first entire day, I knew I was happy, but it was as if it were for someone else.

When I started this letter I tried to think of some way to express my feelings. "Thank you" falls far short of what I feel and would like to say, but I am at

a loss for words. So let me say thank you for your compassion, your trust and, above all, your friendship.

Thomas Francis Mistrot
Huntsville, Texas

We went to the prison to meet Tom at eight A.M. and were instructed to wait in our car in the visitors parking lot. Seventeen other cars were there, waiting to meet some of the 60 to 70 men being released. Those who had no one to meet them were put on a bus to Houston with their \$200 release check. The men were let out at 9:30 and about 100 inmates came into the yard to watch. Tom was dressed in a green Eisenhower-type jacket and pants and a white shirt, all made by women prisoners, and black shoes that were also prison made. He embraced us warmly and seemed happy but a little nervous. He said, "I'm sure glad you're here," and we were soon driving to the halfway house in Victoria. On the way, we stopped for lunch and later did some shopping for clothes, toilet articles and other things he'd be needing.

Victoria is a clean and prosperous-looking town, and the New Directions Club is in a neat, two-story white house, nicely furnished and with a well-kept yard. We were quite impressed by the director and the staff and it looks like an excellent program. Tom is very pleased and is most grateful to PLAYBOY. He said that without your help there's no way he would ever have gotten out. He wanted us to thank you for getting him another chance and also to thank Representative Ronald Earle and Russ Million of Austin, who also did so much.

Ermine and Bob Bailey
Dallas, Texas

The Baileys began corresponding with Mistrot several years ago and were his only friends (though he'd never met them) outside prison at the time he wrote to PLAYBOY. Russ Million was legislative assistant to Representative Earle and carried out most of the negotiations that led to Mistrot's parole. He is now an investigator for the "Playboy Forum" Casebook.

"Playboy Forum" Casebook's November article on Tom Mistrot states that "after getting no help from prison attorneys or from state officials, he contacted the Playboy Foundation." The implication—albeit an unintended one—is that Staff Counsel for Inmates of the Texas Department of Corrections declined to help Mistrot. Quite the contrary is true. The Staff Counsel for Inmates, a program dedicated to giving legal help to indigent Texas prisoners who request it,

followed every available legal channel to try to get relief for Mistrot.

After a personal interview with him in July 1973, we determined that he would be eligible for resentencing under the changed Texas marijuana law. We prepared a petition for resentencing for him, but the state court of criminal appeals decision that only the governor could commute sentences closed off this avenue. Next, we tried to get a commutation of sentence under the established policies of the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles. We contacted the convicting judge, the prosecutor and the sheriff, asking them to send the required letters to the parole board. They all turned down our requests, ending that approach. Finally, we asked the parole board to consider commuting Mistrot's sentence in light of the governor's program of relief for marijuana offenders, but the board denied the request. Thus, our inability to get Mistrot's life sentence reduced can't in any way be attributed to lack of effort. Rather, your success in getting the sentence commuted serves as another example of how justice can be obtained by publicity and political pressure and other exercises of First Amendment freedoms, which are indeed vital to our system. Congratulations.

Ted Redington, Staff Director
Staff Counsel for Inmates
Texas Department of Corrections
Huntsville, Texas

I was Tom Mistrot's friend who encouraged him to write to various state officials and also to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, which forwarded his letter to you. I was most pleased with the response from NORML and PLAYBOY and disgusted with the others.

I was deservedly punished for my offense. But in Tom's case, there was no justice and there still isn't. On parole he will still be in great danger. He will be watched like a baby and hounded like a dog. He can be returned to prison just for talking to people like me or going into a bar for a pack of cigarettes. He is a warm and friendly kid who still enjoys life and people, which means that the nonfreedom of parole will be hard for him. I wish him the best of luck.

Mike Dowdy
Denver, Colorado

After reading your *Casebook* reports on Tom Mistrot, I want to applaud you for helping this poor scapegoat of Texas justice. I lived in Texas for a time and know very well the kind of shit that goes on in those courts, especially in drug cases. Being a prisoner myself, I am reassured by

knowing that somebody in the real world cares about what's going on. Keep up the great work, my men. People in situations like ours need people like you.

Charles E. Wheeler
Jackson, Michigan

I would like to commend PLAYBOY highly for the help you gave Tom Mistrot. You've proved that getting involved works. It's scary to be in trouble and have no one to turn to.

Ginny Wofford
Quitman, Georgia

After reading your update on the Mistrot case, I find it hard to believe that officials of the criminal-justice system in Texas can be so callous and disregardful of fellow human beings. Their work must jade them so completely that they regard all defendants as animals to be penned up as quickly as possible for as long as possible. I'd hate to get caught rustling Texas cattle.

Danny G. Vollbrecht
Appleton, Wisconsin

Thanks for your report "One Casualty of a 'War on Smut'" (*Playboy Forum Casebook*, September). As a Tulsa resident, I have followed the career of S. M. "Buddy" Fallis from political nobody to self-proclaimed smut hunter. If anything around here is damaging to my morals, it's old S. M., the D.A.

I'm not a liberal, but when one man tries to tell me what I may and may not read, look at or buy, by God, *that* violates my rights and my sense of decency.

(Name withheld by request)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I was horrified to read about the emotional and demagogic techniques employed by Tulsa district attorney S. M. Fallis in his "war on smut." With all the real problems facing this country—from consumer fraud and corporate price-fixing to the rising tempo of crimes of theft and violence—Fallis' obsession with preventing adults from reading what they want is not only medieval but also harmful to society.

Alas, if poor Fallis had declared war on any other type of literature instead of combating crimes that make life increasingly difficult and frightening, his bizarre priorities would be obvious to all. But, since his peculiar antiporn hysteria is so widespread in this nation, he merely seems old-fashioned and eccentric, and the Tulsa voters probably will never recognize what a dingbat they have in their D.A.'s office.

Walter Cook
Los Angeles, California

related to the issue. The point the lieutenant made was that discipline or the lack of it may be a major contributing factor to the breakdown of our society. Perhaps it's true, as you say, that good tennis or the future of Western civilization does not depend on hair length, but both may depend on discipline.

Dr. Davy Joe Harkins
El Dorado, Kansas

But discipline per se really isn't the issue, since the student in question took proper legal steps to establish his right to long hair. We were trying, in our wisecracking way, to distinguish between useful discipline and chickenshit.

OBJECT AND SUBJECT

J. Green can cavalierly dismiss "that old devil, the notion of an objective moral code" (*The Playboy Forum*, January) only because most of us accept such a code. If everyone rejected objective morality, power would win out and the victors would force feed their moral code to the losers.

Nobody has ever consistently managed to hold radically subjectivist moral views in both precept and practice. Even Sartre, who knows the implications as well as anyone else, was forced to use the language of objective morality on certain occasions, such as when he signed the Algerian Manifesto.

Roger Wm. Bennett
Watonga, Oklahoma

SARTRE, SATAN AND SQUEAKY

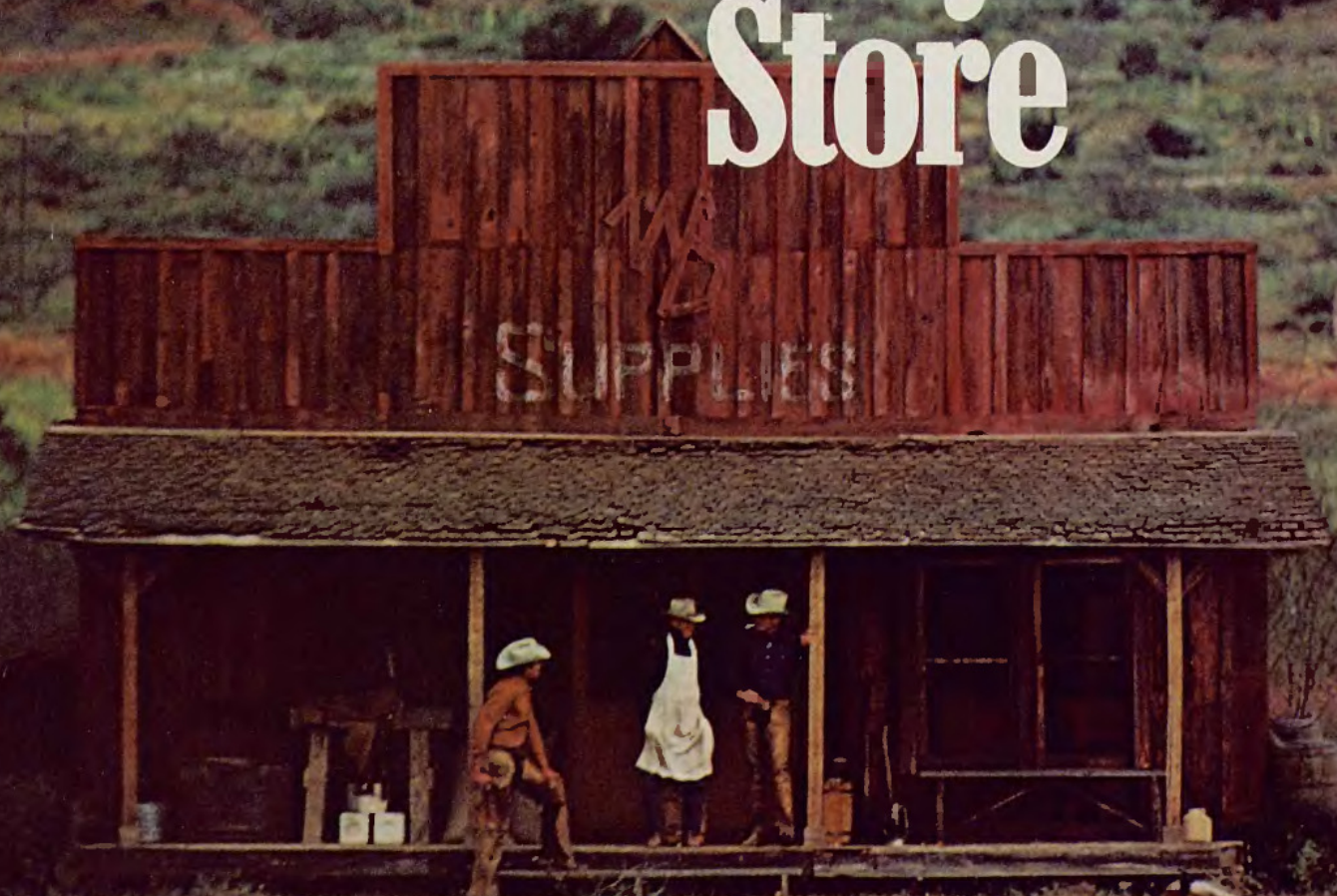
Clare Boothe Luce thinks she knows the true significance of Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme's attempt on President Ford's life. "Miss Fromme's philosophy is the philosophy of the counterculture of the Youth Revolution, and the 'flower children,' who first began to bloom in the drug-drenched soil of Haight-Ashbury," she writes in *The Wall Street Journal*, blandly ignoring the fact that the counterculture was virtually identical with the peace movement.

But if we recall the right-wing charges that opposition to the war aided the Communists, we won't be surprised to learn from Luce that the counterculture's philosophy derives, in turn, from existentialism, expounded by Jean Paul Sartre, who, Luce adds darkly, "gives lip service to communism, which is the political thought system most congruent with Existentialism."

Another nudge in the ribs comes when Luce tells us that "existentialism, like communism, sees religion as the 'opium of the people.'" According to Luce, existentialism teaches that "'moral values,' based on transcendental concepts of good and evil, right and wrong—God or Devil—are sheer fantasies, the ephemeral effluvia of the human brain box."

We find out what Luce is really getting

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Pommel Bag. The leather is harness-stitched latigo. The buckles are solid brass. The strap adjusts for easy carrying. Perfect for packin' along small gear. \$48.00 each.



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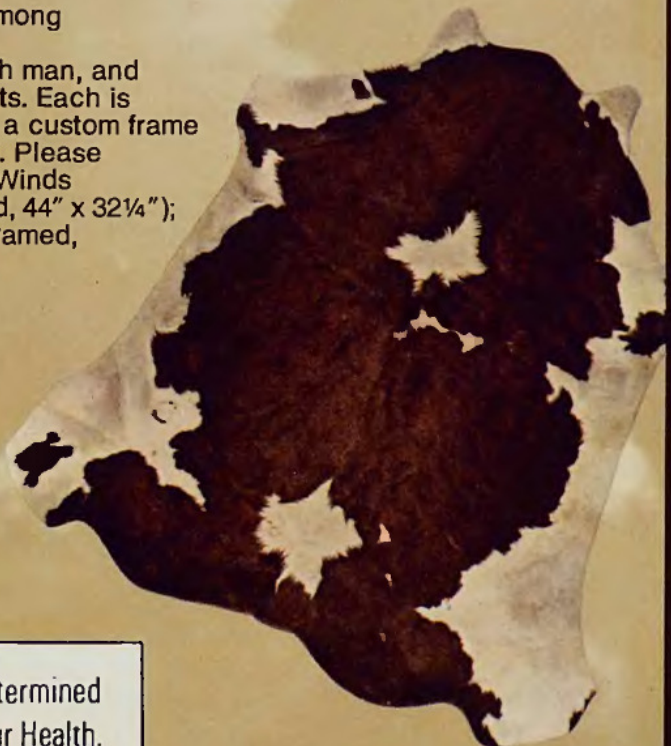


"Back to the Herd"

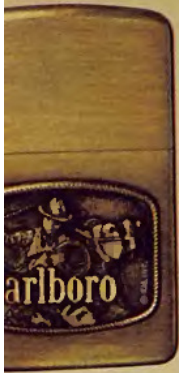
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Denim Shirt. Cowboys have worn denim for over a hundred years because it stands up to hard work and raw weather on the open range. This pre-faded Levi's® denim shirt is cut in the traditional Western style and comes with pearl snaps.

Sizes:

Small (approx. 14-32) Medium (approx. 15-33)
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\$12.00 each.

The Saddle Coat. Made of natural range leather, with all the cowhide scratches and markings left in. It's buck-stitched with rolled-leather buttons and a lightweight lining. Made exclusively for Marlboro by Pioneer Wear.

Color: Saddle Tan.

Sizes: Reg: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46.

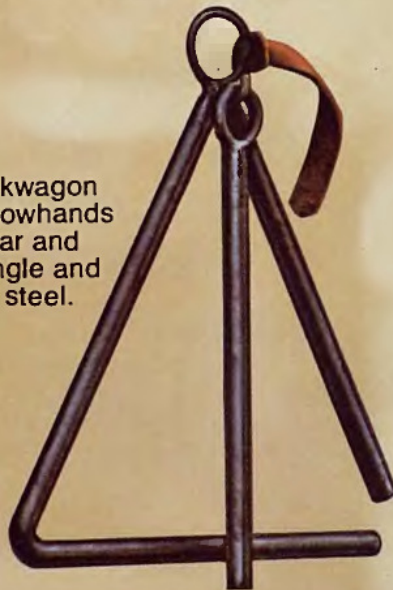
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Trall Bedroll. Designed after the old cowboy bedroll. Outside, a water-repellent cotton shell. Inside, a warm, cotton-flannel liner, with removable blanket. All rolled up in a waterproof ground cloth that shelters you from wind and weather. \$50.00 each.

Chuck-Iron. When a chuckwagon cook used one of these, cowhands would come runnin' from far and wide to grab a plate. Triangle and striker are made of forged steel. Approx. 16" high. \$20.00 for both.



Neckerchief. Out here, no man rides into a workin' day without a bandana to protect him from dust and burning sun. This red bandana is screen printed by hand and measures 22" x 22". \$4.00 each.



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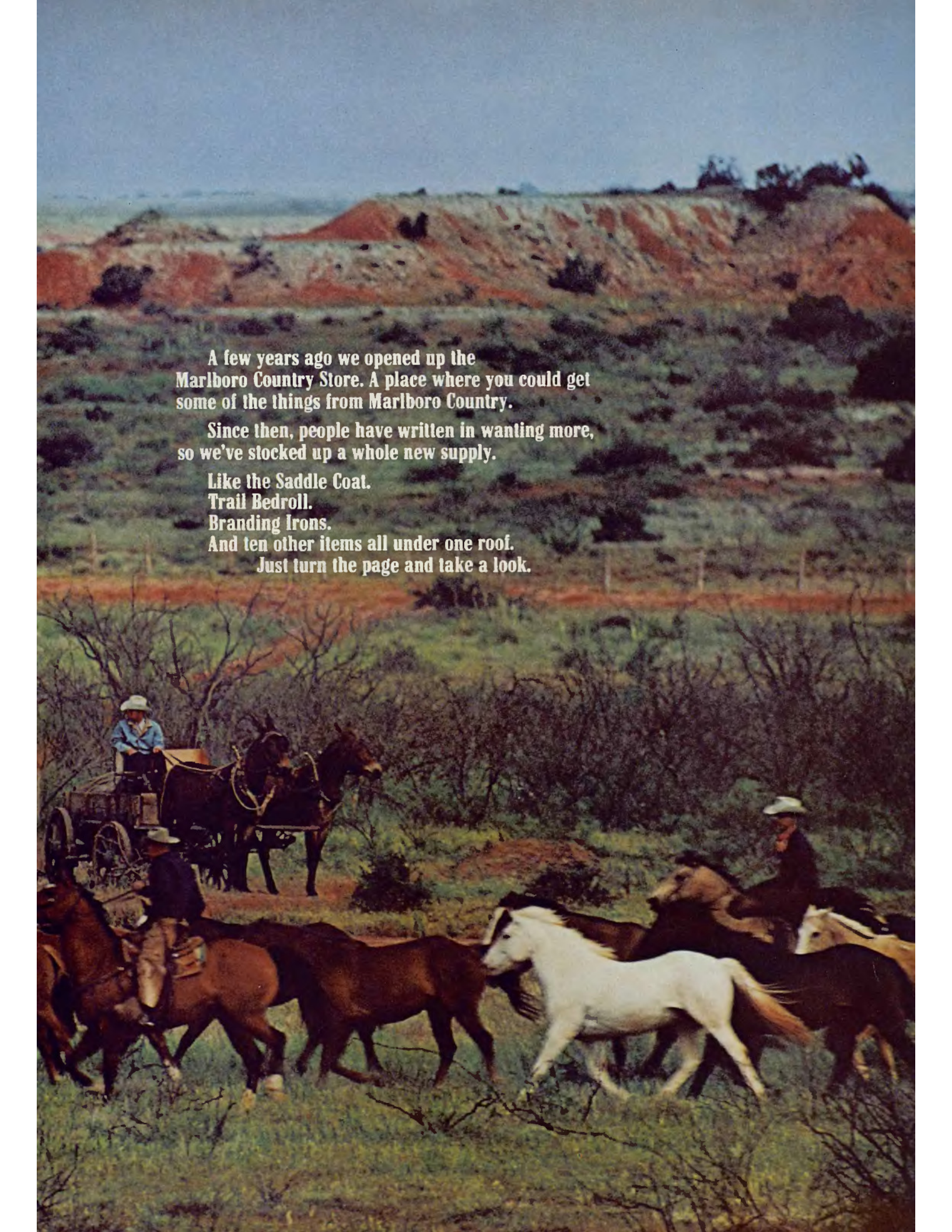
Roping Gloves. When the work gets tough on a cowboy's hands, he'll pull on a pair of Roping Gloves. Made of soft but tough deerskin. Sizes: 7½ to 11 including half sizes \$9.00 per pair.



Branding Irons. We rounded up three old and famous brands and added our own. They're 36 inches long and give an authentic Western touch. Specify "Bell," "Pitchfork," "CS," or "M" \$20.00 each.



Come to where the flavor is. Come to



A few years ago we opened up the
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some of the things from Marlboro Country.

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And ten other items all under one roof.

Just turn the page and take a look.

at when she manages to lump all her pet peeves into a single paragraph, which states that when "the intellectuals . . . began to scrap the moral standards," then "The parents . . . became 'permissive'" and that later "the liberal intellectuals [again] defended . . . the right of publishers, play and film producers to flood America with filth." The result of this moral decline is "today's hopheads and alcoholics, fire-bomb throwers and thrill killers."

So Sartre and communism begat amorality, which begat pornography, which begat the counterculture, which begat Squeaky. And PLAYBOY has been wrong, all these years, to call for sexual freedom and an end to censorship. You have had a hand in producing Squeaky Fromme. So there.

E. Griffin
Newark, New Jersey

We prefer the explanation given in "Doonesbury," where it's pointed out that the state of California has given us Patty Hearst, Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Manson, Sara Moore, Squeaky Fromme, Richard Nixon and most of the Water-gate conspirators. Why California? "Well," Bernie explains, "they think it might have something to do with the drinking water."

ORGASMIC REVELATION

Men sometimes complain that women in general don't seem to be as interested in sex as they are. I'm a woman who is perfectly liberated in body and spirit, but I never had an orgasm and I never could understand why men were always trying so hard to get me into bed. Then I bought a vibrator and learned that I, too, can come but only with the help of the vibrator. I just don't get enough stimulation without it. The experience of orgasm has been a revelation to me. No wonder men like sex so much. If I could be assured of having an orgasm in intercourse most of the time, I would want sex much more often. As it is, I'd rather be alone with my vibrator.

(Name withheld by request)
Syracuse, New York

MECHANO-SEX

Recently, a friend lent me a vibrator to use on a stubborn Charley horse in my left arm. After the treatment (which helped the arm a lot), my wife and I got to joking about the lascivious reputation of these machines. Well, one thing led to another and we were soon experimenting on each other. It was incredible: I've never seen her have so many orgasms so rapidly. I got so damned excited just watching her have one climax after another that I came almost the instant she turned the vibrator on me. The suddenness disappointed me, but she kept running the thing up and down my shaft and I was in sheer bliss, even without an erection. Then she found my most

sensitive spot, on the head of my penis; holding the vibrator there for a few minutes, she was astonished (and I was out of my skull with delight) when my penis abruptly stood at attention and spurted again. It was only about a half hour after my previous orgasm, and I haven't been that potent since I was a teenager.

We are now devout vibrator freaks, and I don't give a damn how many people consider this unnatural or perverse. It's simply heavenly and confirms my unpopular opinion that nature is an idiot and

"We are devout vibrator freaks, and I don't give a damn how many people consider this unnatural or perverse."

science a genius. I've bought a biofeedback machine and we're learning to get into alpha states and hold them during the sex act; that is wholly beyond all normal human experience, believe me. There's a new sexual revolution brewing as we learn to control and magnify all sensation. Put me down as a supporter of mechano-sex, which is as superior to nature's way as mechano-travel, mechano-lighting or mechano-anything. Nuts to the nature freaks!

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

POLICE-STATE BILL

I find it disheartening that, on the eve of the Bicentennial supposedly celebrating liberty and justice, one of the ugliest pieces of legislation ever written in this country is before Congress. It's called S.I., and it threatens to strangle our freedoms. Among the worst provisions are these:

Section 1103 provides a 15-year jail sentence and a \$100,000 fine for "inciting people to engage in conduct that would at some future time facilitate the overthrow of the Government." Furthermore, if you belong to an organization with that purpose, you can get seven years and \$100,000. At present, the Government has to prove there is a clear and present danger of words leading to deeds before free speech can be suppressed. Under S.I., you can be locked up any old time for expressing radical ideas.

Anyone who prints national-defense information without authority or anyone who receives such information without promptly turning it over to a Federal agent will be a criminal. No more Pentagon papers. No more My Lai exposés.

Section 1831 of this bill gives three years in jail and a \$100,000 fine to anyone who crosses a state line to create a riot. A riot can be as few as ten people who seem to threaten damage to property. Furthermore, Section 1111 provides a maximum penalty of death for activity that damages or tampers with just about any property or facility "used in, or particularly suited for national defense" if the purpose of such action is to interfere with the U.S. or its allies in preparation for war. There are penalties for misbehaving in or near a court and for obstruction or impairment of an official proceeding by noise or any other means. Draft resistance in the form of demonstrations or counseling is made illegal.

Other parts of this proposed criminal code would make the *Miranda* court decision void and would legalize wire taps without court orders. Under this bill, every crime committed by Richard M. Nixon and his people would be rendered totally legal.

If S.I. becomes law, I shall be forced into an action I don't want to take: I shall feel obliged to renounce citizenship in such an oppressive nation.

John Holmes
Ann Arbor, Michigan

THE ORIGIN OF RIGHTS

Regarding Tim W. Ferguson's letter in the December *Playboy Forum* on the origin of human rights, I'd like to point out that the Constitution, as written in Philadelphia and adopted by the 13 original states, does not mention the word rights. In fact, the Constitution is best interpreted as a document creating legislative (Congressional) supremacy over everyone and everything else.

As George Carey and Willmoore Kendall demonstrate in *The Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition*, there are a number of rights described as due the individual in our tradition, but none of them is held to be enforceable against the will of the legislature. In the Second through the Ninth amendments to the Constitution, no right is beyond the reach of Congress. Even the right of habeas corpus, the most important individual right, can be eradicated by Congressional vote.

The idea that all human beings are born with certain rights, as Ferguson suggests, has attracted many supporters, but it is not a part of the American political tradition.

Clyde L. Dotson
Long Beach, California

SPOTLIGHT ON INJUSTICE

For the past five years, the Committee for Public Justice has been performing the job of an early-warning system to protect individual rights. The committee identifies and investigates major infringements of the guarantees in our Bill of Rights. What we learn is made public

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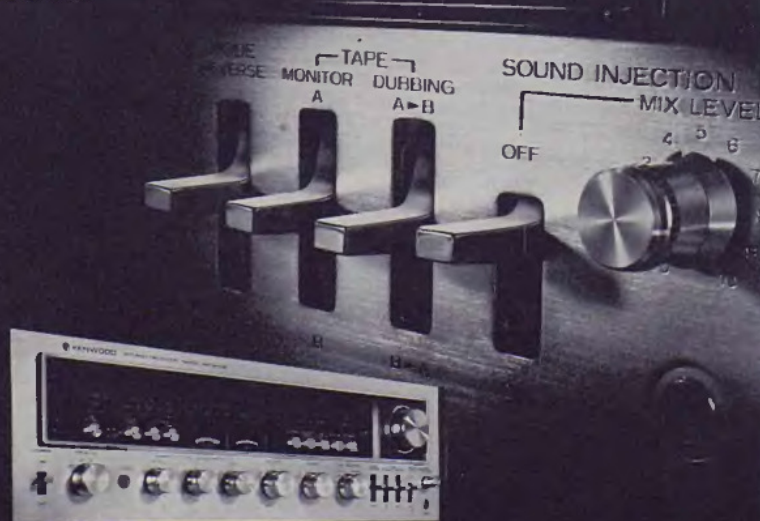


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in books, Congressional testimony, town meetings, newsletters, articles, press conferences and public forums. The committee includes political scientists, economists, artists, writers, actors, lawyers and scholars.

Recently, we have been sponsoring a series of town meetings around the country at which citizens can question members of Congress about Government agencies' abuse of individual rights—activities like wire tapping, bugging and mail opening. The Playboy Foundation helped us hold one such meeting in Chicago. The panelists included five Illinois Congressmen: Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee; and former Kissinger aide Morton Halperin. Robert Redford and Lillian Hellman also spoke at the meeting.

We have published major books on abuses committed by agencies like the FBI and the CIA and we are sponsoring the work of a respected journalist, Milton Viorst, to keep us and the general public informed of Government practices that threaten our constitutional rights. One of our future projects will be an investigation of Government experiments on unsuspecting victims with mind-altering drugs like LSD.

With a modest budget and a small staff, we have accomplished a great deal in protecting the right of privacy. We can do more with help. Tax-deductible contributions can be sent to the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation, 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016, with which the committee is affiliated.

Raymond S. Calamaro
Executive Director
Committee for Public Justice
New York, New York

POETRY IN CHAINS

Kim Chi Ha is a South Korean poet and social critic imprisoned in his native land. He is sentenced to life imprisonment but is very ill and is not expected to live. His crime is his work: satirical poetry about the corruption and injustices that plague the people of South Korea. Through his writings, Kim has won the bitter enmity of President Park Chung Hee and many high South Korean officials.

Although Park's government went to some lengths to establish Kim's work as communistic, the poet is no more of a Communist propagandist than were Swift, Molière and Mark Twain. The targets of Kim's irony are traditional ones—corrupt public officials, hypocrites, braggarts, thieves and military leaders who exploit their own soldiers.

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of millions of U.S. taxpayers' dollars shoring up Park's government so that he may demonstrate his moral superiority over Kim Il Sung's North Korean dictatorship by imprisoning critics and artists?

Anyone with a serious interest in freedom of expression and in the ultimate morality of our relationship with South Korea should write to his Congressional representatives and the South Korean embassy for justice in the Kim case.

Michael Shorb
San Francisco, California

THE LAST EAGLE

By coincidence, when the news came over the radio that Justice William O. Douglas was retiring, I was reading a science-fiction novel that ended with the shooting of the last American eagle. I couldn't help but think that the disappearance of the eagle was symbolic of the departure from the bench of Justice Douglas, a man who represented precisely the spirit of fierce independence for which the eagle stands.

It is ironic that the media continually refer to Douglas as a liberal and to the new Nixonoid justices as conservatives. Actually, Douglas transcended those simple-minded distinctions and was a true libertarian, a strict defender of the liberties spelled out in the Constitution. Socialistic liberals of the Roosevelt, Kennedy, Johnson school and corporation-oriented conservatives of the Eisenhower, Nixon, Ford school have been equally willing to reinterpret and distort these constitutional liberties on behalf of what they imagined were higher causes. With William O. Douglas gone, the simple idea that the Constitution means what it says and really does guarantee liberty to the people has no defender left on the highest court. We have lost more with his retirement than we can yet begin to realize.

Eagles fly high and are apt to upset those who are interested only in maintaining security and the correct pecking order among the chickens in the barnyard. Some will be glad that the last eagle is gone. Those of us who treasure freedom, however, will long mourn the departure of this tough, feisty old bird.

Louis Levine
Boston, Massachusetts


PAIN ON THE PILL

I'd like to call attention to what some women undergo in this supposedly enlightened society. I have two children and am currently on the pill. I happen to be one of those women for whom contraceptive chemicals cause serious adverse side effects. They keep my breasts full but also make them very sensitive. I frequently suffer cramps and nausea to the point of vomiting. The pill also apparently affects my emotions: I find myself screaming at

(concluded on page 154)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JERRY BROWN

a candid conversation with the liberal / conservative / jesuit / zen governor of california and the least boring politician in america

There are several impressive facts about Edmund Gerald Brown, Jr., and chief among them is that after only one year as governor of California, he is considered, at the age of 37, to be the most exciting potential candidate for the Presidency since John F. Kennedy. Time called him "the most interesting politician in America" and, at a time when most American politicians are held in only slightly higher esteem than used-car salesmen, his approval rating by California voters is an astounding 85 percent.

Another impressive fact is that while Brown is very knowledgeable about what his future may hold and is definitely not untouched by ambition, he claims that he could give it all up after his term is over and go off somewhere to meditate. A product of a Catholic education and three and a half years of study to become a priest at a Jesuit seminary, Brown flirted with the Berkeley lifestyle of the early Sixties, then veered off to Yale Law School, from which he graduated in 1964. As the son of a popular two-term California governor, he found his family name was potent and his law practice in Los Angeles dull; so when his feelings of opposition to the Vietnam war intensified,

he helped organize the state's peace slate, which became Eugene McCarthy's delegation to the Democratic Convention in 1968. He ran for a school-board post the next year, then for secretary of state in 1970, when he made headlines by forcing the disclosure of secret campaign funds and vigorously enforcing the political-contribution laws. His crazy-quilt background resulted in the spectacle of a state governor who did things differently: He slipped away from fund raisers and disdained ceremonial functions; he slept on a bare mattress in a spare apartment, leaving Ronald Reagan's huge new governor's mansion empty; he used a Plymouth instead of the official chauffeured limousine. And Californians loved it.

Then there is the matter of his politics—elusive, wriggly and difficult to categorize. He manages to convince young and old, conservative and liberal, rich and poor that he is, each in turn, on their side. In his short span as governor, he has been responsible for some remarkably progressive legislation, revamping farm-labor, marijuana and sexual-practices statutes, among others. At the same time, he has managed to please

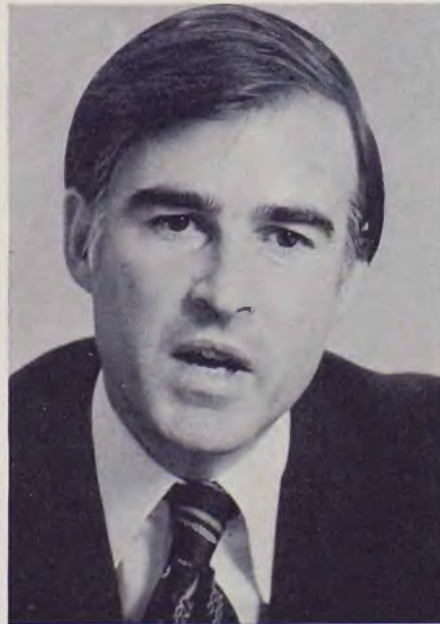
conservatives with a hard line on busing and crime and a far greater willingness to attack Big Government than Big Business. As our interviewer put it, "Brown pulls it off because he's found a modern handle for being basically old-fashioned."

Finally, there is the mystique—not the Kennedy brand of charisma but mystique in the true sense of the word. Brown is not a flesh presser and does not arouse fierce emotions in crowds. Indeed, what he arouses is intense curiosity. He is variously reported in the press to be a lonely, misanthropic figure, given to Oriental mysticism and Jesuitical debating techniques. There have been references to his Zen meditational retreats, gurus presiding over cabinet meetings and dark hints that he disdains food and sex. At the annual Governor's Prayer Breakfast in January, conducted in previous years by the senate chaplains of the three recognized faiths, a Sufi choir appeared, complete with chanting and bare-chested male dancers. When pressed by reporters for details of his personal philosophy or his private life, he brushes questions aside with Socratic questions of his own, leaving the press corps soundly confused.

To probe below the surface of this



"I've never been a big spender. Certainly not in my personal life—as my friends will attest—and not in the public offices I have held. I am not a fiscal conservative. I'm just cheap."

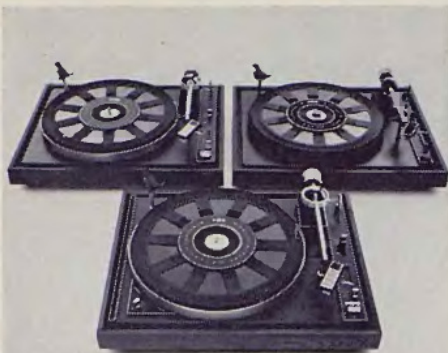


"America has become a big sap for the rest of the countries. And I don't like it. We have a lot of strength, so I don't see why we should have guilt feelings and act like we're always the fall guy."



JEFF COHEN

"The governor's mansion is a huge place and I'd feel like Casper the Ghost wandering through it. That empty Taj Mahal that Reagan built could be one of the key symbols of 1976."



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complicated man, PLAYBOY assigned Robert Scheer, a journalist with strong radical credentials whose last piece in this magazine was "Nelson Rockefeller Takes Care of Everybody," to conduct the interview. Scheer and Brown had crossed each other's paths in Berkeley and, as Scheer's report attests, each seemed to find the other man a challenge:

"Don't worry, Bob. I'll get that biographical material to you on the plane tonight. You can trust me. Hell, I'm the governor."

"When Jerry Brown says he's the governor, I often feel a sense of disbelief. This antipolitician, whose style stresses deep suspicion of the ability of government to produce on a grand scale, is clearly the most popular high official in the country. He's also an unpretentious guy I've hung out with, drinking beer and club hopping on Sunset Strip and talking about everything under the sun.

"He first refused to do the 'Playboy Interview' on the grounds that he had too many other requests for the same thing and that everyone wanted to ask him the same old questions. When I asked him what the new questions were, his response was typical: 'How would I know? I'm not a reporter.' With this cat-and-mouse game as his main technique, he'd managed to avoid being pinned down on the issues. When he finally agreed to let me interview him, the originally allotted couple of hours became nearly 20 hours of recorded questions and answers as the governor got drawn in more deeply than he intended; after the first session, he became intrigued and sparred with the delight of a born debater. After the taping sessions, we'd often drive to a bar, where he'd continue to question the questions—and for three consecutive weekends he devoted his time to worrying about his answers, because, it seemed to me, at some future point they might undermine him politically.

"He is, first of all, a political animal, despite all the media hype about Brown exotica. He cuts a rather natty figure in his monogrammed shirts and dark, well-tailored suits, and despite all the hoopla about his driving himself around in an old battered car, the governor's Plymouth is quite new and suitably chauffeur driven. His apartment in Sacramento may be spare, but his elegantly furnished apartment in Los Angeles is not. As for bizarre rumors of his private life, I know of at least one altogether-too-normal occasion when he and an aide drove down to San Francisco to sit around in a singles bar, passing as Stanford or Cal graduates who hadn't quite settled down, keeping an eye out for attractive, eligible women.

"As to the interview itself, the governor hung in there for the long, sometimes grueling process without the protection of PR people and made his own decisions

on what to say. He impressed me by not attempting to cut off the dialog and by resisting the temptation to use the trapings of his office to get his way. The last session was the most exhausting. My PLAYBOY editor, Barry Golson, had joined me for the final couple of sessions and Brown had to field questions from two sides, with both of us pinning him down on some contradictions. He hung tough and later commented, 'You know . . . I've spent more time with you than on anything this month. And it's made me ask myself whether or not I'd ever want to be President. There are just too many issues on which you have to have positions.'

"Much later, we were sitting in a Shakey's Pizza Parlor, tired and talked out, while a folk group sang in a corner. Just as it seemed we'd put the 'issues' behind us, the female lead singer, unaware of the governor's presence, called on the student audience to picket Governor Brown against the proposed dam on the Stanislaus River. We looked at the governor and he shrugged. 'You just can't escape having to take a position,' he said. He paused, swished the beer around in his mug and muttered, more to himself than the two of us, 'Who knows if there are any answers?'"

PLAYBOY: As the chief executive of the nation's most populous state at the age of 37, do you ever ask yourself, "God, what am I doing here?"

BROWN: Yeah, the realization of the responsibility, of where I am in this country and what I'm supposed to be doing, sometimes is rather heavy. Yeah, sometimes. Especially in the morning after I've stayed out late at night, it all seems rather absurd.

PLAYBOY: Could it have happened if you hadn't been the son of a popular governor of California?

BROWN: Obviously, the fact that my father was governor had an impact. If my name had been Smith, I probably wouldn't have been nominated for governor or even elected secretary of state. His administration and constituency were very helpful to me and I received a lot of pluses—and some minuses. It made liberals tend to vote for me and conservatives vote against me.

PLAYBOY: On the night of your close victory as governor, you were quoted as telling your father, "I almost lost because of you."

BROWN: I was kidding him because he seemed to be taking so long at the microphone and I was getting restless. It was just my sense of humor, which for some is too dry.

PLAYBOY: Since taking office, however, you've surprised both your father's liberal constituency and the conservatives with your frugal spending policies.

BROWN: I've never been a big spender. Certainly not in my personal life—as my friends will attest—and not in the public

*THIS LETTER IS IN OUR FILES. IN THE INTEREST OF PRIVACY THE WRITER'S NAME HAS BEEN OMITTED. TURNABLES LEFT TO RIGHT - B-I-C 960, ABOUT \$160 - B-I-C 980, ABOUT \$200 - B-I-C 930, ABOUT \$110. FOR LITERATURE, WRITE: BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO., WESTBURY, L.I. 11590 - A DIVISION OF AVNET INC. ©1975.

offices I have held. I am not a fiscal conservative. I'm just cheap.

PLAYBOY: Would it be unfair to say that your administration and style are partly a revolt against your father?

BROWN: It has some truth to it. Every son emerging from his family has attractions and repulsions. And if some sons try to emulate their father, others may try to replace him. That's the stock analysis, but I think these kinds of relationships are far more complicated. I mean, some would say that carrying on the family business is a high form of admiration.

PLAYBOY: But before following your father into politics, you spent three and a half years in a Jesuit seminary. Wasn't that a pretty extreme response to growing up in politics?

BROWN: Well, I guess. Politics as a way of life didn't seem to me full enough or complete enough, so originally I didn't seek it out. But I don't see anything unusual in the fact that while my father was in public life I should be attracted to a seminary. He was more interested in action, programs and accomplishments and I was always drawn to ideas and philosophy. The seminary was obviously something I would consider, because it dealt with underlying questions and fundamental realities.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your father find your decision to study for the priesthood unusual?

BROWN: There's nothing strange about a young person who is a Catholic thinking about becoming a priest or a nun—at least there wasn't when I was growing up. But my father is a practical person and the idea of going off to a seminary for 15 years to study and pray and maintain virtual silence seemed impractical. It didn't *do* anything. It didn't seem to have a programmatic payoff in the way that becoming a lawyer or a politician might.

Yet, in my own mind, the life in a seminary still has a justification of its own. It's a life of service and I found it very good, at least until the time I decided to leave. The idea that the life of the mind or the spirit has a purpose that transcends mere financial or material considerations is still something I believe in. In other words, I think some of the most important things in an average person's life have nothing to do with government or politics. You can see that reflected not only in people's conversations but in the place that politics has in their everyday lives. Politics is a reasonably serious business and ought to be treated as such. But I don't think you should oversell what politics means, what government can do. I've always felt I could see its limitations because I was brought up in it.

PLAYBOY: A good part of your political style today seems to involve a rejection of an older political form your father typified: promises, programs, glad-handing, ceremonial activities.

BROWN: What can I say? Times are

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changing. We are coming out of an era of easy growth and up against new limits. Politicians talk of more G.N.P., but it doesn't come so easily and people are worried about the quality of life, not just the quantity of things they accumulate. Television, changing lifestyles, the ruthless questioning, disillusion after Vietnam and Watergate—all these things make for different political forms today from those of 20 years ago.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of a political form from your father's era that has changed?

BROWN: I can remember listening to various speeches by politicians from that time and the audience not being very impressed—especially younger kids. College students in the audience were turned off. And I think that's had an impact on my feeling about speeches and rhetoric. I've tried to avoid a lot of that, which is one reason I gave a seven-minute inaugural speech. Of course, another reason is that I didn't start writing it until the night before.

PLAYBOY: What else turned you off traditional politics? Do you remember any incidents from your father's terms as governor?

BROWN: Well, I remember once going with him to a bomb-shelter conference in a New York City hotel called by Governor Rockefeller. A number of governors and their military attachés were there. As I recall, so were Arthur Schlesinger and Roswell Gilpatric and Adam Yarmolinsky. All the people there just seemed to assume that the country should embark on a big bomb-shelter program. The discussion revolved around technical questions such as how to notify people when to get into their bomb shelters—by telephone, by electrical hookup or by radio? It is hard for me to remember the details, but that was the drift of the conversation. And so I asked my father to raise the basic question: Did such a bomb-shelter program make any sense? He leaned over to Schlesinger and asked him. Schlesinger turned and said, "Pat, we've got to have them." That was it. No fundamental questions for that group.

That meeting has always typified for me a central problem in government: Conventional wisdom and group thinking almost conspire to prevent serious challenge to widely shared assumptions. I take it as a very important thing in government that assumptions in the inner circles be challenged again and again. So I try to read a lot and meet people and encourage a diversity of ideas. Otherwise, you just become the prisoner of your perceptions or of those who provide you with the briefing papers.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you something of a prisoner of narrow perceptions while you were at the seminary?

BROWN: Perhaps. There was no radio, no

TV, no newspapers, you didn't read *The New York Times*, much less *PLAYBOY*. I heard about Sputnik being launched two weeks after it occurred. There were no visitors—except for parents once a month. We were permitted to speak for brief periods after lunch and dinner and for an extended time one day each week.

Life was very simple. A bell would ring at five in the morning and we would get up and then, until nine in the evening, follow a strict schedule that was basically the same each day—meditation, Mass, Latin, waiting on tables, sweeping floors, working in the fields, reading spiritual books: Thomas a Kempis, the history of the Jesuit order and a three-volume work on ascetic virtues.

PLAYBOY: You never felt you'd go nuts, bang your head against the wall and say, "I've got to get out of this prison"?

BROWN: No. It was engrossing and it was where I wanted to be. It was very disciplined, all right, but for a purpose. Every hour of every day was part of the over-all training program to become a Jesuit priest and from the inside it was a very full life. I certainly have no regrets about it.

PLAYBOY: But at some point, obviously, you began to feel differently.

BROWN: Not at first. But after a few years, it seemed too limited and authoritarian for me. I began to feel I was missing something. I thought about it for a long time and then decided to leave and go to Berkeley.

PLAYBOY: Which must have been a remarkable contrast. Why did you decide on Berkeley?

BROWN: I thought it would be good to balance years of traditional education with a more open and skeptical process.

PLAYBOY: What were your first days in Berkeley like?

BROWN: I remember a certain exhilaration at being in a world where you could do anything you wanted—go anywhere, talk to anybody, read anything. It had a certain liberating effect.

But it was also depressing at times. There was a wasteland quality about experiencing the Berkeley campus in 1960—the thousands of people, the impersonal rules and bureaucracy, the lack of direction, the drift, the fragmentation, the void.

PLAYBOY: Were you shocked at any of the permissiveness—sex, drugs, music?

BROWN: In those days, such things didn't jump out at you unless you went looking for them. Whatever people did, they weren't as open about it as they are today.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel your moral outlook and your approach to politics were more influenced by the seminary than by Berkeley?

BROWN: I hope so. Everyone needs enough space and time to be himself. But we also need a life of service and common purpose. The contemporary search to satisfy every impulse that floats through your consciousness is doomed to failure. I don't

think that's what people want, anyway.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by the search to satisfy impulses?

BROWN: Even a superficial reading of history indicates there has rarely been a period of self-indulgence on such a mass scale as there is in America in 1976—the idea that the sum total of life is the accumulation of more and more creature comforts and status symbols that are expensive to maintain. Some of it is normal and good, but it certainly has limits, and I don't support the materialism you find in so many magazines and other media today.

PLAYBOY: Such as in *PLAYBOY*, for instance?

BROWN: Yes. I had some reservations about this interview because of the values the magazine projects to people, values I don't really agree with. It tends to create an image of self-indulgence that is becoming increasingly inappropriate and ultimately inconsistent with the survival of this country. I see a need for a more austere and leaner style of life. Certainly, *PLAYBOY* has had an impact on breaking down some taboos, but it's not clear what the ultimate upshot of that will be. Some might look on it as a liberating philosophy, but on the other hand, it might be very limiting, too.

PLAYBOY: Given your reservations, why did you agree to do this interview?

BROWN: Because you were so persistent. And it's a way to communicate with a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: Is there a puritanical streak in you? Your speeches since you took office often emphasize the need to return to hard work and discipline.

BROWN: I wouldn't use the word puritanical, but, sure, I was taught in grammar school by the good nuns that idleness is the Devil's workshop. If you have a totally idle society, you're going to have a decadent society. I think there needs to be a greater sense of service to country and a commitment to resolving some of the issues that are tearing us apart.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you've shunned the perquisites of power—such as the governor's mansion and an official limousine?

BROWN: Yes. I don't see where politicians in this society should act like big shots. I can remember a time when I was going to a Giants game in my father's limousine, driven by a highway patrolman. At one point as we drove through the crowd, people started pounding on the windows. It made me disinclined to have a limousine, let alone drive around in one.

People have a sense of equality. There is a demand for egalitarianism and institutions today lack credibility—and I mean labor and business just as much as government. Unless leaders become more austere and more closely attuned to what people want, I think many institutions are going to be in for tough times. People are not going to stand for it.

PLAYBOY: But when you give a television

speech advocating that people stop consuming so much, your appearance is followed by a stream of commercials selling cars and other products, right?

BROWN: That's the way the system works.

PLAYBOY: But can you really regulate excessive materialism without also regulating advertising and the corporate system behind it?

BROWN: I recognize that we are going through certain economic and environmental changes. Our system worked well when the country was less developed and the air was cleaner and fuel cheaper. But until people begin to recognize the extent of our present dilemma, there is not much we can do about it. So much of what I am doing is attempting to enhance awareness of the fact that the country is changing. Until we are sufficiently awake, there is no point in talking about what we can do about it.

I don't see leadership as just passing laws. The fascination with legislation as the big solution to everything is overplayed. A person in a significant position of power can lead by the questions he raises and the example he sets. A lot of political energy comes from a certain vision, a faith that communicates itself to other people—as with Martin Luther King and other leaders, whose ideas and the way they presented them had a great influence on government. People who stand for an idea that has energy connected with it, that's power.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that, precisely?

BROWN: Just that sometimes even powerlessness has a power of its own. Who is it who took India? Some guy in his underwear. Gandhi seemed a pretty strange, powerless character. And yet because of the idea and the moment, he was able to galvanize millions of people. Power may be an idea, a style, things we haven't thought of before. Look at Vietnam. We thought we had the power, but events proved we didn't. The Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese had an idea and a collective purpose.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think has power today?

BROWN: Cesar Chavez has power. George Meany. Perhaps Ivan Illich. The women's movement. The *Whole Earth Catalog*. Bob Dylan is a person with power.

PLAYBOY: Dylan and the *Whole Earth Catalog*—would that imply you have at least some roots in the antimaterialist beatnik movement in the Fifties or that of the hippies in the Sixties?

BROWN: The only time I heard about the beatniks was when one of the priests at the seminary read us an article about them. No, I learned about their antimaterialistic philosophy after I came out and went to Berkeley. I'd go over to Robbie's for chop suey and rice and think, "This is where Allen Ginsberg used to hang out when he wrote *Howl*." A lot of ideas would go around and I used



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to listen and I learned a lot. I learned as much there as I learned sitting in class. I remember going to Greenwich Village to hear Dylan before anyone knew him.

PLAYBOY: So the governor's an early Dylan fan. What other music do you like? What record would you put on if you were depressed?

BROWN: *Adagio for Strings* by Albinoni or *Sketches of Spain* by Miles Davis.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to relax besides listen to music?

BROWN: I read a lot.

PLAYBOY: What kind of reading—fiction, poetry?

BROWN: Doris Lessing, Hermann Hesse, Robinson Jeffers, Yeats, Frost, Conrad, Joyce, Kafka, Henry Miller.

PLAYBOY: Can you ever really get away from it all?

BROWN: I go out for dinner or to a movie; I spend evenings with friends. A couple of times I've spent a few days at the Trappist monastery in Northern California. I've also gone to Tassajara, a Zen monastery in the mountains near Big Sur. They're two places where I can get away from photographers and tape recorders and let the accumulated images and problems of being governor recede from my mind.

PLAYBOY: Has the job ever gotten to you?

BROWN: There's an inescapable quality about being governor. I have to show up every day and answer to what I've been thinking and where I've been. This is a reality that has at times become oppressive. But as for the responsibility, it hasn't gotten to me yet.

PLAYBOY: When you say oppressive, do you mean it's impinging on your private life?

BROWN: Well, not exactly. I've met a lot of interesting people and certainly one of the best parts of the job is the new people with interesting ideas you run across. Maybe I wouldn't be having this conversation if I weren't governor, and this is interesting.

PLAYBOY: But people in the public eye have their private lives under constant scrutiny. How do you feel about discussing your off-duty hours?

BROWN: Well, about six hours a night I'm unconscious.

PLAYBOY: That still leaves some waking hours when you're not working. Do you really hate talking about your personal life?

BROWN: I don't hate it. But I mean, the personal aspects, why should one discuss them?

PLAYBOY: For one thing, it would be interesting to know if it's possible to lead a normal social life as a young bachelor governor.

BROWN: I think it is. But not if you talk about it all the time.

PLAYBOY: Good point. Say, why do some press reports describe you as humorless?

BROWN: Well, I think I have a good sense

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of humor. But a lot of the jokes people tell may not be the ones I happen to be telling or listening to. I don't watch a lot of television, I don't watch the football games on weekends, so perhaps I lose some of the folklore.

PLAYBOY: You don't follow football? That may be the most controversial statement you've made as a politician. But getting back to the issue of privacy, wasn't there a lot of publicity because you started dating some Hollywood people?

BROWN: There wasn't that much publicity. I took out Liv Ullman for several months and no one knew about it. It took the press several months to get onto it.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage that?

BROWN: I wasn't that well known. I took her to a fund-raising dinner and no one recognized her. We sat in the back and listened. Then we went over to the Figaro for dinner.

PLAYBOY: Are you recognized now when you try to slip away from ceremonial occasions?

BROWN: Now, yes. I wasn't a couple of years ago.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you?

BROWN: No. That's just the way it is.

PLAYBOY: Most people don't experience the transformation from obscurity to fame in a matter of a couple of years. How do you respond to the experience?

BROWN: My response is that it just is.

PLAYBOY: But some of it must be exciting.
BROWN: Obviously, it's exciting. There's a certain vanity in all this. That's presumably why people seek office—for some reason, they're attracted to it. I'd say I have mixed feelings.

PLAYBOY: Did you have trouble campaigning for the governorship as a single person? *The New York Times Magazine* said that you had compiled information on your opponents because you feared they were going to accuse you of being a homosexual—is that true?

BROWN: You never know what to expect in a political campaign. Primary contests among candidates of the same political party often degenerate into name-calling and groundless charges because of the lack of ideological differences. My staff did research the public records and statements of my opponents, but by any standard, the whole campaign was clean and very fair. As to what my opponents might accuse me of, I suppose in a campaign you can expect to be called anything from Communist to crook.

PLAYBOY: But why that particular name?

BROWN: Homosexual innuendo is a cheap shot that could be used against any single politician. It's like Red-baiting in the Fifties. Now I'm accused of running around the state with too many women. You're damned if you do and damned if you don't.

PLAYBOY: If you were to run for national

THE POLITICS OF JERRY BROWN

opinion By ROBERT SCHEER

JERRY BROWN is the most different politician in the country. He is young enough to have been touched by the lifestyle changes of the Sixties, particularly as an undergraduate at Berkeley, and, as a result, is given to a less pretentious style than most in his field. He has broken with the old Trumanesque rhetoric of the Democratic Party without losing the traditional Democratic voters—and while somehow increasing his appeal to Reaganites and Sunset Strip hippies alike.

But to whatever lengths he may go to deny the classification, Brown is very much a pro. He is one of the first to have figured out that to be successful at politics in the post-Watergate Seventies, he must shun the old trappings of the political game, which are now greeted with voter cynicism. Jerry Brown may be proving, at least in the vanguard state of California, that things have reached the point where it is easier for a Zen Buddhist than for a Rotarian to get elected. Which does not mean that he is more cynical than other young men on the make—only that he doesn't really exhibit the characteristics of rebellion attributed to him by a press eager for some new angle. The closest Brown has come to rebellion in his personal life was joining a Jesuit seminary for three and a half years of virtual silence and daily penance for sins he had not yet had time or opportunity to commit. Given his prior Catholic school education, this was about as rebellious as an eagle scout's enlisting in the Army.

Many young people feel he is "ours," meaning that he is, for better or worse, the first person to have a shot at the Presidency who was touched and partly formed by the ferment of the Sixties. This doesn't mean that he'd be any good as President—only that he wouldn't be boring. He himself may recognize that the speculation about his future candidacy is a measure of the poverty of our politics, for in one conversation with me, he shouted in exasperation, "Look, it's not my fault the Democrats don't have anyone else to run!" He may not say so for the record, but in side discussions, what "emerges"—to use one of his favorite words—is that he would be available. And it cannot be denied that a Brown

Presidency, however remote the possibility, would be different: He would almost certainly mock the rituals of the office, play havoc with the Federal bureaucracy and persuade Government officials to speak simple English. But what would he stand for? That would probably have to "emerge."

What emerged from our conversations was that for all his stylistic adventurism, Brown embraces some pretty conservative politics. His current high approval rating in California is made up about equally of conservatives and liberals, but the conservatives may be making out better in the bargain. Despite his liberal positions—such as championing the farm-labor bill—he is against busing, against cutting the defense budget, against large Federal expenditures, for punishment as a deterrent to crime, for treating Big Business gingerly, for returning power to state and local levels. It is somewhat disquieting to bop off with Brown to the very hip Cafe Figaro in Los Angeles and, just as the atmosphere seems most congenial and folksy, have him suddenly insist in that brash Saint Ignatius debater's style that Nelson Rockefeller didn't move fast enough in crushing the Attica rebellion. Brown loves listening to Judy Collins and Joni Mitchell, but he also likes a show of strength now and then.

The aura of Brown's religiosity and other eccentricities has intrigued the media and has, for the time being, served to take the heat off him. He has been able to answer questions by parrying with reporters rather than by sticking his neck out on issues. In one display of this tactic, he abruptly fired his employment director, James Lorenz, after the conservative *Oakland Tribune* attacked Lorenz' radical and imaginative employment program. Brown fended off questions about the firing with a rather vague promise that a better employment program would emerge at some time in the future. When pressed, he added only that Lorenz was not a good team player—a not unfamiliar explanation. Brown exhibits a tendency to appear all things to all people and, as the *Playboy Interview* suggests, he is even more difficult at times to pin down than most politicians.

Brown goes to great lengths to associate himself with traditional values

while at the same time representing a new wave. He manages to keep his solid Catholic-boy image compatible with a touch of California religious freakiness. And it works for him.

He told me that more people had attended his Prayer Breakfast—the one with the Sufi choir—than had attended any previous one. He said it proudly, as any politician might. But with Brown, one is inclined to nod and say, as I did, “Yeah, Jerry, who’d believe things could change that much?” If Ronald Reagan had ever tried to boast to the press about the attendance at his Prayer Breakfast, an interviewer might have rolled his eyes at the ceiling.

Brown campaigned with law-and-order speeches that began, “When I was a boy at Saint Ignatius, we didn’t have violence in the streets!” Privately, he would tell me proudly of having met Daniel Ellsberg when they were at a San Francisco Zen center together. A spiritualism that can encompass both Ellsberg and a law-and-order stance can be a mighty useful thing for a politician. In fact, he works 12 to 15 long hours a day keeping voters and other politicians happy, and his spiritualism appears neatly contained, reminiscent of those TM promises of a more profitable business career with 15 minutes of meditation a day.

Although he guards his privacy, he also seems to enjoy talking to people and a number of times during the course of the interview, he would track me down by phone somewhere, apparently just to chat. On one such occasion, I found myself at a New York City bar, shouting above the din that yes, I did think government could do useful things for people. I listened respectfully to the governor of my state, as I warded off various drunken acquaintances, while he speculated for a half hour as to whether political actions truly lead to a common good. Toward the end of the conversation, he ventured that New York City was not a healthy place for me to visit: “Why are you there? What do you need that for? I think New York is decadent.”

He is very much the California boy who went East to Yale Law School but found life there cold and not to his liking. His political style is a stronger revolt than Reagan’s against the Northeastern power corridor, and he is given to a cultural isolationism that excludes not only the entire Eastern Seaboard but also a good part of the

world outside California. It is, for this reason, difficult to imagine Brown conducting a foreign policy, for he seems to have doubts that we really need one.

Brown’s provincialism leaves him vulnerable to a certain type of intellectual huckstering. He has enthusiasms for a motley collection of big-idea spokesmen and is in the habit of tossing a magazine at a visitor with the comment, “Here, this guy says we should eliminate colleges—that’s something to think about.” But no matter what his flights of fancy, for Brown the bottom line is winning. While he may occasionally think outrageous thoughts, he has not yet taken a politically costly stand on any major issue. He is determined he will never be defeated the way his father was by Reagan, whom he considers a lightweight.

From the evidence I’ve seen, Brown’s pursuit of power is so single-minded and relentless that it can make him brittle after a time, difficult to work with. He is a very decent person and to say that he is passionate about power does not mean he is a megalomaniac but rather that power is the thing he knows best, exercises well and refines continuously. He does not possess the megalomaniac’s sense of personal grandeur; what he does possess is an instinct for understanding and garnering power as do few others. Recently, four of his key staff members left him and there are indications that more will follow. The common reason is that his intensity has worn them out.

Other people, his staff members among them, have other passions: family and children, the theater, the mountains. In Governor Brown’s offices, there is only one passion. His staff members find their other interests blotted out by a chief executive who can keep them up until three A.M. grilling them about the work of their departments. And even if no one else is, Brown is back at his desk by nine A.M. to begin a new work cycle of 12 hours a day, six days a week. He represents the ultimate Americanization of religion: Brown has turned religion’s therapeutic qualities toward the most obsessed and pragmatic of secular goals.

In short, it is difficult to see Jerry Brown doing unpopular things based on the moral convictions he, and the media, make so much of. For all his religious preoccupations, he is determined to win in this life and let the judgment come later.

office, do you think being single would be a political liability?

BROWN: No. It wasn’t for Pierre Trudeau or Edward Heath. Sometimes it may even be an asset.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend to have a family?

BROWN: I have always assumed I would.

PLAYBOY: Do you think marriage can work when you have a career as consuming as yours?

BROWN: That’s obviously a problem. I don’t have an answer for that. Perhaps there are periods in one’s life that require a commitment that isn’t compatible with a family.

PLAYBOY: But some politicians manage to do it.

BROWN: Do they? I don’t know, maybe some do. But if you look at the number of political divorces, maybe a lot of them don’t manage in reality. The role of a leader takes tremendous emotional, spiritual and intellectual effort. And how many masters can you serve? I like the idea of the dream, but I don’t quite see how you put it all together.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the values of the traditional nuclear family are outdated?

BROWN: For most people, these are still very strong values.

PLAYBOY: But do you agree with them?

BROWN: I respect them. I’m not ready to offer any theory on how people should get along with one another. But I have no doubt the family has lasted a long time and will survive its latest critics.

PLAYBOY: One tradition that may not last is that of the man as dominant figure in the family. How do you feel about women’s liberation?

BROWN: I have mixed feelings. It’s liberating, but it’s also creating new instabilities. Things had to change, but it’s an emancipation from a traditional family structure that’s served us very well. The family’s being brought under pressure like it’s never been before and relationships are hard enough.

PLAYBOY: If you have a family, won’t you eventually have to use them as political props, as most public officials do?

BROWN: I have reservations about using my personal life for politics. After a while, it’s possible to see your personal relationships as part of an over-all political equation. After that, it’s not too difficult to become just another political commodity to be distributed through the media. But when it’s over, after you’ve left office, you might not have much to show for it. Politics, like most of life, is transitory, and the scrapbooks and headlines that you accumulate won’t be much comfort in your old age.

PLAYBOY: Is that why some people have described you as a loner?

BROWN: Perhaps I haven’t kissed as many babies as my predecessors did.

PLAYBOY: But there’s more to it than that. There’s an impression that the private

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Jerry Brown is some kind of mystic who may be off meditating on a mountaintop at any given moment.

BROWN: Well, in some people's minds, politics is like a club. There are certain restaurants and gatherings where journalists, inside dopesters and hangers-on get together and form a type of inbred political establishment. Maybe I don't spend as much time as I should with these people. And I don't attempt to broadcast how I spend all my waking moments, especially when I have time off. So it's possible for some to conclude that I am off on a mountaintop, whereas I may be just sitting in a restaurant or going to a movie with a friend. I just don't see the point in always surrounding myself with political types.

PLAYBOY: But you go to fund raisers and other functions for politicians. You seem to get along fine with them.

BROWN: I hope so. Although I have removed some of the trappings and ceremonial aspects of this job, I am trying to work with those who make the political world function. The process needs to be opened up, but those who are an essential part of it can't be underestimated or ignored.

PLAYBOY: So this image of you as an ascetic is also exaggerated—you and those who work for you live fairly comfortable lives, don't you?

BROWN: That's true; I make \$49,000 a year and have a nice home in Los Angeles and to a lot of people in this country, that's hardly ascetic. But I *have* cut back compared with my predecessor. Salaries of my staff were reduced seven percent. I've sold the limousines, cut out the inaugural ball, moved into my own apartment.

PLAYBOY: What do you have against the new governor's mansion?

BROWN: It's a huge place with nine bedrooms and six bathrooms—I'd feel like Casper the Ghost wandering through it. Besides, I don't think it's appropriate for a governor to live like that when so many people are being asked to sacrifice. That empty Taj Mahal that Reagan built could be one of the key symbols of 1976.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that the office could change you? Is there a problem of becoming overwhelmed by ambition?

BROWN: No doubt about it. There is always a problem—or, I should say, a temptation. The role of governor can become consuming. Politics can get to be addictive. But that's a possibility in everything human—in a marriage, a career, anything else. Once you seek something, it's possible to end up in a way you never expected. After you're there, sometimes there's nothing you can do about it.

PLAYBOY: What about your present ambitions? You've been mentioned as a possible Vice-Presidential candidate on a

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ticket with Hubert Humphrey. Would you accept an offer?

BROWN: I think it would be a bit presumptuous to try to answer that.

PLAYBOY: Aren't there substantial differences between you and Humphrey?

BROWN: There is obviously a difference in generations, perhaps one in temperament also. But I like Humphrey. I admire him.

PLAYBOY: But in a lot of ways, your ideas about holding down Government spending and moving away from New Deal programs seem closer to those of Ford than to those of leading Democratic spokesmen such as Humphrey who are committed to large Federal programs.

BROWN: Ford isn't calling for greater conservation, he isn't very imaginative about solving the unemployment problem, he isn't sensitive enough to the demands for equality. But where I do differ from some liberal thinking is that I see a world with limits to its resources and a country with limits to its power and economy.

PLAYBOY: Do you think people like Humphrey and Henry Jackson are living in the past?

BROWN: They and others in the party are actually re-examining some of their assumptions—even in the last 12 months, I've noticed a difference in tone coming out of some of the people in Washington.

PLAYBOY: But it would still seem that you favor a lowering of the expectations from Government—as the Republicans are calling for—rather than what Humphrey and Jackson are calling for.

BROWN: Well, I don't feel comfortable with either extreme. But, as I've said, I've detected a change in traditional Democratic positions.

PLAYBOY: Are your politics a definite break with traditional Democratic politics as we've known them up to now?

BROWN: I'm a critic of centralization of power in Washington and of basing a political philosophy on the assumption of unlimited resources and the ability to draw on the resources of Third and Fourth World countries at a ridiculously low price.

PLAYBOY: All this sounds rather vague. How would people who think they agree with what you're saying be guided as to which Presidential candidate to vote for—say in the case of Humphrey versus Ford?

BROWN: Even if Ford and Humphrey campaign on their traditional positions, there's no doubt in my mind people should vote for Humphrey. He's concerned about taking care of people who can't take care of themselves and Democratic Party programs *have* worked. I do say this: The social programs we're embarked on now cost much more than we thought ten years ago and we have to recognize this.

PLAYBOY: Yet you want to decentralize power.

BROWN: That's been a traditional conservative idea, yes. I'm a governor of a state and I run up against rules from



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Washington that require staples, not paper clips, on food stamps—any number of things that make me feel that power ought to be returned to the state and local levels.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to see where you would stand on the issues. Is there a deliberate vagueness to your political approach?

BROWN: It is true that I don't often put forth a laundry list of six-point programs or appoint blue-ribbon commissions to come up with well-publicized solutions that don't do anything. I find that approach to have just about run its course.

Politicians are supposed to have all the answers, the grand solution. When I get questioned and say I don't know or turn the question back with another question, journalists get very upset. Politicians and the press often just go through a ritual. People think a question and an answer have been exchanged in a traditional interview, but in reality they haven't.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, voters have liked the fact that you say, "I don't know." But isn't that just a clever political technique? If you can't be pinned down on critical issues, how can your success or failure be measured?

BROWN: I am not holding out a poster with a ten-point agenda on it saying, "Here it is, folks, do you like it?" But I do think you can judge me by whatever criteria you wish. You might start with how other governors are doing today or how my predecessors did. I don't really think that things can be as well programmed in this particular period as they have been in the past. This is a time of transition and often we have to just let things emerge. Sometimes asking a question or exposing a contradiction is more valuable than a superficial program that purports to do more than it really can.

PLAYBOY: We come back to it again: Since you don't state your programs, it will be very difficult to judge their progress or failure.

BROWN: They emerge. I think they emerge through the dialectical process. They come out; things happen. I really don't think there's a problem in judging the progress or failure of my programs. There's no end to analyses of my administration. I meet often with people. I presented a 1000-page budget to the legislature. Last year I signed 1183 bills and vetoed 148. I have made dozens of appointments. All this gives a clear indication of my political philosophy and what I'm trying to accomplish. If you're interested in agendas, you might read the inaugural speeches of the last five governors. They say much the same thing: Down with crime, unemployment and taxes.

PLAYBOY: But there must be many conservatives who misread you because they believe you offer their brand of fiscal conservatism.

BROWN: Maybe they like what I am doing because I express some of the basic values they share.

PLAYBOY: Then why, in fact, do you call yourself a Democrat?

BROWN: I've run a Democratic administration, but to try to pigeonhole me within a framework that may have been more appropriate ten or twenty years ago is pointless. It's sloganeering to say that's Democratic, that's Republican. There are elements of both.

PLAYBOY: But if you fail to criticize Democratic candidates for supporting big-spending programs you obviously don't believe in, don't you sound like a basic party man, keeping your differences inside the club? What makes you in any sense a "new" politician?

BROWN: I'm trying to carve out a political program that responds to the needs of California. I've focused on the fact that a lot of the social programs aren't working the way we thought they would. The Democratic Party has stood for helping people, minimizing inequalities, being in the forefront, being experimental, and Humphrey, Jackson and Ted Kennedy all stand for those things. On specific issues, OK. Did I support the Vietnam war? No. Humphrey had a position on that which I opposed. Very simple, not much to talk about. So I think it's a complex reality that you have to take issue by issue. I'm trying to challenge assumptions, I'm trying to be open about what government can and should do. More than that I don't know. I hope it's new. I come from a new generation. And yes, politics isn't a question of trotting out your six or seven issues. It's a matter of experience, of development, and everyone's ready to develop at a particular moment.

PLAYBOY: Well, let's try a number of specific issues, anyway. Where do you stand on welfare?

BROWN: Reagan wrote a welfare-reform plan. Reagan solved the welfare problem, so how can that be an issue?

PLAYBOY: You're being facetious, of course.

BROWN: Well, he *said* he reformed it. He wrote a law and said it was a reform, so why is that a problem? It's there, it's still the law, nobody's changed it. Welfare hasn't gone up very much since I've been governor.

PLAYBOY: But what's your philosophy, your program?

BROWN: We have a welfare program in California. We have food stamps. We have Medi-Cal. We put hundreds of thousands of people to work through direct and indirect investment. But I would prefer to see stable neighborhoods and communities where people have jobs and a future and are part of the mainstream of society.

PLAYBOY: But certainly most people on welfare are unemployable, aren't they?

BROWN: Many are. But many could make important contributions to society. I believe most of them would much prefer

(continued on page 184)

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TAXES HAVE BEEN despised since Biblical times. Today, outside of a few civics professors and some of the more ardent members of the League of Women Voters, nobody really wants to pay taxes. The only reason most of us do is we are afraid not to. With the Bicentennial drawing near, perhaps it is time to remember what we are supposed to be celebrating. It was, after all, a tax revolution.

When the First Continental Congress convened in 1774, it proclaimed in the first paragraph of its first published statement that its purpose was primarily to resist payment of taxes. And that was not merely rhetorical show. Each of the 56 eventual signers of the Declaration of Independence was driven from his home and hunted through the countryside. Nine died of wounds or other hardships. Five were captured and thereafter treated to especially brutal imprisonment. Several lost wives, sons or family. One lost his 13 children in the Revolution. Twelve had their houses burned. Seventeen lost everything they owned. That was the meaning of their now-clichéd pledge of "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Not one abandoned the Tax Revolution nor went back on his word.

That is the example that speaks to us across

the centuries. And it appears to be inspiring a number of modern tax rebels who are holding back an estimated 30 billion dollars a year.

Of course, it takes more to explain the outbreak of tax rebellion than the anniversary of the American Revolution. A major celebration of the American Revolution 100 years ago passed without even a suggestion of tax revolt. In those days, the mood was one of genuine celebration. People gathered at Revolutionary battle sites, listened to patriotic speakers denounce the crowned heads of Europe and generally doted over any memento of American history. People bought and sold miniature log cabins, and even stood in long lines to view the Centennial portrait of George Washington that was fabricated from Simón Bolívar's hair. But, for all that, there was no talk of tax rebellion for the simple reason that there were scarcely any taxes. Furthermore, there was so little government in general that it did nothing to antagonize most people. With government both cheap and popular, conditions were not conducive to a tax strike.

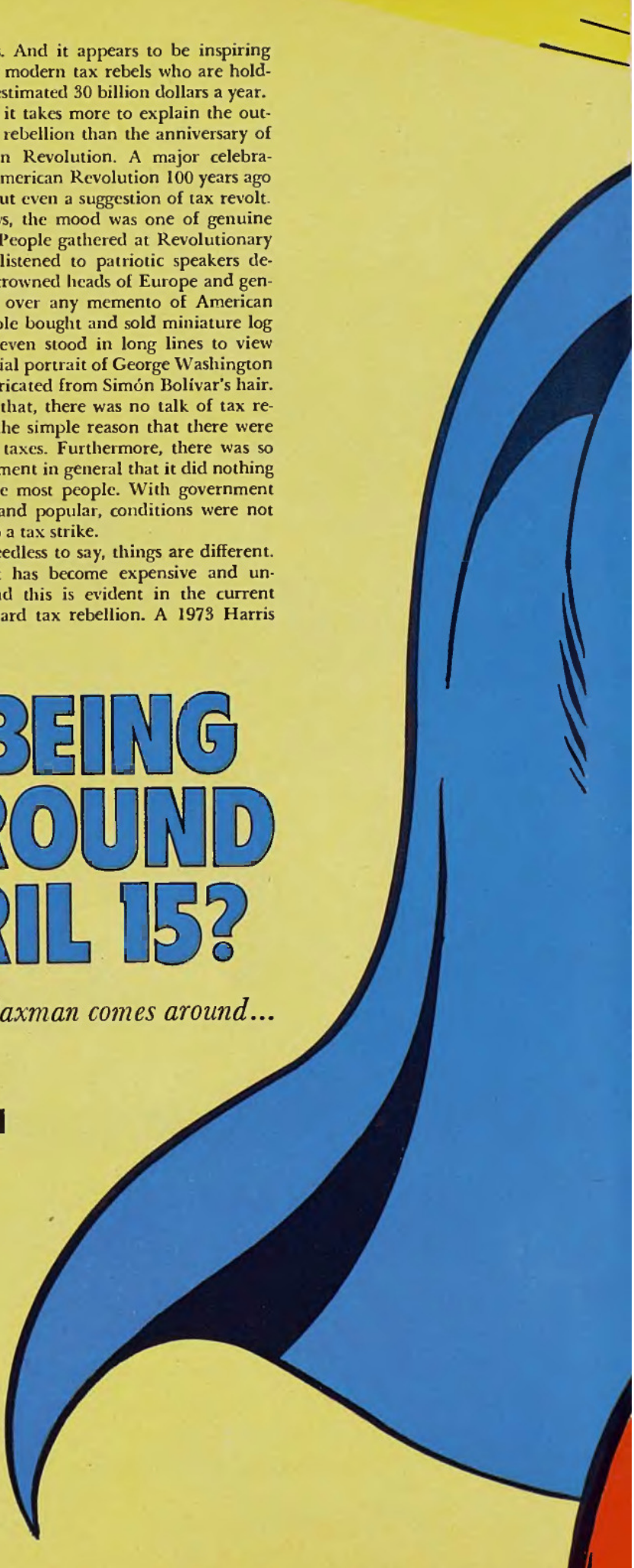
Today, needless to say, things are different. Government has become expensive and unpopular. And this is evident in the current attitude toward tax rebellion. A 1973 Harris

TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND EVERY APRIL 15?

if you're a 97-pound weakling when the taxman comes around...

article

By JIM DAVIDSON







PUNCH OUT THE IRS!

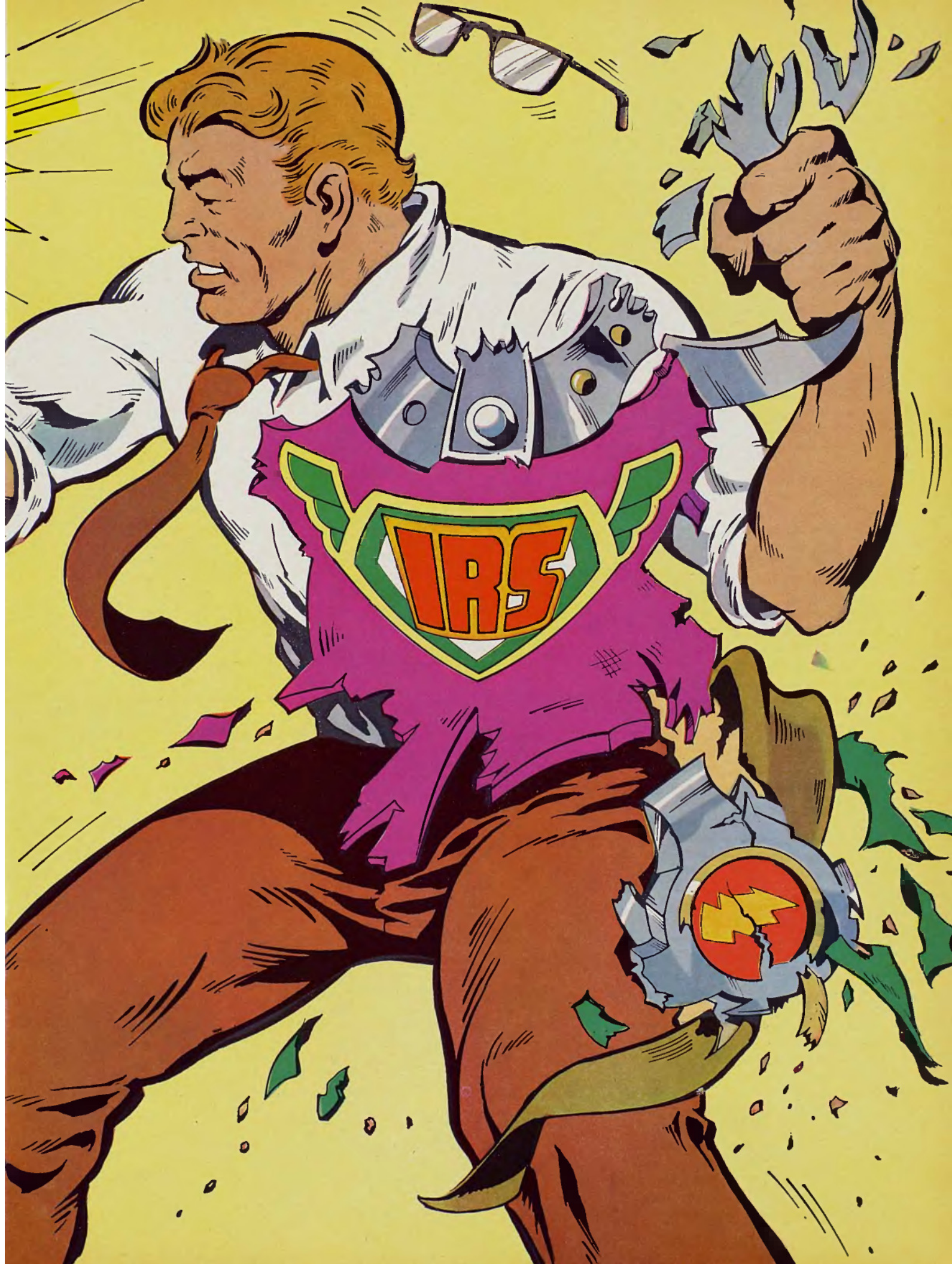
...join the millions who've decided to keep their money

Poll showed that fully 74 percent of the American people would be sympathetic to a tax strike. This is a coalition that could be joined on few other issues. Left, right and center, people of all persuasions are disgusted with government. Says Marion Bromley, war-tax resister, "I have refused to pay Federal income taxes because I will not voluntarily contribute to the mass annihilation provided by the weapons these taxes buy." Says Jim Scott of the Tax Rebellion Committee, "The legalized banditry and the legalized plunder engaged in by criminal government at all levels can be stopped if you and I exert ourselves. Don't pay. Stop sending money." An improvised sign sums up the feelings of nonideological rebels: DEAR IRS: YOU WILL NEVER COLLECT. SINCERELY, AN ONYMOUS.

The cost of paying for government has been rising seven times faster than the growth of the population. Last year, the personal tax bite for just the lower-level-income family jumped 25.7 percent. The Congressional Joint Economic Committee concluded that Federal taxes outstripped all other cost increases in the average family's budget. Federal tax rates increased *twice* as fast as the cost of food, hous-

ing or transportation. Add to this the staggering increases in local property taxes, city, county and state income taxes, commuter taxes, sales taxes, excise taxes and all the other exactions, petty and great, that are squeezed from our hides. As the economy reels and inflation erodes the total financial assets of the American people to less than they were in 1968, payment of taxes becomes an increasingly unpopular and difficult burden.

A precise estimate of the numbers who have stopped paying is hard to come by. Only the Government knows and it's not telling. But a bare-minimum estimate is about 4,000,000. In 1972, the IRS admitted finding about 1,000,000 people who had illegally failed to file any tax return at all. But that was only the number detected—in the days before Nixon and Agnew set a fetching example for the rest of us. In 1973, *U. S. News & World Report* stated: "A tax-dodging spree, spreading rapidly, is costing the Government in Washington at least six billion dollars a year and threatening to get completely out of hand. . . . Tax experts outside the IRS . . . put the real losses as high as five times that much, around 30 billion dollars a year." The average Federal-income-tax



bill is about \$1300. If each resister were holding back an average of \$2000, that would mean 15,000,000 Americans are tax felons. The more reasonable estimate of 10,000,000 tax rebels still encompasses a vast cross section of the population.

Of these millions, about 100,000 have dared the Government to retaliate by making public protest of their refusal to pay.

Former Commissioner of IRS Johnnie Walters says of the growing tax rebellion: "We are headed for trouble. This is a trend, this is frightening and we must do something about it."

He proposes hiring more IRS agents. The major effect of this would be to intimidate people.

What Walters may not realize is that there is a limit. Americans will take only so much harassment. Much of the tax rebellion to date can be laid to resentment that millions feel at having been bossed, bullied and bluffed by the IRS in ways that contradict basic American notions of decency.

It is perhaps inevitable that people should resent enforcement of incomprehensible laws. And no law is more incomprehensible than tax law. The IRS codes and manuals, as presently compacted into 32 shelf feet of the most dismal prose in English, can scarcely be understood by a trained lawyer, let alone the average citizen. While the IRS offers the public a "service" by which it will interpret the incomprehensible laws, this service is meaningless, because the Government may not honor its own interpretations. A taxpayer who turns to the IRS for guidance may be misled and later penalized for his gullibility. Consider the case of a Pennsylvania woman whose husband "had supreme confidence in the IRS." She says: "My husband . . . paid what the man at the IRS said was the right amount and forgot about it. One year and a half later, we got a bill from the IRS. . . . I couldn't believe it. Not only had their man made the mistake but we had to pay interest for 18 months on his mistake. . . . We had to borrow the money from a bank and pay interest on that, and then, in order to pay the bank, we had to sell an insurance policy, which we had been paying on for some time for one of our children. . . . It made me a lifelong enemy of the IRS."

Judging from the horrors that others have endured, this woman and her husband got off lucky. Consider the following stories:

One man committed suicide, leaving a note to explain that he couldn't endure any more harassment by the IRS. His 17-year-old son, who had started working for the first time, was due a \$400 tax refund. Instead of the refund, he received a notice from the IRS stating that his \$400 had been applied to his dead father's taxes.

In Tennessee, mail on a businessman's desk was rifled by an IRS agent. Finding a letter that seemed to imply a romance with "another woman," the agent rushed to show a copy to the victim's wife. Apparently, he hoped that he could persuade the woman to inform against her husband.

In Missouri, a woman nursing her six-month-old baby was subjected to a grueling four-hour interrogation by a team of IRS agents. They admitted that she owed no taxes but wanted to use her to get to her father. Their threatening and bullying traumatized the young woman. Although her father was subsequently found innocent, she suffered a nervous collapse.

In Florida, a one-legged handy man was doing plumbing work in the home of a Miami businessman. IRS agents rushed up and confiscated his car, which was parked in the driveway—in spite of documentary evidence provided at the time that the car did not belong to the person the IRS was out to get. It took six months and a Federal court order to get his car back.

In Chicago, accountant Howard F. MacNeil was assessed *personally* for the taxes owed by a corporation that had been one of his clients. He proved that he had no control of the corporation's affairs and was in no way liable for its debts, but the IRS insisted that he pay \$36,000 anyway. When MacNeil declined to be bullied into a "compromise," the IRS attached his bank accounts and posted signs around his house proclaiming: KEEP OUT. PROPERTY OF U.S. GOVERNMENT. Hounded mercilessly, he lost business and fell into debt as he waited years for his case to be heard in court. When the day came, a jury instantly returned a verdict in his favor. He had been vindicated. But the IRS had proved again that, right or wrong, it has the power to bankrupt any citizen.

Some revenue agents themselves have been appalled and have drawn back from their assignments. One agent told John Barron of *Reader's Digest* of a reprimand he received for sparing an old man who owed only \$19. Called to account by an IRS supervisor, the agent explained why he had not placed a lien on the old man's wages. "Look, this guy's an old man with a heart condition. He has just found a job as a fry cook after being out two months with an attack. I decided to give him a couple of weeks to get back on his feet. If I had levied on him, he would have lost his job." The supervisor replied, "So what?"

Vincent Connery of the IRS employees' union claims that IRS agents are graded as if in a contest. The more brutal treatment against taxpayers, the better the agent's score. He said: "You get a point for going out and seizing the money of somebody who is on relief or Social Security or a pension. . . . You also get a

point for notice . . . served on someone's life-insurance policy. . . . It is more than a couple of points if you are regarded as a 'seizure man.' If an American businessman owes money, you go out and seize his business and you get points. Those points translate into promotion."

The "revenooers'" job is to squeeze more money out of anybody who comes to their attention. They can do it, because obscure and contradictory tax laws guarantee that almost everyone will file an improper return. IRS training-school manuals state that "after obtaining and using IRS in-house manuals, agents can find errors in 99.9 percent of all returns if they want to."

According to formerly secret IRS in-house manuals, obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, the IRS normally seeks to extort money that is not owed. Agents are dispatched with quotas for raising additional revenues and are given wide latitude when it comes down to methods.

Senate hearings have established that IRS methods include defying court orders, illegally picking locks, stealing records, illegally tapping telephones, intercepting and reading personal mail, using hidden microphones to eavesdrop on the private conversations of taxpayers with their attorneys, using undercover agents with assumed identities, sexual entrapment and other assorted crimes. As IRS agent Thomas Mennitt succinctly puts it, "I violate laws at all times; it's part of my duties."

Further Congressional testimony has detailed some of the bizarre means whereby the IRS has singled out individuals for harassment. Undercover agents have hung around bars and night spots and randomly struck up conversations with customers they happened to meet. The unlucky customers were then targeted for investigation and audit. In another and similar operation, code-named Bird Dog, the IRS Intelligence Division stationed spies to record license numbers of "expensive-looking automobiles" observed at "better hotels and motels" at the site of a Muhammad Ali fight. Also singled out for special trouble were organizers and promoters of rock music festivals, and even musicians themselves, such as James Brown.

The list of organizations and individuals who came to be considered "enemies" in the view of the IRS reads almost like a *Who's Who* of American life. Many have nothing in common other than the fact that somehow, for some reason, the IRS singled them out for trouble. Although Don Alexander, current commissioner, has since disbanded the Intelligence Division, its list included Joseph Alsop, Jimmy Breslin, Godfrey Cambridge, former Republican Senator

(continued on page 124)



"Knock it off! Can't you see I'm reading?"

THE WEST END HORROR

A POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR
OF JOHN H. WATSON, M.D.

AS EDITED

By **Nicholas Meyer**

CHAPTER I

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN RESIDENCE

"NO, WATSON, I'm afraid my answer must remain the same," said Sherlock Holmes. "You're setting down *The West End Horror*," he went on, chuckling at my expression. "Don't look so astonished, my dear fellow. Your thought process was simplicity itself. I saw you arranging your notes and shaking your head with an air of familiar disbelief. Then you turned your gaze to our collection of theatrical programmes and then to my little monograph on ancient English charters. Finally, you stole a surreptitious glance in my





direction as I sat tuning my fiddle." He sighed and drew his bow across the strings in a tentative fashion. "I'm afraid it must still be no."

"But why?" I retorted with energy. "Do you think I would fail to do justice to the case?"

"On the contrary, what I fear is that you *would* do justice to it."

"I shall change the names, as I have done before," I offered, beginning to see where the problem lay.

"But cannot possibly do now. Think, Watson! Never have our clients been so well known. No substitute names could serve to disguise the principals in this affair.

"Besides," Holmes went on, "you would be obliged to recount our own part in this business. While scarcely unethical, it could not well be termed legal. Destruction of a corpse without notifying the authorities is a clear violation of law."

There the conversation ended and I tucked my notes away for another year or two until I could broach the subject again. At the moment, it was Holmes's unshakable opinion that *The West End Horror* (as he liked to call it) was a story for which the world was not yet prepared.

Two things combined finally to change his views. With the passage of years, many of those involved were carried off by death and, as well, the mores of society were altered. I then advanced a new argument, saying that I should set down the case solely as a matter of historical record and that he should have proprietorship of the manuscript, to do with as he saw fit, *when* he saw fit.

Holmes procrastinated for several days after that, turning over this new possibility in his mind. Then, one day, in an offhand tone, he said abruptly, "Oh, you might as well do it." Thus it was that I began to write this account of an affair that began with simple murder but, before it had run its course, was very close to becoming a crime so monstrous that it threatened to blot the 19th Century and, possibly, to alter the whole course of history.

The winter of '94-'95 had been a fearful one. Not in recent memory had London been pelted so with snow; not in recent memory had the wind howled in the streets and icicles formed on drain-pipes and in the eaves as they did in January of 1895. The inclement weather continued unabated through February, keeping the street sweepers perpetually occupied and exhausted.

Holmes and I stayed comfortably indoors at Baker Street. No cases appeared out of the snowdrifts, for which we were unashamedly grateful. I spent much of the time organizing my own notes, after first extracting a promise from Holmes to desist from chemical experiments. I pointed out that in fair weather it was possible

to avoid the stench he created with his test tubes and retorts by opening the windows and going out for a walk. In this weather, however, such an expedient would end in our freezing to death.

He grumbled a great deal at this, but saw the logic of it and continued to be restless. I was grateful that we no longer kept cocaine lying about, for in an earlier time, such frustrations and boredom would have provoked instant recourse to its dubious comfort.

At last Holmes began to take some interest in several bundles, tied with string, that had been lying on our floor for some time unopened. He was a compulsive bibliophile, always buying volumes, having them sent round to our rooms but never finding time to read them. Now, he cut the strings with the pen-knife and began glancing at the titles.

"I say, Watson, look at this," he began but subsided onto the floor with the tome in one hand and his pipe in the other (full of shag almost as malodorous as his chemicals). He had become interested in ancient English charters and now prepared to devote himself to serious research on the subject with these books he had purchased at some earlier date.

Eventually, however, they were deemed insufficient and he was obliged to sally forth into the snow and make his way to the British Museum. These forays lasted for several afternoons during the last week of February, the nights that followed being spent in the laborious transcription of his notes.

It was a sunny, cold morning, March first, when he flung his pen across the room in disgust. "No use, Watson," said he. "I shall have to go to Cambridge if I am to approach this seriously."

As he hunted up his pen again, posed with hands and knees on the floor, he observed, "The mind is like a large field, Watson. It is available for cultivation only if the land is used sensibly and portions of it are permitted to lie fallow periodically. The professional part of my mind is on holiday at the moment. During its leave of absence, I am exercising another quarter of it."

"It's a pity your professional mind is out of town," I remarked, looking out of the window onto the street. He followed my gaze from his position on the floor. "For I believe that we are about to have a visitor who may be interested in that portion of your intellect that is lying fallow."

Outside, I could see stepping or, rather, hopping nimbly between the shovels of the snow cleaners and the brooms of the housemaids one of the queerest creatures I had ever beheld.

"I am not in the mood for visitors," Holmes returned, thrusting his fists into the pockets of his dressing gown. "What does he look like?" The question escaped his lips involuntarily.

"He isn't wearing a coat, for one thing. On a morning like this, he must be mad. Well-worn Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers. He keeps adjusting his shirt cuffs."

"Probably false. Age?"

"Roughly forty. He has an enormous beard, slightly reddish like his hair, that blows over his shoulder as he walks."

"Height? Gait?" Behind me, I heard a vesta being struck.

"About six feet." I pondered how to describe the newcomer's hopping, skipping pace. "The man walks like a leprechaun."

"Why, this sounds like Shaw." Holmes came up behind me, quite animated now, and we gazed together at the advancing figure. "I'm blest if it isn't Shaw! Whatever has made him change his mind and decide to pay me a visit?"

The peculiar fellow was now examining house numbers, then hopping on to stop before our door. The bell rang with a truculent jingle several times.

"I met him at a concert of Sarasate's¹ some years ago," Holmes explained, turning to kick a few books out of the way in order to forge a path of sorts from the door to a chair by the hearth.

"He is a brilliant Irishman who has got hold of some of the oddest notions," Holmes remarked.

"How do you know he is brilliant?"

"Why, he told me so himself. Furthermore, he understands Wagner perfectly."

"What does he do?"

There was a knock on our door of the same energetic variety that had manifested itself in the pull at our bell some moments earlier.

"You must be careful of him, Watson." He put a conspiratorial finger to his lips as he went towards the door. "He is a critic!" With this, he flung the door open and admitted his friend.

CHAPTER II

AN INVITATION TO INVESTIGATE

Mr. Bernard Shaw's resemblance to a leprechaun increased on closer inspection. His eyes, the bluest I had ever beheld, twinkled with merriment when he talked lightly and flashed when he became animated. His complexion was almost as ruddy as his hair and he boasted a disputatious nose, broad and blunt at the tip, where the nostrils twitched and flared. To add to the leprechaunish impression, he spoke with a slight and pleasant Irish brogue.

"By God, I believe your rooms are more untidy than my own," he began, stepping across our threshold. "But since they are larger than my hovel, you are permitted

¹Sarasate was a well-known violin virtuoso. This meeting is described in Baring-Gould's biography of Sherlock Holmes.

(continued on page 96)



INCOMPARABLY URSULA

*here's andress undressed.
need we say more?*



As Josephine, the wife of Napoleon, Ursula becomes romantically entangled with Scaramouche, an 18th Century fox (Michael Sarrazin) involved in a scheme to assassinate the Little Corporal. In the sequence shown at left, he lays his plans, among other things. *Touché*.



URSULA ANDRESS has an affinity for water. We have an affinity for Ursula Andress. This pictorial marks our fourth feature devoted to the Swiss-born actress. As near as we can recall, this is the first time we've seen Miss Andress on dry land. Her erotic aquatic career began when she emerged from the sea to win James Bond's heart in *Dr. No*. A truly statuesque beauty, she had America by the eyeballs. Photographer John Derek provided *PLAYBOY* readers with another glimpse of Ursula in a 12-page pictorial titled *She*. Reclining in





the rushing waters of a mountain stream, Miss Andress scored a five on the international white-water rating. Long before *Deliverance*, people began to dream of running such rapids. *Encore* followed: Ursula at play in a swimming pool. She brought new meaning to the concept of skinny-dipping. (You call that skinny?) This year, we get to see Miss Andress in *The Loves and Times of Scaramouche*. She plays Josephine—the lady who shared the throne with Napoleon Bonaparte. The spectacular comedy adventure is made more so by the Andress charms.



Studying these photographs, one might conclude that *The Loves and Times of Scaramouche* is a costume drama made on a low budget—not so. It's just that Ursula needs no clothes.

THE WEST END HORROR

(continued from page 90)

to be more creative with your sloppiness." He flashed an impish grin that managed to take away the sting of his words.

"You've no idea what a pleasant surprise this is," Holmes said, offering the critic a chair. Shaw sat down and stretched forth his slender hands and skinny legs to the comfort of our blaze.

"I can't offer you any breakfast," Holmes continued. "That's long since been cleared away—in any case, I remark by your right sleeve that you have already breakfasted on eggs and—"

Shaw chuckled. "That's yesterday's breakfast. I see you are fallible. How comforting."

"Would you like some brandy? It will take the chill off your bones."

"And shorten my life by ten years," the elf replied with a merry smile. "Thank you, I'll remain as I am."

"You aren't prolonging your life by going about in this weather without a coat," I observed.

"I was obliged to pawn it yesterday. A temporary expedient until my next week's wages from *The Saturday Review*. Could you manage on six pounds a week, doctor? Your writing brings you a deal more, I dare say."

"Why don't you try something in a more lucrative vein?" I suggested. "A novel or a play."

"I've tried my hand at five novels and have collected eight hundred rejection slips. As for plays, did either of you gentlemen happen to see *Widowers' Houses* a few years ago?" We shook our heads. "Well, no matter, I shall keep at it. After all, the great English playwrights are all Irish—Sheridan, Goldsmith. In our own day, Yeats and Oscar Wilde! One day, Shaw will be included in that pantheon!"

The man's bumptiousness was past bearing. "Shakespeare was English," I pointed out.

Shaw paled; his beard quivered and he leapt to his feet. "A mountebank who hadn't the wit to invent his own plots! I ask you, do people really 'kiss away kingdoms'—or do they hold on to power as long and tenaciously as they can? *Antony and Cleopatra*—what ineffable, romantic twaddle!"

"But the poetry," I protested.

"Rubbish!" His colour was changing again to a scarlet hue as he danced about the room, occasionally stumbling over the books on the floor. "People don't talk poetry, doctor! Only in bad plays! The man had a brilliant mind," he said, calming somewhat, "but he hadn't the gifts of a playwright."

"Surely you didn't come here this morning to take on Shakespeare," Holmes said, filling a pipe from the Persian slipper on the mantel.

"You have swayed me from the point with all this talk of Shakespeare," Shaw

acknowledged with a sour look. "Yes, I have come on quite a different errand." He paused, whether for dramatic effect or to collect himself I could not tell. "There has been a murder done."

Silence filled the room. Holmes and I instinctively exchanged glances. "Who has been murdered?" Holmes enquired quietly, crossing his legs, all attention now.

"A critic. You don't read the drama reviews? Ah, well, Jonathan McCarthy wrote for the *Morning Courier*."

Holmes picked up a pile of newspapers by his chair. "As a rule, I confine my attentions to the agony columns, but I can't have missed a story such as—"

"You won't find it in the papers yet," Shaw interrupted. "Word of the deed was just circulating in the *Review* offices this morning. I left off the piece I was writing and came straightway to tell you. And to ask you to investigate the matter." He maintained a jocular demeanour; yet, beneath it, I sensed a very real anxiety. Perhaps the murder of a colleague threatened him in a way he could hardly have acknowledged.

"Is it so very complicated? Will not the police suffice?" Holmes asked.

"Come, come, we both know the police and their inefficiency. Then, there is always the possibility of a concealment if the facts prove embarrassing to powerful people. I should like an unbiased and complete examination of the kind Dr. Watson recounts in *The Strand*. Are you not up to the challenge?" He added, as incentive, "The man was stabbed."

It was clear that Holmes was interested. "Had he any enemies?"

Shaw laughed long and heartily. "You ask that question about a critic? It is obvious that he possessed at least one—and probably a score of others." Shaw winked roguishly in my direction. "He was even less agreeable than I."

Sherlock Holmes considered this for a moment, then rose abruptly and threw off his dressing gown. "Come, let us have a look. Have you the man's address?"

"Number twenty-four South Crescent, near Tavistock Square. But, one moment—you are forgetting the matter of a fee. I haven't a brass farthing to pay for your services."

Holmes smiled. "Are you still writing your treatise on Wagner?"

"*The Perfect Wagnerite*, yes."

"Then perhaps I shall trouble you for a signed first edition," Holmes said, slipping on his jacket and ulster. "If I take the case." He moved to the door, then stopped. "What is your real reason for wishing me to look into this business?"

The leprechaun threw out his hands. "The satisfaction of my own curiosity, I give you my word. I long to see you in

action. Perhaps I can put you on the stage."

"Pray do not," Holmes responded, opening the door. "I have little enough privacy as it is."

CHAPTER III

THE BUSINESS AT SOUTH CRESCENT

"Well, Watson, what do you make of him?" my companion demanded in the hansom on our way to 24 South Crescent to meet Shaw, who had left us to attend to some business matters of his own.

"I must say I find him insufferable. Shakespeare a mountebank, indeed!"

Holmes chuckled. "Admit, though, I warned you that he holds some queer ideas. With Shakespeare, you stumbled onto his *bête noire*. One might say, 'Such men as he be never at heart's ease whilst they behold a greater than themselves.'"

"And therefore are they very dangerous," I concluded the passage. I looked out the window at snowbound London and found myself wondering if the leprechaun could be dangerous.

"Here we are!" my companion cried, interrupting my reverie. We found ourselves in Bloomsbury, in a pleasant, well-kept semicircle of houses that faced private gardens maintained with devotion. The houses were four-storied and painted white, evidently boarding establishments of a superior kind. Number 24 occupied a place in the centre of the crescent and it was immediately evident because of the crowd and the uniformed constables who barred the curious from access to the open door.

Holmes being well known to the members of the force, we had no difficulty in being admitted. The murdered man's flat occupied a suite of rooms on the first floor facing the gardens and was easily reached at the top of the stairs.

As we opened the door, a familiar voice assailed our ears. "Well, if it's not my old friends, Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson! What brings you gentlemen to twenty-four South Crescent? As if I didn't know."

"Good morning to you, Inspector Lestrade. May we survey the damage?"

"How do you know there is any?" The lean, ferretlike little man shifted his gaze from one to the other of us.

"I have my sources," Holmes assured him smoothly. "May we have a look?"

"I don't mind if you do," was the lofty reply. "But you'd best be quick. Brownlow and his boys'll be here any minute now for the body."

"We shall try to stay out of your way," the detective rejoined and began a cursory examination of the flat from where he stood.

"The fact is, I was thinking of coming by your lodgings a bit later in the day," the inspector confessed, watching him narrowly. "Just for a cup of tea," he added, apparently for the benefit of a sandy-haired,

(continued on page 164)

THE SHORT SEASON



an old pro's notes on spring training—something you have to go through if you're going to be one of the boys of summer

article

By JIM BROSNAN

SPRING IN SARASOTA, 1975. Twelve years since I had taken a contract to camp on the shores of Tampa Bay. Property of the Cincinnati Reds, I had sweated under the west Bay sun at Al Lopez Field, named for the then manager of the White Sox who had had his own pitchers doing 50 laps a day across the way at south Bay's Payne Park. Señor Lopez would, within 60 days, trade one of his pitchers for me, inadvertently foredooming my career. Later that year, the White Sox management declared that I would never go to a spring-training camp at Sarasota
(continued on page 102)

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG WRAY



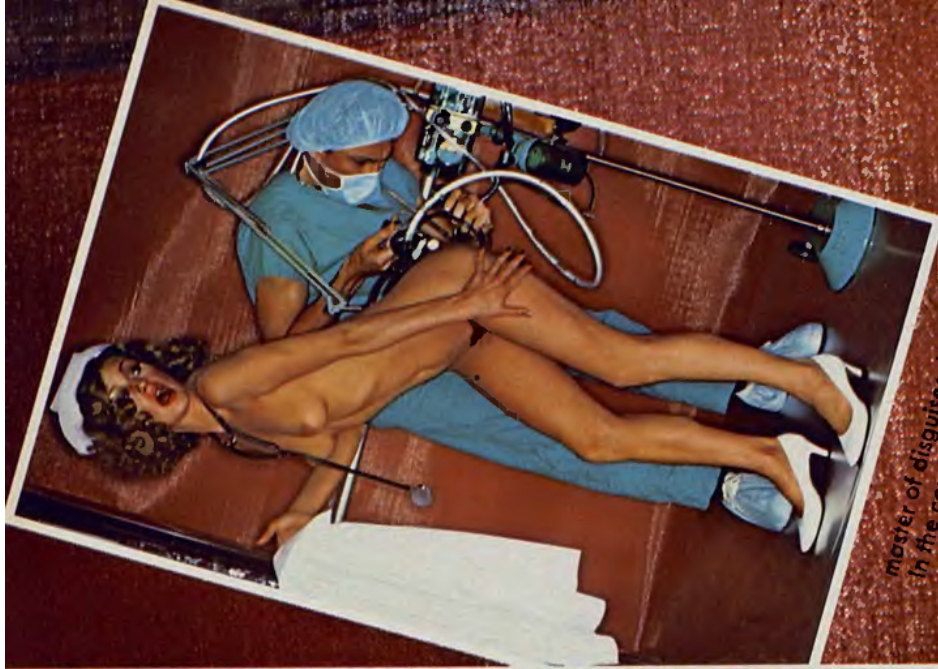
Up the Tubes

are they the millennium
or the apocalypse of rock?
tune in and find out

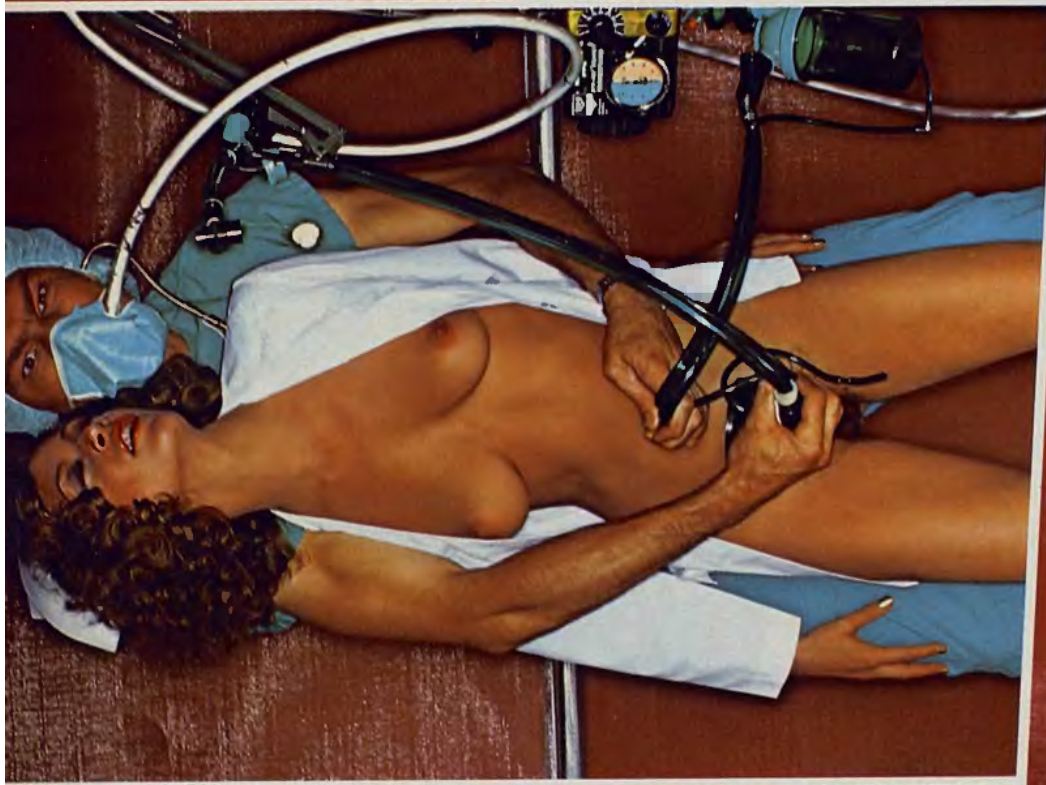
What we have here are pictures of The Tubes, the rock shock group from, you guessed it, San Francisco. Times have changed. You never saw candid photos like these when Elvis was king. Can you imagine Pat Boone posing with a naked lady? Lou Reed? Now you're probably asking yourself: Do The Tubes really look like this? Do they really take off their clothes in concert? The night we saw them, the audience was doing this kind of stuff in the lobby of the theater.

The Tubes tackle glitter-rock heroes such as Quay Lewd in a song called White Punks on Dope. Can't get high? Try 14-inch platform shoes.





Master of disguises, if not disgust. In the course of a show, he will portray the drug-crazed Quay Lewd (previous pages), Las Vegas kinky-sex king Monda Bondage and a certain professor from Harvard known for his manipulation of the body politic—Dr. Strangekiss (shown here). For a nice dose of tertiary decadence, catch the show.



The tubes are essentially a seven-foot-long, flexible, inflatable tube. The tubes are accessories—two pieces, one with five television monitors, several thousand dancers and a troupe of female dancers called by Re Stylez, seen here) who perform Johann Sebastian Bach's Air on a G-String. They who perform Johann Sebastian Bach's Air on a G-String, a strip. The bull goose loony in the ethnologue is Fee Weibill, a



SHORT SEASON (continued from page 97)

if I insisted on writing about baseball while employed as a pitcher. *It was in the contract!* The silliest of prohibitions. I could have raced thoroughbred horses, operated a saloon or written advertising copy for a living. That is: I could have gambled, pushed booze or lied a lot for profit. But publish for laughs an insider's notes on game playing? That was an invitation to a black-listing.

What ego-pleasing irony, then, to be back in the Florida sunshine, cruising in a rented LeMans down the west Bay's Gulf Boulevard, headed for the White Sox spring-training camp, where, as a freelancer on assignment, I would catch their pitch about the coming season and put it down.

Driving the Sunshine Skyway triggered heartburn memories of a bus trip to Payne Park with the Reds, who were scheduled for an exhibition game with the American League champion White Sox (they win a pennant every 40 years; you could look it up). I was at a physical peak then, 31 and flat-bellied and strong-armed, but there was the prospect of pitching that day. And so the mound fright, the worries over making the right pitches, making points with the manager and his coaches—making the team!—caused acid to rise while the bus wheels rolled.

Tooling down the North Tamiami Trail, I chewed a WinGel and missed the turnoff to Highway 301 that would have taken me right to the Sarasota Motor Hotel. "Winter home of the White Sox." I would be late, something I'd always avoided when pitching for those Sox in '63, because Lopez fined tardiness at the rate of ten dollars a minute. Don Gutteridge, a Lopez coach destined to inherit Al's job when the *señor* developed a stomach ulcer, would stand at the clubhouse door, grinning obscenely at panting players who plunged through just on time, beating the fine-tuned Gutteridge Timex.

Buck Peden, the 1975 White Sox PR man, was upset though powerless to punish me for blowing our four-o'clock appointment. Buck Peden! A tidy little man, no match in stature for that catcher of the same name who called the signals in the only no-hitter I ever pitched as a professional (Fayetteville vs. Rock Hill, 1948). I asked this Buck for a pressbook, stat sheets, room numbers of selected Sox players and directions to Arthur Allyn Field, where the club would work out until the Chunichi Dragons appeared for a Friday-afternoon exhibition game at Payne Park.

"You ought to do something on Nyls Nyman," said Buck. "He's the only phee-nom we have in camp this spring."

Well, now, bad news, indeed! The White Sox had finished a game but pragmatic fourth in the Western Division of the American League. Snobbish fans

claimed that those Sox were not in the same aesthetic league with the champion Oakland A's. What's more, the Sox had, during the off-season, lost two true superstars, Dick Allen and Ron Santo, who had retired, taking away their power to hit homers and to draw customers.

How now in the new year could the Sox sell their pennant chances without a marching phalanx of phenoms in the flesh and under contract? For management, that's what spring training is all about—selling illusions to the folks back home.

Nyls Nyman the lone phenom? At least he had some credentials. Minor-league player of the year in '74. Season's-end sensation with the Sox. In five games, Nyls had batted .643, scored five runs, batted in four and stolen a base. Then, he was drilled in the arm by a hard-throwing left-hander, was removed to the hospital and was through for the year, a bruised but wiser phenom.

My motel room was sandwiched between those of Buck Peden and Johnny Sain, the Sox pitching coach. Five phone calls convinced me that players and coaches alike had taken off for the day, to beach, golf course, movies, anywhere but the Sarasota Motor Hotel. Later, I was to learn that four of the five I wanted to reach were in a four-hour class devoted to Jose Silva's Mind Control Program. What's more, they were paying their own way through the course! Such unprofessional player behavior led me to ponder baseball's new breed. Since it was past five o'clock, I went off to have a martini. First of the season, '75.

Dusk had already dropped a shroud on the deserted ten-story building that had been called the Sarasota Terrace Hotel when most players in spring training were white and all others were housed elsewhere. When Sox blacks were refused lodging in Sarasota in 1961, Sox owners bought the Terrace, built a motel behind it and sold their costly mausoleum cheap to the county, which promptly closed it.

A White Sox white elephant, it towered over the two-storied motel lodges surrounding a rectangular courtyard that was half parking lot, half "recreation area." A thick hedge, bounded by palm and sea grape trees, separated automobiles from two shuffleboard courts and a tiny swimming pool shaped like a *garbanzo* bean and filled to the brim with several gallons of fresh water. Baseball players, for no sound medical reason, are discouraged from swimming during spring training. There was no chance of any Sox player tiring or drowning in the Sarasota Motor Hotel pool.

In the parking lot, a rookie outfielder named Kilpatrick had rolled his Riviera into the space beside my LeMans. On the Buick's front bumper was an extra

license plate emblazoned with the owner's first name. In six-inch-high letters. CLEO. A pretty name. No doubt a left-hander's name. But what kind of name is that for a phee-nom? The young Sox pitchers had solid jock-type names: Rich. Bart. Skip. Butch. Bugs. But backing them up was a potential line-up of Hugh, Lamar, Cleo and Nyls.

Nuts.

At Walt's seafood house, the martinis went down well with oyster stew and stuffed shrimp. Burping appreciatively, I gleaned data from Buck's pressbook, a score card full of such wondrous achievements by Sox players in '74 that one had to wonder how the club could have finished nine games out of first. More amused than informed by Peden's prose, I returned to the hotel and spotted Chuck Tanner in the parking lot. His greeting effusive, his heartiness unrestrained, Tanner was gray at the temples but little changed since we'd last been in camp together.

Seventeen years before, Tanner and I had played on the same Chicago team (the Cubs). An outfielder of limited skills, Chuck was a man of infinite bonhomie. Had his prowess at the plate equaled his conversational charm, Tanner would have been a .300 hitter in the National League, just as he had been in the minors (Southern Association, 1951-1954).

What Tanner had lacked in star talent he made up in attentiveness, curiosity and enthusiasm. His managers liked that. Chuck's arm and legs and instincts were no more than competent, but he had good eyes and good ears and a good line. Good coach material, as they say in the biggies. Maybe too nice a guy to be a manager.

"Things have changed a lot, ol' buddy," said Tanner when I asked him what's new in the training-camp biz. "Not like the old days in Arizona, when you and Moose Moryn and Lee Walls used to stand around in the outfield waiting for the neons to turn on in Phoenix. Wait and see. We start working out at ten. Want to have breakfast at the Waffle Shop about seven?"

Baseball at sunrise! An unhealthy prospect. Might ruin my day. Tanner had been quoted as having been so eager to start this spring training that he had dreamed about baseball the night before the Sox pitchers reported to camp. His pitching staff was not the kind that pleasant dreams are made on, but Tanner's unnatural optimism admits of no nightmares. He greets each dawn with a grin.

I missed Tanner at the Waffle Shop. Watched Sox outfielder Carlos May, dressed in a faded-blue-jean leisure suit, wolf down four scrambled and a side of sausage. Chipped my left incisor on a

(continued on page 209)



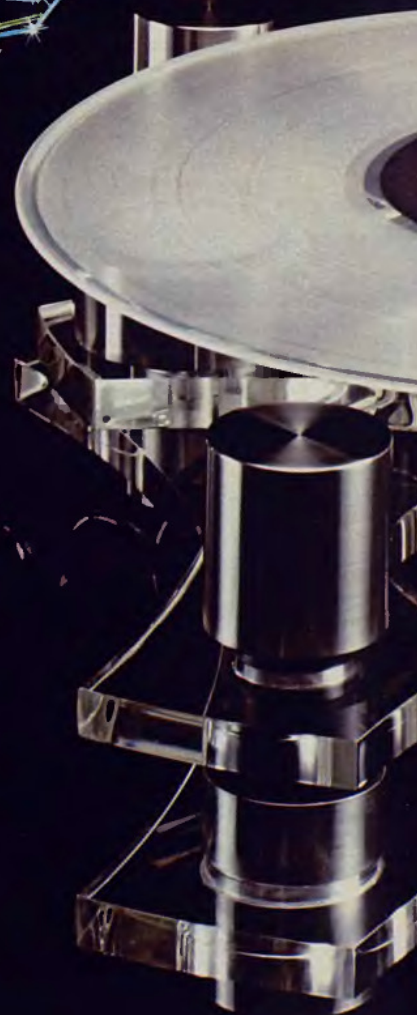
"Tarzan, couldn't you just make do with a cigarette and a nap?"

THE DIRECT APPROACH

playboy has a go-round with some new notions on turning the tables



UNTIL RECENTLY, hi-fi buffs shopping for a new component turntable had no choice other than to pay their money and take their change on units with one of two types of drive systems—rim and belt. The former turned the platter via an idler wheel; the latter utilized a vibration-reducing system of belts and pulleys. Both made the record go round and round—and both left something to be desired when it came to reproducing rumble- and flutter-free sounds. So what should the dedicated soundsman seeking true state-of-the-art excellence do? Take a look at direct-drive turntables—a sophisticated system that utilizes an electronically controlled A.C. or D.C. motor coupled directly to the platter. The benefit of this is two-fold: Not only are such potential sources of unwanted noise as belts and idler wheels eliminated but also the turntable's speed is virtually certain to be accurate, as the motor's shaft is mated directly to the platter, with both turning as a unit and therefore at exactly the same speed. One caveat: If you're a platter plover—that is, if you prefer to stack your records on a changer rather than play them one at a time—forget direct-drive turntables. (Design problems preclude the manufacture of a direct-drive changer model.) If that doesn't hang you up, then, by all means, take the direct approach; as the saying goes, you ain't heard nothing yet.



Pioneer's Model PL-71 is a manually operated direct-drive unit that's identifiable by the traditional Pioneer S-shaped tonearm. It's coupled to a turntable platter that's edge fitted with stroboscopic marks, so you can adjust precise speed while the record is playing. It's bargain priced at \$300.

Below left is the Micro Seiki DDX-1000 direct-drive turntable, distributed by TEAC, that can be hooked up with three tonearms; it also features a high-torque motor and a large stroboscope. The DDX is to be introduced here in late spring. Price has not yet been announced.



Dual's 701 direct-drive turntable, at right, has a low-speed D.C. motor and overlapping field coils to produce a machine that's virtually free of vibration. Other goodies include tuned antiresonance filters and an illuminated strobe disk for visibly checking the turntable's two speeds (33 1/3 and 45); \$400. Technics by Panasonic's entry into the direct-drive sweepstakes, below right, is the SL-1100A, with independent variable-pitch controls for both 33 1/3 and 45 (cue controlling and strobe), plus an optional walnut base. The price is \$369.95 for the model shown, which features a cast-aluminum base.



This futuristic baby is the Gole GT 2101, a wonder machine, constructed of Plexiglas and steel, that features a motor that rests on a magnetic field. Speed is variable from 10 to 99 revs per minute and the motor assembly is finished and permanently sealed in a dust-free room. For \$1875, not including arm or cartridge, it ought to be.



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

*our miss april says she's a perfect gemini.
we'll take her word for the gemini
part; perfect we can see for ourself*

GENERALLY SPEAKING, we don't take much stock in astrology, but when our April Playmate, Denise Michele, informed us that she fits every characteristic of a Gemini woman to a T, we couldn't resist the temptation to compare our interview notes with her horoscope. "Gemini women," our book says, "are attracted to sunny climates." Check; Denise has lived in Kailua, Hawaii, since she was eight. "They resent the drudgery of routine jobs." Right again; Denise has been a model for the past three years, because "it's a job I can do freely without having to work in an office." So far, so good. "Geminis have a way with words and often become writers." Sure enough, Denise is a part-time poet. (Example: "If you're afraid to love, to care/Because of hurt or pain,/By the time you decide to trust,/I'll be gone.") Geminis have mercurial moods. "Sometimes I'm easy to get along with," says Denise. "Other times, I'm temperamental." They're contradictory. "I like a man to dominate me, but I also need my freedom." Hmmm. It was sheer astrological probability that we even came across her in





"I'm not really very aggressive when it comes to the opposite sex. Eye contact is about as far as I'll go these days. In high school, though, I used to drive around and yell at guys, but I don't do that anymore."





"I'm not sure whether you could call me a truly liberated woman. As far as relationships go, I think both partners should be made to feel equal. I like to feel dominated sometimes, but I never want to feel totally dependent."

the first place. She was working at a temporary job in Hawaii when the soon-to-be man in her life walked into her office. Knowing a good thing when he saw it, he promptly asked her to lunch. She accepted, they hit it off, but Denise was going out with another man at the time and decided the best course was to leave town for a few weeks. So she went to L.A., where she just happened to walk into an employment agency one day. She was sent to Playboy Models and from there she was just a lens click away from becoming a Playmate. Most of the photographs on these pages were taken on the island of Maui and on Big Island (Hawaii). Denise notes, with some amusement, that exactly one week after the shooting, a dormant volcano erupted on Big Island, not too far from where her pictures were taken. How's that for fooling with Mother Nature? Looking back on it all, Denise says that if it hadn't been for her guy, she wouldn't have become a Playmate. Maybe not, but we think it was in the stars all along.





MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Daise Michele



"You might call me a sensuous person, but I try not to advertise it. As for sex—I don't like to discuss it. I think sex is a very intimate thing that should be kept intimate. It's a personal thing that two lovers should share only with each other."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Coming home early one afternoon, the husband heard sounds in the bedroom, pushed open the partly closed door and saw his wife and a strange man thrashing about on the bed nakedly locked together. The husband raced to his den, rushed back to the bedroom with a revolver and burst through the doorway. "You bastard!" he roared at the straining stranger. "I'm going to kill you right here and now!"

"No, Harry, no!" shrieked his wife. "Not in cold blood! Give him," she panted, "another . . . twenty seconds!"



An inner-city youngster who had never seen a game of golf was working as a gas-station attendant when a top-of-the-line Cadillac rolled in. While the driver left the vehicle to make a phone call, the boy examined the car hungrily and found some golf tees on top of the dashboard. "What are those things for, mister?" he asked as the man returned.

"They're to put my balls on when I'm driving," was the reply.

"Gee," sighed the boy, "those Caddie people sure think of everything!"

In Washington, they now refer to the J.F.K. era as Come-a-lot.

It's my code," says a mailman named Drew,

"To unzip, then deliver a screw.

If virgins, when nervous,

Resist postal service,

I explain that the male must get through."

The wealthy old widower, still perky for his years, was enjoying a predinner cocktail in his favorite bar when a stunning girl seated herself several stools away. The oldster gave her an expert appraising glance, then beckoned the bartender over, lowered his voice and asked, "How would you rate my chances, Eddie?"

"Well, now, Mr. Frobisher," replied Eddie, "I'd say that where there's a will, there's a way."

And who," asked the scornful little sexpot after she and her date had both stripped in the motel room, "do you expect to satisfy with that?"

"Me," grinned the date.

The extremely well-built young waitress in the small-town restaurant excited the male traveler's interest, so he tried to arrange to see her later that evening; but she turned him down. "Look," he said hoarsely, "you're one of the most desirable women I've ever laid eyes on and I want to take you out, because I want to have something quite personal to remember you by."

"Well, I suppose I could arrange for you to have a little intimate souvenir," said the girl, laughing as she walked away. Moments later, she returned with a paper bag, blew it up, snapped a rubber band around its neck and handed it to the man.

"What the hell is this?" he demanded.

"Can't you guess?" the waitress giggled. "It's a blow job—to go!"

When," questioned the sex-study pollster, "do you usually have intercourse with your husband?"

"During my time of the month," answered the executive's wife.

"During your menstrual period?"

"No," replied the woman, "during his secretary's."

Perhaps you've heard about the semiliterate streetwalker who unwittingly approached a plainclothesman. Her proposition ended with a sentence.



Adrian Neiman

Two dykes from the far Adriatic,

Deciding to be more pragmatic,

Have switched from mere handling

To mutual candling—

The result is they're waxing ecstatic.

"I'm sorry to report," said the physician, "that you're suffering from an unusual disease—emphysema of the penis."

"Goddamn!" exclaimed the patient. "You know, doc, I told my wife to quit smoking!"

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.



"Your dark hair makes your eyes bluer."

Playboy's Spring & Summer FASHION FORECAST

*nicaragua
provides the
proving ground
as we put our
warm-weather fashions
to the test*



attire By DAVID PLATT

SIMPLICITY, NATURALNESS, earth tones with hot-color accents—apt descriptions for this year's warm-weather fashion directions and also for Nicaragua, that Central American Eden where we photographed our *Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast*. Here, in a coconut shell, is what's soon to be in store for your wardrobe: short-sleeved shirts—and suits—in a variety of patterns and fabrics, especially cotton; matching shirt tops and slacks as an alternative to the ubiquitous leisure suit; collarless sport shirts; evening double-breasteds; straw hats and silk scarves as accents; patterned jeans in both colorful and faded hues—plus plenty of light-weight parkas. Good shopping, *amigos*.

The guy at left has good reason to smile; Lanica Airlines has just landed him in Managua, Nicaragua, and all those tales about dark-eyed señoritos are true. Could it be his Indian-patterned pullover, \$75, worn with a striped shirt, \$38, and slacks, \$88, all by Al B. Arden, that's done the trick? Hint: The natural straw chapeau, by Makins Hats, \$15, didn't hurt, either. (Her clothes: Barbara Pittfield for Giraffe.) The doorman at right prefers a knit pull-over, by Himaloya, about \$21, pleated slacks, by Trousers by Barry, \$65, and a straw, by Makins Hats, \$15.



Below: The Nicaraguan spectator sport of cockfighting. The Maugham-type gent at left sports a polyester/wool/linen two-button, by Cricketeer, about \$120, a plaid cotton shirt, by John Henry, \$18.50, a silk tie, by Berkley, \$12.50, and a helmet-shaped Makins hat, \$15. At right, a houndstooth three-button worn with matching vest and contrasting slacks, all by Sal Cesarani for Cesarani, \$190, a variable-striped shirt, by Christian Dior, \$22.50, a challis tie, by Vicky Davis, \$10, and a high-crowned straw, by Makins Hats, about \$30. (Women's clothes are by Haspel, Jackie Rogers and Lois Anderson for Tannerway.)





If you must end up on the rocks, make it at Casares Beach on Nicaragua's spectacular Pacific coast. The fellow at far left wears a cotton duck pullover, by Franklin Bober for Arthur Richards Sport, about \$50, and ombre jeans, by Wrangler, \$12. His compadre likes a polyurethane-coated parka, by Mighty-Mac, \$65, and denim jeans, by Night-Train, \$27.50. (Her outfit: Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, Faded Glory.) Below: More smart sons of Casares Beach wearing (left) a denim outfit, by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, \$215, and (right) a cotton shirt-jacket, \$60, plus striped slacks, \$35, both by Ted Lapidus Diffusion. (Her outfit: Bill Kaiserman for Rafael.)

Right: Jaws watching at Lago de Nicaragua, home of the world's only fresh-water shark. The onlookers' outfits include (left to right) a polished-cotton top and slacks, by Michel Rene, \$40, and a Ban-Lon pullover, by Puriton Sportswear, \$12.50, plus a muslin pullover, \$27.50, and cotton slacks, \$25, both by Scotts Grey, a knit shirt, by Manhattan, \$15, and a plaid scarf, by Carara Fashions, \$10. (Her outfit: Bill Kaiserman for Rafael.) Below: A lucky catch—perhaps aided by his short-sleeved suit, by Michel Faret for Barney Sampson, about \$175, a window-pane shirt, by Van Heusen, \$12.50, and a check scarf, by Carara Fashions, \$10. (Her outfit: Al B. Arden.)



Below: Nicaragua's exotic Inter-Continental Managua Hotel is the perfect setting for a sundown romance—or two. His outfit includes: a silk Shantung jacket, \$85, and a cotton sateen shirt, \$18.50, both by Yves St. Laurent, plus polyester/wool gabardine slacks, by Van Gils, \$55, a silk tie, by Bert Pulitzer, \$17.50, and a silk pocket square, by Berkley, \$7.50. (His companions' clothes: Sharon Bovaird, Knit Bazaar.)



Right: The ultimate great escape—a villa overlooking Casares Beach. The escape artist, near right, wears a plaid cotton V-neck pullover, by Night-Troin, \$16.50, and faded-denim jeans with double-belted waist closure, by Branded Lion, \$20. The other getaway man likes a marble-print cotton shirt, \$25, a knit T-shirt, \$11, poplin fatigue-type slacks with multiple pockets and zippered removable legs, \$190, all by Bert Pulitzer, plus an aniline-dyed cowhide belt, by Paris Accessories for Men, \$10. (Her outfit: Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, Rossett.)



PUNCH OUT THE IRS!

Charles Goodell, Shirley MacLaine and Linus Pauling. More amazing is the list of institutional enemies of the IRS. This included the A.C.L.U., the American Library Association, the Conservative Book Club, the Ford Foundation, the University of North Carolina, the American Jewish Congress, the Baptist Foundation of America, the Associated Catholic Charities, the Americans for Democratic Action, the Liberty Lobby, the John Birch Society, Common Cause, the National Taxpayers Union, the Legal Aid Society, the National Education Association, the NAACP, the Fund for the Republic, *Human Events*, *Commonweal*, *Rolling Stone*, *The National Observer*, *The New York Review of Books* and, yes, even PLAYBOY.

Little wonder that an estimated 2000 persons join the tax rebellion every day. As the number of tax rebels swells, the IRS has taken vengeful action to punish the tax rebellion's visible leaders and disrupt attempts at organized resistance.

Consider the case of former radio commentator Karl Bray. As the host of a talk show several years ago on KSTX, Salt Lake City, Bray occasionally invited "tax protesters" on his program. His troubles began when he openly expressed sympathy with the protesters' contention that the IRS uses "illegal methods" to collect taxes. In August 1971, Special Agents of the IRS paid a visit to the management of station KSTX and had a heart-to-heart talk about Bray's program, demanding tape recordings of past broadcasts. The next day, Bray was fired.

Unable to find another position in broadcasting, Bray spent his time during the next several months composing a pamphlet titled "Taxation and Tyranny: A Guide to the Tax Rebellion." He later published it, replete with a red, white and blue cover sporting bold quotes from the Declaration of Independence: "When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security." Within two months, IRS agents appeared at Bray's bank and demanded microfilm records of the names of all the people who had paid for copies of "Taxation and Tyranny" by check. After a brief legal scuffle, the names were seized. Not surprisingly, the IRS action placed an immediate chill upon sales of Bray's pamphlet.

But he could not take a hint.

On April 15, 1973, Bray led Salt Lake City's first antitax rally, in front of the

(continued from page 86)

IRS offices. Approximately 150 persons stood in the rain to protest excessive taxation. The IRS response was short and to the point. A field auditor of the IRS stated in public, "The IRS is going to get Karl Bray."

Just four days later, on April 19, 1973, it got him. Bray was grabbed from behind by two IRS Special Agents and whisked to the Salt Lake City jail, where he was detained without explanation of charges for 14 hours. The following morning, Bray was brought in chains before a U.S. magistrate and charged under Title 18, Section 701 of the U.S. Code with "illegal possession of IRS Insignia." His crime consisted of possession of a piece of paper, IRS publication 34, the so-called seizure notice. That document, which Bray had employed in his protest activities, is legally obtainable by any citizen under the Freedom of Information Act.

Upon his release from custody, Bray had more bad news. He discovered that his office, automobile and briefcase had been searched without a warrant and that \$30,000 of business funds were missing. He filed criminal complaints with the city, county and Federal prosecutors, but to no avail. Bray has not only been unable to recover his money, he has even been unable to obtain any specific reason from the IRS to explain why his money was taken. Without recourse in law to recover his missing funds, Bray was broke. His business failed.

Brought to trial for "illegal possession of IRS Insignia," Bray became the first person ever convicted under Title 18, Section 701, for possession of Government documents. (Even those who held top-secret documents had never been convicted.) In spite of the exotic nature of the charge, Bray was denied a jury trial and summarily found guilty by Judge Willis W. Ritter. Coincidentally, Judge Ritter refused to disqualify himself after reputedly boasting of his intention to "make an example of any tax protesters." Bray was given the maximum sentence of six months in jail.

Unfazed, Bray continues to speak out in favor of tax rebellion while he appeals.

Meanwhile, the IRS has been harassing other tax rebels.

Ernest Bromley, former editor of *The Peacemaker* and longtime advocate of nonpayment of Federal taxes for war and armaments, was targeted by the IRS' Special Services Staff as an "enemy." Thereafter, the IRS secretly copied the bank records of the Peacemaker Movement, with which Bromley was associated, and used the information to assess a tax liability against Gano Peacemakers, Inc.,

an entirely separate nonprofit corporation formed by a group including Ernest and Marion Bromley in 1952 to shield the title to their home. Although it was known to the IRS that the Peacemakers and Gano Peacemakers, Inc., were legally and financially separate, revenue agents nevertheless confiscated and made plans to sell the house owned by Gano Peacemakers, Inc. When hundreds of letters of explanation from the Peacemakers failed to dissuade the Government from its course, Bromley concluded that his problems could not be the result of an honest mistake and took his case to the public.

He went to *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, which published a story detailing IRS harassment of the Peacemakers and Bromley in particular. The reporter who wrote the story was soon after audited by the IRS.

When initial publicity failed to cancel the scheduled sale of the house, Bromley and the Peacemakers organized public demonstrations and a national letter drive. The house was finally sold, but in the end, the IRS succumbed and returned it. All the other tax charges against the Bromleys and the Peacemakers were simultaneously dropped. They had won their struggle with the IRS but only after a protracted campaign in which the IRS did its best to disrupt the Peacemakers' war-tax-resistance activities.

But what the IRS did to the Peacemakers was nothing compared with the desperate and peculiar tactics it employed in the attempt to silence Barbara Hutchinson. Her troubles began after she told an adult-education class in San Diego that the IRS mistreats taxpayers. IRS agents got word of her remarks and appeared at the school board to demand that the class (which had been dismissed for the summer) be reconvened so that IRS information officers could "correct" the record. From that point on, relations between Mrs. Hutchinson and the IRS were distinctly sour. She was charged with technical violations of the IRS Code and hauled through a series of legal ordeals even more complicated and astounding than those that befell Karl Bray. Partly as a result of this experience, she was invited to testify in early 1974 before Senator Montoya's subcommittee investigating IRS abuses. On April 9, 1974, just one day before her scheduled testimony, IRS agents visited Senator Montoya and informed him that Mrs. Hutchinson was unfit to testify because she was under heavy psychiatric treatment. This was totally untrue. Mrs. Hutchinson had never undergone psychiatric treatment. It was only after her testimony, which attacked IRS use of mental hospitals to repress dissent, that she was forcibly subjected to psychiatric treatment. She was brought to trial by the IRS on a charge of having omitted the signature of a tax

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PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA

PART IV

THE END OF CAMELOT

article

By JAMES MCKINLEY

the first of two parts on the murder of John F. Kennedy, possibly the most mysterious and controversial of American assassinations—a traumatic event that changed us all

The people will forget in a few days and there will be another President.

—LEE HARVEY OSWALD,
November 23, 1963

FOR SOME, it was the muffled drums, the posthumous pulse of John Fitzgerald Kennedy sounding in ceaseless cadence. For some, the hideous yellow catering lift bellied against Air Force One, the somnambulistic widow in bloody clothes, the bronze casket burnished by TV lights descending to the tarmac's ring of somber, famous faces. For some, the clockwork quadrille of the deathwatch guard, or De Gaulle marching tall behind the horse-drawn caisson, or John-John's farewell salute. For this writer, it was Caroline's small right hand reaching as though



for verification beneath the covering flag to touch the unyielding surface of her father's casket—"Daddy's too big for that," she'd said—there in the rotunda of the Capitol of the United States, kneeling next to her mother, that at last brought into the mind with a bullet's force the irreconcilable fact that the 35th President of the United States was dead, slain in Dallas by, it was said, a punk with a mail-order rifle.

That, assuredly, was the message. However it came to each of us, collectively we learned that the truce of 62 years had been broken, that a citizen had again murdered an American President and, pre-eminently, that the event had caught us in a new world of instant mass communication that conveyed the images to us—the funereal tableaux, the people, even the murder of the President's accused murderer—in a telethon that threw us forever out of the slow-motion historical world of Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley into our own hard-edged, video-taped nowness. History for us had stopped. We were really there, so much so that a half hour after Kennedy was shot, 68 percent of his adult citizenry (more than 75,000,000 people) had the word. So much so that by late afternoon of Friday, November 22, 1963, an estimated 99.8 percent of the American people knew their President was dead and that somebody named Lee Harvey Oswald, 24 years old, was suspected of the killing. Back in that other world, in 1865, news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln—our first Presidential victim, whom Kennedy admired, to whom he was compared and on whose catafalque he lay in state—*(text continued on page 128)*

John and Jacqueline Kennedy, the closest America ever came to having a truly royal family, arrived at Love Field on a brilliantly clear, warm Dallas morning. Jackie and John spent exactly 53 more minutes together.



ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

History has never had a sense of propriety: The moment that forever changed our lives is caught incongruously on a bystander's cheap 8mm home-movie camera and brought—blurry, shaky and out of focus—into the national consciousness. The instant of John Kennedy's death will now always be remembered in these desperate attempts to enlarge the tiny frames over and over until the horror of the President's skull and brain fragmenting into thousands of minute sparkling crystals of light in the brilliant Dallas sun becomes nothing more than a pattern of bright red and yellow dots on the pages of a history book.





Even before Air Force One lifted off from Dallas, Lyndon Johnson was our 36th President. "Now," he said after Judge Sarah Hughes administered the oath, "let's get this thing airborne."

didn't reach Oregon until two months after John Wilkes Booth's act in Ford's Theater. But in our new world, its slain leader arriving at Andrews Air Force Base from the unlikely latitudes of Dallas, we all at once and as a nation knew and felt—were *made* in this age of media to know and feel, to participate in—a martyrdom for the handsome, bright, brash President who was so brutally murdered right before our eyes. For four days, a great national catharsis swept us



Contrary to popular belief, Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano 91/38 was a deadly weapon at moderate distances.



clean of any dream that we were immune to this horror. It filled us with pity for the lovely First Lady, with fear for the future. We wept. Most of us, that is. A few did not, were glad John Kennedy was dead. A few were brought to thoughts of vengeance, notably a strip-joint operator in Dallas itself. A few stopped mourning to realize the martyr image was only one, a bluish picture that altered John Kennedy as much as the embalmer's cosmetics. Distorted the tough Irish politician, the whiskey baron's progeny, the philanderer. Covered over achievements like the Test Ban Treaty, the Missile Crisis, the assault on organized crime,

Almost immediately, a 24-year-old man named Oswald was charged with the crime. Two days later, he was shot to death on live television by Jack Ruby, the owner of a sleazy night club.

WASHINGTON IN MOURNING

Jackie refused to leave her husband's body even for a moment. When Air Force One arrived at Andrews Air Force Base, she rode with the casket on the lift, rather than walk down the steps, then sat by it in the ambulance on the way to Bethesda Naval Hospital, her clothes still covered with John Kennedy's blood. Having kept her composure too long already, she finally broke down at the funeral, where the riderless horse carried only the sword and reversed pair of boots. At the Capitol, Caroline Kennedy, then only five years old, reached beneath the flag covering the coffin. "Daddy's too big for that," she had said earlier. She didn't know how right she was.



the pending tax-cut bill and Civil Rights Bill. Prettified the dreadful and portentous failures like the Bay of Pigs.

Yet, most Americans watched, wept and wondered what had happened in Dallas. How had this come to him? To us? We could understand our other assassinations, because history rendered them as somebody else's sorrow. We could objectify the attempt on Harry Truman back in 1950, the doomed charge by two Puerto Rican nationalists with pistols against a President's impregnable home, could admire their courage, even their cause of independence. But their attack had failed. The sniper in Dallas had not, and now there were the drums, the riderless horse, the caisson, the foreign leaders, the widow in black, the hard-faced brothers, the innocent children, over and over and over, and how could we begin to grasp how all that had come to be?

The assassination of John Kennedy would freight with significance almost all its circumstances, almost every person, place or event connected with it. That fact alone testifies to the killing's shock effect, to the resultant need to know what happened and, again, to the information blitz that provided the facts on which the myriad speculations and conclusions were built. But there was little gainsaying the facts themselves or what seemed to be facts, as they emerged during and after the national mourning.

For a start, John Kennedy didn't want to be in Texas that day. "I wish I weren't going to Texas," he told Pierre Salinger. And with reason. Though L.B.J.'s presence on his ticket had helped him carry Texas in 1960 against Nixon—who was even then in Dallas meeting with some Pepsi-Cola executives—Kennedy knew 1964 could be different. The state's Democratic Party throbbled with disagreements. There was Kennedy's loyal liberal faction, a minority led by Senator Ralph Yarborough, who was anathema to the rightists like Governor John Connally, who was a onetime protégé of Lyndon Johnson and who was now a man with large ambitions that could be achieved only with the aid of Texas' rich right-wingers (some said Connally might jump the party soon and serve as Senator Barry Goldwater's running mate). Between them stood the Vice-President, a consummate politician but bereft now of his Lone Star power base and apprehensive to the point of impotence over rumors that J.F.K. might dump him in 1964. Only the President, his advisors told him, could hold things together. Hence the political trip to Texas, and hence the President's joy when, uncharacteristically, his wife said she'd go along. Texans surely wouldn't be rude to such a lady as Jackie.

Except perhaps in Dallas. That peculiar city was scheduled as the next-to-last

stop on the visit. Only a motorcade to a luncheon speech at the new Trade Mart. Yet even that could be dicey. "Big D" bubbled with hate for the liberal Federal Government (Nixon got 63 percent of Dallas' vote) and any hint of its accommodation with Commies, Jews or niggers. It wasn't particularly fond of Catholics, either, being as it was 97 percent Protestant. It was active hate, too, passed around in sniggering jokes. Dallas led the nation in per-capita murders (72 percent committed with guns). It was home to IMPEACH EARL WARREN billboards, to the reactionary fulminations of H. L. Hunt and retired Major General Edwin A. Walker, to John Birchers, Minutemen and Christian Crusaders, to K.O. THE KENNEDYS bumper stickers and other signs of the Old Frontier. In 1960, a fun-loving bunch of Dallasites had tossed a cup of spit at Lyndon and Lady Bird, presumably protesting their alliance with the mackerel-snapping Kennedys. Adlai Stevenson had been roughed up in a crowd on UN Day just a month before Kennedy's visit. He'd considered warning the President about the mood in Dallas. But then, the President could have read it in *The Dallas Morning News*. That rightist paper had called him a Judas for his Test Ban Treaty and the Cuban fiasco, and its publisher, E. M. Dealey—whose father had a plaza, built by the socialist WPA, named for him downtown—once had attacked the President's left-wing sell-out policies at a White House get-together. It was at people like Dealey that John Kennedy's Trade Mart speech would be aimed. "Today, other voices are heard in the land," he would say, "voices preaching doctrines . . . which apparently assume that words will suffice without weapons, that vituperation is as good as victory and that peace is a sign of weakness." Kennedy would tell them that straight out and proceed on his way, although he hoped his plan to start withdrawing the advisors from Vietnam didn't provoke trouble while he was in Texas. Strange, they were so religious down there, but they didn't seem to remember a cause had to be just. His speech would conclude with the *Bible's* words, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Many were the premonitions suggesting the Lord wasn't keeping Dallas just now. A Democratic National Committeeman from Texas urged the President to cancel the Dallas stopover, and an editor in Austin, which was to be the last public stop before going to L.B.J.'s Pedernales paradise, wrote, "He will not get through this without something happening to him." In Washington, Hale Boggs and Hubert Humphrey cautioned Kennedy about the trip (on November 21, Humphrey, with J.F.K. on his way, told the National Association for Mental Health that the "wild men of reaction" were

"deeply and fundamentally disturbed . . . the act of an emotionally unstable person or irresponsible citizen can strike down a great leader"). More directly, the calm J. William Fulbright said to the President, "Dallas is a very dangerous place. I wouldn't go there. Don't you go." But go he must, he decided, as a politician, to try and heal the factional wounds and to gain currency for the 1964 campaign. At 10:45 A.M., Thursday, November 21, the choppers lifted off the White House lawn for the 12-minute hop to Andrews AFB and Air Force One. Two-year-old John-John rode along. He loved his father and airplanes, both passionately, and when the helicopters sat down beside the graceful blue-and-white 707, he begged to go along. "You can't," the President said. Then, to his son's Secret Service guardian, Kennedy said, "You take care of John, Mr. Foster."

The Secret Service was supposed to take care of the President, too. With the ascent of Air Force One, their task became complicated. The security routines in Washington were fixed and proved. On the road, they were not. In San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth, Dallas, Austin, men of the Protective Research Section had coordinated their plans with local police, checked out routes, secured buildings, examined theirs and FBI files for homicidal threats. But they couldn't be sure. Dallas would be most difficult tomorrow. A long motorcade from Love Field to the luncheon in the Presidential limousine (they called it SS 100 X) and, even with the Lincoln's bubble top on in bad weather, it wasn't bulletproof. The Trade Mart itself was hard to seal, had 16 catwalks, summoning fears of some maniac with a rifle (Connally had lobbied for the Trade Mart site as a favor to influential businessmen). The job was complicated by the President (the Boss, they called him, though his code name was Lancer). Like Abraham Lincoln, he detested the shield his bodyguards put around him. He was forever breaking out to plunge into crowds, shaking hands and giving away PT-109 tie clasps (hell of a commander, his rightish military critics snorted, lost his only ship) and, not long before, he'd told an agent to "keep those Ivy League charlatans off the back of the car." So there he'd be in Dallas, protected mostly by what they reckoned an inefficient police force; there where that very morning of November 21 some hatemongers had printed and passed out 5000 mug-shot handbills accusing the President of treason for not invading Cuba, for having Stevenson turn "the sovereignty of the U.S. over to the Communist-controlled United Nations"; there, where in that morning's *News* and *Times Herald*, anyone could read the route of the motorcade and its timing, even that it would go slow so all of Dallas could see

(continued on page 142)

My First Time

in which historical figures discuss their introduction to sex

Adam, First Man: For starters, you gotta understand, it was very, very grim in Paradise for a long time. Hell, I was all by myself, nothing to do, nowhere to go. I used to go nuts at night. Weekends were the worst. I was alone, it was pitch-black at night and the only one to talk to was God and, let me tell you, His rap really started to get on my nerves after the first couple of weeks. Boy, what a bore that Guy could be. Sure, He was one hell of a good Creator, but when it came to lively conversation, forget it. Now, mind you, I'm not putting Him down—I won't make that mistake again—but, frankly, all He could do was talk about Himself and how He had created me in His image, and so on. God, was He proud of Himself. Quite honestly, I think He had an ego problem. He'd make something like the heavens and then He'd say it was good and then He'd make something else and that was good and everything was so goddamn good it would make you sick. And there was



parody

By John Blumenthal

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FRANTZ

no disagreeing with Him—He couldn't stand criticism—one negative word from me and—whammo!—there'd be a goddamn thunderstorm.

Anyhow, I remember getting real horny every night for weeks. I was a bundle of nerves. There I was, a nice-looking guy, charming, easygoing, witty—definitely a good prospect, the only prospect for miles. The problem was, I knew I was horny, I felt horny, but I didn't have the slightest idea what I was horny for. I'd walk around night after night, saying over and over to myself: "I need a . . . I need a . . ." I knew I needed something, but what? So one starry night, I faced heavenward and I beseeched the Lord. I did a lot of beseeching in those early days and I was afraid I was getting on His nerves, but what could He do? Another thunderstorm? An earthquake? Anyhow, I told Him I needed something to . . . well . . . you know. He seemed to understand and suggested I try jogging. So I tried jogging, but it didn't work, so I beseeched Him again and He said He'd get back to me later. The next morning, when I awoke, there it was, the answer to my dreams—a gorgeous, 20-pound . . . watermelon. Frankly, it didn't do much for me, but who was I to question His infinite wisdom? Besides, beggars can't be choosers, any port in a storm, right? So the watermelon and I got to know each other quite well—in the Biblical sense, of course. She was really very agreeable, when you get right down to it—no nagging, no curlers, no "I've got a headache" routines. It was idyllic. I was happy, things in Paradise were definitely looking up. Then, a few weeks later, God had another one of His divine inspirations and along came my better half and suddenly it was a whole new ball game.

I never really did get over that watermelon, though.

Oedipus, Greek Prince: Ever since I reached puberty, I've had this crazy fantasy about making it with an older woman. Don't ask me why. I was a real stud—Fast Oeddie, they called me—and I used to hang out at the palace in downtown Thebes and watch the dames go by. The palace was a great place for girl watching—not only were the girls nubile, many of them were Nubian, and you can't beat that! Anyhow, one day I'm standing around, watching the traffic, when I find out there's this great pestilence in the land. So what else is new, right? The gods were into gambling and we were the chips, so plagues and pestilences were a dime a dozen in those days. Anyway, this one was a riddle—the riddle of the Sphinx, they called it. The queen said whoever solves it gets her for a prize and she was some prize, all right! A little on the old side, maybe, but for a dame her age, she

had a build that would have knocked your socks off. Whew!

So I solved the riddle. Everybody in Thebes went bananas over me—you shoulda been there. I was wined and dined and the next thing I knew I was in bed with that dreamboat queen of theirs, Jocasta was her handle. She was my first, but she knew every trick in the book and then some. Seems she'd been married, but some creep had knocked off her old man and she was dying for it. Even had a kid somewhere. It was the most unbelievable weekend of my life. We made it all over the palace—it was really wild.

Then, of course, I got the bad news. . . .

William Shakespeare, Playwright: Broads were never a problem for me. Sure, I wasn't the best-looking guy in town, but none of that mattered a bit in those days if you had a good line. And I had some real knockouts, let me tell you. One hour with me and women would melt like butter—how's that for a clever simile? Some of my raps were so effective I had to write them down. I don't even know where most of them came from—I'd just open my mouth and out would come some fancy sonnet and the poor, gullible broad would start begging for it. Hell, I'd promise them the moon, the stars, compare them to a goddamn summer's day, for Christ sake, and the next thing I knew they were sitting on my lap.

Take, for instance, my first date. I don't even recollect the girl's name, but I remember she had good legs and a nice set of teeth, which was very important in those days. Well, I told her I'd pick her up about seven and we'd go see a show, but I got there around half past six and started rattling off my spiel from under the balcony. Corny, I'll admit, but effective. And it was a killer. "It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night," I told her, "Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear." Damned if I knew what the hell I was talking about, but then I had a good delivery and that's very important. Then, when I knew I had her, I said, "See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand. O! that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek." Well, needless to say, I got a lot farther than the cheek, if you catch my drift. I had the touch, all right. Sure, I felt like a first-class idiot talking like that, and if the boys ever heard me, they'd drop their shorts, but as my friend Francis Bacon once said, all's well that ends well, right?

Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia: I am 15-years-old maiden, when first I make the moofkie-foofkie. It is spring day in 1744, and I am in courtyard of palace making walk past stables when I see Dmitri for first time. So proud and digni-

fied is he! So masculine. So great in his extreme bigness. He make Cossacks look like brook trout. My heart make a journey upward in search of sky so madly with affectionateness am I!

For many days I do nothing but make big dreamings upon Dmitri. At the evening time I think from his beauteous blondness of hair, his muscularness of body. He make my pantalets fill with extreme moistness. One night I can no longer withstand this, so I go from bedchamber and to his presence. He sleep. On his back is blanket. I take off blanket. I make strokings upon him. This make arousals. I tremble with wantness and again my moisture fills with pantalets. He stands and for first time I see him in nakedness and am filled with glory and wantness. Dmitri approaches upon me. I lie down in bed and he comes to me. Then he make his entrance upon my personage. He is not gentle lover, but I am completed.

After this, we lay in hay together and I stroke his tail until later comes stable-boy to put on Dmitri's feedbag. . . .

Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor: Sacré bleu, was I ever a short boy! It was très, très traumatique for me as a young man. So petit was I that the other boys would call me "le petit chou," which means "little cabbage," and pour salad dressing on me. Also, we were très poor and the clothes my frère Jacques and my sister gave me never fit well, so I came into the habit of keeping my right hand in my shirt to keep my pants from falling down. Alouette!

Most of the girls ignored me. I would spend my time playing with toy soldiers which I had cleverly fashioned out of stones. This was the extent of my vie sociale until I had la bonne chance of making the acquaintance of Adrienne. The first thing I noticed about her was that she was more petite than I. She was—how you say?—a midget. But who was I to get picky, eh? One night, we made a rendezvous behind my father's barn. Why my father had a barn I do not know, for he was not a farmer. But that is where we met and I had decided it was now or never. Adrienne was to be my first conquest! I commenced my forward advances with a barrage of sweet talk, n'est-ce pas? This weakened her defenses and as her flanks became vulnerable, I prepared for my offensive tactics. I ambushed her right and left flanks with all my forces and soon the field was mine. She was fatigued, her esprit was poor, and so in a short while, offering no resistance at all, she surrendered and I penetrated her between both flanks with my artillery. La victoire was mine.

Several months later, her papa sued for reparations and I departed from town to join the Legions of France. . . .



THE FACE IS FAMILIAR...

it's hair-raising how a little thing like a wig can change the way a woman looks and feels—and acts

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



It's a familiar scenario: You've been going steady with the same gorgeous, long-haired brunette for years now, and you have no complaints—she's sweet, great in bed, a good cook, great in bed, loving, great in bed—but suddenly you've developed this hopeless infatuation for this redhead or that blonde or the cute, short-haired secretary at work. You start having fantasies about redheads, blondes and short-haired girls. After all, you're only human. One night, you come home from work and there's a strange, negligeed redhead in your bedroom. You flip your wig—she keeps hers on and the problem is solved. You've committed psychological adultery, or, as we prefer to call it, wiggery. To illustrate the infinite potential of wiggery, we took one ordinary, gorgeous, long-haired brunette (specifically, Nancie Li Brandi, our December 1975 Playmate, shown *au naturel* above) and outfitted her with a variety of hairpieces. Abracadabra and what have you got? A metamorphosis that makes Gregor Samsa look like an amateur.



Red being the proverbial color of lust, redheads have their own built-in mystique. Redheads may be temptresses; they may blow smoke in your eyes, too. But don't let that fool you—they'll always let you ruffle their feathers.

The short, cropped look may be somewhat of an alarming change, but then, the more the change, the greater the turn-on. Also, you can now study the soft down of her neck without getting all those long strands of hair in your mouth.



If you're a gentleman who prefers blondes, don't make the common mistake of confusing the Harlow look with the harlot look. Granted, blondes may have more fun, but they can also make you dangle like a locket at the end of a chain.







Chairman Mao may have some pretty rigid ideas on sex, but this exotically ungarbed geisha seems eminently scrutable. Just remember what Lao-tzu once wrote: "The gate of the subtle and profound female / Is the root of heaven and earth."

Yesterday she was a lusty redhead; today she's as prim, proper and well mannered as a Victorian matron. Yesterday's seductress is today's seductee. Your goal: to get her to let down her hair and show you her soul, among other things.



THE VARGAS GIRL



"My, but you do rise to the occasion!"

Vargas

GRACED WITH MANNERS pleasing to women, virile and handsome, Kyo, by the age of 18, had gathered a full ditty box of fingernails sent to him by women as pledges of their devotion. He then made the error of falling in love with a beautiful courtesan named Ichi-no-jo and, as a result, he was thrown out of his father's house, disinherited and banished.

Kyo wandered to the town of Kyoto and there found employment as an apprentice to a merchant named Kyuemon. Having no loves to distract him, Kyo applied himself to business with great success. The master developed trust in his acumen and soon invited him to live in his house.

Which was all very well—except for the fact that Kyuemon had a younger sister. Ukifune was renowned in Kyoto for her beauty—her cherry mouth, her wrists like lotus roots, her flesh like pale jade—and men compared her looks with those of the most famous courtesans.

Therefore, of course, the natural thing happened naturally and Kyo and Ukifune fell passionately in love. But where does love find a hiding place in such a house? It was full of busy eyes and especially full of the noisy presence of Kyuemon's wife, who, when she found the door of Ukifune's room a bit open, would slide it shut with a bang like thunder, crying, "Must be careful of chills from the cold air!"

At last, an opportunity seemed to present itself when the women of the household arranged to go on a picnic into the woods one spring day. The master ordered Kyo to go along to keep an eye on their safety and comfort. Thus, the ladies went forth, borne in litters, until they came to a little woods on the edge of a beautiful meadow. There, they enjoyed their picnic, the more so because a band of traveling entertainers had set up in the meadow. Some of the ladies and all of the litter bearers helped themselves generously to sake, while the others crowded around to watch the lion dancers perform to the beat of a big drum and to stare at the small lions (brought all the way from India, it was said).

Ukifune, however, professed a painful toothache and, retiring behind the curtains of her litter, undid her obi and kimono and lay invitingly half-nude in the semidarkness—for what? For whom? For the bold overseer of the picnic, to be sure, who soon slipped in to inquire about her toothache. In a moment, they were embracing and panting, and in another moment, they were locked in the delightful rain-and-clouds position.

So rapt were they that they failed to notice that Kyo had not completely closed the rear curtains through which he had entered, permitting an interesting view, which two passing monks were now en-



joying. With bulging eyes and tent poles stiff, the two stood there until Kyo snarled a curse and ordered them to be gone.

It was Kyo who had arranged for the lion dancers as a clever diversion from the real entertainment he had had in mind, and so it was now necessary for him to dress and hurry out to congratulate the dancers and to pay them.

The two monks, awaiting their chance, now returned and, quickly stripping Ukifune, they stuffed her into a large picnic tea chest and scurried off to hide it in the woods until such time as they could steal back and carry it off.


Kyo, returning, found Ukifune gone and some signs of a struggle. He quickly plunged into the woods and, by great good luck, found the half-concealed chest and released his love. He carried her at once back to her litter, then ran to the lion dancers and implored them to help

him teach a lesson to the thieves. They gleefully agreed.

That night, two monks rented the best room in an inn in the Hu district. They were seen carrying in a large and very heavy tea chest and they barred the door after themselves. A little later that night, loud screams and the sound of a battle were heard coming from the room.

The worried innkeeper and his men hurried to the room and, getting no response to their calls, broke down the door. A rather small but sufficiently fierce-looking lion leaped through the doorway and ran from the inn. The terribly mauled bodies of the monks lay on the floor.

Kyo's father dearly loved a good joke and he laughed long and loud when he heard this story. In fact, he was in such good humor that he presided with great aplomb over the wedding of Ukifune and Kyo.

—Retold by Joe David Bellamy  141

END OF CAMELOT (continued from page 130)

the President, right there he'd be riding along in an open car. There were 20,000 windows along the motorcade's path, too many to watch, and when on November 18 the Secret Service's advance man, Winston Lawson, rode it in company with the Dallas office's Forrest V. Sorrels and Dallas police chief Jesse Curry, all three remarked how they'd be sitting ducks. Toward the end of the ride, turning from Main Street into Houston Street, Lawson saw an ungainly tan-brick building with concrete latticework marking its first floor and windows marching up past a ledge and final story to a big, blinking-time Hertz Rent-a-Car sign. He asked, "What's the Texas School Book Depository?"

Lee Harvey Oswald could have told him. It was where, since mid-October, he made \$1.25 an hour as a clerk (not enough to buy a rifle, he later told police), which meant pulling books out of boxes to match order forms and sending them downstairs to the offices of his boss, Roy Truly, who disliked Kennedy. Inside, the warehouse wasn't what you'd expect of a repository of learning. Drab offices, a tawdry second-floor lunchroom, two grimy freight elevators, claustrophobic storage space crammed with cartons, lit by 60-watt bulbs, surrounded by brick walls that dropped scabs of paint to the buckling wood floors. Up in the sixth story, they were relaying the floor, and the boxes were moved to the southeastern corner of the building, close to the windows overlooking Dealey Plaza's mock-Grecian peristyles and pagodas. Oswald worked up there sometimes. From the southeast window, you could see straight out to where Main turns into Houston Street, then directly below where Houston turned into Elm Street, then traversing right, Elm Street curved to go through a triple underpass, the railroad tracks on top, and on out to the ramp up to Stemmons Freeway, the way to the Trade Mart. A superb view from an ugly building, where Lee did his menial job. He'd been born in New Orleans on October 18, 1939, two months after his father's death, to Marguerite Oswald, a hulking, pouty woman who resented mightily the demise of this, her second husband. Lee grew up alone in, then out of orphanages and relatives' homes, because his mother worked. But even though he slept with her in their various homes in New Orleans and Fort Worth until he was 11, that didn't fill him with love. Marguerite's third marriage, in 1945, provided a temporary father until divorce ended it in 1948. But then his mother worked again. Lee protested her neglect by skipping school. Once he chased his half-brother with a knife, and another time threatened the half-brother's wife with a blade. It seems

these defiances didn't satisfy, any more than did geographical changes. They kept moving, on to New York, then back to New Orleans. Though he was smart (I.Q. of 118), he quit school after the ninth grade and enlisted in the manly Marine Corps, as had his brother, Robert. Even in that homogenized milieu, something in him turned people off. Fellow Marines called him "Ozzie Rabbit," and thought he was intelligent and well-informed but strangely withdrawn and secretive. Yet, he did his duties (albeit court-martialed twice—once for possession of an unregistered private firearm, a .22 derringer that accidentally went off and wounded him, and once for gross insubordination, which included spilling a drink on an officer—a trick that helped earn him four weeks in the stockade). He acquired basic military skills. He qualified as Sharpshooter with the M-1, became a private, first class—aviation electronics operator, which meant he tracked aircraft on radar and scanned their radio signals, notably from the Atsugi base in Japan, where some U-2 flights over Russia originated. Lee liked Russia, or the idea of Russia. He'd discovered Marxism at 15, and two perceptions stuck with him: It was for the downtrodden, he saw, and hence antiestablishment; and it was taboo in America. Of Marx's complexity, of the moral subtleties of the dialectic, Oswald spoke little, though he did study the Russian language and profess *ad nauseam* to the gyrenes the wonders of the Soviet system.

After nearly three years, Oswald sought and was granted, on September 11, 1959, an early "hardship" discharge to go to Fort Worth and take care of his impoverished and disabled mother, now a resident there. Marguerite was not disabled long, apparently, since by October 16 Lee Harvey Oswald was in Moscow trying to defect to Russia and become a Soviet citizen. As it turned out, he was successful at neither. Although he ranted to the U. S. Embassy and wrote letters forsaking his citizenship, he never forfeited his passport or completed the papers necessary to terminate his citizenship. He didn't become a Soviet citizen, either, since he tired of their system within 18 months and wanted to come home. He was delayed, however, by bureaucratic tangles until June 1962. In between, he made an insincere attempt at suicide (to dramatize his sincerity about wanting to be a Russian). He was then assigned work at a radio and TV factory in Minsk, where he fell in love, was jilted and then rebounded to marry a pharmacist, the unhappy niece of a Minsk M.V.D. official and to father a daughter. He bought a shotgun and hunted a little, talked Marxism and continued fitful attempts at higher education (including a try at enrolling in

Moscow's Patrice Lumumba Friendship University, unfortunately reserved for citizens of the Third World). In general, he lived what for most Russians would be a pampered life. His pay, as was customary with defectors, was supplemented. He was given a good apartment. But he didn't like the authoritarianism of Russia any better than Marine Corps discipline, perhaps felt insufficiently rewarded for his secrets (nothing that threatened U. S. security) or his devotion to Marx's cause. The difficulties of obtaining exit visas vexed him and he wrote to Senator John Tower for help. He beseeched his brother and mother for financial aid (Marguerite suggested capitalizing on the story of his defection—after Kennedy's death she ruefully remarked, "Moneywise, I got took"). With their help, patience and \$435.71 in borrowed State Department funds, Lee Harvey Oswald, with wife and child, returned to the United States on June 13, 1962.

As we shall see detailed in the second part of the Kennedy story, the days from then until November 22, 1963, spun away from Oswald in a downward spiral. For now, it is enough to see their gross direction. Items: A succession of plebeian jobs, the best of which was as a photoprint trainee for a graphics company. Between jobs, unemployment checks—some obtained on spurious grounds. Increasing tension with Marina, who found him in his native land to be irritable, reclusive, sexually inactive, tyrannical and cruel. Lee beat her and discouraged her attempts to learn English—Russian may have been their only remaining bond. Separations from Marina, then feverish reconciliations. The interventions of their few friends, first in the Russian-speaking community of Fort Worth and Dallas (who, for example, paid for Marina's dental work and once helped her leave Lee). And last, Mrs. Ruth Paine, who in suburban Irving sheltered Marina and her two daughters (the second born October 20, 1963, at Parkland Memorial Hospital) during the Oswalds' intermittent separations from April until November. Mrs. Paine was herself estranged from her leftist husband and, before Marina moved in, the two women often wrote loving letters. There were annoying interviews with the FBI, who were interested in the Oswalds' Russian connections, particularly midway in 1963, when Marina began writing (at Lee's request, she said) for visas to re-enter Russia and Lee went to New Orleans, then Mexico, apparently plumping for Castro and seeking permission to traverse Cuba on their way back to the U.S.S.R. And coloring all in Oswald, the day-to-dayness of bootless work, of reading Marxist texts and periodicals, of shifting from one rented quarters to another, with and without

(continued on page 193)

Playboy

MUSIC

COMEBACKS

GOSSIP

DISCOS

POLL WINNERS



WILD SCENES IN THE LIVES OF THE
STARS! GOOD TIMES IN THE DISCOS! COMEBACKS
IN THE RECORD BIZ! WINNERS IN OUR READERS' POLL!

SAME PLAYER SHOOTS AGAIN

MOST PINBALL MACHINES have a mechanism that awards the player a free game, regardless of whether he wins or loses, as long as he manages to score a certain number of points. So it is, friends, in the record industry, where it's OK to be out of work as long as your phone bills are paid up and enough people have your number. For instance, Elton John calls Neil Sedaka and—bang!—Sedaka is on the charts again. Clive Davis gets a phone call and the deposed head of Columbia Records gets a chance to take over a floundering company (Bell Records) and make a dramatic personal comeback with his own label, Arista. Indeed, there were comeback kids everywhere you looked—from Janis Ian to Les Paul—in 1975. Bob Dylan was back in public, actually rubbing shoulders with the people. Grace Slick, Paul Kantner and Marty Balin, ex of the Jefferson Airplane, were back with the Jefferson Starship—making everyone who grew up in the Sixties and went through the whole acid-love trip feel more than a bit old (but happily so).

Yet personal comebacks, however triumphant or bizarre, and musical comebacks—the return of jazz as a commercial factor, for instance, or the breakthrough of reggae, which had been around before but had never quite made it—took a back seat to the comeback of the *discothèque*, which shook up just about every facet of the music biz. Briefly popular in the Sixties, *discos* lay dormant through the early Seventies until record companies—frustrated by the diminishing playlists of radio stations and the increasing cost of airplay—noticed, early last year, that records were getting on the New York charts without benefit of airplay. Next thing you knew, the companies were servicing the *discos*, first through a collective pool, then with individual *disco* departments. A new way of selling records—just what the world needed—was born. *Discos*—offering a relatively cheap form of do-it-yourself entertainment—caught on in Vegas, L.A., Chicago, San Francisco and just about everywhere. Fast-food restaurant companies started opening chains of *discos*. A convalescent home in Los An-

geles started one. Murray the K—now, there's a comeback—opened his own *disco* in New York. Mobile *discos* (all you need are some audio-visual equipment and a jock) started making the rounds. With the Darwinian explosion of species that follows any music-business mutation, people started capitalizing on every aspect of the craze. TV shows now delineate the latest steps. And equipment makers have really been raking it in, especially as the technology has gotten more sophisticated (one *disco*, San Francisco's The City, boasts a 13-foot-high jukebox and a computerized \$40,000 light show). A *disco* workshop was held in L.A., and a *disco* forum in New York (where Madison Square Garden was also the site of a Richard Nader production billed as the World's Biggest Disco Dance Party). *Disco* bootleggers appeared, too, peddling unauthorized tapes at good profits.

Of course, the *discos*, which depended almost entirely on records at the outset, started booking more and more live acts. All the record labels started trying to exploit the new market. Barry White, the breathless Buddha of soulzak, turned *disco* popularity into lots of bucks for 20th Century; Gloria Gaynor did the same for Polydor/MGM; the B. T. Express, for Scepter; Betty Wright and George and Gwen McRae, for T. K.

Productions; Carol Douglas, for Midland International; and so on. Motown and Atlantic put out *disco* records, and so did James Brown. Arrangers like Van McCoy and Bert DeCoteaux started refining and developing the *disco* style, which involves long tunes, with calculated peaks and valleys in the arrangement—and, with few exceptions, a supersmooth, candy-colored sound. (It was no accident, perhaps, that the year's top *disco* record—and dance craze—was McCoy's ironically titled *The Hustle* and, while it was an attractive enough hustle, it wasn't a funky one but a carefully manicured, studio-slick sound.) And faded stars began returning on the wings of *disco*. Ben E. King, once the lead singer of the Drifters, then a star in his own right with *Spanish Harlem* and *Stand By Me*, returned with a new vocal range and a new standard for the lounges in DeCoteaux's *Supernatural Thing*. Shirley Goodman, who was half of Shirley and Lee (they helped usher in the primal age of rock by urging us to *Let the Good Times Roll*), had one of the year's early *disco* hits in *Shame Shame Shame*, produced after Shirley got one of those telephone calls—this one from her old friend Sylvia Robinson, once the Sylvia of Mickey and Sylvia, now an executive at All-Platinum Records. Frankie Valli—still heard crooning bits of his Four Seasons hits on the mail-order-record TV commercials—continued his comeback (begun last year) with a *disco* hit. And could anything dramatize the power of the *discos* better than the fact that Monty Rock, who'd been out of music, made it back with a *disco* record—and, in fact, became the rock-'n'-roll star he'd always pretended to be on the *Tonight* show?

It was, as some record-industry people pointed out, very much like the first rock-'n'-roll explosion, in the Fifties. Like then, the message was put out by the people and spread upward through the business. Like then, a lot of different properties began competing in the new marketplace. Like then, not all critics dug the new (continued on page 156)



HIGHS & LOWS

TOP SCORE:

In a tough series of contract matches, it was Stevie Wonder over Motown with 13,000,000 points at \$1 per point—an all-time high.

TOP SCORE FOR A NON-PLAYER:

While his dad was out fooling around with Henry, Jack Ford stayed home, hard at work on earning our Groupie of the Year Award. Did he win? Has Bianca Jagger been in your house lately?

EXTRA BALL: Our Lazarus Award goes to Eric Clapton—who had for a while been shooting more than the sheriffs—for rejoining the living on his *E.C. Was Here* album, his best in too many years.



HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON?

For the tenth consecutive year, which retires the trophy, the winner of our Dorian Gray Look-Alike Contest is Dick Clark.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HYPE:

A quart of high-grade kerosene and two flicks of our Bic to Charlie Rich, who had the honor of announcing the Entertainer of the Year on the Country Music Awards show. When he opened the sealed envelope and saw that John Denver had won, Charlie, acting for mute millions of us, showed how thrilled he was with the choice by setting fire to the card. Burn on, Big Charlie.

In a business as full of talent, hype, megabucks and folly as the music business is, choosing the year's *Highs & Lows* isn't a task fit for man or beast. Well, maybe beast. We consulted the Pinball Lizard, he looked deep into his Crystal Bally, and here we go. Ladies, kindly remove your hats. The Lizard's only double winner this year was Cher. There wasn't much question that she and Gregg would cop the coveted Third-Rate Romance Award, but then the Liz found out she'd had all her underarm hair plucked out, and that seemed beyond the call of duty enough for her to capture the elusive Best Pits Award as well. And he suggested that we salute the Session Mafia—those nameless, faceless wonders who show up and get the job done, quietly, on everybody's records. Like New York's Chuck Rainey, Bernard Purdie and Eric J. Gale; Chicago's Philip Upchurch; Nashville's Vassar Clements; Memphis' Willie Mitchell and Steve Cropper; New Orleans' Allen Toussaint and his bayou gang; Los Angeles' Tom Scott, Melvin Ragin, James Burton, Carl Radle, Jim Keltner and Ed Greene; and fiddlers Harry Lookofsky and Gene Orloff. All monsters who can take your wildest musical dreams and help turn them into real-life chart busters.

Cher's father vs. Cher wasn't bad, and we liked Sonny vs. David Geffen a lot, too—but Mrs. Iris Schirmer vs. Elton John was a lawsuit to conjure with. As Elton's ex-landlady, Mrs. Schirmer claims that he did considerable damage to the house she had leased to him—and maintains that it will cost her \$20,000 to repair the damage. She's asking an additional \$50,000 for rent lost. Among 78 official charges are:

- Holes in the walls and floors
- A ruined hand-woven rug
- Many antiques scratched or damaged
- A \$400 ping-pong table smashed
- Door to the master bedroom destroyed
- A broken washbasin bowl and its gold-handled faucets
- A planter with no tray underneath placed on a \$10,000 virgin-wool rug
- Stains everywhere.

leased the home for a month and was its first tenant.

The fantastic captain is countersuing, but specifics are not known.

Dick Grant, Elton's publicity agent, maintains Mrs. Schirmer's claims are ludicrous.

LAWSUIT OF THE YEAR



"SPEAK UP!"
"MY EARS ARE BLEEDING!"

Obviously rock 'n' roll is safely in the hands of turkeys—so why do we still listen? Perhaps we can learn something from the revelation of the Reverend Charles Boykin (as reported in the March *Playboy Forum*—see all the good stuff you missed?). The Baptist minister claimed that of 1000 girls who became pregnant out of wedlock, 984 committed fornication to rock music. The other 16 probably had great personalities.

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MILLIE JACKSON



BONNIE RAITT

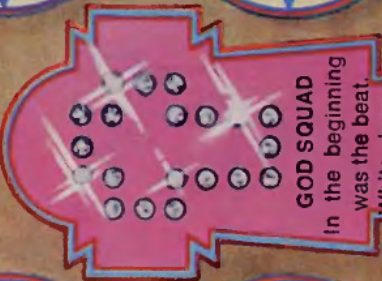


LADIES OF THE YEAR

EMMYLOU HARRIS



JESSICOLTER



GOD SQUAD

In the beginning was the beat.

White singers stole it from black Gospel groups, and created rock 'n' roll. Twenty years later, they went back for the rest. George Harrison, Santana, The Osmonds, Seals & Crofts, Billy Preston, and Bachman-Turner Overdrive found God, as did all of Nashville and The Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

THE HUMAN JUKEBOX

Meet Grimes Pozhnikov. Insert one unfolded dollar bill into the appropriate slot and he will play his trumpet for you. Who needs Ticketron, right?



LICK MY DECALS OFF, BABY

The record industry responded to the vinyl shortage by going into the textile and religious-accessories businesses. It was the year of the wash-'n'-wear rock star; four-color graphic-art transfers make it possible to wear your favorite raver anywhere, and genuine tour T-shirts—became the "in" thing.

10-YEAR STRIPES



Chevrons on their tenth anniversaries as music makers, rabble rousers and mind shapers go to Dylan, Zappa, Slick, Garcia and all the Sixties' survivors.

20-YEAR STRIPES



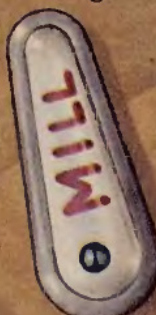
Chevrons supreme: They said rock 'n' roll would never last, but Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Little Richard, James Brown and Elvis Presley all made their first records in 1955. (Ray Charles and Fats Domino started six years earlier.) So did Pat Boone—who survives, but not as a rock-'n'-roller.

"That concert was a mindfuck!" "Wha?" "THAT CONCERT WAS..." Last year, rock got so loud you couldn't hear yourself think—but then why would you want to?



HOW MUCH DO I HAVE TO PAY TO KEEP FROM GOING THROUGH ALL THIS TWICE?

Our Rock Treadmill Award—a gold-plated pasture patty from Caribou Ranch—goes to those Wonderbread *Wunderkinder*, John Denver and Elton John, for turning out the same record over and over and over.



EAT MY ALBUM!

Honors for the year's sexiest album cover go to the Ohio Players. And we bet you thought we were going to say Carly Simon?



This year's Golden Fist Award goes to John Bonham of Led Zep, who took on the bouncer at L.A.'s Rainbow Bar after a few too many rounds, and—you guessed it—went down like the proverbial heavy metal balloon.

And to Nils Lofgren, a Presidential Ford Award for hitting himself in the eye with his own guitar. Alert Secret Service Agents seized the instrument, etc.



SLEEPER OF THE YEAR

Sneakin, Sally Through the Alley, by Robert Palmer.

BEST SINGLES

The best single of the year was probably by Joe Morgan in the ninth inning of the last World Series game, but Dylan came pretty close with *Hurricane*. Others include *Wildfire*, *My Little Town*, *Third-Rate Romance*, *Who Loves You*, and *Whiskey River*.



TRIANGLE OF THE YEAR

Glen Campbell winds up with best friend Mac Davis' wife, Sarah. What do you expect from a country-and-western singer?



GOLDEN FIST AWARD

BEST BOOTS

WORST SINGLES

Singles that Made Us Want to Murder Our Loved-Ones include *Thank God I'm a Country Boy*, *I Write the Songs*, *How Long*, *I Honestly Love You*, and *Harry and Truman*.

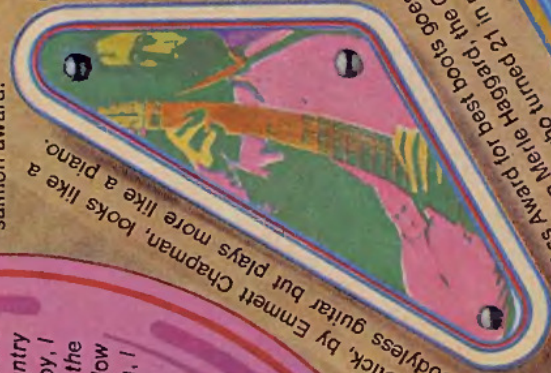
THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEvised BECAUSE THE SONY JUST WENT OUT THE WINDOW

Rumor has it that *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was filmed at the Continental Hyatt House on Sunset Strip. Nicknamed the Riot House, the hotel is a test site for terminal road madness, creative vandalism and/or interior redecorating. For example, the members of Led Zeppelin reduced one set of rooms to kindling, apologized, then tossed a TV set out of a tenth-floor window. They must have been watching Don Kirshner's rock awards. You can always tell when one of the big groups is in residence—there's an ambulance and a paddy wagon about three cars back in the cab stand.

SCALING THE BARRICADES

For bravely swimming upstream with songs of commitment in these apathetic times, Gil Scott-Heron easily wins our coveted salmon award.

TOY OF THE YEAR



The Kick-Ass Award for best boots goes to retailed-ex-con Merle Haggard, the Oke from Muskogee who turned 21 in prison. The bodiless guitar by Emmett Chapman, looks like a piano.

The Boots in Mouth Award goes to David Allen Coe, the Mysterious Rhinestoned whatever, who said he offered a fellow inmate for making advances. So much for glitter c&w.

LAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES

When the Plague decimated Europe back in the Dark Ages, people worked off their anxiety by dancing on graves. We're drawing no conclusions about the current state of America and the disco madness that's upon us, but the worse things get (checked a paper lately?), the more fun everybody seems to be having. There's no reason for you not to join the crowd—so, if you're going to be in Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Memphis, New York, Philly or San Francisco any time soon, here are a few spots you may want to visit.

CHICAGO

Rhinoceros—1221 N. Dearborn Street. Lots of mirrors; mushroom-shaped seats; impressive light show with hand-painted slides (occasional nudes). Open-door policy contrasts with most Windy City joints. Five favorite records (at presstime): *Hollywood Hot* (Eleventh Hour); *I Love Music* (The O'Jays); *Chicago Busstop* (Salsoul Orchestra); *Salsoul Hustle* (Salsoul Orchestra); *Give It What You Got* (B.T. Express).

Alfie's—900 N. Rush Street. Has rustic living-room atmosphere, no food, no cover and free dance lessons on Sunday nights. Membership policy is loosely enforced (the club owner's favorite crowd-control device). Top five: *I Love Music* (The O'Jays); *You're Just the Right Size* (Salsoul Orchestra); *Lady Bump* (Penny McClean); *Dance Your Troubles Away* (Archie Bell & the Drells); *Headline News* (Carol Douglas).

DETROIT

The Landing—25060 Southfield Road. Southfield. Very plush decor with airplane seats (your basic flying-saucer interior). Top five: *Salsoul Orchestra* (LP); *Never Gonna Leave You* (Mary Ann Sarrah & Satin Soul); *Little Drummer Boy* (Moon Lion); *Sunny* (Yambu); *Lady Bump* (Penny McClean).

LOS ANGELES

The Speakeasy—8531 Santa Monica Boulevard. No admission or cover charge; Hollywood-hip crowd. Features two

dance floors and Roaring Twenties decor. Top five: *Walk Away from Love* (David Ruffin); *I Write the Songs* (Barry Manilow); *Love Roller Coaster* (Ohio Players); *I Love Music* (The O'Jays); *Money Honey* (Bay City Rollers).

The Starwood—8151 Santa Monica Boulevard. Live entertainment; small dance floor is always crowded; lots of air hockey and pinball machines. Top five: *Love Roller Coaster* (Ohio Players); *Love to Love You, Baby* (Donna Summer); *That's the Way I Like It* (K.C. & the Sunshine Band); *Find My Way* (Cameo); *Fight the Power* (Isley Brothers).

MEMPHIS

Expo—4069 Lamar Avenue. Shows silent movies; features T-shaped floor of lighted Plexiglas. Live drummer bolsters recorded rhythms. Top five: *Get Down Tonight* (K.C. & the Sunshine Band); *Give It What You Got* (B.T. Express); *Living in a Glass House* (Temptations); *You Sexy Thing* (Hot Chocolate); *Sugar Candy* (Wolf Pack).

Mr. Bojangles—185 South Cooper Street. Old English decor, with sculptured tin ceiling, game room, pizza pub and TV projection unit. Single girls admitted free. No cover on Sundays. Top five: *Living in a Glass House* (Temptations); *The South's Gonna Do It Again* (Charlie Daniels); *Horse with No Name* (America); *Desperado* (Linda Ronstadt); *Lady Marmalade* (LaBelle).

NEW YORK

Adam's Apple—1117 First Avenue. A two-story club with a pair of suspended dance floors, lots of artificial plants and a reputation as a pickup spot. Top five: *Bad Luck* (Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes); *Ease On Down the Road* (Consumer Rappart); *Get Down Tonight* (K.C. & the Sunshine Band); *Do It Anyway You Wanna* (People's Choice); *Fly, Robin, Fly* (Silver Convention).

New York Hustle, Inc.—242 E. 79th Street. Originally run by Murray the K.

who now has C'est La Vie. Top five: *Forever* (Jackson Five); *What a Difference a Day Makes* (Esther Phillips); *Peacepipe* (B.T. Express); *Chicago* (Jimmy Laws); *Fly, Robin, Fly* (Silver Convention).

PHILADELPHIA

Artemis—2015 Sanson Street. Called "Philly's mainline to street people"; has two dance floors and two levels, and a "sexual undertone." The Allmans and David Bowie have recorded here. Top five: *Love to Love You, Baby* (Donna Summer); *Brazil* (Ritchie Family); *Save Me* (Silver Convention); *Wake Up Everybody* (Harold Melvin & the Bluenotes); *Young Americans* (David Bowie).

Circus Maximus—32 S. Banks Street. Has tropical-fish tanks and Garden of Eden room with real trees. Silent movies are shown, balloons given away; there are also clowns, and a midget who entertains on weekends. Frequented by Philly's pro jocks, among others. Top five: *Where There's a Will There's a Way* (Bobby Womack); *Old Black Magic* (The Softones); *Tangerine* (Salsoul Orchestra); *Bohannon's Beat* (Hamilton Bohannon); *Disco Lypso* (Mandrill).

SAN FRANCISCO

The City—936 Montgomery Street. Has computerized light show, huge dance floor and a sound system in the form of a 13-foot jukebox. Top five (in no particular order): *Fly, Robin, Fly* (Silver Convention); *Lady Marmalade* (LaBelle); *The Hustle* (Van McCoy); *Get Down Tonight* (K.C. & the Sunshine Band); *Never Can Say Goodbye* (Gloria Gaynor).

Dance Yer Ass Off—901 Columbus Avenue. Large dance floor; lots of plants and light shows; dancers can check themselves on TV monitor. Very popular, grosses over \$100,000 a month. Top five: Ritchie Family; Silver Convention; Salsoul Orchestra; K.C. & the Sunshine Band; Gloria Gaynor.

Now get out there and dance your little heart out.



MURRAY THE K DISCOS,
MOBILE DISCOS, FAST-
FOOD-CHAIN DISCOS —
IT WAS THE YEAR OF
THE DO-IT-YOURSELF
RECORD HOP, AND A
WHOLE NEW INDUSTRY
SPRANG UP TO SUPPLY
THE LATEST CRAZE.
NOW, EVERYBODY
HUSTLE....

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN



Music award designed and produced exclusively for PLAYBOY by Tiffany & Co.

JOHN DENVER
male vocalist

ROY CLARK
picker



LINDA RONSTADT
female vocalist

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
composer

JAZZ

BUDDY RICH
percussion

EDGAR WINTER
woodwinds

STANLEY CLARKE
bass

LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

QUINCY JONES
composer



CHICK COREA
keyboards

PHOEBE SNOW
female vocalist

RAY CHARLES
male vocalist

DOC SEVERINSEN
brass, group

JOSE FELICIANO
guitar

POP/ROCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

EAGLES
group

PAUL McCARTNEY
bass

KEITH MOON
drums



BERNIE TAUPIN
composer

ELTON JOHN
male vocalist, keyboards
composer

LINDA RONSTADT
female vocalist

ERIC CLAPTON
guitar

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

AVERAGE WHITE BAND
group

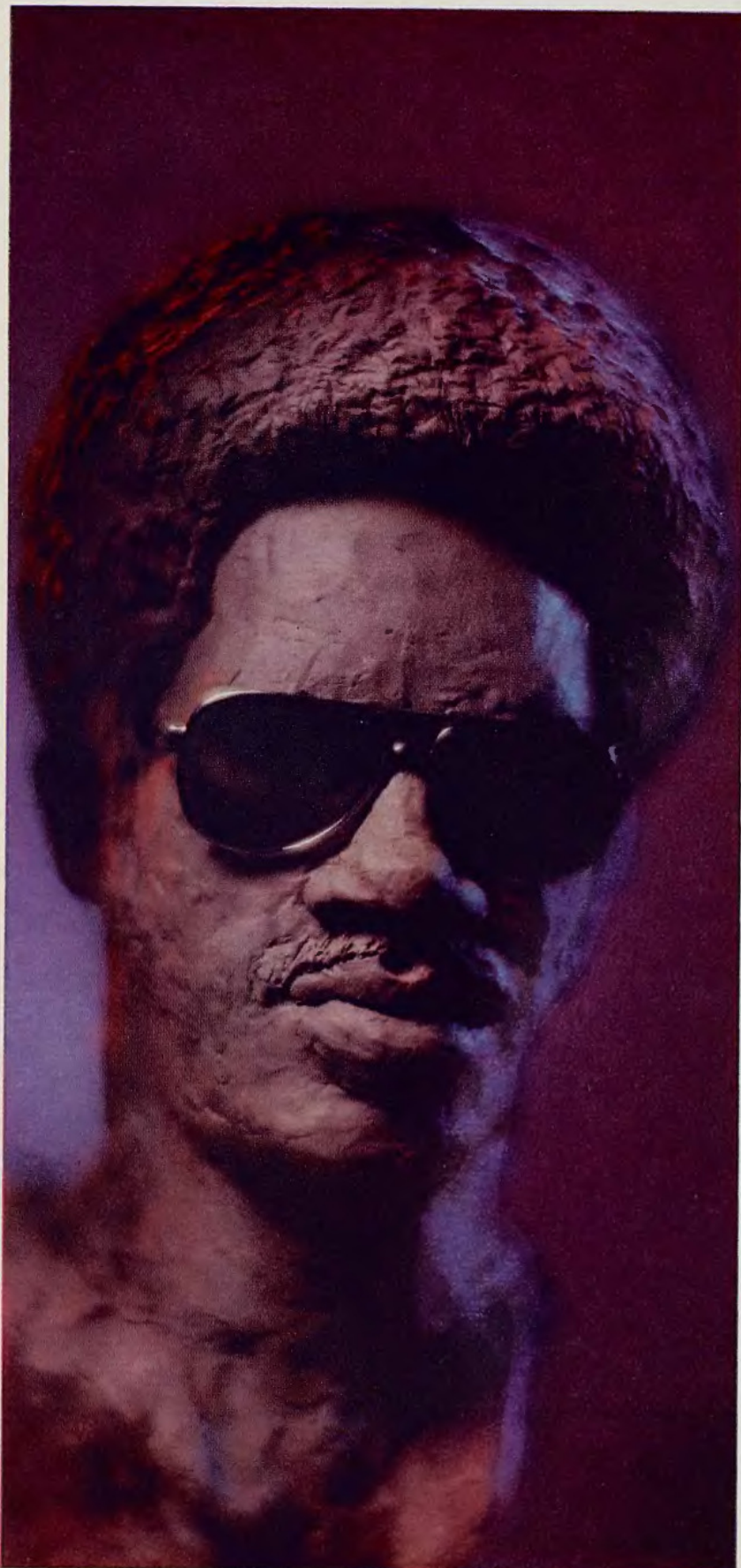


ROBERTA FLACK
female vocalist

STEVIE WONDER
male vocalist
composer

POLL WINNERS

THE PLAYBOY MUSIC HALL OF FAME



STEVIE WONDER *He was a child prodigy. The young musician's talents were exploited as soon as he was old enough to perform for men of importance in his day. By the time he was eight years old, he had completed works that are still recognized as classics. And once his creative efforts began, they never ceased until his death in 1791. That's right, 1791. Those words describe Mozart, but they could almost describe Stevie Wonder, if we leave off the last five words. Mozart became concertmaster for the Archbishop of Salzburg in 1768, which made him a star of sorts but didn't pay very well. In 1963, Stevie Wonder (then Little Stevie Wonder) became concertmaster to the Archbishop of Detroit, Motown head Berry Gordy, who signed Wonder to the Tamla label. Wonder may not have made much money at first, but last year he renewed his contract to the tune of 13 megabucks, a nice tune by Stevie, though not his most original. One of the ways you can gauge if someone has really achieved superstardom is if his songs become so commonly heard that Muzak picks them up (appropriately laden with strings) for use in office buildings. Wonder has been making that circuit. He's also been on every major TV music show and he walked away with four Grammys in 1974. This year, he walks away with a slot in Playboy's Music Hall of Fame. It seems a little strange putting a 25-year-old man at the height of his creative power into a hall of fame, but Wonder has been around a few blocks since "Fingertips" came out when he was 12 and turned him into an overnight sensation. One of the things that has kept his work so vital during the two decades he's been in the business is his unique voice. It is one of the most arresting and versatile in the business. And he uses it the way a virtuoso uses a violin. He can do anything he wants with it. Another factor in his success is that he never lets his imagination stagnate. He is constantly trying strange new things, such as running his voice through a synthesizer. He has also produced his own records for the past few years, and has produced such talents as the Spinners. But his career hasn't always been so rosy. His Motown contract ran out when he was 21 years old, and for a while it looked as if he might not continue with the label. In a series of confidential negotiations between Wonder and Motown brass, sessions later reported to have been a power struggle, the terms were hacked out. Both parties apparently came out on top; since that time Stevie has produced his best work ever and each album has contained at least one major hit. Then, on August 6, 1973, he was nearly killed in an auto crash in North Carolina. The rumors flew for weeks: Stevie has suffered brain damage; he's going to be like a vegetable. Then came "Innervisions," another remarkable step in his electronic r&b career. His already remarkable life has now taken yet another strange turn. He's recently been playing harmonica in recording sessions for other musicians, such as Billy Preston and Herbie Hancock. Now that's a sideman.*

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 66)*

my husband and my children much more than I ever did before I started taking it.

I am on the third type of pill my doctor has prescribed for me and I am becoming convinced the pill hasn't been made that will not cause me constant misery. From what I know about I.U.D.s, they are even worse, and the diaphragm simply isn't so reliable as oral contraceptives. My husband refuses to use condoms (also not so safe as the pill, in any case) and will not consider a vasectomy. My doctor informs me that no doctor will consider tying my tubes until I've had three children. I feel as if my life has turned into a hell.

(Name and address withheld by request)

If the contraceptive responsibility in your household continues to fall entirely on you, perhaps you should give your husband a little hell about that. It's true that the pill is the only contraceptive method that is almost 100 percent effective. Even when the diaphragm is used correctly with contraceptive jelly or cream, five to ten out of every 100 women who use it become pregnant each year.

Sterilization is legal everywhere in the country, but doctors and hospitals can make their own rules about whom they'll sterilize. With the growing fashion for malpractice suits, many doctors are understandably cautious about performing this operation. However, the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, 708 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, will furnish you with a list of doctors in your area who will perform sterilizations upon request. You might also check into a new once-a-year contraceptive called Progestasert, which is a silicone-rubber device implanted in the uterus. It releases progesterone slowly over a year's time, preventing a fertilized egg from attaching itself to the uterine wall. Releasing the hormone locally rather than transmitting it through the blood stream avoids the side effects associated with the pill.

MOTHER BY CHOICE

I became pregnant over a year ago and, being unmarried, considered the possibility of abortion. I finally decided that I wanted the baby and that I was

emotionally and financially able to take care of a child. My daughter has been born and I love her all the more because I know I am a mother by choice. So I'm glad there is legal abortion. A few years ago, I would have been forced to have this baby and I might never have been sure that I really wanted her.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

SAVING MARINE MAMMALS

My husband and I, like Thomas C. Boyles (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1975), are upset at the slaughter of cetaceans—whales and porpoises. We aren't the only ones. Graham Nash and David Crosby have written a song, *To the Last Whale*, which appears on their current album. Country Joe McDonald also has a song out dealing with the same subject, *Save the Whales*. It's not really that people aren't aware of what's happening, just that the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 is not being enforced. Concerning the taking of porpoises, the Friends of Animals organization has suggested a number of things that can be done, among them boycotting tuna, writing one's Congressman calling for a ban on killing porpoises or writing to Robert Schoning, Director, National Marine Fisheries Service, 3300 Whitehaven Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20235, urging more vigorous enforcement of the law.

In another five years, the whales may be extinct. It's a shame that the U.S.S.R. and Japan don't realize this.

Kathy A. White
Greenfield, Massachusetts

ABORTION AND CETACEANS

The fact that the *Playboy Forum* would publish a letter pleading for protection of whales, dolphins and porpoises proves how cockeyed and contradictory your so-called liberal values are. Why didn't you tell Thomas C. Boyles that killing a whale is a crime without a victim, since whales are not persons, and that laws protecting whales and porpoises simply impose the morality of animal lovers on the rest of us? Or, if you must weep for those marine mammals, why can't you shed a tear or two for all the fetuses your pro-abortion stand condemns to death?

Anthony Naroli
New York, New York

For the simple reason that fetuses are in no danger of becoming extinct.

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



MARTY MURPHY

"How come he gets to go first all the time just because he's the captain?"

Had it with hot taste?

Then put down what you're
smoking and pick up the
extra cool taste of KOOL.

Come up to KOOL.



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

sounds. And, like then, it didn't matter because the public was too busy bumping and hustling. Dionysus, who'd been backstage for a while, was again in the spotlight—one comeback of 1975 that shouldn't go unnoticed was the return of the "social position" (that means contact, fellas) in dancing—and rock 'n' roll was, in a sense, back where it started: fun-oriented, physical, a bit *outré* and very defiant.

It's no surprise that r&b music is big in the *discos*, but the success of jazz in the same milieu has raised a few eyebrows. But one of the left-field hits that got the *discos* rolling was *Soul Makossa*, by an African funk-jazz saxophonist named Manu Dibango. And among the year's comebacks was Esther Phillips, who rode the charts with a *disco* version of *What a Difference a Day Makes*, complete with heavy breathing and the other sensuous touches characteristic of the *disco* sound (there are always exhortations to

"Do it!" superimposed on the music). Certainly, a lot of the jazz comebacks had to do with the use of r&b and/or *disco*-type material (everybody from Alphonse Mouzon to Stanley Turrentine was doing it), and with the continued interest generated by Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Joe Zawinul and the other plugged sons of Miles (Stanley Clarke, a 23-year-old monster on electric and acoustic bass, took *his* jazz to unprecedented heights on the pop charts). Actually, though, since jazz records started making r&b charts two years ago (again, without benefit of airplay—a *Billboard* article attributed this to the collective cultural consciousness of the black community), jazz—in its various forms—has been enjoying an all-around commercial comeback. New York—thanks partly to the fervent efforts of radio station WRVR—has gone particularly jazz crazy, as oldsters Roy Eldridge, Lee Konitz, Helen Humes, Gil Evans and Eddie Durham (of the

old Jimmie Lunceford band) returned to 52nd Street, and the number of jazz clubs in. The Apple jumped 300 percent in one year. The record companies, of course, were taking notice. Motown, 20th Century, Pickwick International and Polydor all started distributing jazz lines. A&M started a new jazz series of its own, as did Warner Bros. Veteran entrepreneur Norman Granz—he of the "Jazz at the Philharmonic" sessions—made a comeback with his Pablo label, distributed by RCA. Columbia, with such headliners as Hancock and Ramsey Lewis, reported "dramatic" sales of jazz releases. And, to top it off, a number of musicians and music-biz people started a World Jazz Association. All of which, when you consider that most of our pop-music forms are fundamentally jazz-derived, proves again that what goes around will come around eventually.

Another form of music on the comeback trail was *reggae*. Veteran r&b radio listeners may recall the *ska*, and rock-steady, both *reggae* precursors; and *reggae* itself had a brief fling several years ago via Jimmy Cliff's sound track for *The Harder They Come* and Johnny Nash's *reggae*-inspired *I Can See Clearly Now*. But then there was nothing until the past year, which found Bob Marley & the Wailers, Toots and the Maytalls and the revived Cliff all scoring with albums and tours, and inspiring rock writers—who are in a continuous state of hunger for sounds that, like *reggae*, seem to revive the unadorned spirit of primeval rock—to frantic hyperbole. The deceptively simple music, with down-to-earth messages to match its earthy rhythms, proved to be as intoxicating as Jamaican ganja. *Reggae* stations sprang up in Boston, New York and Cleveland. Record stores in Brooklyn and Los Angeles began specializing in *reggae*. A *reggae* LP was entered in the mail-order sweepstakes. And if any further proof were needed of *reggae*'s ascendancy, it lay in the number of "reggae" records put out by cover artists including Leon Russell, Taj Mahal and Eric Clapton (according to Marley, non-Jamaicans have yet to come up with anything that's close to the real thing). If the new market opened up by the *discos* was a reminder of the Fifties rock scene, so was *reggae*, by virtue of its simplicity, its pertinence and its drive. Not to mention its rebellious spirit.

In the personal-comeback field, nobody could claim a more impressive return than Clive Davis. Admittedly stunned and depressed after his sudden dismissal by CBS in 1973, amid rumors of payola and God-knows-what, he was asked by Alan Hirschfield of Columbia



"Please don't kiss me! I have a wife and children, and they're all frogs!"

Pictures to build a new company on the ashes of Bell Records. Davis' corporate phoenix, called Arista, showed a 600 percent increase in operating profit after one year. And Davis—who was indicted eventually but only for income-tax evasion—hadn't done it by putting out junk but by putting out quality pop artists such as Melissa Manchester and the Outlaws, plus Monty Python's Flying Circus and a whole lot of jazz. The company's first signed artist was the revolutionary poet/singer Gil Scott-Heron; later releases spotlighted such modern masters as Larry Young, Larry Coryell and Anthony Braxton. Arista also started distributing Freedom, a European jazz label previously unavailable in the States and, toward the end of the year, acquired the Savoy catalog (that means lots of great stuff by Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, et al.).

Davis' closest competitor for comeback-of-the-year honors had to be Bob Dylan, who had been one of his signees at Columbia. A facsimile of some old Dylan/Band rehearsals, *The Basement Tapes*, was the surprise LP of the summer. Then, Dylan came out of hibernation with the short-lived but memorable Rolling Thunder Tour, a many-splendored caravan—Joan Baez, Roger McGuinn, Allen Ginsberg, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Ronco Blakley, Bob Neuwirth and Arlo Guthrie were among the participants—that wound its way through a number of eastern sites, with great modesty; the safari proved to America that Dylan was still there, with his powers intact. Along the way, Dylan also found time to play Madison Square Garden, where he drew 20,000 people, at a top price of \$12.50, for a benefit on behalf of imprisoned boxer Rubin "Hurricane" Carter. What with Dylan and Scott-Heron, you could say the protest song was making a comeback, too.

Another spectacular comeback was made by the old Jefferson Airplane rockers Grace Slick and Paul Kantner; re-joined by Marty Balin, one of the original group's founders, they re-formed as the Jefferson Starship, got themselves a number-one album (*Red Octopus*) and went on a triumphant tour, playing music with love messages, unencumbered by the defiance that marked the group's acid songs back in the Sixties (after all, once you find out that the apocalypse is behind schedule, it's only natural to settle down a bit).

Another Sixties figure who made it back was Janis Ian, the New York *Wonderkind* who wrote *Society's Child* back when the love generation was coming on strong; after a period of personal and professional drought, she returned with a new maturity and some new material that hoisted two of her LPs onto the

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charts. Phil Spector, who was nearly wiped out in a pair of car crashes, was back in the studio. And down in Beaumont, Texas, the "Crazy Cajun," Huey Meaux, who'd produced a lot of great r&b and c&w records over the years, was back—after a Mann Act bust (something about a girl and some disc jockeys)—with a new protégé, Freddie Fender (himself an ex-con: marijuana), and a smash hit, *Before the Next Teardrop Falls*.

Also during 1975: Paul Anka got back

on the charts, and the Allman Brothers Band got back on the road. Cupid made a comeback as John Lennon returned to Yoko Ono. Quincy Jones and rockster Paul Kossoff both almost died—from a brain aneurysm and a traveling blood clot, respectively—then came back from their illnesses. Simon and Garfunkel got back together for a TV appearance and one recorded tune. Booker T. and the M.G.'s were planning a comeback, too, when drummer Al Jackson, Jr., was shot

to death by a burglar in his Memphis home (the rest of the group was still planning to regroup and come back). And, in your neighborhood record store, you probably noticed that a lot of old and not-so-old albums were coming back to the bins—at \$1.99 and \$2.99. Which makes us wonder if 1975 was really the year of the comeback, or—for the recording industry, which does not operate on the soundest of ecological principles—the year of the great regurgitation.

YOU GOTTA HAVE A HOOK

the bread is good, but a recording session ain't all nirvana in musician heaven

By F. P. TULLIUS

CRAIG DRIVES a '62 Volvo with rust-pitted chrome, a Bic pen stabbed into the padded dash for easy note taking, windows that won't roll down, a heater that won't turn off and wipers that haven't wiped in three winters. In the back's a pile of newspapers (including *Red Flag*, *Cream* and *Swing*), three books (*Tales of Power*, 1984 and *The Inner Game of Tennis*), five baldy Dunlops . . . and, on top of the whole pile, a Martin acoustic and a Les Paul electric. He's headed for a session. Thirty-three dollars an hour. Three hours' guarantee for just showing. But it ain't all nirvana in musician heaven. Last night, his percussionist, Sodie, and he split a bottle—of Nyquil.

He pumps down another Valium and they light a joint of Thai stick. A pound goes for \$2000, so, by extrapolation, cubing for every middleman (or whatever dealers do to come up with those outrageous prices) this joint cost them about five bucks. Ah, yes, but it's sweet and resinous. They make a left off Highland onto Sunset and they're on the Strip. Liquor stores that sell only twist-top wine and the *Daily Racing Form*, tilts, pencil salesmen and junkies, guys from Marshall, Texas, Enterprise, Alabama, and Yazoo, Mississippi, struttin' in their first pair of three-inch platforms. Yeeee, God! Craig's giggling, Sodie's giggling.

"Decadence, man, decadence."

Three Dog Night's blarin' on the radio now:

*"I'll throw away the cars and the bombs and the bars
And make sweet love into you."*

"Hey, get this. I hear Ford tried to have that line cut when the Dog was on a *Midnight Special* they sponsored."

"Hey, you can't throw away the cars!"

A few more miles over the hill into North Hollywood and they're there—Joe Gottfried's Sound City, home of the reigning satrap of jive music, Barry White.

Craig's kinda laid back—hair down to his butthole, velveteen Zories and a Rams T-shirt—but the others who show up at those sessions are . . . whew! There's the turquoise, glitter, eye liner and cudgel,

unisex, rock-idol hopefuls who eat 'ludes and guzzle Chivas. And there's the liberals in permanent-press bell-bottoms, wop boots and Renaissance-print shirts. Drugs: Mouton Cadet, Peruvian flake, Alka-Seltzer Gold and Charge-o-plates. And Topanga Canyon hippies, who dress like Arlo Guthrie (now doing *Rolling Stone* ads with his Mercedes). Macrobiotic neurotics who drive up in Ferraris, diesel Mercedes and (Krishna, forgive them) Rolls-Royces, with bumper stickers like **BOYCOTT GRAPES, TM IN THE PM and FREEDOM IS A RIGHT**. And lastly, there's the brothers who get down of whatever there is: blow, jack, commersh, Kona, Key Largo, cross-tops, Ten High, angel dust, Pam Dry Fry, Rainier, orange sunshine and magic mushrooms from Safeway soaked in LSD and water. Their dress is the usual—ghetto deck.

First thing Craig's gotta do is unload his Fender SuperReverb, which ain't a big amp (four ten-inch speakers), but it weighs a kiloton and it's awkward. Every struggling session man's dream is to have a cartage service *schlep* his shit to the next gig. Every time they unload, Sodie says the same thing about Hal Blaine, the big-time session man. Craig himself has heard it at least ten times.

"They're unloading his fucking tubs, man, and he's got HAL BLAINE—SET #9 stenciled on his fucking cases. The fucker's got at least nine sets." Pause. "The fucker's gotta be a billionaire."

Sodie's been wearing a neck brace from when an old lady sideswiped his Pinto in La Jolla. Between the three doctors he's seeing, he gets all the muscle relaxants he and Craig and ten others can use. And don't forget the Green, jack. Every little scheme helps. Sodie's goal is to make \$10,000,000. "Then, I'll be free, man." To have somebody *schlep* his tubs, I guess.

So now they're hauling equipment, banging and grunting past Studio A (which can hold a 50-piece orchestra) over to the smaller Studio B. They're gonna lay a rhythm track today. They throw their shit down by their stools and the first thing they see propped up there on their music stands—the apotheosis of where this whole trip is at, the reason

they're all here making these jive sounds—the W-2 form, money. Fill it out, hand it to the contractor for this date and next week you pick up your check at the union—minus its cut. Everybody gets his cut. Like our Government, the recording business is run by hoodlums.

Now, set up. And all during the hour or so it takes (baffling, patching—the heads and carriage on the 24-track have to be cleaned and demagnetized—isolate inputs and separate mikes) is the pre-session bullshit. Women, of course, and drugs—the toot from Bogotá, the smoke from Oaxaca—only the top shit for the elite of rock. Although Cagey Austin (from Austin, Texas), who claims he knows everybody, but nobody has ever heard of him, is content to gobble Black Sundays (eat one on Friday night and by Sunday you're blind). Cagey lives down the hall from Craig at the Cadillac Hotel in Venice. His band, Mercury Zippun, is supposedly "on tour," but as near as Craig can figure it, Cagey's only gig was at the Elbow Room in Santa Monica. But mostly the jive while setting up is who you played with lately, who you're gonna play for, who you might play for or who you even attempted to play for. All are mentioned: Kool & the Gang, Honk and the Hot Chocolate, Chocolate Milk, Sugar Billy, Raspberries, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Tangerine Dream, Pink Floyd, Fleetwood Mac, Mahogany Rush, Redbone, Wishbone Ash, Badfinger, Starry Eyed & Laughing, Steeleye Span, Medicine Head, Dr. John, Ballin' Jack, Babe Ruth, Olympic Runners, Ohio Players, New York Dolls, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, Four Wheel Drive, Bachman-Turner Overdrive, R.E.O. Speedwagon, B.S.&T., P.G.&E., M.F.S.B., B. B. King, Freddie King, Carole King, Queen, Amboy Dukes, Bazuka, Silk Torpedo, War, Baker-Gurvitz Army, Batdorf & Rodney, Spooky Lady's Sideshow, Spooky Tooth, Cosmic Echoes, UFO, Jefferson Starship, Roger Moon, Keith Moon, Edward Bear, Eddie Rabbit, Percy Sledge, Uriah Heep, The Tubes. And, of course, everyone claims to at least have jammed with the Beatles. But there's some gigs Craig's ashamed of and he won't mention,

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

In the past, we had our readers pick the best big band, small combo and vocal LPs of the preceding year. This time, of course, the entire poll got transposed into a different key—so to keep everything nice and consistent, we asked the electorate to choose the best LPs in the four musical fields covered by the new format.

BEST POP/ROCK LP: *Red Octopus / Jefferson Starship (Grunt)*. After a period of dis-

orientation, the old Jefferson Airplane Bolsheviks—Grace Slick, Paul Kantner and Marty Balin—reunited and came back with a nonpolitical album featuring love songs, a relaxed sound and some mellow vocal duets by Balin and Slick (as on the jukebox hit *Miracles*). It's got to be the most popular octopus in history.

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP: *That's the Way of the World / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)*. The newest real supergroup in the

land, which combines jazz, soul and Third World sounds with a dynamic stage show (*deus ex machina* and what not), scored big with this album, which included an upbeat chart hit, *Shining Star*, and a ballad—the title tune—that's sure to become a standard.

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP: *Heart Like a Wheel / Linda Ronstadt (Capitol)*. Country? Well, yes—but also rock, r&b and lots of emotion as the full-throated mini-siren did her thing to songs originally

like the transvestite, S/M, cock-rock session for Lou Reed and the heavy-metal bit for Blue Oyster Cult.

A Barry White session has no fewer than four rhythm guitarists, including David T. Walker and—can you dig it?—"Wah Wah" Watson (who pumps that "wah-wah" pedal with epileptic fury), three percussionists, two keyboard players, a spiritual advisor (Larry Nunes), electric bass, drums, horns, violins. Overjive production, otherwise known as the Barry White sound. (He just can't get enough.)

Gene Page, Barry's arranger, is there (on the tilt and into his image) to conduct the session. They run through the song a few times so the engineer can make sure all equipment is operating, set levels and generally to see if what's supposed to be clean and clear is clean and clear and what's supposed to be distorted is distorted, because distortion, you see, is part of rock 'n' roll.

Finally, two hours after they arrived, Page gives the downbeat and they go through the song the first time. After several measures, they get a "Hold it" from the engineer. He's losing the bass track. Downbeat. Hit it again. Sounds pretty good, until they play it back. Mike distortion. This is where the producer comes in. A jive producer ain't worth his weight in hype unless he can say to a session man who's just heard his ballsiest riffs destroyed by mike distortion, "Don't worry about it, we'll take care of it when we mix down." This always fries a good musician, because he knows it can't be done. Downbeat. Hit it a third time. Hey, it don't feel too bad. Everybody's cookin' good. They all read well except for Wah Wah and Craig, but Craig can fake it, because if you know anything at all about music after you go through this garbage the first time, it's as predictable as Curt Gowdy. And Wah Wah, well, he just wah-wah's, anyway. Yeah, yeah, it's working, except all of a sudden the producer yells, "Cut! Hey, man, like you ain't in the groove, get it in the groove." It's been grooved for a half hour, so where's he been. They can play this shit in their fuckin' sleep, but he is one of those producers who arrange as they go. He stands in front of Craig with a funky-down grimace while he mimics playing a guitar

and says, "Hey, man, can you play something like chickawalka, chickawalka, boomawalka, chickawalka." And that's supposed to mean something to Craig, who's played guitar longer than he's masturbated. Craig's pissed now and that makes Sodie nervous, because Craig keeps blowing gigs by telling off club owners and producers. Usually the musicians can jive the producer, "OK, yeah, man, right on, right on," and then play what they were gonna in the first place, but this producer, well, he thinks he's got soul. So far, he's used 13 reels of 30-ips master tape to produce 36 minutes of music. They're now on take number 17.

Finally, after another hour, they've got a tight, well-played rhythm track, but it's lacking something—namely, music. They're playing it back and the producer's tapping his foot, smiling, winking, saying, "Yeah, yeaahh!" at what he considers the really hot shit and, meanwhile, Craig's slamming his cases shut, ripping the plugs from his amp, cussing, snorting, fuming and, before Sodie can get over there to calm him down—Ka-boom!

"What a bunch of shit, man, what a bunch of shit. I wouldn't play these chords at a junior high recital. Why's it always the same shitty rhythms, the same shitty base line, the same shitty chords?"

Craig doesn't wait around for an answer anymore. It's always the same shitty answer. Money. The record-company honchos decide which sound is commercial and that's all they'll promote. He kicks his way out the door with his amp in one hand and both of his guitars in the other. This mother is physically strong, which is reason *numero uno* why the producer hasn't spoken for the first time in three hours. Sodie finally catches Craig, just as he gets to the car.

"What the fuck did you say that for?"

"Because it's the truth."

"What's your fuckin' fetish with the truth, man. The truth ain't buyin' our Thai stick."

"Fuck you!"

Back at the Cadillac Hotel, Cagey's throwing a party.

"Are you a musician?"

"Yes."

"Oh, far out! What do you play?"

"Contra bassoon."

"Oh . . . ah . . . well . . . do you have a gig or something?"

"I play for the L.A. Philharmonic."

"Oh."

"The producer tells Mac Davis, 'Look, you gotta have a hook. That's what sells records. . . .'"

"He ate fifteen reds and drank two bottles of Boone's Farm and choked to death."

"Hell, take any tight night-club band, dress 'em on a concert stage with big-time promo pushin' 'em and, whammo!, you get peach-fuzz cunts at the stage door instead of plastered beauticians, burned-out sexetaries and horny housewives."

"So Mac gets pissed, goes downstairs and writes, 'Baby, baby, don't get hooked on me.'"

"Yeah, we ate some buttons."

"This is my friend, Frank."

"Are you a musician?"

"No."

"You mean you hang out with someone who isn't a musician?"

"Jerry Lee's got a turkey neck now. One up-tempo tune and he looks like he's ready to go backstage and pop a heart pill."

"Wanna snort some ammie?"

"So he brings the song back upstairs and throws it on the producer's desk. He takes one look at it and screams, 'That's it! That's it!' The fuckin' thing was a million seller."

"I was at a *Midnight Special* taping and they tell you to clap over your head, because it looks better."

"Are you a musician?"

"Yeah, my band's Mercury Zipgun. You probably heard of 'em."

"Oh, sure."

"Yeah, we've been all over. Even jammed with the Beatles once."

"Far out! Far out! They call me the acid queen of Venice."

"Far out!"

"You gotta give 'em the hook."

"It's kinda weird to see a guy who had hair down to here, now combing it to the side to cover his bald spot."

"Shit, all he ate were a few sopers."

". . . He's got HAL BLAINE—SET #9 stenciled on his cases. He's got at least nine sets." Pause. "The fucker's gotta be a billionaire."



released by the Everly Brothers, Dolly Parton and Betty Everett (*You're No Good*—which, as a Top 40 single, was the tune that really put Linda over the top).

BEST JAZZ LP: *No Mystery / Return to Forever Featuring Chick Corea* (Polydor). This is the record that launched this dexterous jazz-rock quartet into music's rarefied reaches, as Corea, guitarist Al DiMeola, bassist Stanley Clarke and drummer Lenny White—all certified musical heavies—really exercised their chops on electrified cookers (*Dayride, Sofistifunk*), an acoustic tone poem (the title tune) and the two-part *Celebration Suite*, which combined both genres. Groups come and go—but a great album is a joy forever.

BEST POP/ROCK LP

1. *Red Octopus / Jefferson Starship* (Grunt)
2. *Physical Graffiti / Led Zeppelin* (Sun)
3. *Born to Run / Bruce Springsteen* (Columbia)
4. *Captain Fantastic and the Dirt Brown Cowboy / Elton John* (MCA)
5. *One of These Nights / Eagles* (Elektra / Asylum)
6. *Venus and Mars / Paul McCartney* (Capitol)
7. *Blood on the Tracks / Bob Dylan* (Columbia)
8. *Wish You Were Here / Pink Floyd* (Columbia)
9. *Blow by Blow / Jeff Beck* (Epic)
10. *Chicago VIII* (Columbia)
11. *Rock of the Westies / Elton John* (MCA)
12. *Blues for Allah / Grateful Dead* (Grateful Dead Records)
13. *The Who by Numbers* (MCA)
14. *Win, Lose or Draw / Allman Brothers Band* (Capri)
15. *Minstrel in the Gallery / Jethro Tull* (Chrysalis)
16. *Relayer / Yes* (Atlantic)
17. *Still Crazy After All These Years / Paul Simon* (Columbia)
18. *Fandango / Z. Z. Top* (London)
19. *Straight Shooter / Bad Company* (Sun)
20. *Heart Like a Wheel / Linda Ronstadt* (Capitol)
21. *Fleetwood Mac* (Epic)
22. *Sedaka's Back / Neil Sedaka* (MCA)
23. *Gorilla / James Taylor* (Warner Bros.)
24. *Young Americans / David Bowie* (RCA)
25. *It's Only Rock 'n' Roll / Rolling Stones* (Rolling Stone)

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. *That's the Way of the World / Earth, Wind & Fire* (Columbia)
2. *Cut the Cake / Average White Band* (Atlantic)
3. *The Average White Band* (Atlantic)
4. *Fulfillingness' First Finale / Stevie Wonder* (Tamla)

5. *Why Can't We Be Friends? / War* (United Artists)
6. *Innervisions / Stevie Wonder* (Tamla)
7. *The Heat Is On / Isley Brothers* (Columbia)
8. *Fire / Ohio Players* (Mercury)
9. *Honey / Ohio Players* (Mercury)
10. *Pick of the Litter / The Spinners* (Atlantic)
11. *Nightbirds / LaBelle* (Epic)
12. *Natty Dread / Bob Marley & the Wailers* (Island)
13. *Rufusized / Rufus* (ABC)
14. *Steppin' / Pointer Sisters* (Blue Thumb)
15. *K. C. & the Sunshine Band* (TK)
16. *Adventures in Paradise / Minnie Riperton* (Epic)
17. *Eric Clapton Was Here* (RSO)
17. *Chocolate Chip / Isaac Hayes* (ABC)
19. *Rags to Rufus / Rufus* (ABC)
20. *I Feel a Song / Gladys Knight & the Pips* (Buddah)
21. *Perfect Angel / Minnie Riperton* (Epic)
22. *Feel Like Making Love / Roberta Flack* (Atlantic)
23. *Acid Queen / Tina Turner* (United Artists)
24. *Stylistics Greatest Hits* (Avco)
25. *Phoenix / LaBelle* (Epic)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. *Heart Like a Wheel / Linda Ronstadt* (Capitol)
2. *Prisoner in Disguise / Linda Ronstadt* (Asylum)
3. *Windsong / John Denver* (RCA)
4. *Red-Headed Stranger / Willie Nelson* (Columbia)
5. *Rhinestone Cowboy / Glen Campbell* (Capitol)
6. *An Evening with John Denver* (RCA)
7. *Dreaming My Dreams / Waylon Jennings* (RCA)
8. *Pieces of the Sky / Emmylou Harris* (Reprise)
9. *Back Home Again / John Denver* (RCA)
10. *A-I-A / Jimmy Buffett* (Dunhill)
11. *John Denver's Greatest Hits* (RCA)
12. *Before the Next Teardrop Falls / Freddie Fender* (Dot)
13. *Blue Sky, Night Thunder / Michael Murphey* (Epic)
14. *Cold on the Shoulder / Gordon Lightfoot* (Reprise)
15. *Have You Never Been Mellow / Olivia Newton-John* (MCA)
16. *Nashville, Original Soundtrack* (ABC)
16. *Earl Scruggs Review* (Columbia)
18. *Sundown / Gordon Lightfoot* (Reprise)
18. *Searchin' for a Rainbow / Marshall Tucker Band* (Capri)
20. *Clearly Love / Olivia Newton-John* (MCA)
21. *Judith / Judy Collins* (Elektra / Asylum)

22. *Barbi Doll / Barbi Benton* (Playboy)
23. *Behind Closed Doors / Charlie Rich* (Epic)
24. *Old and in the Way / Jerry Garcia* (Round)
25. *Two Lane Highway / Pure Prairie League* (RCA)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. *No Mystery / Return to Forever Featuring Chick Corea* (Polydor)
2. *Chase the Clouds Away / Chuck Mangione* (A & M)
3. *Mister Magic / Grover Washington, Jr.* (Kudu)
4. *Tom Cat / Tom Scott* (Ode)
5. *Headhunters / Herbie Hancock* (Columbia)
6. *Phoebe Snow* (Shelter)
7. *Man-Child / Herbie Hancock* (Columbia)
8. *Visions of the Emerald Beyond / Mahavishnu / John McLaughlin* (Columbia)
9. *Body Heat / Quincy Jones* (A & M)
10. *Stanley Clarke* (Nemperor)
11. *Sun Goddess / Ramsey Lewis* (Columbia)
12. *Journey to Love / Stanley Clarke* (Nemperor)
13. *Tom Scott and the L.A. Express* (Ode)
14. *Tale Spinning / Weather Report* (Columbia)
15. *Chameleon / Maynard Ferguson* (Columbia)
16. *Blow by Blow / Jeff Beck* (Epic)
17. *Big Man / Cannonball Adderley* (Fantasy)
18. *Last Concert / Modern Jazz Quartet* (Atlantic)
19. *Mellow Madness / Quincy Jones* (A & M)
20. *Chain Reaction / Crusaders* (Blue Thumb)
21. *Thrust / Herbie Hancock* (Columbia)
22. *Koln Concert / Keith Jarrett* (ECM / Polydor)
23. *Where Have I Known You Before / Return to Forever / Chick Corea* (Polydor)
24. *New York Jazz Quartet in Concert in Japan* (Salvation)
25. *Brecker Brothers* (Arista)

MUSIC HALL OF FAME

It's no surprise that Stevie Wonder made it this time; he finished second to Elton John a year ago and he hasn't exactly faded since then. Stevie is the first black performer to make the Hall of Fame since Jimi Hendrix, in 1971, and the first bona fide r&b artist to make it since Ray Charles, in 1968. Saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, who died during the year of a massive stroke, finished sixth; he was not



Interlande

"Now what's holding you up?"

among the leaders last time around. Neither was John Denver, who came in ninth. Others who did not place a year ago but made the list this time were comebackers Neil Sedaka and Grace Slick, upcoming rocker Bruce Springsteen and reigning idols Linda Ronstadt (who also won in two categories in our poll), Gregg Allman and Olivia Newton-John. Gone from last year's list were the late trumpeter Bill Chase, Doc Severinsen, Jerry Garcia, Maynard Ferguson, B. B. King, Charlie Parker and Leon Russell. Upward progress was made by Peter Townshend, Paul Simon, Jimmy Page, Joni Mitchell, Barbra Streisand, Chuck Berry and David Bowie; among the backsliders were Keith Emerson, Ian Anderson, Neil Young and Buddy Rich. The top 25:

1. Stevie Wonder
2. Peter Townshend
3. Jim Croce
4. Ringo Starr
5. Jimmy Page
6. Cannonball Adderley
7. Frank Zappa
8. Paul Simon
9. John Denver
10. Joni Mitchell
11. Neil Diamond
12. Barbra Streisand
13. Chuck Berry
14. Cat Stevens
15. Keith Emerson
16. Ian Anderson
17. Neil Sedaka
18. Grace Slick
19. Neil Young
20. Buddy Rich
21. David Bowie
22. Bruce Springsteen
23. Linda Ronstadt
24. Gregg Allman
25. Olivia Newton-John

READERS' POLL

Unprecedented is the word for what happened here. Categories appeared, disappeared and merged as the poll itself got split into four parts. So, needless to say, there was plenty of carnage and waste at the top. It didn't affect Elton John; winner of three medallions last year, he did it again this time (ho hum). Hall of Fame winner Stevie Wonder, who had a first, two seconds and a third a year ago, also made another strong showing as he won in two divisions of the Rhythm-and-Blues category—and made the list in three divisions of the Pop/Rock category (fourth on keyboards, third among the composers, ninth on drums). Doc Severinsen, a perennial double winner, did it again, too, in the Jazz section, as trumpeter and as leader of the readers' favorite group. Another double winner was fiery (and

sexy) Linda Ronstadt, who was the readers' favorite female singer in both the Pop/Rock and the Country-and-Western fields; a year ago, Linda didn't win anything (she was seventh among the female vocalists). Besides Elton, Stevie and Doc, the only repeaters from last year were Paul McCartney and Eric Clapton, on bass and guitar, respectively, in the Pop/Rock sweepstakes; Buddy Rich (best jazz drummer); Edgar Winter (a medalist as the number-two alto player a year ago, he won—a surprise to some, we're sure—the new woodwinds competition in the Jazz section, which combines the tenorists and altoists with the clarinetists, baritone players, flutists and whatever); and Lionel Hampton, whose vibes category, small though it may be, stayed intact because it couldn't really be combined with anything else. All our other medal winners are new, and two of them didn't miss double victories by much: Roberta Flack was the top r&b female vocalist, according to the electorate, and second to newcomer Phoebe Snow as a jazz singer; José Feliciano was voted top jazz and fourth-best rock guitarist. Most of our new medalists weren't even listed a year ago; they include Phoebe Snow, a medalist in the Jazz field and a write-in entry in both Pop/Rock and Rhythm-and-Blues; Ray Charles, top jazz male vocalist, who finished among the bandleaders but not the singers in '75; Kris Kristofferson, who turned out to be the readers' favorite c&w composer; Roy Clark, ace country picker; and the winning groups, the Eagles and Average White Band, in the Pop/Rock and Rhythm-and-Blues categories, respectively. But the changes at the top don't really begin to indicate the extent of the violence below. For instance, in the Rhythm-and-Blues division, 23 of our top 25 male vocalists were not listed a year ago (Stevie and Marvin Gaye are the only two who were). And of our leading r&b composers, only the top two—Stevie and Isaac Hayes—made the list in '75. Of course, the same is true of our Country-and-Western winners: Only three of the top 25 male vocalists—John Denver, Gordon Lightfoot and Charlie Rich—were mentioned here last year and only one of the top 16 composers (Tom T. Hall). In fact, only three of our top 20 male vocalists in the Jazz section—Sammy Davis Jr., Frank Sinatra and Joe Williams—made it last year. Performers in these fields have been pretty much covered over by the pop/rock avalanche during the past few years, so the results this time would appear to smile on our intention—stated in December, when we published the revised ballot—of opening up the poll so that more people could win medals. Here's how it all came out.

1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESULTS

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

1. Elton John
2. Bruce Springsteen
3. Robert Plant
4. Paul McCartney
5. Neil Diamond
6. Neil Sedaka
7. Paul Simon
8. Bob Dylan
9. Mick Jagger
9. Cat Stevens
11. David Bowie
12. James Taylor
13. Jackson Browne
14. Harry Chapin
15. Elvis Presley
15. Rod Stewart
17. Gregg Allman
18. Neil Young
19. David Clayton-Thomas
20. Leon Russell
21. Roger Daltrey
22. Van Morrison
23. Todd Rundgren
24. Frankie Valli
25. Paul Anka

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Linda Ronstadt
2. Joni Mitchell
3. Grace Slick
4. Barbra Streisand
5. Carly Simon
6. Joan Baez
7. Helen Reddy
8. Melissa Manchester
9. Karen Carpenter
10. Bonnie Raitt
11. Carole King
12. Cher
13. Olivia Newton-John
14. Maria Muldaur
15. Bette Midler
16. Judy Collins
17. Kiki Dee
18. Janis Ian
19. Rita Coolidge
19. Suzi Quatro
21. Laura Nyro
22. Melanie
23. Maggie Bell
24. Chi Coltrane
25. Phoebe Snow

GUITAR

1. Eric Clapton
2. Jimmy Page
3. Jeff Beck
4. José Feliciano
5. Jerry Garcia
6. George Harrison
7. Carlos Santana
8. Frank Zappa
9. Peter Townshend
10. Richard Betts
11. Robin Trower
12. B. B. King
13. Chuck Berry
13. Cat Stevens
15. Steve Howe
16. Joe Walsh
17. Dave Mason
18. Terry Kath
19. Keith Richard
20. Stephen Stills
21. Roy Buchanan
22. Rick Derringer
23. Peter Frampton
24. Johnny Winter
25. Ritchie Blackmore
25. Alvin Lee

KEYBOARDS

1. Elton John
2. Keith Emerson
3. Rick Wakeman
4. Stevie Wonder
5. Billy Preston
6. Barry Mnilow
7. Leon Russell
8. Nicky Hopkins
9. Brian Auger
10. Gregg Allman
11. Isaac Hayes
12. Stevie Winwood
13. Robert Lamm
14. Jackson Browne
15. Edgar Winter
16. Fats Domino
17. Todd Rundgren
18. Randy Newman
19. Gary Wright
20. Booker T.
21. Neil Young
22. Ray Manzarek
23. Garth Hudson
24. Al Kooper
25. Chuck Leavell

DRUMS

1. Keith Moon
2. Ringo Starr
3. Carl Palmer
4. Ginger Baker
5. Buddy Miles
6. John Bonham

7. Danny Seraphine
8. Charlie Watts
9. Stevie Wonder
10. Karen Carpenter
11. Aynsley Dunbar
12. Russ Kunkel
13. Jai Johanny Johanson
14. Jim Capaldi
15. Butch Trucks
16. Sandy Nelson
17. Bobby Colomby
18. John Guerin
19. Mitch Mitchell
20. David Garibaldi
21. Bernard Purdie
22. Nigel Olsson
23. Al Jackson, Jr.
24. Bill Kreutzman
25. Bill Bruford

BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. Greg Lake
3. John Entwistle
4. John Paul Jones
5. Jack Bruce
6. Klaus Voorman
7. Chris Squire
8. Bill Wyman
9. Peter Dinkley
10. Jack Casady
11. Phil Lesh
12. Larry Graham
13. Carl Radle
14. Willie Weeks
15. Rick Danko
16. Donald "Duck" Dunn
17. Lee Sklar
18. Rick Grech
19. Chuck Rainey
20. Wilton Felder
21. Jim Fielder
22. Rick Laird
23. John Kahn

COMPOSER

1. Elton John—Bernie Taupin
2. Bob Dylan
3. Stevie Wonder
4. Paul Simon
5. Frank Zappa
6. Ian Anderson
7. Paul McCartney
8. Peter Townshend
9. Jackson Browne
10. Joni Mitchell
11. Neil Diamond
12. Mick Jagger—Keith Richards
13. Seals & Crofts
14. Cat Stevens
15. Neil Young
16. Robert Lamm
17. Leon Russell
18. John Lennon
19. Carole King
20. Bruce Springsteen
21. James Taylor
22. Randy Newman
23. Harry Nilsson
24. Neil Sedaka
25. George Harrison

GROUP

1. Eagles
2. Chicago
3. Led Zeppelin
4. Jefferson Starship
5. Rolling Stones
6. The Who
7. Paul McCartney & Wings
8. Pink Floyd
9. Grateful Dead
10. Yes
11. Moody Blues
12. Allman Brothers Band
13. Doobie Brothers
14. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
15. Jethro Tull
16. Beach Boys
17. America
18. Bee Gees
19. Steely Dan
20. Z. Z. Top
21. Loggins & Messina
22. Carpenters
23. Manhattan Transfer
24. The Mothers
25. Tower of Power

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

1. Stevie Wonder
2. B. B. King
3. Ray Charles
4. Al Green
5. Barry White
6. Marvin Gaye
7. Sly Stone
8. Isaac Hayes
9. Smokey Robinson
10. Bill Withers
11. Curtis Mayfield
12. James Brown
13. Bobby Bland
14. Johnny Nash
15. Eddie Kendricks
16. Bobby Womack

17. Donny Hathaway
18. Billy Paul
19. George McCrae
20. Wilson Pickett
21. Joe Simon
22. Jerry Butler
23. Edwin Starr
24. Solomon Burke
25. Johnnie Taylor

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Roberta Flack
2. Gladys Knight
3. Tina Turner
4. Minnie Riperton
5. Diana Ross
6. Aretha Franklin
7. Chaka Kahn
8. Dionne Warwick
9. Esther Phillips
10. Melba Moore
11. Gwen McCrae
12. Mavis Staples
13. Martha Reeves
14. Betty Wright
15. Valerie Simpson
16. Ann Peebles
17. Phoebe Snow
18. Syreeta
19. Natalie Cole
20. Millie Jackson

COMPOSER

1. Stevie Wonder
2. Isaac Hayes
3. Barry White
4. Curtis Mayfield
5. Smokey Robinson
6. Allen Toussaint
7. Al Green
8. Bill Withers
9. Kenny Gamble—Leon Huff
10. Thom Bell
11. Bobby Womack
12. James Brown
13. Nicholas Ashford—Valerie Simpson
14. Johnny Bristol
15. Eugene McDaniels
16. Norman Whitfield
17. Willie Hutch
18. Leon Ware
19. Bobby Eli
20. Frank Wilson

GROUP

1. Average White Band
2. Earth, Wind & Fire
3. War
4. Pointer Sisters
5. Gladys Knight & the Pips
6. Spinners
7. Ike & Tina Turner
8. Sly & the Family Stone
9. LaBelle
10. Ohio Players
11. Bob Marley & the Wailers
12. Isley Brothers
13. Love Unlimited Orchestra
14. Rufus
15. Temptations
16. Stylistics
17. Kool & the Gang
18. M.F.S.B.
19. Blackbyrds
20. Jackson 5
21. Supremes
22. O'Jays
23. Graham Central Station
24. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
25. Wonderlove

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

1. John Denver
2. Gordon Lightfoot
3. Waylon Jennings
4. Kris Kristofferson
5. Charlie Rich
6. Johnny Cash
7. Freddie Fender
8. Charley Pride
9. Jimmy Buffett
10. Roy Clark
11. Willie Nelson
12. Merle Haggard
13. Ray Stevens
14. Jerry Lee Lewis
15. Roger Miller
16. Conway Twitty
17. Jerry Jeff Walker
18. Marty Robbins
19. Jerry Reed
20. Ronnie Milsap
21. Mel Tillis
22. Bobby Bare
23. Johnny Rodriguez
24. Mickey Gilley
25. Glen Campbell
26. Buck Owens

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Linda Ronstadt
2. Judy Collins
3. Barbi Benton
4. Anne Murray
5. Emmylou Harris
6. Tanya Tucker

7. Loretta Lynn
8. Dolly Parton
9. Olivia Newton-John
10. Tammy Wynette
11. Tracy Nelson
12. Donna Fargo
13. Brenda Lee
14. Jeannie C. Riley
15. Linda Hargrove
16. Barbara Mandrell
17. Jody Miller
18. Connie Smith
19. Melba Montgomery
20. Jessi Colter
21. Bonnie Owens
22. Dottie West
23. Sandy Posey

PICKER

1. Roy Clark
2. Chet Atkins
3. Earl Scruggs
4. Glen Campbell
5. David Bromberg
6. Vassar Clements
7. Ry Cooder
8. John Hartford
9. Jerry Reed
10. Lester Flatt
11. Charlie McCoy
12. Doc Watson
13. Sonny James
14. Johnnie Gimble
15. Reggie Young
16. Pete Drake
17. Weldon Myrick
18. Josh Graves
19. Curly Ray Cline
20. Leo Kottke
21. Lloyd Green

COMPOSER

1. Kris Kristofferson
2. Mac Davis
3. Michael Murphey
4. Hoyt Axton
5. Waylon Jennings
6. Merle Haggard
7. Jimmy Buffett
8. John Hartford
9. Roger Miller
10. Tom T. Hall
11. Willie Nelson
12. Shel Silverstein
13. John Denver
14. Johnny Rodriguez
15. Gordon Lightfoot
16. Linda Hargrove

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

1. Ray Charles
2. Sammy Davis Jr.
3. Frank Sinatra
4. Lou Rawls
5. Johnny Mathis
6. Gil Scott-Heron
7. Tony Bennett
8. Mose Allison
9. Jimmy Witherspoon
10. Bobby Bland
11. Brook Benton
12. Mel Tormé
13. Billy Eckstine
14. Joe Williams
15. Leon Thomas
16. Jon Hendricks
17. Johnny Hartman
18. Grady Tate
19. Donald Smith
20. Andy Bey

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Phoebe Snow
2. Roberta Flack
3. Barbra Streisand
4. Ella Fitzgerald
5. Liza Minnelli
6. Flora Purim
7. Shirley Bassey
8. Cleo Laine
9. Nancy Wilson
10. Peggy Lee
11. Pearl Bailey
12. Esther Phillips
13. Sarah Satterfield
14. Sarah Vaughan
15. Lena Horne
16. Della Reese
17. Melba Moore
18. Nina Simone
19. Odette
20. Miriam Makeba
21. Carmen McRae
22. Barbara McNair
23. Dee Dee Bridgewater
24. June Christy
25. Eartha Kitt

BRASS

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Herb Alpert
3. Miles Davis
4. Chuck Mangione
5. Maynard Ferguson
6. Freddie Hubbard
7. Dizzy Gillespie

8. Donald Byrd
9. Randy Brecker
10. Nat Adlerley
11. J. J. Johnson
12. Blue Mitchell
13. Chet Baker
14. Clark Terry
15. Wayne Henderson
16. Slide Hampton
17. Bill Watrous
18. Thad Jones
19. Urbie Green
20. James Pankow
21. Dick Halligan
22. Cynthia Robinson
23. Woody Shaw
24. Art Farmer
25. Al Grey

WOODWINDS

1. Edgar Winter
2. Herbie Mann
3. Benny Goodman
4. Tom Scott
5. Stan Getz
6. Grover Washington, Jr.
7. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
8. Woody Herman
9. Gerry Mulligan
10. Walter Parazaider
11. Paul Desmond
12. Junior Walker
13. Wayne Shorter
14. Hubert Laws
15. Chris Woods
16. Stanley Turrentine
17. Eddie Harris
18. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
19. Yusef Lateef
20. Mike Brecker
21. Zoot Sims
22. Joe Farrell
23. Bobbi Humphrey
24. Eric Kloss
25. Emilio Castillo

KEYBOARDS

1. Chick Corea
2. Herbie Hancock
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Ramsey Lewis
5. Sergio Mendes
6. Miles Davis
7. Eumir Deodato
8. Keith Jarrett
9. Oscar Peterson
10. Erroll Garner
11. George Duke
12. Les McCann
13. Thelonus Monk
14. Jan Hammer
15. Joe Zawinul
16. Jimmy Smith
17. Eubie Blake
18. McCoy Tyner
19. Ahmad Jamal
20. Johnny Hammond
21. Earl "Fatha" Hines
22. Dick Hyman
23. Sun Ra
24. Joe Sample
25. George Shearing

VIBES

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Gary Burton
3. Keith Underwood
4. Milk Jackson
5. Cal Tjader
6. Roy Ayers
7. Buddy Montgomery
8. Terry Gibbs
9. Bobby Hutcherson
10. Victor Feldman
11. Red Norvo
12. Mike Mainieri
13. Tommy Vig
14. Emil Richards

GUITAR

1. José Feliciano
2. John McLaughlin
3. Larry Coryell
4. Charlie Byrd
5. George Benson
6. Gabor Szabo
7. Joe Pass
8. Al DiMeola
9. Kenny Burrell
10. Tony Mottola
11. John Abercrombie
12. Philip Upchurch
13. Jim Hall
14. Herb Ellis
15. Melvin Sparks
16. Bucky Pizzarelli
17. Pat Martino
18. Barney Kessel
19. Eric Gale
20. Grant Green
21. Howard Roberts
22. Dennis Budimir
23. Reggie Lucas
24. Elek Bacsik
25. Arthur Adams

BASS

1. Stanley Clarke
2. Charles Mingus
3. Carl Radle
4. Ray Brown
5. Ron Carter
6. Rufus Reid
7. Monk Montgomery
8. Joe Byrd
9. Bob Cranshaw
10. Jim Fielder
11. Mike Bruce
12. Art Davis
13. Percy Heath
14. Keter Betts
15. Carol Kaye
16. Eddie Gomez
17. Jimmy Garrison
18. Bob Haggart
19. Walter Booker
20. Cleveland Eaton
21. Miroslav Vitous
22. El Dee Young
23. Dave Holland
24. Chuck Domanico
25. Michael Henderson

PERCUSSION

1. Buddy Rich
2. Billy Cobham
3. Hal Blaine
4. Lenny White
5. Mongo Santamaria
6. Elvin Jones
7. Airto Moreira
8. Willie Bobo
9. Joe Morello
10. John Guerin
11. Stix Hooper
12. Art Blakey
13. Tony Williams
14. Mel Lewis
15. Alphonse Mouzon
16. Max Roach
17. Grady Tate
18. Jack De Johnette
19. Jo Jones
20. Red Holt
21. Alan Dawson
22. Jimmy Cobb
23. Roy Brooks
24. Harvey Mason
25. Marshall Thompson

COMPOSER

1. Quincy Jones
2. Chick Corea
3. Herbie Hancock
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Miles Davis
6. Eumir Deodato
7. Michel Legrand
8. Gil Scott-Heron—Brian Jackson
9. Keith Jarrett
10. Stanley Clarke
11. Antonio Carlos Jobim
12. Mose Allison
13. Bob James
14. Joe Zawinul
15. Thelonus Monk
16. Freddie Hubbard
17. Thad Jones
18. Ahmad Jones
19. Charles Mingus
20. Gil Evans
21. Oscar Brown, Jr.
22. Carla Bley
23. Chuck Mangione
24. Wayne Shorter
25. Horace Silver

GROUP

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Return to Forever
3. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
4. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '77
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Weather Report
7. Deodato
8. John McLaughlin
9. Chuck Mangione
10. Crusaders
11. Ray Charles
12. Count Basie
13. Dave Brubeck
14. Quincy Jones
15. Buddy Rich
16. Maynard Ferguson
17. Ramsey Lewis
18. Miles Davis
19. Billy Cobham
20. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House
21. Young-Holt Unlimited
22. Stan Kenton
23. New York Jazz Quartet
24. Lionel Hampton
25. Rahsaan Roland Kirk & the Vibration Society



THE WEST END HORROR

(continued from page 96)

young sergeant who was standing by to assist him.

"Can't make head nor tail of it, eh?" Holmes shook his head over the mess Lestrade and his men had made of the carpet and I heard him mutter, "Will they never learn?"

The room was a combination library and sitting room with many books on its shelves. It boasted a small tea table on which were two glasses containing what looked like brandy. One glass had been knocked on its side but not broken. A long, oddly shaped cigar, which had been allowed to go out of its own volition, lay in a brass ashtray.

Behind the table was a day bed and beyond that, facing the window, was the writing table of the dead man. It was covered with papers related—as far as I was able to discern from a casual glance—to his calling. There were programmes, theatre tickets, notices of substitutions in casts and cuttings of his own reviews. Beside these papers was an invitation to the premiere of something titled *The Grand Duke*, at the Savoy two days hence.

Those walls devoid of bookshelves were literally papered with portraits of members of the theatrical profession. Some were photographs, others were executed in pen and ink, but all bore the signatures of the notables who had sat for them. One was almost assailed by the testimonials of affection and awed by the likenesses of Forbes-Robertson, Marion and Ellen Terry, Beerbohm Tree and Henry Irving.

All these furnishings, however, were but as set decorations for the *pièce de théâtre*. The corpse of Jonathan McCarthy lay on its back at the base of a set of bookshelves, the eyes open and staring, the black, bearded jaw dropped and the mouth wide in a terrible, silent scream. McCarthy's swarthy looks were not pleasant in and of themselves, but, coupled with his expression in death, they produced a truly horrible impression.

The man had been stabbed in the left side, somewhat below the heart, and had bled profusely. The instrument of his death was nowhere apparent. I knelt and examined the corpse, determining that

the blood had dried on the silken waistcoat and on the Oriental carpet beside it. The body was cold and parts of it were already quite hard.

"He was found like this some two and a half hours ago. The girl came up with his breakfast, knocked on the door and, receiving no answer, made so bold as to enter. As to what happened, that's clear enough, up to a point. He came in late last night, accompanied by someone. They sat down to brandy and cigars here at the table when an altercation began. Whoever was with him reached behind to the writing desk and seized this." Lestrade paused and held out his hand.

The young sergeant, taking his cue, passed over something wrapped in a handkerchief. Lestrade set it gently on the table and threw back the folds of the material to reveal an ivory letter opener, its yellowish blade tinged with red, some of which had run onto the finely worked silver hilt.

"Javanese," Holmes murmured, examining it with his magnifying glass. "It came from the desk? Ah, yes, here is its sheath. Go on, pray."

"Whoever it was," Lestrade resumed with a self-important air, "stabbed his host, knocking over his brandy glass as he thrust home. McCarthy crumpled in a heap at the foot of the table, while the other departed, leaving his cigar still burning in the tray. McCarthy stayed beside the table for some time—you can see quite a pool of blood—and then, with his last reserves of strength, he crawled to those bookshelves."

"What is less obvious," said Holmes, "is this cigar." He picked it up carefully. "I cannot recall having seen one like it. Have you, Lestrade?"

"You're going to tell me about all those tobacco ashes you can recognize," the inspector scoffed.

"On the contrary, I am trying to tell you about one I cannot. May I have a portion of this?"

"As you wish."

Holmes withdrew his penknife, leaned on the edge of the table and carefully sawed off two inches of the cigar, putting the stub back where he had found it and pocketing the sample where it would not be crushed. At this moment, a noise was heard below, followed by a rush on the stairs. Shaw arrived, breathless but triumphant.

"Your name's a regular *passee partout*, Holmes!" he cried. "Well, where's the carrion?"

"And who might this gentleman be?" Lestrade growled, advancing.

"It's all right, Inspector Lestrade. Mr. Bernard Shaw is a colleague of the deceased and a writer for *The Saturday Review*." The two men bowed slightly.

"Very good. Well, gentlemen, as you can see——" Lestrade began.

"You haven't yet told them about the book, Inspector," interposed the young



"I'm Martha. Fly me to Acapulco."

sergeant shyly. He had been following Holmes's every move with eager interest.

"I was going to, I was going to!" Lestrade shot back, growing suddenly annoyed. "You just stay in the background, young man, and pay attention and you'll learn something."

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

His chief grunted. "Now, where was I?"

"You were about to show us the book poor McCarthy had used his last ounce of energy to retrieve," Holmes prompted quietly.

"Oh, yes." The little man made to fetch the volume, then turned. "Stop a bit. How did you know it was a book he was after before he died?"

"I can't think of another reason for him to have struggled so gallantly towards the bookshelves," Holmes replied mildly, "the more so as your assistant has just mentioned a book. I perceive that a volume of Shakespeare is missing from its place."

Shaw heard this information with a snort, but, with the rest of us, he watched as the sergeant brought forth and unwrapped from its handkerchief another object. Before us on the table lay a volume of *Romeo and Juliet*, published by John Murray and obviously one of the set that rested on the shelf above the corpse. Holmes brought forth his glass again and conducted a careful examination of the book, pursing his lips in concentration. The bottoms of several pages were smeared with dried blood.

"With your permission, sir," the sergeant spoke, "when we found the book, it was opened."

"Indeed?" Holmes shot a keen glance at Lestrade, who shifted his weight uncomfortably. "And where was that?"

"The book wasn't in his hands," the little man replied defensively. "He'd dropped it before he died."

"But it was opened—to what page?"

"Somewhere in the middle," Lestrade grumbled. "It's a perfectly ordinary book with no secret messages stuck in the binding, if you're thinking along those lines."

"I am not thinking at all," Holmes replied coldly. "I am observing, as you, evidently, have failed to do."

"It was opened to page forty-two," the sergeant volunteered. Holmes favoured him with an interested look, then began turning the bloodstained pages.

"You're very keen," he commented, studying the leaves. "How long have you been down from Leeds? Five years?"

"Six, sir. After my father—" The sergeant stopped short in confusion and regarded the detective with amazement.

"Here, if you know the lad, why not say so?" his superior broke in.

"Know him? Why, I've only just now clapped eyes on him. But it is no great matter to infer his birthplace, Lestrade. Surely you can't have failed to remark



"Would you rather have us driving around polluting the air and wasting gas?"

on his distinctive A's and his peculiar manner of handling diphthongs? I could have hazarded Hull or Leeds, but in these last six years, he has acquired a local overlay that makes it difficult to be precise. You live in Stepney now, don't you, Sergeant?"

"Aye, sir." The sergeant's eyes were wide with wonder and admiration. For his part, Shaw had listened to the entire exchange with the strictest attention stamped on his features.

"But this is wonderful!" he shouted. "Do you mean you can actually place a man by his speech?"²

"Within thirty miles—if it's in English. I'd know your Dublin origins despite your attempt to conceal them," Holmes answered. "Ah, here we are, page forty-two. It concludes act three, scene one."

"The duel between Tybalt and Mercutio," Shaw said. The detective looked at him sharply. "Well, of course I've read it," admitted the Irishman, colouring slightly. "Romantic twaddle."

"I doubt if the book tells us anything," Lestrade persisted. "The pages may have turned over after it fell from his hand."

"They might," Holmes agreed. "But we must infer that he meant to tell us something by means of the volume. It could hardly have been the man's whim to pass the time with a little Shakespeare while he bled to death."

²In 1912, Shaw wrote *Pygmalion*, a play obviously inspired by Holmes's feat. Professor Higgins, like Holmes an eccentric bachelor, knows the local characteristics of speech. His companion, Colonel Pickering, has, like Watson, returned from India. *My Fair Lady* is the musical version of the play.

"Even McCarthy would not have been capable of such a gesture," said Shaw.

"You don't seem to be very disturbed by his murder," Lestrade observed suspiciously.

"I'm not disturbed in the least. The man was a charlatan and a viper and probably merited his end."

"Shakespeare?" Lestrade asked, totally perplexed.

"No, McCarthy. You see those signatures on the pictures? Lies, every one of 'em. Proffered in fear of bad reviews, malicious gossip, scandal in print. Do you remember the suicide of an actress named Alice MacKenzie? Well, that was almost certainly provoked by an item with this blackguard's name on it."

Sherlock Holmes was not listening. He crawled about on all fours, peering through his glass; he examined the walls, the shelves, the desk, the table, the divan and, finally, he made the minutest inspection of the corpse itself.

At last, he straightened up with a sigh. "You really must learn not to disturb the evidence," he informed Lestrade. He turned to the young sergeant. "What is your name?"

"Stanley Hopkins, sir."

"Well, Hopkins, in my opinion, you'll go far.³ But you oughtn't to have touched the book. It might have made all the difference in the world had I been able to see the relation between the man's finger tips and the opened page. Do you understand?"

"And what have you uncovered with

³Holmes's prediction proved correct. Hopkins became chief inspector in 1904 and, upon his retirement in 1925, he had a forensic laboratory named in his honour.

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all your crawling about that I haven't?" Lestrade demanded with a sour grin.

"Nothing very much, I grant you. The murderer was a right-handed man. He had a working knowledge of anatomy and he was very powerful, though somewhat under six feet—as computed by the length of his stride. He wore new boots, expensive and probably purchased in the Strand, and he smoked what is definitely a foreign-made cigar, purchased abroad. And, before he left, he tore out the page in McCarthy's engagement diary for the twenty-eighth, with his name on it. Good day, Inspector Lestrade."

Mr. Brownlow, the police surgeon, and his men had arrived with their van as we left the house. Holmes nodded and exchanged a few words with that grey-bearded individual while his assistants were carrying the stretcher up the stairs. I felt something sad and final about that sight—even for such a malicious man as Jonathan McCarthy must have been.

CHAPTER IV

CONCERNING BUNTHORNE

We were seated in the Holborn Restaurant, whither we had repaired for sustenance, and Holmes was examining the menu. "Watson," he said, "what do you say to some Windsor soup, beefsteak pie, roly-poly pudding and a respectable claret?"

"That would suit me down to the ground."

"Shaw, my dear fellow?"

"Certainly not. I am no carnivore, preying upon my fellow creatures. You may order me a small salad."

It nettled me, I confess, to have my eating habits rebuked by this waggish fellow, but Holmes, now lost in thought, seemed impervious both to Shaw and to the hubbub round us, the chat of the many customers, the clatter of cutlery and the incessant sound of the swinging doors that led into the kitchen. With his great hawk's bill of a nose, he resembled nothing so much as a sleeping bird of prey.

"Well?" Shaw demanded at last. "Will you take the case?"

Holmes did not move nor raise his eyes. "Yes."

"Excellent!" The Irishman's face was wreathed in smiles. "What must we do first?"

"We must eat." At that very moment, our waiter arrived with the tray. As Holmes refused all enquiry for the next 30 minutes, we addressed ourselves to our victuals until, at length, Holmes patted his mouth delicately with his napkin and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"The case is not without interest," he began. "Are there any points that occur to you, Watson?"

"I must confess I was perplexed by the manner in which *rigor mortis* had set in," I replied. "One does not expect to find it so pronounced in the neck and

the abdomen and so conspicuously absent in the fingers and the joints."

"But what about the book?" Shaw interposed excitedly.

"I do not underestimate its importance. I assure you," returned Holmes. "In a man's dying extremity, he tries to convey either the name of his murderer or the motive. But, knowing little of Jonathan McCarthy's personal affairs, at present we cannot force this clue to yield much of value. What are we to infer from it? That he saw himself as Mercutio? As Tybalt? That he was involved in a familial vendetta? Do we look for a particular word, phrase, passage, character?" He threw out both hands in an expressive gesture. "It tells us nothing—though it might be obvious to a specific individual for whom he intended it."

"Then where do we begin?" Shaw demanded, brushing his beard forward with his fingers into a rather fierce attitude.

"Dunhill's would be as likely a point of departure as any. They may be able to assist in identifying the origins of the murderer's cigar. I shall call on them. In the meantime, suppose we begin with Bunthorne. Any idea of who that might be?"

"Bunthorne?" I, for one, had never heard the name.

He smiled broadly, drew forth his pocketbook and extracted a torn piece of paper. "This is a page from McCarthy's engagement diary. It contains but one entry, for six-thirty at the Café Royal with someone named Bunthorne."

"I thought you said the murderer had pinched the engagement page for the twenty-eighth."

"And so he did. This, as you can see, is for February the twenty-seventh and I pinched it."

Shaw broke into an amused chuckle. "I can tell you who Bunthorne is and so could anyone else in the West End. I fancy, but, as you don't frequent anything but Covent Garden and Albert Hall, you have missed him."

"Is he famous, then, this Bunthorne?"

"Quite—one might even say infamous, but not under that name. McCarthy seems to have noted his engagements in a kind of code. It's the restaurant that makes it certain." Shaw jabbed at the paper with a thin forefinger. "He is usually to be found there, holding court."

"Who the devil is he, then?" I ejaculated. "The Prince of Wales?"

"He is Oscar Wilde, Playwright, Genius. Since you never go to the Savoy, thus missing the greatest combination of words and music since Aristophanes, you would not know the comic operas of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. Bunthorne is a character to be found in *Patience*."

"I have heard the tunes, I expect, on the barrel organ."

"Of course you have. Every hurdy-gurdy in London grinds out Sullivan's music." He regarded Holmes with a trace

of scorn. "On what planet do you spend your time?"

Although he was amazed by the detective's ignorance of such matters, I was not. Holmes had once said that it was a question of utmost indifference to him whether the sun circled the earth or vice versa, provided it did not affect his work.

"Just a moment!" I cried, rubbing my forehead. "It comes to me now. When I returned from Afghanistan in '81, I saw this play. I remember it because I couldn't understand what it was all about—soldiers and someone with long hair who was liked by all the chorus."

"Can you be more precise than that?" Holmes asked Shaw.

"The opera parodies the whole Oscar Wilde cult of aestheticism in a rather smart fashion. That was lost on you, doctor, because you were out of the country when Wilde and his cronies burst upon the scene. Wilde is depicted in the piece as Reginald Bunthorne, 'a fleshy poet.'" Whereat, Shaw broke into a pleasant, not quite robust baritone:

"If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line as a man of culture rare,

You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.

You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,

The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

*And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,*

*"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,
Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"*

Here, he broke off, looking slightly embarrassed. "Anyhow, that's Bunthorne—and, depend upon it, that's Oscar. But now I must be off. When and where shall we meet again?"

"I suggest Simpson's in the Strand for dinner. About eight o'clock," Holmes said. "But stay a moment. I am trying to understand the dramatis personae in this business. Oscar Wilde, now—is he really a genius?"

"The cleverest people in London suppose so—Frank Harris, Max Beerholm, Whistler. And I must say that I agree. His plays, which are the least of his creations, will be remembered as among the most scintillating in the language. Definitely a genius, but"—Shaw seemed to hesitate—"but I fear he is courting ruin."

"How so?"

Shaw sighed and seemed in difficulty. "I am not at liberty to be specific."

"Then be general," Holmes advised.

Shaw thought again, his Mephistophelean eyebrows arching in concentration. "Oscar delights in antagonizing the world," he began carefully. "He doesn't take it seriously. But the world takes itself seriously and is not inclined to forgive him when he flouts its sacred conventions."

"I don't believe it," I said. "Mr. Gilbert, in his plays, has flouted them for years."

"Mr. Gilbert's private life is beyond reproach. The same cannot be said of Oscar Wilde." Shaw rose abruptly. "Good day, gentlemen."

Holmes looked up languidly. "Where can we find Wilde?"

"I believe he puts up at the Avondale in Piccadilly." He bobbed his head and left with that curious, dancing gait.

Holmes and I proceeded to Dunhill's in Regent Street, where Mr. Fitzgerald, a lively Scot, was pleased to be of assistance. He examined the cigar by turning it back and forth between thumb and forefinger, holding it to his ear and listening to the crackle and sighting along its length.

"An Indian cheroot," he pronounced. "The lads in the Indian army—who will smoke anything—have made them great favourites. Since they're too tough for civilians, they aren't sold here, but the soldiers bring 'em home by the boxful. Does this one figure in a case?"

"Thank you, Mr. Fitzgerald," Holmes said. "It may figure. It may."

CHAPTER V THE LORD OF LIFE

Holmes and I had, of course, seen caricatures of Oscar Wilde. His strange haircut, corpulent physique and outlandish mode of dress had been made familiar by the papers. And, although we had not seen them, we were aware that two comedies of his were playing to packed houses. *The Importance of Being Earnest* had opened only a fortnight or so before. Yet none of this prepared us for his living embodiment.

When we presented ourselves at the Avondale and enquired after the playwright, the clerk, with a sour impression, informed us that we should find him in the lounge. There was a great deal of noise coming from that direction—the clinking of glasses, the babble of voices, punctuated by sudden, shrill hoots of laughter.

My first impression upon entering the room was that we had travelled backwards in Mr. Wells's time machine and had stumbled upon the satyrs, cherubs and elves of a Roman Saturnalia. A second glance reassured me that the young men gathered there, singing, reciting poetry and drinking to one another's health, were all dressed in the garb of the present

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century. Standing in the centre of the room and towering over his guests was the leviathan, Oscar Wilde himself. His long hair was wreathed with laurel, or something very like it, and his deep, sonorous voice was declaiming a poem having something to do with Daphnis and Chloë. He had his arm draped over the shoulders of a slender young man whose blond curls framed the face of an angel.

After a moment or two, our presence on the threshold made itself felt and the songs and jests subsided. Wilde turned and faced us, one disagreeably flabby hand tugging the vine leaves from his hair. He was astonishingly comely and youthful, though I knew he must be 40. Too much food and drink had bloated his girth and his features, but his grey eyes were clear and alert.

As he gazed at us, subdued whispers circulated and, more than once, I heard the word policemen. "Policemen?" Wilde echoed. He came forward, inspecting us intently. "No, I think not. A policeman is undeniably the least aesthetic thing on the planet." When he spoke, he had an odd trick of covering his mouth with a crooked finger. Holmes stared back at him and their grey eyes locked.

"We may be less aesthetic than you think," Holmes told him, presenting his card.

"Dear me," he murmured. "*more* detectives. I shan't dissemble, however, and pretend that I have not heard of Mr. Sherlock Holmes." The revellers passed the name round in reverential tones, a lone giggle marring this response. "And this must be Dr. Watson," he said, swivelling his luminous eyes in my direction. He gave us his charming smile. "What is it you wish, gentlemen?"

"A moment of your time in private, sir."

"Is it about the marquess?" he demanded, his voice rising and beginning to tremble. "If so, I must refer you to my solicitor, Mr. Humphreys."

"It is about Jonathan McCarthy."

The playwright's dreamy eyes bulged briefly. "Ah, so he has dared after all. . . ." His thick lips compressed with a show of both annoyance and resolve.

"He has dared nothing, Mr. Wilde. He lies dead in his flat this day, the victim of an assault by person or persons unknown—some hours after his rendezvous with you. I really think this interview might be conducted better elsewhere," Holmes concluded in a low tone.

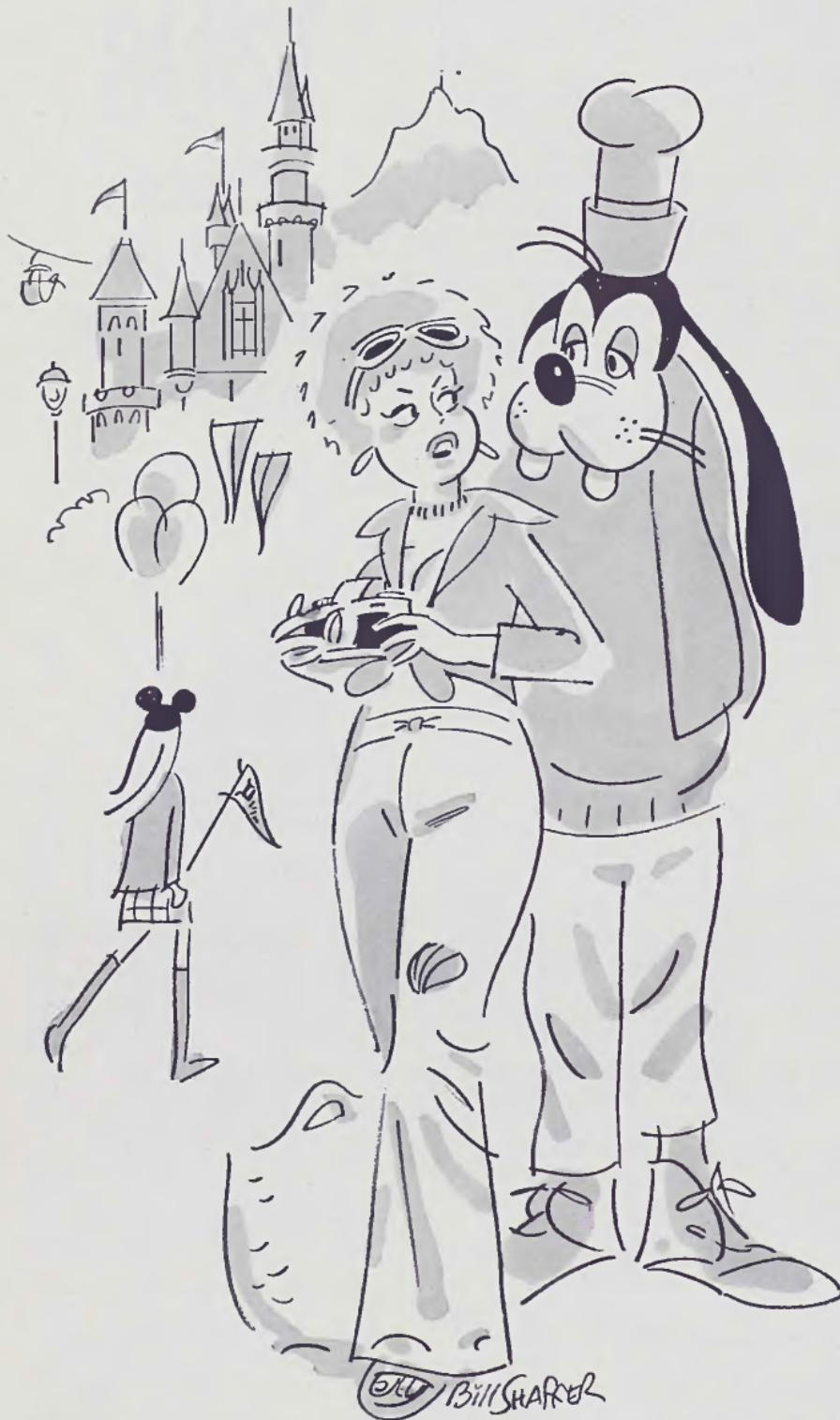
"Murdered?" Bacchus seemed aghast at the word. In that instant, I perceived that underneath the carefully nurtured decadence and show of depraved ideas, the man was an utter innocent, far more shocked at the idea of murder than I.

Once in the adjacent writing room, Holmes and I took seats and Wilde dropped heavily onto a sofa opposite. Now he made no pretence to grace but sat with his fat hands dangling between his knees, like a cabby on the box.

"I take it I am under suspicion in the matter?" he began.

"Dr. Watson and I do not represent the police nor do we have any way of knowing where their suspicions may fall," Holmes replied. "Can you account for your whereabouts after your meeting with Jonathan McCarthy at the Café Royal on February twenty-seventh?"

"That's no trouble. I was with Lawyer Humphreys all that evening. And I can account for myself yesterday as well." Now he seemed to brighten a bit. "But what of the scene? Was there incense burning? Did you find the naked footsteps of a woman who had danced in his blood?"



"No, I've never done it 'doggy style.'"

Ignoring this, Holmes briefly outlined the circumstances, omitting all mention of the book but adding that no one we had spoken with thus far appeared surprised or grieved by the news.

Wilde shrugged. "I can't imagine the West End will consider him a great loss."

"At the moment," Holmes said, "the police do not know of your appointment with him, but I wonder if you will tell us the nature of it?"

Wilde's eyes flashed with hope and he straightened up in his seat. "Then all may be well!" He looked from one to the other of us, then, his elation subsiding, "Better you than the police, is that it?"

After a pause, during which he rubbed his lips meditatively with his crooked forefinger, he began, "I assume you have heard of Charles Augustus Milverton?"

"The society blackmailer? Our paths have not yet crossed, but I do know of him."⁴

"Well, Jonathan McCarthy pursued a similar line of country, preying upon us denizens of the theatre. He had his little spies and he squeezed hard. In any event, I've had experience with blackmailers who get hold of my letters and threaten me and I have a cure for that."

I asked him what that might be and he smiled behind his crooked finger.

"I publish the letters." A serious expression replaced the smile. "McCarthy was threatening me with several letters. He'd heard about the business at the Albemarle⁵ earlier in the day and had sent me an earnest of his intentions."

"You'll have to speak more plainly, I'm afraid. I know of no business at the Albemarle."

Wilde sat back, astonishment writ large upon his features. "But you've surely heard! It must be across all of London by now!" Wilde licked his purplish lips. "The Marquess of Queensberry, the father of that splendid young man back there in the lounge—but no more like him than Hyperion was like to Hercules—left a card for me at the Albemarle yesterday. I do not propose to tell you the words that barbarian wrote on the card—except to say that he misspelled them.⁶ I was advised by friends to ignore the matter, but, instead, I went round to Mr. Humphreys. This morning, he accompanied me to Bow Street, where I swore out a complaint for criminal libel.

⁴Later, in January 1899, Holmes's path did cross Milverton's, just before the latter's murder.

⁵The Albemarle was Wilde's club.

⁶Queensberry had written: "To Oscar Wilde posing as a somdomite [sic]." Watson must have known the contents of this notorious message when he set down this case but he has tactfully omitted them.

By this time tomorrow, the marquess will have been arrested and charged and I shall be forever rid of that monster in human clothing." With a sheepish grin, he concluded, "Hence that little celebration next door."

"And did McCarthy know of Queensberry's intentions beforehand?"

Wilde nodded. "His threat was to furnish the defence with certain correspondence of mine that would prejudice my case. But," he added, "I had cards of my own to play and I played them."

"I think it may be as well to lay them on the table now."

"As you like. To be brief, I myself am the repository of certain colourful secrets of theatre people in the West End. For example, I know that George Grossmith, who does the patter songs for Gilbert—and who played me, you know!—has been taking drugs. That's because Gilbert scares him so at rehearsals. I know that Bram Stoker keeps a flat in Soho, the existence of which is unknown to Mrs. Stoker and Henry Irving. My intuition tells me that he doesn't use it as a place to play chess. Then, again, I know about Sullivan's games of *chemin de fer* with—"

"And what did you know of McCarthy?" Holmes interrupted, concealing his distaste.

"He was keeping a mistress named Jessie Rutland, an ingénue at the Savoy. For a man who played the part of middle-class British rectitude to hypocritical perfection, such a disclosure would mean instant ruin. Once I had mentioned the girl, he had little left to say. A sordid story, I fear, but mine own."

Holmes stared at him for some moments, then rose abruptly. "Thank you for your time, Mr. Wilde. You are certainly a mine of information."

The poet looked at him and there was something so ingenuous and pleasant in his countenance that I found myself charmed despite everything he had said. "We are all as God made us, Mr. Holmes—and many of us much worse."

"Is that yours?" I enquired.

"No, doctor," he said lightly, "but it will be." Turning to Holmes, he said, "You do not approve of me, I fear."

"Not altogether."

"I find myself wishing that you did."

"It may be that one day I shall."

CHAPTER VI

THE SECOND MURDER

It was twilight when Holmes and I left the Avondale and joined the rush-hour crowds in Piccadilly. The wind had risen and it cut our faces, biting our throats, too, as we walked. Cabs were not to be had for love or money, but the Savoy Theatre was no great distance from the hotel. We simply trudged in that direction,

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elbowing our way amidst the throng and avoiding as best we could the dirty snow that shovels had piled up next to the kerbs.

I remarked as we walked that I could not remember encountering a more singular set of people than those we had met in connection with the murder of Jonathan McCarthy.

"The theatre is a singular calling," Holmes concurred. "A noble art but a dreary profession, and one that reveres that which the rest of society condemns." He favoured me with a sidelong glance. "Deception. The ability to dissemble and deceive, to pass for what you are not. You will find it better expressed in Plato. These, however, are the actor's stock in trade."

"The chief difficulty with this case," he observed at length, as we entered the Strand, "besides the fact that our client cannot afford to pay for his meals, let alone our expenses—the chief difficulty, I say—is the superfluity of motives. If half the tales Wilde told us just now are true, there may be upwards of a dozen people whose interests would be well served by eliminating McCarthy—and they all dwell within that circumscribed world of the theatre, where passions—real and feigned—abound."

"What is more," I pointed out, "their professional gifts are likely to render their complicity in a crime rather more difficult than usual to detect."

"Has it occurred to you," I went on, "that McCarthy's use of Shakespeare was

meant to be taken generally?"

"I don't follow you."

"Well, your friend Shaw—our client—cannot abide Shakespeare. The *Morning Courant*, for which McCarthy wrote, is well known as a rival to *The Saturday Review*. There can be little doubt that with McCarthy out of the way, Bernard Shaw's star and literary following would rise more or less together. Can McCarthy's reference to *Romeo and Juliet* really mean not the Montagues and Capulets but rather the two periodicals? Doesn't Mercutio, dying, refer to 'a plague on both your houses'?" I continued, warming to my theme. "At the same time, the use of Shakespeare, whom Shaw detests, may serve to point an unerring finger in his direction as the assassin."

"Watson, what a devious mind you possess!" He stopped, his eyes twinkling. "That is positively brilliant. Brilliant! Of course, you have neglected all the evidence, but I cannot fault your imagination." He resumed his steps. "No, I'm afraid it won't do. Can you honestly envision our Shaw drinking brandy? Or smoking a cigar? Or running his rival through—apparently on impulse—with a letter opener?"

"He's almost the right height," I contended feebly, not wishing to abandon my theory without a struggle. "Besides, his objections to drink and smoke might merely have been lodged for our benefit."

"They might," he agreed, "though I have known of his prejudices in those directions for some time. In any event,

why come to me at all if he wished to remain undetected?"

"Perhaps his vanity was flattered by the prospect of deceiving you."

He considered this in silence briefly. "No, Watson, no. It is clever, but rather too cumbersome, and what is more, his shoes do not match the impressions left by the assassin. Shaw's footwear is quite old—it pains me to think of his walking about in this weather—whereas our man wore new boots, purchased, as I think I said, in the Strand. Oscar Wilde, at least, was wearing the right shoes."

"What of Wilde, then? Did you notice that when he spoke, he continually covered his mouth with his finger? Do you accept at face value his story of having checkmated McCarthy's blackmail scheme with knowledge of the man's illicit liaisons?"

"I neither accept it nor reject it at the moment," he returned, undaunted. "That is why we are at the Savoy. As for Wilde's peculiar habit of covering his mouth, you surely observed that his teeth are ugly. It is merely vanity on his part to conceal them in conversation."

"Did you see his teeth?"

"Didn't I just say he makes a considerable effort to hide them?"

"Then how do you know they are ugly?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. He does not open his mouth when he smiles. Hmm, the house is dark tonight. Let us go round by the stage door and see if there are folk within."

We walked into the alley that led to the stage door and found the door open. There was activity within the theatre, though it was clear from the bustle backstage that no play was in progress. We threaded our way amongst actors and stagehands until our presence was discovered by the manager, who politely enquired as to our business there. Holmes tendered his card and explained that we were in search of either Mr. Gilbert or Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"Sir Arthur ain't here and Mr. Gilbert's leading the rehearsal," we were told. "Perhaps you'd better speak with Mr. D'Oyly Carte. He's in the stalls. Right through this door and very quiet, gentlemen, please."

We thanked the man and stepped into the empty auditorium. The house lights were on and I marvelled once again at the lighting in the Savoy. It was the first theatre in the world to be totally lit by the use of electricity, and the resultant illumination differed greatly from that supplied by gas. I thought back 14 years and tried to recall my first visit to the place. I had worried, then, about the danger of fire originating from an electrical failure, because I could not understand who Reginald Bunthorne was



BOOTH

"It's time to pay the fiddler."

supposed to be and allowed my mind to wander from the piece. My fears were apparently without foundation, because years have gone by since, and the Savoy still stands, unharmed.⁷

A lone figure was seated in the stalls towards the back and he favoured us with a baleful stare as we walked up the aisle in his direction. He was a small man, dwarfed by his chair, wearing a dark, pointed beard that complemented his black eyes. Something in his glower, at once so regal and so forbidding, made me think of Napoleon. It was my subsequent impression that this was his intention.

"Mr. Richard D'Oyly Carte?" Holmes asked, when we were close enough to be heard in a whisper.

"What do you want? The press is not permitted here before opening nights; that is a rule at the Savoy. There's a rehearsal in progress and I must ask you to leave."

"We are not from the papers. I am Sherlock Holmes, and this is my associate, Dr. Watson."

"Sherlock Holmes!" The name produced a desired effect and D'Oyly Carte's countenance broke into a smile. He half rose from his chair and proffered two seats beside him. "Sit down, gentlemen, sit down! The Savoy is honoured. Please

⁷These words remain accurate. The Savoy still stands.

make yourselves comfortable. They have been at it all day and are rather run down, just now, but you are welcome, nonetheless."

He appeared to think we had entered his theatre on a whim, having—for some reason—taken it into our heads to attend a rehearsal. For the present, Holmes encouraged this view.

"What is the name of the piece?" he enquired in a polite undertone, slipping into his seat beside the impresario.

"*The Grand Duke.*"

We turned our attention to the stage, where a tall man in his late 50s, of military bearing, was addressing the actors. I say addressing them, but it would be more truthful to say he was drilling them. It seemed nowise inconsistent with his military stamp, which marked him as a compulsive man of precision. The stage was devoid of scenery, making it difficult to understand what the piece was about. Gilbert—obviously the military fellow was he—directed a tall, gangling actor to repeat his entrance and first speech. The man disappeared into the wings only to emerge seconds later with his lines, but Gilbert cut him off in midsentence and requested him to do it again. Next to us, our host made several rapid notations in a book he propped upon his knees. With some little hesitation, the actor retreated

once more upon his errand. Although nothing was said, it was clear that all were fatigued and that tempers were fraying. Carte, pen in hand, looked up at the stage, a scowl creasing his features. He tapped the stylo nervously against his teeth.

"They're played out," he proclaimed in a mutter directed to no one in particular. From his inflection it was impossible to determine whether he meant the players or the authors.

"Our visit here is not entirely a social one." Holmes leaned towards the impresario. "I believe there is a young woman attached to the company by the name of Jessie Rutland? Which is she?"

The manager's demeanour underwent an instant metamorphosis. The harassed but generous impresario became the suspicious property owner.

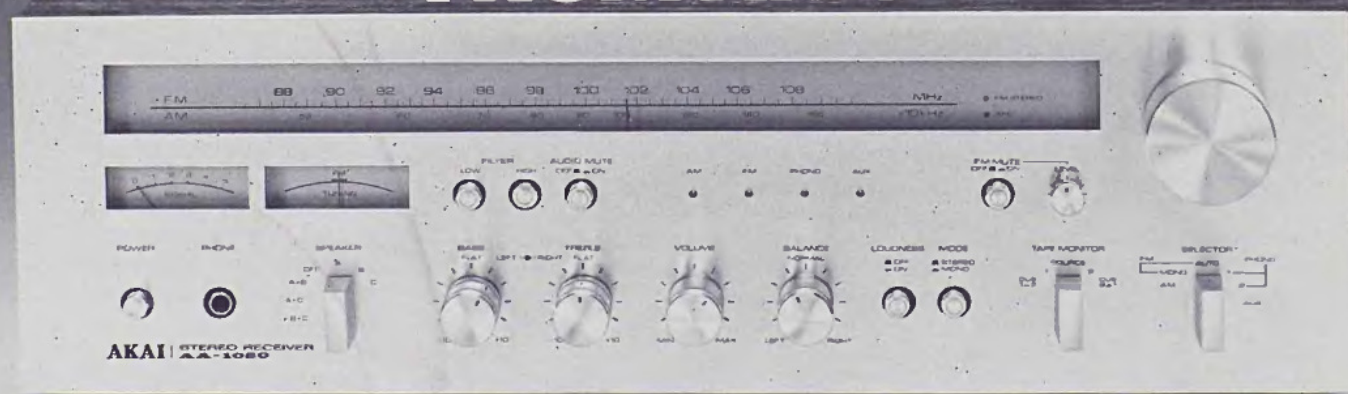
"Why d'ye want to know?" he demanded. "Is she in any difficulty?"

"The difficulty is none of hers," Holmes assured him, "but she must respond to some questions. Either to me or the police; quite possibly to both."

Carte regarded him fixedly for a moment, then slumped into his seat, almost willing it to swallow him.

"I could ask for nothing more," he mused darkly. "A scandal. There has never been a breath of scandal at the Savoy. The conduct of the members of

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this company is beyond reproach. Mr. Gilbert sees to that."

"Mr. Grossmith uses drugs, does he not?"

Carte stared at him from the recesses of his chair, wonder written on his face.

"Where did you hear such a thing?"

"No matter where, the story will go no further than it has. May we speak with Miss Rutland, now?" Holmes pursued.

"She's in her dressing room," the other replied gruffly. "Not feeling well—said something about a sore throat."

On stage, voices were being raised. "How many times will you have it, Mr. Gilbert?" the actor exploded.

"Until I have it right will do, Mr. Passmore."

"But I've done it fifteen times!" the unfortunate actor wailed. "I'm not Mr. Grossmith, you know. I am a singer, not an actor."

"Both facts are evident," Gilbert responded coldly. "However, we must do the best we can."

"I will not be spoken to in this way!" Passmore declared and, shaking with anger, stamped into the wings. Gilbert watched him go, then turned his attention to the floor, apparently studying something there. Carte rose to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Carte raised his voice and adopted a cheerful timbre, "let us forbear for two hours and renew our energies over supper. We open within thirty-six hours and we must all sustain our strength."

"The dressing rooms are downstairs?" Holmes asked as we got to our feet.

"Women stage left; men stage right." The impresario, absorbed by a more immediate crisis, waved us absently towards the proscenium. We had started down the way we had come, when the air was rent with an unearthly wail. So odd was the noise that for a moment no one was able to identify it. In the empty theatre, the hideous sound echoed and reverberated. The people on stage, preparing to leave, stood momentarily frozen with surprise and collective horror.

"That's a woman!" Holmes cried. "Come on, Watson!" He dashed across the footlights and into the wings, his coattails flying as I followed. Backstage, we plunged into a labyrinthine mass of theatrical apparatus that obstructed our path to the wrought-iron spiral steps that led to the dressing rooms below. Behind us we could hear the pounding feet of the chorus, hurrying in our wake.

At the foot of the steps, a passage led off to our left and Holmes flew down it. A series of doors on either side of the corridor—some of them ajar—led to the ladies' dressing quarters. Holmes flung these open in rapid succession, stopping abruptly at the fifth door and blocking my view with his back.

"Keep them out, Watson," said he

quietly, and closed the door behind him.

Within seconds, a group of 30 or so members of the Savoy company surrounded me, all babbling questions. I was struck with the ironic observation that they sounded like themselves, that is to say, like a chorus of Savoyards, singing, "Now what is this and what is that and why does father leave his rest, at such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?" when into their midst, parting them firmly left and right as though he were breasting the Red Sea, strode Gilbert. His muttonchop whiskers bristled, his blue eyes were very bright.

"What is happening here?"

"Sherlock Holmes is endeavouring to find out." I gestured behind me to the closed door. The large blue eyes blinked in the direction of the door, then refocused themselves on me.

"Holmes? The detective?"

"That is correct. I am Dr. Watson. I sometimes assist Mr. Holmes. The woman who screamed, I take it, was Miss Rutland." I went on. "She complained of not feeling well and you sent her downstairs to rest."

"I dimly remember doing something of the kind." He passed a weary hand over his broad forehead. "It has been a tiring day."

"Do you know Miss Rutland well, sir?"

He answered my question automatically, too preoccupied to object to my forwardness in quizzing him.

"Know her? Not really. She is in the chorus and I do not engage the chorus." A trace of bitterness crept into his voice, undisguised. "Sir Arthur engages the singers. Sir Arthur is not here at the moment, as you have quite possibly divined. Sir Arthur is either at cards with some of his titled friends or else at the Lyceum, where he is wasting his talents on incidental music for Irving's new *Macbeth*. It would be too much to ask him for the overture to our piece before opening night, but I dare say he will deign to have it ready by then. Perhaps Sir Arthur will even find time to coach the singers once or twice before we open, but I am not sure." His rancour twisted itself round the word *sir* every time he used it. Now he turned and spoke to the company. "Here, everybody!" he cried. "Go and have your supper. We shall continue at eight o'clock sharp with act one from the sausage-roll number. Go on and eat, my dears; there's nothing of consequence that need detain you here and you must keep up your strength!"

"Now let me pass," he ordered, in a tone that brooked no objection. Before I could answer, we were interrupted by a clatter on the spiral stairs at the end of the corridor and Carte descended hurriedly with another man, whose black bag

proclaimed him a member of the same profession as myself.

"Dr. Watson, this is Dr. Benjamin Eccles," Carte cried, rushing towards us, "the doctor who is on call at the Savoy." I shook hands briefly with a man of medium height and pale complexion, with deep-set green eyes and a small, delicate-looking nose.

"I make the rounds of several theatres in the district when I am on call," Eccles explained, looking past me at the closed door, "and I had just stepped into the stalls, to see how the rehearsal was getting on, when Mr. Carte saw me and summoned me downstairs."

Behind us the door opened and Holmes stood there in his shirt sleeves. Clearly he had only been waiting for the members of the chorus to depart. I introduced Dr. Eccles, and Holmes favoured him with a curt inclination of his head.

"There has been a murder," he explained in sombre tones, "and all must remain as it is until viewed by the authorities. Watson, you and Dr. Eccles as physicians may come in. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Carte, I must ask that you remain beyond the threshold. It isn't a pretty sight," he added under his breath, standing aside to let me in.

A young woman with dark russet hair, who could not have been more than 25, lay on her side upon a small sofa, which constituted the sole article of furniture in the room, save for a dressing table and chair. Her nap had been rudely interrupted, as evidenced by a crimson gash across her pearl-white throat, and her life's blood dripped onto the floor, where it had begun to collect in a small pool.

The sight was so horrible, the corruption of her existence so woefully and inappropriately complete, that it robbed us of articulation. Eccles coughed once and set about examining the wretched creature's remains.

"Her throat has been severed quite cleanly," he reported in a faint voice. "It is slightly hard above the cut. Can *rigor* have set in so quickly?" he asked himself. "It isn't present in her fingers and her blood is still . . . is still—"

"She complained of a sore throat," I explained, suppressing a mad impulse to giggle at the thought. "Her glands are merely swollen." As I said this, it occurred to me that my own throat felt raw—a ghastly enough identification.

"Ah, that must be it." Eccles looked about the small room. "I don't see the murder weapon."

"It is not here," Holmes replied. "Or if it is, my search has failed to reveal it."

"But why, *why*? Why was she slain?" Carte shouted from the doorway, his small hands clawing clumsily at his collar and tearing it asunder. "Who would want to do such a thing?"

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No one was able to answer him. I looked at Gilbert. He had sunk onto a bench across from the entrance to the room and stared glazedly before him.

"I didn't know her at all well," he spoke woodenly, like one in a dream, "yet she always seemed sweet enough and willing. A sweet young thing," he repeated, his eyes beginning to blink rapidly.

"There is nothing further for us here, Watson," Holmes declared, resuming his jacket and ulster. Carte rushed forward and seized him by the lapels.

"You can't go!" he cried. "You mustn't! You know what this is about! I insist that you tell me. What questions were you going to put to the girl?"

"My questions were for her ears alone," the detective replied solemnly. Gently he removed the other's quaking hands. "You may refer the police to Dr. Watson and myself for our depositions. They know where we are to be found. Come, doctor," he turned to me, "we have an appointment at Simpson's, which now assumes greater importance."

We bowed and shook hands with Gilbert, who responded in a trance, leaving Carte and the shaken Dr. Eccles, who would write up the relevant particulars of his examination. Poor man, he was more used to sore throats than cut ones, I fancy.

As we walked down the corridor, I heard Carte suggest to Gilbert that the rest of the rehearsal be cancelled.

"We can't," Gilbert replied in a hoarse rejoinder, his voice cracking with emotion.

CHAPTER VII ASSAULTED

Simpson's Café Divan was but a few yards along the Strand and it was no great matter to get there from the theatre.⁸ Nevertheless, as we left the Savoy and stepped onto the pavement, the frigid wind hit me like a wave and I stumbled against the kiosk next to the ticket office.

"Are you all right, Watson?"

"I think so; only a bit dizzy."

Holmes nodded sympathetically. "It was quite warm inside—and appalling. I confess to feeling slightly faint myself." He took my arm and we entered the restaurant.

At this hour Simpson's was by no means full. We were recognized at once by Mr. Crathie and experienced no difficulty in obtaining a table. It wanted 15 minutes of eight, granting us some moments for private reflection regarding the unexpected turn events had taken.

I felt little desire to eat but I had an overpowering thirst. I ordered a brandy

⁸This statement is still correct, as both Simpson's and the Savoy remain happily extant, though both have been rebuilt since 1895.

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and a carafe of water and found that the brandy burned my throat like fire. I drank thirstily of the water.

"If we persist in tramping about in this weather," Holmes noted, "we shall catch our death." He, too, drank a great deal of water and looked, I thought, paler than his wont.

After some moments while we studied our menus, Holmes broke silence. "The case begins to assume a familiar shape."

"Which shape is that? I am utterly at a loss, I confess."

"A triangle, if I am not mistaken—the old story of a jealous lover discarded by his mistress in favour of another patron." From his pocketbook, he carefully extracted the page torn from McCarthy's engagement diary.

"Are you asking me to believe that sweet-faced young woman took up with a man of McCarthy's stamp?" I asked. My head had begun to throb as badly as the old wound in my leg often did.

"The evidence points strongly in that direction. You will recall Wilde's remark about her. We must assume, provisionally, that he was correct. As for her looks," he mused dreamily, "what can a woman's appearance signify? Women are devious creatures, even the best of them, and capable of vastly more than we men would like to suppose. That she was McCarthy's mistress, I am prepared to credit for the moment; what her motives were for so being, I am prepared to learn."

"From whom?"

"I fancy that will depend to a degree on Arthur Sullivan. I shall turn to him for a better portrait. Hello!" He sat forward suddenly, pulled forth his magnifying glass and scrutinized the torn page.

"It must be last night's entry. Have a look." He shoved the paper over to me and held the glass above it. I was able to discern some faint impression, evidently formed by a pencil pressed down on another piece of paper.

Having importuned a nearby waiter for a pencil, Holmes threw back a corner of the tablecloth and positioned the paper carefully on the wood and began to rub the lead lightly back and forth across the surface. Slowly, like the appearance of a spirit photograph, the indentations were thrown into sharp relief. They read: Jack Point—here.

"Who can that be?" we wondered simultaneously.

"But here is our oracle in such matters," said Holmes, looking up. Shaw had just entered the restaurant and stood with his nose in the air, as if sniffing the place out. When Holmes waved him over, he advanced rapidly and slid onto the banquette as Holmes again concealed the paper in his pocketbook.

"Well, what have you learned?" the critic demanded without preamble. "I'm

famished," he added and began a perusal of the menu.

"We wish to consult you, first," Holmes said easily. "Do you know of anyone named Jack Point? An actor, perhaps? Someone from the theatre world?"

Shaw looked up from his menu, knitting his brows. "I can't say that I do. Why?"

"Or could this be the name of another Gilbertian creation?" I struck in.

He brightened at once and snapped his fingers. "Of course, *Yeoman of the Guard*. A serious opera, laid in the Middle Ages and having to do with the Tower of London. Jack Point is the jester in it—a foolish and pathetic figure who loses his ladylove to a highborn lord, if my memory serves."

Holmes smiled sadly. "You see, Watson, we are dealing with that geometrical construction I postulated some minutes ago."

"What are you talking about?" Shaw demanded brusquely. "And why are you both so pale. Between all that mutton, drink and tobacco, you're digging yourselves early graves, the pair of you."

"Spare us your medical advice, I beg you."

"Then tell me what has happened. Did you find Wilde?"

The detective thereupon detailed our encounter at the Avondale. When he spoke of the Marquess of Queensberry and Wilde's warrant, however, the most extraordinary change came over Shaw.

He paled, leapt to his feet and cried, "The man has taken leave of his senses!" Thus, abandoning Holmes and me to stare at each other in perplexity, he ran from the restaurant.

"No matter," Holmes said and shrugged. "Our problem lies at twenty-four South Crescent and the dressing room of the Savoy." He looked at his watch. "It seems that we are not going to run Sir Arthur to ground this evening and, as I don't feel very much like dining, I suggest we go. This is quite a three-pipe problem. Not that I feel like smoking." He rose.

"I think I shall remain here for a few minutes more," I said quietly.

"My dear fellow, you're not truly ill?" He pressed a hand to my brow and then to his own forehead. "It appears we've both caught bad colds."

"I'll be myself in a little," I protested, thinking the while that this was the oddest cold I'd ever contracted. "Go along and I'll catch you up."

"You're quite sure?" He hesitated a moment. "Very well, come as soon as you are able."

When he had gone, I sat for some time, feeling the fever take possession of my body. As I finally rose, the waiter perceived that I was ill and offered to fetch me a cab.

"Thank you, I'll walk. The fresh air may do me good." I got feebly to the door and staggered out, observing that

it had begun to snow quite heavily again. I struck off down the deserted street, perspiring profusely as I walked amidst the silent flakes.

And then something so unexpected happened that I could scarcely credit it. I was seized from behind by a powerful pair of arms and pulled bodily out of the glare of the gas lamps into an alley that adjoined the restaurant. In my weakened condition, resistance was useless. One gloved hand now reached round and held my nose, so that I could not breathe save through my mouth, whilst the other hand forced a vial of some liquid to my lips. It was either drink or suffocate and I drank, perforce, my head reeling, my ears pounding, my feet slipping madly about on the icy pavement.

The taste was bitter and faintly charged with alcohol. When I had drunk the whole mess, I was released and, rendered helpless by the shock of the attack and by my fever, I collapsed into darkness.

How long I remained in that alley, the snow accumulating about me, I did not learn until much later. Eventually, two constables on their rounds espied me. At first, they supposed that I had consumed too much liquor, but on being revived, I identified myself and related what had happened. They then put me into a cab and I returned to Baker Street.

There, another surprise awaited me. Sherlock Holmes, in bed with pillows propping him up, informed me that he, too, had been assaulted in the same manner after leaving the restaurant.

CHAPTER VIII

MAMA, THE CRAB AND OTHERS

Breakfast the next morning at Baker Street was a subdued repast. Holmes ate in silence. In spite of my exposure in the snow, I had slept well and my fever had quite vanished. My appetite reasserted itself and I made a good breakfast.

"It doesn't seem to have done us any harm," Holmes allowed finally. "I have known parents who cozened reluctant children into swallowing medicine in that fashion." He laid aside his napkin and reached for his clay and, since we had no clue as to the motive for these bizarre assaults, tabled the matter for the time being.

"Now, as to Arthur Sullivan," he recommenced, "we must see if he can add to our negligible information regarding Jack Point. If he cannot, we shall be obliged to perform the real drudgery of detective work. I mean going to Miss Rutland's lodgings, talking with neighbours, and so forth. But first, Sir Arthur. Are you coming?"

I had started to put on my jacket when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of our landlady.

"A boy left this for you at the door, Mr. Holmes."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hudson." He came



"These are my new ladies in waiting, the Misses Bread and Honey."

forward and took the small brown envelope. Then, utterly absorbed, like a child with a new toy, Holmes walked to the bow window and held the packet up to the grey sunlight. "Hmm. No postmark, of course. Address typewritten on a Remington in need of a new ribbon. Hmm. Paper is Indian—definite watermark. No visible fingerprints."

"Holmes, for heaven's sake, open it."

"In good time, my dear fellow." At length, however, he proceeded to slit open one end of the envelope, remove a folded sheet of the same dark stock and spread it out.

"*Liverpool Daily Mail, Morning Courant, London Times and The Saturday Review*, if I am not mistaken."

"What are you talking about?"

"The different sources for these cuttings. Here." He passed the paper over to me. Its message read:

aS you VALUE your LiveS
STAY out of the Strand

While I looked at the configuration of letters, scissored out and pasted there, I experienced a very real tingle of fear. I shuddered and my blood ran cold, as if my fever had returned. I looked up from the paper and beheld Holmes's grey eyes searching mine.

"What does the printing suggest to you?"

"As you know, I can identify twelve different periodicals by their type faces," he responded. "But, except for the fact that the sender wishes to remain anonymous, I derive little else. What does it suggest to you?"

"Why, look at the sources he has used!" I cried with some excitement. "The *Morning Courant* and *The Saturday Review*. Does that not bring us back to my theory of a deadly rivalry between those two papers?"

"Rather, does it not steer us away from your theory? Only a fool would use those two type faces in his message. And how does your theory explain the murder of Miss Rutland?"

"It fails to," I admitted ruefully. "But—on another point—what do you make of Shaw's bolting out of the restaurant like that? Could he have initiated those curious attacks in the nighttime?"

"He hasn't the strength for it, obviously. Besides, we have no way of determining if the attacks are even related to this business." Holmes threw on his coat and prepared to go.

On our way to the Lyceum, we read the morning papers in the cab. There was a brief piece on the warrant sworn out by Wilde against the Marquess of Queensberry and, on another page, a detailed account of the murder at 24 South Crescent. Heavy emphasis was placed on the pronouncements of Inspector G. Lestrade, who promised to "lay the culprit by the heels in very short order" and whose description of the murderer was a neat paraphrase of Sherlock Holmes's summation. Holmes chuckled.

"Lestrade must be accounted one of the comforting consistencies in this reeling world, Watson," said he. "The man hasn't changed a hair in the last dozen years."



"Really, Adele—he's quite big enough without your playing with the zoom."

"The paper nowhere makes mention of Miss Rutland," I noted.

"I believe the *Times* goes to bed too early in the evening for that. It will no doubt be in this afternoon's edition and the murderer will have the dubious satisfaction of seeing himself in print twice in one day."

"You're convinced it is the same man, then?"

"It would be stretching coincidence if it were not. Besides, he has the same style—and shoes."

"Still, the crimes seem dissimilar, do they not—the first apparently committed on impulse and the second quite premeditated?"

"That is true. It is also true that a knifelike weapon was employed in both cases—fittingly by Jack Point—and, in both cases, the man displayed more than a rudimentary knowledge of anatomy. Indeed, his throat slitting had a surgical precision that must have dispatched his victim with humane immediacy."

"How do you reconcile the crime of impulse with the crime of premeditation?"

"I do not, as yet, but I will advance a provisional theory. Jack Point, our discarded lover, in talking—for whatever reason—with McCarthy, learns of the latter's affair with Miss Rutland. In a rage, he slays the man and then, with forethought, he revenges himself upon the mistress. Ah, here is the Lyceum!"

The front doors were open and we stepped into the elegant foyer.

"Can I help you?" The deep voice that spoke these words startled us, the more so as we could not determine whence it came. This mystery was quickly solved when the shuttered windows of the box office had banged open and we were confronted by a dark, bearded man with a pinched, aquiline nose and expressionless eyes. He sat behind a set of bars like those of a teller's window and my first thought was that he should stay behind them.

"We are looking for Sir Arthur Sullivan. My name is Sherlock Holmes."

The bearded apparition rose with startling decision and slammed the shutters. Then he strode out, a man just under six feet, wearing a dark, impeccably tailored suit beneath which there were signs of an athletic physique.

"Sir Arthur is occupied with Sir Henry. Can I help you with something?" There was no warmth behind the offer.

"You can help me to Sir Arthur," Holmes answered, undismayed. "And you may pay my compliments to John Henry Brodribb."

The man blinked as though a riding crop had been swung in his face, spun on his heel and entered the theatre auditorium.

"What a singular personage!" Holmes pursed his lips. "By the way, did he say 'Sir Henry'?"

I was about to reply to this when the

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clatter of horses' hooves upon the cobblestones outside attracted our attention. A brougham had driven up and from it there appeared the prettiest woman I ever remembered having seen. Her figure was trim and girlish, though when she drew closer, I saw that she must be nearing 50. She had blonde hair beneath a rakishly tilted hat and eyes of a radiant blue. When a smile came over her humourous mouth, I caught a glimpse of teeth white as a rope of pearls. An air of healthy common sense and warmth pervaded her whole presence.

She danced into the foyer and called cheerily, "Good morning!" and added, "Tickets do not go on sale before noon, you know—though you are quite right to be early: they've been going like hot cakes all week!"

"Have I the honour of addressing Miss Ellen Terry?" Holmes smiled and bowed.

"Yes. You look familiar, too, if you don't mind my saying so. Have you been an actor?"

"Not for many years—on the stage, that is. But once, long ago, I trod the board with John Henry Brodribb."

She burst into a peal of girlish laughter. "No! You acted for The Crab before he was The Crab? You don't look old enough to have done any such thing."

"I assure you, I wasn't. I was eight at the time and I played a page during a performance of *Hamlet* at York. My parents discovered me from the audience and were thoroughly appalled."

"But this is wonderful! You are here to see Irving, then? He will be so amused!"

"There was a dark-haired, bearded gentleman here a moment ago. I believe he has gone upon my errand."

"Oh, so you've met Mama?" She paused, looking at us. "But forgive my penchant for nicknames. Irving says I'm quite incorrigible. And heaven knows what he would say if he knew I call him The Crab. He's terribly sensitive about the way he walks. Mama, of course, is Mr. Bram Stoker, our business manager and general secretary. He is so very protective of us all that I call him Mama." She gave a mischievous laugh. "But here we are, gossiping like old friends and you still haven't told me your names."

"Forgive me. I am Sherlock Holmes and this is Dr. Watson. We have actually come to speak with Sir Arthur Sullivan rather than Sir Henry."

"Oh, you mustn't call him that yet, you know. It's months off.⁹ Mama does, of course—he's fond of titles—but it drives Irving quite wild. In any case, come with me and we'll find Arthur."

As she turned to enter, the theatre door opened suddenly and Stoker reappeared,

⁹On July 18, 1895, Queen Victoria was to knight Henry Irving, the first of his profession to be so honoured.

almost as if he had been eavesdropping. Miss Terry gave a little shriek, placing her hand on her bosom. "How you startled me, Bram!"

"I beg your pardon." He then informed us coldly, "Sir Arthur will see you now."

The Lyceum, which I had not seen for some time, was a theatre lavish beyond belief and famed for the unstinting artistic efforts and money that went into its productions. Before us on the stage now was a stunning set of what I took to be the blasted heath in the first scene of *Macbeth*. Real trees were in evidence as well as shrubbery and a three-dimensional rocky terrain.

Soon we entered the complicated backstage of the theatre. All round us, carpenters were sawing, hammering and shouting instructions to one another. Miss Terry led on until we came to a door that gave out from the back of the building.

As we paused here, Holmes remarked offhandedly, "It seems to me that I have met Mr. Stoker before. Doesn't he live in Soho?"

Ellen Terry spun round, her finger to her lips. "Hush! Oh, please, please, you mustn't mention anything of the kind in there. It was such a sore point when it happened the first time! I don't know that Irving's ever forgiven him for it, and that was years ago."

She put her head to the door and listened intently, then signalled for us to do the same.

"No, no, no, my dear chap!" came an odd-sounding deep voice, very nasal. "As music, it may be all very well, but it's not right for our purpose at all. Listen! I see the daggers and I want them heard by the audience."

"But, Henry, what do daggers sound like?" a high-pitched voice protested in a slight whine.

"What do they sound like? They sound like——" And then we heard the queerest succession of grunts and growls, alternately sounding like squeaks and a beehive.

"Oh, yes, yes! I see what you mean! That's much better!" the high, piping voice exclaimed. "Yes, I think I can do that."

Miss Terry, having amused herself sufficiently, knocked peremptorily on the door and opened it without waiting for a response.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, my dears," she adopted a businesslike, matter-of-fact tone, "but here are the two gentlemen who wished to see Sir Arthur."

The quarters were spacious. There was a long, oak table dominating the place, so ample that it might easily seat 30 guests relaxing over cold birds and bottles after a fatiguing night's work in the theatre. At the farther end of this table, beneath portraits of Edmund Kean and David Garrick, sat two conspiratorial figures.

The taller of the two was a melancholy

man in his late 50s, with cavernous cheeks and grey hair, piercing eyes and a studiously grave manner. He rose and bowed. Over his shoulders was draped carelessly a massive maroon cloak that gave him an appropriately theatrical look.

Sir Arthur Sullivan rose as well. He was much shorter than Irving, wore expensive clothes and was possessed of dark, slightly Semitic good looks framed by large side whiskers. He peered at us through his monocle and, strangely enough, constantly pressed his right hand against his stomach while we talked.

"Gentlemen," said Irving in his odd, nasal voice, "we are sorry to have kept you waiting."

As we shook hands, Sullivan put in, "I've been with the police most of the morning and I don't know what I can add to the information I've given. May I ask at whose behest you come?"

He gasped and clutched spasmodically at his side, turning quite pale. Irving caught him as he stumbled and lowered him gently into his chair.

Ignoring the seizure, Holmes informed him, "We are here at the behest of justice—more prosaically, at the request of Mr. Bernard Shaw."

The reaction of the two men to this was startling. Sullivan knit his brows, perplexed, while Irving's face clouded over. "Shaw?" cried the latter. "Nelly, is this any of your doing?"

"Henry dearest, I give you my word I know nothing about it," Miss Terry replied, obviously taken aback. "I met these gentlemen only moments ago in the lobby."

Irving started ominously down the length of the table, shuffling with his right shoulder thrust forward as if in demonstration of Miss Terry's nickname for him. "I give you fair warning," he said, "I will not have that degenerate in this theatre and I will not produce his revolting plays. If he publishes any more drivel about the way we do things here, I shall thrash him personally."

"Henry," she protested anxiously, "this is not the time nor the place. . . . Come along and let's leave these gentlemen to their business."

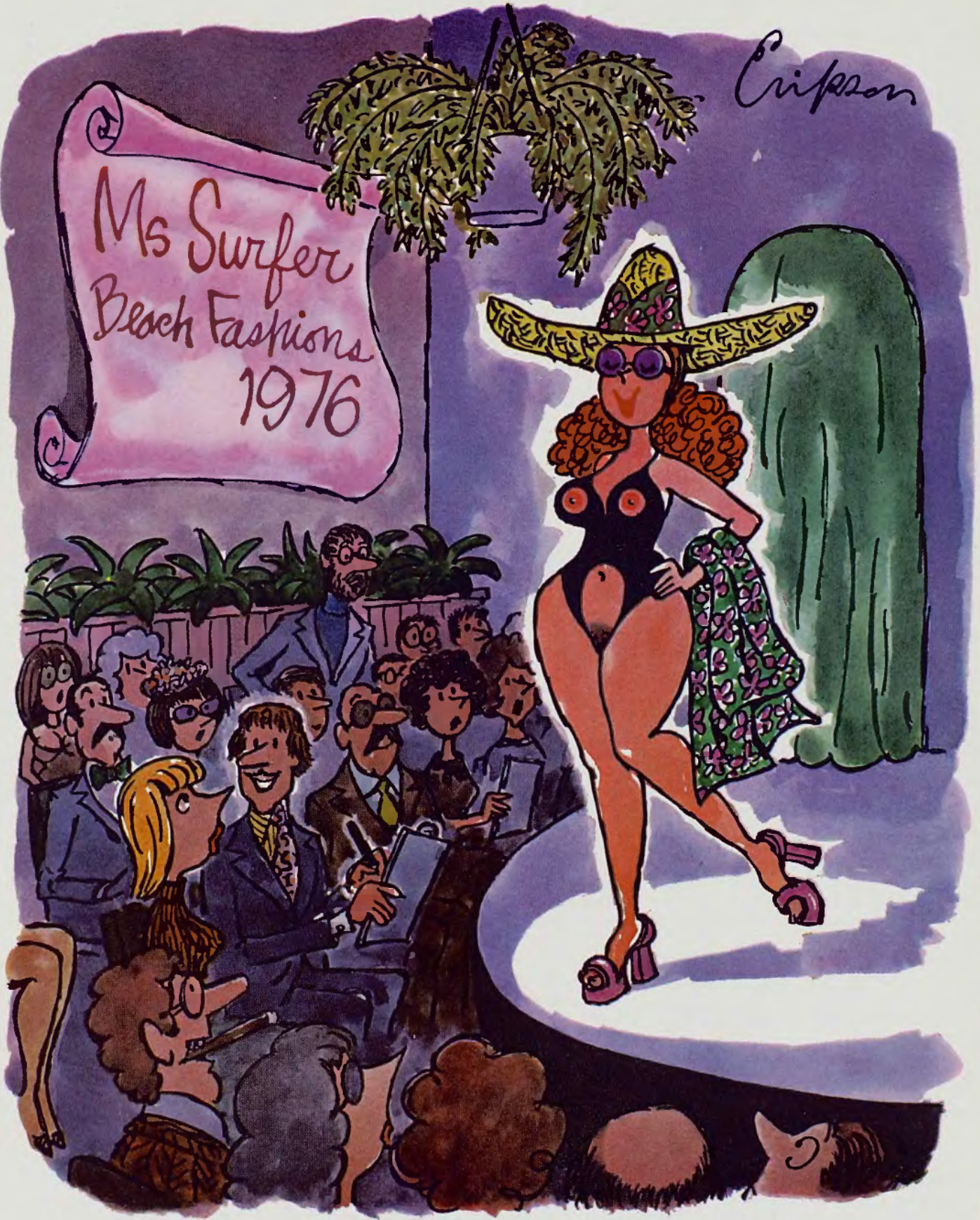
This recalled the actor to himself and he turned to us with a bow. "I apologize for my outburst, gentlemen. I know I am sometimes carried away. The theatre in this country will go in one of two directions shortly and I feel quite strongly about which it's to be."

Thus, with Miss Terry leading, they disappeared out the door and we turned to face the composer.

CHAPTER IX SULLIVAN

"Why is Shaw meddling in this?" Sullivan asked as soon as the door was closed. "The man's an infernal busybody and,

Crispin



"It's a bit too avant-garde for most of the country, but Los Angeles and New York might just be ready for it."



"Cybill, I think it's just great that we're both bird lovers!"

aside from his knowledge of music, I find him utterly depraved."

"He engaged us specifically in connection with the murder of Jonathan McCarthy," Holmes said, moving forward and pulling up one of the large chairs.

"That makes even less sense, since they detested each other." The composer winced at another spasm. He started to rise, gave a gasp and fell back in his chair, doubled over and clutching at his side as if he wished to remove it with one savage haul. His monocle slid from its place and dangled wildly by its black ribbon.

"You are seriously ill!" I cried, rushing forward. I opened his tie and removed his collar; then I hastened to bring him some water from the nearby kitchen. He swallowed it in awkward gulps.

"You are too ill to continue this interview," I stated, drawing a black look from Holmes across the table. Sir Arthur sat up slowly and something like a snile stretched itself taut across his face.

"Ill? I am dying. These kidney stones will shortly make an end of me. When the pain disappears, I go to Monte Carlo to relax. When it returns, I work to forget it."¹⁰

"Can you continue talking?" Holmes enquired reluctantly.

"Provided you establish the importance of your questions." Sullivan rallied and refastened his collar with nervous fingers.

"Do you not find the fact that both murders occurred within the space of twenty-four hours a telling coincidence?"

"Inspector Lestrade didn't seem to find it so. He made no mention of the McCarthy affair when we talked this morning."

"The police have their own ways of functioning and I have mine," Holmes stated tactfully. "I may tell you flatly

¹⁰Sullivan was to succumb to his ailment five years later.

that the deaths are related. They were achieved by the same hand."

"I have read Dr. Watson's accounts of your cases with the liveliest interest. Nevertheless, you will forgive me if, in this instance, I do not deem your word sufficient proof."

Holmes sighed, realizing that Sullivan was no fool and that he would have to play more cards in his hand. "Were you aware, Sir Arthur, that Jessie Rutland was Jonathan McCarthy's mistress?"

The composer blanched as if his ailment had flared up again. "She was no such thing!"

Holmes leaned forward, his eyes bright. "Our informant, whom I am not yet at liberty to disclose, informs me that she was. His accuracy in several other small matters forces me to trust him in this."

"What small matters?"

"For one, his statement that a leading member of the Savoy company uses drugs, because Mr. Gilbert makes him so nervous."

"That is a damned lie," he said without conviction and subsided into thoughtful silence.

"You resist the idea of McCarthy as Miss Rutland's lover. It isn't merely because you despised the man. You *know* better, don't you?" Holmes surveyed him coolly.

"It seems pointless now."

"I give you my word that it is of the utmost moment. We cannot restore Jessie Rutland to life, but there is one thing we can do and that is to bring her murderer to book."

It was now Sullivan's turn to study Holmes and he did so for a solid minute, staring through his monocle without moving. "Very well," he said at last. "What do you want to know?"

The detective breathed a barely perceptible sigh of relief.

"You can tell us about Jack Point.

You see, in his engagement diary, McCarthy had a practice of substituting characters from your operas for the names of real people. On the night of his death, he was to meet someone he entered there as 'Jack Point,' the hapless jester who loses his love in *Yeoman of the Guard*."

"He does!" Sullivan seemed impressed by the detective's familiarity with his work. "And you think Jessie had a second lover?"

"You've as good as told us she had, Sir Arthur."

Sullivan frowned, extracted a cigarette from a cigarette case, tapped it against the box, then allowed Holmes to light it for him. He threw back his head and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"You must understand, first, that Gilbert runs the Savoy," he began. "He runs it like a military outpost, with the strictest discipline, on stage and off. You may have observed that the men's and women's dressing rooms are on opposite sides of the stage. Congregation between them is strictly forbidden. Conduct of the company while in the theatre—and to a very great degree outside of it—must satisfy Gilbert's mania for propriety.

"If his attitude seems to you gentlemen a bit extreme, let me say that I understand and sympathize with what he has been trying to accomplish. The reputation of actresses has never been a very good one. The word itself has, for many years, been accepted as a synonym for something rather worse. Mr. Gilbert is attempting, at the Savoy, to expunge that particular synonym. His methods may seem severe and ludicrous at times, and"—he hesitated, tapping an ash—"individuals may suffer, but in the long run I believe he will have performed a useful service.

"Now, as to Jessie Rutland. I engaged her three years ago and never had any cause to regret my decision. She was, I knew, an orphan, raised in Woking, who had sung in various church choirs. She had no income of her own, or family. Gaining a position at the Savoy meant everything to her. For the first time in her life, she not only earned a decent wage, she had a home, a family, a place to which she belonged, and she was grateful for it."

He stopped, momentarily overcome, whether by mental or physical anguish it was impossible to say.

"Go on," Holmes ordered. His eyes were closed and the tips of his fingers pressed together beneath his chin—his customary attitude when listening.

"She was a dear child, very pretty, with a lovely soprano—a little coarse in the middle range, but that would have improved with time and practice. She was a

This daring and beautiful book picks up where The Joy of Sex left off.

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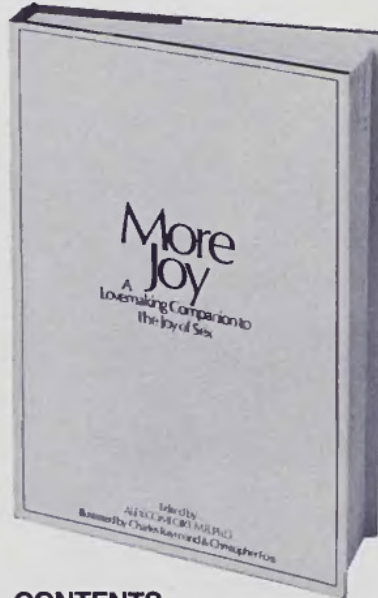
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"I think we've been swinging together too long."

hard worker and a willing one, always ready to do as she was told.

"My contact with the theatre is generally of the slightest. I engage the singers after auditioning them, and as the songs are written, I play them over for the company and soloists until they are learned. And I conduct on opening nights, if I am able." He smiled grimly. "Mr. Grossmith is not the only member of the company who has used drugs to get through a performance."

"I am no stranger to them myself, Sir Arthur. Please continue."

"Normally, Mr. Cellier rehearses the chorus and soloists. It was a surprise to me, therefore, when, several weeks ago, Jessie approached me after a rehearsal in which I had gone over some new material with the chorus, and asked if she might speak with me privately as she was in need of advice. She was clearly distressed and, looking at her closely, I perceived that she had been weeping.

"My first impulse was to refer her to Gilbert. He is much more popular with the company than I"—this stated with a wistful air—"for although he sometimes tyrannizes them and plays the martinet, they know he loves them and has their interests very much at heart, whereas I am a relative stranger. When I suggested this course of action to her, however, she started to cry again, saying that it was impossible.

"If I confide in Mr. Gilbert, I am lost!" she cried. "I will lose my place and he will be harmed as well!"

The composer sighed and dusted an imaginary speck of ash off his sleeve.

"I am a busy man, Mr. Holmes, with many demands upon my time, both musical and otherwise." He coughed and put out his cigarette, his eyes avoiding ours. "Nevertheless, I was touched by the girl's appeal and I agreed to listen to her story. We met the next afternoon at a little tea-shop in the Marylebone Road. We were not likely to be recognized there, or if we were, it would be difficult to place any sordid construction on our presence.

"Tell me," I said, when we had given our order, 'tell me what has upset you.' 'I will not take up your time with preliminaries,' said she. 'Recently I made the acquaintance of a gentleman to whom I have become most attached. He is quite perfect in every way and his behaviour towards myself has never been less than proper. Knowing the stringent rules governing conduct at the Savoy, we have behaved with utmost circumspection. But, oh, Sir Arthur, he is so very perfect that even Mr. Gilbert would approve! I have fallen in love,' she cried, 'and so has he!' 'But, my dear,' I responded warmly, 'this is no cause for tears. You are to be congratulated! As for Mr. Gilbert, I give you my word of honour he will dance at your wedding!' At this point, Mr.

Holmes, she began to cry in the midst of the restaurant, though she did her best to conceal the fact by holding a small cambric handkerchief before her face.

"There can be no wedding,' she sobbed, 'because he is already married. That is what he has just told me.' 'If he has deceived you in this fashion,' I retorted, much surprised, 'then he is utterly unworthy of your affections and you are well rid of him.' 'You don't understand,' said she, regaining her composure, 'he has not deceived me—as you mean. His wife is an invalid, confined to a nursing home in Bombay. She—'

"One moment," Sherlock Holmes broke in, opening his eyes. "Did she say 'Bombay'?"

"Yes."

"Pray continue." His eyes closed again.

"His wife cannot hear, speak or walk,' she told me, 'as she was the victim of a stroke five years ago. Nevertheless, he is chained to her.' She was unable to suppress a trace of bitterness as she spoke, though I could not at the time, nor cannot now, find it in my heart to reproach her for it. 'He feared to tell me of his plight,' she went on, 'for fear of losing me. Yet when he saw the direction our affections were taking, he knew he must disclose the truth. And now I don't know what to do!' she concluded and pulled forth her handkerchief yet again, while I sat across the small table from her and pondered.

"Mr. Holmes, you can imagine how I felt. The woman had placed me in a most delicate position. As part owner of the Savoy, and one who, in theory, at least, sympathized with Mr. Gilbert's aspirations for its company, I had duties that clearly lay in one direction. But as a human being and, moreover, a man who had experienced a very similar problem,¹¹ I had emotions and personal inclinations that lay in quite another."

"What did you advise?"

He looked at the detective without flinching. "I advised her to follow her heart. Oh, I know what you will say, but we are only here once, Mr. Holmes, at least that is my conviction, and I believe we should seize what chance of happiness we can. I told her I would not reveal her secret to Mr. Gilbert and I was as good as my word, but I warned her that I could not shield her from the consequences should he learn of her intrigue from another source."

"I begin to understand a little," said Holmes, "though there is much that remains obscure. Did she say anything at all concerning her young man that would enable us to identify him?"

"She was most careful to avoid doing

¹¹Sullivan's mistress was the American Mrs. Ronalds, who was separated but not divorced. They remained devoted to each other throughout much of his life.

so. The closest she came to an indiscretion was to let slip that the wife's nursing home was in Bombay. I am quite certain she made no other reference."

"I see," Holmes closed his eyes briefly and tapped his finger tips together. "And how much of all this did you tell the police this morning?"

The composer blushed and dropped his eyes.

"Not a word?" Holmes was unable to conceal a trace of scorn. "The woman cannot now be compromised, surely. She has no place to lose."

"But I, I can be compromised," the other responded softly, "if it emerges that I knew of a liaison at the Savoy and failed to mention it to Gilbert." He sighed. "Relations between us have never been very cordial, and of late they have become more strained than usual. He has never got over the fact of my knighthood, you know. But we need each other, Mr. Holmes!" He laughed shortly and without mirth. "The ironic truth is that we cannot function apart. Oh, I grant you *The Lost Chord* and *The Golden Legend*, but when all is said and done, I have the hideous knowledge that my forte is *The Mikado* and others of that ilk. He knows it, too, and knows that it is for our Savoy operas, if anything, that we shall be remembered. I have not long to live," he concluded, "but while I breathe, I cannot afford to antagonize him further."

"I understand you, Sir Arthur, and I apologize for having seemed to pass judgement. One final question. Do you know Bram Stoker's wife?"

The question took him by surprise, but he recovered and shrugged. "His wife is a good friend of Gilbert's, I believe. That is all I can tell you."

Holmes rose. "Thank you for your time. Come, Watson."

"I trust you will be discreet—if possible," Sullivan murmured as we moved towards the door.

"Discretion is part of my business. By the way"—Holmes hesitated, his hand on the knob—"I saw *Ivanhoe*."¹²

Sullivan looked at him through his monocle. "Oh?"

"I quite liked it."

"Really? That's more than I did." He stared moodily at the tabletop before him as Holmes opened the door.

Bram Stoker was standing there.

"Did you observe his boots?" the detective murmured softly, after we had passed.

¹²"*Ivanhoe*" was Sullivan's sole excursion into the realm of grand opera. It was not generally accounted successful.

This is the first installment of a condensed version of "The West End Horror." The concluding installment will appear in the May issue.





"Dark Cameroon wrapper on a cigar the size of my Capitán No. 3! I call that style!"

John Weitz

The first cigar styled by a men's fashion designer, Capitán features rich Cameroon wrapper, mild imported filler.

The actual size of a five-pack of Capitán No. 3 cigars is shown left.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 80)

to be a part of the mainstream and contribute their energy and be compensated accordingly. How we arrange that, given the economic and political rules of the road, I can't answer. But I know that societies don't long endure with so much energy unfocused and so many people with no self-respecting role. Matching people to the work—that's the political challenge of the next ten years.

PLAYBOY: On the national level, Ford's employment policies seem to be pretty much like yours: leaving it to the private sector.

BROWN: No. I wouldn't agree with that. I don't see much leadership or public investment or imaginative reordering of our priorities.

PLAYBOY: How can any of these things be accomplished without raising taxes?

BROWN: Taxes fund government programs, but most economists say that if we stimulate the private economy, we will generate adequate employment.

PLAYBOY: If you stimulate the economy in that fashion, you generate inflation, don't you?

BROWN: It is a complex equation. If I had a specific program, I would put it forth right now. I have suggested work sharing and flat pay raises as alternatives.

PLAYBOY: Are you for less government or more government?

BROWN: It depends upon the situation. I am very concerned about the increasing centralization of social services. Too often the intended beneficiaries get only what is trickled down through the increasingly powerful bureaucracies. I see a new class growing in political power. Instead of trickling the wealth down through the corporations, you trickle it down through the public bureaucracies, but the people at the bottom are still getting drops.

PLAYBOY: You have attacked Big Government; what about Big Business? Are you for cutting back on Government regulations of the large corporations?

BROWN: No. I would like to make the regulators more independent of corporate influence and I would question how big corporations really have to be in order to serve the economy.

Certainly, large corporations have their problems, but my experience with government suggests that the problems are just as great in this area. I preside over the biggest state government in the country and to get things done is not easy—not because people lack good will; it is just difficult to make large-scale institutions respond in the way that you might like. So even though you may not like multinational corporations, I am not sure turning them over to the state would make things much better. Maybe we need a combination, some new political or economic forms that we haven't formulated as yet.

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PLAYBOY: Let's talk about another issue: crime. Are you in favor of gun control?

BROWN: I believe in some controls, such as elimination of Saturday-night specials, but to go beyond that and attempt to confiscate all the guns in this country might require house-to-house searches and a tremendous new government intrusion in our lives. I wonder if the cure would be better than the disease. We kill over 50,000 people a year in cars, yet I don't hear anybody talking about confiscating them.

PLAYBOY: You don't believe we should make it a crime to own a gun?

BROWN: Making something a crime doesn't necessarily stop it. It is a crime to smoke marijuana, but people do it. Just criminalizing some activity is often a nonsolution.

PLAYBOY: You recently signed a law that reduced the penalty for possession of an ounce or less of marijuana to a \$100 fine. Why do you feel there should be any penalty at all?

BROWN: There are limits to the amount of personal license that most civilizations can tolerate and the law I signed strikes a balance. There is something wrong about those in affluent countries overeating and drinking and getting stoned while so many people throughout the world suffer hunger and despair. The juxtaposition of the two won't last forever.

PLAYBOY: That certainly rings true rhetorically, but let's bring it down to earth. Do you drink?

BROWN: Sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Have you smoked marijuana or used other drugs?

BROWN: I like to say I observe the laws. People should not have to ingest chemicals to enhance their enjoyment of life.

PLAYBOY: Why did you recently sign a bill calling for a mandatory jail sentence for selling heroin and for committing a serious crime with a gun?

BROWN: Because I don't see any justification for either.

PLAYBOY: Do you oppose capital punishment?

BROWN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What if you had to make a decision today on a capital case?

BROWN: It's a choice I would rather not have to make. But if I did, I would make the decision and not agonize over it.

PLAYBOY: Is it conceivable that you would allow the death penalty?

BROWN: I would follow the law.

PLAYBOY: What about prison reform? Do you believe in the concept of rehabilitation?

BROWN: I suppose it is the secular version of redemption. Certainly, we should try to help those who have been incarcerated re-enter society in a productive way, but

to think that psychology and group therapy can change a career criminal into a law-abiding citizen is rather naïve. Crime for some is a career and is not easily changed. It becomes part of their emotional and conceptual structure.

Punishment is a word that many people shrink from today, but it probably provides more fairness than the much-abused rehabilitation. Using that term, we often permit wide-scale discretion and official arbitrariness. In addition, white-collar crime is often not punished at all, because judges are able to identify with the lifestyle of such criminals and believe them to be rehabilitated by mere conviction without serving any time in jail. In this sense, punishment may be a very progressive idea.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think the social basis of crime has been fairly well established?

BROWN: That sounds like the old dispute about free will and determinism. I believe the individuals should assume that their actions are the product of their own free will and be treated accordingly.

PLAYBOY: That may be easier for you than for someone in the ghetto to say.

BROWN: Maybe. Maybe not.

PLAYBOY: What if you were faced with a situation like Attica? Would you use maximum force to put down a prisoners' revolt?

BROWN: I would use no more and no less

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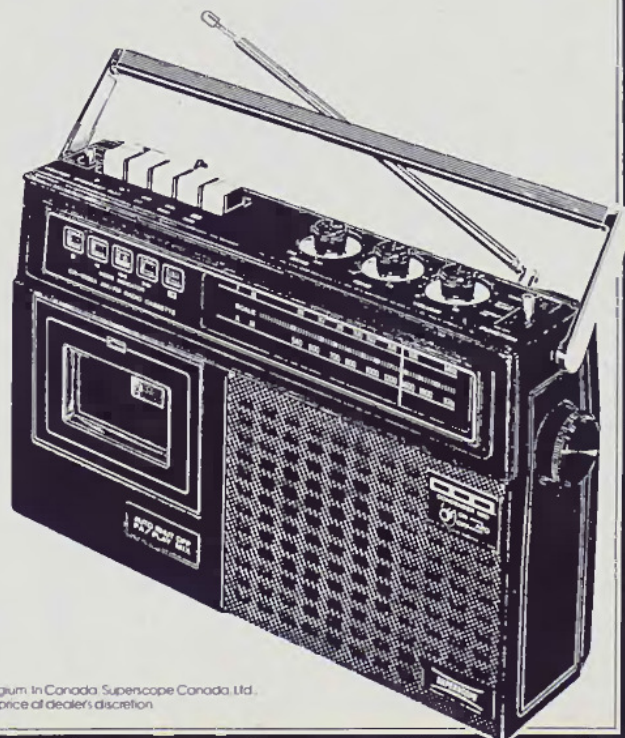
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force than the situation required.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about busing?

BROWN: I would leave it to the local communities. I don't think it achieves what its proponents claim. The real problems are jobs and equal opportunity. What do you accomplish when you just take a kid out of his neighborhood for a couple of hours and put him in another environment, only to send him back after school to a neighborhood where there is little future? All that does is intensify his conflict, not overcome it.

PLAYBOY: You appear to share a large number of views with your conservative predecessor. As Reagan's successor, do you have any special insight into what kind of President he would be?

BROWN: I think he would continue the stalemate that exists between the Congress and the President. He is not one to question assumptions. He prefers inertia with a conservative cast. He would be slow to intervene in economic problems and not too aggressive with respect to protecting the environment.

I assume he would put more money into defense and attempt to cut the Federal bureaucracy. He would emphasize Big Business and the private sector. But given the reality of a Democratic Congress, I would expect drift and stalemate.

But I wouldn't overemphasize the impact of a Reagan Presidency. After all, we have had the best and the brightest in Washington and with them we got into one of the worst wars in our history. So I would be modest about predicting who will get us where this year.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of who will do what this year, what if the Democratic Party were to be deadlocked? Would you be willing to accept the Presidential nomination?

BROWN: I think it's a little presumptuous.

PLAYBOY: The question or the idea?

BROWN: The whole subject. It's an eventuality that seems rather remote to me, but I'm not making any Shermanlike statements. I'm living each day as it comes.

PLAYBOY: Does it surprise you that you should be considered for national office after such a brief time as governor?

BROWN: In one sense it surprises me, but what I'm saying has obviously caught on with people. It's true there hasn't been time for much programmatic action, but there's a certain identification voters get about political leaders. I'm not sure people care about all the issues raised. They get a certain feel for a person and that intuition probably decides most elections.

PLAYBOY: Does the eventuality—however remote—awe you?

BROWN: The responsibility, yes; it's an awesome one. And the requirement to have solutions to so many problems, the demands to respond—"What should we

do? Lead us! Tell us!"—it's quite a burden, an awesome one and a surprising one.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the governorship might be a better form of training for the Presidency than a seat in the Senate?

BROWN: Certainly, running a state enterprise has within it the same kinds of challenges as those of a Federal office.

PLAYBOY: Even though you say you're not a candidate, there's been speculation in the press that you might be a contender, so we'd like to ask you about some national issues. Is that legitimate?

BROWN: It's legitimate.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about military spending?

BROWN: I'd be surprised if there were dramatic savings to be made.

PLAYBOY: So you don't go along with liberal thinking on cutting the defense budget?

BROWN: Military costs have gone up and I don't realistically think the budget will be cut.

PLAYBOY: What about Kissinger's *détente* policy?

BROWN: I'd have to give that one a lot of thought. I don't think you can be naïve about the world. It's a competitive place and the strong survive and the weak don't. We're still a few generations away from the time when swords will be turned into plowshares, and until then, we ought to be ready.

PLAYBOY: Ready against whom?

BROWN: Well, Russia's obviously the strongest military power. We're all becoming more interdependent, but we ought to realize that without substantial military strength, we're obviously jeopardizing our security. I wonder what exactly will be the consequences of some of the agreements that Kissinger is apparently bringing about. I've got some doubts.

PLAYBOY: Then on *détente* you're less optimistic than some Republican spokesmen about the prospect of peaceful coexistence.

BROWN: Well, I get the impression that we're being pushed around a lot and that America has become a big sap for the rest of the countries. And I don't like it. We have a lot of strength, so I don't see why we should have guilt feelings and act like we're always the fall guy.

PLAYBOY: The rest of the countries? Which countries are pushing us around?

BROWN: Well, look at the vote in the UN on the Zionist resolution. And when the OPEC nations want to raise the price of oil, they get to do it.

PLAYBOY: You mean we should have prevented them from raising their prices?

BROWN: They've got that oil and they don't have much else, so they better get the price they can while the getting's good. But I think it indicates a certain weakness in our country.

PLAYBOY: So if our strength were credible,

we should be able to set world prices in a way that would benefit us?

BROWN: I would rather we be in that position than not, and then be given the discretion to make that decision.

PLAYBOY: But should any country have the right to dominate other countries that way?

BROWN: Look, America's not perfect, but it's been a country of freedom, of a certain brand of liberty, and it's my country. I'm going to do my best to see it prosper, and I'm not making any apologies to anybody. It's easy to criticize, but other countries have done far worse. A lot of people have a death instinct about America that I don't share.

PLAYBOY: But you've said that you're against a policy that draws on the resources of the Third and Fourth World countries at a "ridiculously low price." Aren't these the same nations that are making a "big sap" of us?

BROWN: I would like to see those countries grow and prosper; I would like to share the fruits of this planet with everybody. But at the same time, the U. S. has a certain historical momentum that *will* be maintained. We have a certain pride of national character and you flout it at your peril. Right now, no country has done so well at attacking itself as the United States of America. The problems are how do we put it back together and how do we inspire people with confidence and pride in country and family and the things that normally hold people together? Today, it's very easy to find out what's wrong, the pessimistic side. Mere criticism won't build this unity.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that what you're doing? You've said throughout this interview that you're questioning assumptions about the way our institutions work. Aren't you one of the doubting Thomases, too?

BROWN: I'm raising questions, yes, but I'm providing answers. I'm engaged in the process of running a government.

PLAYBOY: From which you say people shouldn't expect much.

BROWN: I'm trying not to kid them about what government can and can't do.

PLAYBOY: And that doesn't raise people's hopes or restore their confidence.

BROWN: I guess the sum total of all this is that America faces some serious problems, and I'm not asking critics to refrain from their activities, nor am I refraining from asking questions myself. I think we have the ability and resources and spirit, but we need a greater awareness of how difficult things are.

PLAYBOY: When you say critics, you obviously include the press. Do you think the press has brought about these difficulties?

BROWN: Every institution in society has come under increasing scrutiny. Obviously, things have to be brought out, exposed. But if you stand back and look



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at it, there's been a tremendous volume of negative energy moving in this country. And there should be ideals, a common purpose. That common purpose is not being enhanced by all the attacks on our institutions.

PLAYBOY: Is it the press that's responsible for the loss of American ideals?

BROWN: I wouldn't leave it at just the press. But the press is looking at what's going on and it sees things, then it wants to see more and report more. And what seems to sell most on television and in newspapers are the things that are wrong with the country and things that are wrong with people. That has a momentum and a logic of its own, and it's gathering speed. Where it all goes, I just wonder.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean the press shouldn't have reported the abuses of such agencies as the CIA and the FBI?

BROWN: I have very mixed feelings. There've been abuses; these agencies have gotten out of control and have to be brought back into control. But in the process, we may end up throwing out the baby with the bath water. A vigorous free press is essential, but the constant harping on things that have gone on in this Government—I really wonder if they're that different from what's gone on in other governments.

PLAYBOY: That seems far from a liberal view of the press. You learned the truth about the Vietnam war—which you opposed—through the “constant harping” of the press, didn't you?

BROWN: As things come out, we have to know about them, but all I'm saying is that the country may be weaker, that's all. I'm glad the Pentagon papers were released and—

PLAYBOY: So you think Ellsberg did the correct thing in Xeroxing the Pentagon papers and turning them over to the public?

BROWN: In that instance, I'm glad he did. As a matter of fact, I was in the courthouse when he was acquitted. In any case, these things had to come out and the same can be said about the CIA and the FBI. But as a person in government, I have to wonder how we restore confidence in our institutions.

PLAYBOY: But you seem to be deploring both the abuses of government and their exposure by the press.

BROWN: The press is just a vehicle. And I suppose if we ever get to the final chapter of wrongdoing, the book can be closed. But I really wonder, given human nature and human history, whether we'll ever reach that point. And if that's the case, then the amount of criticism will keep increasing, and that's a rather foreboding possibility.

PLAYBOY: Again, you don't seem to be addressing the question. Was it Woodward and Bernstein who were responsible for



“As my contribution to the Bicentennial, I'm going to screw that little British broad over in accounting.”

Watergate or was it Richard Nixon? Was it Johnson and Kennedy who gave us Vietnam or was it David Halberstam? Very simply, toward which view do you lean?

BROWN: Well, I lean toward the view that the level of official corruption is intolerable. What I don't know is, are there any human beings so pure, any government so beyond reproach by the existing standards that we'll ever be satisfied? I wonder, since these things went on in former times, why they didn't seem to bother anyone then. Where do we finally hit bottom? Where do we finally purify the Government?

PLAYBOY: Shouldn't the press expose the fact that the CIA, for instance, tried to kill the heads of foreign governments? Shouldn't such exposure continue?

BROWN: I'm not sure that governments down through history were much different. And I would say that we haven't begun to go through major scandals. After we finish with government, we'll go to business and other institutions, and there'll be no less human frailty and malevolence uncovered.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you shocked by some of the revelations?

BROWN: No doubt about it. I never dreamed the FBI would be fomenting discord between one radical group and another or that corporations would be handing out millions of dollars in bribes and campaign contributions. I've been around government all my life and I was shocked.

PLAYBOY: When you say our standards of purity may be too high, are you proposing that we lower them?

BROWN: I don't think we can go back. Once these things happen, it's like a Greek tragedy. If something's done wrong at some point in time, it tends to persist like a curse, as in the house of Atreus, from one generation to another. And that may be where we are. We can't unring the bell.

PLAYBOY: You pose the problem, but if you agree that abuses must be exposed and at the same time regret the effects of the exposure, what do you propose we do? Is the press supposed to be more tolerant?

BROWN: A little bit of tolerance might go a long way.

PLAYBOY: Which may not be a practical remedy. Do you have something concrete to suggest?

BROWN: I'm certainly taking drastic measures to assure the integrity of this administration. I've pushed California's political-reform initiative for this reason. Viewed by traditional standards, it's absurd: No one may take more than ten dollars from a lobbyist. Every gift over ten dollars, relatives excepted, must be reported. This, in effect, makes parolees out of politicians. It needed to be done, but I just can't help wondering how difficult it will be to hold to these standards.

PLAYBOY: So you're inclined to be pessimistic?

BROWN: This is where we are in 1976. The press is playing its role, the politicians are playing their role and the Greek chorus is out there watching it all. That's just the way it is. I don't think I can do anything about it, but it doesn't stop me from wishing it were better.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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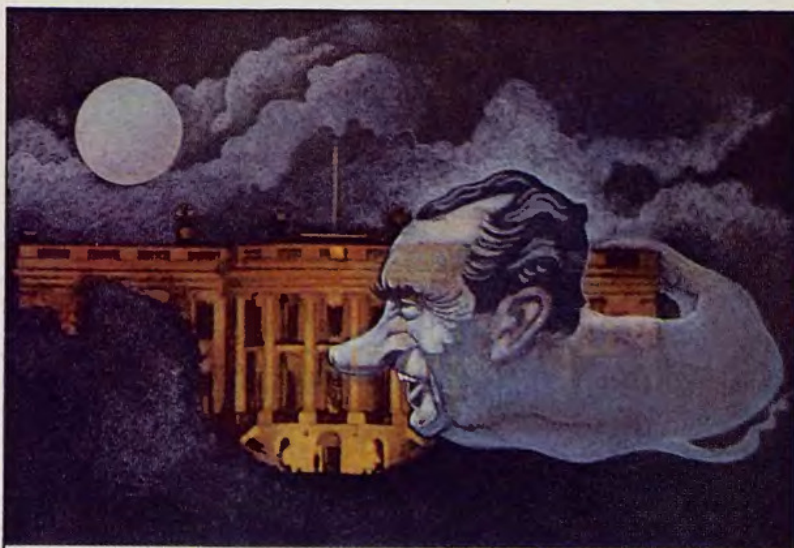
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THE KATZ MEOW

Jack Katz is a Berkeley, California, artist who's been in the comic-book biz for years, drawing whatever the people at Marvel, Skywald and other companies wanted. But he's had other ideas, too, and at last he's letting them run wild in *The First Kingdom*, a mammoth 24-part, black-and-white sci-fi adventure epic, available from Bud Plant, Box 1886, Grass Valley, California 95945, for \$1.15 a volume, post-paid. (Katz is currently on volume four.) Inked in a fantastically detailed style (Hal Foster *Tarzan* fans will flip), Katz's work has been described as "the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of comic art." And all you nonreaders can dig it, too.



PUNCH OUT THE IRS!

expert on her return, which she was under court order to have. She had her attorney's signature on it, but the court refused to acknowledge that he was a tax expert. Remanded to prison for a 90-day psychiatric evaluation, Mrs. Hutchinson was shackled with leg irons (over leg braces she wears as a result of a bone disease) and handcuffs and hauled away in an unmarked car. Once imprisoned, they tried to force her to undergo a course of "psychiatric and behavior modification training."

Rather than be "modified," however, Mrs. Hutchinson spent her time compiling evidence of mistreatment in the prison. This was cited as proof of a "lack of remorse." After one session of 20 minutes, three evaluators concluded that Mrs. Hutchinson would successfully resist all efforts to be reprogramed.

With the aid of the Citizens' Commission on Human Rights and special intervention by Senators Montoya and Hatfield, Mrs. Hutchinson was finally able to regain her freedom. She continues to speak out in favor of tax rebellion.

There are many similar stories. Persons have been hauled off to jail and thrown out of their homes on the sketchiest pretexts, and few, if any, have been moved to retract their opposition to the payment of taxes. In fact, it seems likely that rather than suppressing rebellion, the IRS has encouraged it. But in either case, a tax rebellion is clearly under way and it is taking many forms.

The first and perhaps primary method is simple evasion and outright defiance of the law. Millions either fail to file any income-tax returns or significantly shave their tax payments through one ruse or another. They make up phony exemptions and deductions, or they mask income. Often they are caught only because they are either brazen or stupid. A man in Camden, New Jersey, for example, was filing false returns in which he got away with claiming his two burros as children. He might still be underpaying his taxes had he not listed the names of the "children"—Happyjack and Sassafra—on his return.

While tax evasion spreads, so does an attitude of increasingly militant opposition to the IRS. More and more, IRS agents are considered revenooers, just as they have been for so long in the hills of northern Georgia. In short, people are fighting back. In Texas, a businessman who had been constantly pestered by an IRS agent who was auditing his return decided to repay the agent by making his life unpleasant. Through connections with a local credit bureau, the taxpayer

(continued from page 124)

got a rundown on the agent's previous employment, revealing that he had failed at several businesses. He then sent an interviewer to question the agent's previous employers, associates and neighbors. The investigation extended to contact with former schoolmates from a small-town high school. Compiling a history of the flops and failures in the IRS agent's life, the taxpayer then had copies distributed in the agent's home town. The obvious theme of the history was that the agent had been unable to make an honest living and now he was working for the Government, trying to bully people into parting with their hard-earned money. Given the attitudes of small towns, the effect was devastating.

IRS officials are well aware of the increasing militancy of tax rebels. James E. Meyers, an IRS district intelligence chief, bemoaned the new dangers facing agents who attempt to enforce tax laws: "Agents sent on what they thought were routine calls have been locked in rooms and subjected to kangaroo courts. There's one man who dug a six-foot grave, with a headstone, in his front yard and says it's for the first IRS agent who sets foot on his property."

While some tax rebels contemplate the rigors of guerrilla war, others, more moderate or less energetic, employ methods of tax rebellion that they firmly believe to be legal.

One popular and successful procedure is the so-called religious or ministerial method. Apparently, anyone who feels he has been called to do God's work may send \$15 to the Universal Life Church or some similar institution to purchase necessary papers for ordination as a minister. Once the check clears, the new minister may be just as exempt as one from Harvard Divinity School. Since the Constitution prohibits the Government from establishing standards for religious orders, any minister, self-ordained or otherwise, may start a church. Having done so, he then endows the church with all his worldly goods, consigns any income he might have to the church, opens a checking account in the church's name and proceeds to operate as tax exempt. Not only may the new minister practically exempt himself from Federal income and estate taxation but, depending upon the state in which he lives, he may also be exempt from all other direct taxation as well. That means no more state income tax, property tax or sales tax. The only hitch is that establishing a church for the purpose of tax evasion is a crime for which you may go to jail if you are caught.

Tax rebels with a more secular turn of

mind have based refusal to pay Federal income tax upon complicated statutory and constitutional arguments. Although these arguments have a certain tidy logic, the final interpretation of their conclusions will be up to a judge and jury if their legality is questioned.

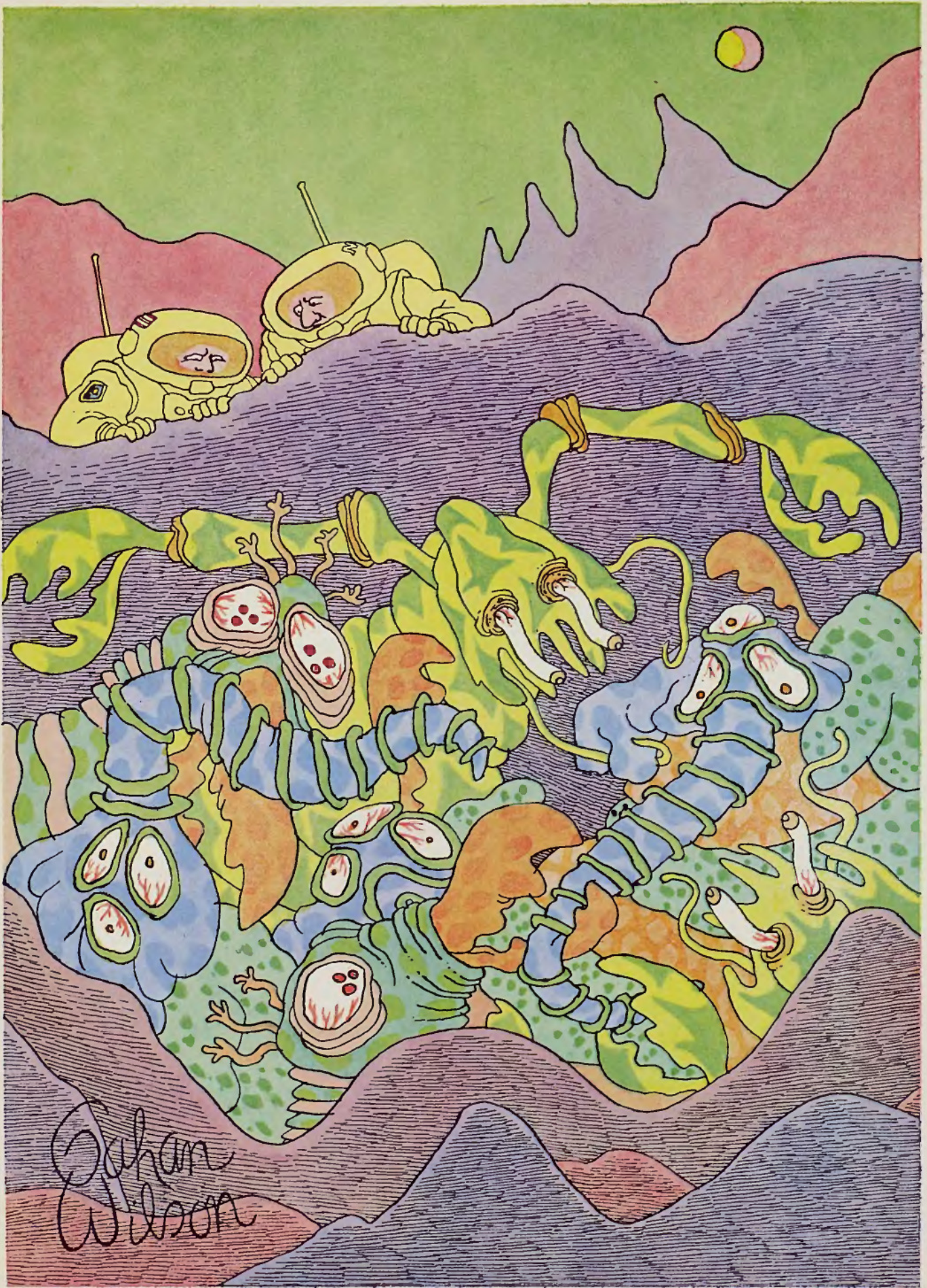
One such method is the "Fifth Amendment Return," by which the tax resister refuses to provide any information upon which a computation of taxes may be made. Rather than observing the directions for filing a 1040 form, the protester submits a return proclaiming his Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination. The otherwise-blank return is signed and to it is attached a stack of legal documents that the taxpayer wishes to have considered as evidence in any trial that might arise from his failure to cooperate with the IRS. The material attached to the return, which must by law be entered into evidence, includes previous court decisions in dozens of cases and administrative pronouncements by the IRS that the protesters contend establish the legality of withholding information.

Because the penalties for not filing at all are far lower than those for filing a fraudulent return, the Fifth Amendment Return involves lower legal risks at the outset. Also, a tangle of court decisions and precedents increases the prospect that a jury would find someone employing this method innocent of "Willful failure to file."

The general success of the Fifth Amendment route to avoid taxation is a matter of debate among tax rebels. It appears that persons following exactly the proper legal stratagem and obscuring their financial affairs may avoid payment of taxes. By refusing to cooperate in assessing themselves, they place the burden for determination of the proper tax upon the IRS. Since full-scale investigations may be required to determine a non-cooperating individual's income, the Government would often have to spend much more than it could expect to collect in order to determine tax liability. For this reason, many people filing Fifth Amendment Returns have escaped scot-free. On the other hand, the IRS can go through the trouble of establishing an assessment and then collect it. The odds are hard to calculate.

Since the true tax rebels want to eliminate any possibility of having to pay, the Fifth Amendment method is considered inferior to a new method of total avoidance championed by former financial advisor René Baxter.

Baxter gave up a lucrative career as publisher of an expensive investment advisory letter to devote himself full time to the tax rebellion. He decided it was futile to worry about how to make



"I guess it's some kind of an orgy!"

money if the Government was going to take it all away. Armed with a broad knowledge of law and monetary history, and a dizzying faith in logical consistency, Baxter has publicly announced his intention to refuse to file any tax return at all. While he allows that the Fifth Amendment Return is a fine form of protest, he argues that it is a superfluous gesture, since no one is legally obliged to file a tax return anyway.

This may seem ridiculous, but Baxter thinks he can back it up legally. According to him, income taxation may once have been legal, but due to a quirk in the law, there is no longer any legal money to tax.

Here is how it goes: According to Federal statute, a dollar is specifically defined as 1/42.22 ounce of gold, or 412½ grains of standard silver. But no American citizen has been able to obtain gold or silver from the Government in exchange for paper money since March 18, 1968, the last day that silver was available on demand for silver certificates from the Treasury. Since that day, no one, according to Baxter, has received any lawfully defined dollars. Tax codes require an individual to file if he has received, during the previous year, 750 or more dollars in income. Relying on a strict definition of what a "dollar" is, Baxter swears that he has received none and encourages other disgruntled citizens to join him in refusing to file tax returns. What he doesn't say is that the IRS may define "dollar" in a completely different fashion.

For those who are employed and are presently having Federal reserve notes garnished from their wages, Baxter advocates

filing of form W4-E, which allows them to escape from withholding and to compute their taxes. He boasts that his method works and that of 12,000 employees of a Southern California firm, 5000 have joined the tax rebellion by filing this form.

Baxter claims that there is little legal danger from using his approach. "The money question never goes to court. The IRS has never been willing to put the issue before a jury or hassle anybody who is using that particular approach," though he doesn't explain how he could get that information. He further suggests that inquiries from the IRS seeking missing 1040 forms be dropped back in the mail unopened: "You might practice your handwriting by writing 'Deceased' on them before you drop them back in the mail. Should the computer operator misunderstand and type this information into a computer, you'll be permanently removed from the tax rolls." (What he doesn't tell you is that if you continue to work, have a driver's license or a Social Security card, it wouldn't be very difficult to find out that you aren't in fact dead. For the future, this matter could be made simpler if people stopped registering the births of their children, who would then not exist legally. Numerous people from poor rural areas avoided the draft in the Sixties because they had been born at home, where no records were kept.)

Should the IRS continue to seek information, Baxter has another answer. He claims that the tax rebel can end harassment once and for all by filing a simple affidavit, sworn before two witnesses and notarized. The affidavit reads:

"I hereby swear under penalty of perjury that the following statement is true and correct in every particular: I have received no income since March 18, 1968." Signed and sealed, the document is dispatched to the IRS via certified mail. Baxter claims that this procedure—like flashing a silver cross before a vampire—invariably works. He says that if the folks at the IRS attempt to "toss aside your affidavit and seize your assets without due process of law, they are committing a felony violation of your civil rights under the Constitution and under Federal law. They are very aware of this fact and have never seized the assets of anyone who filed an Affidavit for Taxpayer Protection. If you were to be seized, you would be the first." Again, he hasn't said how he knows this. Court proceedings that do not reach the appellate level are not published. He would have no access to records of IRS proceedings.

Baxter is confident that his method of tax rebellion is legally sound. But as others rush to join him and tax rebellion picks up momentum, he has no illusions. "There may be casualties before this is over. It is war—a corrupt government versus the people—just as it was 200 years ago. Some of us might get hurt, but we don't care. The issue is the freedom of America. We're headed for runaway inflation and dictatorship. The only question is if it can be averted. It seems inevitable. Almost everyone says, 'How are you going to stop it? The Government controls and runs everything and the people are powerless.' But the tax fighter believes that if enough Americans stand up and shout, 'No!' they can stop their Government."

A widespread tax rebellion could be the most important political development in the remainder of the 20th Century. If it succeeds, it could change society not only here but perhaps in the rest of the world as well. Other people are groaning under the burdens of governments that typically demand one and a half to two times as much as was demanded from serfs under feudalism. The example of a tax rebellion spreading across borders would be a far more unsettling influence on the present world order than almost any combination of wars, assassinations, coups and the other normal fare of international politics. The typical "revolution," as Ambrose Bierce noted, is merely "an abrupt change in the form of misgovernment." But a tax rebellion would be a true revolutionary movement that would undermine the very nature of big government everywhere.



"We've asked you down for a few words about your return, Mr. Cargill. The words are: Nice try."

END OF CAMELOT

(continued from page 142)

Marina as his marriage turned sweet and sour, of watching war movies on television, of penning letters—to the Soviet embassy pleading for a visa, or to the Communist Party pleading for utilization of his talents—and far from least, of thinking up other names for himself, of photographically fabricating identification for these names, maybe for a dark purpose, maybe to alleviate the incongruity he felt amid these circumstances.

Indeed, flipping through that calendar, Lee Harvey Oswald could have recalled only a few luminous times.

There was January 27, 1963, when, using the name A. J. Hidell, he put ten dollars down on a mail-order snub-nosed Smith & Wesson .38 revolver ("the equalizer," Texans used to call the revolver) from a Los Angeles firm. The pistol was paid off in March.

There was March 12, 1963, when, as A. Hidell, he ordered for \$19.95 a Model 91/38 Mannlicher-Carcano carbine (an Italian World War Two surplus weapon, this one numbered C2766) and an Ordnance Optics Japanese-made four-power scope to be shipped to P.O. Box 2915, Dallas, Texas. Oswald did not order an M-1 advertised on the same page of the *American Rifleman* by Klein's Sporting Goods of Chicago, despite his familiarity with the weapon, perhaps because the M-1 cost \$78.88 and his mother had tintured him forever with frugality.

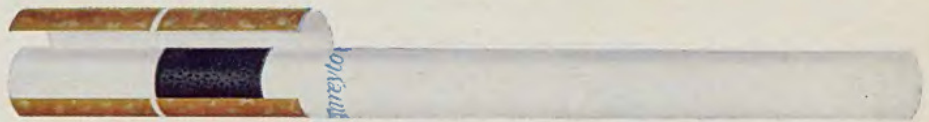
There were the days after March 20, when the weapons were shipped, that Lee, his wife said, sat alone with the rifle and practiced working the bolt, for hunting, he told her. She says she took two pictures of him, posed with rifle, revolver and copies of *The Worker* and *The Militant*.

There was April 10, when, Marina reported, Lee took his rifle from a concealed place near General Walker's home and fired a shot through a window at the general, who seemed to Oswald like Hitler and, therefore, fair big game.

There were those occasional days in New Orleans, from late April to September, when he and Marina seemed reconciled, when he became obsessed with Cuba, when, after first seeking out anti-Castro men, he formed under aliases a chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, himself sole member, and passed out leaflets, and got arrested, and was celebrated in the papers, on radio and TV, became a media man.

There was his trip to Mexico City, from September 25 to October 3, when he called on the Soviet and Cuban delegations for visas to Russia via Cuba, but was rejected, in effect sentenced to the United States, to his renewed marital difficulties, to rage at the latest FBI interrogation of Marina, and to the needs of

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his child and soon-to-be-born daughter. Kindly Ruth Paine led him to the job at the Texas School Book Depository. After another marital scrap, he went to that job the morning of November 22 carrying a heavy brown-paper package. He told fellow employee Buell Wesley Frazier (a neighbor of the Paines), who would drive him there, that it contained curtain rods for his hermetic rented room in Dallas' Oak Cliff section.

In their rented rooms, John and Jackie Kennedy prepared for a big day. Yesterday had been sweet but exhausting. First the Washington departure, then the constant business on Air Force One (for instance, keeping up with the progress of the six Cabinet members flying to the Far East for wide-ranging discussions with our allies, including South Vietnam), the roaring welcome in San Antonio, where the crowds screamed "Jackieeee" and made the President smile, the hop to Houston for more adulation and a perfunctory dinner speech and, throughout, the strain among Yarborough, Connally and Johnson, but ending at last with the flight to Fort Worth and its rainy-night welcome and the aging Hotel Texas. Friday, predictable as wind-up dolls, Jack would say a few words to the blue-collar faithful who'd assembled outside the hotel, and they'd have this chamber of commerce breakfast, and then leap the few miles to Dallas for the motorcade, the speech, the flight to Austin, to Lyndon's ranch and by then they would be at the end of things, at the close of this November 22. Jackie chose a pink wool suit with a navy collar, a matching pillbox hat and short white gloves for the day.

The morning counted down. After the breakfast (such a triumph for Jackie it caused one reporter to ask J.F.K.'s assistant David Powers, "When are you going to have her come out of a cake?"), the Kennedys enjoyed that rarity of political trips, an unscheduled period. The President surveyed the *Dallas News*. Stories about the Texas Democratic rift. A quote from Nixon, just then airborne from Dallas to New York, predicting that J.F.K. would drop L.B.J. from the 1964 ticket. And an ad, signed by the American Fact-Finding Committee (Bernard Weissman, chairman), that pilloried Kennedy for abrogating the Constitution, for substituting the "Spirit of Moscow" for the Monroe Doctrine and, in general, for leading the country to socialist ruin; to wit, allowing his brother "Bobby, the Attorney General, to go soft on Communists, fellow travelers and ultra leftists in America while permitting him to persecute loyal Americans." Seemingly, that last meant people like Jimmy Hoffa, awaiting trial on charges of jury tampering. The President explained to Jackie, "Oh, you know, we're heading into nut country today," and

added in free association, "You know, last night would have been a hell of a night to assassinate a President."

Two hours later, SS 100 X made the turn, slowly, ponderously, from Main onto Houston, approaching the Depository, and the President waved at the Dallasites. The weather had cleared (the temperature was up to 68 degrees—"Kennedy weather," his aides called it) and the bubble top was off. Behind the car was Love Field, the encouraging welcome there ("Jackieeee," they called, and the President shook hands by the fence), and the unprecedented fervor along the route. "You sure can't say Dallas doesn't love you, Mr. President," chirruped Mrs. Connally from Kennedy's left front, next to her husband on the jump seats. "No, you can't," John Kennedy replied. No one could. As politics, the trip was working. The crowds along the route had grown bigger and more friendly. At one place, the President had ordered his driver, William Greer, to stop so he could get out and greet school children. The Secret Service agents winced. But the President stopped a second time to talk with some nuns. A priest, Father Oscar Huber, had hurried to see him, waved madly and thought the President responded. Almost everyone believed the waves, the smiles of John and Jackie were especially for them. The motorcade reached the commercial heart of Dallas by 12:20, proceeding in designated order: three motorcycle cops; a pilot car; more motorcycle police; a white Ford lead car with Chief Curry, agents Lawson and Sorrels and Sheriff Bill Decker in it; then SS 100 X with Greer driving and Roy Kellerman, chief of J.F.K.'s guards, beside him, and behind them the Connallys and, in the rear seat, the Kennedys—two motorcycles flanked each side of the limousine's trunk; next came the Cadillac convertible backup car, crammed with Secret Service men, four more riding the running boards, all armed, one with an AR-15 automatic rifle that was disturbingly close to Presidential aides Powers and Kenneth O'Donnell, who perched on the jump seats; behind them the Vice-President's rented convertible, with L.B.J. and Senator Yarborough and the Secret Service detail headed by Rufus Youngblood; and behind them L.B.J.'s backup car; and behind that the Dallas mayor's car; and then the first press car, the "pool car," carrying Assistant Press Secretary Mac Kilduff on the right, with Merriam Smith, U.P.I.'s dean of White House correspondents, facing the radiotelephone in the center of the dashboard, and an A.P. reporter, a *Dallas News* reporter and an ABC correspondent riding in back. Trailing afterward were the photographers' car, the vehicles of lesser dignitaries, the V.I.P. bus and assorted extras in the motorcade's placid progress.

Down Main Street they'd come. The

excited cries and squeals as the motorcyclists swept past . . . "The President . . . he's coming . . . Jackie, she's with him . . . the President . . . here he comes. . . ." And there he was, passing the faces, the mouths open to cheer, waving as he came. Past the windows of H. L. Hunt, who looked down from his high office on the President. Past FBI agent James Hosty, who'd wanted a glimpse of the Boss and whose burdensome case load included a couple named Oswald. Nearby, at the *Dallas News*, a short, paunchy man born Jacob Rubenstein but now named Jack Ruby sat discussing the ads for his night clubs, oblivious to the President slipping by below. Past the enthusiastic mobs on Main Street, the obvious dangers there, all the Secret Service necks craning up and around like spaceship antennas, scanning windows and faces until the Lincoln reached the right turn onto Houston, with the lead car just now turning off Houston onto Elm, the crowds sparser here, some tension gone, spread out, and the motorcycles at slow speed, their cylinders popping like firecrackers among the cheers, while the young President and his wife wave and SS 100 X makes its languorous turn onto Elm by the Depository into the zoom lens of a Bell & Howell movie camera held by a New York garment manufacturer as out of place in his adopted Dallas as John Kennedy. Abraham Zapruder held the camera steady on the limousine to film his President and so filmed his President's murder.

It wasn't a difficult shot. Thousands of tourists have eye-measured the distance from the southeast sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository to the spot on the pavement, about the fourth road stripe down from the corner, just past a live oak tree fronting the Depository, where the Lincoln was when the President was first hit. Thousands have looked up as did Howard Brennan and Amos Lee Euins that day in fear and expectation of seeing the gunman there, the one the Secret Service didn't see, the long rifle barrel barely visible outside the window, then disappearing. They look, and nod, and look again, and the Dallas cops watching mutter about the goddamned Yankees out there getting their tonsils sunburned. No, it wasn't a hard shot. About 190 feet when the limousine cleared the oak tree and came into the scope.

Right then, if you were somebody who liked technical things, guns and electronics, say, you would have thought it all out, or had it stored in memory cells ready for use. You'd know that at 190 feet (or 63 yards), the four-power cross hairs made the target appear only about 50 feet away—a mere 17 yards, nothing compared with the 100-plus-yard ranges over iron sights used for rapid-fire training in the Marine Corps. You might



“The cheap one’s vinyl and the other one’s a steel-belted radial.”

know, with a quick rabbitlike intelligence, lots of technical things. That the Mannlicher-Carcano was accurate at short range. That the Italian NATO rifle team still used the carbine for meets. It was called "humanitarian" not because, as its critics later said, it missed, but because it put slugs where you wanted them, either to wound or to kill. Small slugs, 6.5mm, about a quarter of an inch, a little bigger than a .22, traveling, if the charge was fresh, at about 2200 feet per second at 100 yards. Not extremely fast, not slow, either. If the round wasn't fresh, the velocity could be less. The slug would tend to wobble or "go to sleep" within the first 100 yards, a tumbling that would be exaggerated if the slug hit anything. The slugs themselves could vary. Steel-jacketed, or "solid," with round noses, they'd blow through things leaving a nice clean hole. Copper-jacketed (lead thinly coated with copper), the round-nosed bullets were capricious. If they hit something hard, they'd likely deform. If something soft was encountered, they'd

pass on through, their velocity decreasing, especially if the velocity was low to begin with, and probably start to tumble end over end and do strange things. Any policeman could tell you stories about bullets. Like about the .38 the would-be suicide fired against his right temple that entered the skin, glanced off the skull and tumbled around the forehead beneath the skin, finally ripping out over his left ear, leaving him dazed and life-loving.

All the rounds for this Mannlicher-Carcano had roundnosed, copper-jacketed bullets weighing between 160-161 grains. One was in the chamber as the target came into view. At least two more live ones lay in the magazine, probably in a clip, though they could, if you were sloppy or rushed, just be jammed in the magazine and forced up by the follower spring. A third might have been in the magazine, since three cartridge cases and one live round were later found. Or, if you believe only two shots were fired, one expended round might have been in the rifle's chamber when the shooter took

the weapon out of the brown-paper bag and assembled it. If that hull was left there carelessly it could have been the one shucked out, to be found with a dent on the neck that held the slug, the sort of flaw you get loading an expended cartridge case to practice dry firing and bolt manipulation. But you can dent a live round, too, not using a clip, so the spring forces the round up at the wrong angle before the bolt pushes the round into the chamber. If that round was live and dented in the chambering process, the dent might well cause the projectile to tumble from the start, doing odd things to whatever it hit, as a certain bullet in this instance was said to do. Anyway, the rifleman had at least three live rounds. Or he could have had four. Whichever, the first now lay awaiting its moment.

It came as the Hertz clock blinked 12:30 C.S.T. It came with the cross hairs low and a bit left. The cheap scope, unmatched to the rifle, threw the aiming point high and right. Any trained marksman experienced with that rifle would adjust for the error, a maximum of five inches high, three right at this range. The shooter would hold his sight picture down, too, because he was taught that with any target below and going away, the tendency was to shoot too high. The limousine's speed—only 11.2 miles per hour as later calculated—was no obstacle—the picture stayed the same and there wasn't much traversing to do. The pavement's slight declination toward the underpass would help the shooter, if anything, the limousine's downhill progress correcting a high shot. All that was needed now was a good "weld" of right-hand thumb to cheek, a short "sipping" breath, hold it, and then squeeze, so gently the explosion startled even the rifleman.

Witnesses likened the first report to a firecracker. Many thought it was backfiring from the motorcycles. But the sudden, sharp *pop!* announced the Mannlicher-Carcano's slug, slamming low and a trifle right into the President's nether neck, so that his right arm, raised to wave, suddenly cramps talonlike and, joined by his left, claws for his throat. In Zapruder's film, as the Lincoln glides from behind an obstructing street sign, we see in the distortions of two planes and camera speed, his agonized movement and, in our agony of attention, Kennedy's movements are so slow to us, it seems we ought to see everything.

See behind the President in the backup car, the Secret Service men scowling at the noise, poised but uncertain, some looking backward, while the motorcycle outriders peer at the President, and Howard Brennan, a 44-year-old steamfitter, come to see his President, and Amos Lee Euins, a 15-year-old black schoolboy, look up from across Elm at the sixth-floor southeast window, a floor above and to the right



"Do I look like a person who knocks people down for no reason? That was a cry for help."

of three black people watching the procession from the Depository, and think they see the rifle and the shooter, preparing for the last shots.

We could see John Connally, holding his Stetson, turn quizzically to his left, then jerk back right in the start of a slump, while his mouth opens, cheeks puff, hair flies, as something hits him while the President behind him begins sliding leftward toward his puzzled wife, a leftward slide oddly stiff, until you remember he is wearing a surgical corset for his chronic bad back, and an Ace bandage twisted in a figure eight over his hips, so that he is propped upright like a shooting-gallery silhouette.

That was good, he's hit, now the bolt up, back, forward, down, good, smooth and quick, just track a little right, up a bit, there, hold . . . squeeze . . . Christ, where did it go?

We could see the crowd's faces change from enthusiasm to confusion to fear, their cheers to screams, their hands from applause to grotesque stop motion, as another shot seems to sound, this one shattering, maybe on the roadway or curb, a fragment hitting James Tague, who stands 270 feet away, near the underpass—and although later it can't be proved that this shot missed (or even was fired, though 83 percent of the witnesses reported three shots), people throw themselves down for cover, except the

dumfounded or a peculiar man with an umbrella or those in buildings, like the blacks in the Depository, one of whom thinks he hears after the shot the tinkle of the cartridge cases on the floor above them.

We could watch the cops look up and around, see Roy Kellerman in SS 100 X twisting in wonder and driver William Greer owl-eyeing the road, and Clint Hill lurching off the back-up car and running for the Lincoln, while Dave Powers and Ken O'Donnell see the President falling toward Jackie, and, at the same time in L.B.J.'s convertible, Special Agent Rufus Youngblood is turning to the Vice-President, pushing him down.

Bolt it again, move that picture up, that one looked low, there! Hold it there on the head, a little left with the cross hairs . . . now, squeeze. . .

Lastly, near the end of our time we could concentrate on Mrs. Kennedy. She is staring doe-eyed at her husband, knowing he is hurt, reaching for him, unconscious of John Connally's moaning "Oh, no, no, no," from the jump seat, of the crowd's shrieking disintegration, of Clint Hill rushing toward her, of everything except this hurt in Jack's throat. There is now no consideration of the heat, of cloying Texans, of fatigue, no recollection in sorrow or joy of her living children, of her poor dead baby

Patrick buried in August, of Jack's wounding love affairs, of their poignant anniversary just two months ago, of her own flights for rest and succor to the Greek islands, not even of what a triumph she, the First Lady, has been on this journey, how much for all his charm, in the end he *needed* her. There is only the hurt, and her hand on his elbow, and the confused image of the tanned face contorted, and then there is no more time.

It is Zapruder frame number 313. The Mannlicher-Carcano slug, high and right again, hits, fragments, blows a fist-sized hole in the upper-right side of John Fitzgerald Kennedy's head, and he is dead, at the speed of light, of brain neurons disconnected.

Nellie Connally described it as "like spent buckshot falling all over us, and then, of course, I could see that it was matter, brain tissue." Dave Powers said it "took off the top of the President's head, and had the sickening sound of a grapefruit splattering against the side of a wall." The rain of blood, tissue, bone shards fell on both sides of the limousine. It splattered motorcycle patrolmen Bobby W. Hargis, and B. J. Martin to the left rear of the Lincoln, and dotted spectators beside and right of the car, and the Connallys, Greer, Roy Kellerman in front of the stricken President. Such facts were to be important in the

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future appraisal of the murder.

In the back seat, the only fact was the horror, the great gouts of blood John Kennedy's heart pushed out through his skull and onto his widow's dress, her stockings and gloves, across the red roses she'd been given at Love Field (Texas had run out of yellow roses for her). And suddenly Jackie is on the trunk of the Lincoln, probably in shock, scrambling after a fish-belly-white piece of her husband's skull that's skittering across the polished black surface, as though she could catch it and Band-Aid it back as with a scratched child. Or perhaps she was terrified and escaping to Clint Hill, who now has made it to SS 100 X, has grasped one of the welded handholds and is pulling himself up against the belated acceleration of the Lincoln as Greer finally reacts and Kellerman barks into his mike, "We are hit. Get us to a hospital." Hill struggles up and pushes Jackie into the seat and looks at Lancer, his Boss, and as the car screams away for Parkland Memorial Hospital, he hammers his fist on the trunk in rage and frustration and loss.

It has taken six seconds. It's now 12:30:06 C.S.T. Panicked pigeons rise from the Depository's roof and see madness below. Officer Hargis rams a curb, flips off and charges with drawn pistol up an incline toward the grassy knoll, pergola and stockade fence west of the Depository. Faces turn toward the Depository. Abraham Zapruder, who has filmed the Lincoln until it went beneath the underpass, is screaming, "They killed him, they killed him!"

In the press "pool car," Merriman Smith has the radiotelephone. He shouts to the U.P.I. operator, "Three shots were fired at President Kennedy's motorcade in downtown Dallas." He will hold onto the phone, onto his greatest coup, keeping it from the A.P. reporter for crucial minutes, but that is not important. Nor is the fact that soon after U.P.I. came ABC Radio, then CBS's Cronkite interrupting, fittingly, *As the World Turns*, or last, the favorite, NBC's Huntley and Brinkley. What is important is that, within 15 minutes after the event, most of us knew the President had been shot, and that, henceforth, the events would be as much what the media reported as what had happened. That fact will haunt all the murderer's investigators. Smith's "three shots," for example. Though most people in the acoustical nightmare of Dealey Plaza reported three shots, some said four or five, even six. Mrs. Kennedy, Clint Hill, Zapruder reported only two, and the third bullet has been impossible to identify. Thus, in the reports that followed from the separate worlds of Dallas and Washington, of investigation and grief, we should have acknowledged that no picture, however conscientiously projected, was complete or accurate.

We were all like the audience in a

Nevada movie theater, whose manager brought up the lights and announced that the President, Vice-President, governor of Texas and a Secret Service man had been murdered in Dallas and "We will now continue with our matinee feature." Except the feature was the murder of President John F. Kennedy and the reels were crazily playing at once facts and rumors, and resonances of both.

At Dealey Plaza, amid the confusion, motorcycle officer Marrion L. Baker looks up, dismounts and runs into the Depository, convinced the sniper is on its roof. He encounters Superintendent Roy Truly and asks which way is up. Using the stairway, because the elevators are somewhere above, the two men arrive at the second-floor landing 90 seconds after the first shot, in time to see Lee Harvey Oswald hurrying into the lunchroom. Drawing his revolver, Baker summons Oswald, and asks Truly, "Do you know this man, does he work here?" Truly assures the cop Oswald is an employee, and he and Baker continue upstairs to the roof. Oswald, many believe, then buys a Coke, walks downstairs and exits the Depository at 12:33, leaving behind him the Mannlicher-Carcano, complete with a live chambered round, stuffed between two rows of boxes, the three spent cartridge cases, the brown-paper bag, his palm prints and a tuft of fibers from his shirt wedged in the metal butt plate of the carbine. He walks east on Elm Street, will walk for seven blocks and by 12:40 will board a bus but, taking a transfer (so thriftily), will soon leave it in the unusual traffic and ride a cab from the Greyhound bus station to Oak Cliff near his rented room. He'll walk to his room, too. By 1:03, he will leave, carrying his revolver in his waistband.

In that time at the Plaza, some order begins to come out of the chaos. The Dallas police—all the Secret Service are with the motorcade, racing toward Parkland—have begun questioning witnesses. Eventually, over 190 Plaza spectators will testify, offering various ear- and eye-witness reports: of the number of shots; of men running out of the Depository, down the street or into station wagons; of smoke—gun smoke?—from sewers and from behind fences; of shots from the grassy knoll, other buildings, the railing above the underpass. But the consensus at 12:34 is, as the Dallas police radio log shows, the Depository (but, queerly, one of the two police radio channels is garbled—in the melee, a mike button is stuck, or, as critics say later, somebody is intentionally jamming those wave lengths). At 12:35, Howard Brennan tells what he saw. At 12:36, Sergeant D. V. Harkness speaks with Amos Lee Euins. The schoolboy tells about the man in the window. The Depository is ordered sealed. At 12:44, 14 minutes after the

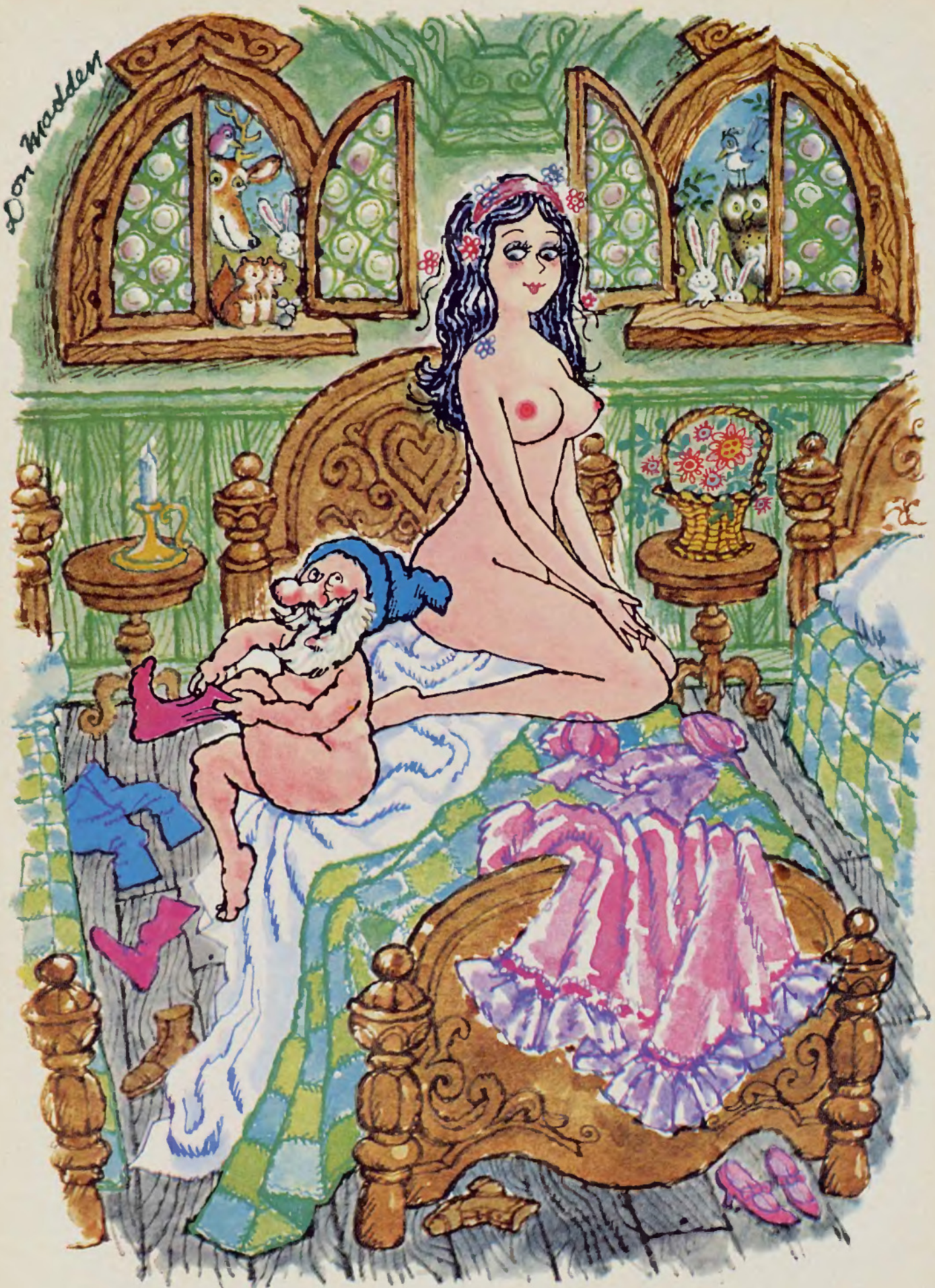
shots were fired, a bulletin is broadcast: "Attention all squads, the suspect in the shooting at Elm and Houston is reported to be an unknown white male, approximately thirty, slender build, height five feet, six, weight one hundred sixty-five pounds. . . ." In his car, Officer J. D. Tippit hears the call and, soon after, the order to patrol the Oak Cliff section.

At Parkland Memorial Hospital, Jackie stands watching the hopeless attempts to resuscitate her husband. She knows. On the way, Clint Hill had heard her cry, "He's dead, they've killed him—oh, Jack, oh, Jack, I love you." He recalled how she hesitated to leave the gory SS 100 X until Hill's coat was draped over the President's exploded head. Then there'd been the run with the stretcher (God! Her roses were on his chest!) into Trauma Room Number One, in this dun-colored tailings-heap complex called Parkland Memorial Hospital. There, for the next 90 minutes, nothing made sense.

In the gray-tile sterility of the trauma room, the doctors looked at the body of the President. They see a white male patient, number 24740, gunshot wound, who is lean, tanned, 170 pounds, six feet, aged 46, back-braced and doomed. They try fluids and external cardiac massage and perform a tracheotomy by enlarging a wound at the base of his throat, but they, too, know it is useless. No one could live with so massive a head wound. Dr. Malcolm Perry—the surgeon who was soon to raise suspicion by telling reporters the throat wound could have been an entrance hole—ends the cardiac massage at one P.M. C.S.T. and, as a matter of record, Dr. William Kemp Clark pronounces the President dead. Lancer is unhorsed, and Camelot is finished. Jackie Kennedy kneels in the blood, the debris, on the floor, and trembles in anguish, in prayer, but does not cry.

In a nearby room, sequestered by the Secret Service, paces the 36th President of the United States. He is shocked and fearful to realize that 35 minutes ago he could not even sway events in his native state—now he is the leader of the world's most powerful country. He knows that thought is in many minds, twinned if you were a Kennedyite, with the odious but irrepressible feeling that this man Johnson (this Texan!) was a usurper. His words of condolence seem awkward to him. His wife tells Mrs. Kennedy, "I wish to God there was something I could do." For the Johnsons, however, there is nothing to be done, except what the Secret Service suggests. The agents, those who have not, out of loyalty or irrationality, stayed with the slain President, fear a plot, maybe even a coup. What better time than with the Vice-President in Dallas, too, and most of the Cabinet out of the country? Rufus Youngblood tells the new President they must go at once to the security of Air Force One and then as

Don Madden



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quickly as possible to Washington. L.B.J. agrees reluctantly, saying, "We don't know whether it's a Communist conspiracy or not." The President orders word of J.F.K.'s death withheld until they leave.

At the same time, the Secret Service and police have sealed the emergency area of Parkland Hospital, including the trauma rooms, where Kennedy lies dead and Connally wounded (the governor soon is taken for emergency surgery). The nurse's station serves as a command center. Telephone links are made with the White House communications agency in Washington, and through it, with the world. Jack Kennedy's Gaelic brigade—O'Donnell, Powers, Lawrence O'Brien—try to do what must be done to comfort Jackie, to arrange matters for their dead chieftain. Secret Service men and military aides seek to impose order, calling key officials. They worry that L.B.J. doesn't know the code keys that will implement various defensive reactions, those carried around in the metal suitcase by a President's shadow—the "bag-man," whose various packets contain codes to set up hotlines to world leaders or to implement nuclear attacks of several magnitudes. This "man with the satchel," Ira Gearhart, had been separated from both J.F.K. and L.B.J. for some time in the strung-out chase to Parkland. He was with L.B.J. now, but L.B.J. hadn't been briefed. Suppose the assassination signaled an attack? In Washington, Secretary of Defense McNamara had placed U. S. bases on alert as soon as he heard of the shooting. The Cabinet plane, bearing Secretaries Rusk, Freeman, Dillon, Hodges, Wirtz and Udall, was contacted (they have turned back after confirming U.P.I. reports).

Soon after his brother arrives at Parkland, Attorney General Robert Kennedy is reached at his home in Virginia by J. Edgar Hoover. Steely-pale, Bobby then telephones his mother, Rose. The chilling word goes throughout the Kennedy family in Massachusetts (except to the patriarch Joseph P. Kennedy—the news is kept from him for fear of his health, to the extent that his son Teddy, arriving later that afternoon from Washington, rips out the wires of his father's TV set). When in a few moments Bobby will learn from Dallas of Jack's death, he will say, "He had the most wonderful life," and turn to the ordeal of organized grief.

Outside Parkland's secure area, reporters throng and speculate (including one, Seth Kantor, who will claim he saw Jack Ruby). The A.P. reporter issues a bulletin that L.B.J. and a Secret Service man have been shot. Rumors mixed with facts multiply, divide and conquer the nation's attentions. In the Senate of the United States, Edward M. Kennedy learns of his brother's wound from a wire-service ticker. Richard Nixon hears

of it from a New York cabbie. Sargent Shriver, who will plan much of the funeral, learns by telephone at lunch. They all want to know what's really going on, want to know that:

- At 12:57, Father Oscar Huber (who had waved at John Kennedy 45 minutes earlier) and Father James Thompson arrive at the hospital. In the trauma room, Huber administers the last rites to the President (outside, reporters whisper, "It looks like he's gone. They've called a priest"). Father Huber assures Mrs. Kennedy that Jack's soul was still in his body, that the rite was effective. The widow thanks him. Outside again, Huber answers reporters' questions, hinting the President is dead.

- At 1:26, President Johnson, his wife, Chief Curry and the Secret Service detail break out of Parkland, that possible trap, and race to Love Field and Air Force One. They arrive seven minutes later.

- At 1:30, a Dallas undertaker named Vernon Oneal arrives in response to Clint Hill's behest with his best bronze casket (a Britannia model, eventually billed to the Kennedys at \$3995). Jackie has said, "I'm not going to leave here without Jack," and so John Kennedy's body is swaddled in plastic, his ruined head wrapped and cushioned with rubber bags until, mummylike, he is closed in his coffin. On his finger is Jackie's wedding ring, put there to keep him company on the last flight home.

- At 1:33, Assistant Press Secretary Mac Kilduff announces that the President of the United States is dead. In hysterical bulletins, the confirmation is flashed around the world. Reactions of all kinds come. Fidel Castro says, "Everything has changed," and today we wonder what, exactly, he meant. A high school student in Amarillo shouts, "Hey, great, J.F.K.'s croaked!" A retired Marine Corps general in Washington, unwittingly echoing some Southerners after Lincoln: "It was the hand of God that pulled the trigger that killed Kennedy." But those sentiments were exceptional. Mostly, America is stunned, grieving and worrying. The *Times* reports New York is like a vast church. Weeping is widespread. Every eye and ear is turned to television or radio. There is rage, too, of course. In the White House, where mourning now must intertwine with planning for a funeral and transition, a friend and advisor speaks for many: "I'd like to take a fucking bomb and blow the fucking state of Texas off the fucking map." That was before the last maddening Texas events occurred.

First came the battle of the body. With the dead President encased, his widow, his guards, his aides, all want to leave this place of death, leave with the awful sacks of personal effects needed for evidence. Secret Service agent Richard Johnson wants to get to the FBI with

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this nearly perfect 6.5mm bullet found on a stretcher, probably Connally's, by a Parkland employee and passed on to Johnson by the hospital's security chief. That could (and would) be terribly important in a hypothesis later based on that unusual bullet. They all need to leave. But Dr. Earl Rose, the Dallas County medical examiner, says they cannot leave. Under Texas statute, any homicide victim must undergo an autopsy, so that the rights of the accused murderer are protected, and they cannot leave until that is done (in retrospect, as we will see, perhaps the law should have been obeyed). Dr. Rose blocks the emergency-area doorway, backed by a justice of the peace. The President's physician, Admiral George Burklely exclaims, "It's the President of the United States!" Dr. Rose retorts, "You people from Washington can't make your own law." And so, in death, John Kennedy is the object of a struggle emblematic of that which, in life, he came to Texas to resolve. This one Ken O'Donnell resolves. "It's just another homicide case as far as I'm concerned," the J.P., Judge Theron Ward, opines. "Go fuck yourself," says Ken. "We're leaving." And they sweep through, led by an angry Secret Service detail. Surrounding Jackie and the casket, they brush aside a strange priest, who's waving a green bag containing a relic of the true Cross (he's blessing the President). They muscle the heavy Britannia into Vernon Oneal's hearse, and then the cars peel off for Love Field. On Air Force One, the Kennedyites will find the Texans, and a terrible delay (what if those bastards impound the body?), while L.B.J. waits for Judge Sarah Hughes to swear him in (unnecessary, since he'd actually been in power since John Kennedy was hit). Factionalism will fester there, while Jackie Kennedy sits in the rear of the plane by her husband's coffin, refusing to change from her bloody clothes, and the Irish Mafia kneel to speak with her, wondering when in hell they'll take off, and admiring her preternatural lucidity, while Texas accents sound faintly from the forward cabin. People will eat vegetable soup and drink whiskey, which doesn't affect them and be unaware of the other Texas thing happening out there in Dallas.

Around 1:03 P.M., just after the President was pronounced dead, Roy Truly has informed police and agent Sorrels that in his canvass of employees he's discovered Oswald, the same man who was in the lunchroom just after the shooting, is missing. Maybe he should be questioned. Meanwhile, the physical evidence is examined (by 1:22, the rifle mistakenly described at first as a Mauser will be found). Just then, Oswald is walking away from his rooming house (strange, his housekeeper later said, she thought a police car came and honked, and then there was her tenant "O. H. Lee" on the street at a bus stop). He wears a light shirt, light

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jacket, dark slacks and his .38 Smith & Wesson Special—the cylinder may, like the rifle, have one expended round in it and the bullets are standard .38 Specials, slightly small for the .38 Smith & Wesson Special, which has an odd-sized barrel diameter, a detail that would make slug identification difficult. At 1:15, less than a mile from the rooming house, Officer J. D. Tippit sees Oswald, who matches the radioed description of the Dealey Plaza suspect. What happens next is verified finally by nine witnesses, including William Scoggins and Helen Markham, who see the first act. They see Tippit's car roll up from behind the young man and stop next to him. The pedestrian goes to the right door, and the cop opens the driver's side and steps out, starting around the front of the car. As before, eyewitness accounts of the number of shots differ. But the young, slight, dark-haired man soon identified as Oswald did, Tippit's autopsy showed, put four rounds into the cop. One drove a uniform button into his chest, another nicked the aorta, a third penetrated his torso and the fourth ripped into the falling policeman's temple. Then the killer runs for several blocks. He empties four cartridge cases in some bushes as people watch. He jogs past a used-car lot, discards a jacket. Behind him, a witness is calling in the murder on Tippit's radio. Immediately, sirens rend the Oak Cliff quiet. The Dallas police have had enough. A shoe-store manager named Johnny Brewer, on West Jefferson Boulevard, watches a young man duck into his doorway until a prowler car passes, then walk quickly into the Texas Theater (Tony Russell, starring in *War Is Hell*). Brewer later said, "He looked funny to me . . . like he had been running, and he looked scared." Brewer asks the ticket seller about the man and learns he didn't pay, and the ticket seller, like Brewer, thinks about the assassination and the sirens and calls the police.

At 1:45, while at Parkland the battle of the body rages, the Dallas police—15 strong—fan through the theater, finger-painted by the flickering heroics, until Brewer points out Lee Harvey Oswald. Officer M. N. McDonald strides to Oswald, orders him to stand and begins a search. "Well, it's all over now," Oswald sighs and, hitting McDonald with his left hand, snatches for the revolver with his right. McDonald slugs the suspect, grapples for the gun, and the rest of the cops pile on. In minutes, Lee Harvey Oswald is handcuffed and on his way to police headquarters. He has a contusion on the right side of his forehead. He complains about police brutality, claims he knows nothing about Tippit, about the President, seems wise to his rights and canny (surely enough, police later think, for aliases, for knowing something of immigration and passport procedures). At headquarters, the homicide captain has meanwhile decided, based on the Deposi-

tory circumstances, to arrest this Lee Harvey Oswald in Irving. But Oswald's already there. His interrogation begins. Secret Service agent Sorrels is there and the FBI's James Hosty (who, according to a lieutenant in Dallas' intelligence section, has just confided that the FBI had information "that this subject was capable of committing the assassination of President Kennedy"—that assertion lies buried for years).

The networks identify the suspect at 3:23, and commentators immediately link Kennedy, Tippit and Oswald. In the hours to come, they'll have much more to report. Oswald will say, "Now, everyone will know me." He will be arraigned for Tippit's, then for the President's murder. He will try to reach a New York lawyer active in A.C.L.U. cases and fail. He will see his wife. And Marina will tell police she's found Lee's wedding ring in a cup at the Paines', where he'd left it early that Friday morning, along with almost all his money and, yes, they'd had another fight the night before. She'll know about the rifle in the Paines' garage and about the pictures of Lee and his guns, thus drawing tighter the lengthening chain of circumstantial and physical evidence around "A. Hidell." She'll intimate he seems guilty by the look in his eyes. His mother, Marguerite, hearing over the radio of her son's arrest, will call Bob Schieffer, then a Fort Worth reporter (now CBS White House reporter) and tell him she wants to sell her story of Lee. And, with plans already hatching for a lawyer (who'll turn out to be Mark Lane), she will join Marina in Dallas, their lodgings courtesy of *Life* magazine (which is also acquiring Abe Zapruder's film and to whom Marguerite will also say, "Boys, I'll give you a story for money.") Oswald will become the star of his own show, appearing before reporters to state his innocence ("I didn't kill anybody, no sir"), while his prosecutors prejudice the case by saying, as district attorney Henry Wade did, "I figure we have sufficient evidence to convict him." Indeed, just as a matter of law—ignoring the consequences—the case will become one of the most convoluted in American history, instanced at once by the discovery U. S. Attorney Barefoot Sanders made that no Federal law forbade assassinating a President. Thus, Lee Harvey Oswald, if guilty, was just a plain old Texas murderer.

All that will occur and all along Oswald seems to enjoy the game. Baiting the police, vouchsafing little, eating well and sleeping soundly. Happily for him, one supposes, he doesn't know he, too, is doomed. Jack Ruby has attended one of the press briefings. Jack is a police buff, with inferiority feelings born of failure. Adulation of guns and cuffs and power seem to alleviate those feelings and he is, on Friday and Saturday, cruising police headquarters, radio stations and

his clubs in alternating currents of funk and tawdry business enthusiasms, until—he will claim he is overcome with pity for the Kennedys. At 11:21, Sunday, November 24, Ruby gut-shoots Lee Harvey Oswald to death in the Dallas police-building basement with a nickel-plated .38, on live television, as the accused assassin is being led away for transfer to the county jail. That development, too (how did he get in? why? who is he?), will fester in the nation's wounds. The wounds that Jackie Kennedy, en route home on Air Force One (code-named Angel, appropriately enough) resolved would be bandaged in the ceremonies of the three days to follow. That time, from the departure at Love Field until John Kennedy was laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery on Monday, November 25, comes back to us as a series of vignettes, like figures on a frieze telling of an ancient tragedy.

There is Jackie Kennedy, on the airplane, vowing that America must realize what's happened. Another dress? "No, let them see what they've done." She said that often, stipulating with the plural pronoun that Lee Harvey Oswald for her was surely symbolic of the hatred that had killed her husband. That motivated her decision to take the bronze casket off publicly. "We'll go out the regular way," she said. "I want them to see what they have done." And she wanted it known that she had sat by her husband all the way to Andrews Air Force Base, that she at the end possessed him totally. "Suppose I hadn't been there with him?" she asked. There could be no answer, perhaps because it seemed irrelevant in the divided atmosphere of Air Force One, where the Kennedy faction felt deracinated by the Johnson people, by the new President, who was doing what he must: take over the Administration of the country. "The Government must go forward," he was to say.

Never was that division better demonstrated than in the next picture, the image that told us it had really happened. There at Andrews, we saw it through the camera's eye—the casket shoved into the lift, and Jackie and Bobby (who'd boarded the plane a moment earlier to comfort her) descending while the assembled dignitaries, shadowy figures beyond the floodlit airplane, watched or moved in hesitant strides to greet the survivors of Dallas, and a team of military men went forward to take the burden and put it into the ambulance. It was true. Jack Kennedy was in that thing. That was what we saw and remembered, not the new President who, his pride hurt, did not even emerge from what was now his flagship until after the Kennedys had left for Bethesda Hospital, not the tall man who mumbled something about needing our help and God's before the stations began playing the 100th recapitulation of the Kennedy

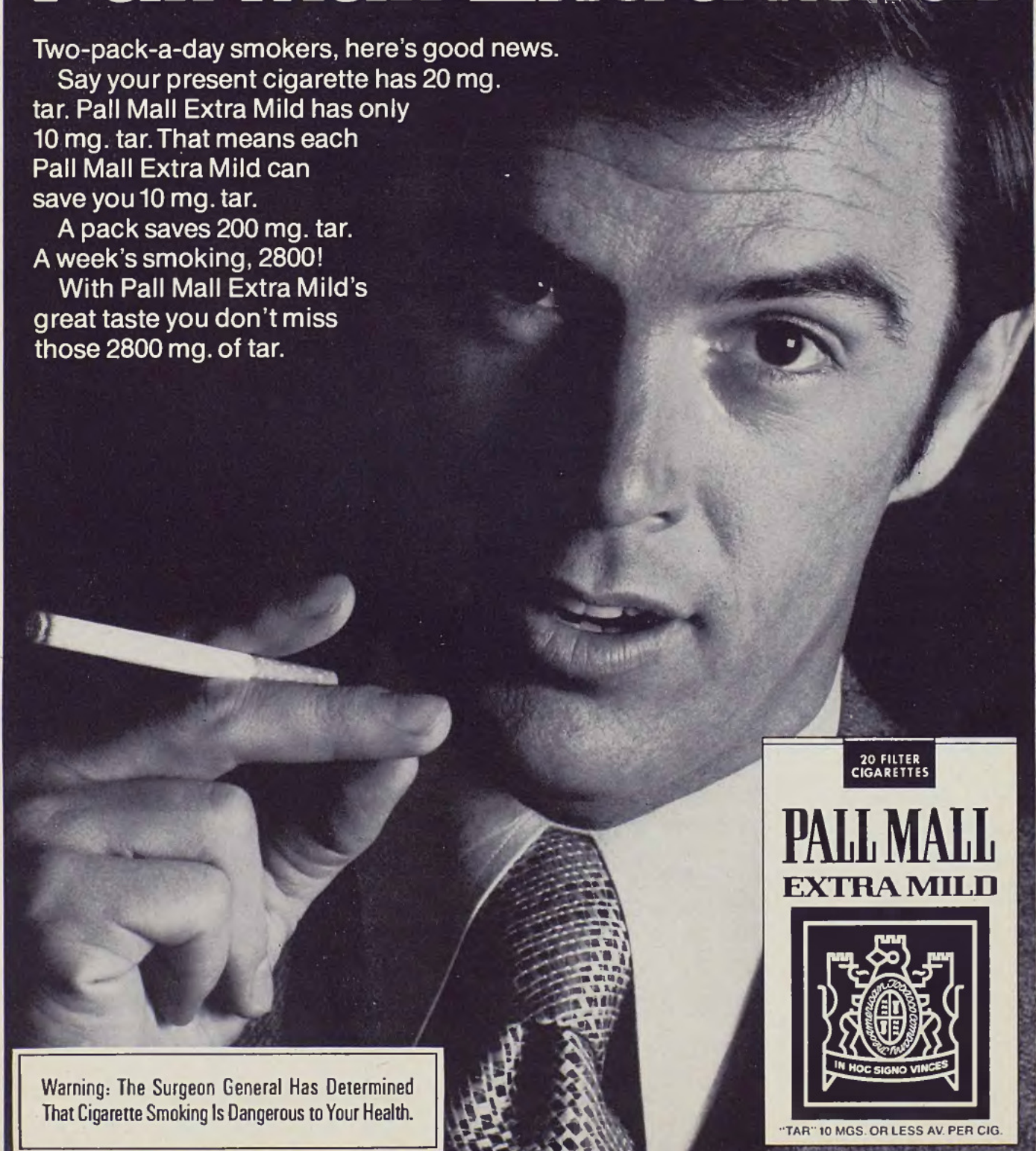
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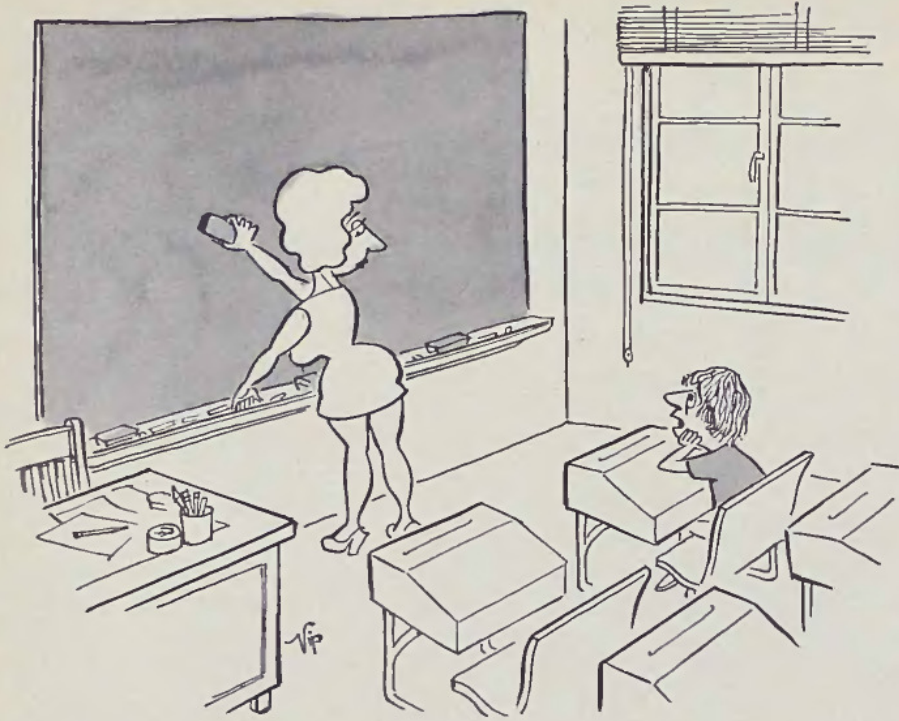
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"Geez, Miss Campbell, I could sit here all day and watch you erase."

years. Yet that man was the President now. While Jack Kennedy went to the autopsy room, Johnson and the advisors would go by helicopter to the White House lawn, then to the Executive Office Building for meetings and briefings (and Caroline and John-John, unaware yet, had heard the helicopters earlier ferrying VIPs to meet Air Force One and had rushed to the windows, crying, "There they are. Mummy and Daddy are home. . . . Daddy's here!"—their nanny tells Caroline later).

The autopsy itself should, it seems now, have been the next picture, at least for those qualified. But because it was not pretty, Robert Kennedy asked that the autopsy photos not be unnecessarily disseminated. (The Warren Commission never saw them.) Thus, although Kennedy's body was X-rayed, photographed, probed, examined for hours, the results—as we shall see in detail in the second Kennedy installment—have been in dispute ever since, largely because: (a) there were discrepancies among the physicians' working notes, the FBI's initial autopsy report (written by laymen) and the doctors' final report, (b) based on the Kennedy autopsy and the time required to fire Oswald's carbine, an odd explanation had to be advanced for Connally's wounds—that a bullet (the one found on Parkland's stretcher) passed through Kennedy's neck and on through the governor's chest, and out, to fracture the Texan's wrist and end by wounding his thigh, and (c) rumors from Dallas—of

more than one gun, of plots, of front entrance wounds—circulated an air of skepticism around the official version. Yet the gross findings were clear then and are now. One wound about five-and-one-half inches below the bony point behind the right ear, and about the same distance from the right shoulder joint. This opening, although it was difficult to trace to its end, led between two strap muscles to the throat wound, apparently an exit for the slug, which continued on to Connally. Unfortunately, the exit had been obliterated by Dr. Perry's desperate tracheotomy in the resuscitation attempts. About the second wound, the fatal shot, there was little doubt. Inward-beveled bone, metal fragments driven forward (like the ball that killed Lincoln) into the orb of the right eye. Massive, downward-slanting cerebral damage. Each fact clearly indicative of a shot from above and behind.

But we saw only the revised autopsy report, not the pictures, and when the autopsy was done and the new casket arrived at Bethesda—a plain African-mahogany model to replace the Britannia, damaged in the escape from Dallas—embalmers went to work to create the beautiful memory picture of the undertaker's trade. They dressed the body in a blue-gray suit, put mesh and artificial hair over the awful wound, brought color to the ashen flesh. They put a rosary in the folded hands. Jackie Kennedy would not like it, would say, "It was like something you would see at Madame Tus-

saud's," and so the casket would stay closed for the obsequies. That, like everything else, caused speculation. Is he disfigured? Shot in the face? Is he really dead, or a vegetable someplace? But it was Jackie's will, as so much was, and it was consistent with her decision, reached at Bethesda, that John Fitzgerald Kennedy's funeral would be like Abraham Lincoln's. It was.

At 4:34 A.M., Washington time, Saturday, November 23, the dead President went at last back to the White House. The dawn promised and would deliver a rainy, blowy, maudlin day. A Marine honor guard escorted the widow, still in the same pink, blood-covered suit, and the dead Commander-in-Chief's brother, and the flag-draped coffin to the East Room, where Kennedy would lie that morning, surrounded by the deathwatch sentinels, by four tall tapers, by the windows garlanded with black crepe, stark against even a lowering sky. Outside, thousands gathered to stare in silence at the White House and the black windows. Inside, Jackie looked again at her husband and murmured, "It isn't Jack."

The world knew it was. Westminster Abbey's bell tolled each minute, as it had done only for fallen monarchs. De Gaulle mused, "I am stunned. They are crying all over France." Italians marched in mourning. In Berlin, where Kennedy had announced, "*Ich bin ein Berliner*," candles lit every window. The U.S.S.R.'s Andrei Gromyko wept. The world leaders came, some to visit the East Room, some as the President lay in state on Sunday in the Capitol's rotunda, all to walk on Monday behind the Kennedys, behind the caisson from the White House to St. Matthew's Cathedral, then to ride to Arlington for the burial. There were eight heads of state, ten prime ministers, most of the world's remaining royalty. Ninety-two nations sent delegations. Some 250,000 Americans came in person to file by Kennedy's body in their Capitol. One million flanked the route of the funeral cortege, the procession to Arlington. Countless millions watched it all on television. We saw, and saw repeatedly so that it became imprinted in us almost genetically, the last images of the Kennedy era.

The riderless horse, Black Jack, cavorting so that the saber, the boots reversed in their silver stirrups, jangled and flashed—it was as though he were possessed, or mounted by a presence only he could feel.

Those drums, accompanied by the 100-to-the-minute mourning pace of the military units, moving behind the caisson to the band's slowed dirge of *Hail to the Chief*, and to the melancholy skirl of the Black Watch pipers, on the way to the Capitol, to the cathedral, to Arlington.

Cardinal Cushing, the high priest himself, breaking from Latin into English

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sions about a nearly impotent radical's attempts to, uh, find himself. No such problems in South Carolina,

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at the Mass to say, "May the angels, dear Jack, lead you into Paradise," and the veiled widow weeps, until Caroline says, "Don't cry, I'll take care of you."

The Arlington moment when, the last ritual words uttered in the echo of Air Force One's wing-wagging last fly-by, the bugler who's blown taps thousands of times reaches for the highest, ultimate note, and breaks, the sound like a catch in our throats, Jackie receives the covering flag. And then she stoops to light the flame that's to burn forever.

Finally, the midnight visit to the grave with Bobby, that Monday, after a small celebration of John-John's birthday, when she sees the tokens—a Special Forces beret, a prayer card—against the mass of odd flowers, against the flame, and she looks down, perhaps thinking of her letter to Jack, of her son's scrawl, and her daughter's note, and a pair of cuff links and a scrimshaw Presidential Seal that now rest with Jack beneath the ground, like him, against the coffin's silky lining where she'd put them. Then she looks up, turns to go—for the moment a secular saint. But one who will live another life, and return from it to mourn the murder of the brother-in-law so stern next to her. For them, it is not finished. For Jack Kennedy, it is.

Neither is it finished for us. Despite the feelings of the Kennedys, the United States will go on. President Lyndon Baines Johnson has already met with the visiting diplomats and leaders, establishing himself. He has ordered the FBI to investigate his predecessor's murder vigorously. He must now prepare the budget, move into the Executive Mansion ("Where will I live?" Jackie had asked Bobby) and inaugurate his era. Vietnam's escalation is still in his future, but other killings lie close at hand. This man Ruby has killed Oswald, saying, "You killed the President, you rat," and then, "You all know me, I'm Jack Ruby." What's all that about? And there is Kennedy's killing. Who did it really? Things will have to be cleared up, for sure.

President Johnson's first impulse was to convene a Texas panel to look into these Texas matters. But the Justice Department, chiefly Nicholas Katzenbach, persuaded the President that this matter transcended state boundaries.

On November 29, 1963, by Executive Order Number 11130, President Johnson created the Warren Commission to investigate the murder of John F. Kennedy and Oswald. The commission's official charge was to arrive at the truth wherever it was to be found. But it was also understood that this panel of distinguished Americans—Chief Justice Earl Warren, Senators John Sherman Cooper and Richard Russell, Representatives Hale Boggs and Gerald R. Ford, ex-CIA

Director Allen W. Dulles, and the statesman John J. McCloy—would in its findings, if possible, preserve as a political necessity the respect for our institutions that was so vital in a period of transition and turmoil. The commission was also told to get it done fast. Unfortunately, the panel was insufficiently equipped for any of these tasks. Its members, perforce, were busy men unable to devote full time to the investigation (some attended as few as 20 percent of the hearings). It had no investigative staff, instead exclusively relying on the FBI (who had things to hide) and on a small group of young lawyers, who were being pushed constantly to investigate and to write the report as soon as possible. Even so, the commission amassed information unparalleled in any investigation of any of our assassinations.

On September 24, 1964, the Warren Commission submitted its report to the President. In painstaking detail through millions of words, it laid out its proof that Lee Harvey Oswald and Lee Harvey Oswald alone had murdered John F. Kennedy. It described how he had done it. It assessed Jack Ruby as a disturbed man, a crazed avenging angel, who had acted alone. It recommended that killing a President be made a Federal crime. It criticized the FBI's handling of crucial information and witnesses. Overall, it sought to dispel the myths, the theories (many voiced in Europe) of conspiracy—executed by leftists or rightists or militarists or foreign operatives.

For a time, the report succeeded. Polls showed most Americans accepted the findings. It was endorsed editorially around the nation. *The New York Times*, as bellwether, wrote: "The Warren Commission report is a massive and moving document . . . it tells all that can now be learned about the deaths of the President and his assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald. No comparable event in history has ever received such an exhaustive and searching examination while all the facts were fresh and the witnesses available to testify. Those in this country and abroad who prefer devious explanations will cling to their theories of a sinister conspiracy. But those who can confront the truth with all its complexity and ironic force will recognize in the events in Dallas much that is symbolic of the irrationality of man's fate."

Within a year, those who preferred devious explanations and suspected sinister conspiracies would take the field, armed with evidence even the mountainous report could not dwarf. The report, they said, was symbolic of man's irrationality. This murder must out, they cried, and the nation heard them, as we shall see.

This is the fourth in a series of articles on political assassination in America.



SHORT SEASON (continued from page 102)

shell lurking in a pecan waffle. Lost my way to Arthur Allyn Field. Reminded myself that a bad start simply makes the adrenaline flow in an old pro. Reached the clubhouse door at the stroke of ten, stopped at the first locker on the left, said hello to Johnny Sain.

Sain is the best pitching coach in baseball, a crusader with a simple credo: The mechanics of pitching can be taught to anyone who can throw a baseball 55 feet.

In a highly conformist profession, Sain is a genius and therefore a maverick. He has refused to coach for a manager he didn't like (Yogi Berra of the Yankees). He resigned rather than work for an owner he didn't respect (Calvin Griffith of the Twins). Yet Sain can have any job he wants off his track record (champion staffs at New York, Minnesota and Detroit) and because his pitchers speak of him with rare affection. In a sport where "coaches" are more tolerated than admired by players, Sain has received public testimonials from pitchers Jim Bouton, Dennis McLain and Jim Kaat, all of them mavericks in their own right but all of them stars under Sain.

Hawking a stream of tobacco juice into a paper cup he was carrying, Sain explained what I should have known back when I could have used it.

"I can teach the mechanics and give

you ideas and help you learn from experience. But pitching is control and control is subconscious. You can't think about what you're doing and do it the way it should be done. When you're pitching right, it looks instinctive, but it's the result of all these things you've learned and selected for yourself and discarded the crap that isn't for you. If I tell a pitcher to go out there and use a certain pitch in a certain situation, hell, it's *his* ass if it doesn't work. So he has to believe it will work. I can't make him do what he should do."

The most useful thing Sain does for pitchers is to teach them spin mechanics. It is the spin on the ball as it enters the plane of the strike zone that makes it so difficult to hit solidly. Putting the proper spin on the ball so that it sinks, sails, slides, hops or drops is what the mechanics of pitching is all about. In 1947, Sain invented a simple inexpensive gadget to help pitchers learn the principles of proper spin. Recently, he devised a control target (a three-inch-thick cement block in a pressed form of two-by-fours weighing 300 pounds, with the strike zone painted on its surface) at which anyone can throw a properly spinning ball and learn to pitch.

"There ought to be one in every camp. Hell, in every playground. Teach a boy

how to spin the ball and let him practice. Baseball needs something like this. It's tougher now more than it ever was to pitch in the big leagues. I've talked to the commissioner's office, to everybody I can think of about this. Maybe it's too simple. Nobody listens to me but pitchers."

Big John! Where were you when I needed you?

The two-hour workout had started; the first intrasquad game of the spring would follow. I strolled through the clubhouse sniffing familiar smells.

A hundred lockers. Twice what the spring-training roster called for. Less than what would be needed when the minor leaguers reported in a month. Each of the occupied lockers had extra uniforms that were provided by the club, extra shoes and gloves that were free from Adidas and Rawlings, an assortment of personal belongings. No fan mail. But on the top shelf of most lockers was a hair drier.

A hair drier!

Ty Cobb would have cursed. Rogers Hornsby would have raged. Christy Mathewson would have let his hair grow long. (Pitchers have always been a progressive breed.)

The sound of calisthenics drifted into the trainer's room. Charley Saad, quartering oranges for the midday break, grinned and agreed that not much

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had changed in his line of work.

"So what does a trainer need, hah? Good ears to listen to their troubles. Good sense so he can tell 'em what they want to hear. Good hands so he can give 'em a little flesh. That's what they want. That's what they need. Just like anybody else."

A chunky man, quick on his feet, Saad has the soulful eyes and clutching gestures of a Lebanese merchant. Give him an opening and he'd sell you the sheet off the rubbing table. He swept a hand along the wall counter, pointing out his supplies for the camp.

"Two gallons of half-and-half baby oil and Sloan's Liniment to get 'em loose, thirty-six pounds of Atomic Balm to get 'em warm. Twelve tubes of Capsolin to get 'em hot. Ascriptin with Maalox for hangovers. Geritol. wheat germ, vitamin C. Whatever they want. Can it hurt? They're grownups. Bill Melton thinks vitamin-B₁₂ shots help his sciatica. That's OK. If Bill thinks it's good for him, I'll give him one."

Fingering my bicep, Saad leaned over to whisper: "Y' know the thing that worries 'em all? They say to me, 'Charley, will this end up in cancer?' Y' know? Tendonitis. Chipped bone. Pulled muscle. Ankle sprain. Whatever. They worry they're gonna get cancer from some hurt."

"Y' know what you never do? Never, never tell a guy the medical name of the thing that hurts him. God, he's right into the anatomy book looking it up. Saying it wrong. Worrying over it. Driving himself nuts."

Sox players call Saad Uncle Charley. Like most big-league-baseball trainers he is more psychologist than physical therapist.

"Hey, a monkey can tape. Put a bell on the spool. One turn, rrring! Two turns, rrring! The monkey slaps the guy on the ass and sends him out to play!"

Buck Peden's pressbook didn't even list Uncle Charley's name. Which indicates how little the front office knows about what goes on in the clubhouse. The trainer is usually the first man to know whether or not a player is able—or willing—to play on any given day.

"Hey, big 'un," said Saad, handing me an orange slice to suck, "why don't you check out their heads? We got a lotta good bodies down here this spring. But what kind of heads we got?"

Sain worried about hands that could spin a ball properly. Saad worried about heads. Sox management worried collectively about an arm that might or might not work to their satisfaction.

Roger Nelson, an off-season acquisition from Cincinnati, had a history of arm troubles. What Nelson didn't know was that the Sox had promised a young pitcher to the Reds if Roger made the team in the spring. Was his 32-year-old pitching-savvy head worth a 20-year-old's hard-throwing arm?

"The Sox make you feel like a human being. They talk to you like you're a person."

Sure, Rog. They tell you all the facts you need to know.

"When I was healthy on the mound, I never caught my lunch, never got belted out of the ball park. But my whole career has been bad luck. I've tore up my shoulder muscles, front and back. Tore up my elbow. Had operations. Used all kinds of stuff to keep down the pain."

Nelson sipped Gatorade from the iced tub filled with the team's two-and-a-half-gallon daily ration. Tall, dark-haired, "Spider" Nelson had had a big season in 1972 at Kansas City, where he was equally famous for *Tacos à la Nelson*, a gustatory delight published in *Royals Recipes*, the K.C. team's cookbook. Since then, Spider had had two poor years in a row and was obsessed with doubt, an affliction at least as bad as a sore arm to the Sox. John Sain, a disciple of W. Clement Stone, preached Positive Mental Attitude to all his staff. To Sain, self-pity ruins more pitchers than the hanging curve ball.

I wished Nelson luck, made a date for dinner with Jim Kaat, a pitcher with no doubts whatsoever, and walked out to diamond number one to watch the intrasquad game. Spring-training games are rarely memorable, their statistics meaningless. In the spring, it's truly not whether the players win or lose but how they play the game that counts. And which bigwig sees them.

In the bright sun, a scattering of fans watched for free. A pair of braless teenagers measured the pitches and pitchers, the clouts and the clouters. (Wonder if groupies take spring training. Or need it.) Bill Melton hit a grand-slam homer late in the game. Hit it off Roger Nelson. In the tiny manager's room, half filled with team equipment, Chuck Tanner said everybody looked good, everybody was hustling just fine and the Sox would be better than ever in '75.

"Have a couple of martinis for me tonight," he said to me.

"No martinis tonight, Chuck. Having dinner with Kaat."

"Have a couple, anyway. He'll watch."

"Drinking is not a spectator sport," I reminded him.

Jim Kaat may be the only pitcher in baseball history who has won over 200 games but doesn't smoke, doesn't drink and doesn't screw around on or off the mound. A leader in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, a successful investor, "Kitty" Kaat considers pitching satisfactory only if he wins a complete game and finishes it in 90 minutes or less. Tall, blond, well-built, he has the arrogance of a dedicated evangelist, a hard-nosed competitor and a smart businessman. Some people like him, anyway.

We ate Italian, at a local shopping

center's only restaurant. Kaat drove his van, an Econoline with the floor boards, inner walls and ceiling covered in green-and-white shag carpeting. There were color-coordinated curtains. The horn was half a baseball. The tape deck played, not music, but a golf lesson recorded by Jim Flick, a teaching pro from Florida.

"Took up golf a couple of years ago. Want to play in a two by the time I'm through pitching. I listen to the lessons whenever I'm driving the van. Having a goal gets me going in the morning, you see."

We had ordered lasagna, talked about pitching coaches (twice Kaat had won over 20 games in a season, both times under Sain) and switched the conversation over coffee (milk for Kitty) to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

"At Minnesota, the Twins had the largest number of nonsmoking teetotalers in the game. We got it together and it spread around. Some managers might be afraid we're trying to separate the good guys from the bad guys, but that's not how it works. For instance, I'd go from locker to locker on Saturday and let everybody know what room we'd have for the Sunday chapel. Everybody's welcome. The F.C.A. doesn't shy away from junkies and drunks and shack-up artists. Last season, every man on the team dropped in at least once."

Some of my fondest Sunday-morning memories are of gentle hangovers that followed Saturday-night victory celebrations. Poor Kitty. He'd never have one.

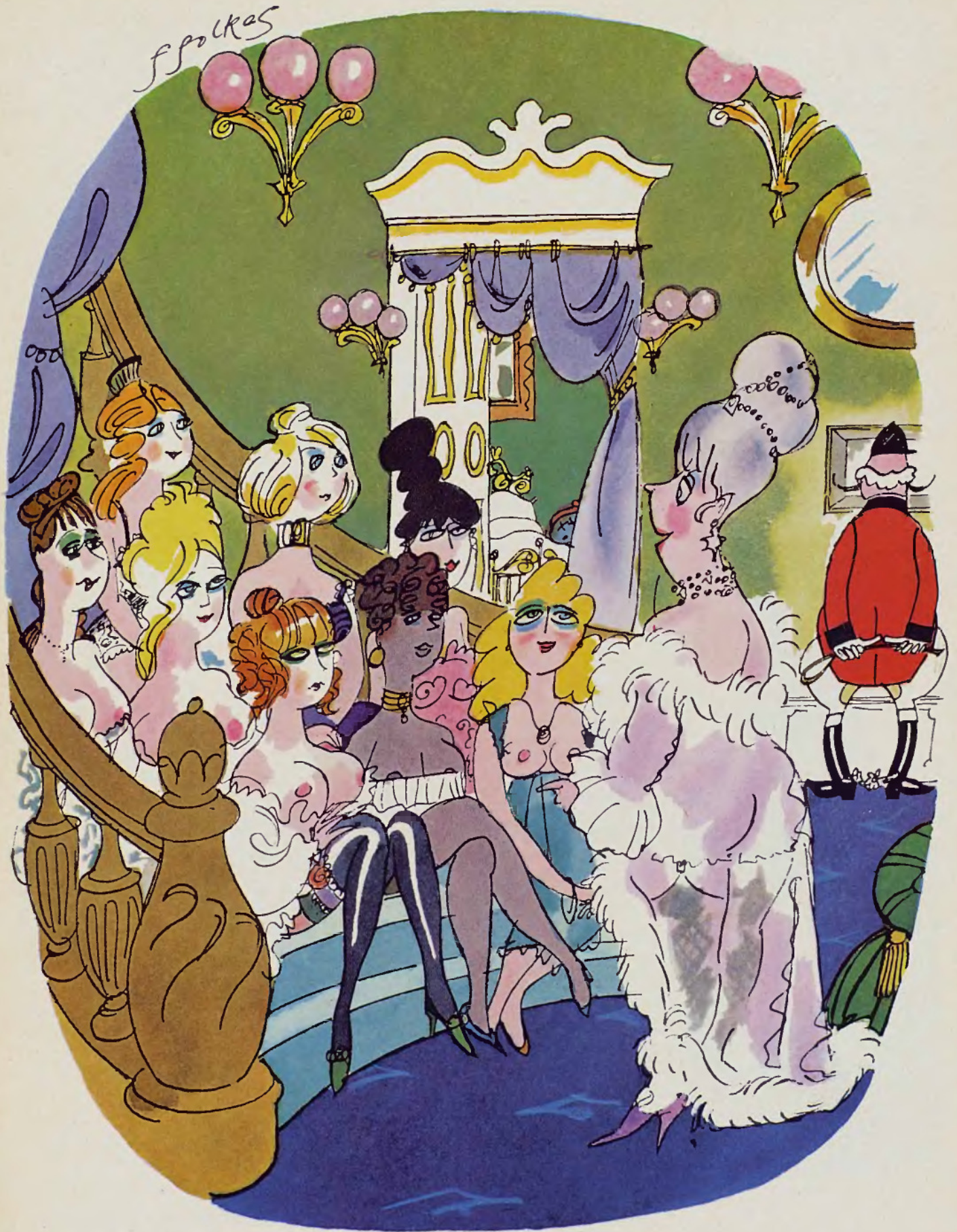
"I'll tell you," Kaat unexpectedly confessed. "I once had a beer and I puked all over a cigar back behind my family's home in Michigan. But in a strict Christian home, smoking and drinking were the kind of habits that were taboo. I never really got into them and didn't have to give 'em up."

Kaat was 36. At that age, the average athlete regrets even occasional debauching and begins to doubt the purity of his bodily essences. Did Jim Kaat feel any anxiety about spring training?

"No. I've never worried about my job in the spring. Always had one or so I thought. You take Roger Nelson now. If I ever get into his position, I'll probably hang 'em up and go to coaching. For Nelson, six weeks of spring training is a whole season. Either he makes it or he's out on his can."

I marveled at Kaat, his equanimity, his self-confidence. In profile, his nose was like carved stone, down which he'd slide an ice-blue glance. But I had more empathy with Nelson, whose insecurity was frightening and debilitating but normal. Besides, the Spider wore glasses. I like that in a pitcher.

Dawn came up with thunder and rain and the certainty in my mind that Chuck Tanner would forgo breakfast, sleep in and dream about World Series rings. In



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the baseball biz, they are the ultimate status symbols. (Mine is forever falling off my finger at cocktail parties.) In the Sox clubhouse, a couple of young pitchers stood in front of the wall-length mirror, blow-drying their hair into a manageable shape on which to fit the White Sox red-billed caps. I asked Jack Kucek to step outside and tell me some stories. Belying his dark locks, Kucek was the "fair-haired boy of the spring camp." The pitcher's version of phee-nom fair-haired boys of past Sox camps included Rich "The Goose" Gossage and Bill "Bugs" Moran. Kucek had no distinctive nickname. Some people called him "Flakey," but that is a general sobriquet applied to any nonconformist in the game.

"I'm a weird case," Kucek blushing admitted. "I understand my own mind. Nobody else does."

Kucek was a hot-shot college pitcher who jumped from Miami University (Ohio) to the majors in one season. Nothing unique and mostly due to Tanner and Sain's passion for seeing strong-armed kids in action. Young Jack won a game for Tanner in '74. He also demonstrated a splendid imagination and a knack for getting ink from the press.

"My Uncle Zeddo's helping me," Kucek would say. "Zeddo had a wooden leg and he died when I was eight. But he is with me on the mound whenever I'm pitching. He was there when I signed my contract. Tanner was smoking this big cigar, turning on the charm, and I was digging it a little but couldn't make up my mind. Zeddo said that if Tanner shifted his cigar from one hand to the other in the next ten minutes, then I should grab the pen. Chuck did, and I did, and pretty soon I'm humming in the bigs."

During the intrasquad game, I'd seen Kucek warm up on the side lines. It made this old pitcher's arm hurt just watching and listening to the kid's hummer. I wondered if he had any novel theories about getting in shape, because he still had some baby fat on his belly.

"I read," he said, "where a half hour of sex is worth an hour of jogging."

And, with splendid timing and a charming leer, he added: "I'm getting two hours' running every night."

The kid's future was so bright it brought tears to my eyes.

"You know," he said, "how guys leave girls mementos of the occasion? A tip, a present, an autograph? I write 'em a poem when I split. Right off the top of my head. Surprising how they never seem to forget me."

He was a natural for the Jose Silva Mind Control Program that many of the young Sox players were attending. Asked by Rich Herro, the program director, to put himself into a Beta state of consciousness (a sort of self-hypnotic spell), Kucek responded with wild will.

"Drove myself right through Beta and down to Delta. Rich couldn't get me out with the password. Had to bang me on the head about thirty times."

Did Kucek think the program would do him any good, make him a better pitcher?

"I'm twenty-one," he retorted. "Nothing's farfetched to me."

Psychological conditioning is not new to big-league baseball. Autosuggestion, or "psyching up," is common; hypnotism has been tried by many players and by one whole team (the St. Louis Browns); Caribbean-born players have been known to summon a voodoo doctor (*brujo*) to cast out the spirit (*obeah*) disturbing their professional performance; psychoanalysis was tried by the Chicago Cubs on a batter (Bob Ramazzotti) who, once beamed, was inordinately afraid of a pitched ball. (The doctor declared his patient perfectly normal and sent him back to the dugout.)

In the spring of '75, the Silva Mind Control Program had already had 400,000 graduates. They included one big-league pitcher, Bart Johnson of the Chicago White Sox. Handsome, articulate and hyperactive, Johnson was a bull-pen star at 21, a pitching flop at 22, a dropout from the game at 23. In 1974, rejuvenated by his Silva course, Bart made such an impressive comeback that Chuck Tanner figured him to be a regular starter, a potential staff leader and, at 25, the key to future championships.

"I used to get by just blowing smoke," Johnson said when I asked him to comment on his whirligig career. "Come in from the bull pen and just throw fast balls. Had a curve but lost it. For two years, I kept looking for it instead of listening to Sain."

We stood just outside the clubhouse. Johnson literally talked in circles, walking around me, chatting and gesticulating, answering one question in the northwest quadrant of his orbit, illustrating a point by swinging a phantom seven iron at an imaginary golf ball, pondering another query in the opposite sector of his interview circuit, delivering his reply as if he were delivering a pitch, complete with follow-through.

"Pitching is really more fun than throwing. It's like I'm carving out a piece of action sculpture on the mound. I program myself to throw strikes, it's that simple. I've got good stuff, so I just put it in the right place and it works. I can do the programing the night before, go over the hitters and how I'll pitch to 'em the next day."

Johnson says the idea of "programing" a game is perfectly natural.

"It sounds like you're making a robot out of yourself, programing your computer—your brain—to pitch. But that's really what every pitcher does, anyway, without thinking about it."

Unlike his conversational style, Johnson's pitching form is right out of the *Spalding Baseball Guide*, smooth and effortless, with little wasted motion. The mind conditioning of the Silva program gave Johnson the needed self-control to harness his talent.

"I used to blow my cool at umpires. Didn't do me any good, couldn't change their call no matter what, right? Now, I know they don't miss a call, because they're fixing the game or because they've got a hard-on for me personally. But I'd yell at 'em, anyway, 'til I was told it would cost me two hundred and fifty bucks if I did it. Well, I'm not paying any fine for an umpire's mistakes, right? So I'd stop yelling. Out loud. But I'm still yelling in my mind, see. So I've lost my head, my concentration, my control. It's all gone. Today, I just accept it and forget about it. Wind up and pitch."

Johnson's nervous energy and too-much-too-soon success led to other ego problems and a roisterer's reputation.

"I'm married since I was seventeen," he said, raising an eyebrow. "So I might figure to have missed some of life, right? But I didn't. Right? But I've cut down on that because I really learned to like being responsible. To my kids. To my wife. Hey, I used to have an argument at home, go to the park and I couldn't even pitch! Now, I just block out the fight. Get on the mound. Let 'er rip. Easy."

Rich Herro sells the mind-control course with the claim that it helped him take seven strokes off his golf score. Bart Johnson went off to see if he could get his down to scratch. Another intrasquad game was on tap, but pitchers sure of their jobs seldom stick around in spring training to watch the Nelsons and Morans and Kuceks fight for theirs.

But if Johnson and Kaat were off playing golf (on separate courses—different strokes for different folks) and Wilbur Wood the knuckle-baller was in a boat fishing and not even thinking about the Chunichi Dragons who would be waving at his butterfly pitches within 48 hours, there were 20 other pitchers and six catchers and 11 infielders and ten outfielders to play the game or watch from the bench just in front of stands half-filled with spectators, most of them connected in some way with the club. Up and down the right-field foul line they'd tramped, from clubhouse to diamond and back.

HARVEY WINEBERG: the player's agent who got outfielder Ken Henderson a \$90,000 contract, down from Chicago to sit in the sun and watch his man play ball. "Don't call us an agent," said Harvey. "We're a full-service representative who helps 'em get a contract, lays out a budget, cuts down on their taxes, advises them on investments and keeps 'em out of financial trouble. None of our players

has ever bought a house without seeing us first. Most agents are percentage guys. They take their money and run. We want an ongoing relationship, on a mutual ninety-day cancellation agreement. If we don't like the way they're living or they don't like our way of doing things, we split. No hard feelings. They don't owe us a dime."

DON UNFERTH: the pale-faced Pale Hose traveling secretary, working so hard that he had no time to tan. "We haven't lost a day to rain in two weeks," said Unferth. "So I guess the players are earning their money. Know what they get in spring training nowadays? Nineteen-fifty a day meal money. Sixty-nine-fifty a week for incidentals. If they live out, don't stay at the hotel, they get ten-forty extra per day and twelve-fifty a week as an additional supplement. Marvin Miller's done some job on fringe benefits since he's been head of your organization."

(Let's hear it for Marvin Miller!)

ROLAND HEMOND: the White Sox general manager, a harried little hustler trying to sell a run-down organization to a quondam fandom that traditionally supported losers and did not believe it would get, or deserved, any better. "We're all into P.M.A. Clement Stone sends us literature and we distribute it in the clubhouse. We urge our people into psychocybernetics. We're high on the mind-control program. I had to arrange baby sitters for two of our guys the other night. Heck, I was gonna baby-sit myself, if I couldn't find one."

HARRY CARAY: fuddy, raucous, ribald, the onetime "voice of the St. Louis Cardinals," whose success as the White Sox broadcaster had had a critical influence on the Tanner-Hemond management team. He was trailed by a retinue of paunchy middle-aged men who looked as if they had tried to follow Caray day and night, a challenge even for young men. I asked Caray if I could buy him a drink and he said no.

"We'll have a drink, but no broken-down old relief pitcher is going to pick up my tab. Come out to the beach tomorrow and we'll lift a couple to old times."

In the clubhouse later, puffing on an end-of-the-workout cigar, Tanner fed the press some well-chosen words. Tanner has an inexhaustible supply of hope that offends cynical sportswriters. None would buy the message painted on a clubhouse sign: A CHAMPIONSHIP—WHY NOT? The sign hung over a door that opened on a blank brick wall.

"Breakfast at seven, big Jim?" Tanner asked me. Again.

Well, why not? I could program my brain to fool my body into thinking it should be ready to go at dawn.

At Walt's, I chewed on a gin-soaked lemon twist. Scratched the first peeling skin of the spring off my nose. One more

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day till the exhibition season. Thirty-two games till the regular season began. One hundred and sixty-two scheduled games till the start of the league play-offs. No reason so far to think that the Sox, in their 75th season, would get to play almost 200 games and earn those World Series rings.

Too many questions unanswered: Melton's back? May's legs? Nelson's arm? Wood's knuckles? Was Nyls Nyman a true phee-nom? (Was Jack Kueck?) Was Johnson's comeback a one-year wonder? Were there tangible benefits to be had from P.M.A. and Silva Mind Control? Could Harry Caray talk enough Sox fans into buying tickets to see Chuck Tanner's new-style club so that Roland Hemond could meet the payroll all year long?

At seven A.M., the hotel courtyard was dark and silent, the palm fronds fibrillating, the shuffleboard court damp with dew. But Chuck Tanner was all sunny smiles, already turned on by the day's prospects.

"Every spring I expect to win the pennant. Every day I expect to win the game. Call me an incurable optimist, if you like, but that's the way I am."

At the diner, Tanner put his arm around the proprietor's shoulders, chucked the waitress' chin, glad-handed two bleary-eyed customers, waking the place up and cheering the people on to work.

"I'm a salesman. That's what I do best. Getting a chance to be a manager meant one thing to me. I got a chance to sell some young guys on how to get to heaven. 'Cause that's what the big leagues are. Heaven. Took me eight years to make it and I wasn't disappointed. And if I see a kid wants it bad enough, I'm gonna bust my ass to help him make it."

We ate eggs and sausage and grits. Lots of grits.

"My first job. Davenport, Iowa. I tell my kids, 'Listen, goddamnit, everyone of you is goin' to the big leagues if I have to bust your asses to do it. But we're gonna do it my way.' This is 1963, see. So I tell 'em, 'Go, get a crewcut. No wearing sweat socks off the field. No goddamn T-shirts on the street!' One kid has this hair drier in his hand. I grab it. Throw it at the wall. Yell at him, 'Go see a barber.' A kid named Sollami comes up wearing Bermuda shorts. I yell, 'Go get some pants on. You can't go to the big leagues in goddamn Bermudas.' Jesus, I was a hard-ass. But we looked like winners and we were winners and a couple of 'em really did make it."

Tanner smiled his top sergeant's smile, let it relax to a softer grin.

"But then I got a triple-A job in 1970 and I had to change my attitude. Hell, I had the raggediest bunch of guys, the misfits, the drunks, guys coming down from the big leagues, playing out the string. Bo Belinsky, Dennis Bennett. That kind of guy. What a crew. They'd ask me, 'What are the rules? Curlew? Things like that.' I'd say, 'The rules are whatever I say they are.' And I had different rules for everybody. If some guy on the way down wants to drink a case of beer every day? OK. Some 19-year-old kid, though, I'm all over his ass, 'cause he's going up, not coming down. I'd say, 'I don't give a damn what you do till that game starts, but between those white lines we're gonna have us some fun. And the only way to do that is to win. Losing ain't no fun.'

"Well, hell, we blew that league apart."

That winter, Tanner and Roland Hemond took over the White Sox.

"When Roland and I came up here, this club didn't have shit. No farm system. A team that just lost 106 games. Guys that couldn't play. Guys that didn't want to play. We had to make trades, make plans, start building, start getting the message to the fans. I'm out making appearances everywhere.

"One night, I'm in Appleton, Wisconsin, snow up to my ass. The next night, I'm in Harvey, Illinois, a hell of a long drive. And what kind of a reception do I get? I walk into Rube's Sportsmans Club. Bar-restaurant type of place. It's jammed. Guys drinking, cussing, arguing, stuffing themselves with *kapusta* and *kielbasa* and all that good Polish food. I ask Rube where's the meeting. He says, 'This is it. This is the business end of the meeting. Sit down and eat. We'll call you when we're ready.'

"So, they're drinking more booze, eating more food, cussing and yelling louder than ever. Finally they call me up and I start walking by the tables. And some guy yells, 'How the hell can you trade Aparicio?' And a guy yells, 'What's your next stupid move?' And another guy screams, 'Manager, my ass!' So I'm thinking, 'What the fuck's going on here?' I'm standing up there and a guy yells, 'We're Cub fans. The Sox are shit!'

"Well, hell, I start yelling right back at them. 'You don't have to listen to me. Go on, get your asses on out. I came sixty miles just to talk to you dummies and that's what I'm gonna do.'

"An hour and a half we're screaming at each other. They love it. I love it. At the end, some guy raises his mug and says, 'Next year, White Sox Park.' And they have been coming ever since. By the busloads."

By 1972, the White Sox were making money and Tanner was major-league manager of the year. The fans loved him, because he talked their language. The press liked him, because he gave them something worth while to write about. The players respected him for crediting them for his success and because they knew that his image of Mr. Good Guy was only partially accurate.

"I've chewed ass. I've fined guys. I've banged heads on the clubhouse wall. But I do it in private. I don't make a big thing over it. And I forget it the next day. Off the field, anybody who knocks any of my players is gonna have to deal with me. I may have ripped a guy off in private, but nobody is going to rip him off in public, because it's not just him that's hurt by the press and radio and TV. It's his family that gets hurt and that's not fair. Hell, I *know* I'm gonna forget about what's said in twenty-four hours. But readers and listeners and viewers remember that shit forever.

"I'm a family man. I'm a family manager. We don't have dissension on the

White Sox. We have family problems. Just like any fan does. Hell, we have divorces, bankruptcy, hangovers, accidents, disease. Ballplayers are human, just like fans. Some players don't like others. They cut each other up. And what I do is get 'em to talk to me, so I can straighten everything out. Some groups of players are easier to handle than others. My first two years in the majors were easier than the next two."

For Tanner, triumph and trouble were tied up in the same package, the talented and temperamental Dick "Richie" Allen. In 1972, Allen was the best player in baseball, the key to Chuck Tanner's best record as a major-league manager. In the following two years, Allen was the highest paid but least disciplined player in the game, a man who alienated some Sox fans and who wrecked Tanner's can-do-nothing-wrong reputation. Awed by Allen's talent, Tanner could not control the man's temperament. Eventually, Tanner took responsibility for Allen's failures, the club's disappointing record in '74 and the necessary shake-up in personnel for the new season.

"Dick Allen is an artistic genius," Tanner insisted, grinding his cigar butt in my grits. "It was my pleasure to be his manager. Now, we go from here."

Tanner deserved kudos for graciousness. Or at least a fresh supply of cigars. What kind?

"I smoke Churchills when they're free. And White Owls when I'm buying."

I bought him one and we went off to the ball park.

Roger Nelson pitched batting practice, gritting his teeth but throwing loosely. Jack Kucek, his arm strong from pitching winter ball in Puerto Rico, humped up on a couple of hitters, grinning as they swung, missed and groaned. Ken Henderson hit 90-grand line drives. Buddy Bradford clouted cheaper but longer flies into the trees. Carlos May ran and ran, as if his thickly muscled legs never ever had hurt.

Red-faced from the hot afternoon sun, I drove to Lido Beach to see Harry Caray in his natural habitat. Caray is unique among broadcasters, his own man, a fan's fan. He admits that his mouth sometimes has a mind of its own. The Sandcastle's poolside cabana bar was cool, the nearly topless waitress was accommodating and Harry was soon holding court, handing down opinions:

On the Necessity of Spring Training: "Spring training is bullshit. Two weeks is all the players need to get ready. It's the fans that need spring training. You gotta get 'em interested. Wake 'em up. Let 'em know that *their* season is coming, the good times are gonna roll."

On Chuck Tanner, Manager: "Tanner is a great salesman. He could sell anything. Personable, enthusiastic, full of bullshit. And he was a hell of a young major-league manager. One of the best I've ever seen. And I said so. Then he sold his soul to Richie Allen. Which made him a bad manager. And I said so. Chuck will admit privately he was wrong about Allen. But he's afflicted with that old Nixon syndrome—loyalty above integrity."

On Silva Overly Publicized Feud with Tanner: "Chuck wants to be the big man in town. But, you know, I told him, 'Chuck, there's no way you're going to be as popular in Chicago as I am. No way! You can win 162 games and I'll be cheering all the time. But in the end, there will be a million people who will remember Harry Caray talking about the team.'"

On Silva Mind Control for Ballplayers: "Hey, the less a ballplayer uses his brain, the better he's gonna be. A big-league ballplayer is a natural, or he should be. If he hasn't got the natural talent, he shouldn't be out there."

On the '75 White Sox: "I wish I knew what Tanner and Hemond are trying to do. They might have a team on opening day with only one black in the line-up! The team could be pretty good. But it could be pretty bad. So bad, the price

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will drop and Hemond and his bunch will jump in and buy the team cheap! Pretty wild speculation, isn't it? Well, if I was good at predictions, I wouldn't be working for a living."

On the Necessities of Life: "Booze, broads and bullshit. If you got all that, what else do you need? I only wish I'd known I was gonna live this long. I'd have taken better care of myself."

I drank to that. Picked up the tab. Paid it. Harry didn't fight too hard. But what the hell, I'm bigger than he is.

The Chunichi Dragons came to play at Payne Park on March seventh. As the 1974 major-league champions of Japan, the Dragons won a spring-training trip to Bradenton, Florida. To a man, they were enthusiastic about playing on grass. Grass infield. Grass outfield. Firm, green natural turf. In Japan, the ball-park surfaces are more dirt than sod. Legendary gardeners as they are, the Japanese don't waste much grass on playgrounds.

Politely, most American pros agree that playing on grass is good. It's traditional and it's easier on the feet than plastic carpeting. Still, grass infields can be lumpy and bumpy, full of tricky bounces and bad hops that lead to errors. In truth, many shortstops lie about the advantages of grass.

In the right-field stands behind the White Sox bull pen, I feasted my eyes on the grass of Payne Park and watched the game with the Number One White Sox Fan of the Spring, Rube Walczak, proprietor of the Sportsmans Club in Harvey. Rube's qualifications as a fan are indisputable. He buys \$2700 worth of tickets for box 77 at White Sox Park every season. He flies a dozen or more fans to Sarasota every spring to check out the club. He sponsors six busloads of fans who make the trip from Harvey to Sox home games. His station wagon bears a license plate: WS 14 (Bill Melton's uniform number).

He takes his role as fan seriously: "In September of '72, I'm visiting the old country. Mszana Dolna, fifty kilometers outside Kraków. Couldn't get any word on what's happening. I know we're only five games out and I should be back here helping. Finally get to Rome, check the American paper, and we're dead. Oakland's got it sewed up. It's all my fault."

Too often, a fan can't help much. Chunichi whipped Chicago 1-0. It was a dull game. One memorable moment. In the fifth inning, a Japanese batter sliced a hard line drive into the stands. Hit a woman in the face. Splat!

Watch it, Rube! Being a fan can be dangerous to your health.

It was some weeks later when I caught up with the White Sox. Drove up from Indian Shores to Clearwater to watch them play the Phillies. For all intents and purposes, spring training was over. The

euphoria and optimism of the first weeks had dissipated. All the managers who had announced that all the players in camp had a chance to make the team were now revising their expectations and settling on a roster to open the season. The Sox had taken 50 men to camp. They would keep 25. Most of them had been with the losers of '74.

Spring training can be like that. Disappointing to the management. Disillusioning to the fans. Dismaying to players. Trauma was about to hit.

Roger Nelson had pitched well. Had given up two earned runs in 16 innings. Had announced on March 17 that he was ready for opening day. He never made it. The Sox released him.

Jack Kucek had thrown hard but wildly, was inconsistent and wondered aloud if he'd like pitching in Denver, the 1975 Sox's AAA farm team. Kucek made the final cut of the spring but was, indeed, in Denver by May.

Bart Johnson hurt his back on March 14. He didn't pitch again for three months.

Wilbur Wood's knuckle ball was unhittable in the spring, but he lost ten of his first 12 decisions during the season.

Nyls Nyman was almost phenomenal in Florida, but he was out of the regular line-up by mid-May.

Even in Clearwater's Jack Russell Stadium, back on that hot late-March day, there were signs of anxiety in the Sox's key men. Chuck Tanner and Harry Caray had, in their own estimation, saved the franchise for Chicago. But in this spring of '75, they had some troubled reservations for the future.

"Spring training," said Tanner, "is too short. There's not enough time for teaching all the mechanics. Not enough time for the players to absorb all we can give them. Not enough time for experiments. The mind-control people say that it's possible for a man to consistently do the best he's ever been able to do. Wouldn't that be something? If we could get just one guy this year to do that. . . ."

"I'm getting married again," said Harry Caray. He'd tried it twice. The second divorce is said to have cost him half a million.

A photographer asked Tanner and Caray to pose together. I left them smiling at each other and went off to find John Sain and talk about pitching. He wanted to talk hitting.

"You know the expression, 'You show me your ass and I'll show you mine'? That's basically what it's all about. Nothing starts until the pitcher lifts his front leg to deliver the ball. Then the batter lifts his front leg to step into the pitch. Everybody goes from there."

Depend on Sain to get down to basics.

"You show me your ass and I'll show you mine," eh, John?

I showed him mine and went back to the beach.

For most big-league teams the false hopes of spring are dimmed by June and dead by October. Only one team can be best, 23 end up losers. Occasionally, a mediocre team will win a championship—if most players live up to their potential, some players have a phenomenal season and the better team or teams collapse. For the '75 White Sox, there was no such luck. They were a mediocre team in Sarasota. They looked worse during the summer. They were inept by autumn. Injuries decimated John Sain's pitching staff: Jim Kaat won 20 games, but Wilbur Wood lost 20, and both were put up for sale. Harvey Wineberg's high-priced clients, Melton and Henderson, flopped on the field and were offered for trade. Carlos May looked tired by July, Jack Kucek never came back from the minor leagues and, though new faces came and went at White Sox Park, there were no phenoms, not even Nyls Nyman. Especially Nyls Nyman.

Chuck Tanner lost most of his charisma and some of his optimism. Harry Caray lost faith in the team, was more bitter than sarcastic in his reporting and was eventually fired by Sox owner John Allyn. The team was never a contender, the fans lost interest and Allyn ran out of money.

At season's end, an incredible denouement loomed; the Sox were for sale and the likely buyers planned to move the franchise to Seattle. That's a hell of a long way from Rube's Sportsmans Club. Was there no one to save the Sox for the great South Side of Chicago? Were there no monied men to buy the Sox and preserve a tradition three quarters of a century old?

Oh, hell yes, sports fans. This is America, land of business opportunity, home of the freebooter's enterprise system. And isn't that Bill Veeck coming? Ol' peg-legged Bill, the fun-loving pirate from the Maryland shores? The guy who wrote *The Hustler's Handbook*, or "How to Make a Buck Out of Baseball"? The same Bill Veeck who, in 1959, brought the American League championship to Chicago?

Bill Veeck! Baseball fans had learned to love him because he made fun for them. Baseball owners hated him because he made fun of them. But then who understood better than Bill Veeck that in the business of baseball, the name of the game is gamesmanship?

Writing about that '59 pennant year, Veeck said that they won the pennant too soon. Ideally, he claimed, you should build over a four-year period, go from sixth to fourth to second to first. That's the way to build attendance. It's strictly an engineering problem.

Four more years, eh, Bill?

Now, that's a springtime promise a fan can live with.



"There are times, Henshaw, when I think we must have the best goddamned union in the world."

PLAYBOY

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Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below. Please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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MG Auto	67
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Rappers Sportswear	199
Sony Electronics	15
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*“What a day! Plenty of new powder,
gorgeous Vail weather, and the whole
Washington ski crowd showed up...
What more could you ask for?”*

“Old Grand-Dad!”



Old Grand-Dad
When you ask a lot more from life.

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Oistillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

Tar/Taste Theory Exploded.

New 9 mg. tar MERIT with 'Enriched Flavor' proves taste no longer depends on amount of tar.

Until now, cigarette flavor pretty much depended on the amount of tar that went along with it.

Regardless of "low tar, good taste" claims, regardless of fancy-filters and "space-age" filtering systems—you couldn't get high taste without high tar.

Nor low tar without low taste.

That was the theory.

Until now.

By isolating certain "key" ingredients of tobacco in cigarette smoke, ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar, researchers at Philip Morris have developed an 'Enriched Flavor' process so successful at boosting flavor, the resulting cigarette actually delivers as much—or more—taste than brands having more tar.

Up to 60% more tar.

The cigarette is 9 mg. tar MERIT. One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today.

If you smoke—you'll

be interested.

Taste-Tested By People Like You

9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar cigarette brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

Thousands of filter smokers were involved, smokers like yourself—all tested at home.*

Even if the cigarette tested had 60% more tar than MERIT, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste.

Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly, too, delivering as much—or more—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now smoke the cigarette.

MERIT. Unprecedented flavor at 9 mg. tar.

From Philip Morris.

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion. Study available free on request.

9 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

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