ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

WHAT DR. REUBEN DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT SEX

HOW THEY HUSTLE THE YOUTH VOTE

AN INTERVIEW WITH MUCKRAKER JACK ANDERSON

14 PAGES ON SEX IN CINEMA

# RCA XL-100 takes out a major cause of tv repairs.

# And adds the strongest color tv guarantee in RCA history.

# The XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royalton" (25" diagonal). Simulated tv reception.

**Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.**

RCA plug-in AccuCircuit.

Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state. Most set functions are controlled by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. All backed with . . .

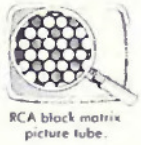
**A stronger guarantee because . . .**

**1.** You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.

**2.** You choose any serviceman you want. Most other warranties limit you to an authorized list.

**3.** RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

**100% brighter picture.**



RCA black matrix picture tube.

XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

**Simple automatic tuning.**

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference . . . and keep it that way.

**Your XL-100 guarantee.**

Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

**Color you can count on.**

RCA XL-100 100% SOLID STATE

# Our little inexpensive economy car can beat your little inexpensive economy car.

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They don't call us Triumph for nothing.

## 1969

Riverside, 2/15, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Willow Springs, 3/23, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Holtville, 4/13, 1st Place, D. Devendorf
Marlboro, 4/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Watkins Glen, 8/9, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Lake Afton, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Salt Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Gateway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, National Champ, L. Mueller

## 1970

Pocono, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Wentzville, 5/25, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Riverside, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Barker
Wentzville, 7/4, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place J. Aronson
Olathe, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck
Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, 8/2, 1st Place, H. Le Vasseur
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Lake Afton, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck
Road Atlanta, National Champ, J. Kelly

## 1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Dallas, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray
Phoenix, 2/27, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Arkansas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Ray
Willow, 3/14, 1st Place, M. Mever
Stuttgart, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray
Summit Pt., 4/18, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Arkansas, 4/27, 1st Place, J. Kelly
San Marcos, 5/2, 1st Place, R. Knowlton
Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Cajun, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Ponca City, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Speck
Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Portland, 9/12, 1st Place, M. Meyer

## 1972

Arizona, 2/27, 1st Place, D. Brown
Dallas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Speck
Holtville, 3/11, 1st Place, D. Brown
Aloe Field, 4/16, 1st Place, J. Speck
Alamo, 4/30, 1st Place, J. Ray
Michigan, 5/14, 1st Place, K. Cullery
Nelson Ledges, 5/21, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Lime Rock, 5/26, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Road Atlanta, 5/27, 1st Place, G. Ovellette
Riverside, 5/29, 1st Place, D. Brown
Thompson, 6/11, 1st Place, K Slagle

BRITISH LEYLAND

# Triumph Spitfire

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King Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

WILLS

BENNETT

VADIM

REEVES

BLUM

ROLLIN

YATES

# PLAYBILL

OK—how many out there, during this country's Asian war, have managed to get themselves criminal records by civil disobedience in the name of peace? You don't have to tell us; we assume the answer is more than a few. The number includes the gentleman being apprehended at left—author Garry Wills. The scene is the Capitol building in Washington, D. C.; the time, earlier this year; and the event, a "celebrity" demonstration against the war. Wills—whose latest book, *Bare Ruined Choirs*, is reviewed elsewhere in the issue—made his anti-war gesture with no intention of writing about it; fortunately, he changed his mind, and in *Imprisonment Chic*, he relives the short jail stay that resulted from his activism.

Political influence, that elusive commodity sought by Wills and his colleagues, is already enjoyed by muckraking columnist Jack Anderson, who sees his daily job as a means of keeping the politicians honest. In our exclusive interview, Anderson bluntly declaims on the sources and uses of power in Washington and the personalities of those who wield it; he also explains his role in the Eagleton affair.

Another potential influence on our Government is the new bloc of 18-to-24-year-old voters—25,000,000 in all—eligible to participate in this month's election. But the politicians are out to get the kids before the kids get them. How they're wooing and how they're doing are described in *Hustling the Youth Vote*, by Richard Reeves, a contributing editor of *New York* and an adjunct professor at Columbia's School of Journalism.

Betty Rollin, a network correspondent for NBC News and a former senior editor of *Look*, provided us with this month's *Everything Dr. Reuben Doesn't Know About Sex*. The title is self-explanatory; the article grew from a personality piece on Reuben that Miss Rollin wrote for *Look* several years ago.

*Suicide*, an examination of the whos, whats, wheres, whens, whys and hows of self-destruction, bears the by-line of Sam Blum, a New Yorker who is a contributing editor of *Redbook*.

Lemminglike tendencies are frequently manifested by David Stevens, our devil-may-care Senior Editor, who chronicles a recent trek across French West Africa in *You'll Have to Talk Louder—I Have Sand in My Ears*. For Stevens, it was the latest in a long line of article-producing escapades that has included ballooning, dune-buggying, bobsledding, snowmobiling and racing in the Mexican 1000.

Some other folks who get their kicks from hard knocks—dealing them, not experiencing them—are the "bad guys" of professional hockey. Their violent world is the subject of *The Hit Men*, by free-lance writer Brock Yates, whose book *Sunday Driver* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) will be out this month.

*The Great American Authors Test*, by PLAYBOY Staff Writer Craig Vetter, was designed to see if your brains are scrambled enough for you to make it as a quill pusher. If you fail, don't feel bad: Vetter admits that his own score "wouldn't get me a writing job with *The Farmer's Almanac*."

Our fiction this month includes *Whatever Happened to Henry Oates?*, Hal Bennett's tale of put-on madness that becomes real; William Harrison's *The Arsons of Desire*, wherein fantasy and reality again become entangled, this time for a fireman; and *The Terrible Events in Santa Barbara*, by Warner Law, in which a pair of crooked bridge experts try to hustle a millionaire mark. Bennett, between short stories, is writing his fifth novel, *House on Hay*; Harrison, who is completing an original screenplay, plans to include *Arsons* in a forthcoming book; Law's April 1971 PLAYBOY story, *The Harry Hastings Method*, just appeared in *The Best Detective Stories, 1972*. The illustration for *Santa Barbara* is an acrylic painting by PLAYBOY Assistant Art Director Fred Nelson.

For some guidelines on modern living, check out Food & Drink Editor Thomas Mario's *Water?*, which suggests substitutes for the stuff that comes out of your tap, and Fashion Director Robert L. Green's *Bedtime Story*, a survey of the best in nightwear, with photography by Richard Fegley. Among our pictorials is a revealing look at actress Gwen Welles, photographed by Roger Vadim, who directed her latest film. And there's *Sex in Cinema 1972*, by longtime contributors Hollis Alpert, who recently became managing editor of *World*, and Arthur Knight, who's been setting up a new division of USC's department of cinema.

That, with some added attractions, is the issue. Same price as last year's. Who says the cost of living is going up?

KNIGHT

ALPERT

STEVENS

HARRISON

FEGLEY

NELSON

vol. 19, no. 11—november, 1972

# PLAYBOY

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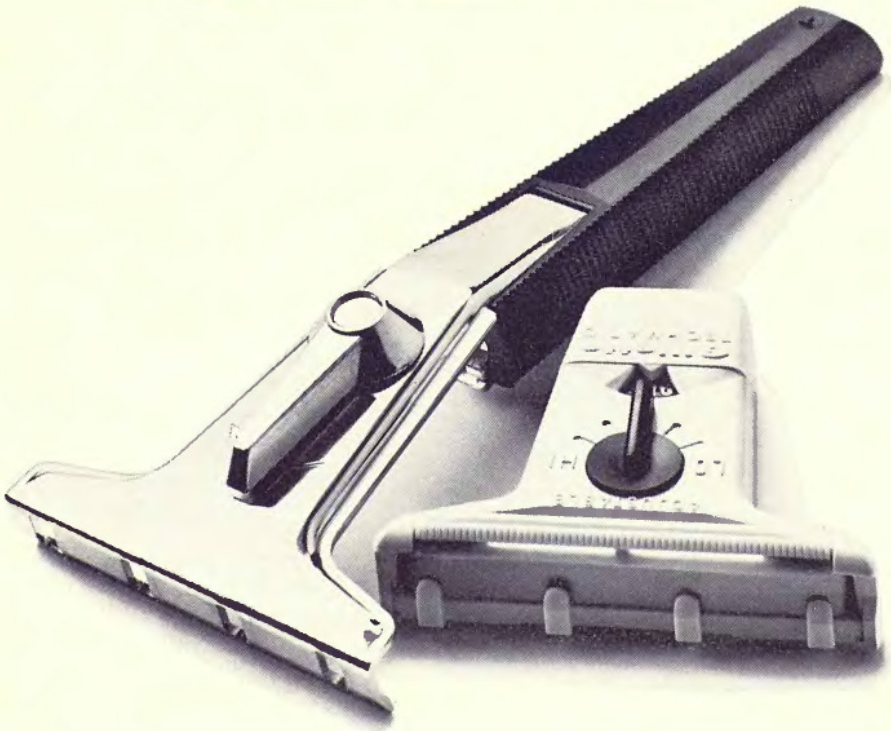

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# The Midnight Brunch.

Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously crazy about having breakfast before bed.

If you're the kind of person who never gets hungry in the morning, you might like to try a Midnight Brunch. Screwdrivers and all.




To make a Screwdriver, put 2 or 3 ice cubes in a glass, add 1½ oz. Smirnoff. Fill with orange juice and stir.

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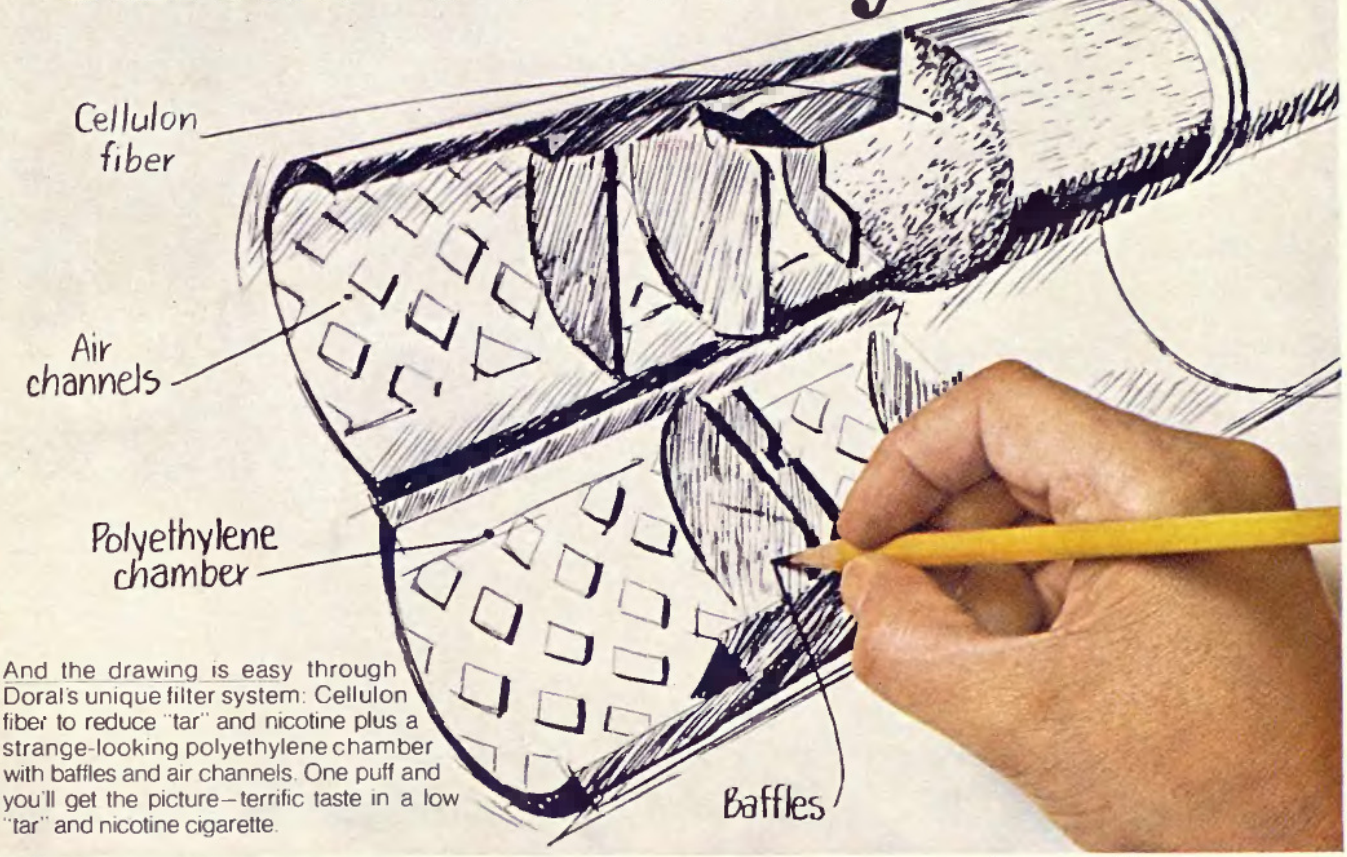


And the drawing is easy through Doral's unique filter system: Cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels. One puff and you'll get the picture—terrific taste in a low "tar" and nicotine cigarette.

# Draw your own conclusions

"I swear you can really taste me."

FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.

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

# DEAR PLAYBOY

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## GREATEST LITTLE TOWN?

Richard Rhodes's poignant article (*Sex and Sin in Sheboygan*, PLAYBOY, August) really brought home the ultimate madness of state laws governing private sex acts. The fact that Jim Decko was not a creep—but an honest, hard-working and talented young man—only makes the tragedy of his downfall and ultimate suicide more real. In its over-all impact, Rhodes's report is worth 100 shrill editorials. Maybe Decko did not die in vain.

James Carson
Chicago, Illinois

I did not know Jim Decko personally, but most of my friends who did say that he was a fine person, conscientious in his job and uncompromising in his desire that no one interfere with his personal life. His suicide weighs on everyone in Sheboygan. The question we must ask is: Who was at fault?

(Name withheld by request)
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Let's assess the blame in Decko's death by asking who stood to gain. Not only the spiritual Peeping Toms, of which this town seems to have an inordinate number, but also local figures with political ambitions seeking to cultivate the good will of troglodyte voters; higher authorities who feared that compassion might be interpreted as immorality; and the city fathers, who lacked the courage to count a human life more important than the arbitrary enforcement of an obsolete law. This town is morally bankrupt.

(Name withheld by request)
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

I left Sheboygan County in 1956, never fully realizing what a good place it is to be *from*.

Kenneth C. Healy, Jr.
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

Until my marriage, Sheboygan was my home. I know that everything Rhodes says is the truth. Sheboygan has been called the City of the Four Cs—chairs, cheese, churches and children. To this should be added a fifth—crotches, one of the primary preoccupations of the town. On a Saturday night, after beer and *Bratwurst*, frustrated people get vicarious kicks drooling over the morals column in the local paper. Too bad young Decko didn't come from one of Sheboygan's "better families"—money and influence would have kept him out of trouble.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Having lived in this town all my life, I can assure you I'm happy that Rhodes and PLAYBOY have brought some of our problems out into the open. Sheboygan not only treats adults as if they were children, it treats children as if they were adults. A year ago, my 15-year-old twin sons were riding double on a bicycle, on their way to register for school. A police officer observed this heinous infraction of the law—a first offense, needless to say—and my sons had to appear in juvenile court with their parents. Keep up the good work.

Mrs. Don Senkbeil
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

I am encouraged to see that PLAYBOY continues to urge revision of the ancient and archaic sex laws that are still on the books of many of our states. No one opposes legislation to protect society from rapists and perverts, but the "victimless crimes" of consensual sex are not crimes at all, nor are they the concern of anyone except those who care to indulge in them.

Garvin L. Porter
FPO New York, New York

Your sex-law chart accompanying Rhodes's article should jolt a lot of people into a greater awareness of how deeply the various states are involved in our sex lives. When gay liberationists like myself lobby and demonstrate for the repeal of these sex laws, we are working on behalf of everybody, not just homosexuals. Maybe now more nongays will join us in our efforts to get the state out of the bedroom.

John Francis Hunter
Gay Activists Alliance
New York, New York

Please tell me why Colorado had nothing but empty spaces in your state-by-state chart of penalties for various

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consensual sex acts. Could it be that the laws of this state are as natural and congenial as the scenery?

Mary Smilie
Fort Collins, Colorado

*Colorado is one of two states that prescribe no penalties for sexual acts between consenting adults. The other is Oregon.*

Rhodes's article is superb, and I hope it has the impact on your readers that it merits. The Illinois division of the American Civil Liberties Union has been deeply concerned about the "victimless crime" situation in our country and has enunciated the following statement of principles on the question: "Areas of criminality should be limited to types of activities having demonstrable and substantial adverse effects upon others, and for which civil remedies and other alternate controls are inappropriate. In a society dedicated to individual freedom, there should be a minimum of state intrusion into private matters."

Franklyn S. Haiman, Chairman
American Civil Liberties Union
Chicago, Illinois

**WHITE-COLLAR CRIME**

Two articles in your August issue, Senator Philip A. Hart's *Swindling & Knavery, Inc.* and Richard Rhodes's *Sex and Sin in Sheboygan*, point out the unfairness of what passes for justice in contemporary America. A person can get arrested for living with or having sex with someone who is not his spouse. But a corporation, as Hart describes, can get away with swindling innocent people out of millions or even billions of dollars for years without being punished or even stopped. Why does government continue to harass and jail innocent people, while the real criminals are allowed to repeat their wrongdoings?

Howard Kramer
Pikesville, Maryland

Hart concludes that the most effective way to curb corporate crime is to throw more lawbreaking executives into jail—for short periods. I think this solution is inadequate. After the first few incarcerations, shock value would diminish. Imprisoned businessmen might even become folk heroes of the establishment, martyrs in the cause of free enterprise. What we need are certain conviction and long-term sentences.

Harry Geller
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Hart ends his article with a plea to close some doors, meaning jail-cell doors, upon businessmen. But he makes no mention of an even more effective door closing, which would end precisely the sort of corporate crime that he describes, by removing the Government's power to favor some businessmen over others. Hart himself provides some fine examples. Doctors have been going into the drug business, he says, and then prescribing trade-name drugs from which they themselves make a profit. What made the doctors' greed possible? Hart answers that question himself: "Druggists are required by law to fill a prescription with the trade name the doctor has written." *That's* the law to repeal—rather than passing another one to regulate doctors even more. In instance after instance, the solution is not to pass *more* laws but to repeal laws already on the books, letting free-market forces eliminate the Government's power to play favorites.

Robert Simmons
Kalamazoo, Michigan

**I NEVER FORGET A FACE**

Recently, I was lucky enough to stay at the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach. While there, I was even luckier to meet a delightful Bumper-Pool Bunny named Carol. I'm going through all this because the girl on your August cover looks just like her. Is it the same girl?

Bill Fletcher
Charleston, South Carolina

*Your Bumper-Pool Bunny was Carol Vitale, also our August aquanaut. Our*

*cover models are identified in the credit box at the bottom of each contents page.*

**REQUIEM FOR A GENIUS**

Thank you for the brilliant personality sketch of Ernie Kovacs (*Ode to a Bottomless Bathtub*, PLAYBOY, August). Kovacs' was the best television show ever produced. If only it could be rerun!

Gerald L. Ruark
Indianapolis, Indiana

Terry Galanoy's article on Kovacs is charming and delightful. And, knowing Ernie as I did, reading it gave me a very happy feeling.

Jack E. Leonard
Las Vegas, Nevada

For years I have wondered why no one has honored the genius of Ernie Kovacs—a great innovator of comedy and television techniques. Thanks to PLAYBOY and Galanoy for bringing Ernie back to life.

Carolyn Broner
Creve Coeur, Missouri

I've always felt that Kovacs' accomplishments in editing and camera use in many ways outweighed his contributions to the development of comedy material. As Dick Martin and I said in our *Playboy Interview* three years ago, Ernie was definitely way ahead of his time. Since its inception, *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* has acknowledged its debt to Kovacs' innovative techniques, but we have also been influenced by many other comic precursors: *Hellzapoppin, TW3*, Steve Allen, Marshall McLuhan and many others. I do believe that our show is original, however imitative it might be of those who have gone before us—all the way back to Aristophanes.

Dan Rowan
Beverly Hills, California

I enjoyed Galanoy's piece very much and enjoyed my mention in it. For the record, my line is not "Take my wife, young man." It's "Take my wife, please!"—which happens to be the title of my autobiography, to be released by Putnam in early 1973. I hope I won't have to wait as long as Ernie did to get such fine words in PLAYBOY.

Henny Youngman
New York, New York

*Plug on, Henny.*

**COLLECTOR'S ITEMS**

Your opening item in the August *Playboy After Hours* column—presenting the dozen most popular joke punch lines in America—had me hysterical. In return, I would like to augment your selection with a sampling of rare punch lines, culled from my collection of over 2,000,000 jokes:

1. "He flew over the camel in a Sopwith Hump."
2. "My God, it's Godzilla's!"
3. "He had two more in the box."
4. "Thus they shellacked a Cossack hassock."
5. "Just because it means sweet in Polish doesn't mean it really is."

I hope you find these punch lines as funny as the ones you published. For a small sum, I'll send you the jokes that lead up to them.

Tobey J. E. Reed
Medfield, Massachusetts

*No deal, Tobey; that would spoil the punch lines.*

**DWIGHT WHO?**

*Shut Up and Show the Movies!*, Larry Levinger's August article on Dwight Macdonald's unsuccessful attempt to teach a

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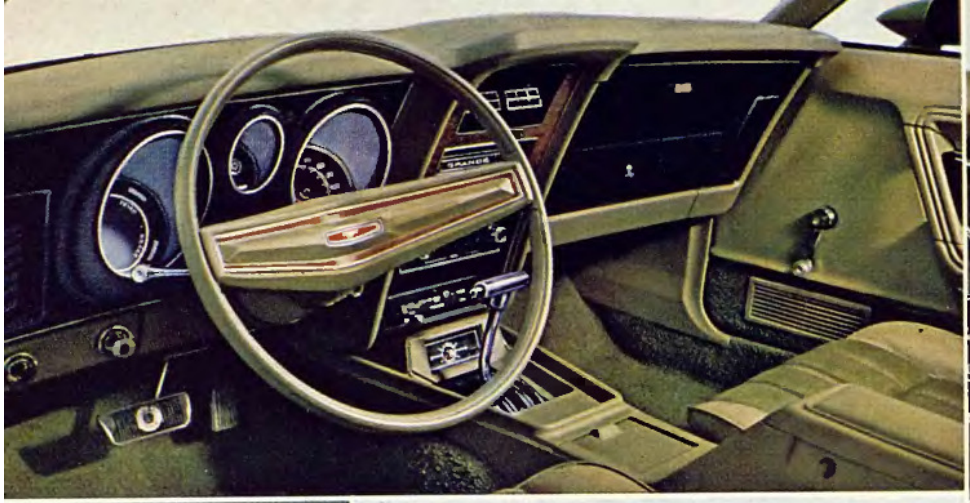

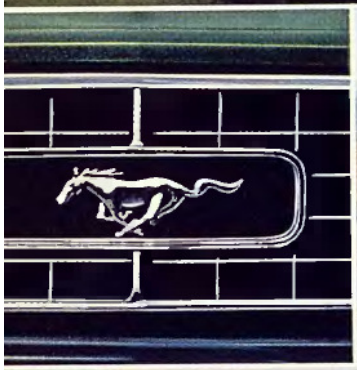

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film course at Santa Cruz, was truly a sad thing to read. The students involved could have avoided their anger and frustration toward Macdonald by simply paying a dollar and a half for his excellent book, *On Movies*.

Michael Brecklin
Washington, Illinois

Not all University of California campuses suffer from the sophomoric egocentrisms that make UC Santa Cruz such a bastion of counterculture *chutzpah*. Macdonald would not have encountered such rudeness at the other campuses, where students actually read the works of James Agee.

J. Michael Johnson
San Francisco, California

Levinger's is a fairly accurate account of the irreverence often exhibited by Santa Cruz students; but Macdonald is the most appallingly bad public speaker I have ever tried to listen to. During his lectures, he mumbled constantly, slurred every word into the next and directed his voice down into his notes. When he did speak clearly enough to get us interested in what he was saying, the end of his sentence would trail off into nothing, as though he felt embarrassed to have listeners. Most of what was shouted at Macdonald was: "We can't hear you! Please speak up!" The background static was people asking each other: "Can you understand him? What did he say?" Even Norman Mailer, Macdonald's bosom friend, has said that Macdonald is ridiculous and unintelligible as a public speaker. I will not attempt to deny Levinger's charge that we students were derisive and inattentive. But the initial cause of our consummate rudeness was total frustration at not being able to understand what Macdonald was saying.

Debra Spencer
Santa Cruz, California

## OPENING THE SKINNER BOX

Donn Pearce's *God Is a Variable Interval* in your August issue is a fine piece of reporting, especially in terms of its use of imagery. It takes a description of lofty Latin words encrusted in pigeon droppings to help us visualize just how far afield the current leaders of our profession have gone. B. F. Skinner should be awarded a Pooplitzer Prize—for asininity.

Myron M. Arons, Ph.D., Chairman
Department of Psychology
West Georgia College
Carrollton, Georgia

*Macho* Pearce! The man is a writer: street fighter, ex-con, raconteur in the Henry Miller tradition and, like Hemingway, his own best story. Skinner falls behind like dried pigeon shit in Pearce's article. It's Pearce you want to

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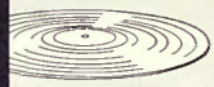

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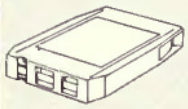

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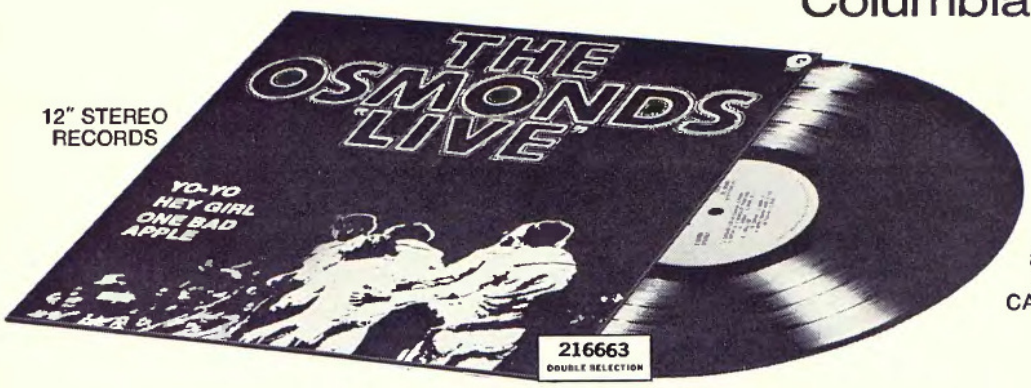


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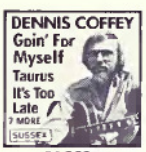

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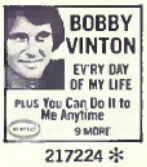

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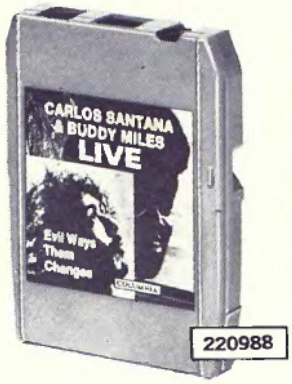

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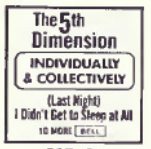

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F47/F72

read about, carrying out guerrilla warfare at Harvard—about to torch that safe in the john. Torch the son of a bitch and tell us all about it!

James McLendon
Islamorada, Florida

*McLendon is the author of "Papa: Hemingway in Key West," to be published this fall.*

I read Pearce's article with interest. As an ex-convict, he was an ideal choice as reporter. Pearce perceives correctly that the "rewards only" principle is central to Skinnerism, but he chose not to attack this premise directly for the nonsense that it is. While there is much to be said for indirection as a literary approach, some of your readers may have missed the point: Skinner punishes. Even though the animals commonly employed by him in his experiments are bred to be "gentle" versions of their freedom-loving ancestors, they still react with aversive responses when placed in a Skinner box. Pearce is to be commended for recognizing that a box by any other name is still a prison. I invite any Skinnerian to pick up an adult wild rat sometime, barehanded. Having spent his life putting animals into boxes, it is perhaps not surprising that in his dotage, Skinner should attempt to cap his career by designing a box for men. It may work at Harvard, but it won't work here in Oregon. Not even if he wears gloves.

Thomas J. Word
Coos Bay, Oregon

Ever since Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, there has been a giant outcry from the public. Exclaiming that we have freedom and dignity, they object to Skinner's views so violently as to disallow freedom and dignity to the very man who says it doesn't exist. Skinner has been a giant in psychology for decades, dedicating his life to understanding what all of us are about. Yet when he reports what he has found, we scream obscenities at him. As a member of the psychological community, I am outraged at Pearce's misrepresentations of Skinner's contribution to our understanding of behavior. I expected more from PLAYBOY than just a cry of "Bullshit."

Sim Granoff
Honolulu, Hawaii

**FISH STORY**

Robert L. Fish's *Hijack* (PLAYBOY, August) is listed as fiction, but I'll bet there are thousands of readers who wonder if this story hasn't already been played out in real life. It has all the drama and action of the real thing. Nearly every evening the news tells of a hijacker heading somewhere with a bagful of loot. D. B. Cooper lives!

F. D. Rankin
South Portland, Maine

Like many other readers of suspense fiction, I have enjoyed the writing of Robert L. Fish ever since he was a literary minnow. This time around, he has surpassed himself. *Hijack* is the very best kind of twist-ending yarn—because the twist is all too plausible.

Robert Bloch
Los Angeles, California

*No small fry at suspense fiction himself, Bloch is best known as the author and screenwriter of "Psycho."*

**STRAW MAN**

Your August interview with Sam Peckinpah illuminates the rough brilliance of one of the most creative and difficult directors of our time. Peckinpah is an enigma. The paradoxical element of his personality—constantly attacked as fascistic—has produced some of the best Westerns of the past decade. Thank you for a fascinating glimpse into the mind of one of America's finest film makers.

Alan Warren
Alameda, California

Peckinpah should write a movie about the end of the world. Only he has the vision and the guts to show us what to expect when that day comes.

Tom Hendrickson
Millington, Tennessee

Though I'm not expert on movies, there is one large point on which I can firmly support Peckinpah: Like him, I believe that until we have the courage to grasp the whole of human reality —namely, our propensity for violence— we possess small hope for improvement of our lot. This is the thesis that has been the total inspiration for my own work. I can only hope for a future that accepts the challenge in every human heart. But if that future is to be dominated by people so sentimental or so cowardly or so brainwashed by dogma that they can resort to nothing but a cry of "Fascism!" when confronted with inconvenient truths, then I have little hope for man's survival. Peckinpah may exaggerate. So did Eugene O'Neill. So do I, sometimes, when what I regard as a truth must be driven home. Such hyperbole might be condemned, were we not confronted by the dense armor of contemporary sophistry.

Robert Ardrey
Rome, Italy

*Something of an expert on man's innate violence, Ardrey is the author of "African Genesis" and "The Territorial Imperative."*

Peckinpah's films echo the strongest elements in his personality—grossness and immaturity. I've had many unkind thoughts about him since I saw *Straw Dogs*; after reading your interview, these thoughts are strengthened. Perhaps if Peckinpah didn't feel that his manhood rose or fell on his ability to create a sensationalistic aura about himself and his films, he might be capable of creating art.

Alan B. Weaver
Stamford, Connecticut

Peckinpah says there are women and there are pussies. Allow me to add that there are men and there are pricks.

Don Carpenter
San Francisco, California

Your interview proved only that Peckinpah has a very limited vocabulary, and an even greater deficiency in the language of film.

S. P. Davidson
Miami Beach, Florida

I am the author of *The Siege of Trencher's Farm* from which Peckinpah made his lousy Tom-and-Jerry opus, *Straw Dogs*. Little did I realize when I was knocking his film in the British press what a tough guy he is. But seeing that he's safely on the other side of the Atlantic and that his male-chauvinist fist is thousands of miles away from my mouth, I'd like to thank him for acknowledging that to make his movie he used only one section of my book. Otherwise, I might be credited with creating the zombies that pass for characters in his film. Fascist? I doubt if Peckinpah can spell the word.

Gordon M. Williams
London, England

**HERBERT REVISITED**

Your July interview with Anthony Herbert, detailing the agonies he faced after trying to expose war crimes and official Army cover-up in Vietnam, was a blockbuster. Throughout history, only one other man has had the courage, wisdom and integrity of Herbert. Unfortunately, he too was crucified.

Augustine Funnell
Smithfield, Ontario

The scuttlebutt in Washington is that the offending officers named by Herbert are living on borrowed time and that Westmoreland's health is not the only reason he is stepping down, mandatory retirement notwithstanding. However, unless Herbert and others like him continue the push, the traditional complacency will return.

Sp/5 John W. Oliver
Springfield, Virginia

*Herbert continues to push, and so does the Army. For a follow-up on the Herbert controversy, see page 222.*

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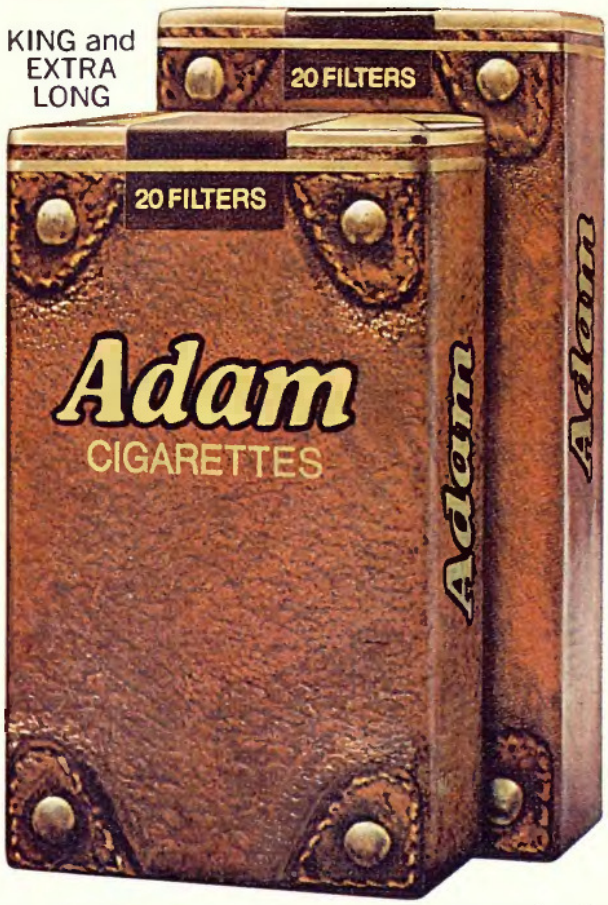


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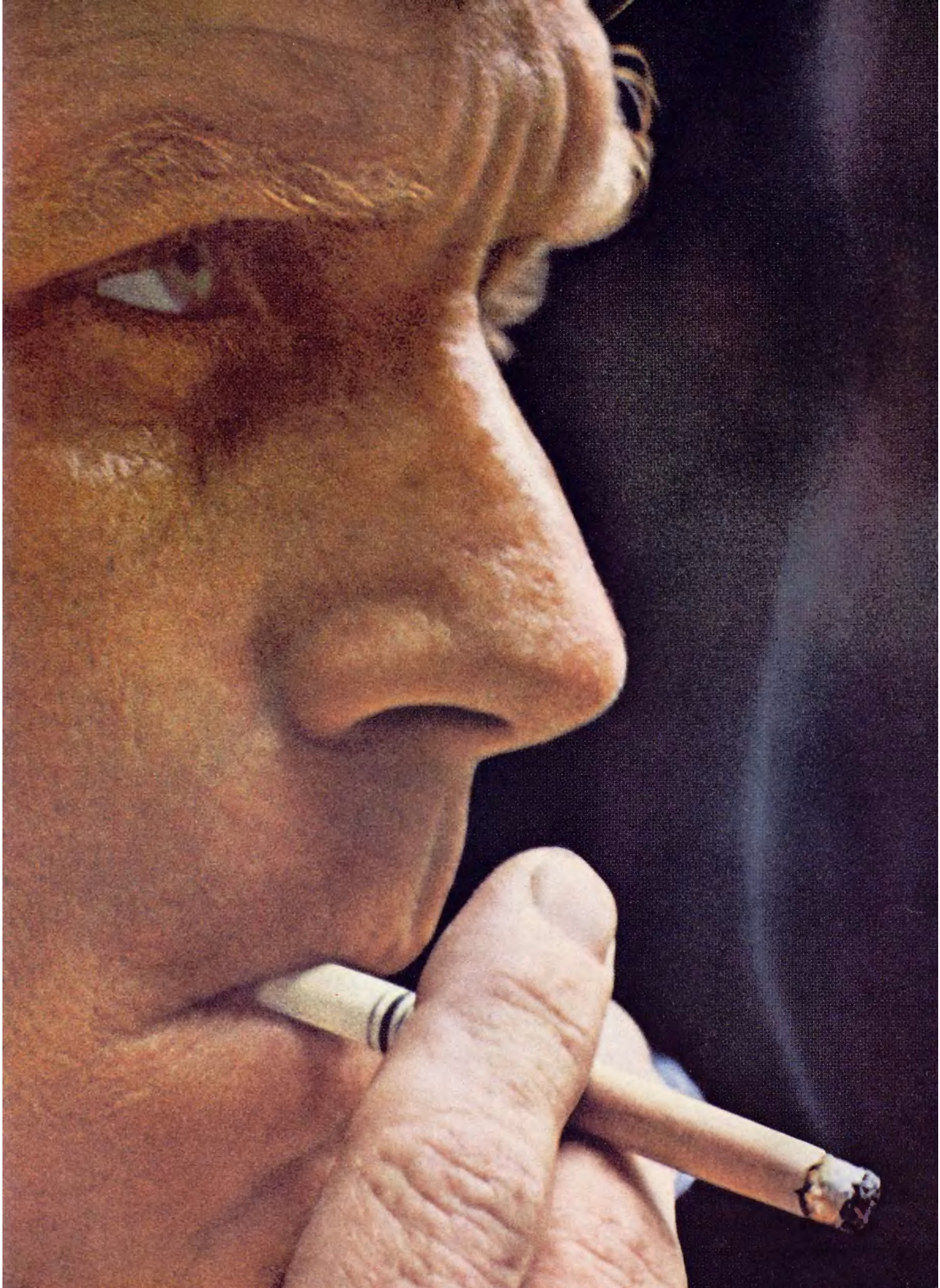

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

From a letter sent by The Rolling Stones' office to promoters of their recent U. S. tour, here are a few backstage necessities that the Stones seem to regard as essential to survival: "Two bottles per show Chivas Regal. Teacher's or Dewar's Scotch; two bottles per show Jack Daniel's Black Label; two bottles per show tequila (lemon quarters and salt to accompany); three bottles per show iced Liebfraumilch; one bottle per show Courvoisier or Hine brandy. Fresh fruits, any of the following: apples, oranges, bananas, pears, grapes, peaches, strawberries, melons, apricots, pineapple, cherries, raspberries, blueberries, papaya, mangoes and rhubarb. Cheese, preferably not Kraft plastic. Brown bread, butter, cold meat, chicken legs, roast beef, tomatoes, pickles, etc. Alka-Seltzer."

•

When the League of Women Voters turned down a proposal to admit men, the *New Jersey Law Journal* headlined its report: "WOMEN VOTERS LEAGUE GAGS ON MALE MEMBERS."

•

Our Roadrunner Award goes to the motorcyclist in Johannesburg, South Africa, who was stopped by police for doing 80 miles an hour. When the officers asked him, as a formality, if he wanted to examine the instrument they used to record his speed, he said, "No. Can't you see I'm in a hurry?"

•

Nixon's the one: *First Monday*, the campaign-oriented magazine published for the faithful by the Republican National Committee, featured this headline: "THANKS TO PRESIDENT NIXON, STAFF SERGEANT FRYER NOW HAS A SON."

•

Mammary lane: Concrete evidence that San Francisco is still abreast of the times was given more solid foundation not long ago when Carol Doda and other topless entertainers dunked their ample bosoms into wet sidewalk cement in front of three city night spots. Billed as a tourist attraction to rival the footprint display in Hollywood, it was dubbed by one topless promoter "a landmark of busts." Not so! cried a group of picketing militant feminists from WHO (Whores, Housewives and Others). Said the WHO organizer: "It's sad to see beautiful women acting like boobs."

•

We assume it's a joke, but in Chicago you can never be certain. One of our editors spied a fancy new Buick illegally parked on a busy Windy City street. Prominently displayed on the windshield was a printed placard reading: MAFIA STAFF CAR ON CALL.

•

The Newport Beach, California, *Daily Pilot* published this intriguing personal: "Find yourself in someone else."

•

Nobody, but nobody, stays in Manhattan over a weekend. *The New York Times* a few weeks ago attributed a traffic snarl-up in the Holland Tunnel to "truck breakdowns, a bomb threat and the usual Monday-morning influx of computers."

•

This vintage tidbit appeared in an English parish magazine's report of a village wine competition: "Winners in the homemade claret section were Mrs. Davis (fruity, well rounded), Mrs. Rayner (fine color and full-bodied) and Miss Ogle-Smith (slightly acid, but should improve if laid down)."

•

Shazam! At the U. S. Air Force base in Los Angeles, California, a comical figure was seen flying into the Space and Missiles bureau, ostentatiously decked out in an orange-and-gold costume with cape. Turns out it was erstwhile First Lieutenant William Marvel, celebrating his promotion to captain.

•

According to the Czech Communist Party daily *Rude Pravo*, a schoolteacher in a remote Moravian village spent four years clandestinely knocking on the windows of young married couples at night to wake them up. A Peeping Tom who got his kicks vicariously? No, he just feared he might be transferred for lack of children in his district. But his rap sessions bore fruit, and he's kept his job.

•

Our Honkie of the Month Award goes to the Homemakers Club of Oxon Hill, Maryland, for placing this ad in the *Oxon Hill Times*: "Wanted. Nice Negro lady or ladies to join presently all-white Homemakers Club. You will be genuinely welcome and we must have you to comply with Damnfool Federal Regulations. Write to Homemakers Club c/o this newspaper."

•

The National Association of Professional Bureaucrats, which spoofs excessive bureaucracy, has given its annual Order of the Bird award to the U. S. Postal Service for "snailistic movement of special-delivery mail." The action came after the group discovered that only 15 percent of special-delivery mail arrived before regular mail. In announcing the award, president James Boren said that the group salutes the Post Office "for its dynamic inaction and forthright twiddlism."

•

A sign in New York City's Bernstein Institute of Beth Israel Medical Center, sometimes called the "mecca of methadone maintenance," announces that REQUESTS FOR SMACK AND METH MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A NOTE FROM YOUR PARENTS OR LEGAL GUARDIAN. WE DO NOT HONOR CREDIT CARDS.

•

Half a handclap to the D. G. Sales Company, a mail-order pornography distributor, which sent out a flier touting its latest books as "Hot . . . Heavy . . . Explicit . . . Far Out . . . Wildly Illustrated! THE KIND YOU READ WITH ONE HAND!"

•

Visitors to underground Atlanta—the restaurant, shop and night-club district that occupies several blocks one level below Atlanta's downtown area—have been stopping in mid-stride recently to stare at an unusual souvenir shop decorated in red, white and blue and nestled

snugly among the city's tightest concentration of bars.

LESTER MADDOX, blares the foot-high lettering on the storefront. Observers who peek in discover an astonishing array of paraphernalia celebrating Georgia's fiery ex-governor, now lieutenant governor: T-shirts, alarm clocks, wrist watches, record albums featuring Maddox speeches, neckties, glossy photos, plastic fried-chicken legs (hearkening back to the prepolitickin' days when Maddox ran the Pickrick Restaurant) and replicas of the pick handle Ole Lestuh fervently swung to ward off desegregation at his lunch counter. The shirts and timepieces are adorned with a garish caricature of Maddox riding a bicycle backward; the clocks replace hour numbers with the 12 letters of Maddox' name.

A mercenary businessman taking advantage of the Lester Maddox notoriety? Well, yes and no. There's a businessman involved, to be sure, but he has an indisputable right to hawk these particular wares. Lieutenant Governor Lester Maddox himself owns the store—lock, stock and alarm clock. Maddox says he opened the store last December to supplement his $20,000-a-year salary from the state, roughly one third what he made during his previous term as governor. (He had to borrow on his life insurance to finance his original stock of merchandise.) "It's almost as good as the restaurant business," he says. For Maddox, the new enterprise involves no loss of dignity; to prove it, he mingles with the tourists and customers as often as his schedule allows (which turns out to be about once a week).

We visited the Maddox store one Saturday evening not long ago and found the guv'nuh within, busily autographing chicken legs and ax handles and providing a runnin' monolog for his delighted customers. To one gentleman, Maddox vocally rang up the tab: "That'll be four sixteen . . . four dollars for the item and sixteen cents tax, which'll go for graft and welfare." He asked a young coed to hold the neck of a T-shirt while he inscribed, with a felt marker, "To Linda from Lester Maddox." "You gonna be glad you bought this, honey," he commented. "I am already."

Southern-fried political philosophy is free. To a man who asked if Lestuh wanted to run for governor again, he said, "I didn't *wanna* run last time; I just got sick and tired of seein' crazy politicians tryin' to tell me how to live. Besides, I couldn't find anybody to vote for, so I decided to give me at least one choice."

Although the shop is open evenings only five days a week, Maddox has never grossed less than $3900 per month. Soon he plans to launch a cafeteria featuring Southern cooking and a museum displaying country-style whiskey stills, and his own TV variety show was scheduled for telecasting this season in Atlanta.

Lest anyone think this is some latter-day AppoMaddox, in which a traditional Southern politician surrenders his values to make a buck, the proprietor decries the late-night revelry that often surrounds his shop. The teetotaling, puritan-mouthed Maddox will put up with only so much vocal disdain from his guests. If there's trouble from indiscreet imbibers or "the bigoted kind" (those with a prejudiced opinion of the guv'nuh), Maddox prefers not to bother the police. One young man, who branded himself a "revolutionary" and shouted abuse at the proprietor, found himself tossed out the door and into the street.

A major drawback is the 10′ x 20′ size of the shop, which jams customers together mercilessly when the store is crowded. It always is when Maddox is present, thus contradicting the growing suspicion that the Lester-Maddox-as-Folk-Hero mythos is dying. It is not, and the guv'nuh himself—whose term doesn't expire until 1975—is laughing all the way to the bank.

## BOOKS

Alexander Solzhenitsyn's ***August 1914*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is magnificent evidence that the great tradition of Russian realism still lives despite the repression of artistic freedom and the horrors of history. Indeed, it is precisely the horrors of history that Solzhenitsyn has chosen for the subject of his fourth novel, a panorama of Russia's entry into World War One. As he says in his preface, this is the small first installment of an immense work that "may take as long as 20 years," and which he probably will not live to finish. The reader of this imaginatively detailed, somberly inspired book, with its hundreds of sharply etched characters, its evenhanded treatment of far-reaching historical problems and its steadfastly ironic yet humane vision, must pray that Solzhenitsyn will live to carry out his great work. He has set out to re-evaluate in human terms the historical situation that produced the Russian Revolution of 1917 and all the miseries and misfortunes that resulted from that crucial event. But novels are not made out of intellectual programs, nor do they enthrall us because of their views; first and last, it is people, sympathetically imagined and re-created, who make a novel live and breathe, and Solzhenitsyn's pages are packed with students, generals, peasants, ladies of the aristocracy, all of them striving, either overwhelmed by history or trying with quiet, stubborn heroism to control as much of their destiny as their intelligence and courage can manage. One realizes, on closing this infinitely moving book, that most modern fiction has starved us, depicting people who either drift or are pushed along but who never—as in Solzhenitsyn's pages—take pride in their work and stake their dignity and value on their ability to perform it adequately. In this novel, the work happens to be the work of war, and the two central characters, General Samsonov and Colonel Vorotyntsev, embody in their different ways what Solzhenitsyn regards as an honest, realistic approach to the onrush of a historical calamity: Each does his job as well as he can; the war is a disaster, but Russia is duty bound to herself and her allies to honor its commitments—and each helps save something true and good from the rubble. But Solzhenitsyn's patriotism is far from jingoism: it is an effort to understand Russia's destiny in the world, not with the formulas of a ready-made theory but in terms of a whole land and its people; it is a form of tenderness, with the living Russians as its beloved object. Americans can only wonder at and envy such ideas and emotions; but then, we haven't had our love for our country tested by such an enormity as Stalin.

•

The dust settles after the Great Sell-off of 1969–1970, and players of *The Money Game* are revealed again by "Adam Smith," the Wall Street Candide. There stands Odd-Lot Robert, coffee stains on the shares he held all the way to the bottom. Poor Grenville, the fund manager, has stopped chasing highfliers and has gone into Union Carbide, of all things. Irwin the Professor, still loyal to his computer, ruefully confesses that he rewrote the program when it told him to stay in cash. So it goes in Adam Smith's post-mortem, ***Supermoney*** (Random House). Behind the apt pseudonym, of course, hides George Jerome Waldo Goodman, Rhodes scholar, screenwriter, portfolio manager, journalist and Harvard Business School lecturer, whose gift for storytelling turns the fake mysteries of high finance into an instructional romp. The Penn Central is plunging off the trestle, threatening a run on commercial paper that will take countless other blue chips down with it. In *Supermoney*, rescue depends on a little boy in East Winchester, Connecticut, who can't call his daddy, the executive director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, to the phone before finishing his carrots. Smith-Goodman also tells a tale on himself: how he invested in a Swiss bank and how the bank, against impossible odds, went broke speculating on cocoa futures—a speculation that had been thoroughly debunked in *The Money Game*. The portfolio managers, unfortunately, hadn't read it. A post-mortem is a time for (excuse the expression) taking stock. The settling dust does reveal some players who won—notably, a self-taught Omaha man named Warren Buffett, who gathered together a

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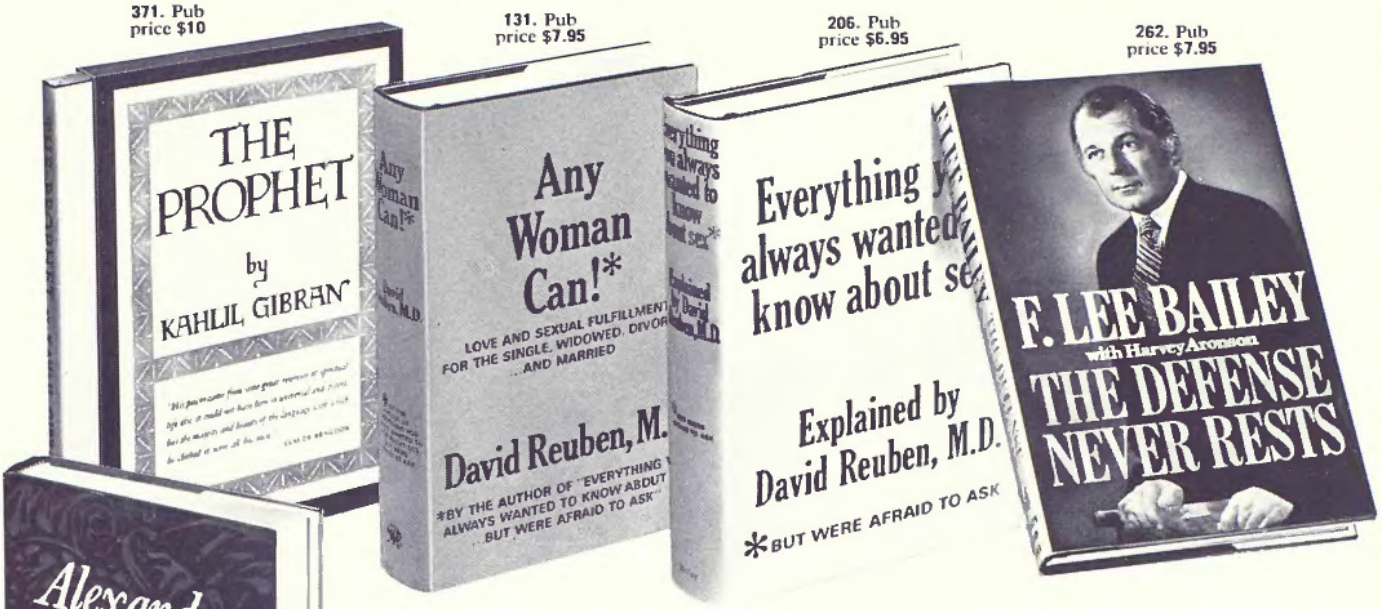


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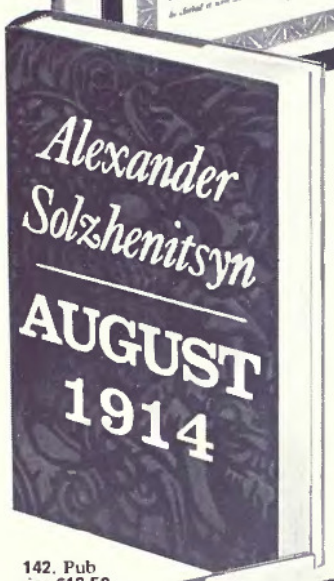


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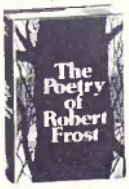


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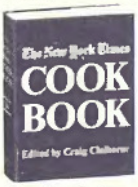


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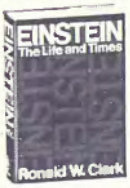


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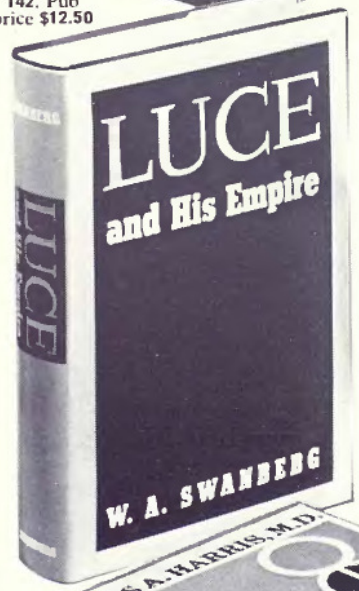


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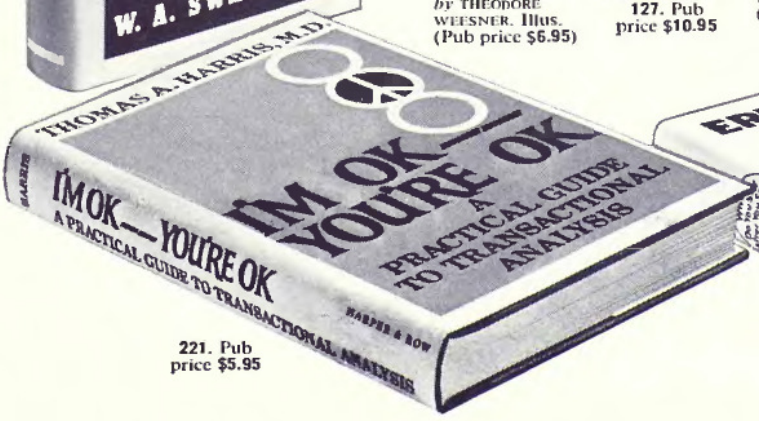


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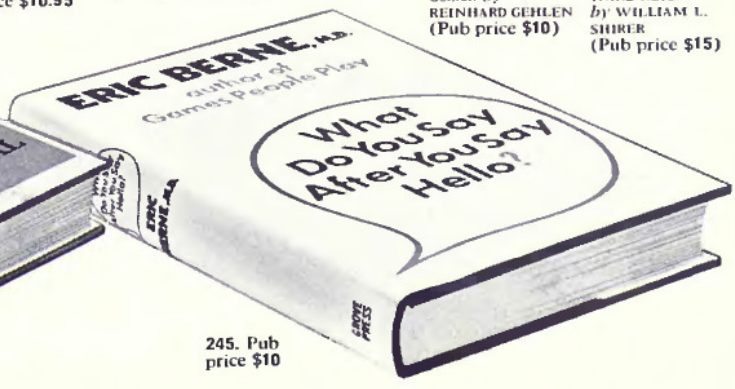


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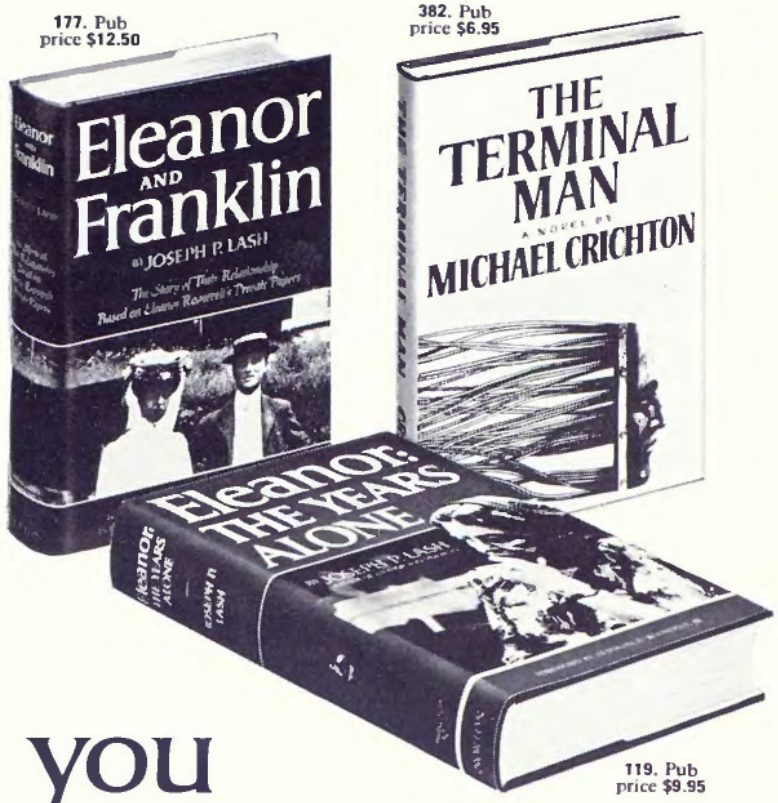


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few relatives and parlayed their $105,000 stake into $105,000,000 by following the stodgy advice of Benjamin Graham, professor of financial analysis. Graham "starts with the proposition that your money is at risk; the first thing you must do is not lose your money, even before you think about making more with it." Thinking such thoughts, Buffett steered clear of inside information and reasoned things out for himself. He quit the game in 1969, because he no longer understood a world in which men reject the work ethic and talk of the limits of growth. "If you are still for the Game," says Adam Smith, "why, may you prosper; I wish you the joys of it."

•

The art of thinking (or at least of writing) in terms of decades has been popular for some time among American journalists and their academic counterparts; so when one opens Garry Wills's new book, ***Bare Ruined Choirs*** (Doubleday), and comes upon such chapter headings as "The Catholic Seventies" and "Memories of a Catholic Boyhood," one's expectations sink. But PLAYBOY contributor (part of his book appeared in our November 1971 issue; an article, *Imprisonment Chic*, is elsewhere in this magazine) Wills soon uplifts them. His title refers to the ruins of the Roman Catholic establishment, which he refuses to lament even while acknowledging such angry mourners as Malcolm Muggeridge and Graham Greene. He knows that religion is more than the Church, or even the churches, just as politics is more than the establishment. Wills is a naysayer, but apart from an excessively brief and reductionist criticism of Teilhard de Chardin and an embarrassing overkill of Jacqueline Wechsler, he does not deafen us with his thunder. Even more fun than pointing out that the emperor has no clothes is to tear the tawdry rags from his back; but having done so, one must then face up to the question: What are you going to give him in their place? Having presented the Church as changeless, changing, doubting and dying, Wills, in his last section, indulges in hoping. As religious and political institutions crumble, he writes, radical critics of both come closer together. A Jew such as Arthur Waskow, a Protestant such as William Stringfellow, a Catholic such as Daniel Berrigan are closer to one another than to their respective establishments. They say no to the world and to the capitalized religious establishments that are such faithful servants of the world. In his last sentence, Wills states his position clearly: "It is time to join the underground."

•

***The FBI and the Berrigans*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), by Jack Nelson and Ronald J. Ostrow of the Washington staff of the *Los Angeles Times*, is a model of intensively researched journalism. It places the convoluted tale in an enlightening framework—the history of the radical left in the American Catholic Church, the diverse odysseys of the Berrigan brothers, the politicalization of Nixon's Justice Department and an embarrassing blunder toward the end of J. Edgar Hoover's career. (Hoover's premature announcement of the kidnap-Kissinger "plot" forced the Justice Department to scramble up a weak case to "cover" the FBI chief.) The authors' sections on the case itself—from the entrance of Boyd Douglas, the informer, to the trial and the star-studded defense team—are absorbing. They do not intrude themselves into the story, as the new journalists are wont to do, but they do expand the traditional boundaries of journalism to create a novelistic (though entirely factual) narrative in which flaws and quirks of personalities often have more to do with the course of events than the most fervently professed ideologies. Dan Berrigan, for instance, might never have been caught by the FBI had he not succumbed to a yearning to see a couple of old friends. The Government would not have had even its flimsy case against the Harrisburg defendants had not the warm personal relationship between Phil Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister led to a decidedly unwise laxity in their correspondence. Boyd Douglas could not have functioned so long as an informer had it not been for the ingenuousness of liberal students and faculty members at Bucknell (let alone the willful naïveté of Phil Berrigan). It all adds up to a most serious, most entertaining book. Daniel Berrigan's reflections on life in Danbury prison and diverse other matters, political and spiritual, can be found in ***Absurd Convictions, Modest Hopes: Conversations After Prison with Lee Lockwood*** (Random House).

•

John Updike appears to have bought himself a ticket to literary freedom. His latest collection, ***Museums and Women and Other Stories*** (Knopf), contains stories, essays, nocturnes, what John Barth would call "piano-tuning," and even the reflections of a Kierkegaard-quoting pro baseball player in a batting slump. Twenty-nine entries in all, some little more than patches of the Updike humor. Others fall into groups, such as the clutch of natural-science fantasies involving dinosaurs and microorganisms that play out their evolutionary destiny within the comic *ambiance* of a suburban cocktail party. This is Updike at his bravura best. The ideas are clever, the execution amusing, and underlying each is a scared seriousness. Another group touches a favorite Updike theme—divided love, the damnable human capacity to love more than one—delightful and necessary within the family and a whirlpool of woe outside it. One of the best stories is *I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying* (published first in PLAYBOY), a study of narcissism and impotence among the treasures and squalor of Egypt. Here Updike succeeds in penetrating the brilliant surface he loves to present. Nations and conflicts are powerfully suggested through the dramatic actions of a band of badly damaged tourists. Nostalgia, the social *gaffe* and dead love affairs are staples in any Updike collection; they are here in plenty. And there is not a single story in which language doesn't send up phrases to startle the imagination and illuminate the dreary landscape of habit. Yet something's wrong. Why should one come away feeling overstuffed and undernourished? The fault is not new: It is that Updike's people are interchangeable. Their heartbreaks fall just short of the desired impact, because as people, they fall just short of three-dimensional realization.

•

***The Joy of Sex*** (Crown), subtitled "A Gourmet Guide to Love Making," is not just another spicy nonbook with a clever title. Its editor is Dr. Alex Comfort, a prominent British medical biologist with a lively writing style, a sense of humor and no detectable inhibitions. Collaborating with friends and colleagues in related fields, he takes a *Gestalt* approach to the subject. The book not only discusses the biological, mechanical, emotional, sensual and social aspects of sexual relations but offers sound counsel on hang-ups, as well as some homely household hints. On sex in the shower: "Don't pull down the fixture . . . it isn't weight-bearing." On semen: "You can get it out of clothing or furnishings either with a stiff brush, when the stain has dried, or with a diluted solution of sodium bicarbonate." The book's emphasis, of course, is on getting and giving the greatest pleasure through a smorgasbord of sophisticated lovemaking techniques (approached with an attitude of try-it-you'll-like-it). The topics are arranged alphabetically under four main headings: "Starters," "Main Courses," "Sauces and Pickles" and "Problems." The book is illustrated with color reproductions of paintings and classic Oriental erotica, plus over 100 instructive sketches. In these, the male is hirsute to the point of resembling a naked cave dweller; and the sex is often kinky by American standards. But the volume is obviously the work of a man who knows his way around the kitchen and relishes his subject.

•

Ross Russell's ***Bird Lives!*** (Charterhouse) undertakes the exceedingly complicated task of shaping a coherent portrait of the most seminal figure in modern jazz—the maddeningly unpredictable Charlie ("Yardbird") Parker, whose tortured bizarre personal life masked an extraordinarily opaque personality. A musically knowledgeable critic and historian of jazz and a onetime record producer (of

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the invaluable Dial sessions by Bird). Russell is acutely sensitive to the sociological and psychological roots of the idiom. He has done extensive research to add to his own personal, turbulent experiences with Charlie Parker, and the result is an exploration, on many levels, of the family and cultural shaping of this short-lived volcano. In the course of the narrative, much is made clear not only about Bird but also about the nature of his musical influence. Russell reconstructs recording sessions, crises, the war of temperaments on a bandstand with an artful vitality that makes this a book of substantial literary value, a tragic portrait of a genius without a center of gravity.

•

The first serious proposal for a bridge to span the East River was made in 1800; it was to be an enormous cantilever made of wood and take two years to build. The actuality, however, was more inspiring than the dream, as David McCullough's monumental history of the Brooklyn Bridge—***The Great Bridge*** (Simon & Schuster)—makes clear. In its steel and stone, Lewis Mumford has written, "the architecture of the past, massive and protective, meets the architecture of the future, light and aerial, open to sunlight." No less imposing was the cast of old rogues such as Boss Tweed, boyish reformers such as Seth Low and others who battled during the 14 years of construction over contracts, design and even the desirability of seeing the job through. Looming over the entire project was one of the most remarkable families of the day: John Roebling, a young German immigrant who became a wire-rope manufacturer and engineer, planned every inch of cable and masonry for the bridge and died of lockjaw following a construction accident; his son Washington, who became chief engineer and, though painfully crippled by caisson disease, supervised every detail of progress by watching the work through binoculars from his Brooklyn Heights home; and Washington's wife, Emily, who wrote hundreds of painstaking letters to engineers at the scene and to politicians on both sides of the river. Her triumph came in the spring of 1883, when President Chester Arthur, Governor Grover Cleveland and 1000 other notables honored her husband's tenacity, integrity and skill. McCullough tells the rich story with scholarship, style and a happy gift for translating the elements of civil engineering into layman's language. The book squarely hits the bull's-eye of the author's aim—"to tell the story of the most famous bridge in the world and in the context of the age from which it sprang."

•

For what turned out to be his last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, D. H. Lawrence wrote three versions in an



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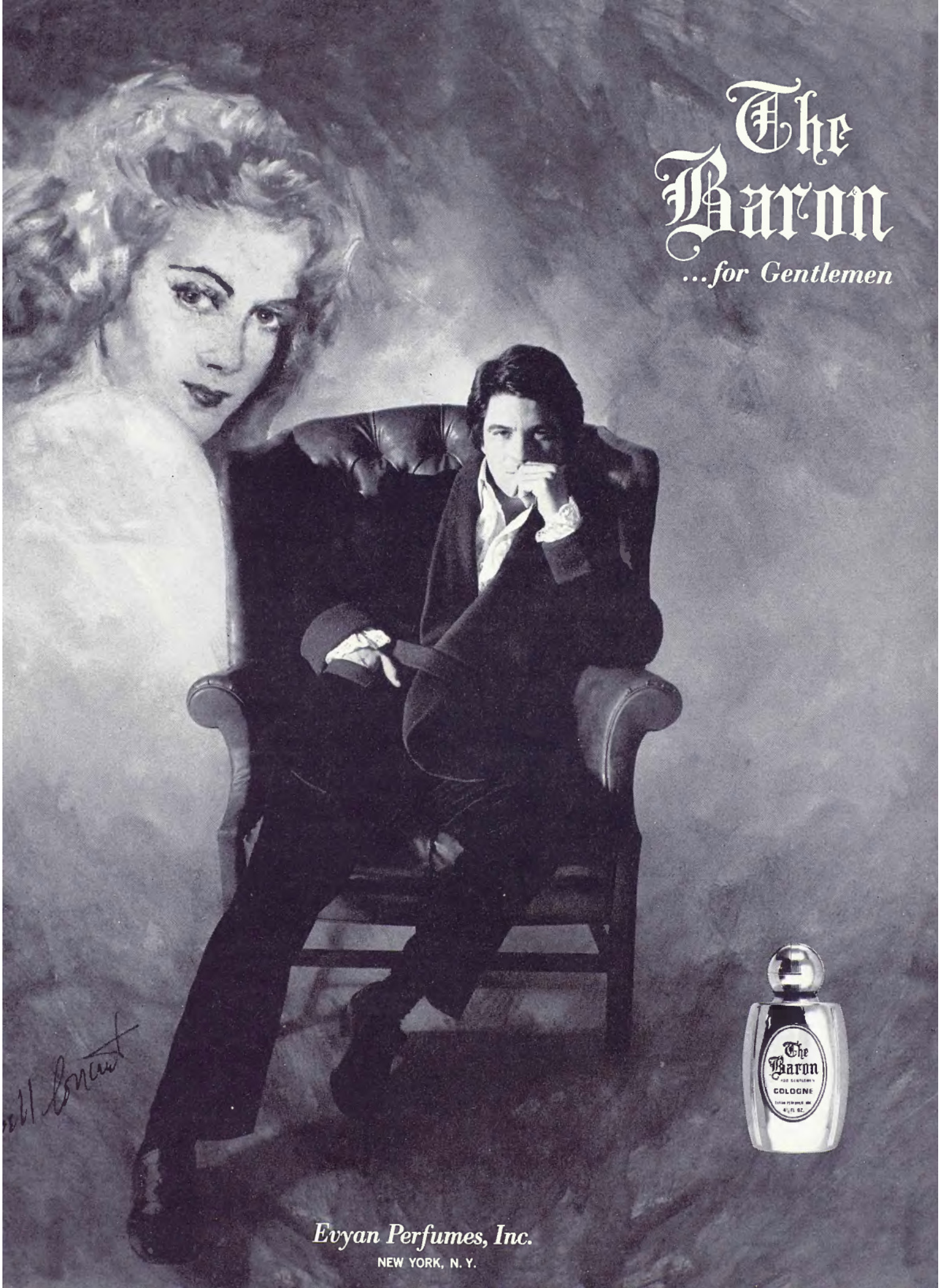
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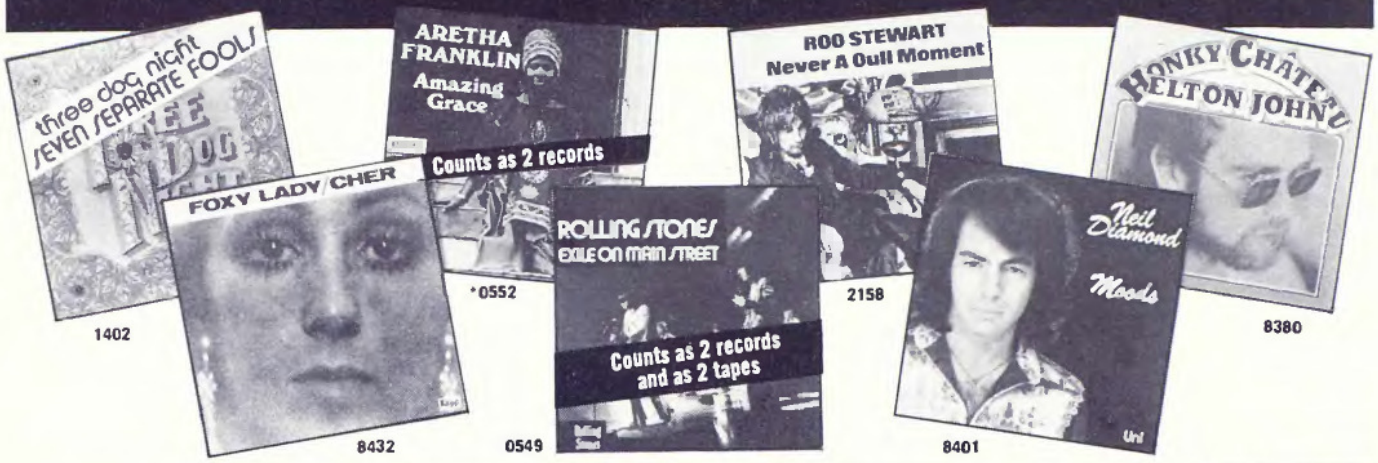


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effort to achieve a perfect parable of the fate of untrammeled, natural sensuality in an increasingly mechanical and power-driven world. Readers are already familiar with the first and last versions, but the middle version, titled ***John Thomas and Lady Jane*** (Viking)—lower-class British slang for the male and female sex organs—has only now appeared and is likely to make many wonder why Lawrence went any further. The gamekeeper, here called Parkin, is a much less masterful but much more convincing and sympathetic character in his crude, offhand way. Lady Chatterley is less cerebral, more womanly and more plausible in the role of the submissive but stubborn female whose urge for life leads her beyond the boundaries of her normal, upper-class existence. And her crippled husband, Clifford, is less pathetic and involuted, less the repository of an intellectual world view and more a real, breathing person. In changing them, Lawrence seems to have been misled by that very cerebral desire—which he condemned in his own works—to make everything clear cut and logically manifest. *John Thomas and Lady Jane* may sprawl a bit, but it has that indefinable quality of utter conviction that lifts it above the *Lady Chatterley* most of us know.

•

Although Henry Luce has been the subject of a number of books, fact and fiction, it has remained for W. A. Swanberg (critical biographer of William Randolph Hearst, among others) to produce the first full-scale exploration of ***Luce and His Empire*** (Scribner's). The result is not likely to be warmly welcomed in the book columns of *Time* and *Life*. With his customary diligence, Swanberg has shaped an absorbing narrative out of exhaustive research (diaries, confidential memos, correspondence, interviews and the self-indicting pages of the Luce magazines). Two main themes are interwoven throughout—the biography of the arrogant, lonely, work-driven Luce and the effect of his empire on the quality of public information it did so much to shape for nearly half a century. Wholly committed to the faith that what was good for America was good for the world, and that America had a mandate (presumably from God) to influence the world "for such purposes as we see fit and by such means as we see fit." Luce committed his enormous energies and his magazines' power to that missionary goal. Although certain exceptions were allowed from time to time, those who worked for him had to "report" and "interpret" the news to reflect Luce's grand design. Accordingly, as Swanberg shows in damning detail, for decades, whatever their personal beliefs, bands of highly intelligent Luce-men became accomplices in the slickly distorting group journalism that served the purposes of their master—among

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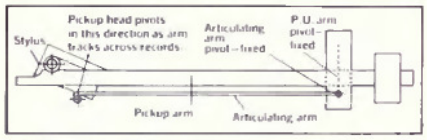


"From about 7 in. diameter to runout, the Zero 100 delivers considerably less distortion and greater definition than with the same pickup mounted in a standard arm. The improvement in sound quality is notably impressive." *Elementary Electronics.*

"The articulated arm of the Zero 100 produced less distortion, and therefore greater definition, on high-level, musically complex passages, from the inner grooves." *Hi-Fi Stereo Buyers' Guide.*

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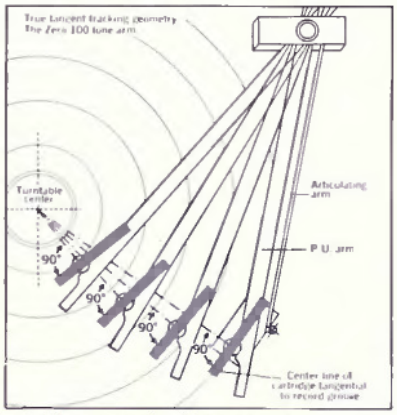


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If you'd like to read the reviews in full detail, we'll send them to you along with a complete brochure on the Zero 100 and the Garrard line. Write to: British Industries Company, Dept. K 112, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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them, the beatification of industrial paternalism, American imperialism (particularly in Vietnam) and the sacred cause of Chiang Kai-shek. Along the way, there was admiring treatment (before World War Two) of certain aspects of the Hitler and Mussolini regimes, as well as support of the aims (if not the style) of Senator Joe McCarthy. Luce received many tributes during his lifetime; but this book will be a much more lasting judgment not only of the man himself but of those gifted mercenaries (surprisingly few, overall, resigned) who discounted their lives in his cause. In addition to his dissection of the external impact of the Luce empire, Swanberg provides crisp profiles of the key figures at court—the metallic Clare Boothe Luce, the top retainers through the years and the small number of rebels. Swanberg's book is in the best tradition of independent investigative reporting, a skill scarcely appreciated in Luce's empire.

•

In *The Three Hundred Year War* (Random House), Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas amplifies with his own prestige and passion the outcries of other environmental crusaders. He traces the current assault on nature to the likes of William Bradford, who in 1620 described the virgin forest of Massachusetts as a "hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men." The Puritans and other Christian settlers, however, were only taking at its word the Scriptural mandate: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth." The real villains of Douglas' version of the ecological apocalypse, however, are by no means puritan; they are greedy enterprisers and myopic bureaucrats in such agencies as the National Park Service, the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Atomic Energy Commission. Douglas, a voice almost literally crying in the wilderness, reserves special contempt for those who would open to "potbellied urbanites" his beloved back country. He is righteously and rightfully angered by the shooting of eagles and the dumping into subterranean waters of carcinogenic isotopes with half lives of up to 400 millenniums. Douglas celebrates the little victories of citizen action against the despoilers, and he offers in place of Calvinism a religion he believes can make the difference: "The Hindu philosophy that even plants in a garden are kin to man."

•

Although Bernard Wolfe has written eight other books, he is still best known for *The Great Prince Died*, his moving fictional account of the death of Trotsky. Wolfe himself actually served as a secretary-bodyguard in the Trotsky


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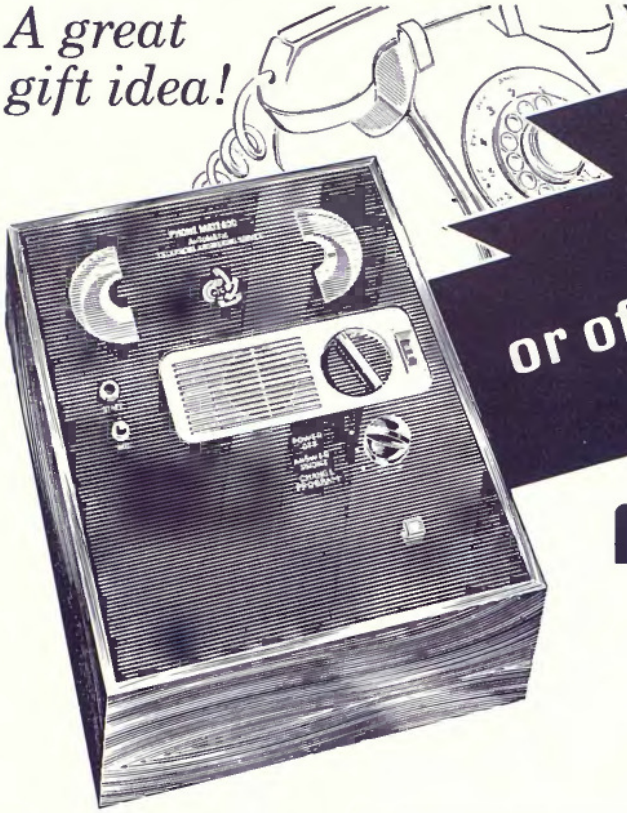

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Back in the fifties, we at Uniroyal made a judgement: the steel-belted radial would be the tire of the future. So we went to France, home of the steel-belted radial, to develop our own version of this remarkable tire. (No mean feat, since a radial tire, by nature of its construction, is extremely difficult to produce; and steel belts, by nature of the very material itself, are very difficult to work with.) By 1960, we had a steel-belted radial in production there. And we've had it in continuous production ever since.

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household in Coyoacán, Mexico—but Coyoacán, it turns out, was not the only picturesque chapter in Wolfe's picaresque youth. He also passed 11 torrid months writing 11 books of hard-core pornography. ***Memoirs of a Not Altogether Shy Pornographer*** (Doubleday) is his chronicle of the events leading up to and away from that feverish year. He could have subtitled his book "Down and Out in New Haven and New York," for Wolfe, penniless in his native, jobless town, was compelled to direct his anticapitalist energies into procarnalist creations before the job boom of the war brought him respectability as a roving reporter for *Popular Science*. But not before he made many salient discoveries concerning the nature—and relationship—of pornography and literature. He defines pornography as "a verbosity about the preverbal, an eloquence about what can properly be only monosyllabic, oratory about matters for which there are no formalized sounds." He concludes "that Pornography is much ado about nothing much. Because those aspects of sex that can be put into words are the ones least germane to it and the ones least worth talking about." Yet Wolfe refuses to downgrade pornography per se, finding in it "the essence of all Literature, High and Low. . . . Peeping." The significant difference between "that Infra-Lit called Pornography" and the "Above Board–Lit" is that "Pornography provides the peeper not a window or proscenium arch but a keyhole."

•

Henry Kissinger is by all odds the most interesting man in a lackluster Administration. His Strangelove accent, his witty press briefings, his curious emergence as a sex object, combined with his great but undefined power, his arrogance and his manifest persecution complex, make him fascinating. So, for that matter, do his celebrated dalliances with blondes in Paris and beauties in Washington. But ***Kissinger / The Uses of Power*** (Houghton Mifflin), by David Landau (himself a Harvard product), is a serious book for the serious reader. The stroke-by-stroke portrait is not a flattering one. This isn't to say that Landau doesn't give Kissinger full marks for his brilliance, his knowledge, his perseverance, his role in the historic approaches to Peking and Moscow. Indeed, it is the presence of great capacities that makes the portrait all the more chilling, for the Kissinger we see here ends up as just another crusader for "credibility," prepared to sacrifice human life to preserve the prestige of the United States, to save the face of Richard M. Nixon. Despite the abundant research, the study of Kissinger's many published statements and talks with those close to him, Landau attempts to penetrate deeper inside his subject than any outsider can. There are many too many "it seems likelys." Landau cannot really pin down Kissinger's exact role, how much of what happens is his due, how much comes from other advisors or from the man being advised. Still, Landau seems determined to be fair, and the portrait, albeit controversial, is a plausible view of a complex, exasperating, arrogant, insecure, funny and human man who, during a crucial period, has been one of the most influential people on earth.

•

Noteworthy: ***A Freak's Anthology*** (Sherbourne) is Michael Horowitz' hip bible of "golden hits from Buddha to Kubrick." In chapter and verse on the counterculture's top 20—from Lao-tzu to the Sufis, the Marquis de Sade to Herbert Marcuse—the author, who profiled Marcuse in PLAYBOY's September 1970 issue, has put together cogent extracts from some of the spacier metaphysical canons of our time, and all time.

## DINING-DRINKING

***Locke-Ober's*** at 3–4 Winter Place is by now as venerable a Boston institution as the Handel and Haydn Society, the trust fund and baked beans with brown bread. The restaurant is an amalgam of two grand old 18th Century watering places that stood side by side on Winter Place, a Londonlike alley that's just a scone's throw from the Common and the heart of Old Boston at Tremont Street. Since 1894, when the wall between the two establishments was torn down, the decor has changed nary a tad and might today be described as funky *fin de siècle*: comfortable red-leather-backed chairs in the downstairs men's bar, stained-glass borders on the windows, a forest of elaborate bentwood coat trees, a long mahogany bar that's a wood carver's miracle, mirrors enough to shame Versailles and a marble Victorian nude who is charmingly indifferent to the naughty zephyrs that tug at her gauzy loincloth, somewhere in Arcady. One end of the bar is covered with polished-metal steam dishes with covers that can be raised by a system of weights and counterweights designed to reveal the traditional free lunch, which, alas, is no longer served. Locke-Ober's large, well-stocked menu leans slightly toward fish; broiled fresh scrod is the most popular item and special appetizers include Crab Meat Cocktail (flakes of crab meat from Gloucester reposing on a silver coquille shell) and Anchovies, Winter Place (anchovies in concert with chopped onions and pickled beets and garnished with chopped eggs). The piscatorial *pièce de résistance*, however, is Baked Lobster Savannah, a $16 entree in which the lobster meat is amalgamated with Newburg sauce, green peppers,

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mushrooms and pimientos and then shell-baked with parmesan cheese. Desserts include that old New England fave, Indian Pudding, and the extraordinary Sultana Roll in Claret Sauce, a Locke-Ober's specialty. The Sultana Roll has a distinct 19th Century taste, the sweetness of its vanilla ice cream marbled with maraschino cherries and pistachios joined to a tart lime sherbet and covered with the wine sauce. People have been known to drive all the way from Worcester for a taste of this incredible dessert. The *noblesse oblige* of Locke-Ober's white-aproned waiters is proverbial. Some, in fact, seem more like old family retainers. Leaning against their stations at the bar, they look as much like a Degas painting as it is possible in contemporary Boston. Overall, there is a yellowish-golden glow to the rooms. Silverware has never seemed so heavy nor table linens so thick as at Locke-Ober's, which is perhaps the finest restaurant Boston has ever known. It's open from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily except Sundays and holidays. Reservations are recommended (617-542-1340) and all major credit cards are accepted.

About a mile from Locke-Ober's, in the basement of the slightly run-down Copley Square Hotel, is the ***Café Budapest*** (90 Exeter Street), last home of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On the tables, the red napkins stand like fans at attention—in memory, perhaps, of the beloved Empress Elizabeth herself. The patrons—Harvard grad students with their wives and Boston upper-bohemians with their chicks—mention the name of the empress with only the deepest respect as they enjoy the Esterházy-hunting-lodge decor: leaded windows separating the dining rooms, heavy beams on the ceiling, plates on the walls showing scenes of life among the serfs and bowls of fresh flowers on the tables. And—but of course!—Jasha and Sasha in the corner, fiddling their hearts out on the Muzak. The stage is set for an entrance. "Dollink," cries Edith Ban, Café Budapest's handsome Hungarian proprietress, as she Ilona Masseys from table to table wearing a white gown that does her figure only summary justice. "Mrs. Ban taught Zsa Zsa how to say 'Dollink,'" a waiter whispers and, apparently, she has taught Boston to love Hungarian food, too, because the Café Budapest is always very crowded. Start your visit with an iced tart cherry soup (made with wine from the Médoc region of Bordeaux) and a baked chicken paprikas pancake garnished with sliced tomato and green pepper. (The pancake is very light and the paprika cream sauce is more delicate than one might expect.) From the à la carte entree list, Szekely Goulache also smacks of back home in Budapest: pork chops crowned with sour cream and resting on a bed of tangy Hungarian-style sauerkraut that's far less acidic than the

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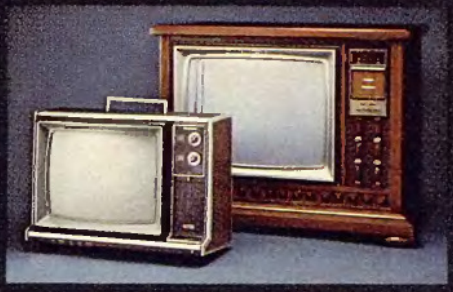

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variety most Americans know. Kilbasi, a spicy sausage, is served with the goulash. Another specialty, Tournedo à la Rossini, combines goose liver with mushrooms, all topped with a madeira sauce. Or try "Mushrooms stuffed with breast of turkey, served with *rizi-bizi* [rice and peas] and cranberry-cinnamon sauce." Apparently there's no Hungarian or French word that will do this last dish justice. Throughout the meal, you'll undoubtedly wish to toast Mrs. Ban and the evening with glass after glass of *Egri Bikaver*, or Bull's Blood of Eger, a Hungarian wine that's so velvety smooth you'll soon forget the label's translation. (The wine list, incidentally, is chockfull of oenological trivia and may, unlike its selections, be purchased for one dollar.) The Café Budapest's eight-item dessert selection ranges from the ubiquitous Dobos torte to several varieties of crepes, including one with farm cheese and raisins. Our choice, however, is the Gundel pancake with almond-orange-cream filling, raspberry soufflé topping and—are you ready?—a side dish of chocolate sauce for the shameless hedonist. Café Budapest is open from noon until 10:30 P.M. daily, Fridays and Saturdays to midnight. The Lounge Budapest, across the hall, is open from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. Reservations are recommended (617-734-3388), though none are taken for Saturday evenings, and most major credit cards are accepted.

## MOVIES

The words black market have a whole new meaning in the movie world, where any film by or about black people is routinely pigeonholed as another example of color-conscious exploitation. A trio of new movies—though sensitive in some degree to racial injustice—proves the foolishness of such generalizations, for they are as varied in theme and treatment as any three films released without labels signifying their color. The most eye-grabbing entry is ***Super Fly***, created by writer Phillip Fenty and director Gordon Parks, Jr., with ethnic flash and real feeling for the nervous rhythm of the drug scene in Harlem. Handsome movie newcomer Ron O'Neal plays Super Fly, a restless cocaine dealer who wants to make a fast $1,000,000 and get the hell out of a game ruled by sharks, killers, addicts and corrupt police officials. Though the acting is unpolished and the photography frequently self-indulgent, *Super Fly* scores with its secondary characters (Carl Lee, Julius W. Harris and Charles MacGregor in particular), who seem immunized by long exposure to Harlem's moral and social pollution. Like many freshman directors, Parks belabors certain effects, going well overboard in a long, irrelevant, yet remarkably sensual

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bathtub love scene between the hero and his chick (Sheila Frazier). Parks shows sensible restraint, however, in not moralizing about the evils of drugs. Instead, he scours the streets of Manhattan like a hip anthropologist studying social outcasts in their natural habitat.

Black blues singer Taj Mahal supplied the sound-track tunes and also plays a minor role in ***Sounder,*** produced by Robert B. Radnitz, who has made his reputation with honest movies for young people (e.g., *A Dog of Flanders*). Based on William H. Armstrong's award-winning novel and adapted by Lonne Elder III (author of *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*), *Sounder* seems an unusual project for director Martin Ritt, customarily drawn to such hard-sell dramas as *The Great White Hope* and *Hud.* Yet Ritt shows surprising delicacy in this sentimentalized but touching tale of a black sharecropper's family during the Depression, filmed on location in rural Louisiana. The young farmer (beautifully played by a striking actor named Paul Winfield) is sent off to a labor camp for a petty theft, leaving behind his wife and children, including a sensitive boy (young Kevin Hooks, son of actor Robert Hooks) who eventually goes away from home to seek an education. "Don't get too used to this place," his father tells him. *Sounder* (the title is the name of the family's hound-dog) pays homage to the art of enduring in those lush, misty Louisiana landscapes, where a harsh social code might be expected to crush all human aspirations.

***Blacula*** is a slick inside joke from beginning to end and dramatizes the nonsense that might ensue if a black African prince—cursed by Count Dracula back in 1815—were to turn up in Los Angeles today or tomorrow. As luck would have it, a couple of faggot interior decorators bring the coffin back to L.A. after a shopping junket in Transylvania and . . . aw, never mind. As Blacula, William Marshall orders a bloody mary when circumstances prevent his sipping at the pretty necks of Vonetta McGee or Emily Yancy. "That is one *strange* dude!" comments a rival dude, digging Blacula's crazy cape. If you like the sound of it so far, brace yourself for the inevitable follow-up—*Blackenstein* is already on his way.

•

A moviemaker choosing specific images to illustrate a great poet's matchless words is on aesthetically treacherous ground; but writer-director Andrew Sinclair emerges triumphant with his passionate and towering adaptation of the late Dylan Thomas' verse play, ***Under Milk Wood.*** To do justice to Thomas' moving, multitongued orchestration of life and death in a Welsh fishing village, Sinclair took his cameras to the tiny coastal town of Fishguard, accompanied by Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor,

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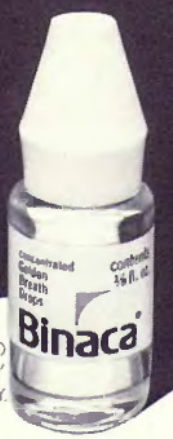


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WHEN BINACA'S IN, BAD BREATH IS OUT.

Peter O'Toole, Glynis Johns, Vivien Merchant and a supporting cast more than equal to this labor of love. Burton's pipe-organ eloquence, which can easily overwhelm an ordinary movie, keeps the rich flow of language churning around his narrator's role as the first of two strangers (the second played by Welsh TV comedian Ryan Davies) who have returned to Milk Wood in quest of a long-lost love named Norma Jane. Actorish but effective as the old blind sailor, Captain Cat, O'Toole hearkens back to a beloved strumpet of his youth, Rosie Probert, a bit role deftly played by Liz. "The town's as full as a lovebird's egg," in the words of Thomas, as well as in the film's colorful evocation of a whole community dreaming dreams beside the murmuring sea. A movie blessed with Thomas' genius requires no apologies for being talky. *Under Milk Wood* talks so brilliantly that Sinclair's busy cameras sometimes have a hard job catching up with the incandescent poetic intelligence that gleams through every line.

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She's rough, tough and sweaty, and usually without make-up. She is queen of the roller derby, a female jock who hurls invective at sportscasters and settles her differences with rival skaters by knocking them ass over elbow. It's Raquel Welch, the heroine of ***Kansas City Bomber***—and, what's more, a new and vastly improved Raquel, drastically reshaping her bottom-or-bust image. Except for the meanest episodes of down-and-dirty combat on wheels, Raquel did so much of her own skating that she managed to fracture a wrist on the track. Although *Kansas City Bomber* is minor-league moviemaking compared with *Derby*, a modest semidocumentary that won fine reviews and almost instant anonymity a couple of years ago, Raquel registers appealingly as a nice, not terribly bright girl who suffers the indignities of a shoddy profession because she craves something beyond the stifling hometown life of a divorcee with two kids to support. As the roller-derby entrepreneur who exploits her, Kevin McCarthy is stolidly convincing; and Helena Kallianiotes (the morose, memorable hitchhiker of *Five Easy Pieces*) is much better than that as K.C.'s archrival on the team. Cinematographer Fred Koenekamp (a sterling asset to *Patton*) adds much to the film's rinkside authenticity with his footage of the men, children and tidy housewives with a hearty appetite for brutality round the bends.

•

The rejuvenation of veteran movie directors is a heartening 1972 trend, first indicated by Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy* and now by ***Fat City***, in which director John Huston, after a long slump of indifferent movies made abroad, returns to the crackling tradition of *The Asphalt Jungle* and *The Misfits*. Based on Leonard Gardner's novel and adapted by Gardner himself, *Fat City* takes place in the kind of gritty man's world where Huston feels most at home. Stockton, California, is the setting, and Huston views it as a battleground where a handful of beaten characters keep hoping for better days against all odds, especially their own pathetic limitations. Neon bars and neighborhood gyms mark the perimeters of this world for two young fighters, one a skid-row drunk (Stacy Keach) whose promise has faded, the other a feisty kid (Jeff Bridges) who still believes he's going to slug his way to fame and fortune. Neither has any real future. Both will end up dead or drunk, or picking potatoes to support a wife and kid acquired by a bit of casual Saturday-night screwing. But they try, by God, until their brains and bodies bear permanent scars from poundings in sleazy arenas where the rewards of victory just about pay a winner's transportation home. *Fat City*'s fight scenes (all credit to cinematographer Conrad Hall) are as tough as any ever filmed, but the more stirring conflicts are those self-destructive showdowns with a bottle or a broad. When his passion for truth is aroused, Huston gets a lot out of actors—not just Keach and Bridges, who are both fine, but a whole gallery of lesser characters, each perfectly cast. Former light-heavyweight contenders, young hopefuls and forgotten men from the local fight scene play key roles with bred-in-the-bone conviction. In the war between the sexes, Susan Tyrrell scores a technical knockout as the dumpy, drunken bimbo who beds down with Keach while her black lover cools off in jail. "The white race is in its decline," she burbles, blaming anyone within earshot for wounds that can be dulled only by booze. She's a juicehead "on account o' her unhappy life and all that shit," says her loyal black man (superbly acted by former welterweight titleholder Curtis Cokes) in a fair example of author Gardner's spare but pungent dialog.

•

Promising may be the only apt word to describe ***The Happiness Cage***, though the stellar performance of Christopher Walken is rather more than that, emphatically something to see. A cool, almost girlishly handsome New York stage actor with a scrapbook full of raves, Walken combines intelligence, sensitivity and whatever it is that passes these days for charisma. In *Happiness Cage*, a verbose and primitive piece directed by Bernard Girard (from a play by Dennis Reardon, first produced at New York's venturesome Public Theater), Walken portrays an insolent, antisocial American soldier who is chosen for a fiendish medical experiment under U. S. military auspices. The setting is Germany, the

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plot an earnest creation that serves to trigger a debate between the reluctant guinea pig (Walken) and a Strangelove-ish doctor (Joss Ackland) who hopes to cure schizophrenia plus scores of other bothersome human frailties by wiring a subject's brain and reprograming him. Such contests between a flawed individual and the forces of supertechnology are hardly new to the realm of serious science fiction, and after Stanley Kubrick's richly imaginative *A Clockwork Orange*, another film on the subject runs the risk of seeming little more than a colorless postscript. Where Walken and company succeed—and even surpass Kubrick—is in making *Cage*'s hero a comprehensibly human and completely sympathetic misfit.

•

Being fourth in a string of major films about rodeo cowboys, all released this year, could spell bad luck for producer-director Stuart Millar's ***When the Legends Die***. Nonetheless, it's a damn good movie, with the added attraction of introducing young Frederic Forrest, whose looks, talent and effortless authority appear to be the stuff Hollywood producers dream about in their star-trekking quests for a new Newman or a second Brando. Forrest—part Cherokee, a recruit from Actors Studio West and Manhattan's avant-garde La Mama acting troupe—fits glove-tight into his role as a Ute Indian lad who learns the white man's ways from a cheap-Jack rodeo promoter (Richard Widmark) with an eye for a fast buck. The love-hate relationship between the old soak and the young Indian he ruthlessly exploits is never as clear as it ought to be, yet the actors seem to be reading between their underdeveloped lines. "You're nothing but meat, kid, red meat," barks Widmark, back to playing a meanie, but playing it with grand bravura plus subtle shades of pain and poignancy that add up to his finest performance in a decade. Forrest's primitive cool, his slow awakening of pride and disgust when he is forced to do less than his best in order to rig the bettors' odds against him are perfectly realized, and ample reason for moviegoers to sit through yet another exposé of the prices men pay to pick up that rodeo dough.

•

Lee Van Cleef, who followed Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson's winding trail to stardom through 11 Italian-made Westerns, picks up another well-traveled route in ***The Magnificent Seven Ride!*** Originally borrowed from a classic Japanese film about samurai, The Seven have already appeared on one pretext or another in three American horse operas since 1960. The fourth looks slightly the worse for wear but gets by on bits and patches borrowed from many far better movies. Van Cleef plays an indomitable U. S. marshal who rides out seeking vengeance after his wife is raped and murdered but finds himself sidetracked in a mission town full of comely rape victims—all wearing widow's weeds as the result of a raid by the notorious Mexican *bandido* De Toro. Knowing that De Toro will return, Van Cleef prepares to fight him; for what is one man's misery in the presence of so many brave and beautiful women—especially Stefanie Powers? *Ride*'s credibility gap is crowded with stock characters—from Van Cleef's hired gunmen, the usual motley crew of renegades recruited in a territorial prison, to Stefanie's unlikely sisters in shame, a passel of frontier gals whose heavily rinsed hairdos seem to be plugging a new range of golden-glow colors by Clairol.

•

Determined to create an exhaustively researched and unimpeachably genuine Western based on the early life of Billy the Kid, a team from the world of TV commercials (writer-director Stan Dragoti and co-author Charles Moss) has come up with a resolutely offbeat thingamajig called ***Dirty Little Billy***. In the title role, Michael J. Pollard—*Bonnie and Clyde*'s side-kick and the most accomplished mugger and mumbler in all moviedom—plays a fledgling kid whose cruel stepdad forces him off the new homestead to face life in and around Coffeyville, Kansas, where the laws of survival dwindle down to one axiom: Kill or be killed. Billy learns about violence from virtually everyone he meets and he learns about sex from a grubby teenaged prostitute (Lee Purcell) whom he shares with the town's freakiest bad guy (Richard Evans). Though *Dirty Little Billy* shows flashes of originality, as well as evidence of hard work, director Dragoti has a disconcerting penchant for equating gritty realism with actual dirt. Morning, noon and night, drunk or sober, virtually every character in the movie is covered with grime. Pedestrians almost always slosh into the muddy wagon ruts of Coffeyville's Main Street, carefully avoiding the dry shoulder on either side, as if clean boots were a misdemeanor. By such devices moviemakers who declare their allegiance to unsullied truth are creating a new set of lies.

•

The English forebears of Archie Bunker, television's beloved bigot, are reviving their old tricks in ***Alf 'n' Family***, a movie version of the British TV series that started it all. Warren Mitchell and Dandy Nichols play their original roles as Alf Garnett (read Archie) and his skeptical Else in this disarming domestic saga that begins at the beginning of World War Two and *segues* into England's second Elizabethan era. A physical coward and draft evader, a rabid Tory whose loyalty to the crown wavers only under stress—or under wartime rationing, when he cadges milk from his own baby—Alf contemplates England's future from his private throne room: the loo out back, where he and his next-door neighbor can empty their bowels while discussing World War Two. And the battle of the sexes, a war of attrition waged by Mitchell and Miss Nichols with uncommon zeal, wreaks more havoc on the crumbling institution of marriage than any movement ever dreamed of by advocates of women's lib. The comedy here is as crude and obvious as Alf himself—but uncomfortably true, enormously entertaining and laced with a ha'pint of bitter. An authentic curio.

•

The muse of comedy is poorly served in ***Greaser's Palace***, the latest and least satisfying effort by former underground moviemaker Robert Downey, whose work continues to follow a descending curve marked by *Putney Swope* and *Pound*. Cluttered with irreverent pop religiosity and pretentious symbolism, *Palace* may be intended as crude parody, a kind of *Son of El Topo*, except that a parody ought to be at least sporadically funny. The agreeable Downey lunacy of yore surfaces from time to time—when for no reason at all a parachutist drops out of the blue in the wake of a pioneer's covered wagon—but the movie more often settles for toilet humor, gratuitous sex and violence and cheap showbiz gags. "I'm on my way to Jerusalem to become an actor-singer-dancer," declares a zoot-suited Jesus, whose pilgrimage is held up by Greaser (Albert Henderson as God, more or less) and a long-suffering frontier woman (Elsie Downey, Robert's Ms.) who has to wallow through buckets of blood 'n' guts before being liberated by a crucifixion. By the time *Greaser's Palace* lumbers to its finale in a blaze of splendid photography, nine out of ten moviegoers are apt to feel they've been ambushed.

•

As a free spirit married to a stubborn British square, Mia Farrow tells her husband that her disenchantment is a matter of vibes. "Vibes?" he repeats quizzically. "Vibrations," says she. Oh. ***The Public Eye*** spells out everything, and offers no challenge to the imagination except to make us wonder why director Carol Reed agreed to film this mundane adaptation of the dated stage comedy by England's Peter Shaffer. London and its environs fill *The Public Eye* when the heroine's suspicious spouse (Michael Jayston, the czar of *Nicholas and Alexandra*), misinterpreting her passion for sunsets and serendipity, hires a private detective to find out whether she has a lover. Of course, she becomes enchanted with the detective during their long walks around town; after all, *Eye* is a romantic comedy, and the detective is played by Israeli star Topol—last seen in *Fiddler on the Roof* and still selling

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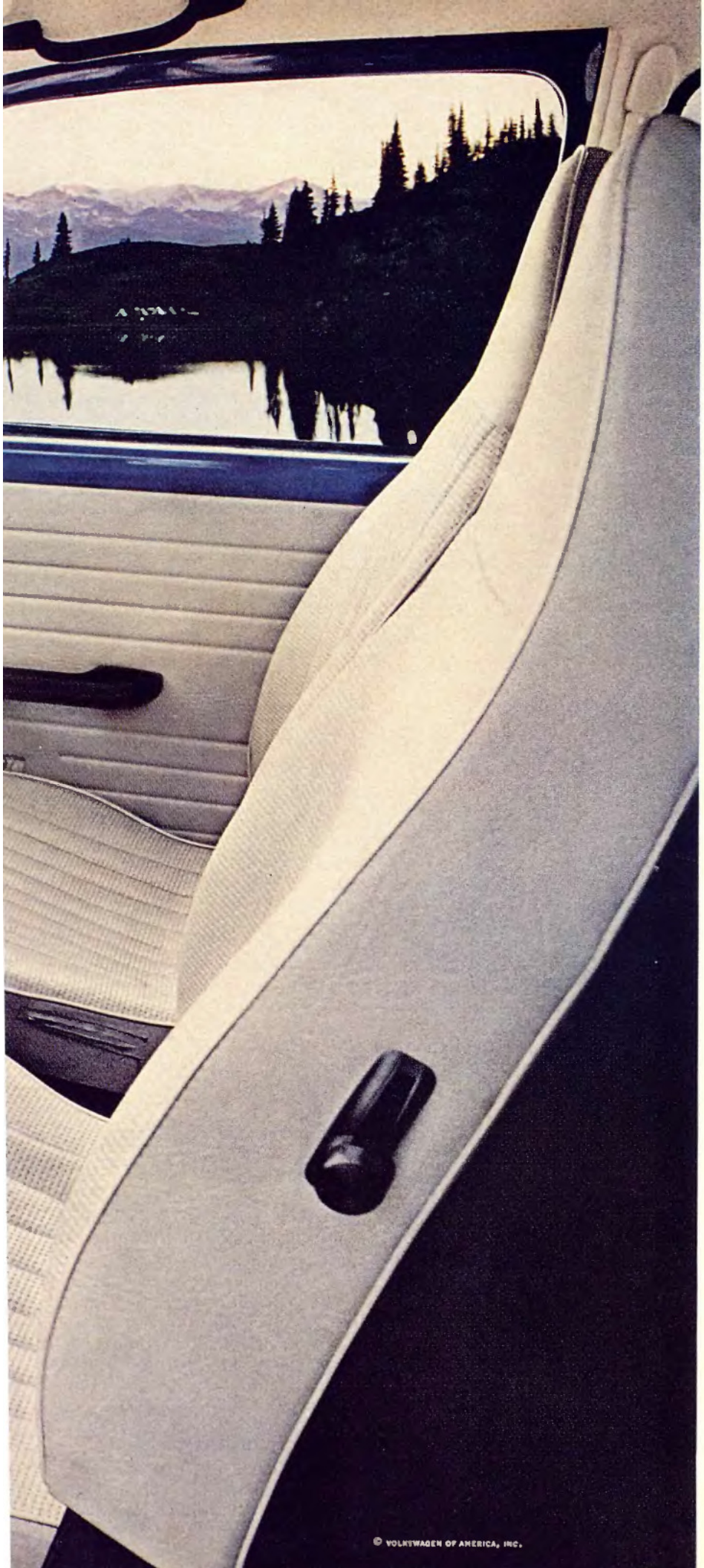

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himself as if he were a new miracle detergent. "We brrroke pleasure together—like brrread!" chortles Topol, letting it all hang out on lines of dialog that just won't wash. By contrast, Mia's deliberately understated style helps her steal every scene, or at least the few that are worth taking.

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***The New Centurions,*** based on the novel by Joseph Wambaugh, an L.A. police sergeant, is fast, snappy and mindless pop fiction. George C. Scott is, as usual, the movie's major asset. Though he ought to be getting better parts, he makes run-of-the-mill roles run deep, and his performance as Kilvinsky—the hard-knuckled old-pro cop who can find nothing to live for in retirement—provides the emotional wallop the film sorely needs. Overshadowed by Scott, Stacy Keach seems uncomfortably cast as a scholarly police recruit whose spoiled wife (Jane Alexander) leaves him because he prefers pounding a beat to studying law. Scott's untimely exit is the high point of the picture and, without him, *The New Centurions* returns to its mechanical format as a cops-and-robbers drama crowded with chases, raids, holdups, shoot-outs, family tragedies and a conventional cross section of L.A.'s finest rookie policemen.

•

On a smiling portrait of a baby-faced U. S. soldier in uniform is superimposed the phrase IN MEMORIAM. From that ordinary starting point, ***Parades*** marches forth as an earnest polemic about the evils of military life, set in an Army stockade where the hero (Russ Thacker), presumably a veteran of Vietnam, manages to get himself killed after frequent attempts at suicide. Regrettably, *Parades* backs up its good intentions with hollow preachments and pseudo profundities. Some capable acting and a few telling scenes are pretty well canceled out by the film's excesses, the worst of which is the amateurish Pirandellian ploy of shaping the tale as a movie within a movie, with two wry film makers interrupting the action to remind us that *Parades* is "only a movie." And that's fresh thinking compared with the film's corny line-up of GIs behind bars —one Jewish boy, one American Indian, one black, one *chicano* and one joker, plus a smattering of stereotypes guaranteed to make a mockery of any defensible cause.

•

There may be a few innocents at large who seriously thought their questions would be answered by Dr. David Reuben's best seller, ***Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask.*** Well, there is no further need to consult the book, for Woody Allen has got hold of it and made a movie version that supersedes almost everything printable on the subject. (A fair sampling of Woody's sexual counterrevolution curled the pages of PLAYBOY's September issue.) Both as writer and as director, Allen makes his own rules, breaks them and blithely continues to prove himself our most depraved humorist. The Allen method of literary adaptation begins by throwing away the book, after which he sees how far he can go on his own without getting arrested. He goes pretty far and occasionally overreaches or finds nothing better to do than fool around, forcing Shakespearean puns on the order of "T. b. or not t. b., that is the congestion." Grit your teeth and hang on, folks, until Woody and a star-studded cast hit the erogenous zones of a picture containing, in Allen's own blurbs, "every funny idea I've ever had about sex, including several that led to my divorce." In reply to the question "Do aphrodisiacs work?" Woody romps through a sequence about a medieval court fool who wouldst ball the queen (Lynn Redgrave) if he couldst find a love potion obtainable without a prescription. "Kiss me quick," says she, having downed the elixir. To which Woody, of course, replies, "Where's your quick?" But the hilarious best of *Everything* cannot be adequately quoted, for Hollywood's diminutive grand master of the guffaw has seldom found so many satisfying sight gags to implement his verbal low-jinks. Watch Woody, in a sex-crazed parody of a monster epic, tracking and trapping an enormous disembodied female breast that is ravaging the countryside; or Gene Wilder, as an impressionable doctor treating an Armenian shepherd who has fallen deeply in love with one of his woolly flock, a sheep named Daisy. In the climactic episode—"What happens during ejaculation?"—Woody plays a frightened sperm on red alert in a Mission Control center well below the belt, where a crew headed by Tony Randall and Burt Reynolds struggles to maintain an erection. Science fiction may have crossed the last frontier.

## RECORDINGS

Fats Domino, Bill Medley, Shirley and Lee, Dr. John, Lee Dorsey, Chris Kenner, Ernie K-Doe, Al Hirt, "Frogman" Henry, Lou Johnson, Herb Alpert, the Meters . . . what they—and others—have in common is that they all either (1) worked with Allen Toussaint, (2) received the benefits of his producing abilities or (3) made hit records from his songs. Toussaint, a retiring composer/pianist who has been at the heart of New Orleans music since the Fifties, came out of the closet last year with his first vocal album, *From a Whisper to a Scream* (Scepter); it didn't go anywhere, but some critics hailed it—justly —as a thing of beauty. Now he's on

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Warner Bros. and, from the sound of ***Life, Love and Faith,*** we'd guess that Toussaint is the next Mr. Big Stuff of pop music. There's a beautiful catholicity to this LP: *Out of the City (Into Country Life)* is the blues, all sleek and modern; *I've Got to Convince Myself* has more than a touch of country-and-western; *Electricity* is as psychedelic as you could want; *She Once Belonged to Me* will remind you of the Beatles; *Gone Too Far* is pure New Orleans rock, with a haunting instrumental break that combines jazz and classical elements; *My Baby Is the Real Thing* sounds like something the Stones might do; *Am I Expecting Too Much?* is Jr. Walkerish, only better. In fact, no matter who Toussaint reminds you of, he's better. And everything here has his own touch: New Orleans black-magic rhythm; fully conceived melodies; and images that stick in your head, whatever the subject ("Crippled my soul with your hit-and-run"). The arrangements contain marvelous complexities of horns, voices and rhythm (no string sections here); but they're delivered with precision and every note means something.

•

The Doors have produced a curiously empty album in ***Full Circle*** (Elektra). How come? Ray Manzarek said the intention was to get into the lighter side of music. "We've spent a lot of time exploring the dark side of the soul. . . . Now we're going to come up for a breath of air." Well, *Verdilac* has to do with conjuring and mumbo jumbo and is not even saved by Charles Lloyd's tenor sax. *The Mosquito* consists of a silly verse and no-content riffs, with choruses of some interest from Manzarek and Robby Krieger. *The Peking King and the New York Queen* is a piece of whimsy about the sun and the moon on earth in human form and in dialog. As a musical excursion, it's about as funny as Vietnam. Down to the dark night of the soul again, chaps. Come up when you get some old material.

•

***Norma Deloris Egstrom from Jamestown, North Dakota*** (Capitol) is—in case you didn't know—Peggy Lee, a class lady from the top of the musical heap. This go-round, Peggy is backed by a rhythm section, plus a full orchestra, all under the direction of pianist Artie Butler. The songs range from Leon Russell's beautiful *A Song for You* to the ageless evergreen *The More I See You*; but the high point for us is the opener, Lesley Duncan's *Love Song*, a tender item that Miss Lee turns into her personal property.

•

Emerson, Lake & Palmer's new one, ***Trilogy*** (Cotillion), is easily the best they have done. Which means that it's serious, snotty-rock playing of a competence most bands can't begin to achieve. Keith Emerson plays Hammond organ,


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Steinway, something called the Zoukra and two varieties of Moog; Greg Lake handles numerous guitar chores and sings; Carl Palmer is a rock-percussion genius. The major things here are two suites, *The Endless Enigma*—really in three parts, the second of which is a piano fugue—and the *Trilogy* of the title, whose third part comes on strong with a *latino* beat and Bach lines. Emerson, as is his wont, nods to the big boys with a selection from Aaron Copland's *Rodeo*. There is great power in everything played here, as well as that rarest of rock commodities, taste—something that E. L. & P. have worked hard to develop.

•

As a lot of musicians and a few record buyers know, few dudes can match the bass and guitar picking of Chicago's Philip Upchurch. He's backed up just about everybody, but his solo exposure has been limited, though a couple of fine LPs on Cadet are still available. Now comes ***Darkness, Darkness*** (Blue Thumb), a stellar double album, which features his guitar all the way and on which he is assisted by such luminaries as Chuck Rainey, Joe Sample, Donny Hathaway and Arthur Adams. The moods are both lyrical (*Sausalito Blues*) and down-home (*Inner City Blues*); some tracks, such as *You've Got a Friend*, combine the two. *What We Call the Blues* is indeed the blues, but with a unique twist, thanks to Hathaway's heavy orchestral arrangement. 'Church is inventive and forceful throughout; if the album gets around like it should, a lot of lesser guitarists may be putting their instruments up for sale.

•

Bartók's ***Six String Quartets*** (Columbia) have often been called the greatest since Beethoven's, or the representative awakening of the 20th Century to the late quartets of Beethoven; they've also been called the quintessence of Bartók's own art. Happily, they are among the most intense and personal musical experiences many of us know—rarefied and sophisticated, yet full of rich Hungarian folk vigor. The Juilliard Quartet has recorded them in beautifully linear and expressive readings and they are paired off on three discs, available in a set or singly. It's impossible to recommend any *one* of these, since each quartet is a unique and valid way of organizing form and sonorities, as Bartók perceived them from 1908 to 1939. But if you buy the set, you'll hear an architectural and emotional growth that is, like Beethoven's, overwhelming.

•

Tenor man Lucky Thompson seems to have been on the jazz scene forever—thank God! He is a rock to cling to in this day of musical hyperfads. Lucky's limpid, liquid tenor tone has not faltered one whit over the years and his adding the soprano sax to his axes has increased his scope. ***Goodbye Yesterday!*** (Groove Merchant) finds him fronting a quartet that includes pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Larry Ridley and drummer Billy Higgins, all of whom help Lucky stretch out on a baker's half dozen of his own compositions. We're indeed lucky to still have Lucky around.

•

In his own way as unreconstructed as Thompson, Cal Tjader—Californian, vibist and staunch devotee of things Latin—keeps doggedly in that bag with ***Live at the Funky Quarters*** (Fantasy). His quintet pulses with the south-of-the-border beat that has become his hallmark and it's received with deserved enthusiasm by the crowd at the Funky Quarters. Among the wonderful old work horses harnessed for the occasion: *Soul Sauce III*, *Philly Mambo* and *Manteca*.

•

Rod Stewart's amiable tenor bleat is heard again in the land. ***Never a Dull Moment*** (Mercury) serves up Stewarty, as he calls himself, in an array of tales involving females exotic and commonplace, boring and strange, all rendered in that hoarse manner that appeals to so many of us. *Italian Girls*, for instance, is a typically farfetched tale of a beauty in a Maserati and our hero in an Army-surplus jeep. There are other things—Jimi Hendrix' *Angel* and the old rocker *Twistin' the Night Away*—that show another side of Rod's talent, equally delightful, and a back-up band, equally capable.

•

The Hollies have done another first-rate album, this one a panorama of rock-'n'-roll styles called ***Distant Light*** (Epic). Their singing, as always, is tight, together and powerful (listen to the rhythmic patterns of *Little Thing Like Love*); the instrumental work, ditto. Unlike many bands, this group understands structure. *Hold On*, for instance, takes a syncopated rock phrase, builds it by adding organ and background chorus and punctuates it with a couple of strategic pauses and some weird, subtle slide guitar. As to content, you'll hear everything from a gun-fighter ballad to a heavy two-beat tale of an FBI informer and a temptress.

•

"The best pop album ever made." . . . "A masterpiece." . . . "The best album of the year? Undoubtedly. The best of the decade? Probably." The reviewers are really hyping it up for David Ackles and ***American Gothic*** (Elektra), an album whose extravagances are as painfully obvious as its praise. Yet it's awfully good, too, particularly if your interest runs to show music, Kurt Weill, Gershwin and Copland. There are a workingman's ballad, some fine love songs, various slices of Americana, and it

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all goes together very well, even if some of the sentiment is incredible (*Family Band*) and even though Ackles tends to clutch at musical *kitsch* (*Blues for Billy Whitecloud*). As a singer/composer, Ackles has brought subtlety and power to a genre of pop that was languishing.

•

You may not have known, but there exists today something called the Los Angeles School of Country Rock—not some madhouse academy but a label used by all those hip music publications to identify the playing of groups such as the Eagles. This young bunch is "so good they're scary," according to their publicity, and the proof of their prowess is on ***Eagles*** (Asylum), an exciting yet relaxed disc that owes a lot to Jackson Browne. *Take It Easy* is the hit single, but all the tunes are worthwhile explorations of a mode the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield inaugurated.

•

***The Guitar Album*** (Columbia) is a two-record audit of an all-guitar concert held at New York's Town Hall over a year ago. On hand for the festivities were Charlie Byrd, who doubled as host, Chuck Wayne, Joe Beck, Tiny Grimes, John McLaughlin (with his wife, Eve), and George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, the latter duo putting on a dazzling display of virtuosity that all but pushes the others into the background. We also dig Wayne's straightforward yet lyrical handling of a trio of ballads. But there *are* no clinkers here; start anywhere and enjoy.

•

Jackie DeShannon sometimes sounds, particularly in her vibrato, like a white Aretha Franklin. But where Aretha lets it go, Jackie prefers to lie back and keep strict control. Most all of ***Jackie*** (Atlantic) is like that—controlled and very carefully done—but the album is delightful and it grows on you. Four of her own songs are here, among which we prefer *Laid Back Days*, with its superb accompaniment. But the high points are her fine versions of Neil Young's *Only Love Can Break Your Heart* and Van Morrison's *I Wanna Roo You*, two very different sets of musical challenges, which she meets with grace and ease.

•

All aspiring heavies, take note: ***Carlos Santana & Buddy Miles! Live!*** (Columbia) is your best lesson yet in how to play loud and exercise that urge for chaos that you control with your inherent good taste, oh yeah. Turn up the gain and turn down your brain. One cut is marvelous and easily worth the price of the album —a remake of Santana's *Evil Ways*; and there's some inspired craziness on John McLaughlin's *Marbles*. But the rest is like the whole of side two, *Free Form Funkafide Filth*, which has its moments, mostly percussive, but also too many easy shucks. As in most live jams, the musicians can coast and the crowd will applaud anything.

•

When the reek of political rhetoric is in the air, it is always good to listen to the music of Charles Ives. One of the grand things about ***Symphony No. 2*** (London) is the way Ives tempered his patriotic fervor by quoting our famous national ditties (as well as bits of Connecticut country folk music and Stephen Foster tunes) in a context of Beethoven, Brahms and Mahler. The result is serious, playful, reverent, wry—indeed, brilliant. This new recording, by Bernard Herrmann and the London Symphony, is very well realized, clearly articulated, precisely engineered. Herrmann, who knew Ives, notes that in the finale "the symphony orchestra has been swept aside to make way for country fiddlers and the firemen's band, for a Fourth of July jubilation, the shouting of children, a politician's speech, and Old Glory." Listening to all that, you might even forget about Nixon and McGovern for a while.

•

What God has joined together, only the principals can separate. We refer to the fact that Ike and Tina Turner have just released two albums, both on United Artists; ***Feel Good*** features the songwriting as well as the voice of Tina, while ***Blues Roots*** is Ike's solo trip. Their different personalities are captured by the photos on the former LP: Tina on the front, cavorting in full color, and shadowy old Ike on the back, sitting solemnly by his piano and submerged in a deep-orange haze. *Feel Good* is for rhythm junkies. *Chopper* is Tina's fantasy about a horny helicopter pilot who lands in her back yard; *Kay Got Laid (Joe Got Paid)* . . . well, the title tells the story; *Black Coffee*, partly in 6/4 time, stirs a little racial consciousness into a cupful of sex. *Feel Good*'s title tune features Gospelish piano by Mr. Turner —whose own return to center stage on *Roots* is a welcome one. He used to sing more, and he used to play a lot more guitar, on which he has a recognizable style. His voice is authoritative, if not slick, and the band tracks are perfection as he runs down a bunch of oldies, such as Chuck Willis' *You're Still My Baby* and the toe-tapping *Tacks in My Shoes*, plus *Right On*, a contemporary blues of his own that combines subtle instrumental and vocal effects with Ike's best bass-register vocalizing and some world-wise patter: "There's one thing about the dark, you can't tell black from white—everything feel right. Right on? Right on." And on.

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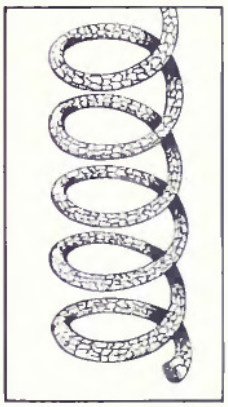

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

While standing on the balcony of my apartment, I noticed that the girl who lives below me had her bedroom curtains open and was lying on her bed, playing with herself. I watched her for a few minutes, then went downstairs and knocked on her door to offer my services. She came to the door in a robe; and when I told her why I was there, she screamed and slammed the door in my face. Several moments later, the police were knocking on *mine*, though they left when I explained the situation. What I want to know is: What did I do wrong? —F. A., Miami, Florida.

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Is it still true that you can save a lot of money by buying a new automobile in Europe and then shipping it back to the U. S. as a used car?—F. R., Chicago, Illinois.

*You can save money—but how much depends on the car. For example, by buying a Mercedes-Benz 220D overseas and shipping it back yourself, you can whittle the East Coast sticker price of about $6000 down to approximately $5000. However, savings diminish rapidly as the cost of the car goes down. According to an official of one low-priced-auto company, the chief advantage is having one's own car overseas instead of paying steep rental rates (assuming you've gone there for a lengthy period of time). With makes such as MG and Volkswagen, arrangements for both purchase and shipping can be made through a local dealer, allowing you to trade in your present car against your European purchase, as well as letting you develop a relationship with the dealer for service upon your return. Or you can contact organizations that specialize in facilitating the purchase of a car overseas, such as Nemet Auto International or ShipSide Car Delivery, Inc. Bear in mind that all cars imported into the U. S. must meet certain Federal—and state—safety and emission standards.*

For six months, I have been enrolled at school in the United States and I'm gradually going crazy with desire. I come from a puritanical Asian country where men and women have little contact outside marriage, which is usually arranged by the parents; as a result, everything is very strict. Here, things are just the opposite, and this is what is causing my trouble. I am still a virgin, completely inexperienced with girls, afraid even to approach one. The prevalence of movies and magazines featuring explicit sex, plus the couples on campus who don't seem afraid to embrace or touch each other, keeps me in a constant state of excitation that even masturbation doesn't help. My studies, which mean a good deal to me, have begun to suffer because I am unable to find a girlfriend or to put sex out of my mind. Any suggestions that could help me out?—S. G., Iowa City, Iowa.

*Breaking out of the sexual mode in which you've been cast by family and custom is far from impossible but may take as much effort as any of your studies. The campus is an ideal spot for meeting people and having new experiences; one of the major reasons students prefer to go to college away from home is so that they will have precisely these opportunities. In addition to classes, of course, there are numerous activities, clubs and organizations in which you can participate. Since you are from a foreign country, there is undoubtedly a lot of curiosity about you and the life you led in Asia. It should be fairly easy to strike up acquaintances and even easier to confide your unfamiliarity with American dating customs and practices. Once you've explained your situation at home, you may find that any number of girls on campus will be glad to show you how things are different here.*

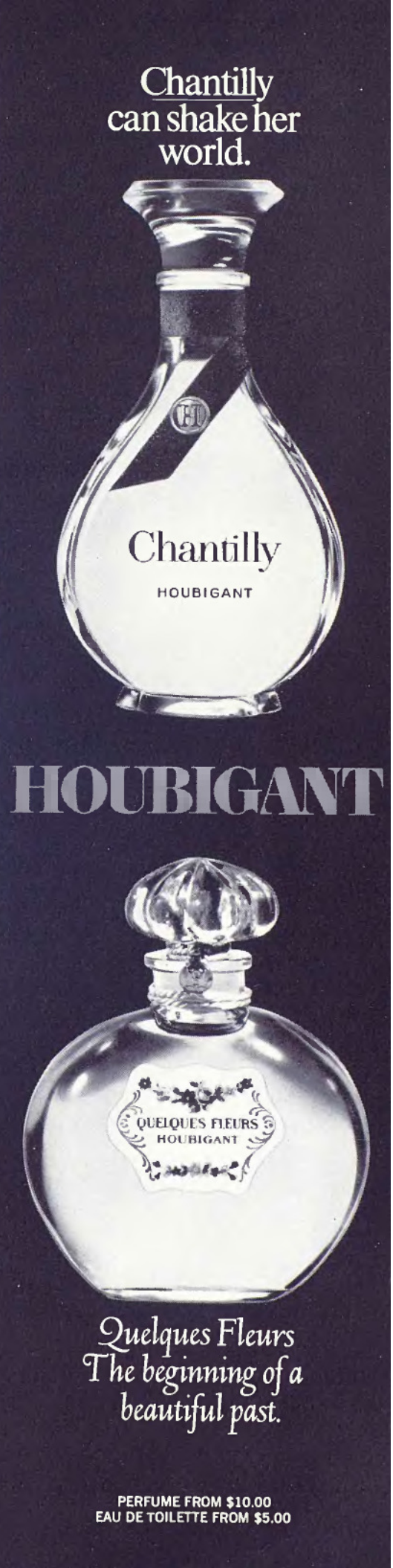
A friend is a health-food addict and keeps rapping about the advantages of raw sugar over white. Are there any?—B. T., Lincoln, Nebraska.

*Not many. Raw sugar (which appears brown because of the molasses content) contains more minerals—primarily calcium and iron—than refined sugar. It also contains a small amount of vitamin B, along with mold spores, bacteria, cane fiber and dirt. As far as calories are concerned, the two are virtually identical.*

I recently came across the phrase *faire minette* in a book on sex but was unable to figure out its meaning from the context. Looking up the individual words in a French dictionary, I discovered that *faire* means "to make or to do" and *minette* is the affectionate feminine form of *minet*, meaning "pussycat." So now I know the words, but I'm still at a loss as to what the expression means. Can you give me a hint?—J. B., Redwood City, California.

*We'll do better than that.* Faire minette *is a reference to cunnilingus.*

My girl, who is 18, is pretty and fun to be with—but she'll go to bed with anyone she dates. In spite of this, I love her

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and would like to marry her someday. I realize I have no right to suppress her present activities, but marriage is something else again. Does this type of girl ever settle down, or would I always have to live with the fear that she was not being true to me?—C. B., Boulder, Colorado.

*Usually, the actions of a girl who is engaged are far more circumspect than those of one who is not. If your girlfriend is unaware of your intentions, then, at 18, she may just be finding out about life and experimenting with her behavior and selection of men. The questions you raise, however, apply to you as well. Would you (and do you) go to bed with any girl, given the chance? Do you yourself plan to remain faithful after marriage? It would be advisable to discuss with your girl exactly what each of you expects of the other, when and if you marry, and then to make a reasonable decision for the future.*

From time to time, you come up with ideas on the maintenance of automobiles; but what I could really use are some suggestions on the maintenance of my shoes. I seem to go through a pair in nothing flat. Any advice?—G. M., San Antonio, Texas.

*There are a number of common-sense tips to keep your shoes in shape. First, alternate them, giving each pair at least a day's rest after use. Never let the heels wear down too far; this will put too much stress on the seams and will stretch the shoes out of shape. If you wear shoes with the modern extra-high heel, take them to the repairman the moment the heels show signs of wear—this type of heel can be built up, but replacements for it are often difficult to find. Use trees to keep your shoes in shape when not in use; always put trees in wet shoes and let them dry naturally. Use a horn when you put your shoes on and, finally, when you buy a new pair of shoes, polish them before wearing them—it'll help prevent scuffing.*

My husband of ten years and I have been separated for four months but now plan to get back together to build the sort of stable environment we feel our young daughter needs. Unfortunately, during the separation, I met a man who showed me what sex can really be like. He is spontaneous and uninhibited and sex with him is anything but routine. I love my husband and am perfectly willing to live with him again, but I don't know how I can reconcile what I know will be a routine sex life with the type of sex I've recently experienced.—Mrs. H. G., Pensacola, Florida.

*You realize, of course, that you're comparing a love affair of a few months with a marriage of ten years. It's conceivable that if you had married the*

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*other man a decade ago, by now your sexual relations with him would also be routine. In short, at issue may not be quality so much as variety. You're also assuming that your future sex life with your husband will necessarily be an extension of your past one. It need not be; for all you know, perhaps your husband has hungered to be spontaneous but has held back for fear it would not be appreciated by you. Marriage is based on much more than sex, granted its importance. Since you say you still love your husband, your logical course of action is to hang onto your marriage, be grateful for the experience enjoyed with another man and work with your husband to improve your sexual life.*

I have always thought that if a Bordeaux wine were château bottled, the cork would be branded with the name of the château, the vintage and the phrase MIS EN BOUTEILLES AU CHATEAU ("placed in bottles at the château"). However, I recently bought a bottle whose label indicated château bottling, while the cork read MIS EN BOUTEILLES DANS NOS CAVES, a phrase whose exact meaning I don't know. Was I taken, or is there some explanation for the apparent contradiction?—B. H., New Orleans, Louisiana.

*The phrase* Mis en Bouteilles dans Nos Caves *means "bottled in our cellars"—but not necessarily by the wine-grower—and it's found on the cork when the wine has been bottled by the shipper. Its use on the bottle you bought is explained by the fact that France has many excellent but small wine-growers whose operations are simply not large enough to permit setting up the equipment necessary for bottling. Consequently, they use a mobile unit that comes to the château annually and handles the bottling, labeling and packing of the wines. Because the personnel of the mobile unit are employees of the exporter rather than the château owner, the cork, by French law, must be labeled as yours was, even though the wine was actually bottled on the premises, as indicated on the label.*

As a long-time New Yorker, I was greatly surprised when a friend told me that Manhattan does not have a monopoly on the world's tallest buildings. I realize that there's more country somewhere west of the Hudson, but could he be right?—S. T., New York, New York.

*Of the world's five tallest buildings (including those nearing completion), three are in Chicago. Ranked in order, the top five are: Sears Tower (Chicago), 1451 feet; World Trade Center (New York), 1353 feet; Empire State Building (New York), 1250 feet; Standard Oil Building (Chicago), 1136 feet; and John Hancock Center (Chicago), 1107 feet.*

Having had intercourse with a number of men, I would like you to verify something I believe is true. I've observed that the thickness and length of a man's penis are determined by his height and weight—that is, the taller the man, the thicker his penis, while the thinner the man, the longer it is. Has there ever been any research done on this?—Miss J. V., St. Louis, Missouri.

*To our knowledge, there is no scientific evidence that verifies your observation. On the contrary, medical authorities believe that the size of the penis is genetically determined and unrelated to other bodily dimensions. As is well known, however, many important discoveries have come from lay research done by people who have ignored the ridicule of scientific opinion. In any event, we certainly wouldn't want to discourage you from further investigation.*

Because of an allergy to wool, my wardrobe choices are restricted. Is there anything I can do about it?—B. I., Detroit, Michigan.

*It's possible that your allergy is actually an irritation caused by the coarseness of the fiber used—an irritation that can be caused even by the rougher grades of synthetics. The answer may be simply to upgrade your wardrobe; more expensive garments made of a heavy wool usually are lined, while the finer grades cause minimal irritation, if any.*

My wife is pregnant and we are debating the wisdom of circumcising a boy baby at birth, though neither of us belongs to a religion that requires this. She claims that if the boy is circumcised, the operation will—among other benefits—reduce the possibility of his getting cancer of the penis. I say hogwash. Who's right?—D. F., Portland, Oregon.

*As far as penile cancer goes, simple cleanliness may be of more importance than circumcision. Some studies have shown that carcinomas of the penis are uncommon among uncircumcised men with high standards of cleanliness; among men whose standards of cleanliness are low, circumcision seems to be no sure preventive against cancer. Before you decide, you should certainly ask the opinion of your family doctor, since many other factors enter into a decision about circumcision.*

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*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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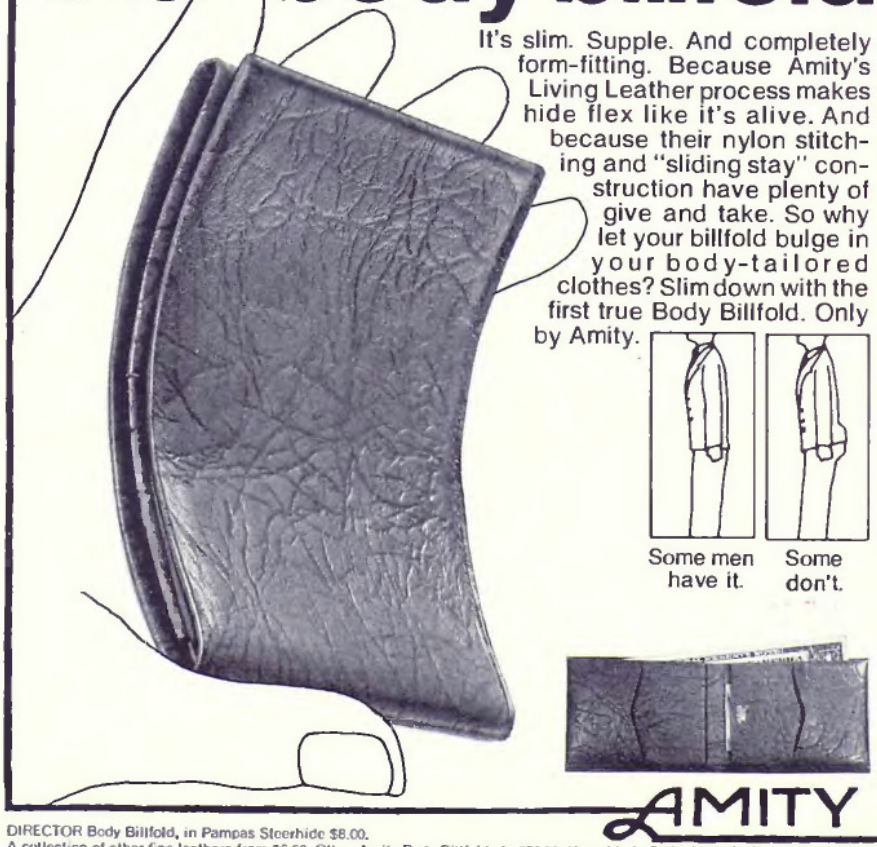


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**1.** What was the name of the Japanese Secret Service?

**2.** How did the Brass Monkey Club get its name?

**3.** What was the name of the street where the Brass Monkey Club was located?

**4.** If the Brass Monkey was a woman, what two possible names could she have had besides H. E. Rasske?

**5.** What is the color of the Brass Monkey Cocktail?

**6.** How did Admiral Kokura die?

**7.** Where is H. E. Rasske reputed to live now?

**8.** During World War II, what was reputed to be the principal form of commerce in Macao?

**9.** What was the name of the quinine dealer?

**10.** Loyana sang "My Love is a Man of Gold." What do you think the lyrics of this song might have been?

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

### NOT FOOLPROOF, BUT FUN

In answer to a letter from five young girls who wanted to know if there exists a perfect method of birth control, columnist Ann Landers said, "There is no known birth-control method that is 100 percent harmless and foolproof. The closest is the pill—if the girl holds it between her knees at all times." Certainly teenagers are deserving of more honest and explicit answers than that. Besides, Miss Landers is wrong. I personally tested her theory and found it entirely possible to have sexual intercourse in a very common position while holding a birth-control pill firmly between my knees the whole time.

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

### DOCTORS AND CONSUMER FRAUD

I don't think Dr. Lonny Myers went far enough castigating physicians and hospitals that refuse to provide a full range of birth-control service (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Failure to do so is more than just falling down on the job, it's a form of consumer fraud. The cases of two married couples I know about illustrate this clinical breach of faith:

In the first one, the pregnant wife had a pre-existing condition of a weak cervix that could not support the weight of a growing fetus. Her doctor indicated that she might die without an abortion—legal ground for the operation in Illinois—but the hospital to which the doctor was contracted wouldn't allow it. The physician refused to allow himself the "embarrassment" of helping the couple with further referral and they had to go frantically to New York for the abortion.

In the second case, the family physician performed an illegal abortion for a couple who didn't want another child. It was expensive and, since the procedure was illegal, there was obviously no point in filing an insurance claim. Then the husband asked the same physician to perform a vasectomy. He refused, even though the operation is perfectly legal, medically approved and inexpensive. The physician said the man was too young and had too few children (three) to warrant the procedure.

Dr. Myers is correct. We certify electrical appliances for their safety, we assign Dun & Bradstreet ratings for credit purposes and we classify chicken eggs for grade and size. But when human life is in the balance, we are denied the knowledge of what to expect from our clinical contractors.

Joel M. Johnson
Evanston, Illinois

### WOMEN IN MEDICINE

I would refer Dr. John W. Docktor, who stated that there was "merit behind the discrimination" against women medical students (*The Playboy Forum*, June), to a letter written by Leon Eisenberg, chief of psychiatry at Massachusetts General Hospital, to *The New England Journal of Medicine*. Dr. Eisenberg cited a survey showing that 91.1 percent of all female doctors who had been active from 1931 to 1956 were still involved in full- or part-time practice of medicine in 1964. While noting that the same study showed that male physicians work "an average of 30 percent more hours and attend about one third more patients than the women," he argued that:

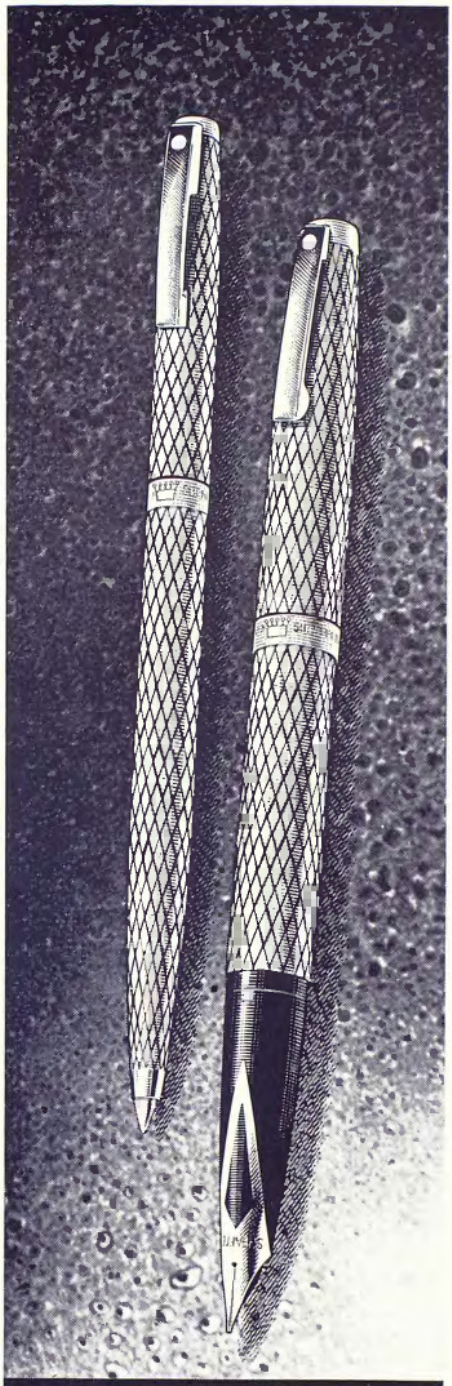
> If we consider the obstacles that face women in entering medicine, in obtaining training in certain of its specialties and returning to practice after bearing children, this record should be regarded as an extraordinary accomplishment rather than as any indication of limited potential.

Both male and female physicians have obligations to their families and, just as these obligations are different, the responses must be different. We cannot avoid the fact that I have to carry a fetus for a certain amount of time before it is viable without me. But, when one is contemplating a career of 40 years, the loss of a few months is negligible. Aside from pregnancy, the time that I spend with my family detracts from my meeting my professional responsibilities no more than the time that Dr. Docktor spends with his.

Virginia P. Sybert
School of Medicine
State University of New York
Buffalo, New York

### NYMPHOMANIA

In the September *Playboy Forum*, G. Stanley Brown remarks that nymphomaniac is a poor word to describe a woman whose sexual behavior resembles that of a horny man. I agree and I'm

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more and more baffled by the assumption that nymphomania is some grim sort of ailment that needs careful diagnosis and prompt psychotherapy. Surely the true situation is this: In both men and women, there is a wide range of sexual interest, from near zero to a desire that dominates one's daily life (as with H. Spencer Ashbee, author of *My Secret Life*). My example is masculine, because more is known about masculine sexuality than about feminine sexuality. Hypersexuality in a man is regarded as heroic and enviable—anything but pathological. There's a word that suggests that male hypersexuality is a disease—satyriasis—but who ever uses it?

The lady with an above-average yearning for sex may indeed need help, but the kind she needs comes not from psychiatrists and gynecologists but from us laymen.

N. T. Gridgeman
Ottawa, Ontario

### MYTHS ABOUT SWINGING

Most people think swinging involves Roman-style orgies with clouds of pot smoke and bathtubs full of booze. Poppycock! The truth is, there are as many types of swingers as there are types of people. My husband and I have met white, black, rich, poor, introverted, extroverted, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant swingers and many other varieties as well.

Most couples at one time or another have found themselves physically attracted to other couples. Some give a Victorian shudder and feel guilty, as they probably do about all sexual pleasure. Still others merely covet and drink to hide their feelings and make an excuse for giving a friend's spouse a little squeeze on the sly. But some do as our group does—reject hypocrisy and act on our feelings of warmth toward one another's mates.

My husband and I meet regularly with five other couples; we are all under 35, all nondrinkers. Our swinging group grew out of our bridge groups about five years ago. Today, we share many interests besides sex and we still enjoy our straight friends, as we know this isn't for everyone. Our group has only two rules: no emotional attachments, and no one has to do anything against his or her will. Many people don't like swinging, but I believe this is because they have misconceptions about it. There is a boom in this indoor sport and most of the nice, attractive couples you know are potential swingers, if not already there.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

### PATCHES AND TORN FABRIC

Advocates of censorship are frequently the sources of utterances that are amusing for their dim-wittedness. For example, a small-town Ohio newspaper carried a story about a county prosecutor who

## *FORUM NEWSFRONT*

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

### DEATH AND DECENCY

*California voters are being asked not only to reinstate the death penalty but to subject themselves to the strongest censorship in the country. Both measures are on the November Presidential ballot in the form of initiatives, and both are designed to either evade or defy U. S. Supreme Court rulings.*

*The obscenity initiative would revise the existing state law to eliminate the "redeeming social importance" test altogether and to give local authorities the power to set whatever community standards they believe will outlaw erotic books, magazines, motion pictures and performances. The initiative's principal advocate, Senator John Harmer, has issued statements asserting, among other things, that pornography "encourages promiscuity among the young" and "is addictive and as destructive of personality as narcotics." A number of lawyers, liberal clergymen and others, who fear the measure will get a large anti-sin vote, have variously characterized it as "nitwitted" and "embarrassingly naïve" and are encouraging California voters to voice their opposition at the polls.*

*The death-penalty initiative invites voters to restore capital punishment in defiance of rulings by both the California supreme court and the U. S. Supreme Court that execution is cruel and unusual punishment. The Los Angeles County sheriff earlier characterized the pro-death campaign as a "labor of love for the people who are circulating the petitions."*

*Among other initiatives on the ballot is one that would permit adults to privately possess and use marijuana, but its supporters fear more voters will favor the gas chamber and censorship.*

### TV WORTH WATCHING

TOKYO—*Some of Japanese television's late, late shows have become so spicy that the police are now monitoring the channels. Commercial stations, competing for a fast-growing audience of midnight viewers, have been broadcasting a variety of specials with such titles as "College Coeds' Nude Show" and with "documentaries" on striptease clubs and the lives of strippers. Police say the shows are thinly veiled pornography and have threatened to pull the plug on the offending stations.*

### PROTECTION FOR DIRTY OLD MEN

LONDON—*Britain's highest court, the House of Lords, has ruled that a bookseller is not exempted from obscenity laws merely because he confines his pornography sales to "dirty old men" who cannot be further corrupted. Two lower courts had agreed with this defense argument and had acquitted a man and his wife who sold erotic publications in a section of their shop "reserved for dirty old men." The high court reversed the lower courts' rulings and ordered conviction on the grounds that the law "is not merely concerned with the once-and-for-all corruption of the wholly innocent. It equally protects the less innocent from further corruption."*

### GINZBURG FREED

LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—*Publisher Ralph Ginzburg, the first man ever convicted of pandering to prurient interests, won parole after serving eight months of a three-year Federal prison sentence. Ginzburg made legal history when the U. S. Supreme Court ruled that while* Eros *and his other publications might not be pornographic, he still could be prosecuted because he used the U. S. mails to promote them as though they were.*

### BIRTH-CONTROL CENSORSHIP

*Postal authorities in two states have threatened to prosecute student groups attempting to disseminate abortion and birth-control information by mail. Editors of the student newspaper at the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey, were warned they could lose their second-class mailing privilege and face criminal charges if they continued to mail issues containing advertisements for a nonprofit abortion-referral agency. At the University of California at Riverside, a group of women students was prevented from mailing copies of a birth-control handbook. In both cases, the Postal Service cited the Comstock Act, the century-old Federal obscenity law that has provisions on contraception and abortion information.*

### BETTER CONTRACEPTION

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*A record drop in the national birth rate has been attributed to a sharp increase in the use of effective contraceptives. A report based on the Government's 1970 National Fertility Study indicates that sterilization (vasectomy and tubal ligation) has become the most popular form of birth control for couples over 30, while younger couples still prefer the pill. Use of the I. U. D. also increased. The report, appearing in* Family Planning Perspectives, *noted little change in the actual number of couples practicing birth control between 1965 and 1970, but rather a conspicuous shift to the most reliable*

*techniques and away from diaphragms, condoms, douches, the rhythm method and withdrawal.*

### PRE-EMPTIVE ABORTION

*A promising and controversial "menstrual-regulation" technique reportedly is gaining wide acceptance as a simple means of inducing a woman's period, thereby assuring that she is no longer pregnant—if, in fact, she was. Because the treatment has nothing to do with conception as such, it has been variously dubbed pre-emptive abortion, retroactive contraception and "the pregnancy test for women who don't want to be pregnant."*

*The technique was developed by Dr. Harvey Karman, a Los Angeles psychologist and an active opponent of restrictive abortion laws. It employs a soft flexible plastic tube and suction device to remove the menstrual lining (and any fertilized egg) from the walls of the uterus within ten days after a woman's period fails to start. Whether or not this constitutes abortion depends on whether or not the woman was pregnant, and the only way to diagnose pregnancy at such an early stage is to microscopically examine the extracted menstrual fluid for signs of a fertilized egg. Anti-abortion groups have condemned the procedure as merely another means of terminating pregnancy, and its legality is in doubt under many state laws that prohibit any act done "with the intent" to perform an abortion. However, state prosecutors appear reluctant to campaign against the technique and medical writers report that it is being used, either openly or discreetly, by doctors and clinics in many parts of the country. The procedure requires only about a minute, causes little or no discomfort and costs around $25 or $30.*

*Some medical authorities have expressed concern that the simplicity of the procedure may invite its use by untrained persons, and they warn that its safety and long-range effects have yet to be fully determined. Most agree, however, that the menstrual-regulation technique has a distinct psychological advantage over conventional abortion: The woman is spared the necessity of determining that she is pregnant, deciding on an abortion and then going through the often complicated and expensive process of obtaining one.*

### CATHOLIC ABORTIONS

CHICAGO—*The Catholic Church's fierce opposition to abortion doesn't stop Catholic women from obtaining them. The Chicago Planned Parenthood referral agency reports that of 4710 women it assisted in obtaining legal New York abortions, 40.1 percent listed their religion as Catholic—a percentage that closely corresponds with the Chicago area's Catholic population of 42.5 percent. Protestant affiliation was listed by 34.9 percent of the women, Jewish by four percent, "other" by 7.3 percent and "none" by 10.7 percent. Three percent did not respond. The survey covered a one-year period ending in April 1972, when the referral service deleted the religion portion of its questionnaire.*

### THE RAPE RATE

*Rape statistics have risen sharply in 1972, but many police officials—ironically—are regarding this as a good sign.* Time *reports that law enforcers generally believe that the higher rates do not reflect an increase in the crime as much as a greater willingness of victims to report it and cooperate with the police in catching and convicting rapists. The FBI reports that while the country's violent-crime rate rose two percent in the first quarter of this year, forcible rape went up 17 percent. Several feminist spokeswomen have complained that many women do not report rape because police too often subject them to ridicule.*

### BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

NEW YORK CITY—*Mayor John Lindsay has rejected a proposal that the city designate a special red-light district someplace in Manhattan where "itinerant street solicitation" would be legal. The proposal came from a group of Broadway performers alarmed at declining theater attendance, which they attribute to the conspicuous presence of prostitutes, pimps and other undesirables in the Times Square area. The mayor said the idea was unfeasible and that one problem with setting up such a district would be finding a neighborhood that would accept it.*

### WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

*Liquor revenuers in Kansas and Oklahoma staged simultaneous raids on two Amtrak passenger trains, arresting crewmen and seizing railroad booze. The crewmen were charged with various state liquor-law violations, such as failure to pay state taxes and operating an open saloon. An Oklahoma official denied that the two states had coordinated their raids, explaining, "It just happened that they [Kansas] took action at the same date and hour that we did." An Amtrak spokesman argued that Congress gave Amtrak the right to establish uniform nationwide standards for onboard food-and-beverage service, and he noted that airliners have not been intercepted over Kansas or Oklahoma for serving cocktails. Nevertheless, state authorities had warned Amtrak officials to comply with state liquor laws and, until the issue is resolved in court, passengers will have to B. Y. O. B. while riding the train across Kansas and Oklahoma.*

visited a number of shops to warn them against selling shoulder patches with the word fuck embroidered on them. Asked why these patches were harmful, he replied, "If you don't know I can't tell you. Do you have children? If you had children you'd understand; it tears the fabric of society."

George Ford
Cleveland, Ohio

### MILITARY CENSORSHIP

PLAYBOY magazine is one of the most popular sources of information on current events here at the 7th Radio Research Field Station in Udorn, Thailand. Unfortunately, however, we did not receive the July issue of PLAYBOY—at least not through the PX/BX system here, although some men did receive the issue from Stateside friends. We suspect the July issue was banned because of the interview with retired Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert.

Herbert's charges against the Army aren't the subject of this letter; rather, it is what we consider to be the unlawful censorship that we find intolerable. Herbert may be a screwball, but we would like to examine what he has to say without military censorship in any form. We must add, of course, that the censorship only succeeds in making it appear that the Army has something to hide regarding Herbert's contentions. This in turn demonstrates once again the military's lack of tolerance for criticism.

(Signed by six Servicemen)
APO San Francisco, California

*For more on the Herbert controversy see "The Army vs. Anthony Herbert," page 222.*

### FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

I was walking down Madison Avenue in New York one afternoon, wearing my Marine uniform, when a young woman wearing a hippie uniform stopped me and began yelling at me. She called me a baby murderer, a hired Government killer, a Nixon puppet and a worshiper of the Vietnam war. I tried to explain who I was, what I was doing and why, but she kept up the tongue-lashing until she was out of breath and then walked off.

I would like to say to that young lady and those who agree with her that the reason our forces are in Vietnam can be summed up in a single word: freedom. We are fighting for the freedom of others and exercising our own freedom at the same time. Men become professional soldiers not because they have to but because they choose a way of life based on a clean-cut truth, which is politically neutral in a world of changing enemies. A Serviceman who is far from home, money-making and politics, and who is devoted to his isolated truth, is the freest man in the world.

I'll continue to fight, so that even that

young woman will be free to say whatever she pleases, whenever she pleases.

Sgt. M. S. Merriman, U. S. M. C.
Garden City, New York

### IN PURSUIT OF JUSTICE

I am not a college student or a college graduate, but I am the same age as the four students who were killed by Ohio National Guard gunfire at Kent State University in 1970. It could have been me who was killed, and that's why I share the concern for justice shown by Peter Davies, whose report on Kent State illustrates the need for a Federal grand-jury or Congressional investigation of the incident.

The Kent State calamity shattered the belief of many young people in the country that they could continue to live with our present system of government. What happened at Kent State was a tragedy, but the blatant injustice of the aftermath has been much worse in its effect. Like Peter Davies, I've spent much time collecting all the information I possibly could about this incident. I have interviewed hundreds of college students in this area, asking what they would have done had they been at Kent State as students or as members of the Guard. I have been working at this on my own ever since I heard that 25 people, mostly students, were the only ones indicted after the shooting, while the Guardsmen have never had to defend their actions in court.

Peter Davies and the families of the four dead students are not alone but if more people join in support of them, perhaps justice will finally be done in this national tragedy.

Mary Ann Fuccello
Trenton, New Jersey

We very much appreciate having received a check from the Playboy Foundation for the Kent State Due Process of Law Fund, which was established over a year ago by the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S. These funds, together with others that have been contributed by individuals and church agencies, will furnish the support the families of the Kent State victims need to continue in their pursuit of justice.

John P. Adams, Director
Department of Law, Justice and Community Relations
Board of Christian Social Concerns of the United Methodist Church
Washington, D. C.

### THE SPIRIT OF '72

A friend works for a large West Coast company involved in defense work. A few months ago, he received a memo suggesting that all the company's executives contribute $100 to President Nixon's campaign. My friend opposes Nixon's re-election, but he kicked in the money anyway, since he got the distinct impression that if he refused, he'd be looking for a new job.

The 1971 Federal Election Campaign Act requires, among other things, that candidates for national office disclose the name, address and business affiliation of anyone contributing more than $100 to their campaigns. My friend, his fellow executives and the company that drummed up their donations will thus remain anonymous. I suppose this is technically within the letter of the law, but to me it seems pretty close to an unethical violation of its spirit. Presumably, one of the intentions of the act is to prevent wealthy individuals and corporations from buying political favors with large donations to people running for office.

Incidentally, my friend's company (could it be coincidence?) recently was awarded a very fat Government contract.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

### PRO–GUN CONTROL

I hope the present campaign to control guns, especially handguns, will be supported by enough intelligent people so that it does not again fizzle out in all the wind produced by gun fanatics defending their precious right to own deadly weapons for protection against other armed people. I would enjoy the right *not* to keep and bear arms and still feel safe.

John Holmes
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

### GALVANIZING GUN BUFFS' DEFENSES

I am one gun owner who would like to see firearm sales and ownership strictly regulated through both licensing and registration. Such measures do not prevent any determined criminal from arming himself, but they would eventually dry up the vast reservoir of weapons that float from person to person and contribute heavily to crimes of impulse and opportunity. They would also reduce the number of casually purchased guns that lie around, loaded, in bureau drawers and closets, accessible to children, party drunks and infuriated spouses.

People who support firearm controls would agree on these points, and then accuse gun buffs who oppose registration of being a bunch of ignorant, wrongheaded paranoids, saying, "They'll register their cars and their dogs, why not their guns?" There's a good reason why not, and the country's gun-control advocates are largely to blame for gun-owner resistance to these controls. Most anti-gun rhetoric has been so hysterical, abusive and simple-minded that gun buffs are afraid to give an inch lest they lose a mile, and the last thing they want to give their sworn enemies is such a powerful weapon as a registry of all guns and owners. Registration may not be tantamount to confiscation, but it is certainly a prerequisite.

The reason people do not object to registering cars and dogs is that there isn't a bunch of crusading zealots denouncing them as stupid and dangerous for liking cars and dogs.

Charles Turner
San Francisco, California

### A CHILD'S PRIMER OF GRASS

My husband and I smoke marijuana in our home, and when friends visit us, they smoke it, too. Our nine-year-old son hasn't paid much attention to this activity until recently. Now, however, his schoolteachers have begun to preach the evils of Cannabis, and Officer Friendly visits classrooms to present his biased opinion of pot. As a result, our son has mentioned to his grandmother and to some neighbors that Daddy smokes funny cigarettes, and he wanted to take Daddy's cigarette holder (roach clip) to school for show and tell.

How can we explain to our son our view that marijuana laws are ridiculous without destroying his respect for his teachers and his government or, on the other hand, for us? It seems hypocritical to tell him that we think marijuana is OK and, at the same time, to stress the importance of his keeping his mouth shut about it.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

*The prudent course for people who break marijuana laws is to act as if they were members of a resistance movement in an occupied country. In such circumstances, you probably would not burden your son with your secret; neither should you burden him with the problem of having to keep quiet about your marijuana use. We would advise you to be much more discreet about your use of grass than you have been up to now—in short, don't smoke in front of your son. But we also think you should take a hand in his intellectual development and not let teachers and policemen be his only source of information on marijuana. We think a nine-year-old, while not ready to know that his parents are engaged in what is, unfortunately, a criminal activity, is old enough to handle the fact that there are stupid laws on the books without losing his respect for law per se.*

### COMPASSION DEFICIENCY

There is little reason to oppose the legalization of pot. Its continued widespread use seems inevitable, and research indicates that it may be less dangerous than alcohol, but this does not mean that marijuana can be classed as a benefit to society. Every mind-altering drug (alcohol included) has its biological and social price tag. The cost for

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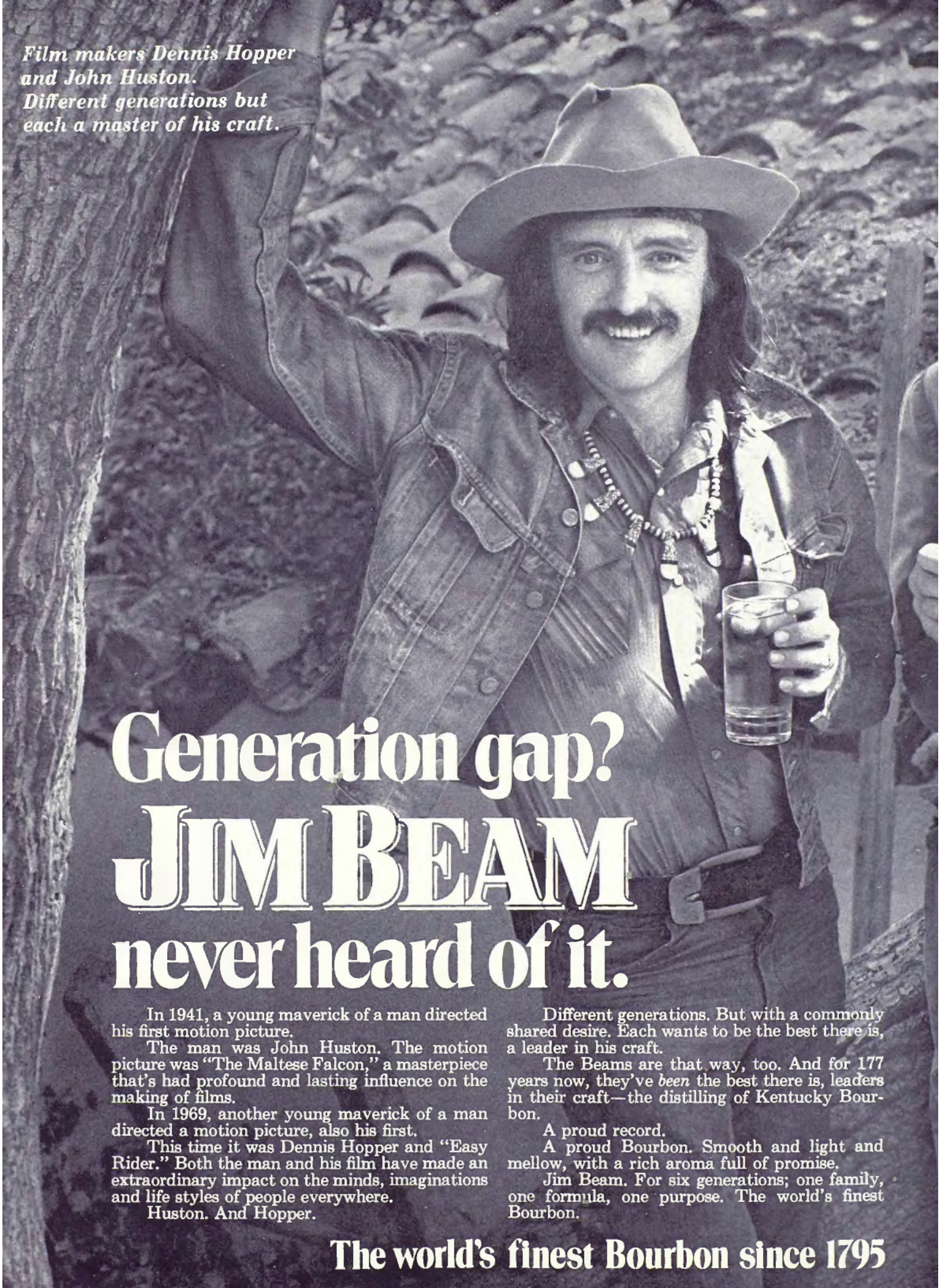
INTRODUCING - THE EAU DE JOY ATOMISEUR - AEROSOL
THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY... THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD



*Film makers Dennis Hopper and John Huston. Different generations but each a master of his craft.*

# Generation gap?
# JIM BEAM never heard of it.

In 1941, a young maverick of a man directed his first motion picture.

The man was John Huston. The motion picture was "The Maltese Falcon," a masterpiece that's had profound and lasting influence on the making of films.

In 1969, another young maverick of a man directed a motion picture, also his first.

This time it was Dennis Hopper and "Easy Rider." Both the man and his film have made an extraordinary impact on the minds, imaginations and life styles of people everywhere.

Huston. And Hopper.

Different generations. But with a commonly shared desire. Each wants to be the best there is, a leader in his craft.

The Beams are that way, too. And for 177 years now, they've *been* the best there is, leaders in their craft—the distilling of Kentucky Bourbon.

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Jim Beam. For six generations; one family, one formula, one purpose. The world's finest Bourbon.

**The world's finest Bourbon since 1795**

many individuals who have used drugs has proved tragically high, while the cost to those involved with the victims may be less tangible but is nonetheless real. The fact that PLAYBOY crusades for legalization of marijuana suggests that either PLAYBOY's editors are themselves potheads or that they suffer from a giant deficiency of human understanding and compassion. The most worthwhile approach to the drug question would be to work toward social reforms leading to a society free and confident enough to be mentally, socially and conversationally liberated without having to resort to drugs.

Robert L. Wilbur
Mt. Dora, Florida

*Our marijuana crusade has so far been for decriminalization, not legalization—i.e., for the elimination of criminal penalties for private use of pot. Our support of reforms in drug laws is based on two convictions: (1) that the present laws do not deter people from taking drugs and, far from being of therapeutic value, they only make the drug problem worse; and (2) that in the name of combating drug abuse, enormities of legalized savagery are committed against ordinary people that far outweigh any harm that could be ascribed to the abuse of marijuana. That you failed to take note of this latter point indicates a certain deficiency of compassion on your part.*

**FREEZING MARIJUANA LAWS**

Nixon and his crew are apparently so anxious to prevent the decriminalization of marijuana that they are willing to sacrifice U. S. national sovereignty to do so. The Convention on Psychotropic Substances is a treaty signed in Vienna in 1971 by several nations, including the United States. It requires the signers to keep their drug laws as they are, including treating the use and possession of marijuana as a criminal offense. The Senate has not yet ratified this treaty, which was devised by a United Nations commission composed of international law-enforcement personnel without benefit of scientists or medical experts. Dr. Jonathan Cole of the American College of Neuropsychopharmacology told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "This convention will severely limit the freedom our nation will need over the next few years to react rationally and responsibly as our understanding of drug abuse improves."

Meanwhile, Senator Roman Hruska of Nebraska, an enemy of liberalized drug laws, has introduced a bill that would require Federal drug laws to conform with the convention. And the Nixon Administration is pushing to get the treaty out of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and onto the floor, so they can demonstrate in this election year that they're pushing for tougher drug control. Ironically, as Stanford law professor John Kaplan has noted in the conservative publication *National Review*, "the only other effort of the United Nations in this regard is the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961"—which he termed ineffective and "a conspicuous disaster." Though Kaplan thinks drugs should be regulated, he believes that we'll be "far better off if we recognize this and then put our minds to the type of regulation, rather than ceding control to others no more knowledgeable than ourselves—and less concerned with our welfare."

Donna Garcia
Amarillo, Texas

**NATURAL RIGHTS**

Letters in the June and August *Playboy Forum* attacked my contention that there's no such thing as a natural human right (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Both letter writers compared my attitude to that of Hitler and both suggested that such harmful phenomena as capital punishment and murder would be permissible if my view were correct.

But a statement cannot be rejected as untrue simply because it might have unpleasant consequences. And, in fact, my contention that natural rights are a myth need not leave us at the mercy of Nazis, executioners or murderers. In the first place, if someone is about to murder me, I don't have to refer to any abstract concept of natural rights before fighting for my life. In the second place, it's precisely such abstractions, and the moralities derived therefrom, that lead to the misery that humans perpetrate on one another. Why? Because the belief that there are natural rights invariably leads some individuals to claim to know—perhaps by divine revelation—what those rights are and what kinds of moral imperatives are derived from them. And then these morally self-righteous persons feel justified in imposing their values on all who have not been privy to the revelation.

In an article pessimistically titled "Man—One of Evolution's Mistakes?," Arthur Koestler wrote, "Even a cursory glance at history should convince one that individual crimes committed for selfish motives play a quite insignificant role in the human tragedy compared with the numbers massacred in unselfish love of one's tribe, nation, dynasty, church or ideology."

The suffering inflicted on women by restrictive abortion laws is a perfect example of the sort of thing Koestler is talking about: enormous concrete harm done for the sake of an abstract notion of good. Moral and legal codes are not found in nature; they are made by men and they can be changed by men. Once we recognize that natural rights and

moral laws don't exist in and of themselves, it becomes necessary and inevitable for us to take on the task of defining our rights and creating our rules.

George Harris
San Francisco, California

## SCIENCE AND IDEOLOGY

Dr. Roberts Rugh states that a two-month-old human fetus cannot be distinguished from an embryonic mouse, pig, chicken or turtle (*The Playboy Forum*, April). I am sure that Dr. Rugh originally must have written two-*week*-old human fetus, since in his book *From Conception to Birth: The Drama of Life's Beginnings*, he writes of the two-month-old fetus: "The hands and feet are well formed and distinctly human. . . . If one can imagine a one-inch miniature doll with a very large head. . . . The face is unmistakably human but not like that of anyone you know."

If Dr. Rugh's original letter read two weeks, as I suspect it did, it still does not add to the discussion to quote nonsense about certain similarities in comparative anatomy. Dr. Rugh certainly would not question the assertion that the two-week-old individual and the two-month-old individual are the same person who will walk the earth at the age of two. Dr. Rugh perhaps demands that the developing human being be thought of as a separate species, but this reasoning is not dictated by science but by a desire to defend abortionists.

I have more respect for the abortionist who freely admits that he sees no value in developing human lives than I do for one who would manipulate science to serve his particular ideology. To suggest that there may be some confusion as to whether a human being at any stage may, in fact, be a mouse, pig, chicken or turtle is a sophistry that would not deceive a grammar school student.

If we can confuse abortion and contraception, as Dr. Rugh does, we can confuse abortion and infanticide and also infanticide and homicide. Once the principle that every human life has intrinsic value is eroded, the thin veneer of civilization is close to cracking.

Bart T. Heffernan, M. D., President
Illinois Right to Life Committee
Chicago, Illinois

*Dr. Rugh replies:*

*Indeed there was a technical error in my April letter to "The Playboy Forum" regarding the possibility of confusing the two-month-old human fetus with other embryos. I have a group photograph of mouse, pig, chicken, turtle and human embryos, from which I challenge anyone to correctly select the human. Only those directly experienced with early human embryos could make a positive identification. In this picture, the embryos are not all of the same chronological age, but are of comparable developmental age, showing that through a certain stage of growth all vertebrates develop and look alike. The chick is four days, the mouse 12 days, the pig 18 days and the human 35 days post-fertilization. This does not suggest that the human might become a mouse, but rather that up to a particular stage the human embryo or fetus is certainly not a viable and distinct human being. True, there are means by which we could identify an early embryo as a potential human by reason of its chromosomes, and by two months, the human fetus is clearly distinguishable from all other vertebrates except possibly an anthropoid at a comparable stage. My purpose in stressing similarity in development was to challenge the often-repeated statement that the fetus is a human being from the moment of conception. It is not a viable human being until it can survive the major transition of birth, by whatever means, at about seven months.*

*I would not believe in nor support abortion, except under certain circumstances, if there were a proper alternative, namely, contraceptive education and facilities for everyone. This alone would reduce, though not eliminate, the necessity for abortion. I defy anyone to prove he has more respect for human life than I do. But my first concern is for the living woman whose life seems of so little relative value to the anti-abortionists. The life of any woman is jeopardized by the psychological and emotional complications of an unwanted pregnancy. Life is not begun by conception; life is never created by any living person. That happened once, billions of years ago. Most of us are entrusted with living substance in the form of germ cells, ova or sperm, and it should be our choice to decide when to combine a living ovum with a living sperm, hopefully resulting in development from a microscopic cell to a multitrillion-celled human, delivered some 266 days later. In its aquatic environment and parasitic association with the pregnant woman, the fetus is certainly not a viable human being, but when it can make the major adjustment to its terrestrial life, independent of its mother, no right-thinking person would condone its destruction.*

## ABORTION REGRETS

Perhaps you would think twice about your know-it-all conviction that abortion should be available to anyone if you read the letter from a woman who had an abortion that was reprinted in an ad sponsored by Women for the Unborn and published in *The Washington Post*. Here is some of what she wrote:

> My decision to have an abortion was by no means quick. . . . For six months I was strong, then weak—on and off, yes-no—until, in my final weak stage, I consented to have an abortion. I rationalized that I would make it half-right by doing it my own way. I received a saline shot and went home instead of remaining at the hospital. I wanted to be alone at the moment of my baby's death. I stayed at a motel and anxiously waited for labor to begin. Throughout labor, I was able to think of nothing but the physical pain at hand. Then there was a tiny baby girl with me. The shock and hurt of holding your own self-destroyed child is not describable in words—but, by choice, I wanted the moment alone with my baby—for the chance to say "I'm sorry"—but when the time came, how inadequate and foolish those words sounded.

You who advocate abortion on demand are condemning women to experiences like this. May you live to regret your words as much as this woman regrets her abortion.

James Nichols
Cincinnati, Ohio

*We have obtained a copy of the complete ad sponsored by Women for the Unborn, and we find it deceptive. Abortion, except to save the life of the mother, is rarely performed after 20 weeks' gestation. The letter writer reports she was more than 25 weeks pregnant. It is highly unlikely that any competent licensed physician or accredited facility would choose a saline injection at such a late stage, much less allow the recipient to wander off to a motel, as she claims. The incident could not have happened as described in this letter, and the person who wrote it is either fabricating or was the victim of a back-alley practitioner—in which case she's lucky to be alive and her letter is an argument for safe, legal abortion. This tale is in no way typical of what happens during abortions performed under professional medical guidelines. The real abortion tragedies are the thousands of women whose lives were blighted or lost because safe, elective abortion was not available when they needed it and, unlike the supposed letter writer, genuinely wanted it.*

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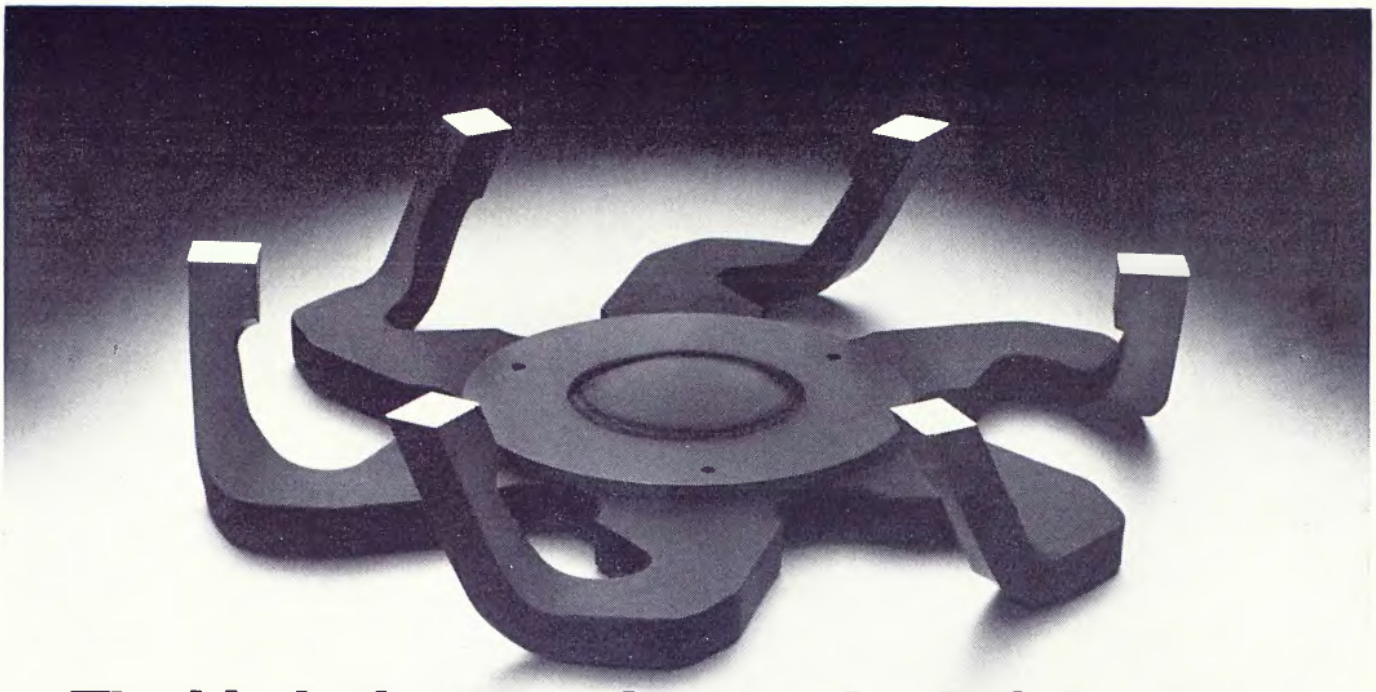
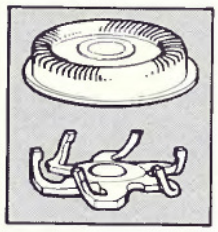
*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*



# The blade that sets the standard of closeness doesn't fit in a razor.

It's the Norelco 6-edged surgical-steel rotary blade. And everything about it is designed to shave closer and more comfortably than any blade you've ever used.



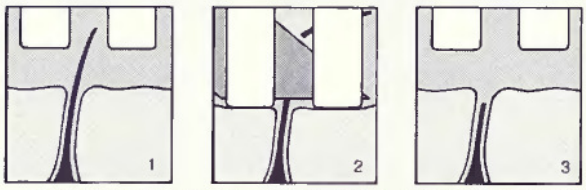
Rotary blade as it fits in slotted head.

As you shave, this unusual blade constantly hones itself, so it stays sharp day after day. You don't have to worry about replacing it.

Because it rotates, its motion is smooth and continuous, so it can't nick or pinch you.

And since it works inside floating heads (which bring it comfortably into every nook and cranny of your face), it does something else that's really remarkable.

As the diagram shows, our rotary blade can actually shave *below* skin level! And that's how it sets the standard of closeness.




How VIP shaves below skin level. 1. Head approaches whisker. 2. Presses skin down, so blade can cut whisker. 3. Skin returns to normal, leaving whisker below skin level.

This blade is the heart of the most unique shaving system ever created. The adjustable Norelco VIP™ Tripleheader. Because not only can you shave below skin level. You can do it with remarkable *comfort*.

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In today's world, buying and keeping a car can be somewhat discouraging.

So we've engineered a car to help change things a little.

It's a car with a 2-liter electronically fuel injected engine designed to give you increased performance over last year, yet meet or exceed exhaust emission standards set for 1974.

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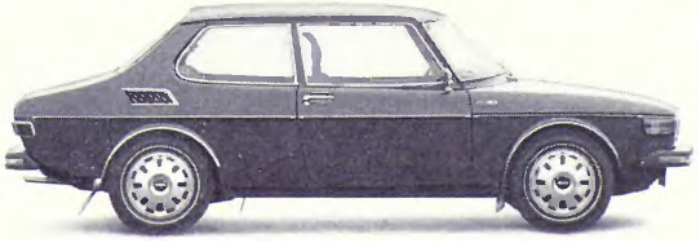
We make it huge on the inside, and compact on the outside.

We make it a luxurious sedan with a fold-down rear seat, so it's part station wagon, too.

And we make it with roll-cage construction that's practically all hand welded, to give you a truly strong, long lasting, safe car.



The Saab 99LE.

We make it to be what most cars are not, but what all cars should be.

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For the name and address of the dealer nearest you, call 800-243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACK ANDERSON

## *a candid conversation with the muckraking syndicated columnist*

*There is no commonly accepted view of Jack Anderson. Easily the best-known—indeed, most notorious—newspaperman in America, Anderson is seen by his supporters as a tough cop on a tough beat, shining a searching spotlight into all the shady nooks and crannies of official Washington. His enemies see him as a journalistic mugger lurking in the shadows, waiting to rob all passers-by, guilty or otherwise, of their virtuous public images. For Anderson, there is no venality too small, no corruption too mind-boggling to rail against. His columns about generals shoplifting trinkets from Army PXs and mayors biting call-girls on the knee are written in the same high dudgeon as his headline-making revelations of political scandals on Capitol Hill and in the White House.*

*Even by Anderson's splashy standards for attention getting, 1972 has been a spectacular year. Never far from the center of one controversy or another, he won his first Pulitzer Prize for releasing, in January, highly classified secret documents revealing that the Nixon Administration had been less than candid with the public about its pro-Pakistan bias in the India-Pakistan war. Next, he made the cover of* Time *after his series of columns based on the now-famous Dita Beard memo charging that the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation had pledged $400,000 toward the costs of the Republican Convention in return for a favorable settlement of an immensely important antitrust suit against I.T.T. Anderson also claimed that then–Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst had lied in saying that he had taken no part in the I.T.T. settlement. Kleindienst, whose nomination as Attorney General was then before the Senate, requested hearings to remove the "cloud" over his head; and although the Senate finally confirmed him, 64–19, the cloud remains in place not only over him but also over the Administration and I.T.T.*

*After his two extraordinary scoops, it was Anderson's turn to be publicly embarrassed. Shortly after Senator Thomas Eagleton, George McGovern's original running mate, announced that he had undergone psychiatric treatment on three occasions during the Sixties, Anderson claimed that Eagleton had also been ticketed several times in his home state of Missouri for drunken and reckless driving. It was a story that Anderson couldn't prove, and he was forced to apologize and finally retract amid the most serious barrage of attacks he had ever faced on his own credibility.*

*Though Anderson is a veteran in the investigative reporter's nether world of charge and countercharge, personal notoriety is a relatively new development in his career. For two decades, he labored anonymously as the chief reporter for Drew Pearson and was responsible for many of Pearson's most sensational stories, including the series on Senator Thomas Dodd's misuse of campaign funds that led to Dodd's censure by the Senate. When Pearson died in 1969, Anderson took over his syndicated "The Washington Merry-go-round" column. Many editors predicted that the loss of Pearson's marquee value would lead to a decline in the column's popularity, but Anderson worked at becoming a celebrity himself and improved on Pearson's shaky reputation for accuracy and fairness by checking out stories more thoroughly than Pearson had, and by eschewing personal causes. Unlike Pearson, Anderson didn't protect his friends; he simply went after everybody—conservatives, liberals, Democrats and Republicans alike. The formula worked and the number of subscribing newspapers has risen from about 600 at the time of Pearson's death to 750 today in the U.S. and abroad. That makes Anderson the most widely read political columnist in the world. To find out why he does what he does, and how he does it,*

*"Nixon is a man without any political convictions at all. That's why he can be a conservative anti-Communist one day and a liberal flying to Peking the next. God knows what he'll be next year."*

*"I think the Eagleton story damaged me very much. I think a lot of people will now wonder whether I'm telling the truth. The only answer I can give is that I'm human, and fallible."*

*"The facts in the I.T.T. case were ignored. An objective American jury would have convicted Richard Kleindienst for malfeasance—and nailed John Mitchell for perjury at the same time."*

PLAYBOY *assigned Larry DuBois to interview Anderson.*

*DuBois writes of the experience: "The first thing to say about Jack Anderson is that he's a nice guy. All his snarls are in print, and you can't find a fang anywhere on his person. His friends know him as pleasant, easygoing, mild-mannered company—sort of like Clark Kent before he steps into the phone booth—and that's how I found him to be. Most of the interview took place at Anderson's weekend home near Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, just a few blocks from the hell-raising, beer-drinking, bikini-watching atmosphere of that swinging resort town. But it could have been another world, because Anderson's style is sedate suburban. It isn't difficult to see why he doesn't fear having his own life investigated by his adversaries. What they would find would put a gossip columnist to sleep. Anderson is a devout Mormon whose wickedest indulgences are ice cream and soda pop. He doesn't drink or smoke, and most of his spare time is taken up by his role as the father of nine children (aged 4 to 21). Neither he nor 'Livvy,' his wife of 23 years, cares much for the kind of partygoing that most Washingtonians thrive on.*

*"Driving back to Washington with Anderson, I asked him if he was ready to break any major news stories, and he sighed that these were pretty slow days—just the routine batch of CIA documents dealing with U.S. involvement in Asian heroin smuggling and the like. Nothing extraordinary. A few days later, Anderson made public his charges against Tom Eagleton. Shortly thereafter, following his almost as widely publicized retraction of the charges, I visited Anderson again—this time to listen to his side of the story."*

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**PLAYBOY:** How and when did the stories about Eagleton first come to your attention?

**ANDERSON:** It was in 1968. True Davis, who is now a bank president in Washington and had been an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and the U.S. ambassador to Switzerland, had political ambitions and was going to run for the Senate in Missouri. In the Democratic primary, his opponent was Tom Eagleton. Davis had long been a close friend of mine and, as a friend, he sought my advice about his campaign, telling me that Eagleton was said to have an alcoholic problem. I advised him not to get into that kind of stuff, and he didn't. In fairness to True, I should add that he had no desire to run that kind of campaign, and he didn't have to be talked out of it. That same year, another high Missouri politician involved in the campaign independently told me some of the same stories. So I heard them from two different sources. But I thought no more about it.

You've got to understand the environment in which an investigative reporter functions. It's a hurricane of whispers, stories, rumors and charges. We're at the eye of this furious storm of rumors about people in power and people who seek power, because an investigative reporter has the capacity to wreck careers or to make them. We have an awesome responsibility to separate the facts from the rumors before printing anything. My personal opinion of Tom Eagleton and his record as a Senator was highly favorable. When he was named the Vice-Presidential candidate, the last thing I wanted to do was to hurt him. I had no intention of checking out the rumors I'd heard about him to see if there was a story. Even if it were true that he had a drinking background, it hadn't affected his performance in the Senate and I could see no reason why it would affect his performance as Vice-President. I really wasn't interested in the story.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you become interested?

**ANDERSON:** After his joint press conference with McGovern describing his psychiatric treatment, Eagleton denied emphatically and unequivocally that alcoholism had been any part of his past problems. He used very strong language in his denial, so strong that it became a question to me of credibility, of his truthfulness, and, remembering the background I had on him, I thought this should be looked into. The question was no longer simply whether he had been a drinker or not, which I didn't see any requirement to publicize; the question was whether he was being truthful with the public. If he wasn't telling the truth, I felt the public had a right to know; and if he wasn't telling the truth, I felt this would come out at some later time and become a major campaign issue.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do to check out the stories?

**ANDERSON:** I believe in being open and candid and normally I would answer any question you asked about my methods and my evidence. But in this case, I've retracted the charges that I made against Eagleton. There is no way I can review my investigation without reviving the charges. In the end, I didn't have the proof. It was improper for me to have gone ahead with the story and I want to avoid rehashing it. I very definitely would like to explain my own actions, but I consider the case a closed book.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you explain, at least, the circumstances surrounding your use of the story?

**ANDERSON:** Well, it looked like McGovern was going to back Eagleton, and I thought that since the issue of drinking would be raised in the campaign, it had better be raised before McGovern made an irrevocable decision to keep him on the ticket, and I made a spur-of-the-moment decision to go ahead with the story. That's no excuse, because a good reporter shouldn't do things like that on the spur of the moment. There I was, though, in the studio, waiting to tape the five-minute network radio broadcast I do six times a week, and I had in front of me a story that one of my reporters had written about how the media were busily investigating Eagleton's past. I penned in one line saying we had "located" photostats of traffic citations charging him with drunken and reckless driving. It was just one sentence, and I really didn't give it a lot of thought. I was so positive in my own mind that the citations existed.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you have any misgivings about claiming to have "located" the photostats?

**ANDERSON:** Not until I was driving to the office after taping the show, which was to go out over the network 30 minutes later. I'd written the line in haste and I decided "located" was too strong a word. By the time I got to my office, though, the show had already gone out over the network. So I issued an immediate statement clarifying that I hadn't actually "located" them. My statement made clear that I had traced the traffic citations but had not seen them myself. Technically, this was a true story, since three sources had told me in considerable detail how the citations had been collected, photostated and distributed. I was distressed by the coverage the story received, because both networks and newspapers told the same story I had broadcasted, without going into all the clarifications that I'd given them. It certainly was my fault that the item was used in the first place, but it wasn't my fault that the press didn't carry those clarifications. It wasn't for lack of trying on my part. Even then, though, for one line on a broadcast, I thought I had done enough research. But the photostats had been collected in 1968 when Eagleton was running for the Senate. I should have taken into account, therefore, that they could have been forged for the purpose of discrediting him. This was my first mistake. I already had very tight rules in the office about evidence, but I've tightened them even more now.

**PLAYBOY:** You say the broadcast was your first mistake. What was the second?

**ANDERSON:** When I appeared with Eagleton that Sunday on *Face the Nation*, I apologized to him for running the story prematurely, but I refused to retract it. If I didn't have the proof, I should have retracted immediately and completely. I was wrong not to. But I felt I had to

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resolve a number of incidents before I could retract, so immediately after that program, I apologized to Eagleton for refusing to retract and told him that I had withheld a retraction because of these questions I still had. I asked for an appointment to go over the incidents with him and he scheduled one for Tuesday. That morning, I went to his office and we reviewed all the incidents. He was cordial, he was generous, he made no attempt to embarrass me, there were no recriminations. He handled himself like a gentleman and a pro. And he denied everything.

So I said, "Senator, I apologize to you. I retract the story." In fact, I said, "I want to apologize to your face, and then I want to apologize in public and I want to retract it in the way you want me to. How do you want me to retract it?" He said, "Well, there are some cameras outside. How about stepping out and doing it right here?" That's what I did, and he made a very courteous and generous statement accepting the apology. On top of that, I retracted the story on the same broadcast on which I had originally broken the story, and when the *Today Show* asked me to appear, I went on. I certainly didn't enjoy that appearance, but I decided that I should do it in order to give the retraction as much circulation as I could. That appearance was painful. It's not pleasant to eat crow in front of the camera, with the nation watching as you do it. But I felt I owed it to Eagleton.

Quite frankly, I object to the way many newspapers retract their mistakes, and I refuse to do the same thing. Many newspapers print an error on the front page and then do a tiny item retracting it on the back page. I wish that all the newspapers in the country would acknowledge their own mistakes on the front page, as they do mine. I figured I had done a front-page story and the retraction should be on the front page also.

**PLAYBOY:** Many less experienced reporters might have made the same blunder you did. But how could this have happened to someone with your investigative background?

**ANDERSON:** This is a business where mistakes are made every day. I'm human. I never claimed to be otherwise, and this isn't the first mistake I've made. The only thing I can say to you is that I hope I never make another one, and I'll try not to. But I suspect I will. And when I do, I'm going to see that it's well advertised and not hidden away. I think slip-ups should be corrected as loudly as possible, even if that hurts your credibility. I want people to believe what I write, and I take great pains to get a story correct. I consider that a sacred obligation, and when I



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don't get it straight, my conscience makes me straighten it out.

**PLAYBOY:** How seriously do you think the Eagleton story damaged your credibility? The reactions generally were very indignant. In an editorial cartoon, *The Washington Post*, which runs your column, pictured you joining I. T. T. down at the bottom of "Credibility Gap."

**ANDERSON:** I think it damaged me very much. I think we had a good reputation for accuracy, and the people believed what we wrote. I think a lot of people will now wonder whether I'm telling the truth. The only answer I can give is the answer I gave a moment ago. I'm human, and fallible. I take every precaution against errors; but when I make one, I'll admit it. Even the greatest newspapers make them. In the 1968 campaign, *The New York Times* made an almost exactly comparable blunder. It came out with a big exposé of the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate that just didn't hold up. It was just as damaging to Spiro Agnew as my story was to Tom Eagleton—and equally unprovable. Though the *Times* is one of the most responsible newspapers in the world, it made almost the same kind of mistake I did. But I didn't hear any talk about never being able to believe *The New York Times* again.

**PLAYBOY:** In your opinion, why did the press attack you so sharply?

**ANDERSON:** Obviously, it was a serious matter, and I deserved to be criticized. But I think also the press is very defensive these days. I think there has been a concerted effort by the Administration to discredit the press, and I think other journalists feel I hurt them as well as myself, so the press was dissociating itself from my problem by running an unusually strong attack on me. What happened will help Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew blacken the name of the press. I think I helped them do that in their campaign, and I'm sorry about it. But it was only one mistake, not a whole series of them. There are doctors who make mistakes, lawyers who make mistakes—and politicians who make mistakes. Yet they continue to practice medicine, law and politics with respect and prestige. I see no reason why I shouldn't be allowed to do the same.

If I started making errors regularly, every day, then I would think my readers should become skeptical of me, but I'm going to go right on trying to tell the truth—and admitting it when I'm wrong rather than lying about it. I've always felt the public would rather have a politician confess an error than hide it. I've been told that the next major story I break, like the I. T. T. story, won't be believed by the public. But I think it will be, even though an awful lot of people are going to try to discredit it for their own selfish reasons. The same thing happened during that I. T. T. story. I've just given them more ammunition to use against me, but I'm going to try as best I can to see that that's all they get.

**PLAYBOY:** What effect do you think your story finally had on the decision to drop Eagleton from the ticket?

**ANDERSON:** If the story had stood up, it would have been extremely damaging to Eagleton, but since it didn't, I think it probably helped him. I think it created sympathy for him. It ultimately hurt Jack Anderson, not Tom Eagleton. Which is as it should be.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel McGovern handled the situation, first backing Eagleton "1000 percent," then dumping him?

**ANDERSON:** I thought he handled it indecisively. He jumped too quickly to endorse Eagleton, then backed off. That lays him open to political charges. Which illustrates one of McGovern's problems: His heart is much stronger and sometimes sounder than his head. I don't mean he's stupid. I think he's a brilliant man, but he has such a good heart, and so much compassion, that he sometimes does the decent thing without thinking it through. The decent thing was to support a man in trouble. I think McGovern put himself instantly into Eagleton's shoes and tried to wrap a public arm around his shoulder. He was responding as the very decent human being I know him to be. For his own sake, he perhaps should have been more cautious and let his head rule his heart, which he eventually did.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with those who argue that McGovern's failure to discover Eagleton's past psychiatric care demonstrates that McGovern is a careless or incompetent administrator?

**ANDERSON:** I don't think McGovern was any more careless about choosing his potential Vice-President than Nixon was about choosing Agnew. I don't think Nixon had gone thoroughly into Agnew's past, nor had he a real understanding of the kind of man he was choosing. McGovern didn't explore Eagleton's past thoroughly enough, but you've got to remember that Eagleton and McGovern had served in the Senate together and that the Senate is a gentleman's club. Its members become quite close and they know one another. McGovern knew Eagleton well; he knew what Eagleton's philosophy was, what was in his heart. He just didn't know about the hospital record, because Eagleton had withheld that. Only those in this Senate gentleman's club, and those who have been close to it, as I have been, understand how it operates, how

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binding are the unwritten rules, and one of those unwritten rules absolutely forbids one Senator to go poking around too closely in another's closet. So all McGovern could do was ask if Eagleton had any skeletons in there. That's as far as one club member can go with another and, being a gentleman, the other is expected to respond with a forthright answer. The onus for not having come forth is on Eagleton. The question was asked according to the rules, but there wasn't a full answer. It was up to Eagleton to throw the closet open and expose the skeleton. It wasn't up to McGovern to break the lock and pry the door open.

**PLAYBOY:** How damaging do you think was the whole Eagleton episode to McGovern's chances of winning the election?

**ANDERSON:** Extremely damaging.

**PLAYBOY:** Fatal?

**ANDERSON:** If the election had been held then, it would have been. I think McGovern has the capacity to overcome it, but I don't know if he will. Personally, I will tell you that I plan to vote for McGovern, and I tell you because I feel the public has a right to know my own political leanings, although I want to emphasize that I consider it my duty as an investigative reporter to not allow my politics to interfere with my job. When Drew Pearson ran the column, he tended to get in and fight for his favorite candidate. I don't, because I don't think that's my function. What I think isn't important. I don't look upon myself as an oracle. It's what I find out that's important. My counsel isn't essential to the public, but I do better than most people in finding out what's going on, in exposing things that Richard Nixon and George McGovern would both prefer I didn't find out.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you plan to vote for McGovern?

**ANDERSON:** Put most simply, because I believe McGovern is a leader of the future, that he would lead the nation down the path of progress. I believe that Nixon represents the past—the old politics, the old faces, the old alliances, the old special interests—and that this country is at a crossroads. We've got to begin turning away from those old politics. I believe we must take better care of our poor; we must do more to stop the systematic pollution of our air and water; we must simplify our tax system; we must return integrity to public office and restore faith in Government. I know both men, and I believe McGovern could do more for those goals than Nixon.

**PLAYBOY:** With the limitations on a McGovern Presidency that would be imposed by a balky Congress and a stubborn bureaucracy and with much of the public skeptical of change, how much do you think he could accomplish in his first term?

**ANDERSON:** Oh, I don't think George McGovern is the Messiah; I don't think he's going to save the nation with New Testament miracles. The millennium is not here and any lambs of my acquaintance I would advise not to lie down beside the lions just yet. I think McGovern would have great difficulty translating some of his great compassion and idealism into hard-boiled practical programs and, as you say, Congress would drag its feet. I think McGovern understands that. He knows he might lose a lamb or two before he really comes face to face with the fact that the change he wants would be very slow in becoming reality. I don't think he's an impractical man about that.

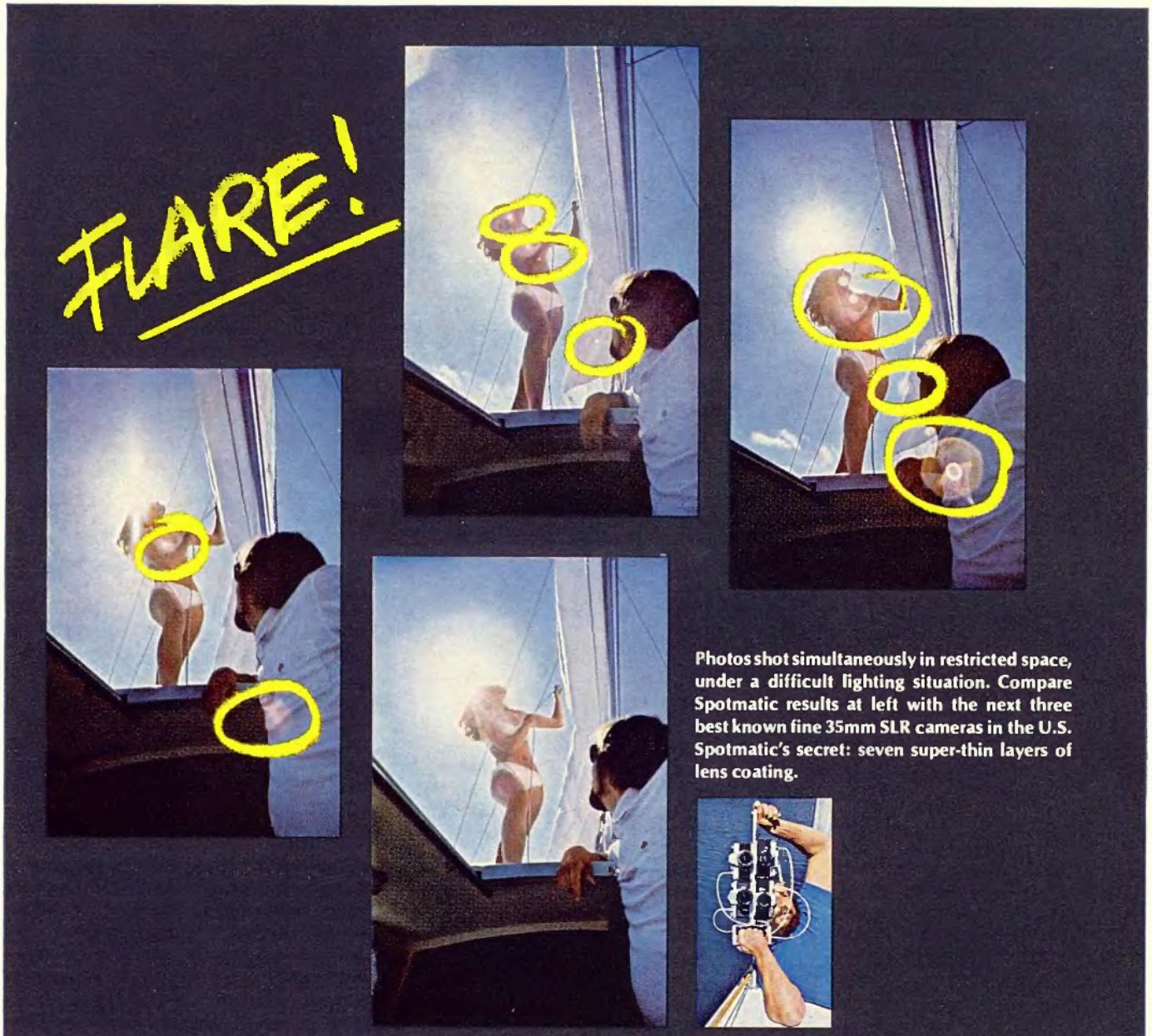
But there are two reforms of fundamental importance to the future of this country, and Nixon is opposed to both of them; McGovern supports both of them and I think he could make some real progress in these areas. The first is the tax system. We hear a lot of political rhetoric about living in a welfare state, a lot of unfavorable publicity about the poor living on the dole. Well, with the present tax system, we've got more rich on welfare than we have poor. Not in numbers, but in the amounts they get from the Government in the form of subsidies and tax loopholes. According to an HEW report on the impoverished areas of America, we have about 23,000,000 people living in poverty in the wealthiest country in human history. These people are not properly nourished or clothed. Meanwhile, the American people are dumping billions of dollars into the well-tailored pockets of thousands of millionaires and millions of the well to do with these indirect tax subsidies.

Two of the wealthiest men in the world are J. Paul Getty and H. L. Hunt, both of them Texas oil billionaires. I haven't seen their tax returns, but a friend of mine has. He went over them for a ten-year period. In case either of these men challenges me, I want to make it clear that this check was made three years ago, and my friend told me that during the preceding decade, neither Getty nor Hunt ever paid more than $4500 in personal income tax in one year. I was paying that much and a lot more. That means I'm paying *their* share of the taxes, and I resent it. That means I'm subsidizing Cadillacs and villas and that I helped build the replica of Mount Vernon that H. L. Hunt built for himself out on the Texas prairie. I happen to know enough about welfare to know that most of the people on welfare either are sick or are dependent children. Yet we caterwaul about the money that goes to them and say nothing about subsidizing Getty, Hunt and thousands of others like Senator James Eastland of Mississippi.

**PLAYBOY:** Where does Eastland come in?

**ANDERSON:** A couple of years ago, McGovern, as chairman of the Nutrition subcommittee in the Senate, set out to dig up evidence about malnutrition in America. He found plenty in the heart of Mississippi, including children with bloated bellies, which is a symptom of starvation, and he got doctors to testify that malnutrition existed in Mississippi. Senator Eastland got up, roared out in defiance that they were maligning the great state of Mississippi and denied there was hunger in his own state. So I set out to investigate a little. One fact I dug up was that dependent children in Mississippi were allowed $9.30 a month from the Federal Government. At the same time, I learned, Eastland himself was collecting from $160,000 to $213,000 a year for *not* growing cotton on his plantation in Sunflower County. Well, I didn't grow any cotton that year, either. There were a lot of people who didn't grow any cotton that year. Including the poor. The point is that you can't collect $213,000 in Federal aid unless you're *rich*. Farmers get it; oil millionaires get it. There isn't a big industry in the nation that doesn't get Government subsidies in one form or another. I think we ought to throw out the whole tax system as it is and just start all over again. Under the new system, the rich should pay their fair share, and so should everyone else.

The second critical reform is to abolish the present method of financing campaigns. This may be the greatest evil in our political system. The average member of Congress must begin his career of writing the laws by violating them. It's almost impossible for a Congressman or a Senator to be elected today without violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. A man can't get elected to Congress today without making commitments and deals that no one should have to make, because the money that elects Congressmen, Senators and Presidents comes mostly from special interests—from the big corporations, big unions, trade associations and wealthy individuals—and these groups and individuals don't contribute heavily to campaigns because of their civic virtue. They want a return on this investment. They *demand* a return on this investment. And they *get* a return on this investment, or else they invest in someone else next time. They get their payoff in the form of special legislation that benefits them at the expense of the rest of us. Clearly, it would be cheaper in the long run for *us*, the public, to pay the hundreds of millions of dollars in a national election year rather than let the oil industry pay a huge share of it and then make it back with interest in the form of special tax benefits variously estimated at from two to eight billion dollars annually. And that

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would end a lot of the corruption, both financial and moral, in our elected officials.

Nixon got into office in 1968 in part by making deals with many of the special interests that oppose these reforms. He promised those people that his whole philosophy was not to interfere with their privileges and not to regulate them any more. Nixon is never going to lead us toward these reforms. At best, he will reluctantly follow along behind if the public puts on enough pressure. McGovern agrees about the importance of making these reforms, and he *would* lead the way, using the power of the Presidency to create public pressure for them. When the pressure builds enough, Congress would have to go along with McGovern, whether they liked it or not. These are some of the reasons I plan to vote for McGovern.

**PLAYBOY:** If Nixon wins, what kind of President do you think he'll be during his last term, freed from the constraints of facing re-election?

**ANDERSON:** It's hard to predict. He started his first term as a conservative and he's winding it up as a liberal. On the issues, he is sometimes a conservative, sometimes a moderate, sometimes a liberal. He's a political opportunist with a wet finger always in the air—one of the few politicians I know who can get into that revolving door behind you and come out in front of you. I'm talking now only about the political Richard Nixon. In fact, there are two Nixons; one is the politician and a quite different one is the human being. He is a Dogpatch-style politician who always aims his knee at the groin, who scratches the eyes of his opponents and karate chops them in the neck. His style is to slash and slam. To use his own language, "Rock 'em, sock 'em." He is a shrewd enough politician to know that this style is not becoming to a President, so he's tried to elevate himself above the brawl to Olympian heights and let his subordinates do the slashing and the slicing. But he's been in the political gutter for so long that he finds it difficult to restrain himself, and so in the 1970 elections, with the taste of political conflict in his mouth, we had the spectacle in California of the President of the United States standing on a car shouting out denunciations, baiting people. He looked like a Congressman running for office for the first time. But Nixon usually learns his lesson from mistakes. According to his friends, he realizes that he hurt his cause by flailing out so wildly.

The other Nixon is shy and introverted, a warm, decent human being who is quietly, and without their knowledge of where the money is coming from, putting a black medical student and a black architectural student through college. He is a patriot, by his own lights, who believes he would sacrifice anything, even his tremendous political ambition, for the sake of his country. He believes in his heart that he has done necessary things that were good for the country but bad for him politically, which hurts about as much as cutting his throat.

**PLAYBOY:** What necessary things?

**ANDERSON:** Nixon felt that the mining of Haiphong harbor and the bombing of North Vietnam could cost him the 1972 election. But he thought that course was the only way Hanoi could be stopped from overrunning the south. He felt it was essential, and he did it. I'm not arguing that it *was* essential; I think it was a mistake. He also demonstrated his definition of patriotism in 1960 when he lost to Jack Kennedy. There was evidence, and pretty conclusive evidence, of massive election frauds in Chicago, Indiana and one or two other key states. If those frauds had been proved, the election could have been overthrown, and there was good reason to believe that could have happened. There was certainly enough evidence to justify going to the courts. The partisans around him urged him to do so. He flatly turned them down. He said he wouldn't be a party to a constitutional crisis. When he called on Kennedy to pay his respects, Kennedy said to him, "Well, I guess the outcome is in doubt." Nixon said, "No, the outcome is not in doubt. You are the winner." Nixon's biographer and close personal friend, Earl Mazo, had been working for the *New York Herald Tribune* and had researched a series of 12 stories on these election frauds. Nixon called him in and asked him to stop the series. For Richard Nixon, that was a sacrifice second only to giving his life. He was willing to lay down his political life for his country.

That gives some idea of the deep contradictions in Nixon. I should add that even he seems to agree that there are two Nixons. He loves to talk politics with friends he can trust; he loves no subject more dearly and he'll sit and talk about it for hours. When he does, he refers to himself in the third person. He discusses the issues that would be good and bad for Richard Nixon, as though he were another man, as though the political Nixon were not the real Nixon. The political Nixon is an actor on the stage, the attorney in the courtroom, the performer.

Perhaps the most telling example of the political Nixon, and what kind of man he really is, happened after he was defeated by Pat Brown for governor of California in 1962. He went down to Key Biscayne and had a long talk with his old friend George Smathers, who was then a Senator from Florida. Nixon described some of the disasters that seemed to add up to the end of his political career, which for him was a deep tragedy. He could have been hit by a truck and it wouldn't have pained him more than being hit by Pat Brown in California. Recounting his mistakes, he thought that probably his greatest one had been originally registering as a Republican. He told Smathers that he should have pursued his political career with the other party; he should have registered as a Democrat. This, then, is a man without any political convictions at all. He would have been equally ready, willing and eager to have been a Democrat if he had thought that was where his future lay. That's why he can be a conservative anti-Communist one day and a liberal flying to Peking the next. God knows what he'll be next year. There's no way to know. He'll do what's politically expedient, unless the inner Nixon feels it's imperative for his country that he sacrifice.

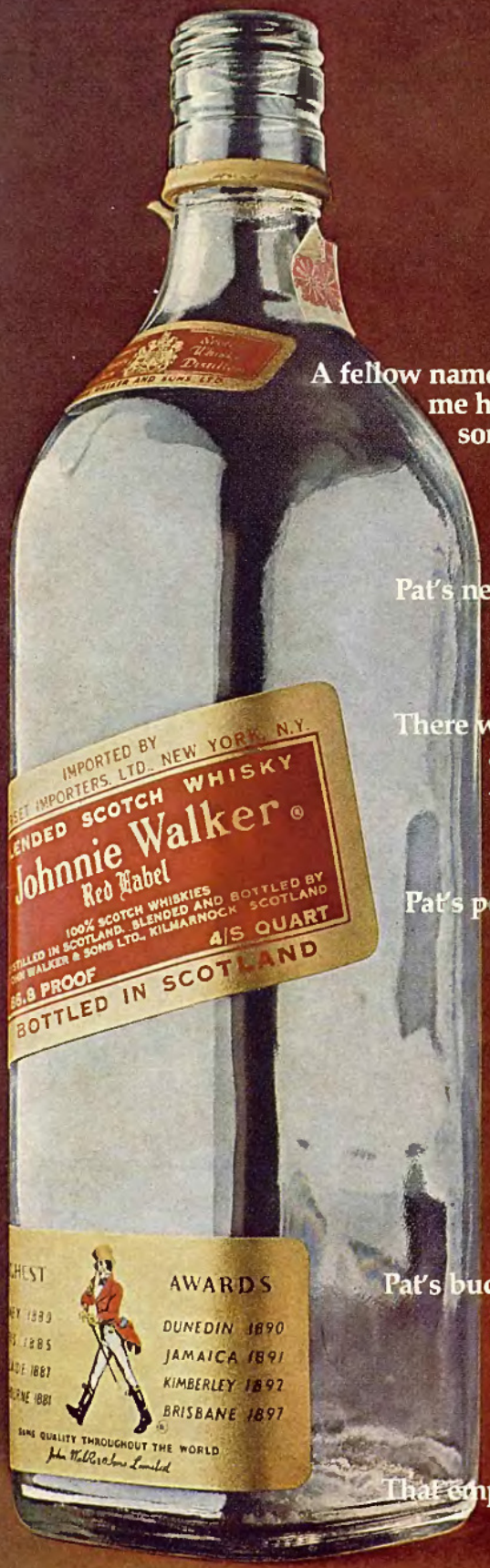
So I wouldn't want to predict too much about his next term. I'll just go along with one of his closest friends, a man who works at the White House. He said: "Nixon is capable in the next four years of being one of the best Presidents the nation has ever had, or one of the worst." This friend, who is a decent and honorable man, feels that Nixon has within him a mean streak. He may decide that since it's his last four years and there's no higher spot that he can aspire to, this is the time to reward his friends and punish his enemies. He may decide this is the time to indict, to take revenge on all those who have abused him. Or he may decide to be a great President and throw political caution to the winds and do what's best for America and go down in history as a great President. He might just throw aside all obligations and all political considerations and spend his last four years making difficult and great decisions that he thinks would be best for the country.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of great decisions do you think he might make?

**ANDERSON:** Well, when Nixon talked about achieving a generation of peace, he was speaking from his heart, and he would like to go down in history as the man who achieved it. I know from his associates that he expects peace in Vietnam. I know he believed in his moves to reduce tensions with Peking and Moscow. Clearly, he is a man with sufficient vision to earn a position of greatness in international affairs if he continues to pursue that vision, and I have no reason to doubt that he will.

The problem is in domestic affairs. Nixon has the handicap of his own shortsightedness, a lack of understanding of the problems of the ordinary people in this country. Will he try to overcome that and begin solving our domestic problems? Will he, in his cautious way, tackle the problems of the

# Memoirs of a bottle:




A fellow named Pat Sands got a raise one day and brought me home that night. He wanted to celebrate with something special. I was flattered.

Pat's neighbor dropped by to borrow a little vermouth for a Rob Roy and remembered he didn't have any Scotch either.

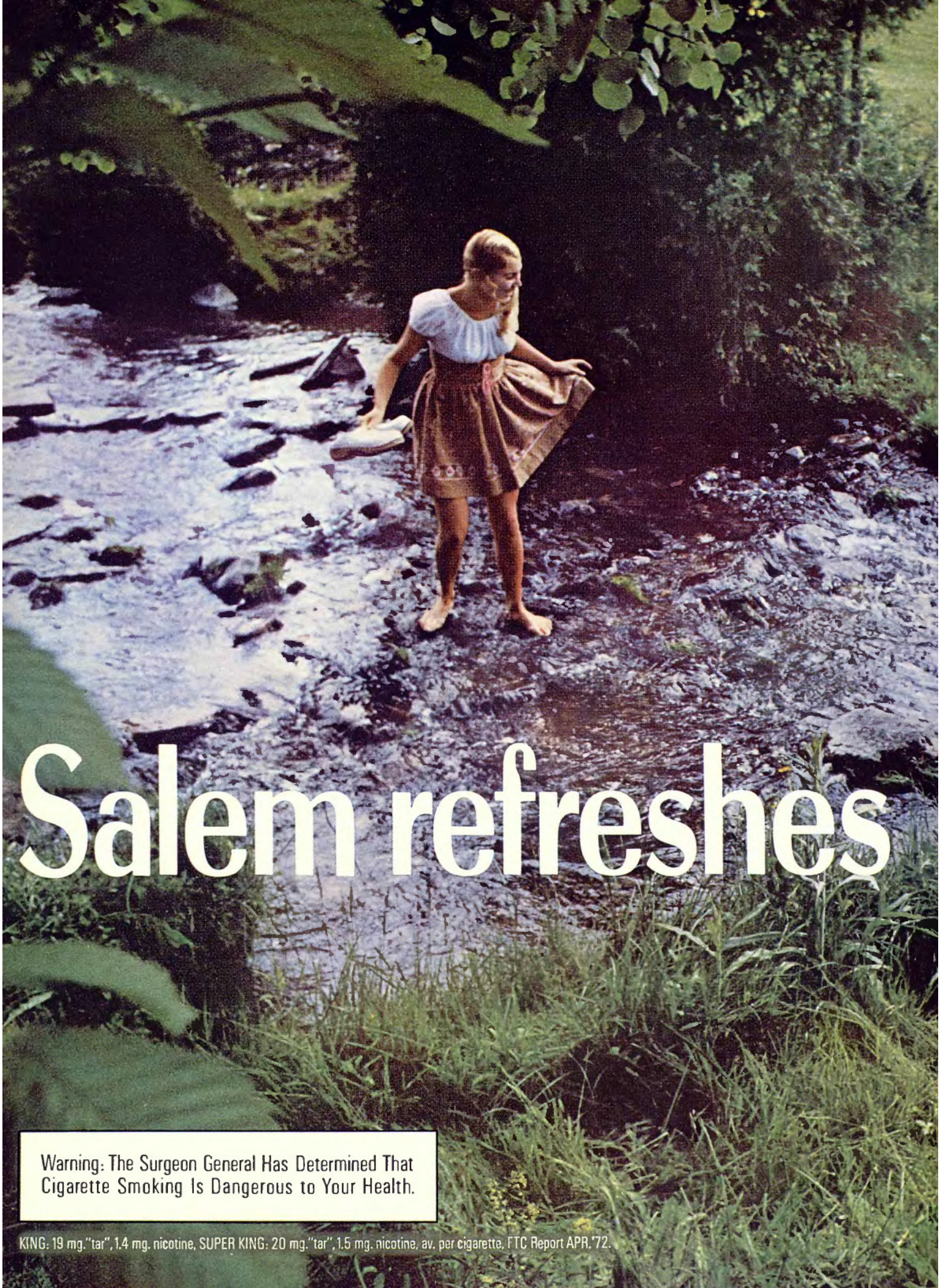
There was a little less of me when Pat came home after opening his paycheck with his new raise. After taxes, he wondered if he got a raise at all.

Pat's poker party took a lot out of me.

Pat's buddies, Dick, Don and Nick came over one night and I sensed that I wasn't long for this world.

That empty feeling tells me I was right.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

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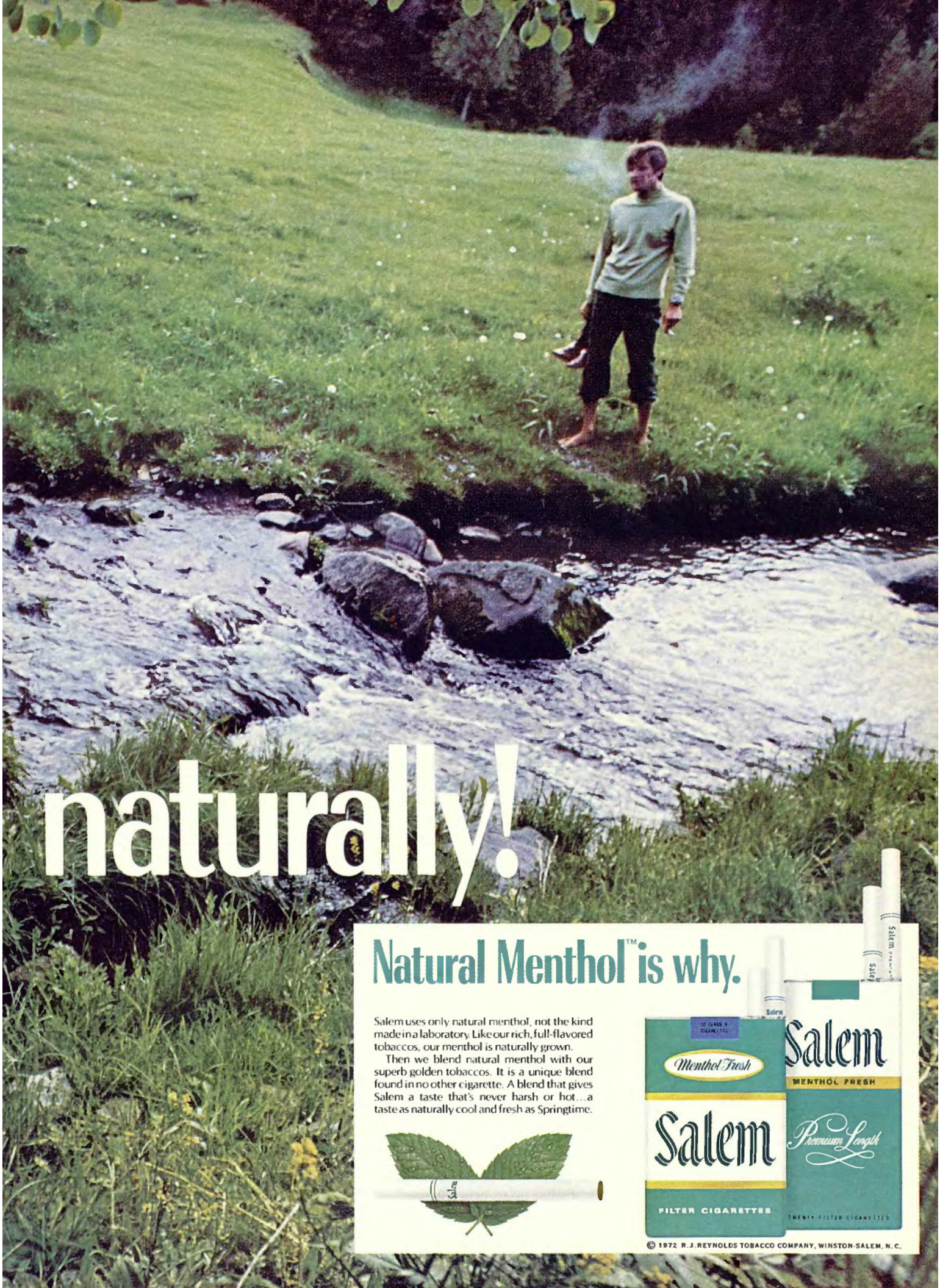
KING: 19 mg."tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, SUPER KING: 20 mg."tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR.'72.

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ghettos, or will he be content to suppress the ghettos? And certainly, one of the crucial problems facing this country, one of my dearest crusades, is the problem of Government secrecy. I fear that Nixon will choose to slam down even harder the iron curtain of secrecy around Government, rather than show a new-found respect for the people's right to know.

We've allowed the "secret" classification of documents to become a device by which those who govern us protect themselves. They don't set out deliberately to make blunders, but when they launch a program or a policy, they always have in mind that it could go astray. To protect themselves from that possibility, they classify what they're doing. Nixon is hardly the first President to hide behind that system, but he actually carried this notion of security to the lengths that he got a court injunction to shut down the presses to stop publication of the Pentagon papers. If he had gotten his way, the Pentagon papers would never have been published. When I printed portions of the top-secret India-Pakistan papers and handed out the entire transcripts to the press, I received a few "friendly" calls from my sources in the White House telling me to watch my step. Now, what kind of attitude is that in a democracy?

**PLAYBOY:** The Administration would argue that publication of the Pentagon papers and the India-Pakistan documents threatened national security.

**ANDERSON:** If classified documents mean what they say, the President is the worst security violator in the country. Because any time he has a policy that he wants to sell the public, any time he needs a little more cash out of Congress, he takes the most highly classified document and makes its contents public. If a document is secret one day and the President is announcing it the next, he is either a security violator or it shouldn't have been secret the day before. In fact, it was *never* secret; it was just censored until he chose to put it out. And he puts out only those portions of it that he sees as advantageous to himself.

In the India-Pakistan papers, he declared, for example, that he had adopted a pro-Pakistan policy because he had intelligence that the Indians intended to invade West Pakistan, and it was essential to deter Indian aggression. I saw the same documents that the President did. I know what information he got. He got a highly classified intelligence report warning that this *might* be India's intention. He released this part of the information. But he didn't release the rest of it, which went on to say that it wasn't likely that India would do this. It was unlikely because of the logistics of moving the Indian army from East Pakistan to West Pakistan; unlikely because the Indians had given assurances to the United States, the United Nations and the world at large that India had no territorial ambitions and would make no territorial claims. These reasons were spelled out. Did Nixon release the whole document? No. He omitted the bulk of the report, the most compelling parts of it. In other words, he misrepresented it. Now, is that security? Or is that censorship? I say it's censorship. Blatant censorship.

It shouldn't be hard to understand. Every government seeks to control the flow of information to its people. If it's a dictatorship, it does that by taking over the press. If it's a democracy, it can't officially do that. But the government in a democracy is no less determined than that of a dictatorship to control information, because that's how democratically elected leaders stay in power, too. But these democratically elected people can't control information at my level, because I have freedom of speech. And so do you. This isn't a special privilege for the press. Freedom of the press grants the right for every individual who feels the Government is oppressing him to write a pamphlet or a letter to the editor. This is a tradition we've had for some time in America. Freedom of the press gives us the privilege to disagree with the Government; but we can't do that effectively unless we possess the information to dispute what it tells us.

Presidents, of course, feel that what they do as President is their own private business, even to the extent that when they depart the White House, they pick up all their papers and take them with them. Lyndon Johnson did the most massive vacuuming of Government files known to man since Noah rescued the animals from the flood. All those files have been carted off to the Pedernales, although they were prepared at Government expense for the purpose of serving the public. Johnson thinks he owns them. He has physical possession of them. Well, I have to say that it's the *citizen* who owns those facts, and the citizen must have those facts. The citizen, taken collectively, is more important than the President. So who deserves this information? The President? Or the citizen, so he can perform his function on Election Day? Who has the greater right to it?

**PLAYBOY:** How much right would you grant the Government to maintain its secrecy? Isn't some secrecy necessary?

**ANDERSON:** Of course. For the protection of the citizen, some information must not be public. Certainly, it's in the interest of all of us that we have this strategic-disarmament agreement with Russia, and we could never have obtained that with open sessions. I recognize that, I accept it, I encourage it. But in a democracy, the citizen's right to know is paramount and drastic reforms are necessary to ensure his right to know, so I would shift the whole emphasis of Government secrets. Instead of having to go to court to prove that the public has the right to information, I would force the Government to prove that the public *doesn't* have the right to it. Since it's obvious that some negotiations must be conducted in secret, that battles must be planned in secret, that weapons must be developed in secret, that Presidents have the right to make policy in secret, I would say we should give the Government a maximum of two years after an event and then all documents concerning it must be made public. Then, if there are some among those documents that the Government feels could jeopardize national security, it must prove it to a citizens' commission.

I would also require that the commission be subject not at all to the Administration in power. It would listen to petitions from Government agencies, and if those agencies couldn't persuade the commission that classification should be extended, the document would automatically be made public. Let's say the President sold out in the SALT talks with the Russians. I have no reason to believe that he did, but let us say that he was so eager for political reasons to come back from Moscow and say to the American people, "Look, I'm bringing you peace in our time," that he made concessions that would be absolutely dangerous. If he had done that, then I think the citizen would have the right to know about what really happened in those closed sessions.

**PLAYBOY:** By that reasoning, anyone should feel entitled to leak the results of any negotiations. Surely the Government has a legitimate right to prevent that from happening.

**ANDERSON:** The Government can't be *trusted* with that right. It has forfeited that right by withholding too much from the public. If we had a Government that knew precisely what security was and withheld only legitimate security information, then I might be willing to go along with it. But I talk all the time to people who have access to secret information. I've been dealing with them for 25 years, and I know that 90 to 95 percent of the information that's classified is information that the American people are entitled to. Does this mean information might come out occasionally that could hurt the country? Yes, perhaps even in my column, though I try not to put out such information. But what newspaper story do you know, my friend, that cost 55,000 American lives? What newspaper story can you cite that cost 120 billion American dollars? I can tell you of some secret Government

*(continued on page 226)*

# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who moves with style—wherever he goes. Whether he's pursuing leisuretime pleasure with a pretty companion or negotiating an important business deal, his approach is usually the one that others follow. Fact: Over one half of all young men 18 to 34 in a professional or managerial position read PLAYBOY regularly—far more than read any other magazine. Want to spark a new style among today's top style-setter group? Spark it with PLAYBOY. (Source: *1972 Simmons.*)

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SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

# whatever happened to henry oates?

*beset by a mechanized world, he came to know the delicate nature of greed and manhood*

*fiction* **by hal bennett**

MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, Henry Oates felt unloved and that he was obsolete because he was old and black. As for being black, he was more truthfully a rather pleasant shade of very dark brown, depending upon whether he was seen in the light of day or night. As for being old, he was only 45; but he liked to say that he was 50 as a sort of psychological priming for the eventuality.

There were many things that he loved —large women's asses, the smell of chitterlings and red beans cooking on a winter morning, the onslaught of good whiskey on his groin that sent it thumping like a trip hammer before the effect subsided; but what he hated more than anything else in the world was machines. Aside from the fact that they were ugly and loveless, they were as prolific as rabbits, one machine spawning another in far less time than it takes to make a black baby. Since Henry Oates had no children of his own, at least none that he knew about, he felt surrounded by machinery that seemed bent on destroying him. Not just automation, but by the machinations of government and society as well. Sometimes he felt like a man standing on the last edge of an island that is being chewed away by steel-tipped waves.

Henry had been working with a roofing contractor, carrying bundles of tar paper to the tops of tall buildings. Balancing himself on the rickety ladder, he felt as graceful as a ballet dancer risking death in the middle of a dangerous pirouette. Invariably, a crowd gathered to watch his performance; and he thought they should have applauded the way he raced up and down the ladder like a lean young monkey, all balls and tail and intricate talent. When the weather permitted, he took off his shirt to show his magnificent torso. He wore clothing only as a concession to law, and he would have worked naked except for the same reason.

Then one day, the company paid him off with words of high praise and the promise of good references. The company had bought a machine, an elaborate conveyor belt, that could carry more stacks of tar paper to the tops of tall buildings in an hour than Henry could carry up in a week. So that night, Henry went looking for a whore to pound his anger out on. He found one waiting for him like a door mat in Joe's Tavern in Cousinsville, where he lived.

Her name was Lillie Dove, a fine brownskin who hung out in Joe's all the time. Henry had seen her before, but he'd never had the courage to approach her, although she seemed friendly enough. But now he had a week's pay in his pocket and a separation check for the same amount; and that gave him the heart he needed. "Lillie Dove, honey, I'm feeling low as a snake's belly. I'd like to buy you the best in the house."

Her eyes locked on his like bright black buttons. "How you know me?"

"I seen you around." He was fascinated by her butt. It was shaped like a broad shelf on which he could rest his elbow, his heart or his head.

"You the police, baby?"

"I ain't the police. Just a man with some money to spend."

"I seen you around, too," Lillie said. "You can spend your money on me."

He said, "Right on," although the expression sounded strange and meaningless to his ears. But he was trying to get down heavy with the lingo of this young generation, because it made him feel younger. Lillie Dove seemed at least half his age; but he could see that she had dyed her hair, too, so he figured that she was at least 30, although she didn't look it.

They sat in the booth at Joe's Tavern drinking Cutty Sark and talking about Burnside in Virginia, where they both came from. Lillie told Henry that she'd migrated North because she wanted to be rich.

"Who don't?" Henry said. "I guess that's the reason all of us come here, to make some money." He told her that he'd been born on a chicken farm in Burnside. "For a long time, I couldn't

even look at an egg after I grew up. But I got over that. I like them well enough now. Sometimes I eat half a dozen a day, when I can afford to."

In the back of his mind, he had the idea that eggs—any kind of eggs—were the black man's last defense against the encroachment of white technology. Still, that didn't explain why he ate so many eggs. The logical thing would be not to eat them and to let them hatch, if they would be effective in fighting machines. Although he didn't see how that could work.

"I don't like it here in the North," Henry said. "Someday, I'm going back to Burnside and buy me a small farm."

Lillie nodded. "I want to go back, too. The only problem is, there ain't no money there." She finished her drink. "Let's forget about Burnside and go to my place, baby. It's not far from here." Henry paid the tab and went with her to a hotel just up the street.

He was hung like a mule; but when it came time to make love to Lillie, Henry handled her so gently that she cried sweet tears underneath him: and he felt that wild, rich enlarging of the heart that happens to a man who falls in love for the first time. When it was over, they slept in each other's arms. When Henry woke up the next morning, Lillie was gone.

She had left a note for him, at least she had done that much. "I. O. U. $228. Baby, I'm sorry. But I'm going back to Burnside while I've got this chance. Thanks for loving me."

Henry felt stunned. It occurred to him that he might cry, but he was too old for that shit. He even thought about following Lillie to Burnside and stomping her black ass. But what good would that do? Besides, he didn't even have bus fare to Burnside; and nobody was going to pick up a black hitchhiker. Anyway, he was too much in love with Lillie to even think of stomping her. So he just lay in bed in the cheap hotel room and stared at the ceiling.

The window was open and Cousinsville had come to life all around him. It was summer, the weather as mellow as warm honey, and Henry wondered if Lillie Dove had escaped to Burnside to plant herself a garden. He often dreamed of growing things—indeed, the idea of growth was almost an obsession with him. Every time he saw a pregnant woman, what he wanted to do was to hug her; and sometimes he thought about biting them on their butts. But he wanted to bite a lot of women, pregnant or not; and he thought that had to do with the one part beast that all men have.

He wondered if Lillie Dove felt contempt for him because he had loved her so gently. Some women like to be torn apart; and Henry liked to give it to them rough when the beast in him was more active than usual. But with Lillie Dove, he had treated her as tenderly as though she had been a young baby working its way out into the wonderful world. . . .

Henry got up and washed himself. Then he dressed and went out into the hallway. Somebody had scrawled something on the wall: A HEN CANNOT LAY A GOOSE EGG. AMERIKA CANNOT GIVE JUSTICE TO THE PEOPLE. The whole thing offended Henry, especially the K in America. Furthermore, if he believed there was no justice here, he might as well give up right now. America and Lillie Dove had both screwed him, but he still loved them both. If he could hang on long enough, both of them would eventually give him what he needed.

But for now, he needed a job. He went out onto Barrow Street. On that summer morning, there was a lazy feeling about everything. It was cool now and people moved slowly, as though whatever business they had to do could certainly wait. Henry walked down Barrow Street to a chicken market, where he had seen a sign in the window for a man to work. He knew he would have to kill chickens, because he had asked one day just out of curiosity. He hated chickens, but he also hated the idea of killing anything. Still, he needed the job; it was a question of survival.

So Henry spent eight to ten hours a day killing, picking and cutting up chickens. Sometimes he found an egg forming in the body of a dead hen and he almost felt like a murderer, as though he had interfered with the life process in a way that would undeniably do him harm later on.

He had moved from his boardinghouse into the hotel room where he'd made love to Lillie, with the halfway notion that she might come back to him someday. The summer droned on. And then one day late in September, Henry went home to the hotel and found Lillie Dove waiting for him in bed.

"Hi," she said. She was naked, her sleek brown body glistening against the white sheet.

Henry's heart almost skidded to a standstill. "What's happening?" he said. He thought that sounded ridiculous, saying something like that to somebody who'd robbed you and split over three months ago. "I been waiting for you," he said.

"I know." She lay back, a lovely gleaming gold now where the sun stretched across her breasts and belly like a bright hand.

"What made you come back?"

She reached under the pillow and took out the check she'd stolen from him. "Nobody would cash it. I planted me a pretty garden with the cash I took from you. When that run out, I went to cash this check. But people said, 'Who is Henry Oates? We don't know no Henry Oates from down here.' "

"It's been a long time since I been there," Henry said, almost apologetically. Taking off his clothes, he almost didn't know who Henry Oates was, either. The nerve of her, coming back because she'd got broke! "I guess you want me to cash that check for you?" he said. She twined her arms around him and stuck half a yard of tongue down his throat. He took her, roughly, pouring so much tail into her that he thought for a minute that he might die. Lillie stood every bit of it and whined for more. Henry kept on until his back started hurting. Then he put on his clothes and went to the chicken market to cash the check.

A truck was unloading crates of chickens when he left with the money in his pocket. Just as he walked out of the store, a cable broke high up over his head on the truck and crates of chickens came squalling down on him. He had the distinct impression that he was dying under the weight and wounds of tons of chickens. Lord God! Would Lillie ever find out what happened to him?

• • •

It seemed now that he was floating in alcohol and ether inside a dark cage where birds with sharp beaks pecked at his brain until he felt like screaming. But something—some drug, perhaps, or the stable part of his consciousness—held him in perfect equilibrium between sleeping and waking, between pain and the certain joy that he was alive, though badly damaged.

He felt his head. It was bandaged and there were sore spots on his chest and cheeks. His body ached as though he'd been stomped by large feet. But his equipment still seemed to be in good shape, because he felt a warming there when he opened his eyes in a hospital room and looked at Lillie's big butt.

"What happened to me?" he said.

Lillie was filing her nails, standing by the window. "A truckload of chickens fell on you. What happened to that money you went to get?"

"It was in my pants pocket. Didn't they give it to you?"

She snorted. "They still got it. I ain't got no papers saying I deserve your money."

He felt giddy, almost happy, seeing her there. "You waited around for the money, then?"

"What else?" But when he had the nurse bring the money and he gave it to Lillie, she refused it. "Just hurry up and get well," she said. "I can always make money." He thought he heard a catch in her voice, but he didn't say anything.

She came to see him every one of the seven days he stayed in the hospital.

"Lillie."

"Yeah?"

"Why you come to see me every day?"

"Why not?"

*(continued on page 110)*

*"Gentlemen, the Pilgrim Fathers are ready to sail.*
*Now, let's pick some Pilgrim Mothers!"*

*drink* **BY THOMAS MARIO**

DESPITE FORMIDABLE filtration plants in the major cities, most tap water today is undistinguished, barely worthy of the chemical formula $H_2O$. Which presents a problem to those who don't wish to mix good whiskey with chlorine on the rocks, who like their rocks to be clear rather than cloudy and who enjoy their coffee strong and fresh rather than something akin to wormwood. The solution: bottled aqua—domestic and imported, sparkling and still—now offered at watering spots as divergent as supermarts, gourmet shops and health-food stores across the country.

From a purely hedonic standpoint, bottled waters are beautifully free from the offensive *(continued on page 188)*

# WATER?

***yes, water—a look at what's available to take the place of that blah-tasting stuff that comes out of your tap***

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT DYPOLD

# henry oates?

*(continued from page 106)*

"Doggone it, woman! Can't you ever give a straight answer?"

She jerked her head up and looked at him strangely. "I answered you straight. You crazy or something? I think all them chickens falling on your head made you crazy."

"I ain't fooling," he said helplessly. "I love you, Lillie Dove."

She patted him gently on his bandaged head. "Then that's why I come to see you, honey. Because you love me."

When he left the hospital, she was waiting downstairs to take him back to the room on Barrow Street. She stretched him out in the October sun and loved him gently all afternoon, because the doctor had told Henry to take it easy for a while. He felt enchanted, touched by the transforming magic of her thighs, her mouth. "Lillie . . . I love you, Lillie. . . ."

"I'm so glad you do," she said, turning the remark away from her, as she always did. Why couldn't she say "I love you" to him, even if she didn't mean it? But he decided not to ask her, because he was afraid that her answer—if she gave a straight answer for a change—might be fatal to whatever feeling he had for her.

"You make my heart do flip-flops," was all he dared say.

Lillie laughed merrily. "Man, I think you crazy."

"Why you keep telling me I'm crazy?"

"Because it's going to make us *rich*, honey!" She fell to her knees by the bed. "A friend of mine told me about a friend of hers. He got hit in the head the same way you did. He got rich off the insurance company by acting like he was crazy."

Henry hated the idea of pretending, all those doctors probing, trying to catch you in a trap. He told Lillie so and she got up and put on a faded robe that she sometimes wore around the room. "Have you figured up," she said quite bluntly, "what it costs to feed two people nowadays?"

He felt ashamed, although he knew she wasn't putting him down for living off her. "You know the insurance company owes me two thirds of my weekly pay," he said, "for every week I been out of work."

"Two thirds of nothing is nothing," Lillie said, with her nose in the air. "Henry, don't you act stupid now! You just think of the money we could be having! We could go down to Burnside and plant us fifty gardens! All you got to do is what I say."

"I don't like the way that sound." He felt naked and entirely vulnerable; and he pulled an edge of the sheet over his body.

"You think I like the work I'm doing?" Lillie went on. "And I have to work twice as hard now as I did before." She dealt with men; what she meant was that she had to make it with twice as many men as before. Plus him.

"Lillie, the doctor says I'll be able to go back to work in a week or two. I just don't like the idea of gypping anybody. . . ."

She turned on him in such a fury that he almost jumped, thinking she was going to hit him. "You ever think how much money that insurance company gyp people out of?" She scolded, threatened, pleaded; but what finally sold him on the idea was thinking about the men she was making it with just to keep him alive.

So, on his next visit to the doctor, Henry complained of headaches and recurring nightmares. The doctor was an orthopedist who'd sewn Henry's head back up. He sent Henry to a neurologist in Newark, who sent him to another doctor, where women pasted wires to his head and plugged him into a machine. There was no brain damage, they said. But Henry kept complaining. Lillie was constantly on him with advice. "You just act crazy when they ask you questions," she said.

The next doctor was a psychiatrist. "Sometimes I dream I'm a chicken," Henry told him. He wasn't lying; he had dreamed several times that he was a gigantic chicken falling from a truck onto his own head.

"What else?" the doctor asked.

"Somebody's out for my balls."

Writing on a clipboard, the psychiatrist cleared his throat. "Are you proud of your testicles?"

"Ain't you proud of yours?"

"Of course I am. It's just that yours seem to be an obsession with you. Tell me, why do you think somebody's out for your balls?"

Henry squirmed. Man, he didn't like this too tough. "There was this old woman when I was a little boy in Burnside. Everybody called her Aunt Keziah. People said she was a witch. One day, she caught me jacking off."

He was sweating, telling the complete truth.

"Go on," the doctor said. "What did Aunt Keziah do?"

"She put the juju on me," Henry said, the juju being a spell that only a more powerful witch could break. Henry had run away from Aunt Keziah and had lived in terror of her for years. Then he'd forgotten about Aunt Keziah, until those crates of chickens fell on him.

"What kind of spell did she put on you, Henry?"

He felt very uneasy. He wasn't pretending anymore. "I don't know. Some people said she could change people into frogs, birds, things like that."

"Did you ever see her change anybody?"

"Naw . . . *man* . . . you can't see a witch at work! She do her work behind your back!"

He was a little ashamed, revealing himself like that. But he hadn't been lying about Aunt Keziah. "Doc, what you think's wrong with me?"

The doctor got up and put away his clipboard. "Physically, you're in perfect shape. Emotionally, well, that's another matter. That blow on your head seemed to open up a whole area of childhood superstitions that you had suppressed all these years. Which is not to say I'm laughing at you; don't get me wrong. What you believe is as real to you as what I believe is real to me."

"You saying I'm sick, doc?" He dreaded the thought.

"Not sick, Henry. You're superstitious. And there's very little that modern science can do about that. What you really need is a witch from Burnside to cure you, somebody familiar with the customs and beliefs there."

Henry looked very suspicious. "You going to tell the insurance company that?"

The doctor laughed. "No, I'm not. I'm going to recommend that they treat the condition as permanent. They'll probably give you a large settlement for the accident."

When Henry told Lillie what the doctor had said, she was excited, but cautious. "We got to wait and see what the insurance company says," she warned him. She rocked Henry all night long, building up his desire and then leveling it off in long, delicious ejaculations. About a week after that, Henry got a letter from the insurance company; it said that he would be interviewed at home by one of its agents.

Now it was hard for Lillie to hide her excitement. "That means they're getting ready to make a settlement for sure," she said. "But they're not going to be as easy to fool as those doctors. Henry, we got to think of some way to convince them you're really crazy."

"I could pretend to be a hen." He said it jokingly and partly in disgust, because Lillie's greed had started to make him mad. But she pounced on the idea at once.

"That's *marvelous*, Henry! You sure can think tough when you want to! Quick, now, you run down to that chicken market. Get some straw and get yourself an egg, too. A brown one, of course. We're going to make you a nice *nest*!"

He just looked at her. She sounded like she was crazy. "Lillie, where you get that idea from? What kind of nest you talking about?" Although he knew. He was just stalling for time.

"Why you always play the fool,

*(continued on page 174)*

# Variation on a Vadim Theme

*the french film director turns still photographer to capture the child-woman delights of gwen welles, his current personal-professional interest*

*pictorial essay By Bruce Williamson* After prolonged exposure to Gwen Welles, it is necessary to redefine one's ideas about star quality, charisma and those mysterious attributes that transform seemingly ordinary little girls into luminous love goddesses.

Gwen is a worldly waif of 22 who stops traffic by pulling a toy turtle on a string through Le Drug Store in Paris, looking bigger but only slightly older than her shopping companion, a toddler named Vanessa, daughter

"Gwen's not sexy in the usual way, not especially voluptuous; certainly not like Sophia Loren. But she has a strangely erotic quality, like a child's eroticism."—Vadim on Welles

of Jane Fonda and Jane's estranged husband, French director Roger Vadim, the man Gwen has come to live with in France.

As a Hollywood starlet and former Hollywood brat, Gwen eased the tension of her first movie role—just a couple of years ago—by sucking a baby's pacifier between takes, on the advice of her shrink. She's a jet setter with eyes so blue and a smile so dazzling that a mere flutter of her lashes whisks 80 pounds of overweight luggage past a check-in clerk at Kennedy

**"Vadim understands me. But he's a French charmer, very dangerous and oh, so clever. That's how he gets women—and that's how he gets his movies made."—Welles on Vadim**

airport, though a security guard wants to know more about the suspicious object hung around her slender neck—looks like a plastic Teddy bear on a piece of colored cord. "That's my teething ring," Gwen informs him precisely.

And so it was—a farewell gift, before she emplaned to Paris for the late-spring premiere of her second movie, the French-language *Helle*, directed by Vadim and starring Gwen Welles in the title role as a beautiful, vulnerable deaf-mute who is physically corrupted but spiritually untouched by two city boys on vacation in the French Alps.

Having such a part created for her by Vadim might easily give a girl extravagant hopes. Since 1956, when *And God Created Woman* made a durable sex symbol of Vadim's first wife, Brigitte Bardot, the formidable Frenchman—despite his spotty track record as a serious director—has provided steppingstones to superstardom for some of the film world's most desirable women. The official list includes his second wife, Annette Stroyberg, who didn't quite make it to the top but gave Vadim a daughter, Nathalie; Catherine Deneuve, who bore him a son, Christian; and, of course, Jane Fonda, whose career took a sharp turn upward after her 1965 marriage to Vadim.

Gwen Welles belongs in this golden company by virtue of talents other than those that caught Vadim's perennially roving eye. Prior to *Helle*, Hollywood came awake to her unique and subtle charms entirely on the strength of her arresting screen debut in *A Safe Place*, Henry Jaglom's flop *d'estime* that starred Tuesday Weld and Orson Welles (no relation) and sent a good many critics home to sharpen their hatchets. A few, however, remembered Gwen for her brief appearance as a laughing-crying girl of the streets who movingly discusses some of the strangers she has met.

Mention Gwen's name to writer-director Jaglom, who plans to write a movie around her as soon as Hollywood's moneymen recover from the fiscal insecurity of flamboyant experiments such as *Safe Place*, and he asserts without equivocation: "She is the most important young person to come out of Hollywood today.

"Gwen can be a star of the first magnitude, because she is so totally free and honest, totally released. She is a new breed of actor. Rather than assume a character, she has this fantastic ability to *reveal* a character—her own. She knows how to feel pain and communicate it. If she is careful about working with people who can draw this material from her, she can do wonderful things—the screen test I made of her for *A Safe Place* has been shown by request to film people all over the world—but she can only do what is open and truthful. She articulates, or represents, her generation the way Jane Fonda represents mine. Yet she's the antithesis of Jane, who is very outgoing. Gwen is focused inward, a complete child. It's a change for Vadim, but of course Gwen is a very *clever* child, who may finally be more difficult than he realizes. Wait'll you see the two of them together, like kids in a playpen."

For all his enthusiasm, Jaglom—donor of the teething ring—understated the initial impact of Gwen herself. Wearing a crimson skinny-knit top with blue corduroy coveralls, her auburn hair carelessly wind-blown, she got off to Paris with two huge suitcases, a bulging carry-on, a cassette recorder and books on several of the subjects she is currently into—Sufi, Gurdjieff, Kundalini yoga, as well as Shirley MacLaine's *Don't Fall off the Mountain* and something called *The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin*.

Hours before the 747 touched down at Orly, Gwen's own life was an open book and she riffled its pages at random. Her early years were dismissed with a shrug. A Hollywood child's garden of vices, standard version. Divorced parents. Moved to the Coast with her mother, dress designer Rebecca Welles, who became extremely successful and remarried. Always a problem, Gwen was sent back to an expensive Eastern school for overprivileged *enfants terribles*, and detested it. She ended up in a California hospital, where she was supposed to be having a nervous breakdown, and had the time of her life instead. And does she ever regret her unconventional upbringing? Hardly ever. "My mother is *far* out. Yesterday on the phone, she told me she is hallucinating designs for her new collection. I mean, hallucinating straight . . . the whole collection . . . she's not *on* anything. She makes a lot of money; she's the only dress designer in Hollywood who's doing so well."

Frankly success oriented since she began to study acting several years ago, Gwen has given up acid trips and the aimless drifting with movie-colony kids she used to enjoy. Her friends today are people like Jack Nicholson ("He makes me feel better than anyone I've ever met") and his constant companion, Michelle Phillips. Or Jaglom. Or Vadim. "Now I get high on my own. I love life, I'm happy, and Vadim has a lot to do with it. I think Vadim is my best friend, even though he's a monster sometimes." That last a reference to her long-distance quarrels with him back in California, when he had phoned nearly every day to postpone her departure because Jane and Vanessa were lingering in Paris while Jane wrapped up a movie with Jean-Luc Godard.

"I understand," Gwen admitted, mischievously nibbling her plastic bear. "He didn't want both of us in Paris at the same time. I like Jane. I think she and Ellen Burstyn are the best actresses in America. I'm also in favor of women's liberation, but those screaming revolutionaries turn me off. You can't tell people what to do in a hysterical manner, and you can't demand that someone respect you. Respect is *earned*. Women do have to get themselves together, though it's a much subtler problem than anyone has begun to talk about so far. It's got to be something other than this emotional shell shock we are all in. Mainly, women must be taught that they have a choice. Being dependent on Vadim, for example, is *my* choice. Anything you do with your life is OK, if it's what you want and you're not doing it simply because you've been conditioned that way. Even if you're emotionally or financially dependent on someone—a man—and you know what it's going to cost, then you can *choose*."

As Gwen chattered on, preternaturally hip in many respects, flares of shrewd self-knowledge penetrated the innocent-child disguise and Jaglom's glowing assessment of her began to make sense. At the same time, she was behaving like a spoiled, restless teenager—refusing to order dinner, then sampling meat and salad from the handiest plate, insisting she abhorred alcohol, then sipping champagne until the supply ran out. According to Gwen, eating, drinking and sex are pleasures of secondary importance to her. "Sensory gratification is a down for higher-consciousness types," she declared, gazing raptly at a fat passenger asleep across the aisle. "Look, that man is totally o.d.ed on food." She asked for a headset to catch the in-flight movie but tuned out *Minnie and Moskowitz* while the opening credits were still on. "Did this movie do well?" she asked. "I don't like Cassavetes." She dropped Shirley MacLaine's book after several pages and pronounced it dull. By the time dawn broke, some 36,000 feet above the eastern Atlantic, she had slept less than a half hour and was sitting alone on a settee in the first-class lounge—in lotus position, eyes shut, all that mercurial nervous energy suddenly and beautifully still.

Gwen's arrival at Orly was something else. Mirror in hand, touching up her lipstick, she decided there was a lot she would like to change in her looks. She looked fabulous, but semidesperate, as if secretly hopeful that one of the passengers stirring in the aisles might pull a bomb out of his raincoat and order the pilot to fly to Beirut. "I *can't* get off this plane and face Vadim. I'm terrified. We haven't seen each other for four months. I hope he didn't come to the airport."

As a matter of fact, he wasn't able to, and an hour later Gwen was deposited

*(continued on page 242)*

# YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK LOUDER— I HAVE SAND IN MY EARS

*article* By DAVID STEVENS

*how a motley band of masochists fought its way across west africa in search of indoor plumbing*

THE FAT MAN *in the battered fez pales slightly under his mahogany tan and leans toward me, revealing watermelon-sized sweat stains spreading down from the armpits of his rumpled white-linen suit. "Be careful, monsieur," he whispers, nodding his head toward the corner table. "The big legionnaire, he is very mean when he is drunk——"*

"Oui, *my friend," I interrupt loudly, looking up from my plate of skewered camels' eyes, "and he is ugly like the pig, and unless he apologizes to the lady. . . ." The glass of* pastis *misses the brim of my pith helmet by an inch, catching the Arab at the next table full in the face. Without thinking, I instinctively pirouette to the T-position fighting stance that François, my childhood* savate *teacher, has so patiently drilled into my stubborn head. The big legionnaire is coming at me, bellowing like a gut-shot rhino.*

"Adieu, mon ami," *I laugh as I nimbly plant the balls of my flashing feet squarely in his barrel chest and send him crashing to the tile floor. "*Dormez bien!" *His two companions disappear into the night.*

*Nonchalantly stooping to dust off my canvas puttees, I feel a gentle hand touch my shoulder and I turn just in time to feel the crush of Karina's jasmine-scented lips. Aly certainly knew his women as well as his horses.*

*Overhead, the paddle-bladed ceiling fans continue* (continued on page 178)



ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN LINN

Old
WHISKEY

IT SEEMED LIKE a good idea at the time. Hubert Humphrey was running for President, of course, and he was flying from Washington, D.C., to Youngstown, Ohio, to speak to the national convention of the College Young Democrats. There were going to be a lot of empty seats on the chartered 737 . . . and there were going to be 25,000,000 Americans between the ages of 18 and 24 eligible to cast their first Presidential votes in 1972 . . . and more than 6,000,000 of those young voters were college students. . . . *Well.* One of Humphrey's "youth advisors," 24-year-old Mike Grimes, got the idea: Invite some college-newspaper reporters to fly along, chat with the candidate, have a few laughs, just like the big guys from *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, then. . . .

Then the nine college reporters wrote their stories. Here are a couple of excerpts. Mark Nadler, in George Washington University's *The Hatchet*:

> The trip to Ohio, as I recall, was a continuous succession of offers of booze. . . . After the speech, Humphrey met in private rooms with local politicos. I was surprised to find the private conferences exactly what I had expected: cigar-smoking local big shots thumping Humphrey on the chest and back, telling him he was "a good old boy," "a damn good Vice-President," "one hell of a fighter." . . . As we tried to follow Humphrey to these meetings, we were assured by press aides that it was hot and crowded out in the corridor, and why didn't we just wait for the Senator in his private suite. We were ushered into a plushly carpeted room where the stewardesses were serving more drinks. One young campaign aide, dressed in a loud checkered sports jacket and puffing on an obscene cigar, told us the stewardesses were "good kids," adding with a smirk and the jab of an elbow that "at night they become part of the family." . . . Back on the plane, Humphrey spent the 45-minute flight answering our questions. . . . When I asked him about the moral obligation of a Vice-President to voice his opposition to potentially disastrous policies, Humphrey, to put it bluntly, got pissed.

Jeff Rodack wrote in *The Eagle* of American University:

> I asked him whether or not he felt killing was morally wrong, and somehow I knew he would never smile again that night. Obviously surprised more than angered, Humphrey told this reporter that it was easy enough for me to say, but how would I have talked back in 1964? No one had the heart to tell him he was Vice-President until 1968. . . . Humphrey was still talking when the plane started to descend, but no one was listening anymore.

"They act like a goddamned bunch of kids!" an older Humphrey advisor said later. So they do, but each of their votes will count as much as Muriel Humphrey's on November seventh and they, millions of them, confused the hell out of most American politicians. The old pros sounded like so many housewives wondering what to do with the kids. And the big guys of the press seemed just as confused, judging by three headlines from *The New York Times* during one five-month period: "EXPERTS FORESEE LITTLE IMPACT FROM 18-YEAR-OLD VOTING"; "IMPACT OF YOUTH VOTE IN 1972 IS UNCLEAR"; "YOUNG VOTERS MAY CHANGE MAKE-UP OF CONGRESS IN '72."

But lack of knowledge has never deterred the American politician. The pros started hustling the kids before the ink was dry on the 26th Amendment. In California, they formed "Newlyweds for Nixon" and in New York, there were "Stewardesses for Lindsay." In a city-council election in Boulder, Colorado, a slate of candidates tried to smoke out young voters with slogans like "Register to Vote / Someday Soon the Jurors May Begin to Look More Like You"—and then printed the slate's advertising on cigarette papers. Frontlash, a nonpartisan youth-registration project sponsored mainly by labor unions, went after high school voters with an eight-minute film titled *Tellin' the World* showing a lot of Frisbee throwing while musicians pounded out a hip civics lesson:

> *You wish that they would leave you be, / To ramble and to roam, / To do with your life what you'd like to do. . . .*
>
> *But sooner or later the world moves in, / And gives you a shove or a kick in the shin, / And asks you, "Brother, who the hell are you?" . . .*
>
> *They can send you to war with deep regret / And give you a number you'll never forget. . . .*
>
> *There is a way to say Yes or No. / There is a way to let everyone know. / . . . I'll vote you in, I'll vote you out. / . . . And every time I make those levers slam—wham! / I'm telling the world—I'm the Great I AM!*

Most of the Presidential candidates (remember, we started with more than a dozen) hired youth advisors or coordinators. Even Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, a devotee of Scammon and Wattenberg's "unyoung, unpoor, unblack electorate" theories, had his version of a youth coordinator. This turned out to be a 37-year-old "kid" named Jerry ("Big Daddy") Gereau, who was national coordinator of interest groups. It may have been on Big Daddy's advice that Jackson said at Florida State University: "I'm not going to tell you I think you are the best student generation we have ever produced, because I don't think you are."

Jackson thought he could win by running *against* youth, or at least against shaggy, noisy students. That theory may have some validity. But the number of young people is just too great for any serious American politician to side with Scammon and Wattenberg. Characteristically, Nixon has covered his bets by investing more than a million good Republican dollars in massive polling and organization among young people.

There are over 6,000,000 in college and over 18,000,000 "invisible youth" who are, in fact, quite visible if you ever get into a gas station, an Army base or a bowling alley. It has turned out that the apathy of young America was exaggerated. They have *(continued on page 122)*

# HUSTLING THE YOUTH VOTE

*article* **By RICHARD REEVES**

*psychedelic posters, free rock concerts and stewardesses pumping 100-proof whiskey into college reporters may have been good for a few laughs, but 25,000,000 new voters are still wondering which lever to pull*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BART HARRIS

*"I told him my heart wasn't in it, but he settled for the rest."*

Vargas

# YOUTH VOTE *(continued from page 119)*

registered to vote in steadily increasing numbers—significantly higher than the 40 percent that was predicted when the 26th Amendment was passed in 1971. Only an estimated 26 percent of American women voted in 1920 after they were enfranchised, and one can only imagine what the over-24 registration would be if every single "old" voter had to start from scratch and go through the red tape of reregistering at the courthouse. (In Champaign-Urbana, registrars trying to discourage potential young voters from the University of Illinois asked them whether they intended to be buried within the city limits.)

The fact that, according to a pokesman for The Student Vote, 65 percent of the 25,000,000 new voters will have registered by now is in part due to McGovern's enlightened self-interest. The Democratic candidate recognized early that his chances in both the primaries and the November election might be directly proportional to the number of kids who got to county courthouses and polling places, particularly courthouses and polling places near universities. There might be no McGovern campaign if it weren't for two sets of working papers prepared by his youth advisors from two generations—Edward O'Donnell, Jr., a 23-year-old former student at Harvard Divinity School who in December 1970 became the fifth full-time member of the McGovern campaign staff, working under the title national youth coordinator; and Frederick Dutton, a 49-year-old Democratic lawyer and author and regent of the University of California who became the candidate's traveling companion in April.

O'Donnell, an intense product of Wilmington, Delaware, and Colgate University, who is already on a bland diet, prepared the first McGovern youth-organizer manuals in a cluttered little cubicle on the Harvard campus. His advice, crammed into 60 pages distributed on more than 1000 campuses, was both specific and pointed. A couple of samples: "Go around to classrooms the night before your drive begins and write 'Register Now—for George McGovern Next Year' or similar slogans on all the blackboards. . . . Emphasize in all dealings with the election board that you plan across-the-board youth-voter registration, that you will not turn down non–McGovern supporters who wish to register. (This does not prevent you from concentrating on supporters in your follow-up efforts.)"

Dutton's contribution was a four-page, single-spaced memo titled "The Determining Margin of Difference," which McGovern approved last June.

"An immediate blueprint should be drawn up," the memo began, "for the biggest registration drive in the history of American politics. . . . The goal should be to register and later get to the polls at least 75 percent (80 percent is not beyond reach) of the over 25,000,000 young people who could vote in their first Presidential election this year. . . . That would completely change the ball game and even the ball park of this year's general election campaign.

"McGovern should receive close to three fourths of all the first-time votes, according to samplings thus far. But even if he gets only 70 percent, to be conservative here, that would gain him 13,000,000 votes, compared with 5,000,000 for Nixon. . . . Target: over 50,000 young workers for this project."

Dutton, however, may have taken too much for granted. The McGovern people have consistently confused their elitist youth constituency—college students—with youth itself. There were damn few gas-station attendants on the floor of the Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach. In fact, when you saw young McGovern delegates there, you usually began the conversation by asking, "How's your father?" Men like John Kenneth Galbraith and Robert Bernstein, the president of Random House, had sons there as youth delegates. The McGovern young smelled suspiciously like the new establishment—they were part of a convention at which a stunning 45 percent of the McGovern delegates had had some postgraduate education.

"The McGovern people had quite a surprise when they started registering young people after the convention," said Charlotte Roe, one of the founders of Frontlash. "Their people were already registered—maybe 80 percent of the college kids registered in the primary states, but only something like 40 percent of the noncollege youth did—and McGovern found out that many of these other young people resented the college activists and were leaning toward Richard Nixon."

The disillusioned McGovern troops tried to compensate by quietly concentrating on nice suburbs in places like New Jersey; but organizations like Frontlash insisted on going their merry way into Italian, Irish and black neighborhoods. The independence of labor-financed registration drives, of course, has not been completely separate from many union leaders' distaste for McGovern.

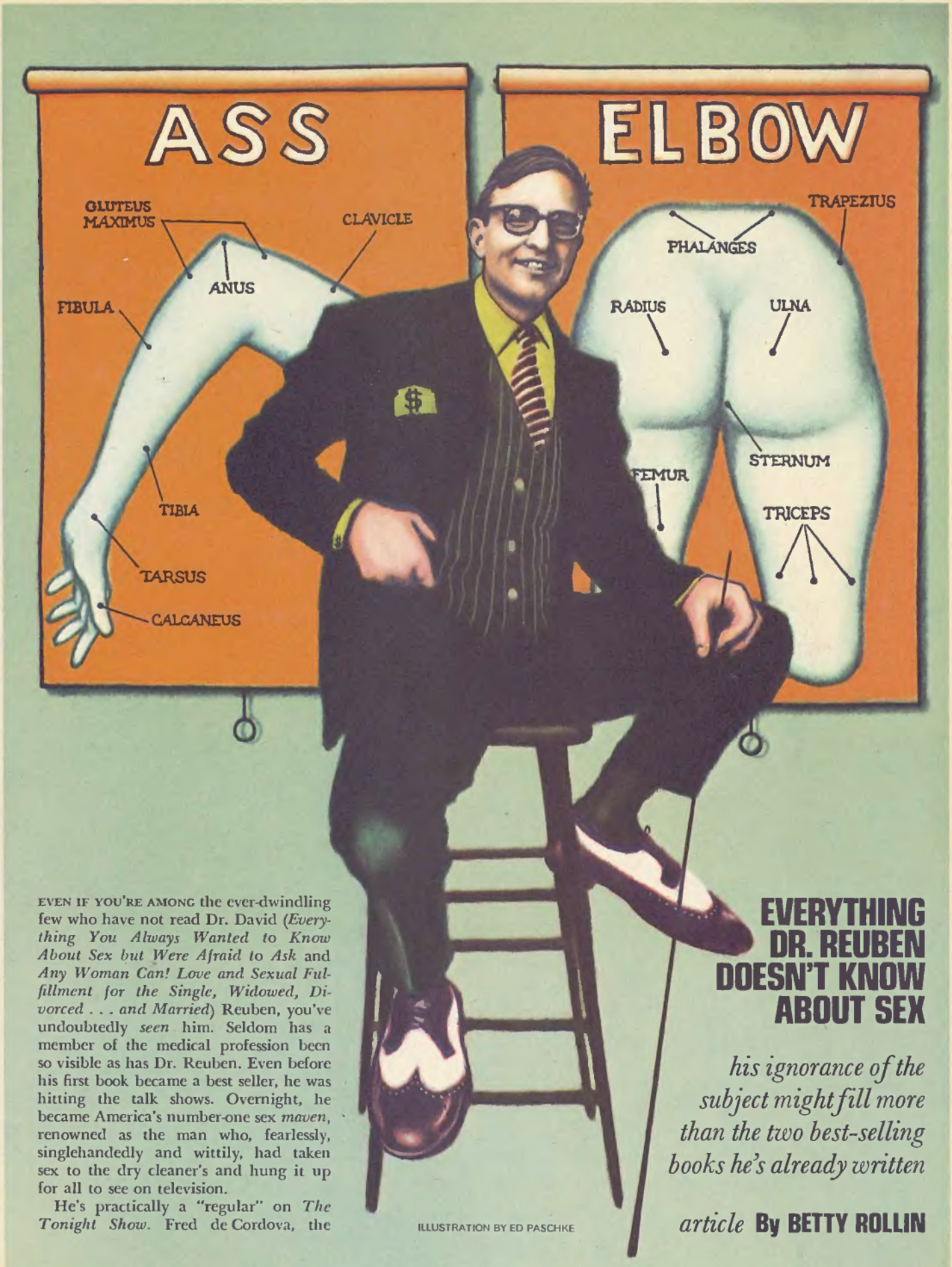
The Republicans were quick to spot the weakness in the Democrats' claims to be the party of youth—and the G. O. P. writes memos, too. One of the first was sent to the White House on December 14, 1970, by David Keene, a 26-year-old deputy assistant to Vice-President Agnew. Keene mixed guarded optimism with warnings about going after young people:

> Young people will split in roughly the same ways as their elders . . . [but] they are more likely than their elders to look for change for change's sake, a fact that favors challengers over incumbents. . . .
>
> Students, regardless of their persuasion, do feel we have written them off. We can be just as hard on the radicals and the violent few as we have been, so long as we demonstrate an interest in the opinions of the legitimately concerned. . . . The Kennedy and Johnson administrations went out of their way to speak to students. Today, by contrast, few Administration spokesmen appear on campuses. This is an area that needs development. . . . The Republican philosophy is more salable than many of us imagine.
>
> That two thirds of the 18–21-year-old bloc that is not in school will be hard, but not impossible to reach. . . . Indeed, they resent student radicalism more deeply than any other segment of our society. Outright appeals to dissidents on the campus could lose support from this group. . . . The point here is that a special appeal to younger workers unaccustomed to voting a straight Democratic ticket could pay real dividends in 1972. I would think that special organizational work might be done among these people at the local level.

There is more similarity than meets the eye in the McGovern and Nixon youth campaigns. Both are built around the idea of getting friendly young people involved in the campaign itself. Kenneth Rietz, the 30-year-old director of Nixon's youth division, may be a former public-relations man who specialized in making Wisconsin paper manufacturers look good, but his basic quotation is indistinguishable from that of O'Donnell: "What we're really trying to do is contact 25,000,000 individuals and try to persuade them to work for or at least vote for President Nixon. You'd be surprised how effective it is to ask people to take an active role in the campaign. The key is to start with three or four people and ask each of them to get three or four more."

It's a pyramid club—and the McGovern operation is basically the same thing. Of course, the two clubs tend to look for members in different places. Rietz pointed to San Diego and Orlando, Florida, as typical of his target areas, while the banner McGovern target was Madison, Wisconsin, home of the left-looking University of Wisconsin. The paths of the parties occasionally cross, at places like the University of Arizona at Tucson, where Julie Ferdon, a Democratic registration coordinator, said:

*(continued on page 204)*




# EVERYTHING DR. REUBEN DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT SEX

*his ignorance of the subject might fill more than the two best-selling books he's already written*

*article* **By BETTY ROLLIN**

EVEN IF YOU'RE AMONG the ever-dwindling few who have not read Dr. David (*Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask* and *Any Woman Can! Love and Sexual Fulfillment for the Single, Widowed, Divorced . . . and Married*) Reuben, you've undoubtedly *seen* him. Seldom has a member of the medical profession been so visible as has Dr. Reuben. Even before his first book became a best seller, he was hitting the talk shows. Overnight, he became America's number-one sex *maven*, renowned as the man who, fearlessly, singlehandedly and wittily, had taken sex to the dry cleaner's and hung it up for all to see on television.

He's practically a "regular" on *The Tonight Show*. Fred de Cordova, the

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

show's producer, tells why: "He's—uh—explicit, without being—uh—explicit . . . I mean, pornographic." But there's more to it than that, much more. As he springs forth onto *The Tonight Show* stage, Reuben is not only a perfect guest but a mother's dream. Boyish but dignified in his nice blue suit, he's lean, he wears glasses, he's courteous beyond belief, he's cheery and friendly (but never intimate). He says masturbation without flinching. Best of all, even when he talks about sex, he is sublimely unsexy. He is, in fact, downright ministerial, though not stuffily so. Rather, he is like one of those ministers in shirt sleeves who get right down there with the ordinary people. But somehow, you never forget he's the minister. Or the bishop.

"I guess Dr. Reuben is in charge of our national sex life," joked Merv Griffin one night on his show. But you could tell he was awed by the doctor's presence. Reuben began his number on that particular evening as he usually does, brightly, efficiently, working in the title of his book as soon as decently possible, treating the other guests (including Deborah Kerr and her husband, Peter Viertel) with the kind of almost overdone courtesy the great bestow upon the lowly. And suddenly something became apparent: He was calling all of them by their first names and they were all calling him *Dr. Reuben*.

Johnny Carson, too, speaks to Reuben in tones of hushed reverence. And Reuben is the benevolent king. "Of course, you're *right* about that, Johnny," he says reassuringly before going on to give the Real Answer.

But it is one thing to confer "right" on a talk-show emcee, which is like patting a loyal subject on the head, and another to pay homage to a colleague. Both in his books and on TV, Reuben usually fails to give credit for or to acknowledge the research of anyone else in his league. In fact, not only does he frequently *misuse* the research of others, he has clearly done no formal research of his own. But does anybody care? Here is the clean, cheery, dimpled little fellow who, if you turned the sound off, you might think were giving a talk on ornithology, not *screwing*. To hear him carry on about what a fine thing jerking off is, you'd think it were a new kind of self-improvement—something to do in your spare time, like stamp collecting. Once on *The Tonight Show*, the doctor was discussing masturbatory guilt and David Steinberg said, "The reason I feel guilty about it is I'm so bad at it!" Everybody broke up, of course. And maybe that's because nowadays, people are hung up about sex, not only because they think it's dirty but also because they feel so pressured to do it right. It's as if, in a kind of pathetic attempt to move away from the puritanical ethic of having a bad time, they'd bypassed having a good time and, instead, moved into having a "right" time. So, very likely, what has given Reuben the green light to sell his wares on TV is not only his pithy charm but also his emphasis on self-improvement. And Reuben's ministerial pose has given shows like *The Tonight Show* an almost public-service ring. So what do they care if it isn't only sex he's selling but sex courtesy of Reuben? What do they care if he plugs his book a lot? Besides, in addition to selling self-improvement sex, Reuben makes snappy little jokes; he even did a number on *The Flip Wilson Show* last year.

But, you may ask, why the sarcasm? Isn't Reuben getting sex talked about on TV? Aren't people buying his book who might not otherwise read or learn about sex? They certainly are, and that's precisely the trouble. Reuben, for all his winning ways, turns out to be like a messenger who brings news of a party—only he's got the wrong address and the wrong date. Look at these notations made by several distinguished sex researchers in the margins of the paperback edition of *E. Y. A. W. T. K. A. S. B. W. A. T. A.* (numbers refer to the page in the book):

5 Hogwash.
6 Pushes comparisons. Poor psychology.
7 Whose statistics?
8 Medically unsound.
9 Hogwash. Absolutely no info. available.
13 Wow! Old concept of premature ejaculation.
24 This guy is dangerous.
30 Not anatomically sound.
42 He can't even steal effectively.
43 Wrong.
45 This is pure fantasy. Junk.
48 Wrong.
64 Wish this were true. Absolutely no such statistics available.
65 Doesn't happen.
84 This is medical fantasy.

At last count, there were about 100 errors of one kind or another in *Everything*. With the exception of medical journals, few of these errors were noted in reviews of the book, which, of course, were mostly written by laymen. For example, the *Life* review—a rave—which really got the book going, concentrated almost solely on Reuben's captivating style and never questioned the information.

The errors, it turns out, range from mere exaggerations and bogus facts (e.g., "About 70 to 80 percent of Americans engage in simultaneous cunnilingus and fellatio." "That's interesting," said one sex researcher. "There are no statistics on the subject. How does he know?") to faulty information of a much more serious —even dangerous—nature (e.g., his now-famous suggestion that ladies use Coca-Cola for what he calls "the best douche available." "Such a procedure," writes Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins University, "might lead to salpingitis, peritonitis or even gas embolism, causing death.").

Reuben's second superseller, *Any Woman Can*, is laced with another kind of fallacy. Whereas the errors in *Everything* are of a factual nature, *Any Woman* presents a more slippery kind of inaccuracy. His second book is, simply, psychologically and sociologically unsound. "This book contains the most misleading advice I've ever seen," says Dr. William Simon, Chicago sociologist and former research associate of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University.

*"You really are a prodigy, Wolfgang—and I hear you can play the piano, too!"*

"Overall," says Dr. Money, "we judge his knowledge of anatomy and physiology to be less than rudimentary, his knowledge of psychiatry to be superficial, his knowledge of social psychology to be nonexistent and his scholarship unforgivably sloppy."

Probably one of the most constant and telling factors in Reuben's work is his almost total omission of sources. In a book meant for public consumption, it is sensible not to overload the pages with reference notes. But, surely, back-of-the-book notes would not have interfered with the doctor's prose. Furthermore, no *statement* of sources does not mean no *use* of sources. Reuben frequently avails himself of the material found by others —particularly by Masters and Johnson, to whom he gives not even passing credit. Worse, he misquotes much of their work and, worse yet, when he does allude to the pair of sex researchers, he refers to them as "experts in sex, who . . . solemnly receive dozens of forlorn couples who . . . must swallow their pride and submit to a series of copulation lessons. . . . No grades are given but presumably there is a final exam."

Compare this with Nat Lehrman's description in *Masters and Johnson Explained* of what actually goes on: "The couple is encouraged to talk about their mistakes during the practice sessions —laughingly, if possible. This is to emphasize the fact that there are no grades given for 'good' performance, nor failing marks for 'poor' ones. . . . Not only does the foundation never demand performance, but it actually forbids intercourse during the initial days of therapy."

*Everything* is packed with misinterpretations of anatomical facts, according to the findings of Masters and Johnson.

Reuben: "After the penis is . . . within the vagina . . . the woman can . . . by using muscle groups . . . stroke the penis from tip to base."

Masters and Johnson research indicates that this is essentially impossible for most women.

Reuben on masturbation: "Gentle stroking of the pubic area . . . initiates erection of the clitoris."

Masters and Johnson findings: "The clitoris does not erect under direct or indirect forms of stimulation. This is a well-established fable usually used in pornography."

Reuben: "All sexual feeling begins and ends in the clitoris."

Although it is now common knowledge that the clitoris is more sensitive than the vagina in the female, it is not correct that all sexual feeling begins and ends there.

Reuben's data on the female orgasm is particularly out of sync with Masters and Johnson's findings.

Reuben: "Erection of the nipples always follows orgasm in the female. . . . It is an accurate mammary lie detector for those who insist on the truth."

Masters and Johnson: "Erection of the nipples does not always occur after orgasm. Women with inverted nipples, for instance, rarely have nipple erection, and innumerable women have erection of the nipples without orgasm."

Reuben: "If carefully observed, as they have been during laboratory studies of sex, every woman who has an orgasm during breast self-stimulation is also doing a little thigh rubbing."

Yet, according to the people who were in the Masters and Johnson laboratory, "those individuals achieved orgasm by stimulation of the breast alone."

Reuben: "Since the precise moment of orgasm usually brings on a lapse of consciousness, neither man nor woman is able to enjoy the orgasm of their partner."

Although sex research shouldn't be required to tell us so, it does, indeed, confirm that most men and women do *not* lose consciousness during orgasm.

Reuben: " 'Enjoying' sex without orgasm is about as satisfying as 'enjoying' a nice dinner without being able to swallow it."

There is no doubt that many women can and do enjoy sex without reaching orgasm. All Reuben would have to do is interview some. Which brings up another point. He not only misuses the research of others but, except for his soap-operatic interviewees, he has clearly done no formal research of his own.

*Everything* abounds with bold medical errors. "Cancer of the penis occurs only among uncircumcised men," he says, which is not true. Or, "Regular and frequent intercourse for the first six weeks after hymenotomy is essential to obliterate the remnants of the hymen and allow the vagina to heal satisfactorily."

"Gross nonsense," says a New York gynecologist.

Reuben has a great deal of fun describing an instance in which the male penis is "caught" in the vagina—"I felt like I was caught in a bear trap!" exclaims his patient, "Gene."

Such stories sporadically appeared in medical literature in the 18th and 19th centuries, "but on examination, virtually all the references turn out to be secondhand. Nobody has actually observed this phenomenon," says one sexologist. "There hasn't been any modern report of *penis captivis*."

Reuben's statement that there is always bleeding when the hymen breaks is untrue. "Innumerable women have gone through initial coital experience," says Dr. Masters, "without overt evidence of bleeding." So it becomes increasingly clear that one reason for Reuben's omission of sources is that there often aren't any. And when there *are* sources, perhaps he does not cite them because in doing so, he might seem less like an inventor than like a messenger. And messengers don't get on *The Tonight Show*.

Sex researchers generally agree that Reuben is at his ignorant and irresponsible best in his chapters on prostitution and homosexuality. Dr. Judd Marmor, UCLA psychiatry professor and member of the National Institute of Mental Health Task Force on Homosexuality, commented on the latter: "This is really offensive. Reuben is contemptuous, derogating, snide. He shows all of the petty prejudices of an ignorant layman. He is badly informed; his knowledge of homosexuals is largely anecdotal. He tries to cover up his ignorance with glibness. There is a shocking failure to make distinctions between types of homosexuals. [Reuben gives the impression that most homosexuals wear dresses, or want to.] He obviously has no knowledge whatsoever of the majority of homosexuals." Dr. Money agrees: "Dr. Reuben's knowledge of homosexuality is not only naïve but astonishingly limited. He repeats old shibboleths about homosexuality, including the one that it is a 'disease' which can be cured only with psychoanalysis. In the face of contrary evidence, he falsely asserts that *all* male homosexual prostitutes play both introceptive (insertee) and extroceptive (inserter) roles; that homosexuals, as a class, are more promiscuous than heterosexuals; and that their sex life is unsatisfying."

Reuben: "Homosexuality has dozens of variations but they all have this in common: The primary interest is the penis, not the person," and "Homosexuals live together. Yes. Happily? Hardly." Hogwash.

On prostitution, here is Reuben versus Dr. Bruce Jackson, New York State University professor and author, who has studied and interviewed scores of prostitutes in connection with a forthcoming book on the underworld:

Reuben: "The activity men most often seek from professional prostitutes is fellatio."

Jackson: "I wouldn't say so, since it costs more."

Reuben: "The next most popular activity with the gents is cunnilingus."

Jackson: "I don't believe that. Most just fuck."



*(continued on page 130)*

# bedtime story

## the art of dressing up before sacking out

attire
by robert l. green

Everyone knows what most guys wear to bed at night. But before slipping under the covers, pull, button or tie on one of these handsome lounging outfits. They may not be as comfortable as your birthday suit, but on a chilly November evening, they're worth their weight in warmth—not to mention admiring glances. Right: Embroidered cotton velour maxishirt with contrasting trim, side vents, button placket front and cuffs and an inverted center pleat in back, by Pier Mellara for Private Wear, $45.

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Far left: Woven houndstooth cashmere shirt-style lounge coat with button front, flap patch pockets and side vents, by Oscar de la Renta for After Six per special order, $185. Left: Floral-print cotton velvet wrap jacket with self-belt and silk-palyester lining, $150, worn with matching silk-polyester pojama pants, $20, both by Alexander Shields. Right: Geometric-brocade satin-acetate and rayon long-length smoking jocket with wide shawl lapels, tosseled belt and full lining, by Amperzand for Jizz, $100.

# DR. REUBEN

*(continued from page 126)*

Reuben: "The average callgirl turns about 15 to 20 tricks a night."

Jackson: "How could she? She has to have time to take a shower, move around. A more likely average is one to four."

Reuben: "One or even two abortions a year are not unusual for the average prostitute."

Jackson: "Hasn't he heard of the pill?"

Reuben: "All prostitutes have at least one thing in common—they hate men."

Jackson: "Many do, but not all. Also, they differentiate between men and 'tricks.' "

Reuben: "The majority of prostitutes are female homosexuals."

Jackson: "I have never seen anything to support this. It's part of the folklore of square sociologists. This is, at best, oversimplification."

Reuben: "Few prostitutes achieve orgasm, even in the privacy of their own bedrooms."

Jackson: "I don't know of any data to support this. Besides, how many other women have orgasms and how frequently?"

Jackson's main objection to Reuben, similar to Marmor's, is that Reuben is unaware of or ignores the fact that there is an enormous range in types and behavior of prostitutes.

Clearly, not everything is wrong with *Everything*. When it's not too cute, it's frequently funny. And, unproved or not, uncredited or not, some of his items are true and/or interesting. Masters and Johnson and others may have done all the work, but lay writers they are not. Reuben's information is screwed up, but an error-studded book does not necessarily mean an unenjoyable book—particularly if the errors go unrecognized by the reader. So if one is ignorant, which most people are on matters sexual, *Everything* can be (as Doc Reuben might say) a ball.

Compared with it, *Any Woman Can*, tome number two, is just dreary and cheap how-to-do-it girl talk. "It" turns out to be a laid-and-married package deal (in reverse order), with Reuben the omnipresent agent. He is not the first to try his hand at the how-to-do-it-girls business—although he may be the first person actually in the medical profession. Aside from everything else that's wrong with this book, Reuben, says *Cosmopolitan* editor Helen Gurley Brown, "is approximately ten years out of date." There are small items—like the idea that living with a man before marriage has "absolutely no value in predicting the final outcome of a man-woman relationship." Or his description of marriage: "There is also breakfast to make every morning, dinner to cook every night, and the laundry in between." More important, Reuben's entire premise is out of date. It is (a) that we live in a world where "guilt has fought sex to an almost complete standstill . . . the human sexual urge has . . . been blighted" and (b) that unmarried women are "sexually marooned." The so-called sexual revolution has not, by any means, solved all of these problems, but it, plus the women's movement, plus the changing values of the young, has surely accounted for *some* change. Reuben never alludes to any of this. It's as if he were so overwhelmed with his role as sex messiah that he has stopped seeing the very world from which he wants to save everyone. "With the . . . information in the following chapters," he announces in his introduction to *Any Woman Can*, "with determination and with the tiniest bit of luck, every woman who is sexually marooned can find her way back to civilization." (What is the point of going *there*, one wonders, if everyone is so guilty and repressed?)

You can see how the question-and-answer format of both books suits perfectly the role that Reuben has chosen for himself. His poor dumb patients with names like Sheri, Rhonda, Eileen, Dorothy, Trudy, Denise, Rosemary, Beth, Luanne ask questions such as "How can a girl protect herself?" "Is alcoholism a serious problem?" or my favorites, "Men are not the same as macaroni?" and "Isn't that dirty?" and the case histories unfold like testimonials to the unfailing success of the Reuben treatment. The doctor emerges as a kind of Answer Man/Savior. Take peppy Joyce (they are all relentlessly peppy, even when they are miserable). After a session with the doc ("But who said that sex was unclean?" he asks/informs her, along with a lot of other hot news), she is finally "cured." "There is nothing I enjoy more than having sex and selling real estate, in that order," exults Joyce on her final visit. "Now I'm going to bring them together. Next week I'm marrying a most talented man in both fields—my boss!"

Incidentally, according to Reuben, peppy Joyce and her friends are all real, live patients. Eleanor Rawson, Reuben's editor at McKay, once let it slip that even she questioned the authenticity of the case histories. So does Dr. Simon: "I'm willing to bet," he says, "that every case is fraudulent. Patients just don't talk that way." A further clue is that they all talk in the same Mary Worthy way. Also, there are so *many* of them. And one by one, they go into the doctor's office, Sad, and come out, in reducing-machine fashion, Happy. But Reuben, says Mrs. Rawson, stands firm. There is no law, of course, against making up cases to prove a point. Many writers do. But, generally, (a) they do it less, (b) they do it better and (c) those who do it are usually writers, not doctors, and they call their work fiction. The question-and-answer case-history device does, certainly, make Reuben's books more readable. Beyond that, it reinforces the doctor's role—that of the all-knowing, genial but superior being. Pragmatically speaking, such a role is a splendid choice. Isn't everyone, after all, looking for answers? Isn't there something intrinsically comforting, reassuring, even loving about an answer per se? And aren't most people inclined to trust the answers of a young, nice-looking, assured M. D.?

But never mind Reuben's self-appointed sainthood, his phony cases, his myths, his clichés—the worst thing about him is still his thoroughly rotten advice. Take Dr. Reuben's Own Rape Tip: The idea is, if a lady is about to be raped, she should wait until the attacker exposes himself, then take his testicles in hand, "smash them as hard as she can with her right fist—once or twice—he will lose all interest in sex." The only catch is, one of the reasons he might lose interest in sex is that he will have developed a new interest—murder. Another chapter reads like an instruction kit on how to be a good tease. "Promise him anything," counsels the doctor, "but deliver it the night *after* the wedding."

Dr. Reuben's Own Rape Tip, by the way, is surpassed only by Dr. Reuben's Own Milk Tip: According to him, the "ultimate weapon" in getting a man is—milk!

"On every occasion . . . she must provide him with milk . . . on a date, after he brings her home, she can invite him in for hot chocolate or coffee with *cream* [italics his]. It's even better if she floats whipped cream on top of either drink."

But it's not enough to *serve* the milk. The girl who's really a winner is the one who makes it: "The most effective ice cream is that made with [a girl's] own hands. . . ." Remember, "Mother made all her milk herself—or at least baby thought so." And the clincher: "A man who totally rejects milk is a questionable prospect for marriage." And there is more about literal hand feeding as the way to have a man "eating out of her hand."

Perhaps the most insidiously harmful chapter in *Any Woman* is the one that tells a girl "what to watch out for in a man." It's the you-can't-be-too-careful pitch. If a man is at his best after a couple of drinks, watch out, he's probably an alcoholic. If he eats funny, he's probably bad in bed. Other items on a list of what to avoid in men: "Center parts, bad teeth, frequent pursing of lips, worn-out shoes, pants with zippers that don't close all the way, rubbing hands together, dyed hair in a man

*(concluded on page 192)*

# THE GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS TEST

*a quiz to determine whether your psyche is sufficiently wounded to qualify you as a serious writer*

*humor* By CRAIG VETTER

EVERYBODY KNOWS writers are crazy. They jump off bridges and boats, finally, or drown in gutters, and before that they shoot themselves in the legs with machine guns, stab their wives on purpose and are pretty much the heaviest juicers at the cosmic party.

Since the debaucheries and the general misfortune of spirit that it takes to be a truly great American writer aren't the sorts of things you can measure in journalism classes, we've devised a snappy quiz that should protect you from the agony of actually sitting down to a typewriter before you're sure you have the deep and chronic head problems the job demands.

You need not be straight or sober to take this quiz, you won't need a sharp pencil, you won't have to press down hard and you may, by all means, borrow from your neighbor's work.

And remember: *There are no answers.*

• • •

1. Give yourself 8 points if your father was a sadist, 5 points if he was a clergyman, 20 bonus points if he was both; take 6 points if he beat your mother, 8 points if your mother beat him and 4 sympathy points if you are an orphan. Subtract 5 if you lived in a happy or nearly happy family.
2. Score 6 points if you were raised a Catholic (2 bonus points for having "raving Irish" parents), 5 points for an Orthodox Jewish background, 4 points for a heavy fundamentalist Protestant upbringing. All others score 0 (zero) points. Ten bonus points for post-adolescent conversion to any of the above.
3. Score 2 points if you had a dog when you were a child, 5 points more if he was brutally slain within your sight (5 bonus points if you kept him anyway). Four points if you were bedridden for at least two years of your childhood, 3 points if you read to viciousness and minus 5 if you ever returned a library book on time.
4. Score 3 points for each prep school you were thrown out of, 3 points for each job you held for less than a week, minus 1 for each grade beyond third that you completed successfully and happily and minus 5 for each university campus on which you were welcome.
5. Score 15 points for small-town-newspaper experience (5 bonus points if you started as a printer's devil for under five dollars a week) and 10 points if you had a newspaper route that failed as a business. No points for school newspaper work, but 3 bonus points if you were dismissed in connection with something you wrote.
6. Score 15 points for each foreign revolution in which you drove an ambulance, 1 bonus point apiece for wounds—unless self-inflicted (in which case score 4 bonus points each), 10 points if you're a pacifist, an additional 5 points if you tried to enlist and were turned down for physical reasons and 7 points for a mental 4-F. Straight evasion scores 10.
7. Score 30 points if you have a serious drinking problem (this is important—five of the six American Nobel laureates in literature were heavy boozers); score a conditional 20 points if you just have a good taste for liquor but think you could cultivate it into a runaway vice before you're 30 years old. (Ten bonus points if you get mean when you drink.) Exception: Orthodox Jewish background scores minus 15 for drunkenness. If you're under 30, score 10 points for each bad acid trip, 2 points if you use marijuana to brain-frying excess, plus 10 points for each year of hard-drug addiction, 10 more if you still have tracks and 5 love-of-danger points if you're a smalltime dealer.
8. Score 5 points if you are homosexual, 10 points if you are bisexual, 0 (zero) points for heterosexuality, unless it runs to satyriasis or incest, in which case score 3. (Add 3 points if you lost your virginity before the age of 11, 5 if after 30.)
9. Score 10 points for each wife up to three and 20 points for each thereafter; 10 points apiece for affairs and/or marriages with movie queens, gossip columnists, female authors or women half your age; 10 points for an extended affair with a slut. And score 15 points for each wife who was a real piece of ass. Twenty bonus points for any wife who committed suicide.
10. Score 15 points for expatriation, 10 points for being alone and unhappy in Paris in the spring; subtract 20 if you've never been to France. (Exception: Score 15 points if you've never been more than 50 miles from your birthplace.) Add 5 points for hitchhiking across America to hear her sing and 2 bonus points if you met and were robbed by a hobo-philosopher.
11. Score 2 points if you ever fired a gun (3 bonus points if your father forced you to do it); subtract 1 point if you hit anything—unless it was big game on the hoof, in which case subtract 5 points for a kill and add 3 points for a wounded animal you didn't have the courage to pursue.
12. Youthful flirtation with communism scores 5 points; youthful flirtation with communism that never diminished, 10; youthful flirtation with communism and subsequent conversion to screaming right-wing reactionism scores 15. And score a bonus of 10 points for having been blacklisted.
13. For ambitions to be: priest (or other holy person), score 2 points; fireman, 2; actor, minus 7; bald eagle (or other bird of prey), 5; doctor, minus 8; rock-'n'-roll star, 5; fighter pilot, 3; publisher, minus 10; Kahlil Gibran, 0; all things to all men, 10. Adult persistence in any of the above ambitions scores twice specified points, plus a bonus 2 obsession points.
14. Score 5 points each for a fixation on death, *(concluded on page 198)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

# THE TERRIBLE EVENTS IN SANTA BARBARA

*fiction* **By WARNER LAW**

*andy and margaret were champion cheaters, but now they had their hands full with more than cards*

As he drove the rented Ferrari up the coast toward Santa Barbara and disaster, Andy was increasingly aware of Margaret's anxiety about the weekend ahead. She'd been silent for the last ten miles but had been lighting one cigarette from another, and her tightened neck cords meant panic was on its way.

Suddenly, she burst out: "I tell you—I simply don't know what will happen to me if we don't win this weekend!" Her tone approached hysteria. "I honestly don't *know*! I'll just have to apply for welfare! I will! I really *will*!" Her tears started to dribble.

"Oh, will you knock it off, for Christ's sake?" Andy, too, was uptight. He needed to win as badly as Margaret did; he was afraid she might go to pieces under the strain of three days of fantastically high-stake bridge.

Andy was 43, overweight and getting bald, and he sweat a lot. People didn't much like him, nor did he like people, Margaret included. Both were single, but they'd never been to bed together and never would.

"We will win!" Andy said firmly. "With any luck at all, we'll win around five thousand over the weekend."

"I hope to God you're right!" Her lips trembled.

After a look at his watch, he said, "We still have half an hour. Let's do a little homework."

"All right." Margaret studied a hand, selected a cuticle and began to chew it.

Andy pondered and then said, "Say it's the *twelfth* of the month, and I'm wearing my *red* tie, and I clear my throat *once*, and I'm holding my cards in my *right* hand, and there's an unlit cigarette in my left, and we are not vulnerable, and I open with one diamond. What've I told you?"

Margaret was a pitifully thin virgin of 38 with protruding teeth. She wore too much rouge and had an unpleasantly harsh voice. "If we're not vulnerable, you have a six-card diamond suit and some high cards in spades and hearts, and you're likely void in clubs."

"No, damn it! I said it was the *twelfth*! One and two are three! That makes it an uneven day of the month, and with my red tie, we're using Four-B!"

"I'm sorry. I was watching that Cadillac up ahead. Using Four-B, you have short diamonds, a long but weak club suit and some top honors in hearts and spades."

"No! You're not functioning! I said the cigarette wasn't *lit*!"

"Oh. I'm sorry. Then you have a void in hearts, and your black suits are long but not strong, and you probably have the ace, king and queen of diamonds, alone."

"Right! Jesus! You have just got to concentrate! Now is hardly the time to get mentally sloppy, with a nutty old millionaire like Cyrus waiting and drooling to play against us and not giving a damn how much he loses!"

"But the system is getting so complicated!"

"It's got to be complicated! Our variables are our only protection against suspicious smartasses."

Margaret sighed. "Try me on another."

Andy thought. "It's after midnight, tonight."

"That'll be tomorrow, which is the eighteenth of December, and one and eight are nine, so it'll be basically system Two. Am I wearing a sweater?"

"Yes. And your garnet ring."

"That makes it Two-D."

"Correct. And I'm on lead against a no-trump contract, and you want me to lead you my highest diamond."

Margaret frowned. "This is really a tough one. I fluff my hair with my right hand, put down my cards, adjust my sweater with my left hand, and I ask whose lead it is. If you answer, 'I *believe* it's mine,' you have no diamond to lead me. If you say, 'I *think* it's mine,' you're leading a singleton diamond. But if you say, '*Isn't* it mine?' you want me to return my highest spade if and when I get the lead. If you just say, 'Mine,', you want my highest heart back. Phew!"

Andy nodded. "Very good. You see—you can do it. Don't forget, though, that if I cross my legs as I say 'Mine,' I want your *lowest* heart back."

• • •

In his garden some 30 miles north, Cyrus Fletcher was about to rename some of his specimen rosebushes. Humming happily, the spry gentleman of 75 started down his rose walk, which led from his formal garden to his rhododendron grove. He carried seven large, neatly lettered plant labels, attached to yard-long sticks. Stopping at an orange-pink in glorious bloom, Cyrus pulled up a sign reading PRESIDENT HOOVER and into the soft earth stuck one that read CHARLES H. GOREN. A few yards down the walk, he replaced CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG with ELY CULBERTSON. Farther along, SUTTER'S GOLD became HAROLD S. VANDERBILT. Down and across the path, PEACE was renamed OSWALD JACOBY. Near the end of the walk, TALISMAN was relabeled ALFRED SHEINWOLD. Two nearby roses were renamed ANDREW HOLDER and MARGARET MILLS.

Chuckling, Cyrus tossed the previous signs over a hedge and out of sight, and then began to stroll back up the walk, speaking in a quiet voice. "Well, hello there, Andy and Margaret. I'm speaking to you from a distance of ten feet. Can you hear me? Now I'm six feet from you and I can read your labels, and now I'm passing you and approaching Alfred Sheinwold. Hi, there. Loved your column this morning—the one about the double squeeze. Now I'm passing Oswald Jacoby and coming to Harold S. Vanderbilt. I'm standing close and admiring you, Harold, partly because you're in full bloom today and partly because it was you who invented contract bridge, way back in 1925."

By the time he'd spoken a few words to Ely Culbertson and Charles H. Goren, Cyrus reached the end of the rose walk. He turned back and inspected his work. Smiling, he hurried up a side path, mounted the steps to the Italian terrace, rounded the reflecting pool and walked up to the Spanish promontory, which was the highest point in his 20-acre garden. He paused to catch his breath and admire the view. Far below him down the mountain *(continued on page 254)*



ILLUSTRATION BY FRED NELSON

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К

# swedish accent

*though she's put down roots in america, playmate lenna sjööblom still considers sweden home*

Working in Chicago, Lenna models for a newspaper ad (above), checks a sketch for a Playboy promotion in our studio (below).

BACK AROUND the turn of the century, an emigration epidemic known as America fever swept Sweden, with thousands pulling up stakes every week. It eventually waned and almost died out, but three years ago native Lenna Sjööblom caught it—and left her homeland in search of adventure across the Atlantic. "I'd finished school," she says, with characteristic Swedish inflections, "and I didn't want to just settle down and get married before I had seen America. So I got a visa and came to Chicago to visit a cousin." But what was intended to be only a short stay stretched into permanent residency for our Playmate, who has launched a successful career modeling for magazines, newspapers and



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

In Stockholm, Lenna and friend Eva Söderlindh stroll past a poker-faced guard at the Royal Palace (above left) and visit Skansen, a park with open-air museums and theaters (above right), where Lenna gets an impromptu guitar lesson from a street musician. At the Sjööbloms' summer home on the tiny island of Mörkö (below), Lenna lunches on *smörgåstårta*, a sandwich cake, with neighbor Gunnar Lavett and her brother, Lars, and (right) joins the festive Midsummer Eve celebration dance around a Maypole.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS NOVEMBER

catalogs. "The modeling work may have influenced my decision to stay," says Lenna, "but I think it was more the freedom here. Though I miss my parents and brother very much and Sweden will always be my home, I couldn't move back unless the government changed. The country's becoming too socialistic for me: like, I think it's wrong that people must pay such high taxes, even if that does make some public-welfare programs possible." Government policies, however, haven't prevented her from returning annually for family reunions and the traditional Midsummer Eve festivities. This past summer, Lenna spent a month in Sweden, touring Stockholm (a short distance from the Sjööbloms' home in the village of Järna), relaxing at their summer house on the Baltic Sea and trekking north to their mountain retreat. "We had a great time," says Lenna, "and I found out how much I appreciate my relatives. Even now, I'm still a bit homesick for them, but I'll get over that. Besides, there's always next summer."

Up in the mountains of Dolecarlia at her parents' other vacation house, Lenna and the son of visiting friends spend a day hiking (above) and later she unwinds in the sauna (below). Says Lenna, who learned to ski when she was four, "I only wish there'd been some snow on the slopes, because there are no great skiing spots near Chicago and I can't afford to go to Aspen very often."

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An engaged couple had gone to the same physician for premarital examinations and the prospective groom stopped at the doctor's office after work to obtain the results. "I'm afraid that I have both bad and good news for you," said the medical man. "The bad news is that your fiancée has gonorrhea."

"My God, that's terrible!" gulped the fellow. Then, composing himself, he asked, "And what's the good news?"

"She didn't get it from you."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wombat* as an Australian dildo.

"I'll never do it that way!" shrieked the callgirl as she slammed the door and raced downstairs into the lobby of the shabby hotel.

"Don't take it so hard, Flo," commiserated the night clerk, who had heard her outburst. "Some guys are just weirdos. How did he want you to do it?"

"On the cuff," sobbed Flo.

The colt was fast, but so young and amorous that it found it difficult to pass a mare in a race, so its owner decided to have it gelded to see if that made any difference. In its first start after recovering from the operation, the horse burst out of the gate but then quit after half a dozen strides and walked dejectedly back to the paddock with its head down. Up rushed the owner. "What the hell was the matter out there?" he stormed at the animal.

"Well," said the horse, "how would *you* like it if twenty thousand people suddenly shouted, 'They're off!'?"

A philosopher friend of ours recently likened marriage to a violin: After the beautiful music is over, the strings are still attached.

When the car in which the two swishy gentlemen were riding braked suddenly as a dog darted across the street, a truck plowed into the back of it. Absolutely furious, the gay driver jumped out, pranced back and proceeded to berate the truck driver. The latter heard him out impassively and then simply retorted, "Kiss my ass!"

"What was the oaf's reaction, dear?" asked his companion as the happy fellow climbed back into the damaged car.

"He wants to settle out of court."

The aging-but-wouldn't-admit-it boor sidled up to the momentarily unattached girl at the party. "Hello there, lonely one," he cooed. "Where have *you* been all my life?"

His target looked him up and down coolly. "Well," she finally declared, "for the first half of it I hadn't even been born."

And then there was the poor Indian who was arrested and grilled mercilessly all night—until the cops finally got a nocturnal Seminole admission.

While on a visit to Las Vegas, a wealthy Texas rancher developed a consuming yen for a chorus girl in one of the revues. Being the strong, silent type, he deputized an articulate assistant to approach the girl. A meeting in her apartment revealed that, yes, she was willing to spend a long weekend in Acapulco with the rancher, but only on three conditions: that he give her a mink wrap, that he deposit $1000 in her bank account and that he have eight inches.

The next day, the go-between returned to see the chorine. "It's all agreed, miss," he told her. "Here's the wrap; here's the deposit slip —and the boss says that if you really insist, he'll see a doctor about doing something to get rid of those two extra inches."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Army orgy* as a ball of WACs.

The mother superior had warned the novice nun to be careful when helping Father Clark take his bath. He was getting on in years but was still surprisingly dangerous. "It's important," she had said, "to keep your eyes above his waist, or he becomes overly excited."

Later, the older nun called the novice in. "Well, child," she inquired, "how did things go?"

The young girl blushed. "I-I'm afraid that I did look down, Mother, and Father Clark saw me do it. And then he seemed to grow younger and said in an impressive voice that it was the key to heaven and that I had the lock—and, w-well, I let him see if it would fit."

"Why, the old scoundrel!" exclaimed the mother superior. "All these years he's been telling me that it was Gabriel's trumpet. . . ."

*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.*

*"Gorgeous!"*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY DINNERSTEIN

*sports* **By Brock Yates**

*hockey's hero-heavies perform a very special service—they keep the peace by waging war*

# THE HIT MEN

When John Ferguson sets his Alley Oop jaw and says, in low, flat tones, "There are no friends on the ice. I didn't want any friends. I didn't give any favors, I didn't want any favors," he speaks with the somber finality of a judge pronouncing sentence. Tough talk pervades the world of professional hockey; all the pent-up *macho* instincts of the generally gray and docile Canadian psyche seem to have been concentrated on this simple, grandly violent game. Every man who ever pulled on a pair of the absurd short pants that tradition has cursed on hockey players considers himself tough.

Menacing chatter is part of the act, as it is with football linemen, boxers and roller-derby heroes; but it has a ring of authenticity with hockey players. Physical warfare is endemic to their game. Yet toughness in hockey is measured in degrees. Every player accepts the inevitability of shattered bones, toothless gums and gut-stitched skin. Then there are the genuinely aggressive men—the hard-skating body checkers who seek bruising physical contact with the zeal of middle linebackers. And beyond them are the meanest players of all. Call them fighters, enforcers, policemen, brawlers or whatever, they occupy an exclusive niche in professional sport. Their job is to protect their teammates and carry the threat of serious harm to their opposition.

To this day, the one man who stands above all others as a hockey policeman is John Ferguson. Had he not chosen to wear ice skates and Buster Brown pants, he might have been Canada's first heavyweight boxing champion. After 11 years in professional hockey—three with the American Hockey League's Cleveland Barons, eight with the Montreal Canadiens—John Bowie Ferguson has retired, at the age of 34, to the partnership of a thriving sportswear-manufacturing firm in Montreal. But the shadow of his powerful frame still looms over every arena in the National Hockey League. He is the man who carried the craft of fighting on a hockey rink to its pinnacle. Now he hunches across a wide mahogany desk, his large head bulging like an outsized biceps from a daintily patterned shirt. His eyes are fierce black dots separated by the mashed cartilage of a battered nose. "I understood two things when I went into the league," he says softly. "One, I couldn't skate as well as most of the guys; and, two, I was going to command respect. If I couldn't skate with 'em, I'd bring 'em down to my level—make them play my style of game. When I broke into the N. H. L., there were only about 100 players in the league. I swore that no one was going to take that Canadiens sweater off my back."

Nobody even snagged a stitch in Ferguson's precious sweater. In his first game in the N. H. L.—12 seconds after the opening face-off—Ferguson went after Terrible Teddy Green, one of the worst-tempered defensemen in the game, and drew his first major penalty. He was on his way toward developing the respect he wanted. "I took the stand that I'd never talk to the opposition. Never. Not in the summer. Not in the winter. I figured we were only kidding ourselves to play golf together one day and play hockey against each other the next.

"When I played with the Canadiens, we had superior hockey players—great skaters and scorers like Henri Richard, J. C. Tremblay, Yvan Cournoyer, Jean Beliveau. But they were not good fighters. If they could be intimidated by a more physical team, like the Boston Bruins, they became average hockey players. If you're intimidated, you're dead. A lot of guys will play great against some clubs and terribly against others, depending on their mental attitude. They might be OK against 12 of the 14 clubs in the league and awful against the other two because some guys shoved 'em around. Against those two clubs, they'd be looking over their shoulders. That was where I'd come in. I'd see a couple of our guys being hit and I'd say, geez, I'd better straighten this out right now or we'll be in big trouble tonight. I'd try to equalize it right off the bat. I'd grab their biggest guy."

Ferguson raises a clenched fist and stabs the air—once, twice—in a pair of fluid movements. "The key is to be fast with your dukes. First you get him with a good shot. The gloves come off right away—that's automatic—then you get in the first punch. You grab his sweater to tie up his arms and keep hitting, but you've got to get the first shot. In the corners and along the boards, you can usually get it over quick; but in center ice, they can move around and hold on. Fighting: I couldn't say it was my job, but I *felt* it was. If I could bother the other team and score around 20 goals a year, I figured I was giving everything I could to the club.

"I always hated the opposition, no matter who they were. I can remember one night in the dressing room before a Stanley Cup final against Chicago. I stood up and told our guys, 'Look, some guys play 20 years and never get to a Stanley Cup final. You may never be here again. Win it at all costs. If you win it, you're the greatest guy in the world. If you lose it . . . maybe next year, maybe the year after. Those other guys, they've got one hand in your pocket. They'll fleece you—take everything you've got—your money, your reputation, your respect. There are no friends on the ice.'

"Before a game, if I saw one of our guys fooling around in the dressing room, I'd give him some shit. 'Get your mind on the game, you're not on a picnic or something,' I'd tell him. The same way on the ice. If I saw one of our guys talking, I'd really tear into him. They respected me for that."

Playing in six Stanley Cup finals, Ferguson was on the winning side five times —punching, checking, battering his way toward some hazy goal of total subjugation of the opposing players. Skating with chopped, heavy strides, he roamed the ice like an avenging angel, chin high, his stick more a weapon than a tool, seeking combat. Although his business interests lured him out of the game after a comparatively brief career, he holds the N. H. L. record for the highest penalty-minute average—152 minutes

per year—and claims to have had the highest number of penalties in Stanley Cup play. "I rank pretty high on the list of all-time penalty minutes. [He is 17th, with 1214 minutes.] But don't forget, I played only eight years in the N. H. L.—most of the fellows ahead of me played twice that long."

The players with reputations as fighters can always be detected in their teams' statistics. They're the ones who spend the most time in the penalty box (although defensemen, simply by the nature of their trade, tend to accumulate penalties even if they're not particularly adept at fighting). Men like Keith Magnuson and Jerry Korab of the Chicago Black Hawks; the three Plager brothers of St. Louis—Barclay, Bill and Bob—who have been known to scrap among themselves while on the *same* team; Jim Dorey, formerly of the Toronto Maple Leafs and now with the New England Whalers in the World Hockey Association; Bob' Baun of the Maple Leafs; Carol Vadnais of the Bruins; and Vadnais' former teammates Derek Sanderson and John McKenzie, now in the W. H. A., are the men most frequently discussed when the subject of hockey fights comes up. Wandering Bryan Watson (he's played with 12 major- and minor-league teams in ten seasons) is also mentioned. He led N. H. L. penalty statistics in 1972 as a Pittsburgh defenseman with 210 minutes—that's almost three and a half games—primarily because his heart is proportionately larger than his body.

At 5'9", 170 pounds, Watson gives away substantial weight and reach to most of his rivals, but he maintains a reputation as a fighter and policeman. He entered the league as a roommate of Ferguson's and they maintain a strong mutual admiration. "Pound for pound, he's the toughest kid I've ever seen," says Ferguson. "He's a glutton for punishment and he takes a lot of shots, but he never quits."

"Fergy was the best," says Watson. "I can remember one Stanley Cup against the Bruins, when Boston was supposed to run Montreal off the ice. In the first period of the opening game, Fergy squared off against Teddy Green, the Bruins' best fighter, and really shoved him around. It was fantastic. The Canadiens came alive and Boston never recovered. We beat them four games straight. Fergy could do that for a team."

After Watson was traded from the Canadiens, he found himself a frequent sparring partner on the ice with his old friend and teammate. "Fergy and I had some good fights, but we managed to stay friends. Trying to slug it out with him was like farting into a windstorm."

He agrees with Ferguson about the value of a rousing fight and adds, "One thing about a hockey fight: I've never seen anybody get hurt in all the battles I've been around. Another thing: Nobody ever loses a hockey fight. No matter what happens, you always know you'll get another crack at the guy."

When asked to name the men he admires as fighters, Watson becomes vague and elusive. "There are a few guys I respect, but why should I mention their names? If they knew I thought they were any good, it might change their style of play against me. Naw, I wouldn't want anybody to think they could fight worth a damn."

Watson spends the off-season in backwater Bancroft, Ontario, a summer trading post for campers and fishermen 120 miles northeast of Toronto. He was born and raised there and played his amateur hockey in Peterborough, the only city of any size in the area. Like many of his associates, Watson is a reticent, private man. Canadian hockey players are immersed in the game from the time they're children—they're known as "rink rats"—and a thick insulation against the nuances of modern urban life builds up around many of them. While most contemporary professional athletes obtain a certain sophistication before they arrive in the big leagues, hockey players often jump from junior amateur teams like the Moose Jaw Canucks and the Three Rivers Dukes directly into the N. H. L. One day they are adolescents on skates, careening around dank, dimly lit rinks, playing before bawling crowds no larger than a handful of locals and being interviewed by no one more influential than a neighborly journalist; suddenly, they are thrust into the glare and thunder of the Boston Garden or the Montreal Forum.

A Canadian, now a senior advertising executive in New York City, put the situation into focus: "I grew up worshiping hockey players and especially the Toronto Maple Leafs; they were my superheroes. After living in Manhattan for a number of years, I had an opportunity to meet several N. H. L. stars. They were straight, open guys, but all I could think was, 'Good God, these are reincarnations of the men I idolized as a kid, playing in one of the most spectacular sports on earth, and they're all a bunch of farmers—just plain, stolid, Canadian farm boys!' "

• • •

There is a hazy stigma that hangs over hockey fighting. While all players agree that aggressiveness is crucial—and all, of course, presume themselves to be adequately aggressive—no one has figured out the proper rationale for outright combat. No other team sport played in civilized nations accepts fighting as an asset; and in the context of baseball or football, a blatant fighter would be denounced as a threat to the good order of the game. The hockey establishment's public refutation of fighting, coupled with its private acceptance, produces a schizophrenia about "sportsmanship" that doesn't exist in other games.

Orland Kurtenbach, the captain and top center of the Vancouver Canucks, doesn't include brawling among the fundamentals he teaches the young students at his hockey school in the off-season, but it's a valuable part of his personal repertoire. A rangy, heavily muscled man at 6'2" and 195 pounds, and one of the most respected fighters in the game, Kurtenbach went to the N. H. L. from a childhood in remote Cudworth, Saskatchewan, via an apprenticeship with such amateur teams as the Prince Albert Mintos. He will not discuss his reputation as a tough guy. "It isn't that I'm defensive about it," he said during a break from teaching a class at a hockey clinic in Vancouver. "I just make it a rule not to talk about my particular style. Too many writers emphasize one thing at the expense of others—or minimize it, depending on their particular point of view." Alluding to his enforcer's role on the Canucks, he added, matter-of-factly, "My play speaks for itself."

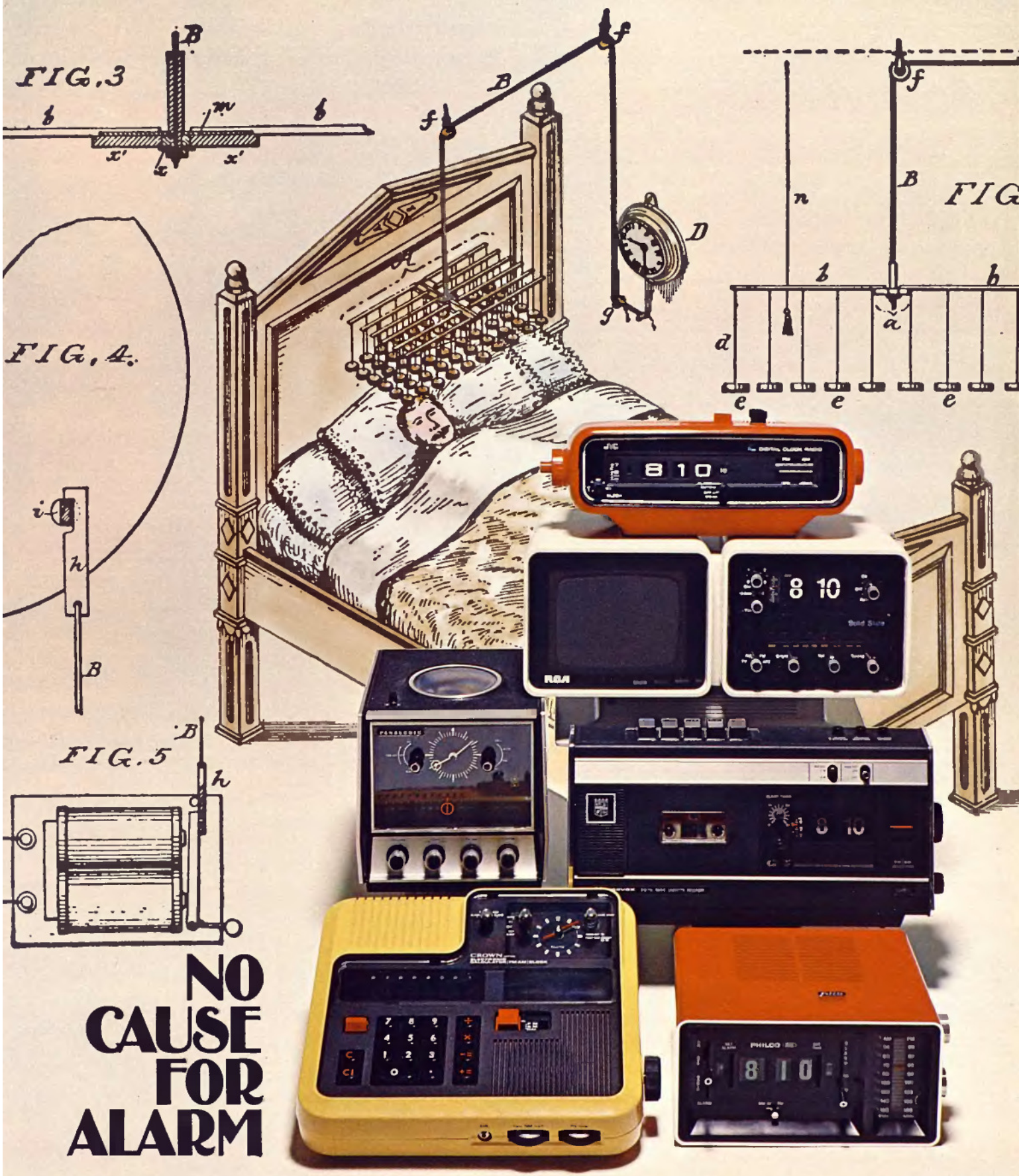
"Kurt is a quality fighter," says Ferguson, whose candor on the subject has probably increased since he retired. "He's one of the few guys in hockey who fight and win. Hell, everybody *thinks* he's a fighter, but there aren't many guys like Kurtenbach who can finish what they start. If I had to list the five best fighters in hockey, I'd have to name Wayne Cashman and Ken Hodge of the Bruins and Ted Harris, my old teammate—now with the Minnesota North Stars—and Kurt. Let's see, that's four. . . ." Ferguson squints, pausing in faraway thought. "Hell, it's hard to think of five really *good* fighters in the league."

Wayne Cashman, all-star right-winger of the Bruins, is on everyone's list. A graceful long-limbed man with wispy blond hair, he roams the ice with easy strides, jaw and elbows thrust defiantly outward. His size—6'1", 180 pounds—makes him large enough to have an advantage in reach and strength over most of his rivals, but he has the speed and mobility of a middleweight. "On the Bruins we're lucky," he says, "because most of the guys can take care of themselves, so it isn't a question of having to be a policeman. Nobody needs much protection on our club. But if I was playing with a weaker team and I was told to try to take care of some of the other guys, I would."

Cashman shows no outward pride in his reputation as a fighter. "There's nothing fancy about it. After all, it's hard to throw a solid punch while balancing on a quarter-inch blade of steel. The element of surprise is important. If you can land a couple of good punches, that's about all you need."

Because Cashman believes that fighting

*(continued on page 198)*




# NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

*clocking in some sound ideas to take the edge off those up-and-at-'em blues*

Given a choice of ways to be awakened, one would undoubtedly opt for a friendly nudge from a female bedmate as pictured in our loungewear feature that begins on page 127. Should she oversleep, however, it's nice to know there's a fail-safe device in the room to make sure you rise and shine. Above, clockwise from 12: Model 9031 AM/FM digital clock-radio with two-hour doze control, by JVC, $49.95; Lunar 1 black-and-white TV and AM/FM, by RCA, $160; AM/FM with built-in cassette unit for recording those nocturnal brain storms, by Magnavox, $115; Model R777 AM/FM stands on an easy-to-reach swivel base, by Philco, $44.95; Model CL-120-T combination AM/FM and electronic calculator for early-morning computations, by Crown, $219.95; the Tele-Time, an AM/FM, plus a "voice" that announces the time when a button is tauched, by Panasonic, $149.95.

WITH ALL THE SPLASHY AND UNPREDICTABLE WAYS THERE ARE TO DIE, A LOT OF PEOPLE STILL HANDLE IT THEMSELVES

# Suicide

ARTICLE By SAM BLUM

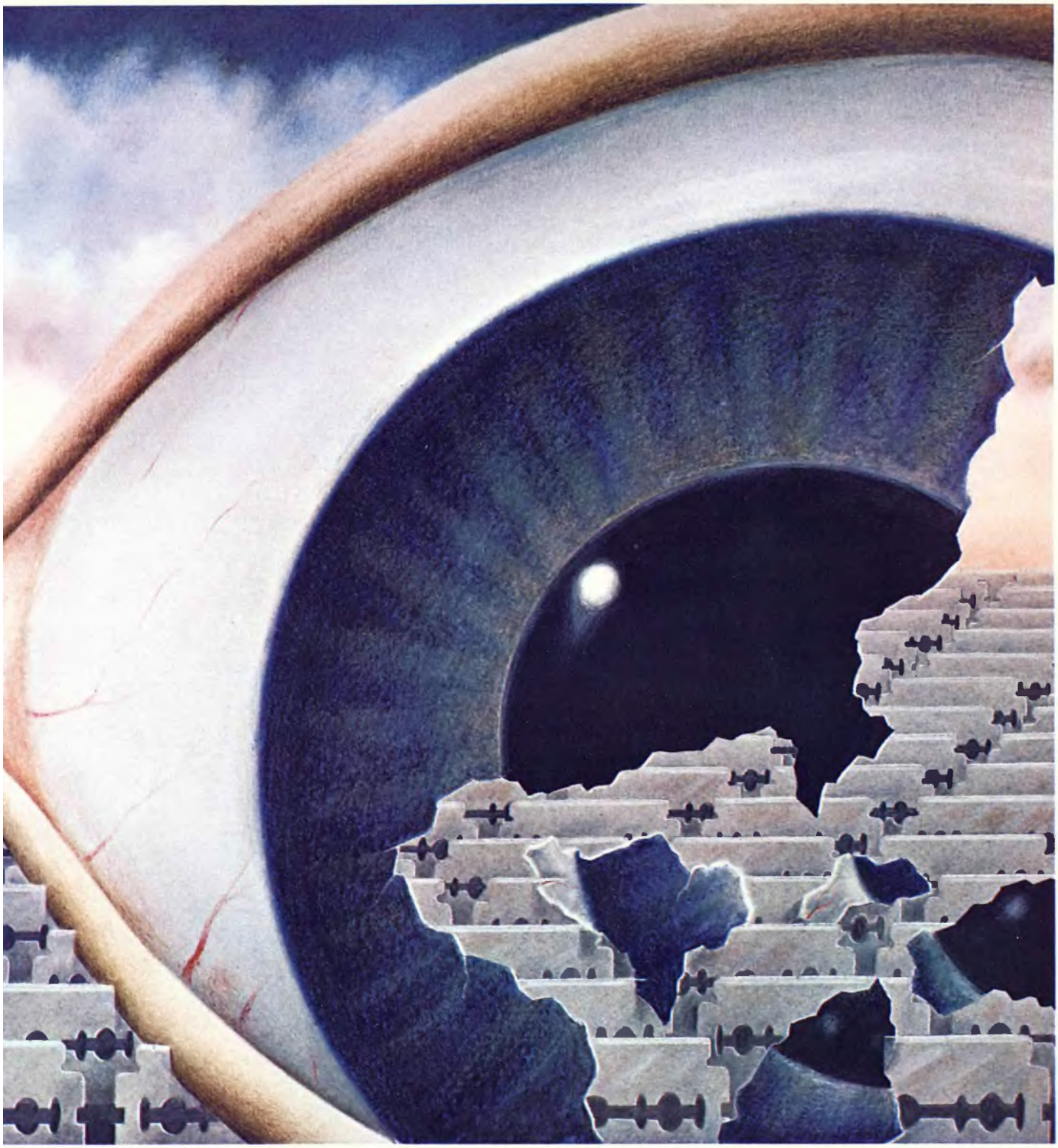


ILLUSTRATION BY GERVASIO GALLARDO

*There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide. Judging whether life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of philosophy.* —ALBERT CAMUS, *The Myth of Sisyphus*

MURDER IS UNDERSTANDABLE: People kill for money or in a moment of wild rage or because their commanding officer has ordered them to—or because, like Charles Whitman or Richard Speck, they are patently insane. But who can explain why a successful actor such as Pete Duel, getting ever better reviews in increasingly better parts, finally starring at 31 in a well-rated TV series (*Alias Smith and Jones*), would decide one night after watching the show to kill himself? Why would Sylvia Plath, one of the best poets of our time, be obsessed with death to the point of writing about little else and attempting suicide twice—the second time successfully? The death of an attractive, successful, relatively young person mocks the everyday concerns of the rest of us.

Overall, in the U. S., there are between 11 and 12 suicides a year per 100,000 people, a statistic that hasn't budged

much in the past generation. From a world-wide point of view, it is neither high nor low; but it also doesn't mean as much as it should. We're coming to realize that a great many suicides never become part of the statistics.

Since suicide has traditionally been shameful, for three reasons—it's usually a crime, it's sometimes considered the result of hereditary mental disease and the Church calls it a mortal sin—it is frequently covered up by protective relatives. Many single-car collisions are probably suicides disguised by the victim himself. And many families have destroyed suicide notes. Where neither victim nor family hides the facts, physicians and coroners often do out of sympathy. This can take some doing, but psychologist Edwin S. Shneidman has reported two cases in which "the decedents both stabbed themselves in the heart; one was certified as an accidental death—that is, running into a sharp weapon—and the other as natural death due to heart failure."

In his account of the life and death of his son Michael, *In a Darkness*, James Wechsler writes:

> Not long after he had been pronounced dead—"for several hours," as the doctor at Roosevelt Hospital put it—the police immediately volunteered to suppress the circumstances in which they had found him after responding to our emergency call. And a sensitive *New York Times* reporter who telephoned apologetically swiftly indicated that he would not press us for crucial details if we preferred to remain silent.
>
> The implication in much of this was that it would involve some humiliation for us to admit that Michael had taken his own life, and that his brief span on earth should not be "tarnished" by the disclosure that death was self-inflicted. Even in the numbness of those hours we were astonished at the prevalence of the view that suicide was a dishonorable or at least a disreputable matter, to be charitably covered up to protect Michael's good name and the sensibilities of his family.

Many coroners take the view that suicide, like murder, must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt; and a number of them refuse to certify any death as suicide unless there is a handwritten note. But only a minority of suicides leave notes.

Even according to officially listed cases, suicide is the 11th leading cause of death in the U. S. and the third leading cause of death among those between 15 and 19. The commonly accepted figure is about 25,000 deaths per year. But Dr. Shneidman and many other experts feel that the true figure is two to three times that high.

Furthermore, the pattern is shifting. Until recently, there was a correlation between suicide and aging: The older a man grew, the more likely that he would take his own life. Since the mid-Thirties, however, the elderly have been growing less suicidal; and, as if to make a balance, since the Fifties, the young have increasingly been taking their place on our suicide charts. In 1957, for example, only one percent of the suicides in Los Angeles County were under the age of 19; only nine percent were under 30. By 1969, the under-19 group had climbed to six percent of the total and the under-30 to 22 percent. For suicides among those between the ages of 20 and 29, the figures showed a rise of 300 percent between 1961 and 1969. National figures, though not as precise, show the same trends.

Suicide is not really a stranger to any of us. Every mind flirts with it. As Nietzsche pointed out, "The thought of suicide is a great consolation: by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night." But far more of us than is generally realized have gone beyond sleeping on it. Less from statistics than from guesswork, experts believe that at least ten times as many Americans attempt suicide as succeed at it. Some have estimated 100 attempts for each death. A survey made in Los Angeles in 1964 led to the estimate that 5,000,000 living Americans have suicidal histories.

Nonexistent 15 years ago, a whole mental-health subspecialty, grotesquely named suicidology, has grown up and is now being taught in over 100 universities to thousands of students. The subject has its own journals and is being practiced everywhere, recruiting workers from medicine, psychiatry, social work, the ministry and what have you. More than 1000 suicide-prevention centers offering services that range from a few kind words on the phone to continuing psychiatric treatment have sprung up throughout the country. A special section within the National Institute of Mental Health is devoted to coordinating the funding of grants for the study of suicide—the clues, the causes and the means of prevention.

Helpful as this activity may be—and there are well-documented cases of the centers' saving lives—a decade and a half of work has had no effect on the suicide rate in the U. S. Predictably, some workers in the field are calling for more heroic efforts. They feel that they can no longer wait for distressed people to call their number and say, "Help!" Experts at the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center (the first, largest and most research oriented of all the centers) estimate that only 12 to 15 percent of the people who phone them are even seriously suicidal and that only one in five of these is in an acute emergency state. Most really suicidal people, it seems, never go near the centers.

Therefore, explains a psychiatrist at the L. A. S. P. C., "We're going to have to learn to identify the suicidal people who won't come to us for help. We'll need people in bars and barbershops and police stations who are constantly alert to presuicidal behavior, and we'll need the power to actually bring them to treatment and keep them there against their will. And before you ask me, yes, obviously there will be civil rights questions involved."

Shneidman, a founder of the L. A. center, the first head of the Federal Center for Studies of Suicide Prevention —and the man who must live with having coined the word suicidology—takes what is probably the most common public-health view of fighting suicide: "I'd do almost anything to prevent a suicide. I'd certainly feel free to put someone I thought highly lethal to himself into a closed ward until he cooled down. Every goal is secondary to keeping him out of the coroner's office."

That position is in perfect conflict with the civil-libertarian point of view of psychiatrist Thomas S. Szasz, who wrote in the spring 1971 issue of *The Antioch Review*: "In regarding the desire to live as a legitimate human aspiration, but not the desire to die, the suicidologist stands Patrick Henry's famous exclamation, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' on its head. In effect, he says, '*Give him* commitment, *give him* electroshock, *give him* lobotomy, *give him* lifelong slavery, but *do not let him choose* death!' "

Szasz, a maverick in the psychiatric field, has spent years fighting the accepted practice of forcibly hospitalizing mental patients. To lock up someone as a possible danger to himself or others, he argues, is simply imprisonment without either a crime or a trial. It is also nonsensical, since many studies show that as a group, mental patients are comparatively harmless to other people. As to what they might do to themselves, that, Szasz insists, must be their own business. "Suicide," he says, "like dangerously overdrinking or overeating or not following your doctor's orders, is an unqualified human right."

He therefore condemns as deceitful the suicide-prevention-center procedure of keeping a caller on one phone while contacting the police on another. He considers it a breach of professional

*(continued on page 268)*

*"When you said you like to take a quick dip before breakfast, I thought you meant in the swimming pool."*

# IMPRISONMENT CHIC

## *if the beautiful people go to washington for a protest and get themselves thrown in the slammer, have they achieved innocence by association?*

*article* **BY GARRY WILLS** PRISON IS THE "IN" THING this year. More than one person said nervously, "Think what Tom Wolfe could do with this!" We were, after all, going to jail with the Beautiful People, being taken into fashionable custody. Richard Avedon never had a hair out of place throughout the whole polite ordeal; I bet even his mug shot was flattering. We had the very den mother of radical chic, Felicia Bernstein, along with us. Large as her apartment is, *she could not* invite a whole jail in for the evening. This time *she would not* be able to gratify her sewery yearnings from afar; she had to move right on down, not only to Washington (comedown enough) but into the city's jails—all the way, *dans la boue* down.

Everyone involved could recite Wolfe's objections by heart; and, the night before, at the Dupont Plaza Hotel, almost everyone did. Singer Judy Collins said she had not called her friends together to see them jugged but to do something useful. Joe Papp, one of the friends she had called, said, "I like theater, *but*. . . ." He may be the only modern director so secure in his reputation as to have a C. B. De Mille flunky tag after him, bringing hot coffee and telephone messages. "I have a very important meeting I *must* get to." For five hours, various people told us how valuable their time is. Arlo Guthrie sat in the back looking stunned, a child who could not understand why grownups shout so at one another. People went on egotistical rhetoric jags to explain why getting jailed is just an ego trip. Even jail, I thought, could not be this boring (but I was wrong), so I split.

What good, after all, would it do to go to jail? We were just chic if we did and chicken if we didn't. The whole thing was hopeless—like everything else that had been done against the war. The big bad Wolfe would get us for our empty gesture—or, more likely, would scare us off from making a gesture. The Beautiful People were either too good for the lockup or not good enough. Still, I wished some had come to feel that even important people can go to jail.

The next morning, there was more jawing and a jaded aftertaste in the mind, the moseying about of men and women who had come to do something noble and now felt just silly. Still, we were asked to eat a good lunch, just in case. I found myself talking too much to take the advice—trying to talk myself into something, I guess. I was tired of hearing so many people try to talk themselves out of things.

The march began like most, with mating initiatives between "spokesmen" and the cameras, Gloria Steinem and Marlo Thomas photogenic up front. We had a big petition done in fancy calligraphy, "Petition of Redress," it said, with a pious nod to the First Amendment. Marcus Raskin had written it—"We are citizens and not hostages." There was a lot of scribbling being done in this compulsively literate crowd. "Where are you going to write it up?" was a commonplace of conversation. It confirmed me in my own first resolution, the only one I was still sure of, after the disillusionment of the night before: I wouldn't write anything about this. It wasn't worth it. Besides, this was the first protest of any sort I had participated in; I had kept my coverage of such affairs hygienically separate from active involvement, at once enjoying and earning a spectator's immunity. To be on the other side, I thought, demanded a symmetrical abstinence, and I'd be damned if I'd take any notes (and would damn myself afterward because I didn't take them). When, the night before, Howard Zinn read the long press release meant to explain our long petition, I just listened, bored, wondering how some of the journalists involved could think so unquotable a document was newsworthy. I confess I did slip around to Howard after the reading and ask him to trim back a tautology—"can possibly" to "can." Shame knows some limits, and we were supposed to be literary heavies.

We waited for the cameras across from the Supreme Court, the explainers explaining, all very glib—and right, of course. But we had all written against the war. We didn't have to come here to do that. Why, despite our glibness, were we here? I still didn't know—the explainers did not really explain it to me. March, petition, protest—the same old things. We didn't have much imagination. Admittedly, we were dealing with the same old thing—TV announcement, victory in the offing, bombs, incursion, bombs, mining, bombs, honor, bombs. But was lack of imagination in our adversaries any excuse for us? Joe Papp had his justifiable point: Couldn't we at least do something that was good theater? This was far from that—which made us chary of the whole thing



DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER / PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

while wanting to support it, hot and cold by flashes, feeling we stood where prominence was betrayal and the cameras our enemy. While the core of our group orated, the fringes were muttering. Still, habit lured me over in time to the journalists, at home among those taking notes even while I could not, and I had to wonder what I would say about me if I were watching me—that I looked out of place, I guess. The thing could not even be treated as a lark. Momentary discomfort is no martyrdom, and publicized discomfort is a mockery of real pain. We were a bunch of pretenders. Even if we negotiated our problematical trip to jail, it would be nothing but make-believe—or so we made ourselves believe, not really wanting to bring it off. Who knows whether any of us might be a Sydney Carton, given the secret choice? But without the secret choice, there is no sense to a Carton's sacrifice.

It was bright and hot when we reached the pillared Capitol, where Bella Abzug waited for us on her canted-pillar legs, her thick slant of hat obvious from a distance. We were kept there for more oratory in the sun. Congressman John Conyers did his impeaching bit and another in our Congressional greeting party dissociated himself from it. Then we were admitted to the House wing in driblets, guards checking all purses and packages. Carl Albert is too shrewd to say a simple yes or no to anything; he took our petition, thanked us politely and said he would remand it to the appropriate committee. Committees are all so many plots in our country's legislative graveyard, and we were here to talk about graves of a different kind. Robert Lifton, the Yale psychiatrist, had become our spokesman and spoke well—stuff about national emergency, inadequate response, the dereliction of Congress, criminal to recess until action had been taken, etc., etc. Good stuff, all of it, as good as it had been two years ago, or four, or five. Bella, meanwhile, was trying to get a recess, for reception on the House floor of some spokesmen from our group. She used the precedent of interruption in House business to applaud and listen to an astronaut. Hale Boggs thought she was out of order, and so did Albert. He had already taken care of us.

Some Congressmen came out to talk with our group, Don Riegle plugging his new book, Gerald Ford trying to act like a host whose hospitality not even lepers could ruffle. Karl Hess, the Pat Buchanan of 1964 campaign oratory, pushed forward to remind "Jerry" of their speechwriting days together in the assault on "uncrowned monarch Lyndon." Ford answered stiffly that he always supports a President when the nation is at war. Hess looked deflated, and a hippie type we had picked up somewhere shouted obscenities. Ben Spock used his best (unavailing) pediatric techniques to quiet him. Closing time came and went, more cops sifting toward us, though some Congressmen were still mixed in our number. Capitol police now bluntly invited us out over bullhorns. Some of us claimed we were exercising our First Amendment "right to petition." But the guards answered that we could talk to Congressmen on the steps outside; that Congressmen have immunity, but we did not; that the building was closed, but we'd be given 15 minutes to leave it. I remembered the late Duke of Windsor's advice—on a tour of honor, use the john when occasion offers; it may not come your way again—and crossed the foyer, descended stairs, asking cops the way, all the way, to identify myself as coming from the inside; but, sure enough, when I tried to climb the stairs again, a new cop shouted from an upper level that the building was closed. "I know, but we were given 15 minutes to leave, and that's not up yet."

"That was only for those who want to get arrested. Do you?"

"I don't know. I want to rejoin my friends during the waiting period."

"All right," he said, in a you-asked-for-it voice, and accompanied me across the foyer, down the hall, telling each cop we passed, emphatically, "This one wants to get arrested." I didn't, really—or hadn't, up to then. Something in the way he said it made it suddenly plausible, put a halo of his hatred all around the idea. I guess I did, in fact, want to go to jail. If he thought I belonged there, then I must.

It came with the tense slow-motion procedures I had watched before. Women first, they would go to a precinct station—there were only 27 of them. The men, 67 in number, would have to go to "central lockup." I was, of course, interested in other chroniclers of arrest who had not undergone it—like Francine Gray, the Berrigans' lanky blonde Boswell, who was here with her painter husband, Cleve. I was also interested in how the group solidified itself, at last, sitting on the marble floor and singing, Judy Collins amazing us with *Grace*—amazing, at least, all those who had heard her argue against arrest the night before. She had often protested in song, but never from behind bars. Those who had spoken against arrest must have got as tired as we did of hearing how important they were: They talked themselves out of it so long that they talked themselves into it. As the Judy Collinses and Felicia Bernsteins were collared, I began to wonder—if prison has such snob appeal, why is middle-class poet Judy Viorst being led off to a van while radical mannequin Steinem tactfully disappeared before arrests began?

Not that it was not chic, our advertised (and mercifully brief) incarceration. I have never been so applauded in my life—at arrest, going down the Capitol steps, getting into the van, getting out of it. When there were no bystanders, we clapped for one another. Raskin, whose genius is for affection, watched with a teary kind of pride as they took away his writer-wife, Barbara. Even Marc, who had stood trial with Dr. Spock in Boston for encouraging draft evaders, had never technically been arrested. His codirector of the Institute for Policy Studies, Richard Barnet, sitting next to me, had not even marched or demonstrated, much less been jailed. He thought the pen mightier than the sword, as had we all; and we were here in penitence.

The young officer who took me was a fumbling sort, for some reason more nervous than I was, unable for a while to spell Baltimore when I told him where I live. We posed for two Polaroid shots together—Francine Gray said she and her policeman wore self-conscious smiles, like newlyweds at a Coney Island concession. The tin insides of the paddy wagon were sizzling—it had been parked in the sun—and it was a relief to clump out of it, dripping wet, into a dark police basement. We were held until all 67 were delivered, so the sergeant would not have to repeat his pitch: "I run a tight ship here—just ask the doc." Spock had been arrested the week before in the Capitol rotunda. There was a cheer for Joe Papp as he emerged from one wagon: "I thought you had an important meeting tonight!" He smiled ruefully, looking embarrassed and proud, and embarrassed to be proud. Keys were the only thing they took from us at that point—they, too, did not think much of the pen as a weapon; though, at this literal level, I would rather be stabbed with my hotel key than with a ballpoint. We were counted off, four to a two-man cell, to wait—interminably, as it turned out—to be booked. And no phone calls till we had been processed.

The prospect of death, Dr. Johnson said, wonderfully concentrates the mind. One might expect the same thing from jail—or from the prospect of jail, which was about all I would get from this brief stay inside. Pent up physically, mentally thrown back upon oneself, you begin to hope this is a "concentration" camp, at least in the sense of focusing the mind. But no: What life in a cell actually does is fragment and fray out one's sensations. We were four men in a lightless 5′ x 7′ cell—small open stool and basin, iron-ledge bunks with no mattresses or covers. We were stilled inside a vast hive of activity and din, only scattered parts of things decipherable. One drifts automatically to the bars because, from the

*(continued on page 244)*

# the arsons of desire

*there in the firehouse—kissed by a strange god—he lusted for those mystic flames*

*fiction* by william harrison ONE BEGINS in familiar ways: a Civil Service test, a training school and, later, the excitement of one's first fires and the fancy of wearing the uniform and helmet. I began this way, becoming a fireman, setting out to serve the citizens while serving myself some needed solitude; but lately, I'm ambushed with dreams and visions. This sort: I'm in the company of a beautiful girl in a room filling with smoke. We exchange a love glance, her fingers brush my face, we start to embrace, then, disconcerted by the smoke, we look for a way out. She takes my hand as I lead her around the walls, searching for a door; she wears a translucent gown, flowing like flame itself, and her dark hair spills over her shoulders. Then, the room stifling, we grope and panic; somewhere in the next few moments, terrified, our hands lose grip, and when I finally kick through the thin wall with my heavy rubber boot, she fails to escape with me and I lose her.

Visions of a high blaze now and lovely lost women: I believe, lately, that I'm carrying disaster with me; my mind is catching fire.

This is the station house. In the old days, bachelor firemen usually lived at the stations, but now I'm one of the few in all Chicago who continue. Others here have families, work in three shifts—24 hours on, 48 off—but I stay near the alarms, I must, and attend as many calls as possible. My bed in the dorm upstairs is in a homey corner: books, clock-radio, my boots and breeches stacked and ready. Downstairs are the big Seagrave trucks: the two quads, the ladder truck, the new snorkel, the new pump truck with its shiny deck gun, and the Cadillac rescue unit. Over here is the classroom, the kitchen and the rec hall with ping-pong and television. The office and alarm systems are near the front door and in the rear are repair shops, storage rooms and the garage where we keep the boats and drags. Sometimes our station is involved in dragging Lake Michigan or the river, but I've traded for other duties—I do considerable cleaning and mopping up around here—so that I can stay near the alarms. A dragging operation isn't a fire, after all; one gets a sore back, a head cold or sunburn, a soggy corpse, at best,

and never peers into those bright and mystic flames.

Here we go: a two-alarm, the Lake Shore station and us.

Hanging onto number-one truck with Captain Max, I curse the traffic as we whip into Lincoln Avenue. The siren begins to rev me up; I pull my suspenders tight, fasten my chin strap and wonder who awaits me. In recent weeks, it has been old Aunt Betty, the old family barber, a former high school buddy of mine from up in Skokie, a girl I used to try to pick up in a bar on Gross Point Road. Strange, all strange: I can hardly wait.

Max is something: not a particularly good captain by the book and usually in trouble with the fire marshals because he's a real buster. We hit a building and he's off the truck, yelling, coupling hoses and going in. I stomp in behind him, naturally, pulling the hose, my ax waving like his. But he's not one to stay outside and direct the proceedings, not our Max; he's a rowdy, likes his work and leads the way. I say he's a lovely old bastard. He keeps us trained and sharp and any man on our team can handle any task, so he never has to stand around with the crowd getting us organized and looking official. The two of us usually bust right in and go to work, then, each careful to watch out for the other. He's 60 years old, fearless and thinks I ought to be the next captain—though, of course, that's politics, as even he knows, and some dreamer like me who wants to live right in the fire station doesn't have much chance.

This alarm is another dilly: An empty apartment on the second floor of a new four-floor complex has smoldered for days with its occupants gone. It has finally erupted and the entire floor crawls with flame. We attack its fringes with water as I begin to bust doors looking for occupants. My eyes are wide with excitement, because I expect anyone behind the very next door: some relative, a clerk from the grocery store where I trade, perhaps a forgotten acquaintance. Everyone I ever knew is burning up, I tell you, and my throat is tight with every new room and corridor. "Here! Over here, Coker, baby!" the captain booms, and we follow the smoke, looking for its source. Fire is a tricky viper: It runs in the walls, gets in the conduits and vents, strikes at unexpected moments. I charge through a room, send an end table flying, jerk a closet open. Nothing. The snorkel passes the window, Charley Wickers peering inside like an idiot. He never knows where he's going. We cross the hall and quickly batter through another door; these new apartment houses are like kindling and the doors are easy to bust. As Max turns the hose onto the ceiling of the hallway, I hear a cry. The walls all around us are hot and scorched, but we press on; somewhere behind all this smoke is a fist of fire we have to find—and probably a tenant or two, for I think I hear the cry again.

Rafferty arrives with another hose and coupling, so that Max directs him to retrace our steps and gather what we've trailed behind us. This keeps him busy and out of our way. We run through another series of rooms, smashing windows as we go, for the smoke thickens. A dead pussycat, choked and gone. Water cascades helplessly against the outside of the building now, so that Max turns to me with a smirk, once, and says, "Jesus, they need to get in here where the fun is, right?" At about this point, we meet a wall of heat: a kitchen, the source. Max lays down a steady stream from the hose while I quickly circle back into the hall to look for another entrance.

An old man wanders the hallway. Coughing and gagging, he grabs my arms as I hold him and we recognize each other. In the smoke, he manages to speak my name, then gasps, "My daughter, in there!" And I point him on his way, assuring him there's no trouble in that direction, while I go in further search. My mother's former pastor, I knew him well: Rooker, his name was. The steepled Congregational Church in Evanston. But now a variation of the dream: She is a lanky, naked girl, screaming her head off, and I can't be sure if it's because of the fire or because her closet filled with clothes writhes with flames; I try to wrestle her to the window, but she fights me as if I wanted to throw her out. Reasoning with her, I see her try to cover her parts; she runs here, there, like a dazed antelope. "Quit it, please," I address her, trying to sound logical. "Just stop this and follow me out!" We wrestle again, fall, and her eyes open with even wider terror at my minor disfigurement. "Look, miss," I plead, "never mind your state. Take a blanket off the bed. Here, take it." But she claws at me, tussles free and locks herself inside the bathroom before I can catch her again. By now, the wallpaper is a sagging black curl. She screams and screams from behind that door and I pause, ax ready, and call to her. "Don't resist me, lady, come on! Wrap yourself in a towel, because we don't have much time!" Her scream, then, alters into a baleful moan. Too late I dislodge the door with a single stroke. The room has caved in, and she is gone to the lapping heat; the intensity turns me away, so that I find myself in the hallway. Max's voice nearby. He has discovered the old pastor, who took a wrong turn immediately after leaving me, burned into a crisp pudding. Left for a moment to hold the hose and direct the stream of water, I recall the brief sensation of that girl's breasts on me; my thoughts flare and my whole life dances in the smoke and surging orange before me.

• • •

At the station, Max and I take each other's Polaroid snapshot. He poses beside one of the pump trucks, the words AMERICAN LA FRANCE beside his jutting jaw. I pose in his office beneath the only wall decoration in the station, an engraving of one of the old rigs with three plump fire horses, the good side of my face turned toward the camera.

Max knows a bit of what goes on with me but doesn't ask much.

"You have to keep your pleasure to yourself in this business," he tells me solemnly, so I suspect he has a glimmer of what is happening. And of course he knows of my bad luck these last weeks, all those near rescues and disasters, but he considers that I'm one of the bravest firemen he has ever known, someone who will match him step by step into the center of a blaze, and figures that all the victims were doomed anyway.

Perhaps he feels something more: that all the unusual number and kinds of alarms in our district have to do with me. But he keeps this to himself, for he's a man who likes to do battle.

We've been close, a team, telling each other our lives. He attended DePaul *(continued on page 194)*

*"Let me rephrase that. . . ."*

***movie morality became an election-year issue for crusading smuthounds, and major studios began toning down torrid scenes to avoid getting x'd***

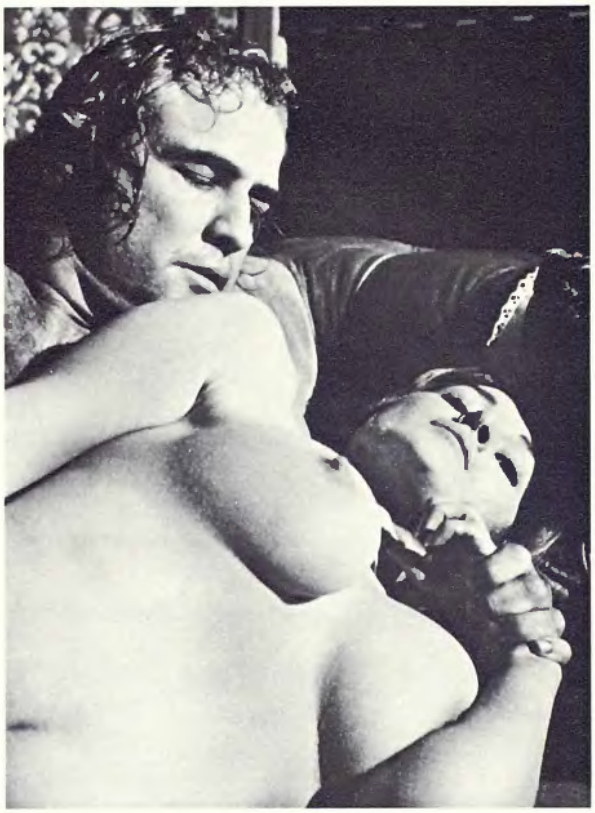
*article* **By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT** IF ANY SINGLE FILM could be said to epitomize what happened to sex on the screen in 1972, it would have to be Ernest Lehman's production of *Portnoy's Complaint*. Not coincidentally, since its gestation period spans all of four years, it could also be said to summarize the changes in basic concepts of how to handle sex in the movies between 1968 and the present. Lehman, an award-winning screenwriter turned producer, had been offered the book early in 1968, when the era of permissiveness in films was just getting under way—aided in no small degree by his own dam-bursting adaptation of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—and the old Production Code was being honored more in the breach than in the observance; it was soon, in fact, to be displaced altogether by the present system of ratings and classification. Reluctantly, Lehman decided to pass. "I had no idea then how to turn it into a movie," he said later, "but I knew it would make one hell of a picture." When, after some months, a treatment did occur to him, his studio (20th Century-Fox) lost no time in trying to obtain it.

*Portnoy's Complaint* appeared in book form while Lehman was already laboring on the first draft of the screenplay and, as he put it, "What I thought was just another nag turned out to be Seabiscuit." Philip Roth's novel took off to sensational reviews and landslide sales, which initially augured well for the forthcoming production. But, as luck would have it, when Fox's first two X-rated movies—*Myra Breckinridge* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*—opened almost simultaneously in June 1970, the roof fell in. Both pictures, designed to reflect new, liberated standards, were so thoroughly lambasted by the press that they served to focus criticism on Fox as the industry's number-one sex offender. Feeling that his studio couldn't afford another X, Fox chairman Darryl F. Zanuck scrubbed *Portnoy*.

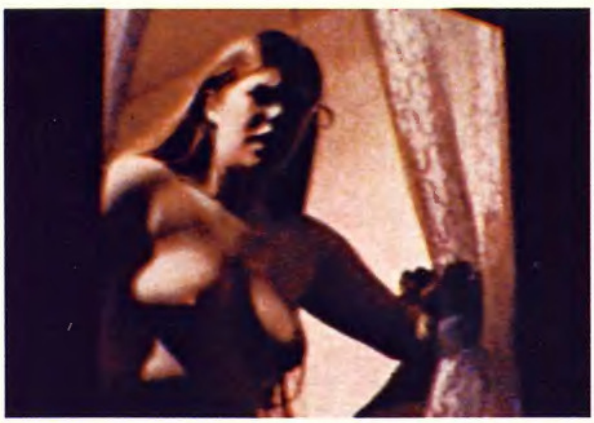
Partly through the good offices of Darryl's son Richard, who had been ousted from Fox in a bitter family fight, *Portnoy* finally went before the cameras for Warner's in June 1971 and—as written, produced and directed by Lehman—was released exactly a year later. But in that year, a great deal had happened within the industry. Just as shooting was starting, the Motion Picture Association of America replaced Eugene G. Dougherty, the head of its embattled Code and Rating Administration, with a distinguished New York psychiatrist, Dr. Aaron Stern—who had previously served the M. P. A. A. as a consultant. Although, inevitably, he was soon being called a censor and a czar by those unalterably opposed to any form of control over the medium, Stern himself consistently took the position that he would never force a studio to snip a foot of film from a finished picture. As it developed, he had little need to. The outcry against "dirty movies," a still-small voice in the late Sixties, had mounted to a roar by 1972 (thanks at least in part to the incessant prodding of Charles Keating, Jr., and his Citizens for Decent Literature). Across the country, newspapers were threatening to ban all advertising and publicity for X-rated pictures; and by mid-1972, in some communities, the ban had extended to the Rs.

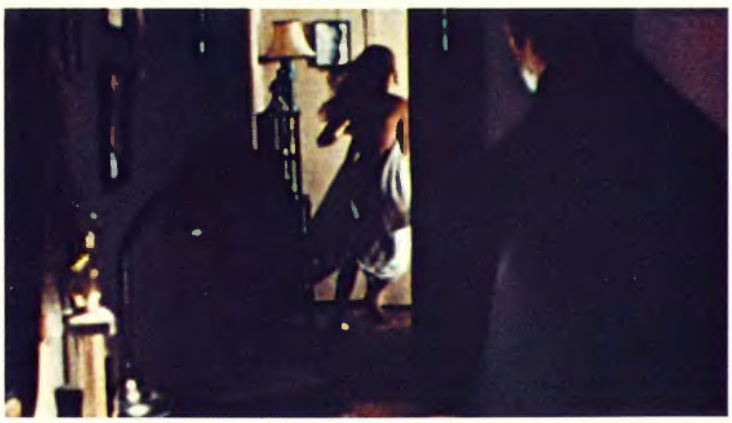
More importantly, the box offices were beginning to reflect this concern. And whereas in 1970 and 1971 producers were often actively seeking an R to attract the "adult" trade, by 1972 the R had *(text continued on page 170)*

***MIXED BAG:*** *The year's films exhibited widely disparate approaches to sex. In "Desperate Characters" (top left), Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars make love to salvage a sick marriage; in "Shamus" (top right), Burt Reynolds divides his time between private-eying and Dyan Cannon (opposite). Medical staffers humping in the next bed deepen Barnard Hughes's psychosis in "The Hospital" (center left); Lana Wood makes an avid—but fruitless—pass at Sean Connery in "Diamonds Are Forever" (center right). Fellini's "Roma," with Peter Gonzales as Fellini (above left), scrutinizes Rome's whorehouses; Dominique Sanda, in "The Garden of the Finzi-Contins" (above right), saddens a devoted admirer who witnesses her giving herself to another.*



***ULTRAVIOLENCE:*** *Throttlings, beatings and murders outpaced lovemaking on screens this year. Alfred Hitchcock's "Frenzy" opens with a tie-strangled corpse being hauled from the Thames (top left); Jerzy Skolimowski's "Deep End" closes with an assault on Jane Asher by John Moulder-Brown in an empty swimming pool (top right). Gardener Marlon Brando sadistically misuses governess Stephanie Beacham in "The Nightcomers" (above left); and Susan George is raped twice in Sam Peckinpah's "Straw Dogs" (above right). "Dirty Harry's" one brush with sex is a glimpse of a nude woman through a window (below left); and in another rugged cop film, "The French Connection," Gene Hackman's only liaison (below right) is a one-night stand.*





***GANGS BANG:*** *Cashing in on the success of "The Godfather" (above left, with Al Pacino and Simonetta Stefanelli in a tender wedding-night moment), studios rushed to issue gangster-oriented pictures. "The Syndicate" (above right) stars Farley Granger and Barbara Bouchet; "Boxcar Bertha" (below left) showcases real-life lovers Barbara Hershey and David Carradine as outlaws riding the rails. The penned prostitutes in "Prime Cut" (below right, with Gene Hackman and Lee Marvin as rival mobsters) are seen at closer range in* PLAYBOY*'s June pictorial than in the release print, but the gore remains. Featured in "The Valachi Papers," based on the revelations of a mafioso, are Maria Baxa and Imelda Marani in a Lesbian encounter (bottom right).*

***BLACK BALLING:*** *The age of superspade is well established onscreen, with virile black heroes bouncing from conquest to conquest, in bed and on the job. "Cool Breeze," in a remake of "The Asphalt Jungle's" jewel caper, stars newcomer Thalmus Rasulala (above left, with Pamela Grier, Rosey's cousin). Richard Roundtree encores last year's hit detective thriller "Shaft" with "Shaft's Big Score" (above right, with Kathy Imrie). Black women, too, are seen primarily in sexual terms: Brenda Sykes willingly submits to prosperous night-club owner Jim Brown in "Black Gunn" (below left) but vainly struggles to avoid violation by a pair of itinerant cowboys who happen upon her and her teenaged white lover as they are running away from home in "Honky" (below right).*

***BLACK HUMOR:*** *Clichés are ribbed in "Top of the Heap" (above), wherein Christopher St. John fantasizes a watermelon orgy with Paula Kelly, and in "Blacula" (below), with William Marshall nuzzling night-spot photographer Emily Yancy in a take-off on vampire films.*

***WILD WEST:*** *Gone are the days when the sexiest moment in a Western was the one in which the cowboy kissed his horse. "The Wrath of God" calls for Indian maiden Paula Pritchett to be mass-raped (above); and "El Topo" shows Alexandro Jodorowsky—who also wrote, directed and scored the film—forcibly attacking Mara Lorenzio (below) in what is actually one of the milder episodes of this cinematic ode to cruelty.*

***BURLESQUE SHOWS:*** *A satirical approach to male-female relationships characterized several of the year's releases. In "Get to Know Your Rabbit" (above left), Tom Smothers and Samantha Jones found romance in a brassiere shop. Woody Allen romped through "Play It Again, Sam" (top right, with Diane Keaton) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (above right). Buck Henry was a horny sociological investigator in "Is There Sex After Death?" (below left), which sought answers to such questions as "Can a person suffocate from fellatio?" Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev was erotically surreal at the expense of the controversial psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich in "WR—Mysteries of the Organism," with Milena Dravic (below right).*

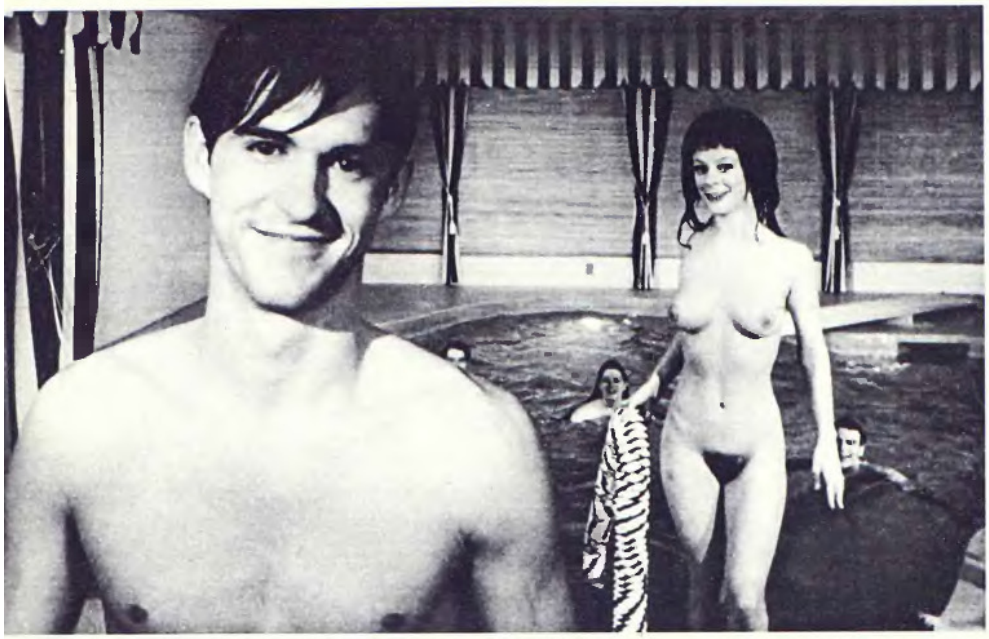
***COUNTERCULTURE VULTURES:*** *Hollywood's attempts to cash in on the youth movement frequently turn prospective audiences more off than on. An exception may be the movie version of cult hero Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s "Slaughterhouse-Five," with Michael Sacks and Valerie Perrine (above left). Other entries: "Grass Land," a 1919 motorcycle epic with Tina Herazo and Keith Carradine (top right); "Cisco Pike," starring singer Kris Kristofferson, en ménage with Joy Bang and Viva (above right); "The Harrad Experiment," offering coed dorms and nude meditation (below left); and "Dealing: Or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues," teaming Barbara Hershey and Robert F. Lyons (below right) in a scenario based on a story that ran in* PLAYBOY.

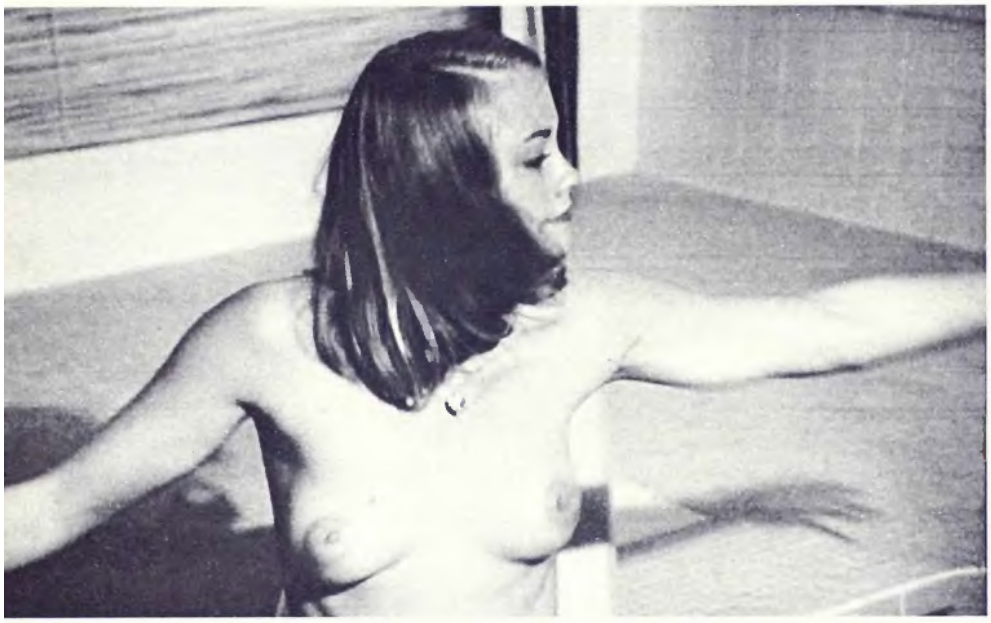
***ODD COUPLINGS:*** *Lesbianism and group sex are but two of the once-forbidden topics that can now be shown—or at least intimated—on the screen, depending on what rating one's willing to accept. Clinching above are Elizabeth Taylor and Susannah York in "X, Y and Zee" (left) and Nathalie Delon and Sybil Danning in "Bluebeard" (right). "Group Marriage" below left) gathers together 1968 Playmate of the Year Victoria Vetri, Solomon Sturges, Aimee Eccles and Jeff Pomerantz. Another Playmate of the Year, 1970's Claudia Jennings, gets the once-over from fellow Derby skaters in "The Unholy Rollers" (bottom left); and a flesh market takes center stage in "Kill" (below right), a drug-traffic movie scripted and directed by Romain Gary.*

***BACK TO THE CLASSICS:*** *Noteworthy screen adaptations of famed dramas and literary works included a freewheeling treatment of 16th Century playwright John Ford's "'Tis a Pity She's a Whore," with Charlotte Rampling and Oliver Tobias engaged in incest (above left). Since the huge success of Pier Paolo Pasolini's "Decameron" (top right), other versions of Giovanni Boccaccio's ribald tales—the best of which appears to be Bruno Corbucci's "Boccaccio" (above right)—have materialized. Roman Polanski's "Macbeth," Playboy Productions' first release, features Francesca Annis as a youthful Lady Macbeth (below left) and a steamy coven of naked witches (below right) brewing up a batch of trouble for Shakespeare's ambitious thane.*

***JUST FOR KINKS:*** *Among the aberrations that abounded onscreen in 1972, Cheri Caffaro's body-oil-smearing interlude in "A Place Called Today" (top left) would have to be considered far from the most exotic. An unidentified performer in "Dial a Degenerate" (above center) specializes in foot fetishism; Anne Heywood undergoes a sex transformation in "I Want What I Want" (above right). Siegfried Rauch gets it off by groping Christiane Kruger through a shower door (left) in Radley Metzger's "Little Mother," a thinly veiled biography of Argentina's Eva Perón. And Laura Cannon—one of the literal sex stars of* PLAYBOY*'s October 1971 pictorial "The Porno Girls"—is the featured performer in "Bizarre Sex Practices" (below), a so-called educational film.*

***THEY BLUE IT:*** *Although harassment is on the rise, and some producers offer features in "hot" and "cool" editions to avoid getting busted, the fare at most adult moviehouses is still a far cry from Disney. "Hollywood Babylon" (above left) is a purported exposé of personal quirks of such now-deceased film greats as Erich von Stroheim. The gross—and top-grossing—"Deep Throat" (top right) scored 100 percent on* Screw *magazine's "peter-meter." At center right is "Hot Circuit," grand-prize winner at 1971's New York Erotic Film Festival. "Is There Sex After Marriage?" (below left) is described by its makers as "somewhere between a hard R and a soft X"; "The Erotic Adventures of Zorro" (below right), though X-rated, didn't deserve more than a Z.*





become a danger signal, with possible losses of revenue running to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Unlike his predecessor, who had bowed to studio pressure in changing the original R classification given *Ryan's Daughter* to a GP and in upgrading *Drive, He Said*'s X to an R, Stern preferred to stand pat on his ratings—or to let a review board in New York make the changes. In theory, any film could still be released. But producers who had begun their pictures in the headier atmosphere of a year or so ago now found themselves making deep "voluntary" cuts to earn a GP—or, at worst, an R—from Stern's administration.

Stern himself, Lehman recently stated, had encouraged him to make *Portnoy* precisely as he had envisaged it in his script, without any compromises. "He liked the script very much," Lehman recalled, "and regarded it as an adult film. The words he used were 'intrusive and disturbing.' Aaron and his wife came over to my house one Sunday afternoon and we talked about it for hours, while I explained to him exactly how I planned to shoot it. Of course, I thought I had an X going in, and so, if I had really wanted to, I could have shown whatever I chose. Doing it this way, where nothing at all is actually seen, was entirely my own decision. Those porno films that force you to look at everything make me physically sick. But with no mention of a rating, Dr. Stern urged me to make the film my own way."

Without being privy to the inner councils of the Code and Rating Administration, it is, of course, impossible to know for certain by what yardstick films are measured for the Code's four categories. After more than a year of Stern's administration, however, a rough formula *(continued on page 208)*

***THE WAGES OF VIRTUE:*** *Possibly the three most influential films on American screens this year, in terms of their treatment of sex, were "The Last Picture Show," "Portnoy's Complaint" and "A Clockwork Orange." All dealt, in one way or another, with the consequences of repression. The sterile milieu of "Picture Show's" Texas town led to back-seat groping and taunting exhibitionism, as exemplified by the leering teens (top left) who dare spoiled-little-rich-girl Cybill Shepherd (center left) to strip. Alexander Portnoy, played by Richard Benjamin, is so hung up he masturbates while wearing his sister's soiled panties (far left) and can't manage a lasting relationship with sexy Karen Black (near left). The outcome of letting it all hang in, some psychologists believe, may be the kind of nightmare society envisioned by Stanley Kubrick in "Orange." Antihero Malcolm McDowell does in Miriam Karlin with a giant sculpture of penis and testes (top near right); for his crime, he's subjected to aversion therapy that conditions him to associate passion with pain (top far right). Kubrick's street gangs, descendants of the Sixties' Teddy boys, mindlessly pursue such kicks as group assault (bottom right).*

*"Just like you told me, Will—I'm checkin' out the north forty."*

WHEN NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was elected first consul for life in 1802, he sent an embassy to the Sublime Porte. His hope was to re-establish French prestige in the Near East and to win the good will of the Ottoman Empire. For this mission, he chose three able young men. The senior envoy was Georges Cassin, a shrewd merchant—though inclined to be a bit careless about details. Vicomte d'Annecy was a proven soldier, a veteran of the Italian campaign, whose assignment was to become acquainted with the Turkish generals. Emile le Breton, the third of the trio, was a good civil servant and the son of a landed Norman family.

It was intended that they remain in Constantinople for a year, but they stayed more than a decade. Their mission ended in the final, chaotic months of 1813, when D'Annecy and Le Breton decided to return home for the last stand on the battlefield. Cassin could not bring himself to leave the Bosporus, however, so strong were the ties to his adopted land—the strongest being a prosperous business concern trading in spices, carpets, hashish, gems and other valuables. Cassin was by now a very rich man. At their emotional leave-taking, he presented Le Breton with a bag of precious jewels and the *vicomte* with a superb little Circassian beauty named Haidée and promised eternal friendship.

Le Breton and D'Annecy survived the Battle of Leipzig, the Restoration, the Hundred Days, Waterloo, and finally settled down to the routine of provincial life and a pair of rather unsatisfactory marriages. Le Breton wed a buxom Norman heiress; the *vicomte* married a rich but rather bad-tempered *ci-devant*. Preoccupied as they were with domestic obligations, the two old comrades met only now and then for an affectionate reunion.

The *vicomte*, of course, had to employ considerable strategy in order to arrange his life with some sort of decent comfort. To do this, he built a charming little *maison privée* in a secluded outskirt of Caen and furnished it with every sort of Oriental carpet, *objet d'art* and luxury of life. Here he installed Haidée, with two servants, demanding only that she remain out of public view, look beautiful and be prepared for vigorous sex on Wednesdays and Fridays.

Alas, the week has seven days and Haidée, who had been trained to be talented in one thing only, found five of them extremely boring. In addition, the Syrian cook was no company, because she spoke very little Turkish. The other servant, the cook's husband, was a Frenchman who spoke French only. The *vicomte* had been able to teach Haidée no more than a few words of French—and, unfortunately, most of these referred to the genital organs. In short, Haidée felt very worried and lonely for five days of the week.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

Now, there happens to be a traditional Moslem way of dealing with such a situation. Wearied of Haidée's complaints, the *vicomte* at last wrote a letter with a request to his friend Cassin. Mindful of Cassin's occasional carelessness about details, he made his requirement plain and specific.

Three months later, Cassin's agent in Paris brought him a young man. The *vicomte* was a bit taken aback. Could there have been some mistake? He had envisaged a pudding-shaped, beardless man of middle age with a high-pitched voice—an amiable creature with a fund of feminine gossip. But the newcomer was quite the opposite. He was tall, blond, handsome, and his figure was that of a captain of hussars. The *vicomte* fell to scrutinizing a letter from Cassin that had been brought by the agent.

> Dear Old Friend,
>
> Please excuse my delay, because I have been much preoccupied with many business matters. I have, however, been able to fulfill your request and I send herewith a servant to your specifications. Selim (his Turkish name) is an unfortunate Circassian destined to become a eunuch guardian of a harem by his former master. Except for the loss of his generative faculty, he is sound in body and wind. It seems that he speaks mainly Ubykh—his native tongue—and very little Turkish, but this should make him even more incorruptible. I have paid a thousand livres for him and you may reimburse me via my agent at your convenience.

The *vicomte* was immediately both reassured and compassionate toward this young fellow who had been so cruelly deprived. He introduced him to Haidée, asking her to translate his instructions regarding the duties of the newcomer. Selim was to serve as guardian, companion and ostensibly consort to the young woman. Before D'Annecy left, he was pleased to note his beautiful odalisque and his new *castrato* engaged in the most animated and friendly conversation.

He continued to be pleased by the arrangement as the weeks went by. Selim proved to be a perfect servant. Haidée flourished. She smiled and laughed much of the time; her color grew rosy and her form seemed to grow more sweetly rounded. Voluptuous Wednesdays were followed by sensual Fridays.

In the spring of the year, the Caen Agricultural and General Improvement Society held its annual meeting and, as always, D'Annecy met Le Breton over a good dinner and a bottle of calvados.

"Emile, old friend! What is amiss?" exclaimed the *vicomte* as they sat down. "You look like a howitzer about to fire."

"It is that damned Cassin and his damned negligent way of doing things!" said Le Breton. "Ah, D'Annecy, I have a very personal story and a very sad one —but you must never divulge what I am about to tell you."

"On my word of honor, Emile."

"You know that my wife and I have never been blessed with children, though we ardently desire them. Is the cause mine? I am man enough, but perhaps certain Eastern debauches in which I indulged when young in Constantinople. . . . Ah, well, no one can say, not even the doctors. In any case, Marie has been so oppressed by the circumstance that I considered a plan.

"It occurred to me that, if I could not father a child myself, perhaps I could arrange for a substitute to accomplish it —a total stranger, a foreigner who, perhaps, might even be ignorant of our language. When I voiced this notion to Marie, she was at first horrified; later, she grew to accept it. Thus, I wrote to Cassin for assistance."

For some reason, the *vicomte* felt an icy point touch his heart.

"But do you know what Cassin sent me? I asked for a robust young Circassian slave, and who, to my astonishment, should appear but a corpulent middle-aged creature."

The *vicomte* swallowed hard. "But all the same, Madame le Breton is expecting now?" he asked hopefully.

"My God, that is the trouble!" said his friend. "This impostor has been put to bed with Marie for two months now and nothing has happened. But where are you going, D'Annecy?"

Fifteen minutes later, the *vicomte* burst into Haidée's boudoir, where Selim was giving her a mighty demonstration of his perfect equipment. Haidée looked up and gave a pretty scream.

For a moment, the *vicomte* was enraged and he raised his heavy stick to batter the couple. But just before he struck, his Gallic pragmatism won out. It occurred to him that Selim could be spared for Madame le Breton on Wednesdays and Fridays. In this way, all five of them could live happily thereafter.

*—Retold by Paul Tabori*

# henry oates?

*(continued from page 110)*

Henry?" She'd been hopping about and she paused in the middle of a step, frowning, like a dancer caught when the music stops. "You want that money, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"You want to go back to Burnside and farm?"

"Yeah." She knew perfectly well he did.

"This is the only way to do it, Henry. Unless you got a better idea. You got a better idea?"

"Naw."

Still, Henry waited until the day the insurance man was supposed to come before he went and got the straw and a brown egg. He and Lillie spent all morning building a nest on bricks covered over with straw so that Henry would have some support for his behind. Smiling proudly, Lillie dropped to one knee and placed the egg. "Now, take off your clothes and try it, Henry."

Lord God. He felt like a damned fool.

"Henry?"

He got naked. Gingerly, he squatted over the egg. He felt like he was sitting on a toilet bowl. But it was surprisingly comfortable, and he had the sensation that it was just this feeling that he had been waiting for all his life.

"Now you got to make some noise, Henry."

"Huh?"

"You ever seen a setting hen that didn't cluck?"

So he made noise. "*Cluck*cluckcluck-cluckcluck. Cluckcluck*cluck*cluck*cluck*." His genitals tumbled over the edge of the nest in a massive pile. At least anybody who saw him would know he was a rooster and not a hen.

Lillie clapped her hands. "That's tough, Henry! That's real tough!"

He felt rather proud of himself, too, and he patted the nest amiably when he got up. Lillie washed and straightened her hair, as though she were the one to be interviewed. Then she cleaned the room and Henry helped her.

Usually, Lillie was the one who made the bed; but that day, Henry did. When he was plumping up Lillie's pillow, he found a smelly little bundle of garlic and herbs tied in leather. His scalp prickled. A juju bag. Why hadn't he seen it before?

"Lillie?"

She was sweeping the floor carefully near the nest, almost dancing with the broom. "Yes, Henry? What is it, honey?"

He was horrified. He held the juju away from him like it was a piece of wet manure. "Lillie, you believe in this stuff?" he said, although he certainly did. He was about to throw it out the window, but Lillie stopped him angrily.

"Give me that! How come you think everything's working in our favor?" She snatched the juju and stuck it in her bosom.

"That's just plain *superstition*!" he cried. "Where'd you get that nasty thing from, anyway?"

"My aunt in Burnside gave it to me last summer. She's even stronger than Aunt Keziah, in case you didn't know. Aunt Keziah's old and feeble now. People hardly pay her any attention anymore."

Henry felt a little less upset, hearing that. But he was still uneasy with Lillie. Then they started making love a few hours before the insurance man was due; and Henry felt fine again. He didn't mind that juju's being around, as long as it came from somebody stronger than Aunt Keziah. And was working for him. He felt supremely confident when the man from the insurance company tapped on the door at three o'clock sharp and Lillie went to open it. Starknaked, Henry settled on his nest and started softly clucking. The egg was a delicate mound in the hollow between his testicles and his butt.

"Good afternoon, sir," Lillie said very nicely. Henry heard the insurance man mutter something. Henry just sat and clucked.

"What's he doing over there?" the insurance man said.

"He's sitting on an egg," Lillie said, most graciously.

Henry said, "Cluck*cluck*cluck." He felt as comfortable as anybody in the world.

Lillie invited the insurance man to sit down. "I sent out and got some Chinese tea bags when I heard you were coming. Would you like me to fix you a cup? I'd like a cup myself."

"Thank you," the insurance man said. He was a young white man and he tipped over to Henry on his nest. "Mr. Oates, I'm from the insurance company," he said.

"Cluckcluckcluckcluckcluck*cluck!*" Henry said.

Startled, the insurance man drew back. "How long has he been this way?"

"Since shortly after the accident," Lillie said. She was boiling water on the hot plate. "Sir, do you take sugar with your tea? I take two spoons myself."

"Three spoons," the insurance man said. "My goodness gracious! The doctors indicated this, but we had no idea that the case was this bad!"

"It's pretty bad," Lillie said grimly. "He's been sitting there off and on for weeks now, trying to hatch that egg."

"But that's impossible," the insurance man said. "I mean, a man can't hatch an egg."

"*I* know that," Lillie said wisely. "But you try explaining that to Henry."

The insurance man took another tentative step. "Mr. Oates, you'll never be able to hatch that egg."

"And it's a brown egg, too," Lillie said. She sounded very concerned.

Henry clucked, rolling his eyes in a kind of gleeful intensity.

The insurance man shook his head sadly. "Poor fellow, he's very bad off."

"He sure is," Lillie said. "Here's your tea." He drank it and left, promising to come back in a week to see if Henry was better.

Lillie waited until the insurance man's last footsteps were heard on the stairs. Then she whooped and threw her teaspoon into the air. "We did it, Henry! Honey, we *did* it!"

But Henry just sat there. He said, "Cluckcluckcluck."

"Henry . . . ? Get up, Henry." Her voice rising in panic, Lillie balled her fist and walloped him against his head. "*Get up, Henry!*"

He staggered off the nest, dazed and blinking, like a man coming from a deep sleep. "What happened? What'd you hit me for?"

Lillie looked very frightened. "Henry, you didn't get up when I told you. Why didn't you get up?"

He was thinking about that, too. It was almost as though something—some force, some desire, perhaps?—had glued him to the nest. "I guess I was just too happy to move," he said. But that was not true. For the few seconds before Lillie hit him, he had been unable to move. And now his muscles felt stiff and sore. "It's from sitting in that position," he said. "We got to make that nest higher so my legs won't get so cramped. This way, I've got to squat too low."

"There ain't going to be no next time," Lillie said. She was sitting on the bed, looking very dismal. "When you didn't get up, Henry, I thought I'd die. I thought, Lillie, look what you done to that man. Got him sitting there naked on a nest. Looking like a black fool. And for what? For money, that's what."

"What's wrong with money?" Henry said. "From the way things been going, I'd say we're going to be pretty rich." He took her in his arms and kissed her cheeks, her breasts.

"I think we ought to call the whole thing off," Lillie said. Her breath was coming harder.

"You must be joking," Henry whispered between her breasts. "Why call it off? All the toughest work's been done. Now you want to call it off."

"Please, Henry."

"But why?"

"I don't know." Her breasts were heaving like a bellows. "I saw you sitting there. I'm scared, I guess."

"You scared? You love me, that's what."

She nodded. "I love you."

He felt triumphant, heated all over. "Take off your clothes, then. Show me how much you love me."

Later on that afternoon, Henry went

# FLASH!

*shining examples of clothes to brighten your fashion outlook*

*attire*
**By ROBERT L. GREEN**

Menswear has seen plenty of razzle-dazzle in the past few years, but nothing like this, a casually elegant look that's brilliant both in concept and in appearance. Outfit includes: crepe-back satin shirt, from Eugene Reimen for Male, by special order, $65; satin flared-leg slacks, by Male, $55; painted leather belt, by DDDominick, $10; silver-plated star pins, by Tempo, $2 and $3; and silver brogues, by Fantasia, $33.

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES / PHOTOGRAPHED BY OON AZUMA

for a walk to stretch his legs. It was a mild day in November and the streets of Cousinsville had thinned out, as though people had already begun to escape to Burnside for the impending winter. Henry felt very good, indeed. He had imitated a hen, but he had also proven himself a man whom a woman could love. He walked on, strutting proudly. Man, it really would be tough if he and Lillie could go back to Burnside and settle on a small farm there.

From time to time, some of his cronies greeted him.

"What's happening, man?"

"Ain't nothing happening, brother."

"It's a beautiful day, brother."

"Right on, man."

He didn't feel so awkward, using the expression now. Sometimes he raised his fist and gave the black-power salute. He felt like a young man all over again, and he thought of Lillie waiting for him back in the hotel as a man contemplates a good meal yet to be enjoyed. His legs and muscles felt better, too. Sitting on that nest had cramped him more than he'd realized; and he strode now with a vigorous bounce to his walk.

He had come to a new building that was being completed for old people in Cousinsville. All aluminum and glass, it was shaped like a tall coffin set on one end. The company that had dismissed Henry was putting on the roof, using the same conveyor that had cost him his job. Henry stood and watched it work. Senseless and repetitive, the metal arms carried the tar paper to the roof and dumped it in a singularly graceless manner. Henry remembered his own performances, how they had sometimes attracted large crowds. But he was the only one watching now. One of the workers recognized him and waved. Henry waved back. An old folks' home, put together by machines. *Lord, let me get some money, let me get to Burnside and die with some dignity.* He walked on rapidly.

When the insurance man came a second time, Henry was sitting again on the brown egg, clucking energetically. He had made the nest higher and it was considerably more comfortable. Sitting there, he thought about the juju that Aunt Keziah had put on him so long ago. But he couldn't remember what it had been—the ugly old black woman shaking herbs and rattles at him, mumbling words he couldn't understand. Well, he was wearing now the juju that Lillie Dove had got from her aunt, and he was convinced that everything was going to turn out all right.

"He thinks the egg might hatch this week," Lillie told the insurance man.

"How do you know that?" the insurance man asked. "Did he tell you? Can he talk?"

"He'll talk to me sometimes, if he's in the right mood," Lillie said, somewhat guardedly. She looked worried.

But the insurance man was very sympathetic. "We want to do right by him," he said. "You tell him not to worry about a thing."

Indeed, it was Lillie Dove who seemed to worry. Now that Henry had carried off his second encounter with the insurance man, Lillie was almost beside herself for fear that the company would find Henry out. She wanted him to stay on the nest 24 hours a day. "They might be watching you through the window with binoculars," she said. When Henry closed the blinds, she put her fingers to her lips and listened at the door, snatching it open to find an empty hallway. "They might have somebody listening to see if we say anything to give ourselves away." When Henry wanted to go for a walk, she demanded that he stay in the room. "Suppose they see you out walking, after I told them you sat on that nest all the time." He calmed her as best he could, usually by making love to her; and she came out of intercourse counting and spending the money she thought they were going to get. She talked about clothes, a new car, an apartment in Newark or even New York.

Henry's head snapped up. "What about that farm in Burnside?"

Lillie looked very evasive. "Well, we could rent us a small farm, Henry, if there's money enough left over." He lit a cigarette and lay quietly beside her. So she'd been lying all the time, leading him on. And it seemed to him that the curse of unhappiness had been the juju that old Aunt Keziah had thrown at him like an evil dust.

"Lillie," he said softly—so softly that it seemed that an ant might have cried out in his brain, stepped on by the weight of his unhappiness—"Lillie, why you been lying to me? You never wanted that farm. You never even went close to Burnside with that money you stole from me." She was so quiet. "This juju doesn't belong to your aunt. Where'd you get this juju?"

"I bought it in Newark," she said.

Utterly betrayed, he took the juju from around his neck and rammed it under her pillow. And he thought again of machines, how each part of them is committed to the function of the whole, as he had committed himself to Lillie, inside all the metal and screws and washers of love. Did she really love him? He asked her and she kept very quiet. He asked her again. "Lillie, do you love me?"

"You know I love you, honey." But she was lying, her voice as hollow as ungreased bearings. She threw a leg across him—to convince him, he supposed—and even as he felt himself hardening to the incredible warmth of her, there was a coldness deep inside his gears as frigid as the North. He felt old, ungreased and unnecessary, even as he plowed through her warm fluids, solid and assured and uncertain at the same time, as she answered his piston thrusts with a practiced expertise that made him know that the two of them were nothing more than the things he had despised all along.

When the insurance man came for the third time, Henry was naked again, sitting on the brown egg in the nest in the corner. "*Cluck*cluckcluckcluck*cluck*. Cluck*cluck*cluck*cluck*." But his heart wasn't in it and he felt like a sick old hen, sitting on a brown egg that would never hatch, living with a woman who would never love him, living in a country that required him to ransom his manhood before it even thought of giving him justice. What was it he had read on the wall? A HEN CANNOT LAY A GOOSE EGG. AMERIKA CANNOT GIVE JUSTICE TO THE PEOPLE.

"We've decided to offer Mr. Oates a large settlement," the insurance man said. "We haven't decided on the amount. But I assure you that it will be substantial."

Lillie's excitement spurted out and touched everything, like spilled oil. Henry could feel it oozing over his brain. He felt dizzy. "Cluck . . . cluck . . . cluck. . . ."

"A man who has to live like that," the insurance man said, "certainly deserves all we can do for him."

"You're so right," Lillie said. She was impatient for him to go now, Henry could see that. She was so greedy, such a liar, such a beautiful, ugly woman that he knew he could never live with her as a man again.

"It was so good of you to come," Lillie said, and she shut the door behind the insurance man.

"Henry, honey, we're *rich*!" She came toward him, walking like a beautiful machine, as a woman does when she is white and in love and weighted down with mink and diamonds, perhaps even an apartment in New York, perhaps even a nation.

"Cluckcluckcluckcluckcluck," Henry said. He loved her too much to take away her dominant dream. Furthermore, she was the one who had the juju now.

"Henry." Lillie looked alarmed, but pleased, too. "You can get up now, Henry."

Henry settled himself more comfortably on the egg and clucked mechanically. But he did not get up.

*"Look—there it goes again!"*

# SAND IN MY EARS

*(continued from page 117)*

*in their eternal orbit . . . whip-whop, whip-whop. . . .*

The last eight bars of the *Marseillaise* still hang in the air as I finish cramming my freshly laundered Abercrombie & Fitch safari suit into a blue-and-white Lindblad Travel duffel bag. For weeks, ever since I got loaded at the Adventurer's Club one night and accepted Tuppy Bigelow's challenge to sign aboard a Trans Sahara caravan, I've spent almost every waking moment fantasizing about the adventures I'll have with the Bogart types who will flock to join the goddamnedest expedition I've ever heard of: a five-week, 3100-mile, $3000 camping trip through Mali, Niger and Algeria, stopping off en route at Timbuktu, Agadès and that Holy Grail of Godforsakenness, the salt mines of Bilma.

But now as I sit on the broad, sunswept veranda of Dakar's luxurious Hotel N'Gor and listen to the 23 international rogues who have signed up swap the names of geriatricians, I'm feeling slightly disillusioned. Near my elbow, dozing in the heat, is a 76-year-old Australian spinster no larger than a half-grown kangaroo. Next to her is another jaded globe-trotter: a sanitary engineer from Indianapolis. At the other tables are a retired camera-store owner and his wife from Neenah, Wisconsin, a retired doctor and his wife from Hartford, Connecticut, a retired geologist and his wife from Tucson, a retired pharmaceutical executive and his wife from Indianapolis, a retired interior designer from Manhattan and a retired gentleman farmer from Chico, California. The other expeditioners, for the most part, are gray-haired widows and wealthy couples who look as though they've never done anything more strenuous than dig for a maraschino cherry with a colored toothpick.

Since arriving in Dakar three days ago, I've been bused about the city and countryside to view the old slave quarters on the island of Gorée, the fishing village of Cayar, a native market, the University of Dakar, the outside of a museum and a native dance troupe. At night I toss on my bed in an air-conditioned cottage and stare at its neatly thatched roof. No huge spider spins down to suck the breath from my lungs. The hotel has even killed the flies. This is like Africaland at Disney World.

But today may be different, for today my fellow soldiers of fortune and I are to fly to Bamako, Mali, where our fleet of eight Land Rovers awaits us. Lindblad's Trans Sahara brochure says, "They are new and especially designed and fully equipped for use in the Sahara . . . having been fitted with all forward-facing deluxe seats, roof racks, external gas-can brackets and air vents." But no mention of a Bren-gun mount. . . .

The wheels of our Air Afrique plane touch down on the Bamako runway and I step from the 60-degree cabin. My nose hairs curl in the heat of Mali's grasslands. This is more like it. There are the men of Minitrek, the British organization on which Lindblad has fobbed off the responsibility for our chauffeuring, bedding, feeding and doctoring. Minitrek's grizzled staff are old Saharans, I've been told; but these guys aren't as old as I am and—what's this? Our cooks are women! And married to two of the drivers. How the hell are we going to go out drinking bootleg palm wine till dawn in native brothels with guys who have *wives* waiting for them back in camp?

Dinner is served in a private room of the Bamako Motel. As we linger over fly-specked cups of thick, sweet coffee, a man at the head table rises to speak. He is Lindblad's answer to Stewart Granger: Herbie Sylge, the boy-wonder president of Minitrek and our expedition leader. Herbie, who stands about 5'4" in his leather desert sandals, looks like a dapper Munchkin. He introduces himself and the man next to him, Mike Foster, our *chef de convoy*. Foster is more like it. He's about 32, well tanned and has the habit of unexpectedly cocking his head and staring off into space—as if he's harking to the sound of distant camel bells. Disturbingly, however, he also blushes easily.

Third on the expedition's hierarchy is James Wellard, the pipe-smoking, middle-aged author of *The Great Sahara* and *Lost Worlds of Africa*. Wellard has been signed aboard to help pass our nights in the desert with learned dissertations on French West Africa's cultural heritage. But after a few evenings of cutthroat poker, Wellard's favorite game, we discover there's more of John Scarne in him than Mr. Chips.

And last, there is David Goodson, a feisty, mustachioed 42-year-old anesthesiologist from Seattle, dressed in his day-to-day desert uniform—an Air Force jump suit, scout-leader hat, white socks and sandals. He looks like a pint-sized stand-in for Clifton Webb but is, in reality, our trip physician.

Departure day. Our eight Land Rovers are all in a row, having been loaded to the roof racks with sleeping bags, personal luggage, washing gear, provisions, spare tires, mechanic's tools and liquor for pink gins, *certainement*. I'm well turned out in my Sta-Prest safari suit and rakishly knotted Gucci neck scarf. My desert Hush Puppies are properly scuffed, my nose is smeared with Noxzema and an unlit Gauloises *Bleu* dangles from my Chap-Sticked lips. With a tooting of horns, we are off in a cloud of brown French West African dust, careening through the potholed streets of Bamako, heading for that legendary symbol of remoteness, Timbuktu, 980 miles away.

With only 979½ miles to go, we are lost—or rather Herbie is lost, having accidentally taken the road to Bougouni, which lies 101 miles to the south. Thirty minutes later, Herbie rejoins us looking somewhat red-faced under the reproachful eye of Mike Foster, and once again we are off. One hundred sixty miles later, our high road to adventure is still paved and we veer off into the bush to camp. Down from the tops of the Land Rovers come sleeping bags, landing in the millions of tiny cockleburs, no bigger than your fingernail, that strew the ground.

Around me in the darkness, expeditioners yelp as they kneel in the cockleburs to spread out their gear. No one can find his flashlight. Herbie is yelling out the location of the toilet tent.

Next morning: The sound of Henry Mancini's rendition of *Walk on the Wild Side* playing full volume on a portable cassette brings me up from the depths of a weird dream, one in which I'm being chased naked across French West Africa by a carnivorous Land Rover. It's five A.M. and my fellow adventurers, in various stages of undress, are rubbing their eyes and covertly scratching at places where, I presume, they've been sleeping on cockleburs.

Herbie is strutting about in a pair of khaki hotpants, issuing orders like a sergeant major in the Foreign Legion. After wolfing a breakfast of some bilious dehydrated food called Swissy, which reminds me of sweetened Kitty Litter, I discover that my toothbrush and jumbo tube of Close-Up are missing. My mouth tastes like the inside of a mud dauber's nest. Our big Michelin tires begin their already too-familiar thumpety-thump as we pull back onto pavement and continue eastward flat-out at 45 mph.

Twenty-four hours later: same landscape, same pavement, same taste in my mouth. I'm beginning to get a little bored with all this. I can't help thinking of Tuppy Bigelow back at the Adventurer's Club. Right this minute, he's probably sitting in a La-Z-Boy with his feet up, reading Halliburton's *The Royal Road to Romance* and smoking an Upmann panatela. The bastard. To break the monotony, I pull out my dog-eared copy of *The Four Feathers* but can't get past the part where Harry Feversham discovers that three officers from his old regiment have branded him a coward.

It's been four nights on the road and finally we're off the pavement and into some primitive terrain, passing Tuareg tent villages where headless goat carcasses lie about on the ground and tethered camels with wicker muzzles snap at the crotches of careless strangers who venture

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too close. Camp is made in an evil place that's alive with inch-long thistles and nipping ants. Tomorrow, Herbie has announced, we will all be able to wash in the cool, clear water of the Niger River. I'll drink to that. And please let there be a toothbrush for sale in Timbuktu.

At high noon on the fifth day, we engage in the torture of taking the air's temperature with a sling psychrometer. It's 130 degrees Fahrenheit. Madness. The men are beginning to go shirtless and the women have all but abandoned their make-up kits. A few of the older members of our band, I notice, are also acting a little woozy. And tempers are fraying. Where is the Niger River? Herbie said we'd stand on its shady banks by 12:30 P.M. Instead, we've stopped in the middle of a broiling, treeless plain to eat sardine sandwiches and drink hot lemon tea. The ruts we've been following have simply disappeared. Our Michelin map shows a road, but when we look at the ground, there's nothing but cockleburs and nary a misplaced grain of sand to indicate which way to go.

Herbie confers with his staff. "The road has disappeared."

A balding doctor in saddlebag-style chinos and a fishing cap whispers, "What do you mean the road has disappeared?" Perspiration dripping from his sunburned nose forms little patterns in the dust around his sweat-soaked tennis shoes.

"Minitrek, sir, has never been this way before."

"Oh, well, that's *different*, Herbie. That's different. I always *wanted* to spend my three-thousand-dollar vacation dying of thirst in Mali."

With a steering wheel in one hand, a compass in the other, Herbie sends the lead car careening across boundless dry lake beds and through forests of camel's-thorn bushes. One hour, two hours, three hours pass. No Niger River. No road. No Tuaregs. Nothing but thornbushes, cockleburs and camel dung. No camels—only their dung.

Another restless night. As a full Sahara moon begins to rise, I dream again; this time I'm naked and being chased by a ten-foot scorpion that's using its tail like a bullwhip.

The following morning, dawn's early light reveals a *hassi*—a deep well a few miles away around which a dozen bedraggled Tuaregs are busily filling goatskin bags with green, odious water. Maps are drawn in the sand. We're farther south than we thought. Some of my comrades are beginning to get really nasty—drinking Johnnie Walker Red Label at eight A.M. and talking in loud, slurred voices.

High noon. The road has found us again. A fork approaches and Herbie, still in the lead, hesitates momentarily and then veers to the right. Foster brakes hard and says we should be taking the road to the left. Herbie is almost out of sight, leaving only a wispy trail of dust hanging in the furnace air.

The sun beats down on our peeling, bright-red shoulders. The women sit in the shade of the Land Rovers. No one speaks. Up on one of the roofs, Foster squints through a pair of 10 x 50 binoculars he's borrowed from a passenger. Silence. Total silence. A bird flies past and we hear the beat of its wings. Dr. Goodson remarks that he's never heard a bird fly before. Right now, I'd sell my birthright, if I had one, for a gallon of ice cream. Any flavor.

"Maybe Herbie broke down," says James Wellard, nervously chewing on his pipe.

One of the crew volunteers to see if he can find the Munchkin. He sets out. Another hour passes. Then we see a column of dust. The driver returns with the news: Herbie is ten miles away, waiting for us to follow him.

"Does he know he's on a dead-end road?" asks Foster in his best Victor Mature voice.

"Yes. He wants to drive cross-country by compass again."

Foster's eyes roll up into his head. "Go back and tell Herbie we'll meet him in Gourma-Rharous."

We wait. A few hyperactive types throw rocks at the sun.

"What did Herbie say?" Foster asks the driver after he's returned the second time.

"He's pissed."

At last we have reached Gourma-Rharous, a settlement on the Niger where muscular natives, expert at poling oil-drum rafts, will ferry us, Land Rovers and all, a mile or so to the far bank, where lies the road to Timbuktu.

And there is Herbie. He looks pink and angry. The front of his shirt and his khaki hotpants are covered with Coca-Cola spilled when he tried to drink while driving. He's walking in a cloud of flies.

"I'd like to remind you of something," he says to Foster. "In the Lindblad brochure, it says, 'For reasons of safety, you will be required to agree in advance to abide by the decisions of the expedition leader.' . . . As you know, that's me."

Foster speaks: "We're not going to follow you down a wrong road when we're running out of gas and water."

Herbie's lip begins to quiver. "Quite right. Quite right."

Meeting adjourned.

We spend most of the next day crossing the Niger. Bathe in this muck? It looks like liquid Shinola. A few of the passengers, in fact, insist that Minitrek's staff carry them ashore piggyback. Then,

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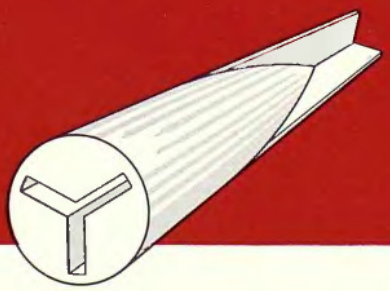

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toward evening, we begin the push to Timbuktu, traveling on a dusty one-lane road that's used by fewer than two dozen cars a year.

And there she looms before us—the fabled city herself. We pass between her mud-walled city gates at 9:30 P.M. Naked children run in our wake, attempting to hook rides. Black women with babies strapped to their backs and with earrings as big as your fist watch suspiciously from doorways.

We check in at the Grand Hotel, a low cement structure built like Hitler's bunker, with honest-to-God ceiling fans in the bar. Our rooms are cell-block spare, each with a bed, a dresser and, in the more luxe suites, a cone of mosquito netting anchored to the ceiling. The bathrooms are down-the-hall. 9′ x 12′ windowless cubbies enclosing a basin, an open shower and an ancient toilet with a ceiling-high tank. When the showers are turned on, slugs the size of bullfrogs emerge from the drains. The toilet flushes only at certain hours—no one knows when. It's truly potluck.

After a dreamless ten-hour sleep in a real bed and a vigorous toothbrushing, I'm ready for anything. Now all 24 of us are eager to mail the dozens of postcards from Timbuktu that we've promised friends and relations back home. Traveler's checks in hand, we storm the hotel's registration desk, which doubles as the bar. The hotel doesn't have enough spare cash to cover a five-dollar check. This is the symbol of ultimate remoteness, remember, not Miami Beach. Where's the bank? There is no bank. Where's the post office? It's closed. People are beginning to get surly again. To pay $3000 for the privilege of sleeping on cockleburs is one thing, but to have no stamps for postcards is reason to kill.

God knows where the hotel got them, but finally they appear—sheets and sheets of colorful Mali airmail stamps. We hoard them like gold leaf and spend the better part of the day writing and licking.

Saturday night in Timbuktu. Early evening, a band arrives and begins tuning up. By 11, the outdoor dance floor is jammed with several hundred black couples jitterbugging to the curiously funky beat of French West African high-life music. We all sit on the perimeter of the dance floor, tapping our feet and smiling a lot. Then it happens. In a moment of recklessness, I take a picture of a dancing couple. The guy in the photo is none too happy, because, I'm hastily told, he's been jitterbugging with somebody else's wife. His yellow eyes are big as full moons. His voice drowns out the band.

"Give me film."

"No. I have pictures of your honorable mayor." (When you lie to an angry citizen of Timbuktu who's 6′3″ and has a gold ring in his nose, lie big.)

"Give me film."

"Can't I expose just this one shot?"

"Give me film."

The dance floor is suddenly quiet. The natives, you might say, are getting restless. They're mumbling to one another and narrowing their eyes. I can't help but think of the final scene in *Zulu*—the one just before the massacre. The other expeditioners, I notice, are looking at me like I've just dingled a leper's bell. I give him the film.

The following morning, we repack the Land Rovers and say goodbye to the fabled city of Timbuktu. May its name never lose the magic that traps fools like us into tramping its dusty, pungent streets. And here comes another ship of fools, I see, winging in on Air Afrique.

Out through the city gates we go, Herbie in the lead. Sure enough, he takes the wrong fork again. His Land Rover disappears into the Tanezrouft Desert, on the road to Bou Djébéha, 133 miles away. To hell with him; this time he can find us. We'd ditch him permanently, but he's carrying our passports.

Herbie catches up with us at noon and that night, far into the desert, where no one can hear but the throat-chewing jerboa rats, there is a meeting

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attended only by Herbie and his staff. Lips are sealed as to what happens out there under the stars, but when it's over, Foster is the new expedition leader. Long live the king!

Two days later, we're over the Mali border and into Niger, pushing on like Patton's Third Army, as most of the group is suffering from French West Africa's version of the common cold: violent diarrhea. Our eight Land Rovers are strung out along a bumpy road when, suddenly, one of them veers sharply toward a bit of foliage. A tiny figure bursts out and sprints for a bush; the vehicle moves a discreet distance away. To minimize these time-consuming stops, Dr. Goodson passes out Lomotil, a drug that closes you up tighter than the lens of a Japanese minicamera.

One full day is all that our truncated schedule will allow in Niamey, the capital of Niger, and it's just as well. Since we're days behind in schedule, thanks to Herbie, the local hotel has had to cancel some of our reservations. To make up for this inconvenience, it generously offers the men sack-out space on the tile floor of its annex—which was once the American Embassy.

One full day or not, Niamey's bright lights and civilized amenities prove irresistible to three guests, who promptly jump ship. Cowards. While they spend two weeks of R & R in Casablanca, we will press on to Agadès, a caravan town three days away that's been nicknamed "the boot heel of the world." Lindblad's brochure says: "Agadès has the true atmosphere of a desert outpost . . . the market places are full of life and color, with nomads from the desert mingling with the Negro peoples from the south and with camel trains continually arriving and leaving, laden with salt, millet, dates, grass for fodder and trading goods of all kinds."

Three days, seven flat tires, one busted rear differential, one bent front axle and one dented rim later, we stand outside Agadès' Hotel de l'Air and learn that it's fully booked. "Where are we going to sleep?" I ask Herbie patiently. Outside town.

Try to imagine, if you can, a vast, scrub-dotted landscape abutting thousands of miles of rolling sand seas and —here is the real test—imagine that on the border between these two no man's lands, there is a pool of bright-blue water shaded by lush tropical foliage in which tiny lizards play. In this pool, I and several other fully clothed guests merrily dunk one another, oblivious of Dr. Goodson's warning that the water is probably infested with liver flukes.

Unfortunately, we don't bivouac long in this Garden of Eden, for ahead is the "most exciting leg of our journey," as Lindblad's brochure puts it, "the Tenere Desert, a vast expanse of sand which stretches for hundreds of miles across the southern Sahara. Constantly threatened by sandstorms, this terrible wasteland is still traversed by caravans of camels carrying salt from the mines of Bilma. On this difficult and forever-changing route, we shall frequently sight the bleached bones of animals who failed to make the journey."

Niger law requires that we hire a guide before tackling the Tenere, as very soon the road will disappear into undulating sand seas. Our fat guide, Rossie, one of the wealthiest men in the area, rides shotgun next to Foster. He studies the landscape and, with a sweep of his hand, indicates the direction we should take through the dune valleys.

Night descends like a jinni drawing a shroud across the sky and the desert grows cold and ominous. I huddle close to a still-warm Land Rover radiator and listen: Gentle wind ripples the sand, forming and reforming it, quietly erasing our tracks. What if someone were to commit the unpardonable sin of offering Rossie the left hand and he were to abandon us? What Moses would lead us from this wilderness then? Would Agadès officials bother to send a search party? Is radiator water safe to drink? Or crankcase oil? Or the glycerin in Herbie's compass? Visions of the Donner Party dance in my head.

Foster has informed us that the best time to drive in the desert is early morning, when the sun's rays have not yet warmed the sand, turning it from a hard-packed surface into a tractionless ocean of grit. Even though we leave early, we soon get stuck, at which point we learn the function of the five-foot steel ladders strapped to the side of each Rover. Once the sand has been scooped away from the tires, the ladders are wedged in front of the rear wheels. Then everyone pushes and the spinning tires immediately bury the ladders six to 12 inches in the sand. Some of us continue pushing, while others must claw for the buried ladders. When the car is finally moving, the driver doesn't dare slow down but roars on to solid ground —perhaps a quarter of a mile away— and the pushers and diggers are left to hike out, dragging the ladders, eyes and noses filled with sand.

By the 60th push, we've got the routine down pat. The air is now so hot that the gasoline in our auxiliary jerry cans and the water in our radiators begin to boil, the latter necessitating additional cooling-off stops. On one of these occasions, the irrepressible Herbie decides to unscrew the cap on his radiator and scalds himself. Could it be the will of Allah?

According to our Lindblad brochure, "The great attraction of Bilma is its very remoteness and inaccessibility, which have kept it completely unspoiled." Lindblad's right. Bilma is the remotest goddamned place I've ever seen. We arrive on the outskirts at dusk and bed down in a secluded valley. Six Tuaregs perch on the edge of a dune and watch our camp take form. Fifty years ago, they would have massacred us on the spot, but now all they want to do is sell us prehistoric arrowheads.

It's three A.M. and—thanks to four fingers of Teacher's—I'm sleeping soundly, my head comfortably dug into the leeward side of a dune. Suddenly, the desert decides to get up and move to

BOOTH

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another location. The wind is howling like a scene out of *Suez*, burying gear and tumbling any loose, lightweight objects off across the desert. I've just talked myself into riding out the holocaust ensconced in the sack, when I experience the discomforting sensation of someone walking on my face. Looking around, I see half-dressed expeditioners knocking each other down and scrambling to and fro over still-occupied sleeping bags in a desperate attempt to escape.

As I try to pull on what's left of my safari suit, an exceptionally large sand pile next to me begins to heave and out crawls a woman who's just awakened. She's down on her hands and knees, sleepily surveying the chaos, hair sticking straight out in all directions. Then, raising her face to the sand-blackened sky, she shrieks in a voice that can be heard all the way to New York, "Lars-Eric Lindblad will hear about *this*."

Next morning. From what I can see through the sand-encrusted windows of my Land Rover, the oasis of Dirkou, 28 miles beyond Bilma, seems to be a military town; soldiers in the Niger army are billeted here in a large garrison ringed by decaying French trucks filled with drifting sand. We have gullibly accepted Rossie's word that the sandstorm will let up. It grows worse. No wonder the Tuaregs lost to the French. Since driving is impossible, we stop and make ourselves as comfortable as we can in a cement-block resthouse. Outside, the wind shakes the wooden shutters and tears at the battered door panels. Inside, we sit on the floor or the broken springs of unpadded iron cots and watch dung beetles as big as our thumbs crawl about, bulldozing crumbs. No one has the energy to squash them. Furthermore, no one even cares.

The same thought is on everyone's mind: Who's going to crack first? To relieve the tension, one of the crew starts to tell no one in particular about a trip he was on several years ago. It seems that during a storm, one young American high school student suddenly started leading basketball cheers. Then she began doing the hokeypokey with her boyfriend—who wasn't on the trip.

"What's the first thing you're going to say when you get home?" one woman asks another, interrupting the crew member's narrative.

"Oh, my God!"

"How many more days to go?"

"Nine . . . nine more days to go . . . nine more days . . . nine more. Nine."

That night, we sleep on the cement floor and on the iron cots. The john is a 16′ x 20′ room containing a seatless plugged toilet and a shower. The room's two doorways are covered with curtain shreds that stop halfway down the doorframe. Instant constipation grips our group. In the darkness, people talk and moan in their sleep. It is the night of the living dead.

After a sandstorm, the desert air is so crisp and clear that it's almost effervescent. We continue north on what Saharans call *reg*, a smooth, hard sand lightly sprinkled with gravel. Rising out of the *reg* every half kilometer are *balises*, tall iron poles installed by the French to aid travelers in navigating this expanse of emptiness. The *balises* trail off to the horizon on an earth as flat as an iron.

The enormity of total nothingness plays tricks with our minds. Each *balise* is numbered and we see them rising from the shimmering blueness of a mirage like dock posts in a lake. Minitrek's drivers veer back and forth, racing one another, occasionally wandering into *fech-fech*—treacherous powdered sand that lies beneath a false crust. We stumble from the Land Rovers and perform our sand-ladder act. The will to survive is our impetus. Time means nothing. Only the *balises*. Slack-jawed and thirsty, our water rationed to ensure that no one surreptitiously takes a bath, days blend into nights and we bed down with our wise old eyes turned to the heavens praying for deliverance.

Somewhere in the desert, we cross over from Niger into Algeria and trade the *balises* for a road. The *reg* has turned to *erg*: huge, magnificent dunes that rise several hundred feet to a razor-sharp crest. At dusk, the sun's golden rays highlight each particle of sand like a diamond in a caliph's crown. It's the land of *Beau Geste*. In a few more days, we will arrive in Djanet, Algeria, that country's remotest oasis and the point where we must bid the Minitrek staff adieu and begin the long journey home (home?—the word can barely form on my sunburned lips), via Algiers, Paris and New York. But before we leave the Sahara, one more glorious adventure awaits our hearty band: a 45-mile, three-day hike up to the Tassili Plateau to see the prehistoric cave paintings there. This final side trip, according to the Lindblad brochure, "provides a fine climax to the expedition" and gives those who care to undergo it "a solid sense of achievement."

There is a great deal of apprehension in our group about this last rugged trek. Some of the older expeditioners, though eager to undertake the journey, are afraid they'll die trying. While the rest prostrate themselves in Djanet, 15 of us finally have a go at it. We return, three days later, weak-kneed and pounds lighter, walking like zombies, blisters on our heels the size of golf balls. We agree, as we soak our swollen feet in tubs of warm water, that if you've seen one painting of a Neanderthal chasing a herd of buffalo, you've seen them all.

• • •

The magic moment has arrived when we must leave the Sahara.

"Farewell, Minitrekers," I cry, as I limp up the steps of the once-a-week plane. "May the bird of paradise fly up your nose!"

We spend a rainy day and night in Algiers, eat ourselves sick on couscous and say goodbye to Herbie, who is now forgiven for getting us lost a million miles back down the road. His face, we notice, is healing nicely from the radiator incident.

And now—Paree! The sign in the lobby of the Hotel Orly Hilton reads WELCOME LINDBLAD TRAVEL TRANS SAHARA EXPEDITION. Heads turn as we hobble through the swinging doors and approach the desk. You can feel the electricity in the air. "*Les Sahariens!*" a chambermaid whispers, ducking behind a bookrack. "*Mon Dieu!* Look at their eyes."

Dressed in the tatters of our expedition clothes, we march en masse to the bank of elevators, our chins high, our faces burned to the color of old hot-water bottles. An American tourist rushes up, the kind of parvenu who'd fly across French West Africa and then tell all his friends that he'd crossed the Sahara.

"How far'd ya go?" he gasps, noting that we're leaving a trail of sand.

"Thirty-one hundred miles," we chorus. It is a moment of triumph. We are living legends.

In my room, I turn on the tub's tap and throw my broken body into the water, drinking champagne straight from the bottle like a winner at Indy. No more midnight trots to the bush. No more cockleburs. My muscles are hard as camel's teeth. I feel terrific.

I climb from the tub, kick my expedition clothes into a bundle and order them to quick-march over to the door. Then I pick up the phone.

"Room service? I want one volunteer *tout de suite* to do some washing. She must be brave."

I never want to see another pith helmet. I never want to smell another Gauloises *Bleu*. I'm programed like Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*; just say the word sand and stand back, because I think I'm gonna throw up. All over Tuppy Bigelow. Are there Magic Fingers in my bed? No, but there is a TV set on the dresser. I turn it on and groove to the test pattern. Flip the channel selector and watch the images dance.

Across the hall, I can hear one of my fellow Saharans placing a long-distance call to somebody back home. "Hello, Jesse," she yells. "Yes, it's me. Yes, I'm still alive. *Of course* they had a toilet tent. I *told* you you should have come."

*"Gee, that was sensational—especially that yodel bit at the end there."*

## WATER?

*(continued from page 108)*

color and odor of waters flowing from most city taps. The number and variety of bottled waters have now reached floodlike proportions. Many of them in this country are regional, taken from springs running beneath the earth or from city water systems and then carefully processed. Some prestige waters have been served for generations in superposh restaurants and private clubs, and cost as much as some wines. At the other extreme are waters allegedly purified on the spot by vending machines at 20 cents a gallon. Among all this variety, the best way to keep your head above water is to hold a tasting session, using three or four waters from different countries and sources. You can make a party out of it. If the people you've invited don't show the same spontaneous enthusiasm they'd normally feel for a wine- or cognac-tasting affair, quickly explain that, after a variety of straight waters have been judged, the same liquids will then be tested for their mixability with fine bourbons or whatever potables you select. Most panelists who for the first time taste waters consecutively are surprised at the differences. Occasionally, there's an individual with an uptight palate, to whom all water is simply something wet in the mouth. But most people with normally sensitive taste buds will easily and consistently spot the differences in waters.

In theory, tasting water should follow the reverse procedure of tasting wine. When you enjoy the latter, you look for its lovely "robe" (color), its deep aroma, its unique bacchic flavor. By contrast, when you taste water, if there's a perceptible color in the glass, you'd be advised to toss it down the sink; any pronounced aroma is wrong; and if your taste buds detect any vivid flavor, you'll want to turn your back on it. By definition, water is colorless, odorless and tasteless. That definition would be correct if water were merely $H_2O$. But all drinking water (undistilled) contains traces of dissolved minerals from sodium ions to sulphuric ions, and even though they show up only in minuscule quantities, like the small amounts of congeners in whiskeys, they're still forcible enough to make water from one spring different from that of another. In other words, you can expect the flavor profiles of different waters to be low—just as they are in foods such as lettuce or potatoes—but they're *there*, and when you taste four waters chosen at random, say two French waters such as Evian and Célestins Vichy and two American waters such as Mountain Valley and water from your own tap, the differences are marked. Evian is extremely soft and gentle; Célestins Vichy has a saline flavor that can startle you but for some reason is quite acceptable; the American Mountain Valley is mildly alkaline and mellow; your own tap water, depending on where it's drawn, may be lovely or may cause you to hold your nose as you swallow it.

In practical terms, the technique of a water-tasting party is simple. Be sure to include your tap water as one of the samples. Provide spotlessly clean glasses marked for identification. Bottles should be covered with paper bags or kept out of sight. Pour the water at room temperature, not iced. Suggest that each water be taken in two or three consecutive mouthfuls before going to another sample. The water may be swallowed or merely held in the mouth briefly.

Some of the oldest, most distinguished bottled waters are those that are naturally sparkling—just as they're drawn from the spring. Organic club sodas, if you please. In the U. S., the best known is Saratoga Vichy Water from the famous New York State spa, commendable because of its high alkaline content, long appreciated as a specific against the morning after. Ramlösa from Sweden is lightly carbonated and completely free of iron and lime. More robust are Appollinariss from Germany and Perrier from France, both with fine-size, long-lasting bubbles; they can be quaffed straight for a vibrant lift at any time or may be used as mixers with spirits. Pellegrino water from Italy contains added carbon dioxide in small quantities.

People who hit the bottle because they're concerned with water fit to drink were thrown off guard a year or so ago when an analysis of bottled waters sold in the nation's capital turned up three well-known brands with bacteria counts far in excess of that of the local product. Washington-area tap-water counts ranged from 50 to 7000 per liter. In three of the four bottled waters tested, Great Bear contained 140,000, Poland showed counts from 50,000 to 500,000, and Deer Park also reached the 500,000 mark. While these counts might seem

*"I'm accused of making a play for the eighteen-year-old vote. The answer to this ridiculous charge will be found in my song. . . ."*

astronomical at first blush, all waters tested met U. S. Public Health standards; none of them contained bacteria of the coliform group, notorious for causing water-borne diseases. Interestingly, the one water out of the ten tested that turned out to be as pure as any water can be was bottled Mountain Valley from Hot Springs, Arkansas. This is water from the same springs that De Soto reached in 1541 and that were reported by him as a favorite gathering place "of many tribes at peace sharing the recuperative waters." Another famed bottled water from Saratoga Springs has shown in repeated tests that it's almost bacteria-free. In proper perspective, the Washington tests aren't so shocking. A Federal survey of tap waters from 1000 U. S. systems showed that only six out of ten were meeting Federal standards.

As in buying wine, a bottle briefing helps in selecting waters. On the label you'll often see the phrase MINERAL WATER, which means nothing in itself, since all drinking waters contain minerals. However, many brands with this designation are waters from old health spas such as Saratoga, or Fiuggi in Italy, beloved by Michelangelo; their waters, unchanged from one generation to the next, deserve their eminence. In choosing a spring water, make certain it was bottled at the spring whose name it so proudly hails, just as when you buy a château wine you want to be sure it was bottled at the château. It is always a pleasure to open a bottle of Perrier water and read, "*Mise en bouteille à la source.*" Many Americans remember the bottled water from Poland Spring, Maine. It's now sold as Poland water. The label doesn't mention Maine, but the bottle cap reveals that the water now comes from a company whose office is in Wayside, New Jersey. Even the words spring water can be deceptive, since half the bottled waters now being sold are nothing more than city tap water cleaned up and sometimes mixed with a small quantity of spring water to justify the use—or misuse—of the word spring. Don't be conned by the rhetoric on a label. Such phrases as "pure as a porpoise's heart," "clear as a lookout's eye" provide little guidance to urban hosts who've never had heart-to-heart chats with porpoises or whose lookouts from their penthouse terraces normally reveal a sea of dense smog. Beyond labels, it pays to check the bottle cap, which should be as securely fitted as that on a bottle of beer or brandy. When you lift or unscrew it, it should be clean. Some waters are now put up in plastic containers, which are cheaper than glass; however, many astute water tasters insist that the liquid from plastic containers often leaves a synthetic, nonwater aftertaste that registers on the roof of the mouth.

Among the world's best judges of water are professional whiskeymen. In Scotland, for instance, managers of some of the oldest and most esteemed distilleries worry more about their water than they do about the barley that goes into their mash tubs. Let the small gurgling stream alongside a distillery dry up, and the whiskey made from it would disappear from the market. In this country, the makers of Old Fitzgerald bourbon, who draw their water from a deep limestone well found on their property in Louisville, began selling the same limestone water—in states where it is permissible—in a package along with their bourbon. It cost them as much to bottle water as it did to bottle bourbon, but they were offering it in the hope that the straight bourbon they had babied and aged for seven years would not be watered down with a lackluster liquid.

Whether you mix water with spirits, with a spritzer or with *sangria*, whether you pour it into a coffeepot or a stockpot or take it straight, it's comforting to know that you don't have to depend on what comes out of your tap. And that's a watery groove.


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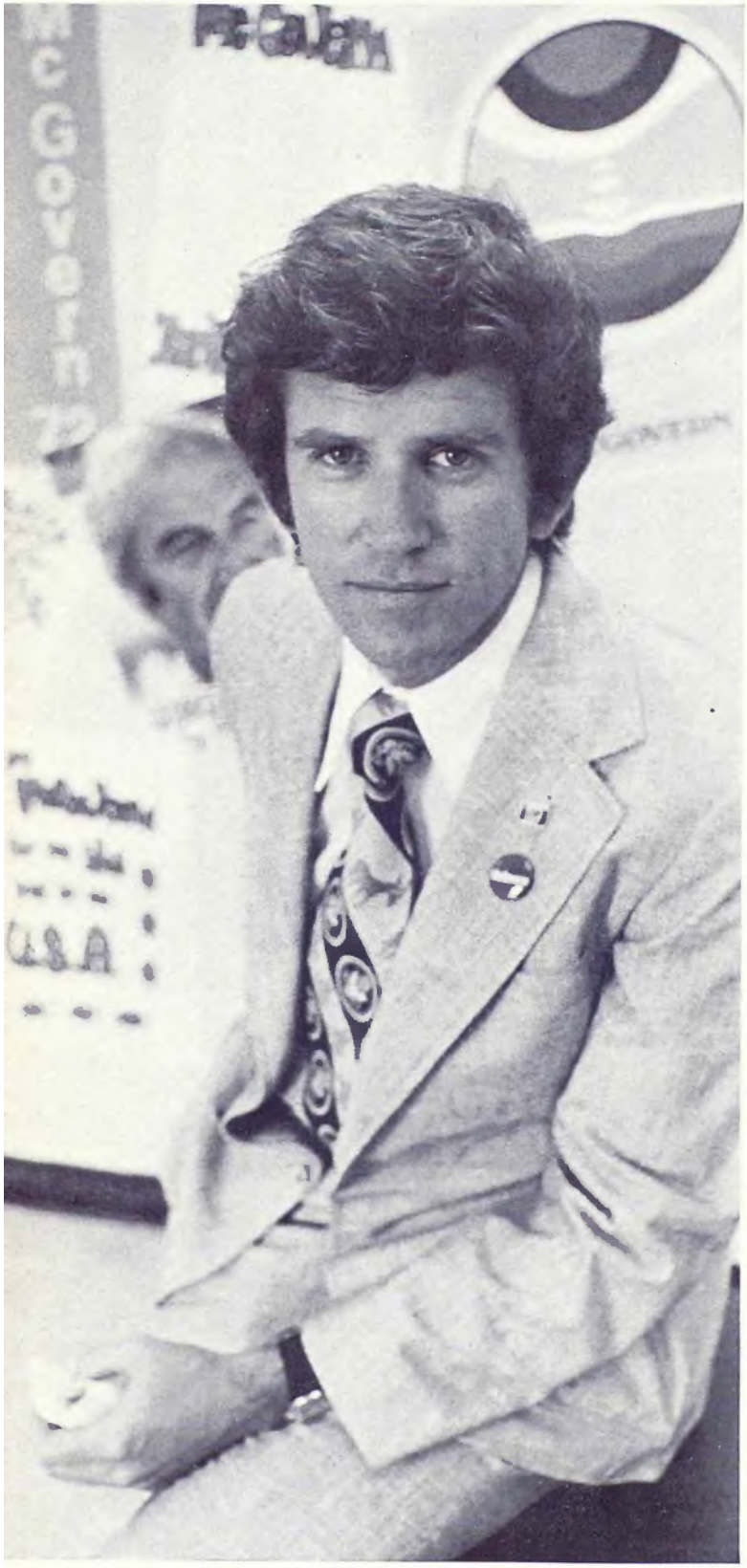


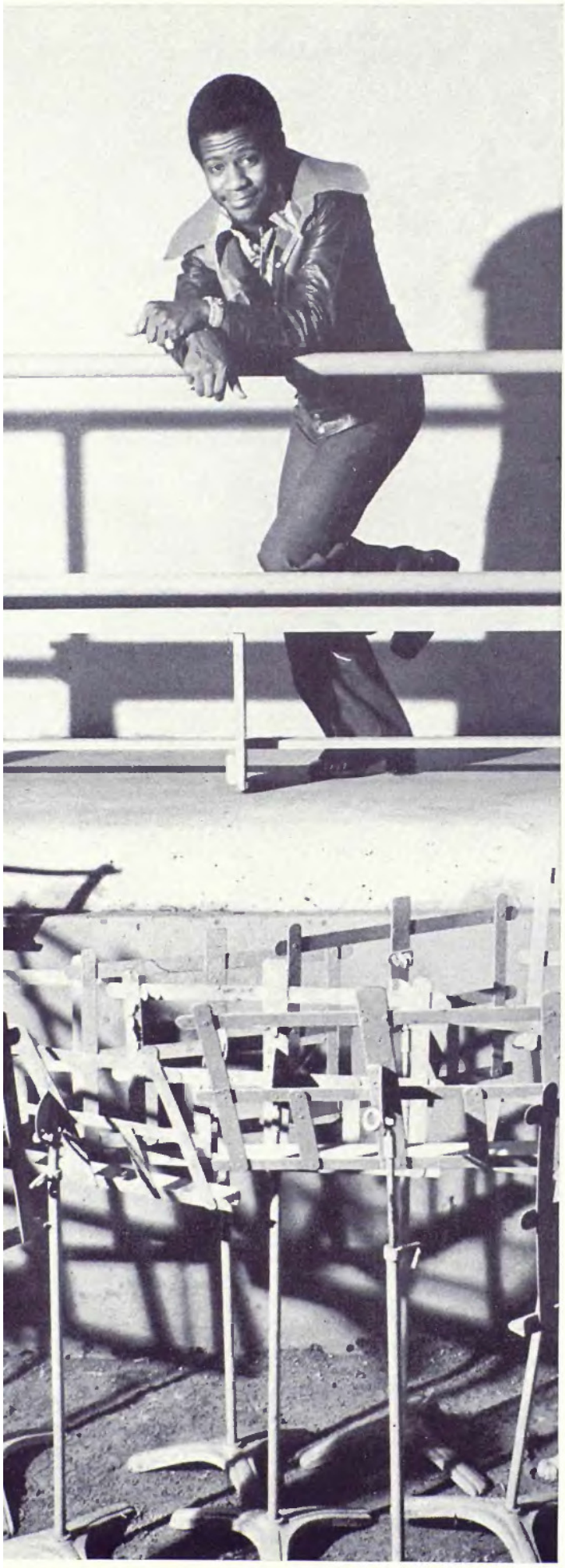

# ON THE SCENE

## GARY HART *aide de campaign*

OVER HIS DESK in the grungy old campaign headquarters behind the Capitol was a beat-up poster of Charlie Brown wailing, "Why can't I be rough and tough like all the other managers?" The legend, somewhat surprisingly, fit McGovern campaign manager Gary Hart, who exuded a hesitant shyness, despite his piercing eyes and confident words. "We're on the way," he said. "All we need now are about 40,000,000 votes and $25,000,000." That was the week after the Democratic Convention, before the staff moved to plusher surroundings befitting a Presidential campaign—and before things started to go wrong. Since then, the 34-year-old former Denver lawyer, who orchestrated the primary operations and "played the convention floor like a pipe organ," has had more hanging over his head than a *Peanuts* poster, not least of which is the Tom Eagleton fiasco. Hart readily admits his foul-up: "I take the blame for not setting up a committee on selection; I should have thought of that." But the fact remains he didn't, and such high-level bungling still seems inexcusable to many, especially in view of Hart's experience. No neophyte, he was initiated into Presidential politics in 1960, working for John Kennedy in New Haven. Eight years later, after graduation from Yale Law School and a stint in the Justice Department, he hit the big time as a Western coordinator for Robert Kennedy and, in 1970, he joined McGovern, figuring—against all the odds and polls—that he'd picked a winner. "I wouldn't have worked for George McGovern if I didn't feel he had a chance," Hart said early in the primaries. He still believes his man—with Sargent Shriver—can pull it out this month. But unlike other staffers who aspire to higher office, Hart claims "no ambition whatsoever to get into the Government. I plan to write two books on the campaign—one factual and one fictional." We've no doubt he's hoping that both versions will have happy endings.

## AL GREEN *"together"ness*

"WHEN IT COMES TO FEELING, those were what I call the good old days," says Al Green, thinking back to when he sang the Gospel with his father and his four brothers. "There was more of everything—but less money." When he split, at 17, to do pop music, he was "the terrible little kid who broke up the good, old-fashioned family group." Green, 25, still has doubts about whether or not he made the right move: "I like the spiritual line better; it's a comfort. But you have to figure out the ins of the business, to improve your financial status. Of course, I know that's a poor excuse—finance." But now it's cool with his folks back in Grand Rapids: "They say, 'You're so beautiful, we *knew* you could do it.'" After one hit record and several years of chitlin-circuit obscurity, Al got a break when he did a Midland, Texas, gig—where nobody got paid, but people got to feeling so good they walked around on tables—and he met Willie Mitchell, the canny Memphis bandleader who directs Hi, Green's recording label. Another break came when Al began to write: *Tired of Being Alone* became a 1,000,000 seller, then *Let's Stay Together* sold over 2,000,000 in the U. S. alone. Every Green release since then has turned to gold, and he's playing the circuit—the Forum, the Copa, the Latin Casino—which, as he says, ensures long life in his business. On the road all the time, Al rests before a show ("If it doesn't go right, I just go offstage and get sick"), then stays up till four A.M. to write ("That's the only time I can do it, when all the other people are asleep"). The "other people" include his eight-piece traveling band, most of whom he found in a combo that he calls "the worst I'd ever heard"; but he liked their spirit, hired them on the spot and rehearsed them relentlessly. Now they sound, as Al might say, "mighty fine." As for the future, film offers are coming in and Green is interested, but he says, "I couldn't feel wholehearted about anything but singing."



## **MARJOE GORTNER** *son of a preacherman*

HE WAS ORDAINED an evangelist at three. A year later, billed as The Child of God, he was faith healing and performing marriages with his father's fundamentalist Gospel show. His name is Marjoe (an abbreviation of Mary and Joseph) Gortner, and when he retired at 14 from the church-and-tent circuit to the Southern California underground culture of his own generation, he never thought he'd hit the sawdust trail again. But eight years later, buoyed by hippie idealism and an overdose of naïveté, he went back to the people "to preach a God for today." However, "the folks didn't want to hear that," he recalls, "so I decided to give them what they wanted: 'Hell with the Lid Off.'" Eventually, Marjoe quit to study acting at the American Place Theater in New York. But there was a summer of Gospel bookings left and when he appeared on *Village Voice* columnist Howard Smith's radio show and astonished the host with his confessions of greed and hypocrisy on the circuit, Gortner soon found himself agreeing to let Smith and fellow *Voice* staffer Sarah Kernochan, two untried film makers, record his final put-on rip-off ride. The resultant documentary, *Marjoe*, was received with a standing ovation at the 1972 Cannes film festival and the critical praise has been flowing unabated ever since. Gortner, however, has left that road behind for good. His autobiography will be coming out next spring, and he's considering film and Broadway-stage roles. The flamboyant style of his preaching, reminiscent of the rock gyrations of Mick Jagger, may also be a key to similar success within the counterculture; currently, he's working on an album and planning a concert tour. "It's going to be a kind of rock show and Gospel revival," he says, "sort of like Joe Cocker's *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* with religion. I'll sing, preach, play music and try to get the audience reelin' with the feelin', just like my tent shows." As Gortner is fond of saying, "Glory gee to beezus."

# DR. REUBEN

*(continued from page 130)*

under 40." But at the beginning of the chapter, Reuben cautions against "negative emotional attitudes . . . which can seriously interfere with selecting the best possible man." No psychiatrist or professional in the field of human relations with minimal brains or integrity would ever give such overgeneralized, cheap, invalid and psychologically dangerous a-girl-would-do-this-or-that kind of advice.

Not only are the lists of cautions stupid (surely there are women happily married to men with center parts—or who are sloppy eaters. Maybe *they* have center parts and are sloppy eaters, too) but, if seriously read, such warnings encourage women who may be overcautious already to be more cautious yet. In many cases, such cautious behavior is the very reason those women *are* alone. Says psychologist Wardell Pomeroy (a coauthor of the Kinsey reports): "This kind of thinking erects barriers between people—just what any psychiatrist works to destroy." And from Simon: "Like all simple-minded books, this one assumes that all males and females are alike and want the same things. Only then can you have such sure 'guidelines.' "

Certainly, one positive turn in the area of human behavior has been our growing awareness of and tolerance for differences between people. These days, almost every insightful book or article on the subject points to a greater need —and greater opportunity—to choose among a variety of life styles. On one level, that is precisely what the women's movement is about: more choice—to be and do what really suits women best as individuals. That can mean having a family or being an executive or both or neither. Women have come to this point in this and other areas (even in fashion, there is no longer a "right" way to dress) only because of their increased sense of human variability. Out-and-out old formula types are less dangerous than they used to be, because they're recognized for what they are. But the David Reubens are something else again. These are the old formula types masquerading as new. This is the big liberal come-on. Reuben's attitude toward women (there is no mention in either book of any kind of liberation movement, of course) is typical. First the come-on: "These days no girl ever has to get married unless she wants to," he says. But following this is the case history of poor Abby, the (God help her) career girl in her 30s, "slightly overweight . . . her expensive gray-tweed skirt and red turtleneck . . . the impression she gave was one of intelligence, poise and success." But! She goes out on a dinner date and the headwaiter says there's a business call for "Mr. Abby." End of story. Sob. She never saw her date again.

Of course, the broad-minded doctor is all for women's working if they want to, but "A woman has to be able to drop her job at any time and then pick it up a month or a year later." "Practical nursing, substitute teaching or temporary office assignments give most of the advantages," allows Reuben, "without encroaching on a woman's *regular* [italics added] life."

Why the false lead? Simple. Like a politician, he doesn't want to lose votes (in his case, readers). The way not to lose votes is *not* to come right out and take a position that might be controversial. Much better to start off *this* way, then turn *that* way. Then you get everybody.

In an issue of *McCall's*, where, until recently, he had a question-and-answer column, Reuben wrote on women's lib. ("We all felt that Dr. Reuben was—uh —beginning to repeat himself," says editor Don McKinney. "When the column expanded to subjects other than sex, it turned out his opinions weren't any better than anyone else's—and probably not as good.") Anyway, the first question went: "Is the liberation of women today really necessary?" "Yes, without question," wrote Reuben. "In spite of all their material gains, American women are still the innocent victims of relentless discrimination." From this lofty Betty Friedanism, he edged, almost imperceptibly, into a position to the right of Norman Mailer: "There is a higher calling for women . . . the task *only a woman can do* [italics added]—creating, developing and educating new human beings." (The doctor's position on women, by the way, is thoroughly consistent with his personal life. When I interviewed her a couple of years ago for *Look*, Barbara Reuben let it be known that she typed her husband's first book, not because he forced her to do it but because "he didn't want to deny me the privilege." She was also, at that time, at the Plaza hotel in New York, busy washing her husband's shirts, because the hotel didn't do a good enough job.)

Reuben is right when he describes the need for the kind of book he thinks he has written. "Despite all the frank, 'for adults only' films and books today," he writes, "most people still are abysmally ignorant about sex," and "one problem among others is to make an individual aware of the capabilities and potentials of his sexual organs so he can utilize them to their fullest capacity."

Needless to say, if people are ignorant and unaware of their sexual capacities, and many certainly are, it is largely the result of fear and guilt, which, in turn, come from inadequate and/or faulty information. (As we have said, nowadays, there are two kinds of guilt—while half the world is guilty about doing it, the other half is guilty about not doing it right.) Dr. Mary Calderone, executive director of SIECUS, puts it very simply: "Sex information is an antidote to fear and guilt. The most important single fact about solid sex information is that it tends to be incredibly reassuring. But then it has to be *correct* information."

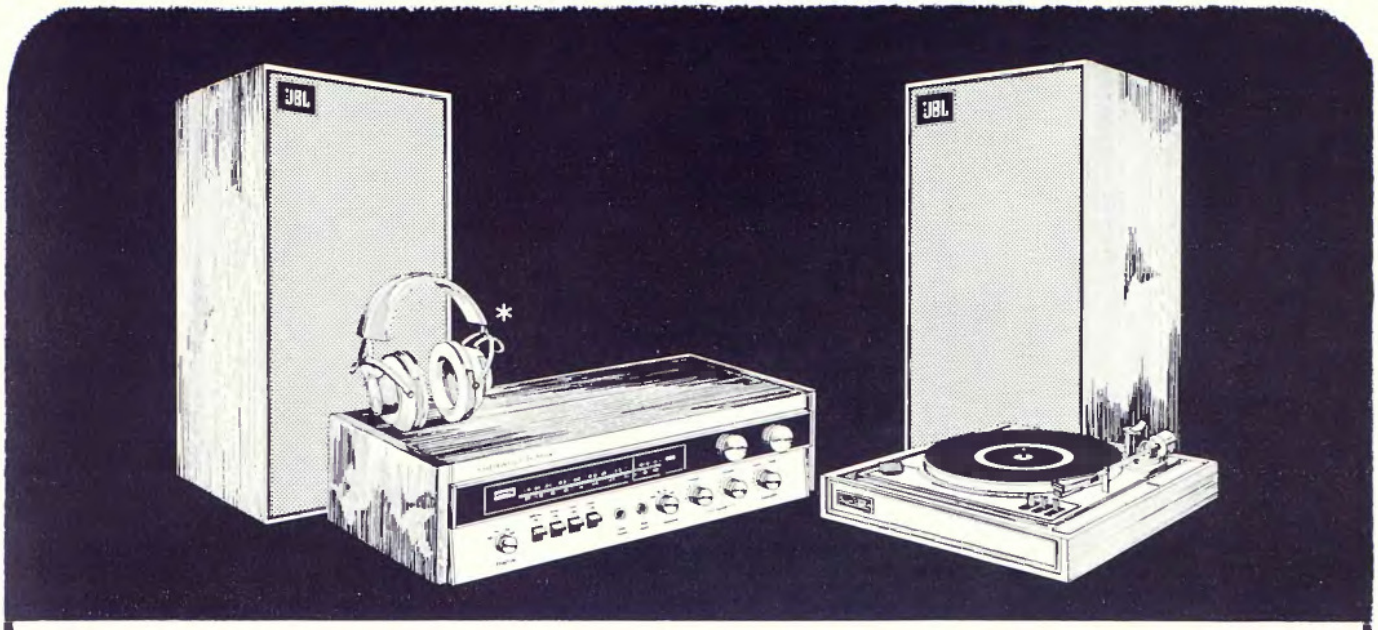
But what if the information is not correct? Or what if the information appears to be solid but is not? Incorrect data does not mean danger in all things. But in sex information, it does. There is not only the kind of physical danger that might arise from someone's harkening to the advice of an "expert" who suggests a possibly deadly douche. It is also the psychological danger that might arise if, for example, a woman with nonerect nipples harkened to the fiction that erect nipples are the test of a true orgasm. And, for another example, what of Reuben's concept of homosexuality? "Positively harmful," says Dr. Money. "He sounds cruel . . . and chastising to the young teenaged homosexual who might read his book in the hopes of finding help. . . . I have also had experience with the parents of such a young person . . . who were frantic and panic-stricken because of the misinformation Dr. Reuben, the great best-seller expert, had given them."

What Reuben has done, in other words, is to reaffirm myths, add some new ones, confirm prejudices; instead of stressing information that is positive and reassuring (as he says), he presents data designed to increase the old anxieties about sex. Moreover, having plunged into an area where there is little enough research, he has misused what exists; and because he does not mention or use sources, it is difficult for anyone but an expert to find him out.

On top of this, he is a brilliant self-merchandiser. His television personality is sterling. He knows when to act sober (to gain audience respect) and when to joke (when people begin to get uncomfortable with the subject). "The flippant sex joke," explains Dr. Money, "relieves people's tensions and permits them to continue listening—or reading —and feel morally justified in doing so." There's nothing wrong with a little humor, but there is plenty wrong when humor is used as a replacement for good advice.

So, thanks to the media, which hunger for titillation, and thanks to an unsuspecting public, which hungers for information, and thanks to a publisher and an author who hunger for success, Dr. David Reuben has made it.

If he were a car, Ralph Nader might have stepped in long ago.

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The Model 7100A is one of Sherwood's newest models, and its performance greatly exceeds its modest price. This outstanding receiver delivers 70 watts (44 RMS) which is more than enough to drive the highly efficient JBL 88's. The performance and sound quality of this combination is far superior to music systems normally in this price range and it can be played at high volume levels without breakup or distortion. The FM section is excellent; styling is superb, and a walnut cabinet is even included.

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The total regular price of this system is $752.35. Our price of $499.00 is unbeatable — and we have plenty in stock for immediate delivery. Substitutions are possible and systems come complete with connecting cables and speaker wire. Simply send us a cashier's check or money order (BankAmericard and Master Charge accepted) and we'll ship it the day we get your order. Five percent sales tax only for California people. Allow two weeks for delivery. Shipment is made freight collect, fully insured, with an average cost of $19.00. Write for our free catalog or come see us. All letters are personally answered, and we'll be glad to rap on the phone. (805) 543-2330.

| | |
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| James B. Lansing 88-1's (pair) | $396.00 |
| Sherwood 7100A, AM/FM Stereo Receiver | 199.95 |
| Garrard SL-72B Record Changer | 109.95 |
| Changer Base | 6.50 |
| Shure M93E Hi-Track Ellipticol Cartridge | 39.95 |
| Regular Total Price | $752.35 |
| **STEREO WAREHOUSE PRICE, COMPLETE** | **$499.00** |
| Optional Dustcover for SL-72B | $6.50 |

* KOSS STEREOPHONES MODEL KO-727B: Reg. $34.95. These headphones are "best-buy" in the new Koss line — and from us only $22.00.

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PB-11-72

# arsons of desire

*(continued from page 156)*

University long ago on a voice scholarship; now he is married, has a grown son and doesn't go home when he can stay on call. He'll get up from the breakfast table or out of bed late at night and rush to help us. In his heart is nothing except a fire fighter. Meanwhile, I share a few vignettes of myself with him. Not a very happy childhood, but OK now. This birthmark on my left side covers my ear, my cheek, my neck, and encircles my eye, and it looks something like a burn—even the skin wrinkles a bit on that side like an ill-fitting mask—and my dumb mother said this was God's kiss. My less theological schoolmates turned their eyes away; pretty girls of my dreams like popular Alice Durning of the ninth grade fretted when I came near, and even now, those who give me a few necessary services—waitresses, the butcher—learn to do so without looking at me. Otherwise, until lately, I'm terribly normal; I like steak and potatoes, the Cubs, movies and girlie magazines. Last year, I read mostly the *Tribune* and *Newsweek*. I weigh 180 and have a few dental problems.

This is one of my sleepless nights again, so I go down to the refrigerator to cut a slice of my new cheddar and there is Max watching the *Late Show*. Glad to see him. I sit down and catch Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston in World War Two. Then we talk. He's sleeping at the station, because his wife's sister has arrived to occupy his bedroom. We discuss the woes of marriage, Leo Durocher, Ron Santo, slumps, bad seasons, hard luck and getting tickets from mean cops, in about that order. Max, pointing a finger, says, "Policemen need guys to break the goddamn laws, you see, just like teachers need stupid students, doctors need the sick and soldiers need victims. It's all the same."

We ponder this together and talk on.

"You knew this Rooker girl?" he finally asks me.

"Knew her father," I sigh. "Or, rather, my mother knew him. Maybe I knew the daughter, too, a long time ago, when she was just a little girl."

Max doesn't press further. He is in the presence of mystery, knows it and prefers to let well enough alone; also, he's thinking that if the alarms go tonight, he'll get in on the action.

"These girls," I muse. "We're having more and more contact, but I still don't get them out. I got scratches wrestling with this last one."

"I know, kid. I know," he comforts me. "Take it easy on yourself."

A routine day passes: two grass fires, a smoking trash dump, an auto blaze, a call for us to come wash gasoline off an intersection after an accident. Nervous, I stay at the station and don't attend these minor calls. I varnish a ladder, check couplings, show two kids around and work a crossword puzzle. Max appears for regular duty in the afternoon and brings me a milk shake.

On the following noon, we have another big one: The furnace at Park High School explodes and the old fire trap is a sudden maze of smoke and flame. We're the first there, Max leading the way, but the noise of every unit in the Loop is just behind us. I'm pulling on my jacket, barking at Rafferty to set up the rescue unit, because the lawn is already strewn with kids crying with burns; some old biddy in a charred dress wanders among us giving off a descant of hysteria and Wickers, the idiot, tries to ask directions of her; Max and I decide to hit the basement, where the flames are a steady roar. As we head down the concrete stairs with the hose, students trapped on the second floor call for us. "Hold on," Max promises. "Others coming!" And ladders and nets are unloaded from arriving engines as we head down toward the boiler room.

No secret where the blaze is centered this time: The boiler-room heat is impossible. Max stations himself outside the door and, shielded by a thin hot wall, aims the hose around the corner at the flames; I try to assist, but I'm useless. "Check that far door!" he yells, so I dash by the flaming door and follow a narrow hall to a door, mostly wired glass, which I demolish. Inside, protected from the boiler room by a thick fire wall, I find no trouble, so decide to circle behind the fire. Dangerous—because Max is occupied and out of sight—but there may be someone trapped there. Anyway, I figure that the fire has spiraled upward through the blown-out ceiling and, except for the furnace area, the basement is possibly safe, so I bust another bolted door.

I run headlong into the locker room of the girls' gymnasium.

Madhouse: 20 or 30 girls running amuck, shrieking, flitting near the flames on the side of the room where I enter, then retreating like moths. The broken door lets in a swish of oxygen and the flames suck toward it, cutting off the way I've come in as a possible exit, but I have my ax and don't panic. I go to the opposite wall, scramble over benches, climb a locker and smash two paneled windows. "Here! Girls!" I shout, but all movement blurs into a strange slow motion now, the room igniting in a soft and frenzied dance; the girl in white panties is Midge Prinz, I remember her well, and she glides near and brushes me. Seconds, mere seconds, I tell myself, and we're all lost, but the reel of my senses rattles and slows, everything awhirl, and here are my teachers and all the darlings of my 12th school year—ones who refused me at the prom, others who, casting down their eyes, knew me only as a voice. The typing instructor I adored: Miss Cates. A glistening nakedness now in the scorching heat of the room, her breasts rise in a high bounce as she floats by; the same silvered fingernails, the same mouth, and she hasn't aged in all these years. (She sat cross-legged on the desk, beating time on her pretty white palm with a ruler: our lovely metronome.) And I'm calling, Get out, Miss Cates, get out, everyone, and my coat is off as I help one mount the locker; she slips—my gloves are gone, too—and her body wets my hands, and she grabs my neck as we fall. Midge jumps on me and rides me, her eyes rolled back, mouth agape, and pleads to hide in my arms; the far wall begins to cave in. My suspenders off my shoulders, shirt open, I toss them toward the window, but they're like dry leaves floating in the room's hot pressure; they settle against me, delirious, and a scalding kiss finds my neck. Another burns my stomach. A willowy coed circles the room with my ax, then expires; here is Miss Donnelly, too, my old home-room teacher, who taught me verses I was never allowed to recite before the class, her cotton undies in her withered grip. One girl is out, perhaps two, but the window clogs with a soft and undulating mass. Reaching up, I try to pull some of them back, but their bodies are slick with perspiration and blood where they've nicked themselves on the uneven broken glass and down we go, swooning and falling, three or four of us, and I see that my coveralls are mostly burned away, black and shredded on me, though I feel no pain. "Here!" I call again, pointing the way, but Miss Cates tackles me and over we go, my head thumping against a bench.

Then I'm outside on the cool grass. Max is there, his hands burned from holding the hose around the boiler-room door too long, and we receive treatment from two attendants. "Good work, Coke, baby," he tells me. "Just great. How you ever got out of there I'll never know."

• • •

The fire marshal visits the station, commends Max and me, but mostly talks about the increased alarms in our district. He mentions possible arson and even before he's finished his speech, we're out on another call—sure enough, some joker who tries to torch his own apartment.

Back at the station later, I rub salve on my neck and stomach burns and read newspaper accounts of the high school blaze; I have to find out if I dreamed it, but here it is: two janitors dead in the initial explosion, 16 girls and two instructors in the fateful locker room,

# ALL SMALL CARS SOLVE THE PROBLEMS INHERENT IN THE BIG CAR.

# OUR SMALL CAR SOLVES THE PROBLEMS INHERENT IN THE SMALL CAR.

This year, economics and the conditions of urban traffic will drive millions of Americans to the small car.

These American converts will discover, however, that most small cars, for all their virtues, can have two major problems of their own. First, lack of inside space. And second, compared to the 425-horsepower monsters Americans are used to driving, disappointing performance.

Which is why we thought you'd like to know about a small car that doesn't have those problems. The Fiat 128. One of the big reasons why in Europe, where they've been living with small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

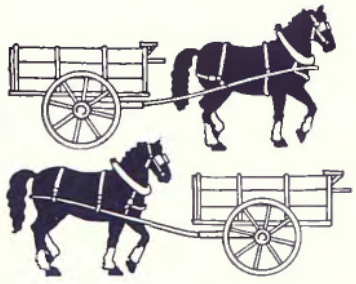
You see, ever since we invented the small car in 1936, our engineers have been designing small cars so European families who couldn't pay a big-car price could still have the roominess and performance they needed.

WE'RE SMALL, BUT NOT AT THE EXPENSE OF YOUR KNEES.

As for room, while the Fiat 128 is shorter outside than a VW Beetle, it's bigger inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass and has a 13 cu. ft. trunk. In fact, 80% of the car's space is devoted to you and your luggage.

Space considerations aside, many small-car owners are reluctant about taking a corner fast or driving in a strong crosswind. That's why the Fiat 128 is built wider than the big-selling Japanese and German imports. And why it has standard radial tires (usually a $100 option). All-independent suspension. And the same responsive rack-and-pinion steering usually found on Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars.

What if you're trying to pass a giant truck or merge into fast moving highway traffic? If you've got to accelerate from, say, 40 to 70 mph to do it, the Fiat 128's overhead cam engine gives you an edge of more than six car lengths over America's favorite small car. And since stopping fast can be equally important, it has self-adjusting front disc brakes.


PULLING IS MORE EFFICIENT THAN PUSHING. THAT'S WHY WE HAVE FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE.

Lastly, there's another item that distinguishes the Fiat 128: front-wheel drive. This means superior handling and performance, because the wheels that move the car are also the wheels that turn the car. And because pulling is a more efficient way to move something than pushing.

(It also means superior traction in ice and snow. In fact, for the last two years the Fiat 128 has won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

The Fiat 128 is available in 2-door, 4-door, and station wagon models. To appreciate just how good it is, you should know that in Europe, where each country is fiercely proud of the cars it makes, the Fiat 128 has won more international Car of the Year awards than any small car in car history.

Or any big car, too, for that matter.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

another teacher upstairs, 22 on the critical list in the hospital. And here: Miss Cates and Miss Donnelly and Midge Prinz, the names just right. A fever of puzzlement comes over me.

The next morning, Max arrives at the station for breakfast and we linger at coffee, whispering to each other.

"These girls," he says. "All the ones you say you recall."

"What about them?"

"Maybe they're after you, trying to keep you inside until you get burned up." His face is drawn and serious and he places a bandaged hand on my arm.

"I've thought of everything," I whisper. "You ever heard of a telekinetic medium? People who make things fly through the air or who move objects with their thoughts?"

"Could be," he answers, his jaw set. Good old Max.

"I've wondered if some corner of my brain is setting fire to things. But there's more I don't understand. Miss Cates, for example. God, how could she be in that school?"

"I know this," Max adds. "We've never had such a season for alarms. And one of the nation's biggest, too, right here in our district."

"Someone could be playing a joke on me, but I know that isn't it," I muse, my coffee going cold in my hands. "And it isn't a dream, either—I know that much because of the newspapers."

Max pats my arm again and gives me a look of wonder and sympathy.

"Let's not worry about it," he concludes. "We both know something big is coming, another alarm. We feel it, right?"

"You, too, eh?"

"Oh, sure, Coker; God, you think I don't feel it? My knees get weak. I know something else is coming."

Waiting, now, Max keeps me at the station during all small alarms. I set all the equipment in order: the asbestos suits, the pyrene foam, the new soap machine, the "wet water" and other smothering agents. I dream of sophisticated disasters—all sorts of mean chemical fires and special catastrophes.

I speculate, also, on my peculiar malady; is it part of what's happening in the city, I wonder, and the whole crazy world? Is it anarchy breaking loose? The overthrow of reason by dark forces? Such involved speculations annoy me. I'm a simple case, I assure myself: a regular guy, somewhat marred, but on balance; I had some rough adolescent moments, sure, but shook them off. I wish none of these victims ill will; I do my duty, think baseball and hamburgers, take pride in being Max's partner.

Why, though, why?

Somewhere, I know, a match has fallen into a chair to smolder; rags are seething into combustion in some stuffy closet; a cigarette has fallen away from someone's sleeping fingers; and my answer is out there.

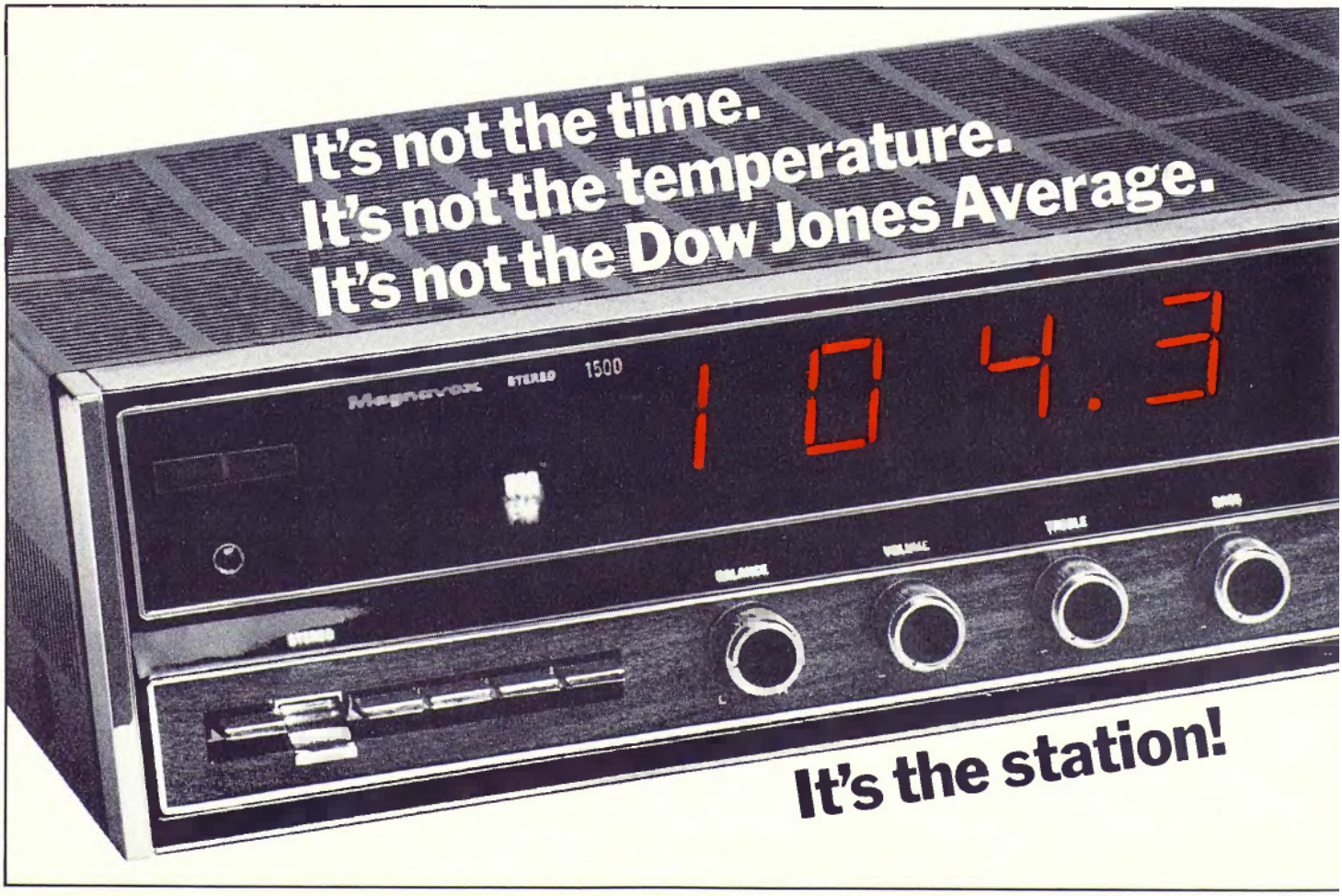
On the day I begin to understand, I'm busy repairing the spring on a hose reel. Max and I have exchanged glances all morning and the afternoon has worn away into twilight. The reel is a bitch to fix, but I'm grateful for the preoccupation and my tools are spread out in the office so that I can monitor the phones.

The bell, when it finally comes, causes me to drop a wrench. Even before I finish taking information on the call, Max comes down the pole, bandages and all, and starts up number-one truck.

Another explosion: this time in the lab of the clinic over near Seward Park.

Seconds now: Our rhythms are quick, practiced, and no squad in the city is better. We're halfway there in 60 seconds, and I think of the job, a lab explosion: chemical, perhaps, after all, so I strap on a portable extinguisher filled with foam.

Outside the building, a large rambling affair of only two floors, Max neatly dispatches the troops; the problem is clearly to save lives and evacuate the hospital wing. We confer in an instant with a young doctor who shouts information about the floor plan, then off we go. Always helter-skelter in spite of briefings, we move into infernos never



really knowing where things are. Just another job hazard.

Most of our men head toward the wards to aid the patients, but Max, an edge on his voice, calls for me to join him down near the blaze, where someone may be trapped. So we start down another hallway toward what seems a holocaust, though there isn't much smoke, because great holes have been blown in the sides of the lab; the flame boils, then, and the heat turns us inside a room.

We stand in there panting, Max saying, "That hallway is hell. Let's check out the rooms down here real quick and not get caught out there." I nod, reach back, touch my foam gun to make sure.

Then we rush out, each of us taking one side of the hallway. My first room, an office, yields no one, so I move to the second. A small examination room, nothing again, though it has a door that leads into the next. The windows are gone, I notice, and medicines and instruments are scattered: all signs of a whopping blast. And what happens next takes only seconds, another instant frozen in that old slow motion as I perceive it—for all our work is such, a science played against the clock and one's personal daring. As I pass through the door, another explosion buckles the walls and I feel the hot gush of fire at my back; hurled forward into the room, everything yellow and searing, I see a woman, a nurse, as we're enveloped. Death has its hot instant, but I have some reflexes left; we're together in the far corner beside a metal table, crouched low, fire spewing through the broken walls as I open my foam gun to fight the flames head on. The heat drives the substance back around us and suddenly we are in a cocoon of foam, a soft sponge of protection, and my eyes close and I'm away, dreamlike, letting go.

A floating bed of airy whiteness: In its liquid folds, her limbs entwine me and her body opens. We heave and settle together in the old slow dance, cushioned in rapture, and the flames are distant things, painless, as she receives me. The gun empties, my finger relaxes on the trigger and I'm gone, my senses incandescent. Lips and legs and a glowing thrust of skin: She bakes with me, melts, while the foam caresses us. Then we lie still as the room subsides.

It is Rafferty, brave soul, who comes and plucks me out.

Strange, how suddenly doom and deliverance occur; we rush in, spurt water and bust doors in what seems a comic dream, take our consequences. Fate is a moment, a mere puff.

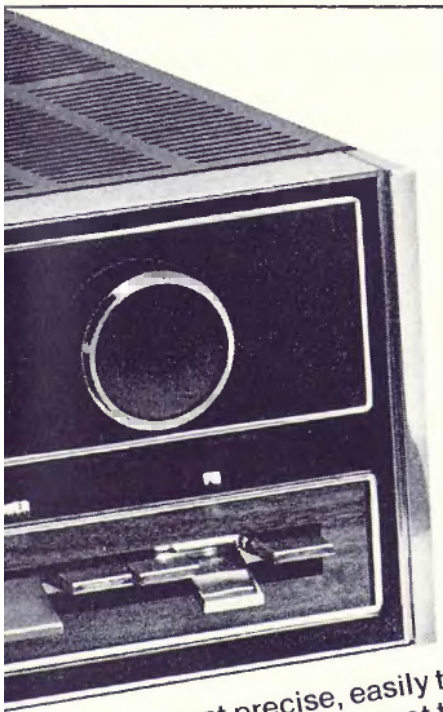
I insist, later, on leaving the rescue unit, where they've bedded me down; stepping down from the van into the street, my legs wobbly, I view the carnage. Half the building is collapsed, thousands of gallons of water are still being pumped and the pavement is lined with stretchers. I stroll among them, doped slightly from something they've given me, checking myself; I'm a mess—third-degree burns on my back and forehead. Shouts and sirens punctuate the scene, but I don't pay attention.

They show me poor Max, who really isn't there anymore. Then I go over and look at the nurse; the attendant pulls back the sheet and there she is, calm, the little black name plate intact on her white uniform: ALICE DURNING. I lift my eyes back to the tower of smoke that moves across the early night.

What's happening to me, what?

I wander for another hour before someone leads me back to shelter.

On the way to the hospital, I have a curious surge of elation; I think, well, I'm alive, I made it again, and I'll be patched up soon enough and back listening for alarms. It's going to be exciting—and they might give me a chance at captain, so I'll always go in first. I'll be a lot like Max in that way. Then, moments later, depression sets in; my obsession waylays me again and I think, what's wrong with me? I'm kissed by a strange and awful God; my dread and my desire are one.

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**Magnavox**

# AUTHORS TEST

*(continued from page 131)*

adolescence, rivers, manhood, the open road, the woods, brutal sex or violence. (Ten bonus points if any of these have led to confinement in jail or a mental institution.)

15. Score a solid 5 points if you can't spell, 5 points if you're ignorant of the rules of grammar; subtract 5 points if you type with more than two fingers and another 20 if your signature is legible.
16. Score 15 points if you were ever in Hollywood, 5 points apiece for each starlet you laid, 10 points if you made hundreds of thousands of dollars and 12 bonus points if you later claimed to hate the who'e exper'ence. Also score 5 points for each time you attempted suicide in Southern California.
17. Score 5 points if you sign all three of your names, 3 points if you sign using your middle initial, 5 for two initials and your last name, 7 points for your first initial, middle and last names; subtract 10 if you use a shortened form of your first name and 20 if you use a pseudonym that's an anagram.
18. Subtract 10 points if you completed this exam without help or lavish praise from at least one person; add 5 if you cheated or otherwise found some way to be dishonest.

Grand Total: _____

Now, a blunt appraisal of your score.

BLUNT APPRAISAL

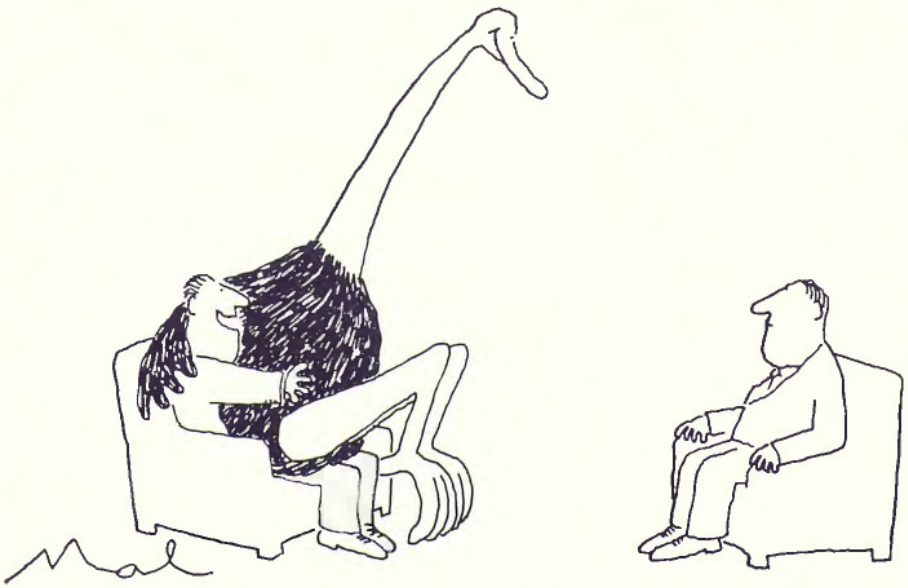
0 through 99: Painfully substandard; you're out. It doesn't mean, however, that you can't take a little dignity and the memory of a full life badly lived out of this world with you. Think about that career in track and field or the computer sciences.

100 through 149: Still a little too healthy for the high-powered literary jobs, but perhaps in striking distance of some pamphleteering (religious, particularly, or political . . . or something). Also, consider your talent fully up to ghostwriting Congressional autobiographies.

150 through 199: There's a good chance that you could write sentimental, pornographic or violent trash and lots of it. Good shot at wild popularity among readers and bunches of sour-grapes criticism from literati.

200 through 249: Beginning to get heavy here. A serious book every couple of years, critical acclaim and the sort of creeping malnutrition that will see your hair and some of your teeth gone by the time you receive your first honorary degree. Your heirs will live handsomely.

250 and up: Hail, Author! You walk among giants with a troubled liver. The enemies of literature (sanity, kindness, generosity) are your enemies. A garden of earthly delights is yours to travel: wine, women, song, the respect of even the radical young and a horrible death. With work.



*"Don't knock it if you haven't tried it."*

# HIT MEN

*(continued from page 146)*

is necessary and not dirty, he thinks that penalty minutes for fighting should be compiled separately from time served for other, unsportsmanlike, offenses. "Cheap stuff, like hooking or spearing with the stick or tripping, is no good, but fighting is basic. Still, a lot of guys don't like to talk about it. They're the ones you really have to worry about."

Ken Hodge, Cashman's powerful associate on the Bruins, agrees. "The really good fighters are the quiet men," he says. But he himself is an exception. At 6'2" and 215 pounds, he can draw blood with the best of them, but he likes to talk about his sport. "The game has changed in the last few years; the emphasis is now on goal production and assists. The really big money goes to the guys who put the puck in the net, and that, in a sense, has tended to de-emphasize fighting. Not that it isn't still a part of the game—a very important part—but the best players can do both. For example, Ferguson became a double asset to the Canadiens when he began to score 20 or 30 goals in his later years. The same with Kurtenbach, who's scoring more goals now than in the past. In the old days, everybody fought everybody. Even the refs got beat up.

"When I came up with Chicago, I got a reputation as a fighter. In fact, because I didn't really fit into the Black Hawks' style of play, I became a policeman. I had a lot of fights. Now that's changed, and I try to concentrate on scoring and other aspects of my game. I still won't back down—not from anybody—but I don't show off anymore. Oh, you get mad, like the night the whole Bruins team went into the crowd in Philadelphia before we realized that 20 against 20,000 was terrible odds. And you still make reflex movements. If you get hit hard enough, you might swing your stick and knock some guy's teeth out or break his nose, but chances are he'll be helping you off the ice in a couple of games. That wouldn't have happened in the old days.

"Fighting on skates is damn difficult. I've seen lots of guys swing so hard they've spun themselves right off their feet. But not too much damage is done. I've been cut when somebody has stepped on my hand, and when I was with Chicago, Teddy Green went after Eric Nesterenko and tried to pick him up and fling him onto the ice. Teddy strained his knee doing that and it's bothered him ever since. But that's minor stuff compared with what some people visualize.

"The secret of the game is forcing the opposition to make mistakes, making them adopt your style of play. Naturally, the most aggressive team has the best

chance, and certainly its ability to fight has to be one of its weapons. That's why the Bruins have been so successful. The idea is to keep a succession of aggressors on the ice for 60 minutes. If one of your teammates is getting the shit kicked out of him, nobody had better stand around and watch."

• • •

Since ice hockey began—probably as an amalgam of field hockey, hurling and a particularly bloody British game called bandy that was played on frozen lakes and rivers, using curved sticks and a ball rather than a puck—critics have argued that men like Hodge, Green, Cashman and their peers have made the game a violent parody of sport. Until recently, the national press in the United States largely ignored hockey, except to run Wirephotos of a major brawl or a post-game portrait of a toothless goalie with a complexion resembling a crocheted antimacassar. Now the game is in the midst of wild expansion and more attention is being focused on its allegedly cruel and bloody traditions. Despite general agreement that fighting is declining in importance, there remains the clear truth that the toughest team, talent being equal, wins. That's why the Bruins are Stanley Cup champions. After beating the Rangers for the cup last spring, Derek Sanderson, Boston's long-haired, easy-living center, said, "We beat them because we had 18 or 19 guys on our club who would fight. They only had six or seven." Ferguson agrees that the Bruins' bellicosity made the difference. "The Rangers lack toughness. They have all the physical skills—maybe more than Boston—but they don't get mad first. They don't control the game; instead, they react to the other team. The Rangers would probably be the best if they commanded that little extra bit of respect."

While a hockey player scrambles up and down his 200-foot patch of ice, attacking, being repelled, fleeing back to his own end to form a defense, members of the opposition thud against him like insects against a light bulb. Checking, as this battering is euphemistically called, is the difference between winning and losing hockey. No team checks as effectively as the Bruins, one of the most physical teams in the history of the sport.

Boston coach Harry Sinden is candid about the benefits of brawling: "A lot of people think the key to the game is control of center ice, where power plays on goal can be formed. On the contrary, I believe the secret is the control of the corners and the boards, where strength and contact make the difference. If your men can maintain physical and mental control of the other team in these areas, you will win. The constant hitting in the corners and along the boards will

*(continued on page 202)*

NOT EVEN A TENNESSEE WINTER changes the temperature of Jack Daniel's limestone spring.

Our spring runs year 'round at exactly 56°. (Our ducks are glad of that.) And it's completely iron free. Our 'stiller is particularly glad of that because iron is murderous to whiskey. That's why Jack Daniel started our distillery here over a century ago. And we've never seen fit to change anything Mr. Jack started. After a sip of our whiskey, we trust, you'll be glad of that.

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# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

## MOVE OVER, BURT

Recognizing a good thing when they saw it—in *Cosmopolitan's* centerfold—two young San Franciscans, Judy Horst and Christine Hopf, have formed Bo-Tree Productions to market what they believe is the first male-nude calendar. They're calling it the *Ladies Home Companion 1973* and it will sell for $4.50. Among the 12 models is PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson. (No, that's not Bruce above.)

## HAVE CRUCIFIX, WILL TRAVEL

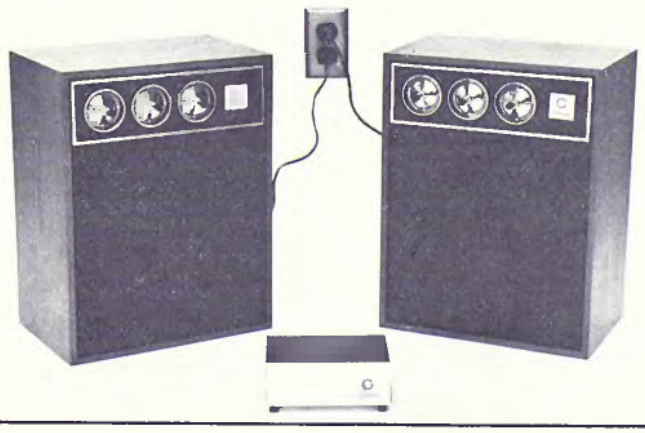
In its cutthroat competition for the tourist dollar, Pan American World Airways is going for the jugular. Vampire buffs may take what the airline calls a trip they'll "enjoy sinking their teeth into," an 18-day Spotlight on Dracula tour of Transylvania ($935 and up, from New York). Included are visits to the palace and tomb of Vlad Dracula, a 15th Century Romanian ruler whose real-life exploits were so grisly that people would believe him capable even of the atrocities described in that bloody novel by Bram Stoker. Tour departures are scheduled through October 1973; there's even a holiday junket accenting New Year's Eve with Dracula.

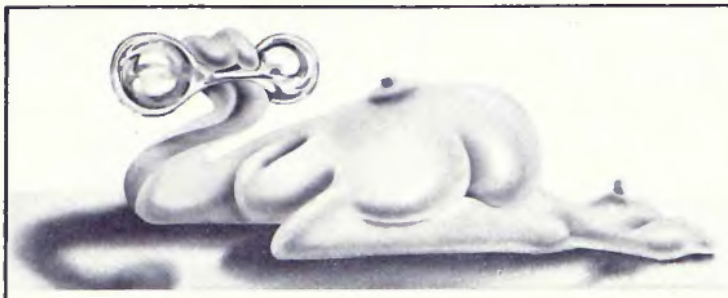
## DREAM PIPE

At his 95th birthday party, Pablo Casals opened all his presents and put a match to the one he liked best—a Summa Cum Laude straight-grain pipe from Charatan. "This is the finest pipe I've ever smoked," he said—not surprisingly, since it's also the world's most expensive, hand-crafted from briar that's hundreds of years old. Charatan is making a limited number of them, so if the thought of spending $2500 for a pipe doesn't smoke you out, write soon to Lane Limited, 419 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016.

## A PLUG FOR SPEAKERS

If you're all strung out over the work—and the unsightliness—involved in running cords from your stereo set to remote speakers in the bedroom, new speakers from Concept Plus solve the problem by eliminating all connecting wires; they plug into the nearest electrical outlet. Just attach one end of the small companion transmitter to the back of your receiver and connect the other end to an A.C. socket. A "Speaker of the House" can then be played through any wall outlet in any room. Two matched speakers (one for the left channel, one for the right, each with on/off, volume and tone controls), plus the transmitter, sell for a modest $129.95.



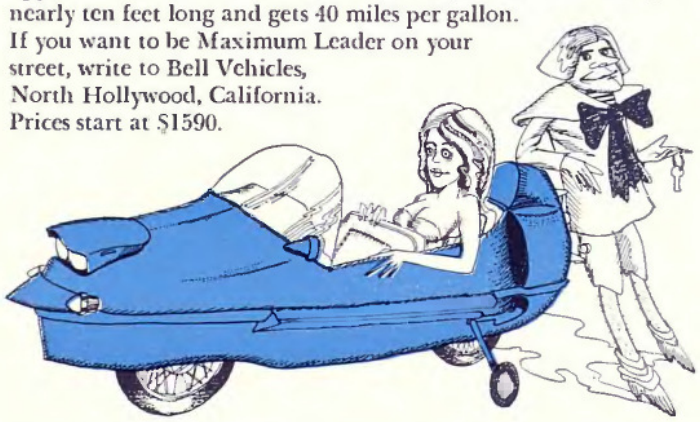


## FAST, FAST RELIEF!

Ever feel plain frenzied? When you're uptight, why wait? Try one of these and relax. First, there's Flesh, a stretchy, Day-Glo pink glob with the consistency of greasy pizza dough and the temperature of cellar mud. Knead it through your fingers. Feel better fast. Flesh, from PotLuck Products, costs $1.25 for a five-ounce can. On—or, more accurately, *in*—the other hand, there's Kiik, a two-inch platinum-plated bar bell that you can roll back and forth when your crew steals the strawberries. You can get a Kiik for ten dollars at specialty shops in major, nerve-racking cities.

## *VERY* EASY RIDER

The Hell's Angels would definitely beat up on you if you rode into camp on a Bi-Car. A hog it isn't; what it is is a motorcycle with training wheels, surrounding cigar-shaped body and optional canopy. The Saturn 500 shown here seats two, in tandem fashion, is nearly ten feet long and gets 40 miles per gallon. If you want to be Maximum Leader on your street, write to Bell Vehicles, North Hollywood, California. Prices start at $1590.

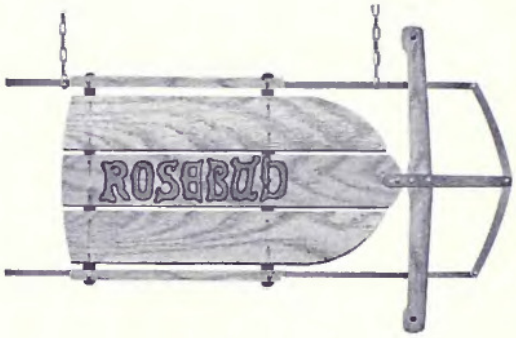


## HOOK BOOK

We haven't had a chance to corroborate his research, but the pseudonymous author of *Nevada Playmates: A Guide to the Cathouses* seems to have intended performing a public service with this discriminating Baedeker to the bawdyhouses of that tolerant state, which is well known for fighting prostitution about as vigorously as it does gambling and drinking. Complete with prices (from ten dollars up), ratings, mileage charts, phone numbers, maps, glossary and comments on such four-star establishments as Winnemucca's Cozy Corner—which offers "five to seven girls . . . well trained in pleasure making" who don't "treat you in an assembly-line manner"—it's kind of a consumer's report for the comparison shopper who wants, well, the most for his money.

## RAISING KANE

Vintage trivia, from a *Mickey Mouse* magazine in Dutch to a 1934 Ingersoll Roy Rogers alarm clock, is the stock in trade of Rosebud, an exceedingly curious curio shop in—where else?—Hollywood. Rosebud was, of course, the name of a long-lost sled owned by Charles Foster Kane, whose last word it was in Orson Welles's classic *Citizen Kane*, and its namesake strives to be the last word in movie (and other) memorabilia. Noteworthy items in the boutique include the name plate from Marilyn Monroe's 20th Century Fox dressing room, a disturbingly lifelike plaster statue of Shirley Temple and a sentimental collector's item: a "Nixon for Congress" thimble.




## LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING WITH HIS NIBLICK!

If Arnold Palmer gave private golf lessons, they'd set you back the cost of a new club for every practice swing. Right? Wrong. For the price of a greens fee, you can pick up pointers from the pros of golf, baseball, football, tennis and skiing—in a series of Super 8 color movies from Action Films of California. Hand-crank viewer, plus one cartridge-type film: $7.95. Additional films: $2.95. You can run them in slow motion or stop frames—or even make Stein Eriksen schuss uphill.

Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.

SELECTED FOR USE BY THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

# HIT MEN

*(continued from page 199)*

wear down and mentally exhaust a less aggressive team. Remember, there is no out-of-bounds in hockey. There is no place to go to escape that kind of punishment."

Some theorists believe that the Bruins' rink in the Boston Garden, being nine feet shorter and two feet narrower than the regulation 200′ x 85′ N. H. L. playing surface, adds a bonus to the team's aggressive brand of play. Hodge doesn't think so. "It's the shape of the rink and the configuration of its boards that are important. Knowing how to play the puck off the boards in the league is a factor, but the Bruins would be just as tough if their home ice was *larger* than anybody else's."

Sinden and John Ferguson are kindred souls. "If you control the corners, you control the game," says Ferguson. "When I went into the corner after the puck, I made sure I was the meanest bastard who ever went in there. I'd use everything—my weight, my arms, my stick, my elbows, everything I had—until the corner was mine."

Sinden speaks admiringly of Ferguson. "When I became coach of the Bruins, I would have taken Ferguson over anybody in the league. *Anybody*. His size—six feet, 190 pounds—is ideal in terms of strength and mobility; but, more important, he had the kind of aggressiveness that could lift an entire team and keep it hitting and fighting long after it had passed the point of exhaustion."

Although hard-core hockey fans are familiar with Ferguson and his style of play, his is hardly a name that people with a casual interest in the sport could identify. Does this mean that the great scorers get an inordinate share of attention while the Fergusons—hockey's counterparts to football guards and tackles—are the keys to the game? Not entirely. While some might argue that Ferguson deserved more publicity, few will say that the more gifted players deserve less. In fact, the complete players—Bobby Hull, Bobby Orr, Gordie Howe—can fight, too. They have merely refined the shooting, skating and checking aspects of their game. "Orr is a good fighter," says Ferguson, "but he does everything well. He is so fast, so elusive, that he's hard to check. You can't get a clean shot at him. You just try to bother him, get in his way and keep him off stride. Otherwise, he alone can control the game. Hull is a big, strong, aggressive hockey player, but, unlike Orr, he can be checked."

Watson, who shadowed Hull manically during the 1966–1967 Detroit-Chicago Stanley Cup play-off, tends to agree, but adds, "You've got to be careful not to get him mad. Then he'll go crazy and score goals all over the place." Watson did, however, goad Hull into a string of stupid penalties in that series—a major factor in Chicago's loss to Detroit.

Gordie Howe, the retired Red Wing who many contend is the greatest player in history, brought the kind of respect Ferguson understands onto the ice along with his many other skills. "If Gordie hit me, I'd hit him back," Ferguson says, in an implied concession that Howe was one of the few competitors who carried the fight to him.

At six feet, 205 pounds, Howe had brutal strength and great speed. He was a master with his stick and, if provoked, could use it to neutralize any tormentor. He worried people and when he was in his prime, the Red Wings ruled hockey.

Perhaps Howe's greatest moment as a fighter came before a packed Madison Square Garden crowd on the first day of February 1959. His slumping Red Wings had come to town to play the Rangers, who were struggling with Chicago for second place in the N. H. L. New York took immediate command and, except for a goal by Howe, dominated the first period. At left wing for the Rangers was rookie Eddie Shack, a youth distinguished by a large nose and a healthy appetite for physical contact. Early in the game, the Red Wings' Pete Geogan bounced Shack into the boards so hard that his flying body broke a sheet of the protective glass bordering the rink, causing a five-minute delay. With slightly over three minutes remaining in the first period, Shack tangled with Howe's always-lethal stick and wobbled away with a head cut that later required three stitches. The Rangers immediately retaliated by running the score to 4–1.

During the lull leading to the next face-off, Lou Fontinato, a burly defenseman for the Rangers, skated over to Howe and snarled, "Keep your stick to yourself. And lay off Shack." Fontinato at that time was considered the best fighter in the league. He was the Rangers' policeman, the self-appointed protector of youngsters like Shack. (Added to his ire was the memory of 12 Howe-inflicted stitches in his right ear from a brawl two seasons before.)

Thirteen seconds later, Howe and Shack collided heavily behind the Detroit net. Surprisingly, Howe lost his footing while Shack legged away in pursuit of the puck. Howe scrambled to his feet, doubtlessly refixing his aim on the rookie, when Fontinato bustled against him, ready to fight. Sticks and gloves hit the ice and one of the most memorable brawls in hockey history took place. (Veteran fans compared it to the night 20 years earlier when the Rangers' Muzz Patrick flattened Boston's Eddie Shore.) Everyone was spellbound as the two big men rolled and scuffled in the ten-foot corridor between the goal and the end

boards. They watched Howe snatch Fontinato by the shirt, throat-high, and tag him with a series of uppercuts. Press reports of the event varied wildly. No one was sure whether it was Howe's right hand or left that did the damage. According to the *World-Telegram and Sun*, the confrontation lasted 30 seconds. The *Herald Tribune* estimated a full minute. The *Daily News* breathlessly reported four minutes. Such dramas always seem to last longer than they actually do and it's probable that the entire matter ran less than a minute before referees split the pair. Fontinato was clearly the loser. His nose, already broken four times, was mashed and bloody. Howe dislocated a finger—doubtlessly in a collision with Fontinato's face—and sustained a gash over his eye.

Both men were banished to the penalty box for five minutes. While Fontinato grumbled about a "lucky punch" and made dark threats of a rematch, Howe was being heralded as the toughest man in the league. The fight seemed to pump new life into the Red Wings and they scored three goals before losing, 5–4. Shack gained a measure of retribution by elbowing Detroit defenseman Warren Godfrey sufficiently to hospitalize him with a severe concussion. Fontinato played the remainder of the game with his nose looking like a rudder swung hard to starboard, then entered St. Clare's Hospital for surgery on his clogged nasal passages.

Howe's triumph had little permanent effect on the Red Wings. Four days later, the two teams met again in Detroit. Fontinato's nose job had been so complicated that he stayed in New York, giving what one would presume even more impetus to the Red Wings. In fact, the Rangers humiliated them, 5–0, so infuriating Detroit coach Sid Abel that he fined 14 of his players, including Howe, $100 apiece. As a footnote to buttress Watson's contention that nobody ever loses a hockey fight, Fontinato returned to the ice a few days later and carried on as if nothing had happened. Later traded to Montreal, he continued to flail away at the opposition until one night when he caromed off New York's rugged Vic Hadfield and broke his neck against the boards. After that injury, which would have killed a lesser man, he retired to his farm in Canada, surely to ponder what difference it might have made if *he* had landed the first blow on that night in 1959.

Fontinato's effort in that clash of more than a decade ago was a classic example of one of hockey's best policemen at work. Other players like him, probably led in spirit by Ferguson, have been operating for years in the N. H. L., but new rules have blunted their impact. Fights on the ice have always had a contagious quality. If two men squared off, others would quickly join in, and it was not unusual for both benches to empty until the rink became littered with clots of men grappling like helpless, inert sumo wrestlers. The secret of hockey fighting is to land quick blows, as any prolonged struggle will degenerate into clumsy groping and clinching. With only three officials on the ice, it sometimes takes as long as a half hour to uncouple everyone and get the play resumed. "It's an awful spectacle," admits Sinden.

"Everybody got bored with them, including the guys in the fights," adds Hodge.

With hockey gaining appeal through increasing television coverage, N. H. L. president Clarence Campbell decided that the mass fighting only made the game and its players look juvenile. (It also threatened the split-second broadcast schedules.) While emphasizing that he considered fisticuffs a legitimate part of the game, he instituted two measures designed to curb the small, slow riots. Generally referred to as the "third-man rule," Campbell's regulation imposes a major five-minute penalty and a fine for a third player who enters a two-man battle. A man who comes off the bench to fight faces banishment for the remainder of the game.

The rule severely limits the role of the policemen by preventing them from skating to the immediate aid of a threatened teammate—although it hardly deters direct assaults. "I guess it's a good rule," says Ferguson, who might be expected to think otherwise, "but I think it takes some of the excitement out of the game. Hell, I can't think of three good fights I saw at the Canadiens' games all year. But it's curbed a lot of unnecessary scraps. It takes the phonies out of the fights—guys who would start something because they knew somebody would come in to help them."

A case can be made for a slightly civilized trend coming to major-league hockey. The old days seem to have been bloodier, even if the natural urge to romanticize is discounted. "Guys like Orr—great skaters—have speeded up the game," says Watson. "I don't think the checking is as hard as in the past, simply because the players are quicker and more elusive. And the new rules have cut back on the unnecessary fights. But they'll never stop entirely."

Will hockey become a game of skaters gliding gracefully over the ice, brushing each other with listless caresses? Not likely, as long as the rinks are lined with boards, and wooden sticks are held by men like Watson, Hodge, Kurtenbach and, of course, their inspirational leader—Ferguson.

"Fighting has been a part of hockey for 50 years," he says. "It'll be with us another 50. Count on it."


Brut 33
Anti-Perspirant
for Men.

You won't have
any doubts
about yourself.

See "The Protectors", an exciting new TV adventure show starring Robert Vaughn, brought to you by the great "Protectors" of good grooming—Brut 33 by Fabergé.

# YOUTH VOTE

*(continued from page 122)*

"Several of the Democratically inclined registrars avoided registering in fraternities and sororities, whereas the Republican-oriented registrars concentrated on them."

The McGovern operation in Madison was run by Michael Bleicher, a 36-year-old professor of mathematics at the university, who began organizing early in 1971 for the state's April primary. The best testimony to Bleicher's efforts in the primary came from the opposition's Lanny Davis, the national youth coordinator of Edmund Muskie's campaign. On the day of the primary, Davis, a 26-year-old former editor of *The Yale Daily News*, was in Madison running a ten-telephone office to remind pro-Muskie voters to come out and do their thing. I asked him whether the McGovern operation was similar and he laughed and said: "They don't need telephones; Bleicher's got a kid on every corner to knock on doors every half hour."

"We're not quite that good," said Bleicher, who was laughing more heartily in his office—a grimy room in the Washington Hotel that had seen its best days about 50 years ago: it was the kind of place with a pull-chain toilet and a sign pointing to the SHOWER DOWN HALL. What Bleicher had that day were 400 canvassers checking on 7000 "number one" cards filled out by other canvassers who had talked with the 7000 voters who had indicated they were definitely for McGovern. Besides that, the McGovern team, with the cooperation of the student government, used shuttle buses to take 10,000 students to cast absentee ballots before the primary, because April fourth fell during a university vacation.

For a Madison primary, the number of people voting was a record and McGovern rolled up 44 percent of the vote, which included an estimated 70 percent of the students and other young people there. Bleicher sat back and said, "What we've been doing is working with the 'organizable' youth vote, the ones in colleges and high schools. They tend to be much more liberal than the society as a whole. . . . Property-tax issues, for example, are meaningless to them. This could be the unique election when students will have maximum impact. By 1976," he predicted, "the unorganizable youth will be plugged into the process and then young voters really will be pretty representative of the whole society."

Whether or not a representative cross section of young America is plugged into politics this year, youth chasers such as Bleicher and Davis tend to agree that the future impact of young people in politics will depend not so much on the way they cast their votes as on the way they are willing to work. "They'll continue to be a major force of political organization," Davis said. "They're going to do the jobs that used to be done by the old machines; they're the new Richard Daleys—they're better than the old pols; there are more of them; they have more time and more commitment. I saw the McGovern people do it with a candidate who had very little appeal to most people. Without the kids organizing, he would have gotten 15 percent of the vote in New Hampshire and come in third in Wisconsin."

And the new child labor comes cheap. Three hundred kids went into Brooklyn last June to work for Allard Lowenstein against Representative John Rooney in a Democratic Congressional primary. In a vignette symbolizing the changing of the guard, Rooney and one of the young volunteers, Bart Brown, stumbled into each other one night just before midnight. Brown was putting a Lowenstein poster on a telephone pole and Rooney, an old Irish pol on every count, stepped out of a bar and asked, "How much are you getting paid for this?"

"Paid? I get food money and sometimes not that," Brown said.

Rooney shrugged. "You're never going to be a successful politician."

Maybe not. But maybe so. There is a deep strain of ambition in national youth coordinators, though they're not going to strike it rich this year. McGovern's O'Donnell gets $150 a week; Humphrey's Grimes was on a $9000-a-year salary and Muskie's Davis was hired at $10,000 a year; politics can be a tough business when your candidate doesn't last a year.

There is probably money in the youth-vote business, but private enterprise hasn't quite caught up with it. Consulting firms may not be far behind—and Ken Rietz and Lanny Davis may well found them. But in 1972, there

*"Certainly, I'm dressed! It all depends on what kind of riding you had in mind!"*

were only a few examples of the possibilities. The American Program Bureau, a Boston lecture-management agency, put together a series of 18 video-taped interviews with candidates and other political figures and has been marketing a ten-program package to colleges for $1000.

Money is one of many subjects that Rietz doesn't want to talk about—he won't discuss his salary, which payroll records showed to be $23,000, and said only that the funding of his operation is "adequate." It's at least that. One of the Committee for the Re-election of the President's first contracts was with a college marketing group for a sophisticated opinion survey on 150 campuses. What did the President want to know about the campuses? The questionnaires were quite sophisticated and after the usual questions about issues and attitudes, the survey compiled lists of the "most respected" campus leaders and professors—a handy tool if you're interested in organizing a university.

The McGovern people aren't as well financed and they've tried to do the same kind of thing by having volunteers leaf through high school and college yearbooks.

"There is some exaggeration in all the talk you hear about Nixon computers," said Rietz, who works in a suite of offices in the First National Bank of Washington Building near the White House. Like most Nixon offices, his has the color-coordinated look and IBM typewriters of a successful old insurance company, with pictures of R. M. N.—"Our Founder"—smiling down from blank walls. In fact, Rietz is color coordinated, too—rust-colored corduroy suit, rust loafers, gray-and-white-striped shirt with a paisley tie (just a touch of rust there).

Rietz won his reputation as Senator William Brock's 1970 campaign manager in Tennessee. According to Sidney Hyman's *Youth in Politics*, Rietz claims to have organized 3500–4000 young people who worked for Brock against Democrat Albert Gore, while Brock's figure was 30,000. More recently, Rietz has used 9000 as his estimate. In fact, everyone's figures are different—but then, that's what public relations is all about.

Despite his own elastic rhetoric, Rietz started his hustling for Nixon by trying to get other Administration spokesmen to shut their mouths. In the beginning of the youth-vote game—Rietz went on the G. O. P. payroll in July 1971—anonymous Republican strategists were making statements such as this one to *Time*: "Let's face it. Nixon isn't going to carry the college vote. But the margin by which he loses it is important." Now the official line of Young Voters for the Re-election of the President is victory. Maybe, but you could never tell it from the first list of "young celebrities" for Nixon, including Clint Eastwood, Brenda Box, Sandy Livingston, Robert Lunn, Harlan Marbley and Barbie Wells. (In case you missed one, Brenda is a former Miss Texas Universe, Sandy is an actress married to actor Stanley Livingston, Robert is a "professional golf star," Harlan won a bronze medal in the 1968 Olympics and Barbie is a national director of Teenage Republicans. And Clint Eastwood is 42.)

*"Sometimes I wish to God they'd never moved next door!"*

Rietz did his work this fall through a network of 50 state chairmen of Young Voters, usually politically ambitious young lawyers who got their orders and budgets from the campaign chairman in each state. The New York Young Voters chairman, for instance, is Jerold Ruderman, a 29-year-old Manhattan attorney, president of the New York Young Republican Club and a onetime candidate for the state senate.

"I'm a full-time volunteer," said Ruderman, who had just finished making arrangements with Rietz to have Edward Cox, the President's 26-year-old son-in-law, speak at a meeting of Teenage Republicans in Albany.

The Nixon youth office in the Hotel Roosevelt was a looser place than Rietz's IBM-contemporary cubicles in Washington, but there was still something self-conscious about the slogans on the walls around Ruderman and his dozen or so paid assistants: A-H-H-H-H YOUTH—THEY GIVETH THE CAMPAIGN ZAP. YOUTH WILL VOTE NIXON. . . . YOUNG ACTION: "GOOD KARMA" FOR BIG NIXON YOUTH SWING.

But attention to detail seemed to be as evident in the New York operation as it was in most dull, typewriter-clicking Nixon offices around the country. Ruderman and his young corps were fed research data on campuses and cities where they recruited canvassers and free office

workers and, besides that, they went to large corporations and department stores throughout the state to find young workers in groups they could organize. Young speakers were provided with two-inch-thick manuals to tell their audiences everything they always wanted to know about Nixon. If their audiences weren't afraid to ask about amnesty, the speakers just had to turn to Section II-L to find that the President had said: "I would be very liberal with regard to amnesty but not while there are still Americans fighting in Vietnam. . . ." And in several sections, they would be reminded that it was Richard M. Nixon who signed the 26th Amendment into the law of the land. And every single piece of Nixon youth literature—and there were dozens, some modeled after rock posters—had a line Rietz loved: "Get involved—join."

One thing, aside from his coat and tie, that differentiates Rietz from the McGovern crew and the retired Democratic youth coordinators is his attitude toward the two dozen or so nonpartisan youth-voter-registration projects. Frankly, he thinks some of them are anti-Nixon and, frankly, he's right.

Obviously, the Republicans wouldn't play ball with the National Youth Caucus, a group whose founding statement contained the line "President Nixon must be repudiated." (N. Y. C. was the brain child of Allard Lowenstein, the "Dump Johnson" organizer of 1968 and the mentor or idol of dozens of the young men you come across in the youth-vote business.) But the Republicans do have some young friends out there and some of them, such as Hendrix Niemann, who left Princeton for a year to work with The Student Vote, are upset with what they've seen. "It's bothered me to see that so many conservatives are afraid of the youth vote," he said, complaining that Republicans did attempt to block registration of young voters in Ohio. "You know, I'm a Republican."

The director of another, and strictly nonpartisan, organization questioned the wisdom of Republican attitudes: "Nixon will get a lot of the youth vote. Not because they like him, but they'll say, 'At least the son of a bitch has done something.' "

The youth groups and youth advisors are, in a great American tradition, not above hustling the parties and candidates. The National Youth Caucus newsletter advised its operators: "Remember, every liberal candidate wants to be identified with party reform and will go a long way if threatened with embarrassment." Charles Wolff, the 24-year-old chairman of Illinois Youth for Muskie and a product of Lowenstein's 1968 training, said he wavered between McGovern and Muskie and then didn't go to work until he had a guarantee from Muskie that he wouldn't be in charge "of some kind of kiddie corps doing shit work." He wasn't. One of the results of the 26th Amendment was to accelerate the upward mobility of young men and women inside political organizations.

Robert Livernash, a student at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, traveled from New York to Manchester, New Hampshire, to join the chilled legions working up there for McGovern. The bus trip started with a lecture on the evils of marijuana—the evils that would befall McGovern if local police caught one of the kids with it and the thing got into the newspapers. Envelopes were passed out so the troops could mail their grass back home before taking to the streets. When they did go into the snow, they were given briefing literature on how to deal with the good burghers: "Be low-key, not argumentative. . . . Be judicious in your choice of issues. . . . Don't mention other candidates by name; it will be too confusing. . . . Do not press for direct answers."

This was Livernash's report on his colleagues and their motivations:

> If none of the volunteers were here because they thought McGovern was going to win, why were they here? I tentatively broke them down into the following groups:
>
> *Angels*: These were the freshmen and sophomores in college who saw McCarthy in '68 on television but whose political sensibilities did not go back much further than that and who had an almost virginal faith in the system. The girl who sat next to me when we were writing letters to the "positives" and "neutrals" was from Anna Maria College in Paxton, Massachusetts, and she was rushing back that night so she could canvass on Sunday for the Heart Fund.
>
> *Fun Seekers*: Many were there to meet members of the opposite sex; others were there because it would sure be more fun than another weekend in Our Lady of X dorms. A bleached blonde, who taught kindergarten in Bedford-Stuyvesant and snacked on carrots to clear up her complexion, said she was searching "for the right kind of man." An Australian classmate of mine . . . was curious to see New Hampshire. "It was the closest I could come to a ski weekend," he said.
>
> *The Spectacularly Undaunted*: There were graduate students and employed people who doggedly refused to give up on the system. Mark Bernstein, a second-year law student from Penn, came not because he thought McGovern was going to win but for the experience. A student from Long Island University tried to convince the student behind him that the Soviet Union did not have a democratic form of government.

I met an angel one morning at eight o'clock at the Allen Shoe Company in Haverhill, Massachusetts, a grimy pile of brick that John Austin, a *Time* correspondent, instantly described as early Clifford Odets. Her name was Mary Fifield and she was from Hooksett, New Hampshire. She had dropped out of Mount St. Mary College two months before graduation—with a 4.0 average for the fall semester—to work for McGovern at $30 a week, telling her parents she thought "it was more important than the English novel." "They were disappointed," she said, "but I think they understood what I was doing. They're not for McGovern, because of amnesty. My brother Tommy just got home from Vietnam."

Mary was handing out buttons and literature to workers that morning in Haverhill. That night, more than 12 hours later, I had to telephone McGovern headquarters in Boston and I heard this cheerful little voice: "Hi, Dick, it's Mary Fifield."

She turned out to be an example of what the 26th Amendment was all about. Getting kids involved; getting Mary Fifield involved was the secret. The youth advisors who saw that are still working—Rietz and O'Donnell. The ones who didn't are ex–youth advisors. Mike Grimes found out that it was no good to have stewardesses pump 100 proof into college reporters. Muskie's young men didn't get very far with orange-and-blue posters reading THE MUSKIE CAMP COMES TO CAMPUS FEATURING THE HILARIOUS NIXON "CHECKERS" SPEECH. And John Lindsay got nowhere with free rock concerts: A lot of kids cheered Richie Havens and Lindsay, in that order, and then voted for McGovern, who had been organizing their campuses for more than a year.

In the end, the kids reacted to politics in pretty much the same way as older Americans—it's the same love-hate fascination that De Tocqueville spotted 140 years ago—only kids tended to be more uninhibited about showing their feelings. When they were turned on, they had the time, energy and commitment to make themselves a force in 1972.

When they were turned off . . . well, Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana was a candidate for a while and his youth coordinator told him it would be a good idea to visit a high school in Milford, New Hampshire, and answer questions from assembled students. The first question was: "Senator, do you think students should be forced to come to these political rallies?" Hartke said no—and the kid walked out.

TRES DESEOS
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# SEX IN CINEMA

*(continued from page 170)*

appears to have emerged: G would seem to mean no nudity or strong language; PG (changed early in 1972 from GP) means occasional flashes of a bared breast and sparing use of four-letter words; R is for extensive or frontal nudity; and X is for any sexual activity beyond that. As far as language is concerned, Stern was heard to say that he would permit one use of the word fuck in a PG picture, but beyond that, the film would be rated R. "All the ratings can do is give a quantitative measurement of how much sex and violence a movie contains," he has stated. "So much of either and a film becomes PG; so much more and it's an R, and so on."

Language, as a matter of fact, is especially indicative of the Code's new leniency. Words such as bastard, screw, bugger and even the aforementioned solitary fuck are now admissibly PG in a medium that had barred their use until five or six years ago. On the other hand, while the language of sex may be permissible, the act of sex is still relegated to the Xs. Which is what lends a special significance to *Portnoy*, since its period of filming corresponds almost exactly to Stern's first year in office. When production began, everyone—including Lehman—was certain that it would have to end up with an X. It didn't. It got an R. And the reason is that while just about every sexual diversion short of bestiality is fairly clearly implied, nothing is ever explicitly shown. The sexual activity is handled with, to use the Code Administration's favorite phrase, "good taste." For any reasonably sophisticated viewer, however, there can be little doubt about just what is going on. Indeed, after an early preview, Lehman himself deleted a kind of voice-over narration (Portnoy's conversations with his penis) because he felt it superfluous.

Nevertheless, very few films this side of the porn circuit have yet dared to use the language of *Portnoy's Complaint*. Although considerably toned down from Roth's original text, it still strikes the ear with a frequency and a pungency that are in their own way as precedent-setting as Elizabeth Taylor's shrieked obscenities in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* As Alexander Portnoy, Richard Benjamin describes his masturbatory practices in scatological detail—jacking off with an apple, or a piece of liver, or his sister's soiled panties. His approach to his supercompliant companion-to-be, Karen Black, is equally direct: "I want to eat your pussy," he tells her on their first encounter. Miss Black, as a fashion model who calls herself The Monkey, explains that she earned her peculiar sobriquet because "a position I once invented made a guy I knew think of a monkey." At one point, she refers to Portnoy as an "uptight Jewish prick." At another, she inquires of him, "What's that bulge in your trousers, a chocolate éclair?" In a flashback early in the film, as Alex recalls his first sexual experience with an "easy" girl in the neighborhood (Jeannie Berlin), she stimulates him to an ill-timed (or ill-aimed) ejaculation, then screams, "Son of a bitch, you got jism all over the couch!"

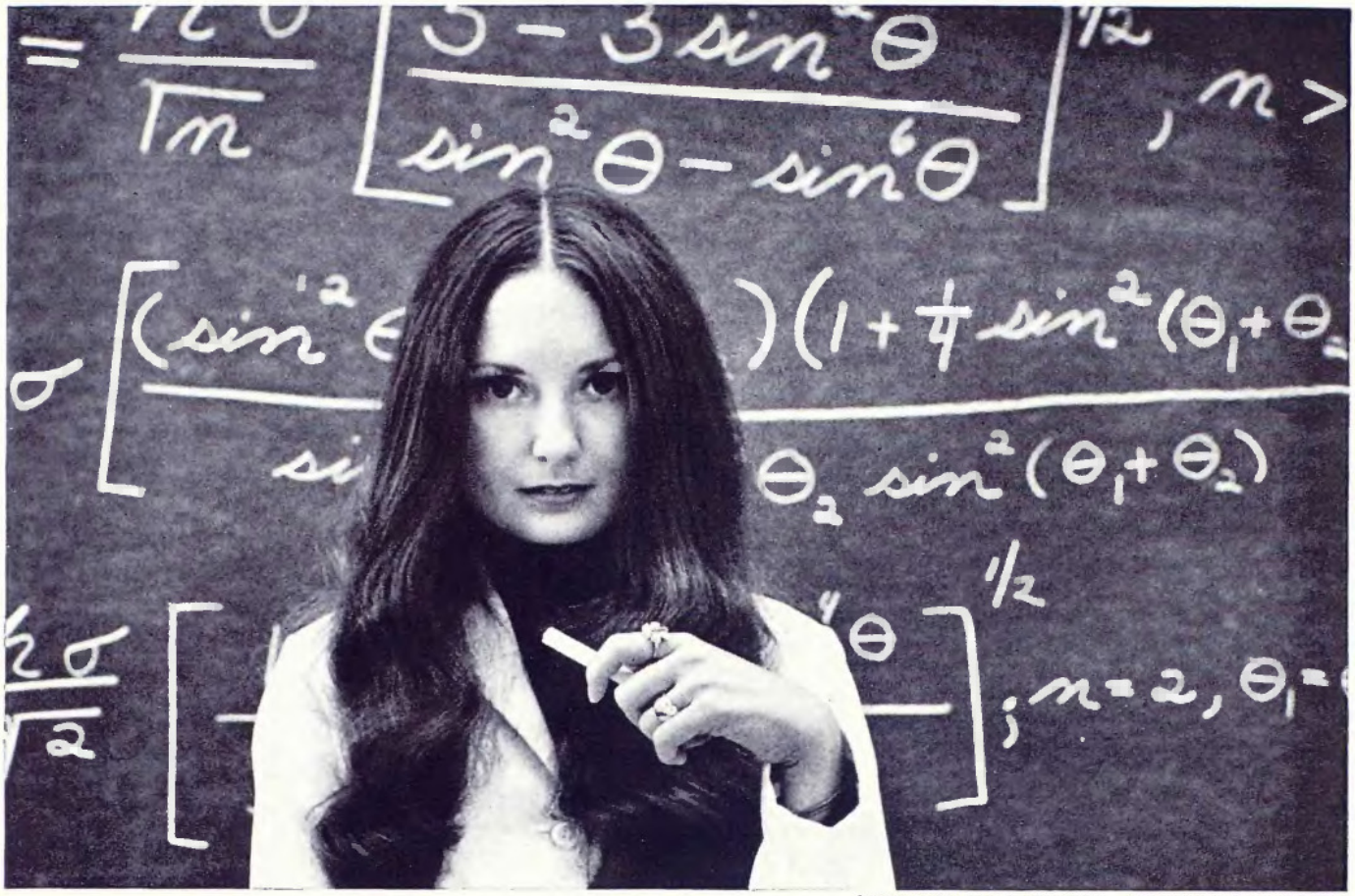
*Portnoy's Complaint*, billed as a comedy, opened to almost uniformly bad notices. Was it because the language was too explicit or because the visuals weren't explicit enough? Or might it have something to do with the spreading reaction against pictures whose primary concern is sex? No doubt the people at Warner's are still trying to puzzle that one out, while balancing it against the performance of their outstanding hit for 1972—Stanley Kubrick's X-rated *A Clockwork Orange*. Based on Anthony Burgess' far-out novel, which involves drugs, juvenile delinquency, sex and more than a bit of the old ultraviolence, it was an admittedly iffy proposition from the start. If anyone other than Kubrick had suggested it, the film undoubtedly would never have been made. But Kubrick did suggest it, it was made and—X rating or no—Warner's has been listening to the cheery clink of the cash registers ever since.

What Burgess (and Kubrick) postulates is a society in the not-too-distant future in which there has been some kind of totalitarian take-over—a rather loosely supervised welfare state whose beneficiaries live in shabby but adequate tenement blocks and pursue a shabby but adequate existence, even though the rubbish does have a tendency to pile up. But the kids are in revolt. Some drink themselves silly in drug-spiked milk bars; others find in drugs the stimulus to wreak havoc. There is a frightening scene in the film in which Alex (who is brilliantly played by Malcolm McDowell) and his three "Droogs" drop in on a bunch of bully boys just as they're about to gang-rape a girl. No innate gallantry prompts Alex to break up the attack, merely the desire to hit somebody with chains. A few minutes later, the quartet stages a rape of its own, slicing the dress of a woman from her pinioned, writhing body as her husband looks helplessly on. In another display of far-out violence, Alex dispatches an eccentric, art-loving woman by smashing a giant plastic sculpture of a penis and testicles directly into her mouth. At one point, he lures two teenaged girls to his room to listen to records, then jumps them for three or four minutes of speeded-up, but wholly uninhibited, humping; it's as if Mack Sennett had made a stag film.

But Alex—oh my brothers—betrayed by his Droogs, is captured by the police and sent off to prison, where his heart is made heavy by the pretty-boy homosexuals who lust after his youthful bod. At the earliest opportunity, he agrees to a

# DEWAR'S PROFILES

*(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")*



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## SHEILA ANN T. LONG

HOME: Hampton, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Physicist

HOBBIES: Ballet, Sailing, Car Racing, Chess

LAST BOOK READ: "Beyond Freedom and Dignity"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Member of the team of international scientists who are mapping earth's electromagnetic field for the first time

QUOTE: "Scientific research in all fields has been a prime contributor to America's greatness. Let us not forget this in our concern for the dying environment, for Technology holds the very means to save it."

PROFILE: Brilliant, beautiful, in love with life. Involved, and unintimidated by difficult challenge. Saluted by *New Woman* magazine as one of the 26 women who "made it big in their twenties."

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

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***Dewar's never varies.***

mind-bending form of aversion therapy that will force him to associate sex and violence with physical pain—his own. As far as the authorities are concerned, the refined tortures of the Ludovico treatment are certified as 100 percent successful when a voluptuous blonde stunner, wearing only the briefest of panties, makes lascivious advances upon Alex while the young man cowers in agony at her feet. But a clergyman protests that he has been deprived of his God-given free will; the freedom to exercise a moral choice, even if used for evil or reprehensible ends, argues the clergyman, is preferable to having mankind reduced to the level of the robot or the Pavlovian dog. This seems to be Kubrick's position as well, since *A Clockwork Orange* ends on a note of triumph as the old malevolent glint returns to Alex' eyes and he can once more joyously fantasize lurid, blood-flecked orgies to the tune of "the Ninth of Ludwig van." One critic called it "an intellectual's pornographic film."

Although Kubrick probably anticipated a certain amount of resistance to his movie on the grounds of excessive sex, nudity and violence, he could hardly have foreseen that *A Clockwork Orange* would also be singled out as the focal point for an attack upon the entire film industry by the outraged and increasingly vocal members of the women's liberation movement. Kubrick intended his mockery as a condemnation of Alex' society, but some of the ladies didn't see it that way. The attack was joined in an article by Beverly Walker, a film producer and former publicist, in *Women and Film* this past summer. In it, Ms. Walker charged, among other things, that "the film flaunts an attitude that is ugly, lewd and brutal toward the female human being: All of the women are portrayed as caricatures; the violence committed upon them is treated comically; the most startling aspects of the decor relate to the female form." To make her charges stick, Ms. Walker proceeded to a minute comparison of the Burgess novel and Kubrick's adaptation of it. "In the book," she wrote, "the girl the gang was trying to rape was fully clothed and . . . ten years old. She escapes from the gang when Alex and his Droogs appear upon the scene. In contrast, Kubrick uses an amply endowed woman, shows her fully nude, breasts swaying and pubic hair displayed as she weakly struggles for her freedom." Describing the milk bar, which is wholly Kubrick's contribution, she wrote, "Words are inadequate to describe the mockery of the female here. The machines that divvy out the milk-plus are rainbow-bewigged sculptures of kneeling women, legs spread apart, breasts jutting out, faces impassive. To get a glass of milk-plus, one simply puts in some money, presses a button and out it pours from—where else?—the female breast. The tables, too, are made from sculptures of the female form. The patrons casually place glasses or feet upon the 'belly' of the woman-table. Woman-as-servant has never been so lewdly evoked."

While many of the female critics, such as Pauline Kael, rejected the film on purely philosophical grounds, few displayed the kind of gut reaction, the call to arms, evinced by Ms. Walker. "We should start to think in terms of economic boycotts of films in which women are exploited mercilessly for the box-office dollar," she wrote, drawing a parallel with Paramount's *The Godfather*, from which the Italian Anti-Defamation League succeeded in persuading the company to expunge the word Mafia.

From Stern's point of view, it was primarily the relatively brief *ménage à trois* sequence that earned *A Clockwork Orange* its X rating—even though, as he admitted on *The David Frost Show*, he found it "very painful" to do so. "Kubrick, whom I went to visit right after the rating was completed, but before it was publicly announced," Stern explained, "understood that if that scene played R, then makers of the skin-flick products, if you will, need only speed up the action and they, too, would have the right to an R rating. It would undermine the integrity of the whole structure by that kind of dilution of this important category. . . . The rating system operates in terms of precedent when applying guidelines to a category. Consequently, any element explicitly expressed in a given film—even of the highest quality, such as Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange*—must be permitted to play in a film of far less quality. . . . You can play any ideas in the R category as long as the visuals . . . protect the category from invasion by the X."

Following these guidelines, *The Godfather* proved to be phase two in the evolution of the films of 1972. Based on Mario Puzo's enormously successful novel, the movie—runaway hit of the year—bore down heavily on gangland violence, lacing it with almost a minimum of sex. In fact, the sexual aspects of the film—Don Corleone's daughter marries a sadist who beats her; one of his sons bangs a young guest up against the wall during the wedding reception; and another son moves into a Las Vegas emporium where he's more than willing to provide girls to anyone who feels the need for them—take second place to its

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numerous savage beatings and killings. Most of the members of the "family" appear to be happily wedded and bedded; when they spring into action, it's to ward off the encroachments of rival factions in their established territories of liquor, prostitution, the waterfront and —belatedly and reluctantly—narcotics. Perhaps the most frightening character in the film is the non-Italian *consigliere*, played by Robert Duvall. Completely asexual, he conceives the most horrendous and sadistic reprisals—such as placing the severed head of a prize stallion in the bed of a movie producer who is reluctant to award a role to a protégé of the Don.

It may be purely coincidental, but as the tides of sex are receding, the temperature of violence in our movies—and particularly of sick, sadistic violence—seems to be mounting. Even before *The Godfather*, we saw, as a kind of mirror image, the cops at work and play in such films as *The French Connection* and *Dirty Harry*. To be sure, Gene Hackman shacks up with a leggy bicyclist in *The French Connection*; but the film leaves no doubt that he really turns on only when he's slamming a suspected pusher against a wall or wading into a bunch of kids who, by stealing the tires off a car, might be botching up one of his stake-outs. When he's in single-minded pursuit of a suspect—as in the film's spine-tingling car chase through the pillars of the el, or in its climactic shoot-out—it is with a total disdain for the life or limb of any innocents who might possibly get in his way. In *Dirty Harry*, it's difficult to determine who is the more psychopathic, detective Clint Eastwood or the deranged killer he is pursuing. And in *Boxcar Bertha*, a Thirties melodrama with Barbara Hershey, the railway cops are depicted as all-out sadists.

What seems to be happening in 1972 is a return to the movie morality of a decade ago. Sex (rated R) is acceptable if it's merely talked about, as in *Portnoy's Complaint*, or clearly intimated, as in *The Last Picture Show*. If it's actually shown, as in *A Clockwork Orange*, the chances are it will be rated X. Violence, on the other hand, may have been rated R in *The Godfather*, but it's drawn a PG and even a G in many a 1972 movie. The notion that sex is bad, violence good in the ratings game has been pointed up in many of the year's releases. *Prime Cut*, starring Gene Hackman and Lee Marvin, was edited down to less than 90 minutes—mostly at the expense of the sexy scenes featured in PLAYBOY's June pictorial, but *not* at the expense of such grisly sequences as Hackman's putting a rival gangster through a sausage machine or Lee Marvin's being chased through a wheat field by a man-eating thresher. Early in *The Wrath of God*, there is a scene in which some Central American *bandidos* string up Ken Hutchinson to witness the gang rape of a comely Indian girl (Paula Pritchett). In a single long shot, we can see that her blouse has been stripped away; but in the close-ups of the release print, she is fully clothed. Symptomatically, a porno film that appeared a year ago as *Cozy Cool* has been re-edited to remove all of its hard-core sequences, reshot to emphasize its possible gangland connections with *The Godfather* and reissued as *Losers Weepers*. Even more blatantly, soon after the success of *The Godfather* was firmly assured, the makers of a film covered here last year under the title *Impulsion* excised a scene in which a woman seduces her teenaged stepson on a pool table and released it as *The Stepmother*, rated R. Having been cleaned up, it is also cleaning up.

On the other hand, if sex is treated with at least a modicum of humor, it can draw a clean bill of health. *What's Up, Doc?* sets Barbra Streisand in amorous—and hilarious—pursuit of Ryan O'Neal; but since any hanky-panky came after the fade-outs, it was rated G. In *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, derived from Neil Simon's hit play, Alan Arkin arranges signally unsuccessful assignations with Sally Kellerman, Paula Prentiss and Renee Taylor. Because Arkin did nothing more than spin his wheels, the film was rated PG. For similar reasons, so was *Play It Again, Sam*, Woody Allen's plaintive tribute to the Bogey era—although it must be admitted that the sad-faced comic also contributed some pretty pungent dialog. "Is it possible," he ponders at one point, "that she didn't have a single orgasm in the two years we were married? Or was she faking that night?" Allen reprised a few months later with his version of Dr. David Reuben's best seller, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask*. As it happened, there was precious little that Allen was afraid to ask—but a good deal that his producers were afraid to show. Less concerned with cover and concealment were the makers of Warner Bros.' *Get to Know Your Rabbit*, with Tom Smothers as a naïve junior executive who drops out of the world of big business into the gamier world of show business (with no less a personage than Orson Welles as his mentor). *Rabbit* was intended as a good-natured spoof, but its nudity won it an R. Another spoof—this one tackling sexploitation films themselves—was Jeanne and Alan Abel's *Is There Sex After Death?* starring Buck Henry. Perhaps because of its cheerful blatancy—climaxed by exclusive coverage of an *International Sex Bowl* staged in Houston—it blithely imposed its own X.

Essentially, what all this seems to mean is that the rift between the skinflick film makers and the major studios is once again widening. In 1970 and 1971, the majors seemed to be increasing the sexual content of their films at the same time the cheapo sexploitation film makers were tailoring their product for the mass market. *The Stewardesses*, with a gross now estimated at $26,000,000, indicates how close they came. But, as the saying goes, one swallow does not make a spring—and the sexploitation film makers swallowed deeply, indeed, when they discovered that their patrons were not responding to their efforts to turn respectable. If audiences could see such stars as Ann-Margret, Karen Black, Jane Fonda, Glenda Jackson and Vanessa Redgrave in the altogether, why should they pay two or three dollars more to gaze upon the nudity of some anonymous nobodies? Also, it should be remembered, nudity itself has become something of a commonplace. It's on the stages of our major cities, on films or in the flesh (or both) in hundreds of saloons and bars across the country. Many night spots in the more permissive communities have even begun to offer the attraction of "live sex acts" on their stages. Simply to exist, sexploitation moviemakers had to take the plunge one way or the other.

The plunge was made. Distributors such as Donald Davis of Hollywood Cinema Associates, who hitherto had prided himself on never having touched hard-core stuff, found that they had to go all the way—or get out of the business. In *Dial a Degenerate*, Davis rounded up a parcel of stag loops, coaxed his talented (and attractive) partner, Ann Myers, to provide a continuity, shot some additional narrative material (mainly with Miss Myers, who's always fully clothed) and came up with one of the more successful entries on the hard-core circuits this year. The rationale of the movie is simplicity itself. Subscribers to the service dial the petite Miss Myers and request their favorite fetish, from listening to dirty words to panty sniffing, crotch peeping, tittie fondling, finger fucking or being beaten with whips. She responds with vivid descriptions, most of which are even more vividly illustrated by the aforementioned stag loops. (Actually, the only time she—or the film—fudges is when a subscriber phones for a man and a bear. Her description is graphic, but what the film shows is a man with a *toy* bear. Even so, in its press kit, Hollywood Cinema Associates assures exhibitors that "we have handled this picture in such a way that you can get it cool or get it hot, whatever your needs might be.")

Viewing the cool version of one of these movies is an exercise in frustration. One must endure all the inanities of plot, the inadequacies of acting,

# Miller time

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the frequent amateurism of camerawork and editing in eager anticipation of a few titillating moments that have already been excised. In the case of a picture like *Bizarre Sex Practices*—another in a seemingly endless series on sex education—the elisions become even more painfully obvious; since there is no story line, the very *raison d'être* for the film has been removed. The sound track earnestly expounds on dildos, masturbation, anal intercourse, half a dozen different positions and at least as many fetishes, but the film discreetly cuts away from the more revealing sections of the actual demonstrations. Which, at least in the instance of *Bizarre Sex Practices*, is rather a shame, for the production is —if you'll pardon the expression—well mounted and well photographed and features two very attractive models. (The female half of the team, Laura Cannon, appeared in PLAYBOY's October 1971 takeout on *The Porno Girls*, in which she listed her occupation as sex star. In *Bizarre Sex Practices*, she is correct in both senses.)

The top domestic grosses in the hard-core porno field, however, were registered by *Deep Throat* (in which the highly experimental, if anonymous, heroine suffers from an affliction that prevents her from "hearing bells" until, after considerable searching, she finds a young man with the endowment to cure her problem—which is that her clitoris is located near her Adam's apple) and by *School Girl*, American-made winner of the grand prize at Amsterdam's Adult Film Festival earlier this year. Significantly, both are very well made, indicating an increasing amount of selectivity and discernment on the part of hard-core patrons. *Deep Throat*, apart from its intriguing title, attracted audiences by mingling laughs with the lubricity, a satirical score with the sex—even though, as one critic noted, it didn't "quite live up to its advance reputation as the *Ben-Hur* of porno pix." *School Girl*, quite simply, achieved a degree of eroticism all too rare in the field.

One of the phenomena of 1972 is the upswing in fully plotted, totally graphic homosexual films. Several cities—New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles among them—now support full-time gay theater operations. New York has played reluctant host to a gay film festival. And earlier this year, the prestigious Museum of Modern Art presented, as part of its survey of new works by young German film makers, a picture with the formidable title *It Is Not the Homosexual Who Is Perverse, but the Situation in Which He Lives. Boys in the Sand*, a beach-boys variant on *Boys in the Band*, set the level for American films in this genre, going beyond its progenitor by including sequences of hard-core action as the boys enjoy themselves. It was followed by such equally nonevasive features as *L. A. Plays Itself*, *All About Alice* and *Bob & Daryl & Ted & Alex*, as well as the shorts *Tuesday* and *The Sex Garage* (both of which were pinched by the New York police). From Andy Warhol's prolific factory came the transvestite *Women in Revolt*, a satire on women's lib.

But enhancing the sexual quotients of the hard-core porno films, A. C. or D. C., became an increasingly risky proposition in 1972, as police action was stepped up all over the country. Although the theaters playing these pictures are far more careful to observe their self-imposed (and self-protective) ADULTS ONLY signs than many of the houses running X- or R-rated Hollywood products, the mere fact of their existence seems to act as a goad to law enforcers. New York, which had been playing it cool for several years, suddenly began heating up in the fall of 1971, when members of the Public Morals Squad of the N. Y. P. D. swooped down on the First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival and made off with two features and two shorts. (Only one, a homosexual item, was eventually found guilty as charged; the fine was $250.) New York's finest struck again on December 30, closing down three theaters in a single night, arresting their personnel and making off with the prints. Before long, the police were raiding the labs where the films were processed as well as the theaters in which they were shown. In a particularly bizarre move to halt the traffic, agents from the district attorney's office opened a porn shop at Eighth Avenue and 50th Street; while selling obscene books, magazines and movies to their customers, they compiled secret lists of suppliers that led to the indictment of 12 men and six corporations.

A similar zeal was displayed in Los Angeles, where one enterprising member of the police department actually invested $5000 in the production of a hard-core feature so that, as one of its producers, he could be on hand when the stag action was being filmed—and make the bust. More zealous yet was Los Angeles municipal judge George W. Tramell III, who, on April 21, personally led raids on 17 of Hollywood's porn theaters and bars, issuing warrants from curbside. In that single night, Tramell and his men seized 19 projectors and 46 reels of film, made four arrests and issued 20 citations, then struck again a few weeks later. In a similar case, 13,000 reels of alleged sex films were confiscated in a series of raids; but, as the Federal District Court of Los Angeles subsequently noted, "Only random cursory attempts were made to determine whether the material seized conformed to the specifications of the warrant and most of the films seized were not viewed at all." Even so, despite the Federal court's order to return the films to their owners, Judge L. Thaxton Hanson refused.

One way or another, the repressive patterns of New York and Los Angeles are being duplicated throughout the country. The dockets of the San Francisco courts are heavy with obscenity cases. At one point in 1972, the Sutter Cinema in downtown San Francisco had no fewer than eight separate suits pending. Although San Francisco juries are notably reluctant to convict, the costs to the defendants of such cases—estimated at anywhere from $500 to $35,000, depending on their length, gravity and the number of expert witnesses called in—constitute a serious and expensive form of harassment. Philadelphia's Mayor Frank Rizzo, ordering a raid on two local porn houses, instructed his police to "bang 'em hard, men, go all out." The managers of the two theaters, the Xstacy and the Devon, were promptly arrested on charges of putting on an obscene exhibition. In Chicago, Federal officials began a grand-jury investigation of several dozen adult movie theaters, with a view toward prosecution on charges of transmitting pornography across state lines. (The maximum rap is five years in prison and a $5000 fine.)

A film version of the hit Broadway revue *Oh! Calcutta!* with several nude interludes was scratched in Atlanta after only two performances; seven people were arrested after the solicitor general personally led the raids on the three theaters playing the film in that city. Maryland's would-be censors took to the legislature a complicated bill that would license all moviehouses and provided for revocation of those licenses if there were any violation of the bill's purposely vague language. In Boston, operators of drive-ins were informed that they would have to shield their screens from the casual passer-by if they wanted to continue to show X-rated movies. Since the costs for such installations in two drive-ins alone came to $3,900,000, their owners decided to forgo the X product.

The fact is that courts throughout the United States are now being crowded with cases involving what many regard as victimless crimes—crimes whose victims, far from feeling victimized, know very well what they're paying for and have no objection to doing so. Significantly, a Field Research Corporation survey held in California last spring revealed that only one in four Californians felt that pornography should be outlawed; a mere 2.4 percent viewed it as one of "the two or three most serious problems facing the country today." Unfortunately, this liberated attitude is not currently reflected in the courts, where from 30 percent to 50 percent of the

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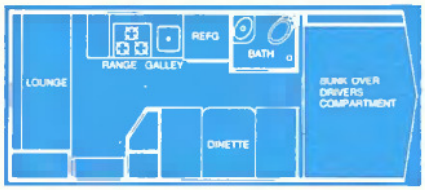


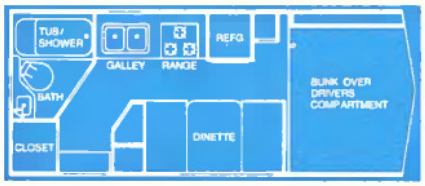


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pending cases in many communities involve alleged obscenity.

Despite the flood of court actions—which may well be attributable to an election year—enough time has now elapsed to permit some perspective on the spread of sex films in the United States. The pattern is well established. The first few, generally quite mild, are obstinately fought by various local groups, generally affiliated with the Citizens for Decent Literature. When the cases come to trial, more often than not the defendants are exonerated—especially if it's a trial by jury. More films come in and they tend to get rougher. If the police attempt to intervene, public curiosity is aroused and the hard-core popularity prolonged. If the films are left to find their own level—as they were in San Francisco, Los Angeles and, later, in New York for quite a while—the audiences tend to level off and distributors begin to complain of "overseating" (their euphemism for underdemand). But when the police grow active again and their raids make the headlines, the audiences are once more curious: Maybe something is happening now that they hadn't seen before. There is a brief resurgence in attendance—at least until they realize that the stuff the cops are busting now isn't really that much different from what they were hauling in a few years back. Attendance drops again. What keeps the phenomenon alive, and politically viable, is that it occurs in well-defined waves in various parts of the country and at various times. What began in San Francisco and Los Angeles spread to New York and Boston. From there, it seemed to head into the Midwest, with cities such as Minneapolis and Chicago as its epicenters. At the moment, the major thrust is in the South—Houston, Dallas, Atlanta. But what is hot in Atlanta in 1972 was cold potatoes in San Francisco four or five years ago.

If nothing else, the producers of films for this highly specialized market are stern realists. They know what the market will bear and they know its limitations. They not only budget accordingly—usually in the $10,000-to-$25,000 range—but limit the sexual activity to what they consider the societal norm of the moment. The irony is that each time they advance the sexuality in their films (from simulated fellatio to actual fellatio, for example), their audience shrinks. The number of theaters that will risk playing their product falls off and they are forced to shoot both hot and cool versions, hoping—not unrealistically—that the theaters playing it cool will turn hot in another year or so. But they are also aware that their pictures will probably reach only a relatively small audience.

Sex—as this series itself attests—has always been an important ingredient in film making, but one in which the law of diminishing returns quickly asserts itself. Today, with audiences being given the choice between the blatant sex of the porn market and the spicily implied sexuality of most Hollywood features, they'll settle for the spicy implications every time. They would rather see Raquel Welch, as Hannie Caulder, race all over the West wearing a poncho that threatens to reveal all than San Francisco's favorite porn girl, Mary Rexroth, in a flick wherein the threat promptly becomes a rather boring reality.

Of course, there will always be movies in which sex scenes are essential and, no matter what the Production Code's numerous critics may contend, such scenes can now be put on the screen as fully and as frankly as the director feels is appropriate—provided, of course, he can also convince his studio to accept the appropriate rating. Much of Sam Peckinpah's well-aired quarrel over the cuts in his double-rape scene from *Straw Dogs*, in fact, was not with Dr. Stern and the M. P. A. A. but with the heads of ABC-Cinerama, which financed the picture. In Peckinpah's view, after the wife (Susan George) has half acceded to the attack by her former lover and, indeed, seems almost to enjoy it, the full horror of rape was to come from the second attack, when the lover casually turns the girl over to his pal. According to Peckinpah, in the original cut, this sequence was considerably prolonged (with penetration from the rear, incidentally), including close-ups of the girl's agony. Had it remained, the film would have gone out with an X. ABC-Cinerama wanted an R and, over Peckinpah's protesting body, got it.

But even the R category affords the film maker considerable latitude under the Stern administration. Alfred Hitchcock obviously felt that the several nude scenes in *Frenzy* were integral to his story because the villain of the piece (Barry Foster) was a particularly kinky sex murderer who apparently got his jollies from watching women die after he raped them. (Throttling them with a necktie gave him something to do with his hands.) The R permitted not only this but also the rather grisly scene in a potato truck in which Foster attempts to remove his stickpin from the fingers of a nude corpse. Similarly, in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Billy Pilgrim's fancied flights to distant Tralfamadore would have seemed pretty silly if his favorite sex goddess, Montana Wildhack—a men's-magazine centerfold girl and nudie-movie starlet—had been forced to turn up fully clad. The Tralfamadorians, somewhat reluctantly, provide Montana, played by newcomer Valerie Perrine (see PLAYBOY, May), with a wardrobe and also give her and Billy a "night

*"Everybody's got a hobby. Harry's is making obscene phone calls!"*

canopy" for their all-glass house so that they can make a baby with a little privacy—and avoid an X. In *Deliverance*, an honest and intelligent adaptation of James Dickey's thoughtful novel, the very nub of the picture is the fact that one of a quartet of canoers has been buggered by a mountain man in the back hills of Georgia. The buggery is shown—not explicitly, but certainly graphically enough; but since this sexual assault motivates all the subsequent action in the film, it could hardly have been passed over in a casual aside. As anticipated, all of these pictures ended up with Rs.

Obviously, with sex films once again passing through a period of transition, it is impossible to make any easy generalization. The R classification has been created specifically to permit film makers to deal with serious ideas and adult situations with a minimum of compromise. But, as Stern is ruefully aware, the latitude of the R must also be extended to film makers whose aims are essentially exploitative. This was especially visible in the early months of 1972, when pictures begun a year or more ago were still coming to the screen. In *Such Good Friends*, for example, Otto Preminger has Dyan Cannon go down on James Coco while he's struggling out of an enormous corset with one hand and talking on the telephone with the other—a scene intended to be funny. In *The Groundstar Conspiracy*, Michael Sarrazin and Christine Belford are viewed consummating their passion through a one-way mirror for the greater glory of the CIA. In *Hammersmith Is Out*, Elizabeth Taylor enjoys as literal a roll in the hay with Beau Bridges as has ever been committed to celluloid. In *Blindman*, an R-rated spaghetti Western, 50 prospective brides for as many Texas settlers have been abducted south of the border and, naked or near naked, penned up to service the lascivious tastes of the Mexican soldiery, which are consistently nasty. Even Radley Metzger's *Little Mother*, a thinly veiled account of the rise of Eva Perón, won an R despite its abundance of breasts, pubic hair (all female, incidentally) and simulated intercourse.

What has confused and disturbed many people around the country is the fact that the ratings seem to be connected with the amount of sexuality in a movie, not with—as claimed—its suitability for specific segments of the viewing public. A film like *Blindman*, for example, although rife with the most sadistic forms of violence that one might conceive, probably got its R less for its sadism than for its numerous rapes and high quotient of nudity. One can only conclude this after recognizing that any number of pictures that have less sex but an equal amount of violence—films as varied as *Ben*, *Blood Orgy of the She*

*Devils, Chato's Land, The Cowboys, The Culpepper Cattle Co., The Doberman Gang, Joe Kidd, Puppet on a Chain, The Thing with Two Heads* and *The Wrath of God*, to name but a few —were awarded a PG. The Code people repeatedly point out that this means Parental Guidance Suggested, but for most parents, PG simply means "OK for the kiddies." Understandably, they've become increasingly irate at the kind of material turning up in that category.

On the other hand, many parents were growing no less incensed over the notion that some anonymous committee of raters in Hollywood could dictate to them what their own children could and could not see. Oddly enough, Stern himself agrees with this group and has said privately that he would like nothing better than to see the X rating abandoned altogether. The meaning of the X, he feels, has become obscured because so many sexploitation films are never even submitted to the Code and Rating Administration; they simply take an automatic X by default. As a result, a hard-core porn film such as *Personals* or *The Morning After* that goes into release with a self-imposed X ends up in the same category as *A Clockwork Orange*. What Stern would like to accomplish is the introduction of a completely new method of signifying that a sexploitation film has been neither seen nor classified by his administration.

Even so, while admitting that his classification system is less than perfect, Stern takes considerable pride in the fact that the screen is open to truly adult fare as never before. In Paddy Chayefsky's *The Hospital*, for example, George C. Scott has a long speech about the tragedy of not being able to have an erection, then discovers with tremendous joy (and the cooperation of Diana Rigg) that this infirmity is instantly curable with the right remedy. "If I had to eliminate that speech about the significance of erection to get a PG instead of an R," Chayefsky told a reporter, "I would have taken the R." Fortunately, he didn't have to do either. *To Find a Man*, also rated PG, deals with a teenaged girl (Pamela Martin) who needs an abortion and, rather than turn to her unsympathetic parents, enlists the aid of a bookish, sexually unaware youth to procure it. In *One Is a Lonely Number*, beauteous Trish Van Devere, whose husband has deserted her, experiences all the pangs of a young divorcee, including a prolonged affair with a married man. Even *Cabaret*, despite its subplot involving homosexuality, ended up with a PG. "Any ideas can be treated freely on the screen today," says Stern, "so long as they are handled with good taste." Just what constitutes good taste is, of course, a matter of—taste. And another of the charges frequently levied against the Code and Rating Administration is that it has tended to be far more stringent in rating the low-budget independents than in rating the films of companies affiliated with the M. P. A. A. So much so, in fact, that many of these independents prefer to accept an automatic X rather than go to the expense of having the administration do it for them.

The independent producers of *Fritz the Cat* did go through the M. P. A. A. raters—and failed in their appeal to get an R. Thus, 1972 became the year of the first "X-rated and animated" feature-length cartoon. *Fritz*, based on the popular, youth-oriented Robert Crumb comics, is at once witty, irreverent, vulgar and provocative. The sex action, always handled with high humor, is as explicit as one can get in a cartoon, with Fritz sharing a bathtub with some teenaged groupies or being overwhelmed by an enormous, amorous black lady in Harlem. Perhaps the most curious aspect of *Fritz the Cat* is the fact that, while teenagers can freely follow his exploits in the Crumb underground newspapers, they are barred by the X from seeing him on the screen. Nonetheless, the adult audience did well by *Fritz*.

But the real box-office bonanza of 1972 came from the sustained support for black films, featuring black actors and black themes, on the part of black communities throughout the United States. Merely a profitable phenomenon in 1971, it had grown into a major fact of economic life for the studios by 1972. Inspired by the unanticipated successes of last year's *Shaft* and *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, MGM, inevitably, reprised with *Shaft's Big Score*, starring again the dynamic Richard Roundtree, and also released *Cool Breeze*, introducing Thalmus Rasulala and Lincoln Kilpatrick. Warner's sought to recapture the rapture of *Cotton Comes to Harlem* by again co-starring Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques in *Come Back Charleston Blue*. The same studio also gave Gordon Parks, Jr.—son of *Shaft*'s director, Gordon Parks—his first directorial chore with *Super Fly*, starring Ron O'Neal as a pusher trying to make one last deal, and took the more forthright step of presenting the powerful biographical documentary *Malcolm X*. Paramount, which may have entered the field prematurely with *Uptight*, sought to compensate with *The Man, The Legend of Nigger Charley* and *Black Gunn* (starring Jim Brown). Twentieth Century-Fox contributed *Sounder*, Martin Ritt's sympathetic study of a Negro farm family during the Depression. Characteristically, American-International offered the eminently commercial *Blacula*, with the first Negro vampire (William Marshall).

Perhaps more revealing than the attempts of Caucasian corporations to woo the minorities, however, has been the response of the black communities to their offerings. Curiously, blacks have not precisely showered approval upon films sincerely made by blacks for black audiences, such as *The Bus Is Coming*,

*"We call it Thanksgiving. Now, get lost!"*

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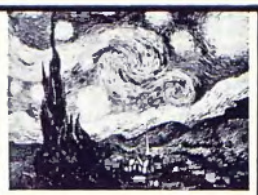

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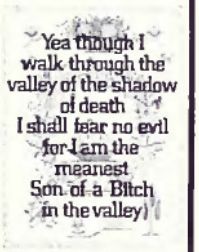


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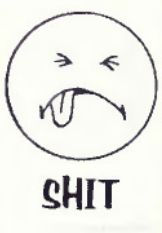


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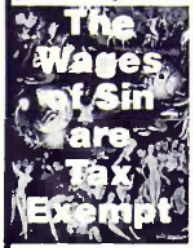


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filmed in California for a few thousand dollars. But they identified completely with Yaphet Kotto as *Bone*, a strapping buck who forces his way into the Beverly Hills mansion of Andrew Duggan and Joyce Van Patten, threatening extortion and/or rape, then ends up being seduced by the white woman after he has begun to sympathize with her husband. Clearly, the blacks have chosen their own heroes—Roundtree in *Shaft's Big Score*, Christopher St. John in *Top of the Heap*, Kilpatrick in *Cool Breeze* and St. Jacques in *Come Back Charleston Blue*, all of them cops or private eyes, handsome and independent, who talk tough and act tough in the presence of honkies. Next to come—*Shuttlecock*, with David Broadnax as a sort of black James Bond, and St. Jacques shooting his way out of some Texas intrigues in *Book of Numbers*, which he is also producing and directing. One can only hope, now that blacks are moving into positions of authority, that they will soon begin to present their brothers on the screen not merely as superspades but as fully dimensioned human beings.

As for the imports of 1972, the day would seem to be just about over when foreign pictures could still give American film makers many pointers on frankness or sophistication in the handling of sexual materials. To be sure, our Customs people are still standing guard at our ports, valiantly stemming the tide of European smut that might otherwise sully our screens. But a random sampling of the sex films now being made abroad, such as provided by the Cannes film festival last May, suggests that the tide might well be running in the other direction. Whereas in the past, American distributors in the sexploitation field attended Cannes to pick up their product, this year Sherpix president Louis Sher (whose firm has handled such class items as *Mona, School Girl* and *The Stewardesses*) reported an overwhelming seller's market for the American offerings, even in such relaxed production centers as Scandinavia, West Germany, Belgium and France. Indeed, interest in American films ran so high at Cannes that when two of the Sherpix presentations, *Mona* and *Adultery for Fun and Profit*, were double-billed at Le Star, fights broke out because there were far more viewers than seats.

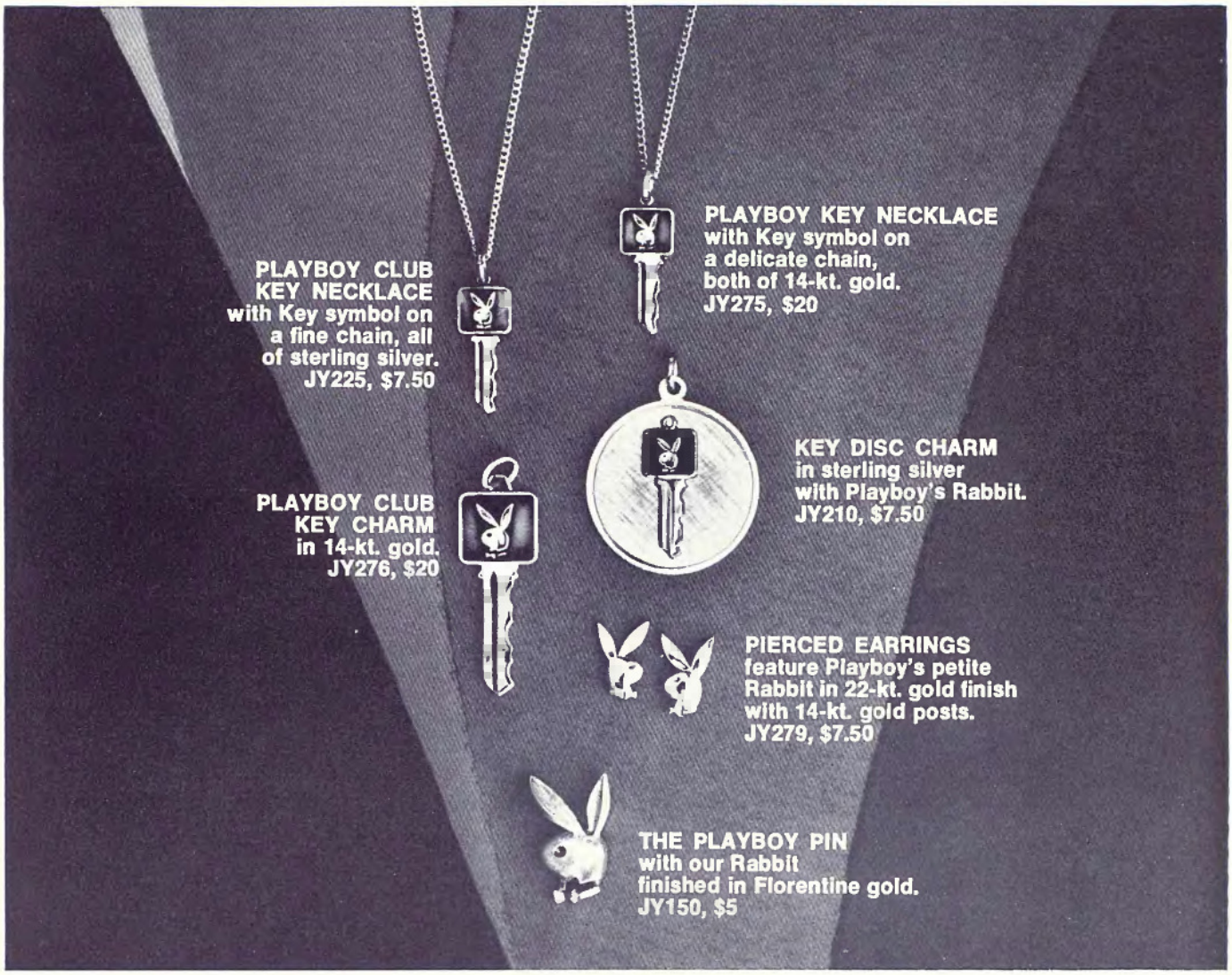
Of all the films unspooled at Cannes, none was received with greater enthusiasm than Federico Fellini's *Roma*, a generous, kaleidoscopic, semidocumentary salute to the city that Fellini both hates and adores. Many felt that they were in the presence of a masterpiece and extolled its visual splendors and its humanistic concerns—including an extended memoir on Rome's class-conscious houses of prostitution. Cannes also had an early look at Polish director Jerzy Skolimowski's black comedy *King, Queen, Knave*, based on Vladimir Nabokov's novel and filmed in West Germany with a cast headed by Gina Lollobrigida and David Niven—which, if you throw in its American financing, makes it just about as international as you can get these days. In it, La Lollobrigida seduces a young orphan boy with the intention of inducing him to kill her husband (Niven) so that she can inherit his fortune. The film's high point comes when Lollobrigida—still beautiful, still sexy—attempts to teach the child the art of love. Another Polish *émigré* at Cannes was Roman Polanski, represented by his (and Playboy Productions') *Macbeth*, with its controversial violence and nude sleepwalking scene.

Among the imports, the outstanding success of the year, both artistically and financially—at least at the time of writing—was registered by veteran Vittorio De Sica's mellow, sensitive *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*. Dealing with two Jewish families, one very patrician, one middle-class, in Ferrara just as Italian fascism is passing into its anti-Semitic phase, it centers on the unrequited passion of a young student (Lino Capolicchio) for the headstrong, life-loving daughter (Dominique Sanda) of the aristocratic Finzi-Continis. There are delicate hints at a homosexual attraction between Capolicchio and Sanda's ailing brother, a suggestion that the relationship between brother and sister may not be totally innocent and a startling scene—startling because it's so precisely limned in a film that is largely muted—in which the girl gives herself to a virile young soldier. The winner of an Oscar as best foreign film, *Garden* would be an important picture if it did nothing more than familiarize American audiences with the Garbolike features of Miss Sanda.

In a notable American debut, Peru's Armando Robles Godoy offered *The Green Wall*, a moving and affecting tale of a small family living precariously on the very edge of the Peruvian jungle, distinguished by an honest and forthright depiction of conjugal love. For a more restricted clientele, two other imports served notice that the last word has not yet been said on either sex or violence. *El Topo*, made in Mexico, was written, directed and scored by Alexandro Jodorowsky—a cosmopolitan Chilean who, in Paris, had come under the influence of the exiled Spanish playwright Fernando Arrabal. *El Topo* is the French theater of cruelty made cinematic. In frightening and frightful images, Jodorowsky has created a modern morality play set in the old West. Its blood-spattered plot, a grotesque parody of Clint Eastwood's spaghetti Westerns, moves erratically through mass killings, horrifying tortures, a particularly gory castration, a strangely erotic duel in the desert between the two women who claim El Topo as their own; and then, after he has been left for dead, a transformation that makes him the god of a tribe of deformed pygmies (one of whom he marries). It is an odd, unpleasant, but totally compelling experience.

A few months after *El Topo* had opened, Jodorowsky's mentor, Arrabal, was playing the same underground circuit that gave *El Topo* its start. His *Viva la Muerte!*, filmed in North Africa, is wholly autobiographical—the almost clinical recollections of when, as a boy, Arrabal realized that his mother had betrayed his Loyalist father to the Franco forces at the end of the Spanish Civil War. The images are often hideously obsessive, dwelling in Buñuel fashion on sores, deformities and sudden, senseless cruelties. At one point, the boy fantasizes himself urinating from a bell tower over the town he feels has turned against him. At another, he has a nightmare in which he sees his mother defecating through a grille upon his father in a cell below. And yet the boy also has erotic yearnings for both his mother and his young aunt—and the film projects these with equal explicitness.

It is unlikely that pictures like *El Topo* and *Viva la Muerte!* will ever reach a really wide audience in the United States. People say that they go to the movies to be entertained, and it's only the minority that can derive entertainment from the metaphysical hysteria of a sadist or the nightmarish hallucinations of a masochist. But it's even more unlikely that pictures like *El Topo* and *Viva la Muerte!* will long be permitted distribution here if several of the cases currently pending before the Supreme Court undermine the present Court's interpretations of obscenity and pornography. As this is written, it's far too early to make predictions, but one thing can be said with certainty: If Richard Nixon is re-elected, he will soon afterward have the opportunity to make two more appointments to the High Bench that will assure him a Supreme Court fully responsive to his views. And his views in regard to censorship were made abundantly clear to all when he rejected out of hand "The Report of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography," initiated by the Johnson Administration. Stern and his Code and Rating Administration are fully aware that they are holding the thin red line between their industry's policy of self-regulation and the gung-ho swing to state or even Federal controls—with, for Stern, the added fear that the present X will harden into law before he can eliminate it. And if this should happen, *Portnoy's Complaint* will be nothing compared with our own.

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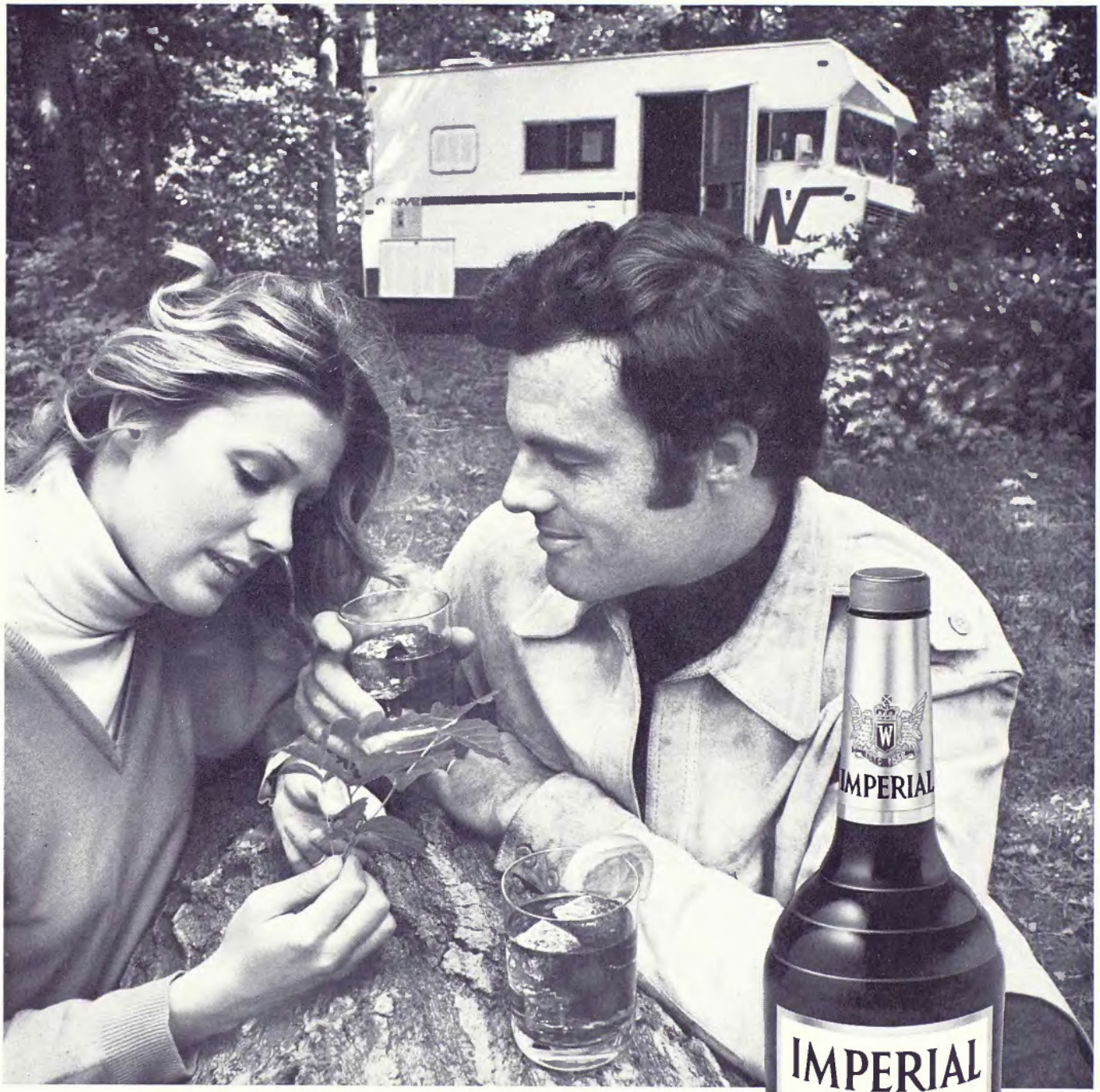


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# SYMBOLIC SEX

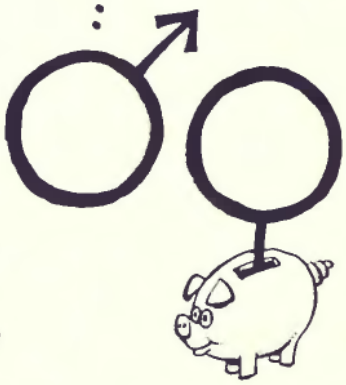
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS

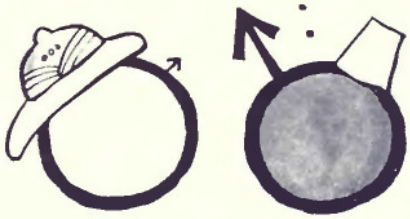
MYRNA, THERE'S SUCH A THING AS OVERPLAYING THE PASSIVE ROLE!

... WOULD IT HELP IF I WHISTLED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM?

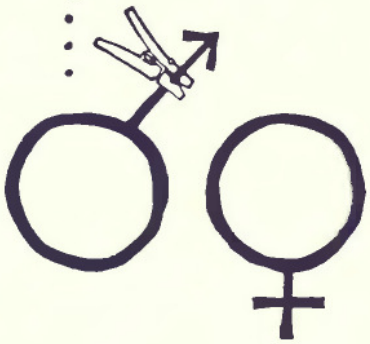
C'MON, MARSHA! YOU'RE BEING AWFULLY OLD-FASHIONED!



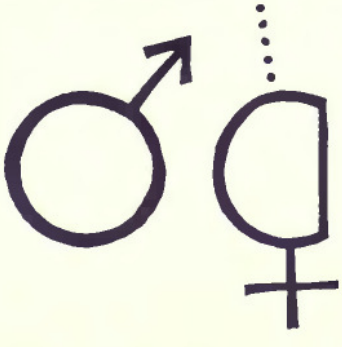
BWANA LUCKY... THEY **USUALLY** SHRINK HEAD

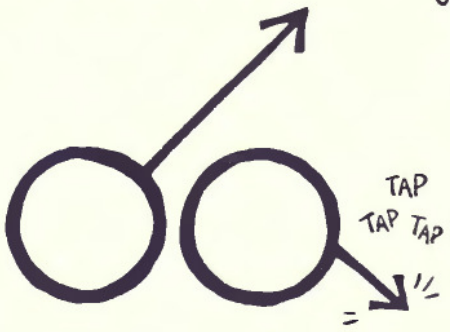


I JUST COULDN'T GO THE VASECTOMY ROUTE

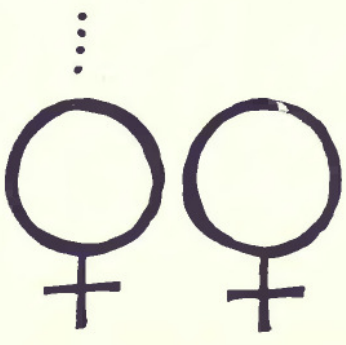


WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M A PUSHOVER?






OKAY THEN, **YOU** TAKE LONG JOHN SILVER AND I'LL TAKE BLIND PEW



# THE ARMY *VS.* ANTHONY HERBERT

*a follow-up examination of issues raised by our july interview with the outspoken "supersoldier"*

Our Anthony Herbert interview sparked a controversy that not only revived the national discourse on war crimes in Vietnam but provoked an intense reaction from the United States Army. In addition to the letters that we published last month and in this issue, we received responses from Major General John W. Barnes, former commander of the 173rd Airborne Brigade and the officer who relieved Herbert of battalion command; and from Major General Winant Sidle, Chief Information Officer of the Department of the Army. Barnes wrote on behalf of himself, Sidle on behalf of the Army. We have abstracted the generals' most pressing points and asked Herbert for rebuttals. We present this exchange not only because it allows both sides to be heard but because it strikes at the heart of how the Indochina war has been prosecuted and why, once committed to it, America has remained engaged so long.

SIDLE: PLAYBOY's interview subtitle claims that Herbert was forced to leave the Army. This is untrue. Herbert voluntarily applied for retirement on November 9, 1971, retiring, without honors, on March 1, 1972.

HERBERT: *General Sidle is correct. I applied voluntarily for retirement, but only after more than two years of frustration, harassment and official Army hostility to my case.*

SIDLE: PLAYBOY's interview introduction claims Herbert was the "most decorated enlisted man" in the Korean War. This is impossible to know. Higher medals were awarded in Korea —59 Medals of Honor and a much greater number of Distinguished Service Crosses. Herbert received neither.

HERBERT: *I never called myself the most decorated enlisted man in Korea. It was the Army's term. I have an article from* The Fort Benning Bayonet, *dated November 15, 1956. The headline reads:* "MOST DECORATED GI OF KOREAN ACTION NOW STUDENT AT BENNING." *The lead paragraph reads: "The most decorated soldier of the Korean conflict is now a student officer at The Infantry School. He is Second Lieutenant Anthony B. Herbert." The same phrase was repeated in* The Stars and Stripes *in 1961.*

SIDLE: Contrary to what PLAYBOY's introduction said, Herbert did not take the first group of American paratroopers into the Dominican Republic in 1965. In that action, the first units to arrive were two battalions of the 82nd Airborne Division. Colonel Herbert commanded neither of these battalions.

HERBERT: *I was the commander of the first wave of the first lift into the Dominican Republic. As proof, there is a U. S. Army Officer Efficiency Report on me, issued by the commander of the American Infantry action in the Dominican Republic, Lieutenant Colonel George V. Viney. It reads, in part: "Captain Herbert was placed in command of the spearhead battalion while the commander was away, even though a more senior captain was present, because Herbert was clearly the best and most qualified officer to take over." The records show that the nominal commander of that action did not participate. His leg was broken.*

SIDLE: The interview introduction notes Herbert's service with the Special Forces but failed to mention that his tenure as a Green Beret was short-lived. In fact, he was fired while in Special Forces training in 1964 because he assaulted a fellow officer.

HERBERT: *I was not fired from Special Forces training, nor did I assault a fellow officer. Moreover, by referring to this charge publicly, Sidle is violating Army Regulations, for which he can be court-martialed. In fact, until I left the Service, even I couldn't mention this "assault" incident. But this is what happened: While in Special Forces training at Fort Bragg, a fellow officer struck me. We exchanged blows, he reported it to higher-ups and I was found guilty under Article 15 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Article 15 is that statute which deals with violations not punishable by court-martial. Under this article, I was found guilty and given an oral reprimand and a $25 fine. But later that same year, on appeal to the Military Justice Division in Washington, Major William P. Tyson ordered that "both the findings of guilty and the punishments of oral reprimand and forfeiture of $25 imposed on Captain Anthony Herbert" be "set aside." According to Army Regulation 27-10, when an Article 15 punishment is set aside, all records of it are withdrawn and destroyed. Furthermore, the Army's top legal official, the Department of the Army Judge Advocate General, who reviews such decisions on a case-by-case basis, issued an order the day before Tyson's, stipulating that "any reference to this case from this date forth will not be mentioned." This order applies to everyone serving in the United States Army. When General Sidle refers to this incident in an official public letter written on Department of the Army stationery, as he has done, he is not only violating Army Regulation 27-10 but he's committing the following violations of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, Articles 133 and 134: "Conduct unbecoming an officer"; and Article 92: "Failure to obey a written order or regulation." Only General Sidle's superior, who is General Creighton Abrams, the Army Chief of Staff, can institute court-martial proceedings charging Sidle with such violations. I urge him to do so.*

*The other half of Sidle's charge, where he claims I was fired from the Special Forces, is easier to answer: The general is lying. To prove it, I have a copy of the U.S. Army Officer Efficiency Report issued on the completion of my duties at Fort Bragg, which was reviewed and signed by my commander, Colonel James B. Bartholomees, who assessed my record at Bragg thusly: "This outstanding young officer has performed the duties of a CO Det A-5 [Commanding Officer, Special Forces Detachment] in an exemplary manner."*

SIDLE: Contrary to what Herbert says in his interview, no fire bases enjoyed a "vast complex of swimming pools, pizza joints, steakhouses, Dairy Queens, outdoor theaters and clubs with two or three bands playing every night." In the compound of the 173rd Brigade, there was no winetasting going on in General Barnes's mess. I ate at Barnes's mess and never saw any such thing. And Herbert's story of the "pizza chopper" is a lie.

HERBERT: *I stand by my statements in the interview. The vast complexes of luxury existed as I described them. The winetasting rituals went on in Barnes's mess every night of the week. Even General Barnes, in his letter to* PLAYBOY, *doesn't deny that such events occurred. I'm also certain I can obtain statements from the men in the 173rd that the pizza chopper was a reality—as were the luxury complexes.*

BARNES: Another Herbert hallucination in your interview is the duck story. Yes, Herbert is correct; we had a duck, which I inherited from my predecessor, General Allen, and passed on to my successor in August 1969, four months after I relieved Herbert of battalion command. If Herbert says he killed and ate *that* duck, he's confused.

HERBERT: *General Barnes doesn't deny he made his soldiers salute the duck, as I also said in the interview. And no matter what he says, I ate that duck. Maybe Colonel Franklin got another duckie to replace it.*

SIDLE: In the interview, Herbert claims he was forced to investigate his

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war-crimes allegations at his own expense while he was stationed at Fort Leavenworth. Not true. Herbert had no meaningful way to investigate war-crimes allegations as a member of the staff there. He did not raise his war-crimes allegations until September 1970, approximately 18 months after his relief from battalion command.

HERBERT: *I stand by what I said in the interview. I spent over $8000 of my own money to investigate my allegations while I was stationed at Fort Leavenworth. I have statements from secretaries and military personnel, both retired and active, who knew of my investigations at Leavenworth and attest to the veracity of my expenses. I cannot release their names, because it would jeopardize further legal action. However, the key to Sidle's charge is the word meaningful. Meaningful to whom? As Sidle should know, the only way any official report—especially on war crimes—gets into the Army records is if your superior "receipts" for it; that is, officially accepts it. The Army would not receipt for any of my allegations until September 1970. But I have evidence to prove that I was reporting war crimes in Vietnam—up to the brigade level—as early as February 14, 1969. In my possession, I have sworn statements from individuals who served with the Second Battalion, 503rd Infantry (Parachute), 173rd Airborne Brigade in January, February, March and April, 1969, and from others, that not only attest to the truthfulness of my war-crimes allegations but maintain that it was common knowledge among the members of that brigade that I was reporting war crimes up to the brigade level. These are statements from eyewitnesses to war crimes and from eyewitnesses to my reporting them—in accordance with Army Regulations—to Colonel Franklin and/or General Barnes.*

*Finally, I have a certified report of a polygraph test. A former Army polygraph expert examined me officially and for the record. His report reads, in part: "The following relevant questions, answered with a 'Yes' by Lieutenant Colonel Herbert, were asked:*

*"1. Did you on or about February 14, 1969, advise Colonel Franklin of the killing of Vietnamese detainees? Answer: 'Yes.'*

*"2. On or about April 4, 1969, did you personally request General Barnes to conduct an investigation? Answer: 'Yes.'"*

*The report goes on to read: "It is the opinion of this examiner that Lieutenant Colonel Herbert was truthful when he answered the relevant questions with a 'Yes.'"*

BARNES: In the interview, Herbert claims he reported war crimes to me. He never did. In fact, under oath, Herbert swore he did *not* report any crimes to me. Subsequently, he swore he did. One of those times, he must have lied under oath. Neither did the Army admit, as Herbert claims, that his charges were valid. On the contrary, the Army's fact sheets show that no evidence could be found to support his cover-up charges.

HERBERT: *I've just mentioned that I have evidence that proves I reported war crimes to Barnes. In addition, neither the Army's fact sheets nor Sidle's and Barnes's letters really deny that the war crimes I describe occurred as I described them. What the Department of the Army does deny is that Barnes and Franklin covered up those crimes. The real issue is not whether I reported war crimes to my commanding officers. The issue is: Did General Barnes and Colonel Franklin have knowledge of those crimes? I say they did. I can prove it, and this is exactly why I've charged them with covering up.*

*The Army claims that investigations into my charges have proved that Barnes and Franklin did not cover up any alleged war crimes. But why were no witnesses for the prosecution, including myself, called to testify at any of these investigations? I have a witness on tape who will testify that there was torture of Vietnamese civilians in the U.S. Army Military Intelligence compound within 100 yards of brigade headquarters. I have another who will testify that "if Barnes or Franklin say they didn't know of such occurrences, they're either liars or incompetents." Why didn't the Army ask them to testify at their "exhaustive" investigations? I listed these individuals as prosecution witnesses. All I'm asking the Army to do, if it says its investigation proved there was no cover-up, is to release the results to the public. Lastly, Barnes is incorrect when he says I lied under oath. I did not file an official written report of any war crimes with him nor with Colonel Franklin. I did not because I could not. They wouldn't receipt for it.*

SIDLE: Your introduction claims that there was an Army Regulation designed to prohibit him from speaking publicly. There was not. Nor was there any such individual order ever issued by any of Herbert's superiors.

HERBERT: *An official order was issued by the Headquarters of Third United States Army, directly after my first TV appearance. This order adds a section to the general orders relating to personal leave and reads, "Leave-approving authorities will insure that personnel do not abuse leave entitlements. Repetitive leaves of four days' duration in a calendar week (Monday through Thursday) or frequent one-day leaves commencing on Monday or Thursday are considered abuses of the intent of leave policies and will not be permitted." The Third Army rescinded this order right after I retired. During the time the order was in effect, over 40 Servicemen were granted four-day leaves by the Third Army, in violation of its own order. I was the only one denied a legitimate leave request.*

SIDLE: Another Herbert fabrication is his statement that "General William Westmoreland never learned anything about the Vietnamese." Anyone who served with General Westmoreland knows he has great empathy for the Vietnamese. Herbert, on the other hand, has been alleged to "hate their guts" and has been accused by some of physically mistreating them.

HERBERT: *Any man who claims he has empathy for the people against whom he commits genocide as a matter of official policy is either mad or believes that the people who pay his salary are fools. In Vietnam, Westmoreland was nicknamed "The Roman Plow General," because, like the Romans at Carthage, he plowed under whole civilizations, wiping whole villages off the earth. In contrast, if Sidle can state that I mistreated Vietnamese, I can only ask: Why was there no Army investigation and no charges against me? The statement he makes is, of course, a lie. The Army has my permission to release any documented evidence it has on such charges.*

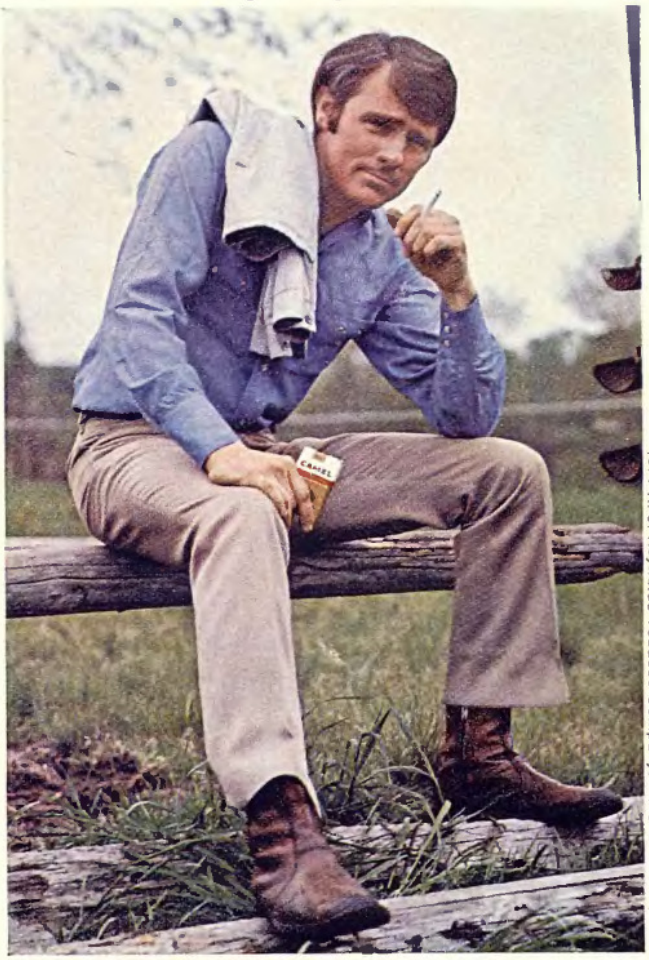
*In their letters, both Barnes and Sidle very adroitly avoid the principal issues raised by the interview. They are: Did the war crimes occur? I say yes, Barnes and Sidle say nothing. Was anyone charged by the Army as a result of either my war-crimes allegations or the cover-up charges? No. Did General Barnes and Colonel Franklin cover up? I say yes, Sidle and Barnes say nothing. Franklin hasn't even replied. Evidence exists, the Department of the Army claims, to prove Barnes and Franklin did not cover up. But where is it? If the Army has nothing to hide, why doesn't it release the evidence of its investigations and show the public the results of polygraphs given to Barnes and Franklin? Why doesn't it reveal the results of investigations into my two war-crimes allegations that are still apparently continuing three and a half years after the fact?*

*I've gone through all this only because I wanted either to get the Army system to work or to force it to reveal itself as so blatantly corrupt that the American people would never be fooled by it again. I think Sidle's and Barnes's replies speak for themselves. The crimes and cover-ups go unpunished, and the war goes on.*

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking cigarettes stamped with their own family crest

...almost everybody.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 102)*

decisions that have cost us that much. We can't tolerate these kinds of secrets' being kept from us. We can't afford to continue drifting toward total Government control over the flow of information.

**PLAYBOY:** In a country that takes such pride in having a free press, why do you think this has happened?

**ANDERSON:** World War Two; that's why. Everyone knew Hitler was a maniac. Everyone understood that Japan had attacked us at Pearl Harbor, so it was patriotic to fight during World War Two. The United States was menaced. We were forced into it. It was a different kind of war than we've understood in the last decade. It was a war in which all the kids I grew up with went off to fight. It became unpatriotic to say anything or do anything to jeopardize, let alone oppose, the war effort. You would see signs all over America: LOOSE TALK SINKS SHIPS, THE WALLS HAVE EARS, and so on. A loose word, a German spy picks it up and we've lost a ship in the middle of the Atlantic. So we developed an aura of patriotism around security, around secrecy. We drummed into the minds of all Americans who emerged from World War Two this great patriotic fervor about keeping the enemy from knowing what we were doing.

Then, having defeated one madman, suddenly we saw the specter of another in the Kremlin—Joseph Stalin. We came to regard his system as a menace equal to the Nazi menace, and we were swept by a wave of fear: Even your neighbor could be a Communist in disguise. We couldn't trust anyone, so we trusted the Government to classify anything and everything. Presidents and Cabinet officers who grew up during that era came to recognize as their special privilege the right to decide what the American people would be told.

Obviously, Lyndon Johnson didn't want to tell us about Lyndon Johnson's damfool mistakes. He only wanted to tell us about Lyndon Johnson's great achievements, so secrecy became censorship, not national security. The press still has enough of its own freedom to break through the censorship, and sometimes it does, but not often enough. Increasingly, the Government is tightening the censorship—by disciplining or prosecuting those, like Daniel Ellsberg, who give out the unpleasant, unfavorable facts; and now the press must live with a Supreme Court decision that can jeopardize reporters who speak with sources the Government doesn't want them to.

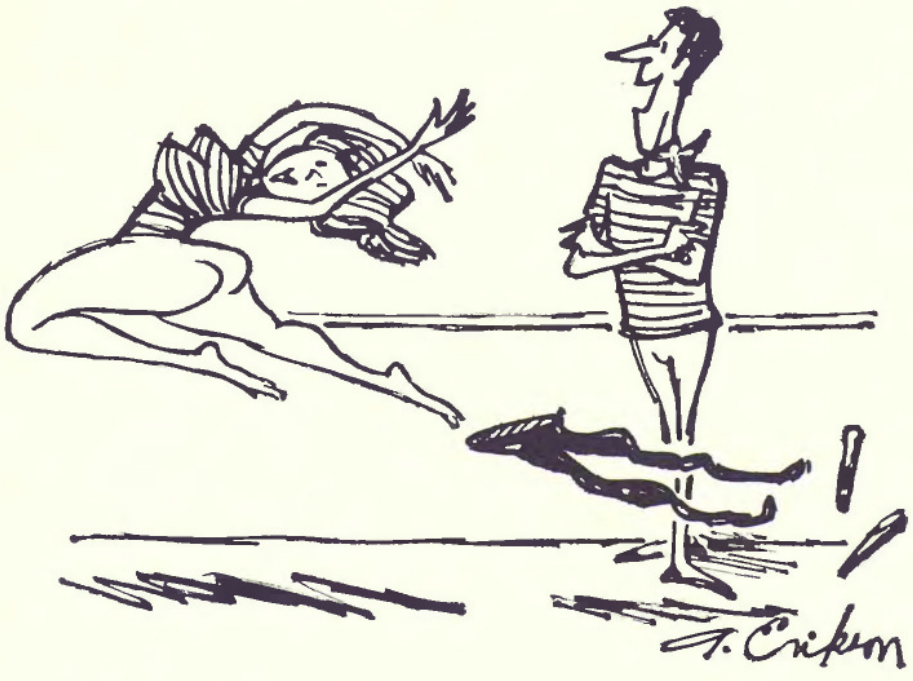
**PLAYBOY:** The press allowed that Supreme Court decision—which compels a reporter to reveal his sources under oath in court—to pass without much controversy. What effect do you think it will have on press freedom?

**ANDERSON:** I think the Supreme Court decision is disastrous. It's the first step in imposing a Kremlinlike censorship on the United States. The irony is this is all done in the name of patriotism, in the name of our 200-year-old traditions, when in fact what they're trying to do is destroy our traditions. We've allowed the Government to reverse a fundamental truth about democracy. The fundamental truth is that the individual has the right to know everything about the Government, but the Government has the right to know only very little about the individual. Now, the Government seems to think it ought to be able to snoop into every corner of a man's life, while keeping its own activities secret. This has got to be set straight, and that's what I try to do in my column, and that's what I think the rest of the press sometimes doesn't try hard enough to do.

**PLAYBOY:** What specifically do you think the press ought to do that it isn't doing?

**ANDERSON:** The press has the duty under the Constitution to be a watchdog on Government. When we give men the power to wage war, the authority to tax and to confiscate property, the power of life and death, those men need a watchdog. It's our duty to expose, to oppose and to dig behind the press handouts, behind the press conferences. But I think very few of the press fulfill that responsibility. There is a tendency on the part of the press to become a megaphone for the power structure. Too many reporters adopt the ideas and the attitudes of the people they cover. Those who govern us try to seduce us, and here in Washington, they take us up on the mountaintops, and in this heady atmosphere, we actually participate in making these earth-shaking pronouncements and decisions. We get up there and look down upon the world and agree on what is best for the Middle East, and what is best for Vietnam, and what is best for the impoverished peoples, and what is best for racial tensions. We tend, at their invitation and urging, to become part of their circle.

I think many reporters enjoy their associations with the high and mighty and try to rationalize that, by spending their vacations with the Kennedys, by being such a close friend of Muskie's, they gain an insight that allows them to write better stories. They persuade themselves that this is the reason they buddy up to these people, when, in fact, they're just enjoying being able to say in their private conversations, "Ed Muskie was saying to me the other night. . . ." This isn't really making them better reporters. You can get the same information from other sources. In fact, I can get it from the same people they're hobnobbing with. I talk to the high and mighty the same as they do. These people know that if I catch them lying, I'll report it whether they talk to me or not, so they talk to me, because they want to influence me with their side of the story. That cooperation doesn't mean they love me. If they loved me, it would mean I wasn't doing my job very well. Journalists



*"Bravo, Miss Zifferman—it'll bring down the house!"*

shouldn't be beloved by the people they write about.

**PLAYBOY:** Many Government officials, especially Vice-President Agnew, argue that the press, far from being as friendly as you describe it, is actively hostile to the Administration.

**ANDERSON:** Well, it's a rule of politics to stay on the offensive, and when Nixon found his Administration being criticized by the press, he unleashed Spiro upon us to discredit that attack and throw the press on the defensive. What the President sought was to undermine the press and confuse the public. He wanted to get the public angry at the attackers instead of at the attackee. It's a standard political ploy and the press did respond defensively, which I think helped Nixon and Agnew. That's a great tragedy. Nixon has no grounds for complaint; in fact, the press has been almost benevolent toward the Administration and the Government in general, faithfully recording their statements and accepting their assumptions. Reporters and commentators vie with one another for the privilege of entertaining these bums. They seek the favor of Henry Kissinger. They consider news gathering to be an exclusive interview with Bill Rogers or Mel Laird. These are the people Agnew should embrace.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you account, then, for the press criticism of Administration policies that angered Nixon in the first place?

**ANDERSON:** A certain amount of criticism and opposition is tolerable as long as it's kept within establishment limits. But those journalists who thrive on the mountaintop, when they criticize Kissinger, do it in the context of having had long and anguished discussions with Kissinger, and even their criticisms of Kissinger's policies are shaped by Kissinger. This is a gentleman's disagreement. They don't point out that Kissinger has been juggling 12 international crises at the same time, that, brilliant though he may be, he isn't quite *that* brilliant. It's physically exhausting. He stays up late at night working and partying, and this has an effect on him that people inside his office talk about openly. Those who know Kissinger well know that he goes into temper tantrums, that he hurls books and objects at aides and otherwise behaves irrationally.

That seems to me part of the story of powerful men making policy, but that's something that's never told. That's against the rules. There are polite complaints and Presidents get upset, but this gentlemanly journalism isn't really *damaging* to the structure of power or to the party in power. Democrats and Republicans alike balk at talking about each other's *real* embarrassments and blunders, for fear that the same thing could later be done to them by the other side. The first thing to remember about power in Washington is that the relationship among members of Congress, like the relationship between the press and the whole political establishment, makes it a sort of gentleman's Cosa Nostra.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you explain what you mean?

**ANDERSON:** Senators debate each other, sometimes heatedly, but after the debate is over, they retire arm in arm into the cloakroom for a drink and expressions of their respect and admiration for each other. They know that in order to survive, they have to play by some unwritten rules, one of which is that there shall be no fatal back-stabbing. Under this code of silence, you can disagree, but you can't expose wrongdoing on matters that could do *real* damage. Every politician knows that in order to get into power, he has at some point compromised more than he would like the voters to know about; and since they're all in the same boat, they form a mutual-protection association.

Let's take two of the most dissimilar Senators and show how this works. John McClellan of Arkansas is a crusty old conservative who would probably support Wallace, and Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut is an outspoken liberal who has been for McGovern since 1968. Well, they both sit on the same committee,

and I found out that McClellan, who's running for re-election, had requested that action be held up on a consumer-protection bill. He didn't want to openly oppose the bill for fear of alienating a lot of Arkansas consumers who wanted to be protected by it; and he didn't want to support it for fear of alienating big-money interests who've been contributing to him for over 30 years. Ribicoff is a subcommittee chairman, so McClellan called Ribicoff's staff and asked them to hold up the bill until after the Arkansas primary. I found out and called Ribicoff. At first, he said he didn't think the bill had been held up in the subcommittee. Then he went and found out and said, "By golly, you're right. It is." I asked if McClellan had requested that it be held there. Ribicoff went off the record and asked that his name be left out, and then told me that the answer was yes. We ran the story.

McClellan saw it and got hold of Ribicoff. Ribicoff then issued a statement saying that McClellan had nothing to do with holding up the bill. Ribicoff himself took the responsibility for delaying it. He issued a statement that completely served McClellan's purposes in getting re-elected. This is the kind of cooperation you get from Senators in the mutual-protection association, even if they don't agree on anything else in the world. Ribicoff didn't want McClellan or one of his buddies turning around and doing the same thing to him the next time he runs. But let me tell you: Ribicoff is going to get hoisted anyway, because I'm identifying him here as the source of the column. It's the one time I've done that, but he double-crossed me. When a source tells me one thing and then denies it all publicly, I have no obligation to protect him. But that's the gentleman's Cosa Nostra for you.

It was the same in the recent I. T. T. case. The Senators knew the facts. They knew Richard Kleindienst was guilty as hell, yet they voted resoundingly in his favor. It was an exercise in pure cynicism. The facts were ignored. The public may have had the impression that Kleindienst was appearing before some kind of objective tribunal that would, in courtroom fashion, examine the evidence and judge accordingly. Well, an objective American jury would have convicted Kleindienst for malfeasance—and nailed John Mitchell for perjury at the same time.

**PLAYBOY:** On what grounds do you charge that Mitchell committed perjury?

**ANDERSON:** He told obvious lies. He said that he had disqualified himself from deciding on the I. T. T. antitrust case because his former law firm had represented some I. T. T. subsidiaries, and then he acknowledged under oath that he had met with Harold Geneen, the president of I. T. T., and also with Felix Rohatyn, the man I. T. T. had empowered to settle the case. What in the world was Mitchell *discussing* with these men, if he had disqualified himself from the case? He said he had discussed philosophy with Geneen. Well, Harold Geneen is a blunt, no-nonsense businessman who is on the job practically every waking hour. Mitchell isn't much different. They're the two least likely philosophers in all of America. Mitchell lied again under oath when he said he knew nothing about the arrangements for the Republican Convention in San Diego. He'd been calling the political shots for over a year, and the lieutenant governor of California even said that he had called on Mitchell to discuss the whole convention, before he realized he was contradicting Mitchell and changed his story. Mitchell was clearly lying through his teeth, so here we have the man who was in charge of law and order violating the law.

Republican Senators paid no attention to the evidence in the I. T. T. case. They voted to protect a fellow Republican and the Administration. Partly because this is an election year, and partly out of real outrage, some Democrats did seize on the evidence and try to make something out of it; several other Democrats went ahead and voted for Kleindienst because there's a tradition that the President should be able to choose whoever he pleases for his Cabinet. These Democrats want that tradition intact when they take back the White House. They were just scratching Republican backs. A few Democrats had still another motive in voting for Kleindienst. They told me privately they were astonished that the President would put a man as tainted as Kleindienst in such a sensitive position during an election year, and they didn't want to deprive themselves of such a fat target.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that kind of political cynicism and back-scratching prevail on most issues in Congress?

**ANDERSON:** Most people with power in Washington have convictions, but there is no way a U. S. Senator can push through all his views. He must learn to compromise. Frequently, as during the I. T. T. business, you see the principle of compromise degenerate into cynicism, but you can't think of the Government as a monolith. It's made up of individuals, and some of the individuals who have to make the biggest compromises are the best people overall.

**PLAYBOY:** Whom would you include in that group?

**ANDERSON:** The best example would probably be Bill Fulbright. It was Bill Fulbright and Bill Fulbright alone who stood up and challenged Joe McCarthy early on; and, coming from a state like Arkansas, full of McCarthyites, that was an act of absolute political heroism. He really took on McCarthy, and he will forever have my admiration for that. It was also Bill Fulbright alone who stood up against the Bay of Pigs invasion and called it folly. And he came out leading the opposition to the Vietnam war at a time when it should have been considered political suicide in Arkansas. Fulbright is an enlightened Senator. He is an excellent Senator, a conscientious and courageous man.

Yet through the Fifties and early Sixties, Fulbright consistently voted against civil rights legislation, even though he believed in it. Back when Orval Faubus was still governor of Arkansas, I had a conversation with Fulbright about his civil rights record and I said, "Bill, how can you do it?" And he replied, "Well, if I didn't vote against civil rights, I'd lose my Senate seat to Faubus. I'm conceited enough to believe that I make a better Senator than he would." He went on to explain that by voting against civil rights, he was also admitted to the Southern caucus, where he could exercise a restraining influence on the James Eastlands and Strom Thurmonds, so he felt that, given his situation, he could best serve the cause of civil rights by voting against it. He felt the same way about the oil and gas interests that are so powerful in Arkansas, and so he didn't vote against them. These were the two things on which he was willing to compromise, and I understand that and sympathize with it.

I'd also include Ed Muskie here. I know Muskie to be an honorable man with a granite integrity. In the area of campaign funds, he has been honest where many other Senators might have been willing to wink. He was for a while chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, a committee whose main function is to try to collect funds to help elect Democratic Senators. Democrats in the Senate quickly learned they had made a mistake by putting Muskie in there, because this committee had previously been used to pick up money from big corporate and other special interests. Then it would be distributed to the various Senators and all they would have to report was that they had gotten this money from the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. That way, a guy in the North could take money from the oil industry without its ever appearing anywhere on the records. Not under Muskie. He insisted on recording every donation that came in and giving receipts, demanding checks and giving a full accounting. He has that kind of integrity.

And yet Ed Muskie, too, has compromised—even in the area that he specializes in, which is the environment; he heads probably the most important environmental subcommittee in the

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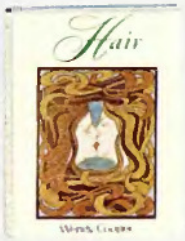


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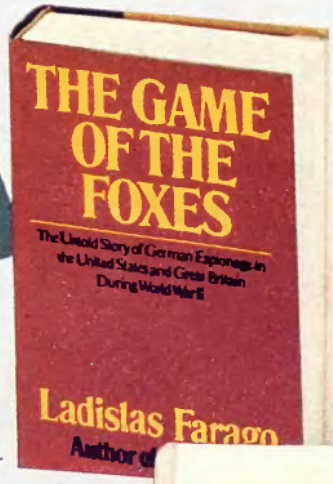


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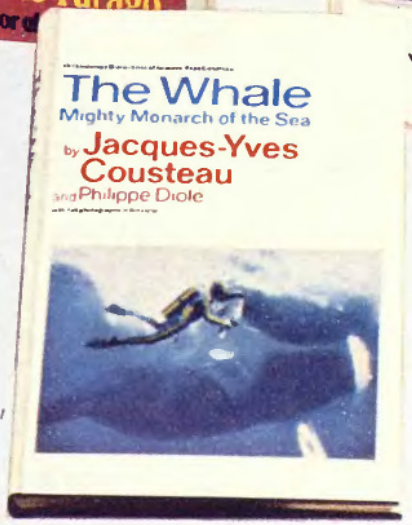


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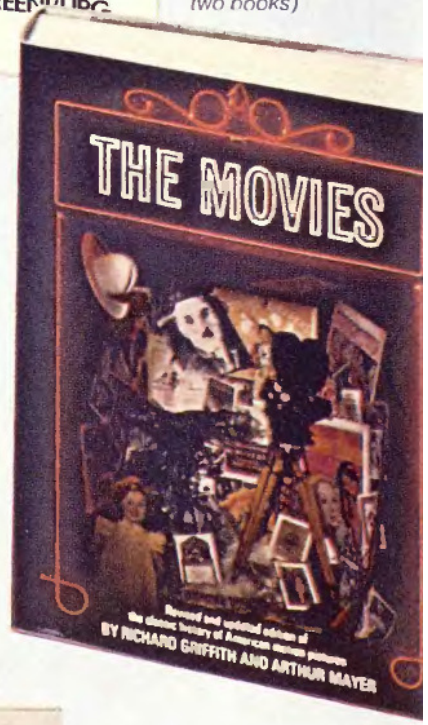


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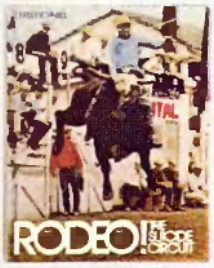


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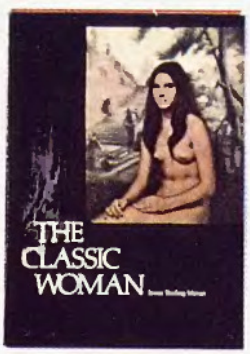


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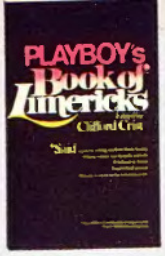


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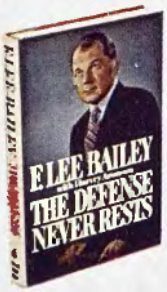


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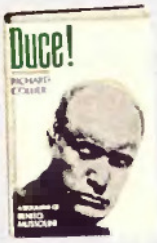


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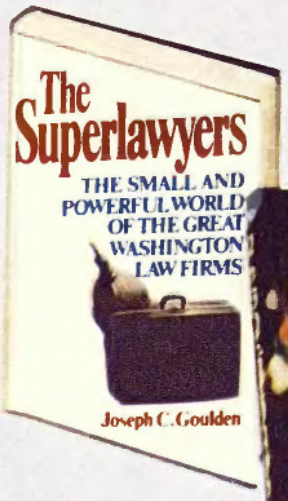


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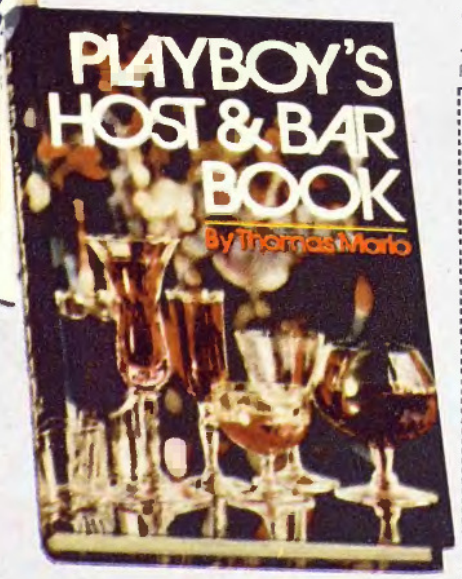


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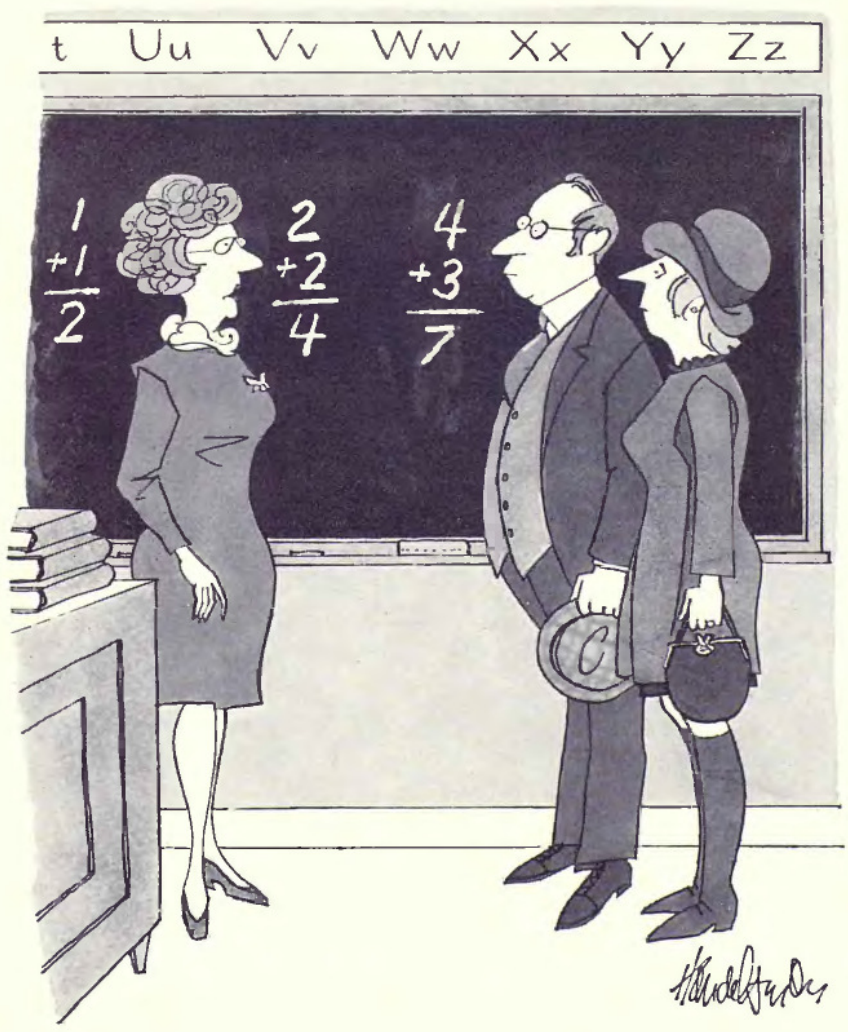
Senate. When I raised some hell about his compromising, he sat down and talked to me about it. He said, "Now, look, I believe I'm as strongly against pollution as you are. I believe I'm as concerned a citizen as you are. The difference between us is that you write a column and you can throw bombs and raise Cain. But I sit on a committee. I know each member of that committee. I know the pressures he is under. I know how far he will go. I want to get some legislation through and I know how far I can push that committee. If I go any further, I get no legislation at all. I would rather have the legislation than the satisfaction of delivering diatribes on the Senate floor. Now, who serves the cause of the environment better? You, who yell, or I, who get legislation through, even though it's a halfway measure?"

**PLAYBOY:** How did you answer him?

**ANDERSON:** I said we have different functions. I'm the hell raiser. I'm not going to stop shouting. If it weren't for people raising hell over the rape of nature, Muskie wouldn't be able to get even halfway legislation through.

**PLAYBOY:** Using whatever criteria you want—intelligence, honesty, performance—who else would you rank among the best Senators in Congress?

**ANDERSON:** It's hard to categorize, because a Senator who's good in one area may be bad in another. I've discovered that the worst Senators have some good in them and the best have some bad. I tend to be influenced by their general philosophy. I have very little use, for example, for Strom Thurmond, because I disagree with almost everything he stands for. Yet Thurmond is one of the most honest men in the Senate. He has a sense of integrity and devotion to duty second to few. But I couldn't possibly consider Thurmond one of the best men in the Senate. Intellectually, he's light, and he's terribly prejudiced racially. As a Senator, I would have to rate him as one of the lowest.




*"I suppose I should be gratified by your son's sudden alertness and interest, but I can't help worrying that it may be caused by drugs."*

Or take Phil Hart of Michigan. He is so fair, so scrupulous, so honest, that he sometimes becomes ineffective. Every truly honest man recognizes that there are two sides to an issue, and Hart tends to put himself into the shoes of the man appearing in the witness chair. You found Hart asking sympathetic questions of Kleindienst in the I. T. T. affair. Not that Hart tolerated in any way what was going on; but he saw Kleindienst's side and he could see the human element involved, and he wound up voting for him. He shouldn't have. He, above all, understood that Kleindienst had violated the public trust. But he also felt that Presidents are entitled to the legal advisor of their choice, and he opted to give the President the Attorney General he wanted. Would you say, then, that Phil Hart is one of the best Senators? Certainly, he's one of the most admirable, but far from the most effective.

Then you have the Mutt and Jeff of the Senate: tall, rangy Democratic leader Mike Mansfield, and short, elfish Republican George Aiken. In stature, they are both giants. Aiken has been in politics about 45 years and the road in front of his home in Vermont is still unpaved, which is a great testimony to his integrity. Mansfield is such a gentleman that he doesn't lead, he tries to persuade. When Lyndon Johnson had Mansfield's job, he punished those who disobeyed him and rewarded those who went along, so he was a more powerful and effective leader than Mansfield, though not nearly so likable.

Most Senators are prima donnas, the central stars in their own solar system, around which all other bodies revolve, so you have to treasure those who don't feel that way. I've always had a warm spot for Barry Goldwater, who is one of the most likable Senators, though certainly one of the laziest. Even in 1964, when he was running for President, Barry really just wanted to be tinkering with his favorite toy—a ham-radio set. At the convention, while his lieutenants were out beating the bushes for delegates, there he was discussing all sorts of inane things with ham operators around the country. And he likes to fly. In the middle of the convention, he would slip off to go up in his plane. He wasn't taking politics all that seriously. Lyndon Johnson told Drew and me that Goldwater paid a call on him in the White House during their campaign against each other—one of those visits where the challenger comes to exchange views with the President. Johnson could hardly believe it. The main thing on Goldwater's mind was getting permission to fly the latest Air Force jet.

**PLAYBOY:** We asked you to name the best Senators, but you seem to think that most of those you've mentioned—however likable or admirable they are as

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men—are less than totally effective legislators. Is there anyone to whom you'd give high grades professionally as well as personally?

**ANDERSON:** Well, Hubert Humphrey is a thoroughly decent human being—and a good Senator, too. Even if he wouldn't make a great President, he'd make a great neighbor.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Ted Kennedy? After Chappaquiddick, you were very critical of him. How do you appraise him—and his future Presidential chances—now?

**ANDERSON:** I think Kennedy is a fine Senator. I watched him in the I. T. T. hearings and he was masterful. He probed expertly, in a gentlemanly way, using the rapier instead of the meat ax. He asked disarming questions that drew from witnesses some confessions they clearly hadn't intended to make. Then he very quickly drove home the points he wanted to make. I have seldom seen more skillful cross-examination. He has good judgment, better than Bob Kennedy had, and his political instincts are sharper. He manages to get things done without earning the adjective "ruthless," as Bob did. Bob went after his goals like a tugboat down the East River—everybody got out of the way or else he rammed into them. Ted isn't like that. He's a better politician.

I think his record is excellent and that he shouldn't be disqualified from the Presidency. He obviously displayed poor judgment at Chappaquiddick, and the public is going to want to know whether, as President, he could be depended upon in a crisis. My belief is that he was roaring drunk at Chappaquiddick and that anybody in his condition might likely have behaved as he did. He exercised poor judgment in getting drunk, but a lot of people are guilty of that. One story I get is that he really didn't know the girl was still in the car. He got out and thought she had, too. There is some reason to believe he made the decision to let his cousin Joe Gargan take the responsibility—which is what I was told they were planning to do—without knowledge that the girl was in the car. In his confused mind, he thought she had escaped, too.

The next morning, a retired ferryboat captain ambled up to him and said, in effect, "Senator, did you know there was a body in the car?" Witnesses to that event have told me that Kennedy turned white and that he walked away clenching his fists, as though he had had no idea that this was the case and was trying to keep hold of his emotions. He then caught the next ferry right back to the mainland, as though something had caused him to change whatever plan he had, and witnesses said that when he jumped off the ferry on the mainland, he was in such a hurry that he almost knocked a man down; the man had to jump out of the way to avoid being knocked over. Then he half ran to the police station and when he got there, he kept repeating: "I was the driver. I was the driver." Again, this seemed to verify that the plan had originally been to let Gargan take the rap.

At that point, Paul Markham, Kennedy's lawyer friend, who is not noted for his good judgment, wrote out a statement, and Kennedy, according to witnesses, glanced through it and signed it. You have to understand that the Kennedys have long since learned to rely heavily on staff members, so it isn't unusual for them to accept a statement written by somebody else. After he signed it, according to witnesses, Markham actually made changes in it that Kennedy never saw. This was the statement that was turned in to the police.

When all the advisors arrived at the Kennedy compound, they came to the conclusion that Markham's statement wasn't true. He hadn't told the story as it happened. But they decided that the Senator was stuck with it, that no matter what he said, he was in trouble, and that he would only be in worse trouble if he put out a second statement after signing one for the police. It would look like an afterthought, and the first one would appear to be the truth; the actual truth would appear to be a scheme cooked up later on. The advisors argued that he'd better stick with the original statement, and that's what he did.

So while I may have been rougher on him than anybody else at the time, I didn't have all those facts and I might have been easier on him if I had. There's no excuse for what he did, for planning to blame it on Gargan, as I was told he was going to do, but there were extenuating factors: the fact that he was probably roaring drunk; the fact that once he *did* understand there was a body in the car, he immediately headed straight to the police station; the fact that he then insisted on taking full responsibility. I'm not sure that one incident like this should becloud a man's career forever. I think it's been proved again and again that in times of crisis, the same man can be either a hero or a coward, wise or stupid. Maybe this is one case where we ought to think of Christ's admonition about he who is without sin casting the first stone. How would *you* have acted in the same situation? Who among us might not have panicked, or, being drunk, might not have responded with a clear head? This one incident should not forever prohibit him from the Presidency.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting back to your opinion of various Senators, who would you say are some of the *least* admirable men in the Senate?

**ANDERSON:** Perhaps the most insufferable would be Roman Hruska, the Senator from Nebraska, who has replaced Everett Dirksen as champion of the special interests. There's probably not a major special interest in need of a Senate speech or a Senate vote that can't get it from Hruska. Ev Dirksen used to do this with some skill. You know, he had a very thriving law practice, though he was never known to practice law. He didn't even become a lawyer until after he became a Congressman. Clearly, he needed a law firm to be a repository for the loot. And you discovered very quickly, if you went down his list of clients, as I was able to do, that his law firm in Peoria, Illinois, drew an amazing number of big corporations looking for legal talent. Some of the greatest corporations in America suddenly had problems out there in Peoria. But Ev was always able to laugh at himself. You could sit in private with him and he would acknowledge that he was a scoundrel, and there is something disarming, even charming, about a fellow who'll admit that.

This Hruska has fewer saving graces. He is a thorough hypocrite, the kind of man who made pious statements against pornography at the same time that he held a half interest in a movie chain that was exhibiting pornographic movies. He is an offensive man who screws up his face into a kind of holy scowl and takes off on verbal flights in an effort to make even the most sordid causes seem honorable. Worst of all, he is inclined to be stupid. There are very few Senators who are dumb. Some are less bright than others, but to get into the Senate, you have to be reasonably bright. But Hruska is just plain dumb. If you remember, he's the one who distinguished himself by declaring that the mediocre people of America should be represented on the Supreme Court, and by suggesting during the I. T. T. scandal that conventions are always being bought by corporations, so what was wrong with the Republican Convention's being bought? Dirksen had the verbal skills and mental agility to perform such gymnastics, but Hruska is no high-diver. I even have the impression that he sells himself cheap. Dirksen came expensive, but I think Hruska gets used more by the lobbyists than he uses them. I suspect that they don't even pay him much.

Nebraska's other Senator, Carl Curtis, stands in equally low esteem as far as I'm concerned. The voters of Nebraska have managed to elect about the two worst Senators that any state has sent to the Senate in my time. I don't know how they do it. You wonder what kind of standards they go by in that state. Curtis hasn't been caught in any major scandals, but my files have a lot of minor matters in them that he's been involved with. And if it's possible, Curtis is even less likable than Hruska. He's a mousy little guy who darts around the

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Senate poking in and out of holes, squeaking up every now and then for the insurance industry. You don't have to check very far to find out where the head offices of Mutual of Omaha, one of the largest insurance companies in America, are located.

There are a lot of phonies like that. Russell Long of Louisiana is the unabashed champion of the oil and gas interests. He admits openly that he supports them because they increase the prosperity of Louisiana. What he doesn't mention is that he has a lot of oil and gas holdings of his own. And there's old John McClellan, who poses as a great investigator of corruption, while he tends to his own private business on the Senate floor. He has even used the committee intended to investigate corruption to help his own banking interests. This sort of thing goes on all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Why doesn't the public rise up and throw these men out of office if they're as bad as you say?

**ANDERSON:** Why do people buy the wrong brands of gasoline? Why do they pay more for Esso when they could buy the same octane at a cut-rate station for ten cents a gallon less? Why do they buy particular brands of aspirin? Why do they buy a highly advertised breakfast food that has less nutritional value than an unadvertised cereal available to them for less money on the same market shelf? Because they know the name. It's been packaged and it's been sold to them. It's not surprising that people should be taken in just as badly by politicians who can put on a better campaign and hire a better agency and spend more money for advertising. We don't look behind the campaign promises. We are more impressed by a TV personality than by what the man really stands for, if he stands for anything. We vote too often from emotion rather than from reason.

Part of the problem is that the public is indifferent. A case can be made that we have more men in Government truly dedicated to public service than we deserve. Quite frankly, I think we *are* better governed than we deserve. We don't pay as much attention as we should to our duty as citizens. Most Americans are concerned about themselves. They have their own personal problems and their own families. They have their own obligations and they just don't want the Government to interfere with them. They also don't want to do anything to interfere with Government. They're cowed by power. When they see the Government abuse power, they deplore it. The majority say, "It's too bad about this Daniel Ellsberg they're trying to send to jail. It's too bad about all those tax loopholes and about the I. T. T. scandal. But they're not doing anything to me, and there's nothing I can do about it, anyway." Maybe they say, "Hooray for Ralph Nader." But that's about all. This just isn't enough, if people want their democratic institutions to work more honestly and efficiently. It's this attitude that has allowed such enormous defects, both personal and institutional, to creep into Congress.

**PLAYBOY:** You've discussed some of the personal defects. What are the institutional weaknesses that you feel need to be reformed?

**ANDERSON:** Congress has become almost an anachronism. It's an institution of the late 1800s and early 1900s. In a nation where half of the people are under 25, the committees of Congress are commanded by men between 60 and 90. In a nation of teeming cities with an aggravated urban problem, the committees of Congress are controlled by men from rural, small-town backgrounds. In a nation divided by racial tensions, the committees of Congress are commanded mainly by white supremacists from the segregated South of the past. At a time of deep ferment over the war, all the committees dealing with military appropriations for the Vietnam war are commanded by hawks. The young men in Congress who are more abreast of today's complex problems have no power. They arrive at the bottom of the seniority ladder and by the time they rise to any influence, they are old men, too. The result has been that the committees have come under the command of men who don't understand the problems they're supposed to legislate. It's become a system of Government by geriatrics.

**PLAYBOY:** With what would you replace the seniority system?

**ANDERSON:** Certainly, a merit system would be better. I recognize the difficulties in that; there's more involved in politics than merit. But I would recommend that committee chairmen be selected by secret ballot of the committee members, and I would hope that the members of the committee would reward the man who was best qualified. I would call for an age limit on chairmanships. I would give the voters the right to vote for old men if they wish, but I would not allow Congress to permit these old men to control the levers of power. If a man wants to serve in the Senate after he reaches the age of 65 or even 70, fine. But not as a committee chairman.

Reforms like this will come slowly, but they must come. I've been covering Congress since 1947, and I think I've learned the lesson of patience. We ought not to tolerate these abuses of power, but we shouldn't be talking about destroying the whole system just because it doesn't correct its flaws overnight. We've got to learn to live with frustrations and failures. The Asians learned this centuries ago. Twenty-five years ago, when Drew Pearson and I began writing about the oil-depletion allowance, no one had ever heard of it, and certainly no Congressman would have dared oppose it. The last time the allowance came up in Congress, it was reduced, which was a little like altering Sacred Writ. We have even got now, in both the House and the Senate, the first Congressional codes of ethics in the history of the United States. They're as full of holes as a medieval fortress, but at least they exist, and every year a loophole or two gets closed. Because of the code of ethics, we caught Senator George Murphy taking money, and we'll catch others.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you catch Murphy?

**ANDERSON:** I had learned from a source that Murphy was collecting money from the right-wing millionaire Patrick Frawley, through Frawley's corporation, Technicolor, Inc. I learned this because Murphy had become concerned that he might be in violation of the new Senate code of ethics, so he called on the chairman of the committee, John Stennis, and described the situation in confidence. Secondhand, I got the information. I knew from past experience that Stennis wouldn't tell us anything, so I called Murphy and said, "Senator, I have evidence that you're collecting $20,000 a year from Technicolor, that all or part of your apartment is being paid for by Technicolor and that you use a credit card belonging to Technicolor. I called you as a matter of courtesy to hear your side of the story." Senator Murphy said, "You're wrong. You have been misinformed." I said, "Senator, I like you. I like your personality. I used to enjoy your movies. Because I like you, I'm going to give you another chance to answer that question. I don't think you want to go on the record with the answer you just gave. So let's do it again." I asked him the question a second time. "Yes," he said, "damn it, I am." Those who remember Murphy's election contest against Senator John Tunney generally agree it was that story that cost Murphy his Senate seat. Of course, I couldn't have printed it without Murphy's confession, but I wouldn't even have known about it except for the code of ethics.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel when one of your stories damages or destroys a man's career?

**ANDERSON:** It's not pleasant. It can be a cruel thing to do, and most of the people in high public office are men of charm. That's why they're in public office. They're easy to like. I wasn't lying when I said I liked Murphy. It's difficult to put someone you like through the wringer. But it's vital that it be done. A public office is a public trust. Those who abuse a public trust do so at their own risk, and it's my function to catch them,

to expose them, to throw a spotlight on them. I didn't ask Senator Thomas Dodd to seek public office, but when he did, he should have accepted the responsibility of the public trust that goes along with it. Dodd violated at least six Federal laws, and I know a lot of people hate me for what I did to him, but I'm sorry. Lawmakers shouldn't be breaking the law.

Years ago, I investigated two embezzlers in Mobile, Alabama, who had chiseled the Army PXs. I wrote a column or two spelling out the facts against them and the Justice Department brought an indictment against them. They were convicted, and either one or both of them, I'm not sure which, committed suicide. Almost the same thing happened back in the Fifties, when I caught a Federal Communications Commissioner named Richard Mack taking money from an attorney who represented an applicant for a TV license. The scandal ruined Mack's life. He became a hopeless drunk and derelict and the attorney eventually committed suicide. How do you think I felt about those men? I felt remorseful. In each case, I was sorry I had written the story. These were nasty scandals, but they certainly weren't capital offenses. I certainly didn't think these men deserved to die for what they had done. I've long felt bad about those stories.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet they don't seem to have tempered you in your writing.

**ANDERSON:** I'm not impervious to the pleas I receive and the human tragedies a scandal can cause. I once caught a Congressman who was taking dope. This Congressman held a highly sensitive position as chairman of an important committee. This wasn't long after the Joe McCarthy era, when we were concerned about people being blackmailed for Government secrets. As I always try to do with anyone I write about, I made a routine call to give him an opportunity to respond to the charges. He broke down and wept. He told me that he had been severely injured years ago, and he had taken morphine to kill the pain for so long that he had become dependent on it. Sometimes an aide would inject it through his pants leg under the table in the middle of a committee meeting. That's how bad it was. His story was a touching one. He recognized the possibility of being blackmailed for secret documents, and so he said that if I didn't write the story, he would quietly retire when his term was up. It was near the end of his term anyway, and I didn't see anything to be gained by printing it, so I didn't.

But if I caught another FCC Commissioner accepting money that he shouldn't, I would write the story, because that kind of corruption needs to be exposed. On the day he was to become the sixth man in history to be censured by his colleagues in the Senate, Thomas Dodd carried a gun onto the Senate floor, contemplating a dramatic finish. If he had done it, that would have appalled me. It would have made Drew and me look like murderers, to have driven a man to that kind of desperation. But if I started feeling responsible to protect these men from the possible consequences of their own violations of the public trust, then I'd have to quit writing the column, and, quite frankly, I think our Government is a little bit better, a little bit more honest, because of the work we do. Sometimes you don't get a traffic light at a dangerous intersection until after somebody has been run over, and sometimes we have to run over somebody in the column before we can get any reform. Sometimes our exposure of a person causes others to be more wary about doing the same thing.

It's astonishing the number of people I run into in the Government who tell me that one of the real considerations in every Federal agency when men get together to plan something that isn't quite according to Hoyle is: "What if Jack Anderson finds out about this?" Not long ago, we exposed the case of Congressman Collins from Texas, who was taking kickbacks from his staff. He put people on his payroll in exchange for some of their salary. That is a violation of Federal law. Collins was a new guy and must have forgotten what we'd done some years ago. We exposed this kind of kickback by three or four Congressmen, and right after we did, I ran into Congressman Charley Halleck in the corridors and he said, "Jack, I know at least 20 Congressmen who were taking kickbacks. I'll tell you, they aren't taking kickbacks today." Obviously, we didn't completely eradicate the practice, but we sure stopped a lot of people from doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics argue that you don't limit yourself to this kind of serious corruption, that much of what you write is merely a gratuitous invasion of someone's privacy in minor personal matters.

**ANDERSON:** It's true that I sometimes catch minor bureaucrats in a minor offense, and I print it. Their names don't usually make news and their offenses are likely to be minor. That's the only kind of offense they've got the power to bring off. But I think they should be nervous. I consider it an extremely healthy exercise for an anonymous Government official to squirm just a little bit. I've seen the powerful become so godlike in their insulation that they forget they're supposed to live by the same laws and rules as the rest of us. I'm not eager to invade anyone's privacy, but I do believe the press should be the hair shirt of the powerful. Too many bureaucrats in Washington have developed an elitist attitude. They are our servants and they want to become our masters. I just want to deflate them a little, remind them of their proper place, keep them on their toes. As a public service, I'll write occasional stories that don't have any significance except perhaps to bring them back to earth.

I've written about the halitosis of Senator Vance Hartke; I think it was a needle worth sticking into a man who takes himself so seriously. Then there's Senator Talmadge of Georgia, who splatters the walls of the Capitol with chewing tobacco as he walks down the halls. He doesn't look for spittoons. He just lets it fly wherever he happens to be, and so we get chewing tobacco all over the Capitol's ornate walls. The cleaning crews practically have to follow him around.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about exposing the sex lives or drinking habits of men in public office?

**ANDERSON:** I see no reason for doing that unless these things affect their official performance. Recently, for example, I wrote about Arthur Watson, who was then our ambassador to France. He got on a plane drunk at ten in the morning. He was flying to Washington to get his instructions on some very delicate diplomatic negotiations with the People's Republic of China. On the way over, he let forth abusive torrents of language at the stewardesses, tried to stuff money down their blouses, and finally he passed out, foaming at the mouth because he was mixing booze and digestive pills.

On another occasion, Watson got drunk on a flight and tried to recruit the stewardess as a mistress for his teenaged son, and when she declined the honor, he began pelting her with grapes from a fruit basket. This kind of performance from a man who is supposed to negotiate with the Chinese becomes a story, in my opinion. I spent a year and a half in China, and one of the greatest sins is public drunkenness. You are dishonored for that, and to have a drunken bum negotiating high-level matters there is something to be concerned about. I also made a thorough investigation of J. Edgar Hoover's trash once, which was generally misunderstood. Many people thought that was bad taste. They couldn't imagine why I'd do a thing like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you?

**ANDERSON:** Because I felt he had acquired almost divine status in Washington. I thought it was essential to strip him of his divinity, make him a human being. Everyone in Washington was terrified of him and his power. The "responsible" press wouldn't lay a glove on him. Government officials would say in hushed tones that it was terrible what he was doing. But they were afraid to

criticize him out loud. That is intolerable in a democracy. We can't be afraid of our public officials. So I told my staff at a meeting in 1970, "Let's investigate Hoover. He's been investigating everybody else for 45 years, so let's imitate his methods as nearly as we can."

When I went through his trash, I was burlesquing the way his FBI agents went through the trash of their subjects, and we found empty Gelusil cartons and other evidence that led us to weightily conclude that he was suffering from gas pains. We found that he had five bullet-proof limousines around the country and that he always crouched down in one corner and put his hat up in another. We found that he wouldn't get out of his car in front of his house if there were any long-hairs around. Well, this is hardly the picture of a scary individual; this is the picture of a scared old man. The closer you looked at Hoover, the less formidable he became and, sure enough, a year later, Hale Boggs and a lot of journalists who had told me they doubted my ability to survive an attack on Hoover were out there attacking him themselves.

By then, Hoover had become the greatest threat to democracy in our time. He would surely rotate in his grave if he heard me say that, but he was responsible for giving the FBI a political ideology. That's one of the most pressing reforms we have to make—getting the FBI out of politics and back into investigating crime. It's a literal fact that Hoover had more FBI resources devoted to investigating Jane Fonda than any Mafia chieftain. Conservatives thought Hoover was wonderful, but what if McGovern became President and appointed Ramsey Clark to run the FBI? What if Clark, following Hoover's precedent, decided to investigate the undesirable ideology of conservatives and stuck his agents onto John Wayne? I would suggest that John Wayne is no more suspicious than Jane Fonda, and the FBI has no business investigating either of them.

The Hoover investigation I conducted, by the way, was followed by another one that I took even more personally. During the I. T. T. affair and the India-Pakistan affair, Robert Mardian, the head of the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, launched an investigation of *me*. I told my reporters: "Well, if Mardian wants to investigate me, let's investigate *him*, and don't be too careful about who you let know about it." My source in his office told me he was climbing the walls, saying, "Now he's after me! Now he's after me! What do I do?" I liked that. Mardian enjoyed wielding the power of the United States, and all of a sudden, we turned on him. He didn't think that was fair. Well, a newspaperman has far more right to investigate a Government official than the official has to investigate a newspaperman, and Mardian damn well better be clean. We're not going to manufacture anything, but any Government official who decides he's going to investigate me had better not have anything shady in his past, because he's going to get investigated right back.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound confident that you don't have any skeletons rattling around in your own closet.

**ANDERSON:** I feel that as a public figure, and as one who exposes others for their misbehavior, I have to conduct myself in the same way I expect *them* to. I think I'd lose credibility for denouncing a Senator for something that I myself did, even though I don't draw my salary from the taxpayers. So my life isn't in a closet. I try to operate it in a goldfish bowl, because I expect Senators and Government officials to do the same. A reporter from *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* did a piece on me not long ago and I threw open my tax returns to her for the last 25 years. I didn't like doing that. I'd like to have kept a few financial secrets.

**PLAYBOY:** Like what?

**ANDERSON:** Like the fact that I took a fee


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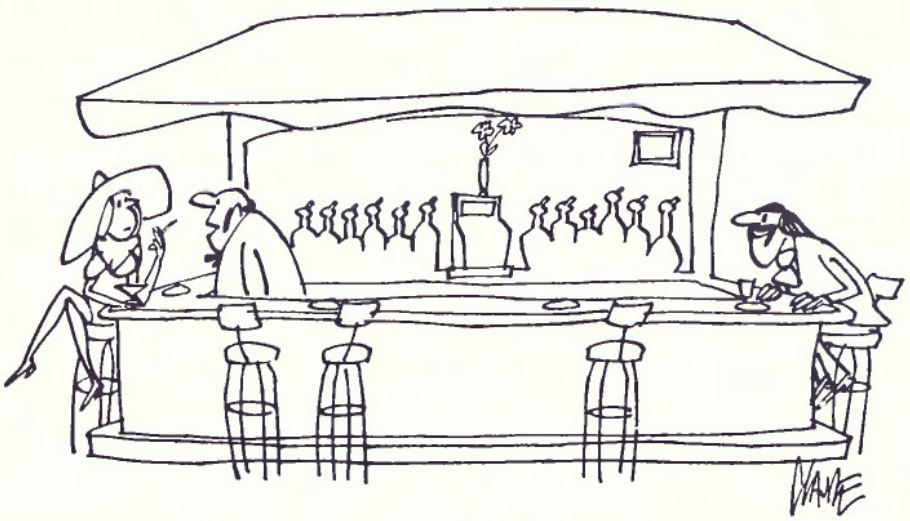

*"He says, would you care to join him in a drink to women's lib?"*

once from the *National Enquirer*, the scandal sheet. I'm not proud of that. I did so because the owners of the *Equirer* also owned the syndicate that Drew Pearson and I were writing for. They were personal friends and they asked me to turn over some information to the *Enquirer*. I submitted the information and got paid very well for it. If I had to do it now, I wouldn't, but I did, and it's in my tax return. I could have hidden that from *The New York Times*, but my business dealings are wide open to the press if it wants to inspect them. But don't get me wrong. I don't take a holier-than-thou attitude toward myself. I simply try to abide by the standards I expect our public officials to abide by. There's nothing really pious about that, though it probably comes out sounding that way. I don't want to leave the impression that I'm austere or rigid or some kind of pilgrim. I'm none of those things.

**PLAYBOY:** You do have a reputation, though, for being a strait-laced Mormon who neither smokes nor drinks. Doesn't that, perhaps, make you intolerant of the peccadilloes of people who don't have religious prohibitions against those things?

**ANDERSON:** I don't think so. I don't look down on people who drink, as long as it doesn't affect the performance of their jobs. But I was brought up in an orthodox Mormon home; I follow the church's teachings completely, and I must admit to a little disappointment in people who consider themselves practicing Mormons, yet drink. Clearly, the church has had a strong influence on my views, but I don't consider myself intolerant at all.

**PLAYBOY:** Has the Mormon church influenced your political philosophy?

**ANDERSON:** Mormons look upon the struggle between good and evil as a struggle also between freedom and force, and the church looks upon the Constitution of the United States as a divine document because it's a charter of freedom. It sets forth the right of man to determine his own faith, his own life. My Mormon background has made me an intense believer in freedom and in individualism. The bigness of business, labor and Governmental institutions in this complex society exerts a tremendous pressure upon all of us to conform, and I grate against that. I encourage people to stand up and speak out against this massive machinery. Mormons tend to be self-reliant, in favor of standing up *against* the pressures to conform, against Big Government. That helps account for my philosophy.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet your political views are distinctly liberal. You spoke earlier, for instance, of the Federal Government's responsibility to the nation's poor people. How do you reconcile your espousal of self-reliance with your call for a larger Government role in social programs?

**ANDERSON:** There's such massive hunger in the U.S. and the world that the Federal Government is the only institution in the world large enough and rich enough to end it. We have problems that can't be solved at the family level, the local level or the church level. How can you say to the kids in the ghettos: "Call on your family and have them take care of you"? Because their families don't have and can't possibly earn the resources to take care of them. In those instances, I think the Government should give them not a handout but a hand *up*.

I don't have any perfect answer to these problems, but I believe the Federal Government is less corrupt than most local governments. The great corporations are much more likely to dominate a state legislature or a governor's office than the Federal legislature or the White House. So I think the way to curb corporate excesses and union excesses is with the full power of the Federal Government. Big business and big labor are getting too big for local governments to handle. Unfortunately, it takes Big Government to cope with these other big institutions, and dealing with Big Government can be like dealing with a Frankenstein monster. You have to watch it very closely or it'll stumble right over you.

**PLAYBOY:** After 25 years of investigating the Government, exposing its minor flaws and its major corruptions, are you discouraged about the prospects for reforming and improving the system?

**ANDERSON:** Who isn't at times? But I'm not in this to be a chronicler of America's downfall. I want to be the chronicler of a bright new future. Despite all the bulldozers and back-scratchers, scoundrels and cheats who infiltrate the Government, and despite the businessmen and labor leaders who try to subvert the system with their lobbyists and campaign contributions, I think we've got the best-governed country in the world. That's not to say we're well governed. We're badly governed, but not as badly as any other country I've ever studied. We still have a lot of freedoms and opportunities for reform. Ralph Nader has proved that the consumer can win; the individual *can* influence the institutions. Nader hasn't won every battle with the nation's corporations, but he's beginning to get a better break for the average citizen. Gradually, members of Congress are beginning to comply with a code of ethics that was previously not required of them.

I'm not one of those who believe that the young are hopeless drug abusers who no longer care about the nation's future. In many ways, they are brighter, more alert and more responsible than the older generation. In fact, much of our best leadership is coming from the young, from people like Ralph Nader. Like them, I don't plan to stop raising hell with what's wrong. That's my function. I don't think I can change the whole country, but I can sure inform the American people about the wrongdoing and hypocrisy in the dark places of Government. I can encourage them to do something to correct the wrongs in our society. I think that role is a vital one. I admit it's easier than being President, but he's got his job and I've got mine. I plan to sit right there in the grandstands, yelling, "Throw the bum out!" until all our public officials become incorruptible. Then I'll be out of business, and I'd like that a lot.

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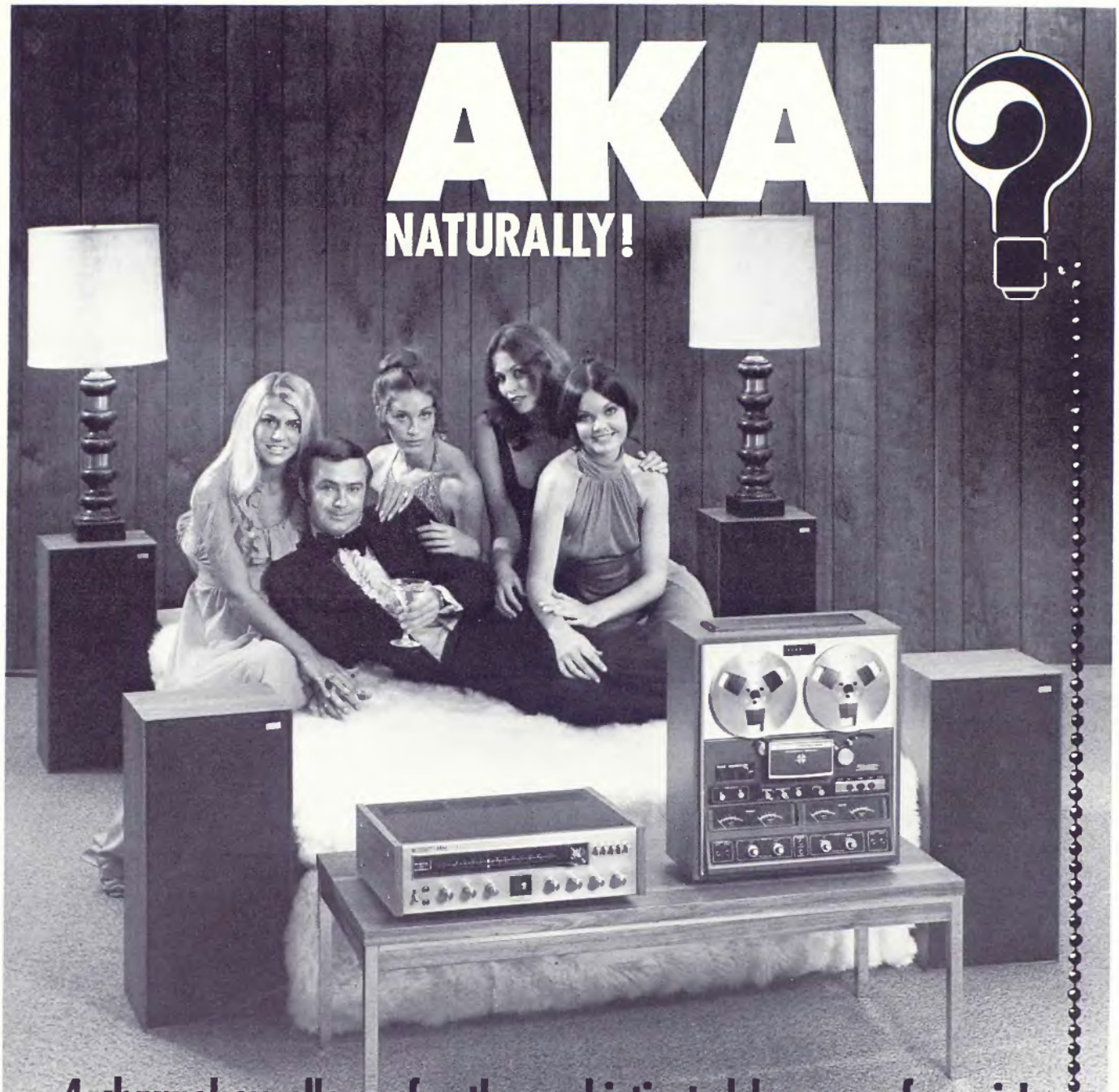

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*Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 205.*

# Vadim Theme

(continued from page 116)

at the door of his rented flat in Paris. By then, leaving her with Vadim smacked a bit of escorting Trilby to Svengali, or perhaps delivering Red Ridinghood to the Big Bad Wolf.

Springtime in Paris is made to order for lovers' reunions; thus, a day or so passed before Gwen and Vadim were ready to receive company in his den on the Avenue Foch—the second floor of a classic French manse only a stone's throw from the *Arc de Triomphe*. Vadim himself answered the door, barefoot and tousled, wearing a silk print robe, muttering sleepy apologies. Inside the flat, deep brocade chairs and floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a garden and the broad tree-lined avenue. The walls were covered with *tableaux galants* of dallying Muses, the large gilt piano decorated with nymphs and cherubs strumming lyres. Scattered here and there were samples of Vanessa's crayon art, photographs of Vadim and his son from a recent skiing trip.

Gwen appeared in a terrycloth wrapper, also barefoot, sucking a bottle of Perrier. "We've been in the bathtub," she confided, "splashing around like kids. We play a lot, mental play and physical play. Vadim says he can't leave me, because I'm never boring."

Assured that she is anything but, she cast a quizzical glance at Vadim, who had gone to the telephone and was spewing French, with gestures. When he settled down on the sofa to discuss *Helle* over brunch, Gwen slid her feet into his lap and he studied her thoughtfully while he spoke, as if he were uncertain, still searching for clues. "I needed to make a picture when I met Gwen in America, and adapted *Helle* from a novel I wrote when I was eighteen or twenty. I had put it away in a drawer, unpublished."

"How old do I look?" asked Gwen. "Vadim says I show my age now, since I came back to Paris. I hated what I saw of myself in the movie, but Vadim insists I look better than I do in life. He says the fact that I don't like myself proves I'm an egomaniac."

"What I call her insecurity is her strength," Vadim continued. "She is far and away the most intelligent child-woman-female I have ever—how would you say—communicated with. She is even brilliant and has all the potential to become one of the most interesting actresses in films. Of course, to become a star, one must have the will to succeed, but she's a very strong presence on the screen. Fantastic to photograph. During *Helle*, Claude Renoir said she was phenomenal, the most amazingly photogenic creature he had ever seen, and Claude is the best cinematographer in the world for women."

Gwen shrugged. "I don't think of myself as sexy, and I'm not sure what I want, as Vadim says. Maybe I want to get married and have kids, or go contemplate on a mountain, or just go on acting. I want everything. I guess my aim in life is to be a well-fed meditator."

"I am depending on Gwen to make me a famous director," added Vadim with a wry smile. "In France, I am best known for the actresses I have worked with, who went on to other things. Like Jane. When she arrived in France, she was a very young, conventional Hollywood actress, known chiefly because of her father. Now she has won the Oscar and is doing some movie with Godard . . . a cocktail for revolutionaries."

His irony was not lost on Gwen, who instantly resolved to resume work on her French. "I love your phrasing, Vadim. You must be a wipe-out in your own language." Soon a child again, she grew kittenish. "Do you know there are seventy-two-thousand nerve endings in a foot?"

The discussion of feet had scarcely got under way when the late-morning lull came to an end. Young Christian, looking very Deneuve, arrived with a load of comic books, followed by Vanessa with her nanny, and Vadim's film editor, who was still tinkering with *Helle*. The phone rang incessantly, while various aides and unemployed actresses came and went as if on cue, to borrow money or to say *bonjour* or simply to establish the rhythm of a Parisian boulevard comedy starring Vadim, who seemed to find every disruption quite normal.

Several days as the American ingénue in this dizzy French farce took their toll on Gwen, who enrolled at Berlitz in self-defense. While Vadim continued work on *Helle*, she shopped and slept and worried about meeting a French director of documentaries, a friend of Vadim's, who had a role for her in his new film. "Appointments are made for me, without my consent. I'm coming apart. . . . Vadim creates such chaos around him," Gwen complained as she set off by taxi one afternoon to investigate a yoga school on the Left Bank. "What I have to do is take yoga, eat health-food lunches and go to Berlitz. I'll study French four hours a day, then maybe I'll be all right."

The address she had been given was a dingy doorway across from the bookstalls on the Seine. Up several flights in a two-by-four elevator, she reached a bright and tidy spiritual oasis identified as the Integral Yoga Institute, where she was greeted by a barefoot, bearded, soft-spoken young Frenchman in orange pajamas. They talked briefly, with mutual respect, about Swami Satchidananda, founder of the institute. "I feel better already, just being here," Gwen whispered as the young guru padded away to find a schedule of classes.

Within minutes, she had her shoes off and was lying in a U shape on the floor of the tiny reception room, toes over her head, ready for a session that was soon to begin. She asked if there were a shop nearby where she could buy seeds and nuts but evaded a question about her diet. "I'm living with a meat eater," she said, "so it's difficult. I'm kind of nervous and high-strung. I need some exercises to help me sleep."

"Perhaps it's the strain of travel. Is something troubling you?"

"Well. . . ." Gwen smiled the weary, warm smile of a girl who has come a long way from nirvana.

That evening, there was a private screening of *Helle* at a film lab near the Champs Elysées. Several professional friends and a French critic were invited, but Vadim and Gwen arrived late, to find themselves locked out.

"I don't think it *looks* good to come to a screening and be there with everyone when it's over, do you?" Gwen asked more or less rhetorically.

"You can do anything, my darling . . . so long as you do it with style," said Vadim, who then dashed around the corner of the building and began to kick in a side door, impatient and angry because the night porter did not answer the bell. All in all, a stylish performance. Gwen looked impressed.

Once inside the darkened screening room, the star of *Helle* fidgeted in her seat, whispering "What do you think so far?" every few minutes. Meanwhile, the silent, looming, lovely image of a dumb peasant girl held the audience without a word.

The congratulations afterward were effusive, as usual on such occasions. A real departure for Vadim, everyone agreed . . . not a bit what the public expects of him . . . like a first film by a sensitive young director. As if Vadim, through *Helle*, had recaptured the innocence of his youth. Gwen's beauty and promise were rewarded with profuse kisses on both cheeks, but she seemed wary of praise, diffident. A friend named Pierre drew her aside on the street while Vadim was walking other people to their cars. "Pierre told me I was marvelous," she reported, "but I'm not sure I believe him, and I think he *hated* the picture." She wondered whether it was going to make any money.

"Anyway," she said, "I owe a lot to Vadim. He likes me the most when I feel good, which encourages me to get my act together. I know he's a French charmer, but when he's with a woman, he gives you such fantastic *total* attention. I feel secure with him. He has

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good vibes and makes me want to do more, be active." She had not told him, however, about signing up for yoga classes. "Vadim gets very hostile when I mention anything like that, but that's *my* scene."

• • •

As unpredictable as Gwen herself, their relationship registered some staggering highs and lows in the weeks prior to their junket to Morocco (for Vadim to shoot the pictures of Gwen that appear here) and the Paris opening of *Helle*, which collected middling-to-good reviews from the snobbish French critics, most of whom were favorably impressed by "a radiant angel" named Gwen Welles.

So there she sat, shortly afterward. On her own in Paris. Vadim's new star, with no visible scars, seeking her natural orbit and waiting—well, some of the time—in Vadim's new Left Bank apartment, surrounded by piles of books and packing crates. While Gwen began to attract the friendly concern of director Louis Malle (Malle's *Murmur of the Heart* ranks among her all-time favorite movies), Vadim himself was off to St.-Tropez with Bardot, hard at work preparing a new film about Don Juan.

Will this romance be saved? Talk to Gwen or Vadim and even the short-range possibilities appear rather dim. "Gwen would be delightful to live with," says he, "but I fear she is living on another planet."

"Vadim is a vampire, sucking my blood," Gwen declares when angry, with an instinct for dramatization that seldom hurts an actress' career. Kinky, charming, spoiled and spellbinding, La Welles is a lollipop kid who occasionally sounds about as vulnerable as an armored tank as she comes up with an answer for everything. "I say if you have a habit that's bad for you, break it. If you can't eat meat, learn to groove on vegetables. If something makes you unhappy, change it."

And if the signs don't lie, Vadim may have picked another winner.

*"Why, Clarice, you didn't tell me your young gentleman juggled fish."*

## IMPRISONMENT CHIC

*(continued from page 154)*

inner part of the cell, people pass by this brief lens opening on the world, this little cell eye, too rapidly to be recognized. One sends out antennae through all the near yet unknown regions—who is in the next cell?; what is happening to us?; when will we see a lawyer?; what did the new arrivals say?; what order are they taking us out in? Prison is supposed to have a lively grapevine, and certainly rumors spread among us in no time; but they were often uncheckable, contradictory or merely wishful. We heard from eight P.M. to three A.M. that bond was being posted for us, that we would be out any minute now.

It was good company. Karl Hess, abashed that he had been intimidated by his old buddy Ford—as if he were a school kid trying to get the teacher's attention. "There is something so debilitating when a man stands there and tells you a defiant lie." Ken Iverson, mathematician from Philadelphia, accountable to the great computer in the sky while most of us were self-employed or had sympathetic employers. The fourth man was young Tom Hirsch, who had been to the Paris peace talks and worked for *Liberation* magazine. Since Tom is a pacifist vegetarian, he was forced to keep fast that night: Our dinner, which came promptly to the dark cell, was stew in a Styrofoam cup—not bad, despite a natural suspicion of any food one cannot see. Its very heft and beefiness were, for us nonvegetarians, the only obstacle to eating it, since we had to use ridiculously nonlethal paper spoons, which went soggy in no time.

Booking was an almost comic take-off on bureaucracy. Endless forms filled and refilled by polite, bored desk men. And just when I think I've put my prints on every paper in sight, the process starts all over again. The man handling the prints has a remote air and undeflectable skills, rolling my fingers and thumbs this way and that, like things detached from me, stamping the thumb quick-quick-quick in the lower corner of eight carbon copies expertly fanned out to leave just that key spot bared. The ink is more like the grease that frames a mechanic's nails, making them look naked. It is spread in a thick film over a little cookie tin; my fingers are made to pick up exactly half the film in a set of expert rolls and then centered in ten little windows of a metal card holder; then, after some stamping here and there of individual fingers and (mainly) thumb, the tin is turned around and I pick up the other half of the grease. Even so, by the end, my thumb is made to dart back to the few remaining smudges on the tin, so that my prints stare back at me like clear little eyes

from even the dimmest of carbons. It was odd to watch all this going on, as if from the side, my digits turned into stamps in a semiautomatic process, feeling like a puppet, not wanting to feel that, yet knowing things would go better if I went along with the situation, consenting, to accomplish two interdependent things—make the process easier on me, because I was making it easier for the worker on this human assembly line. One doesn't, of course, want to make his life more troublesome—the war is not his fault: but I sense why a prisoner must feel "co-opted" when he cooperates even in little things—each act is an admission of sorts, a recognition of one's total disposability at another's word. No man in prison is ever on his own. He has no choice over when or what he will eat, how he will divide his time, move, act, exercise control over himself. Authority is omnipresent, intrusive, abrasive in its hourly effects—and what a goad that must be to rebelliousness.

From fingerprinting to the mug shot, this time no Polaroid arrest shot, but with a number pinned to one's suit, as in WANTED signs—a new way to play post office. I started to pull up my tie, left loose as a hangman's knot since that ride in the paddy-wagon oven, but then I remembered my greasy fingers. In honor of such chic imprisonment, I had worn my expensive tie—I don't know the designer's name, but Tom Wolfe could tell at a glance (come to think of it, I did not even notice what Felicia Bernstein was *wearing* when nabbed). Anyway, rather than stain the tie, I let it dangle in an appropriately criminal way. No wonder everyone (except, no doubt, Richard Avedon) looks like a mug in his mug shot.

Odd, how good it seems to greet one's cellmates after a mere half hour or so away from them. Out of the impersonal back to people. We are cramped, but we defer to one another somewhat elaborately, glad to have this jostle of too much humanity in too little space, aware that the opposite could well be our plight inside these walls. If ours were a "real" (i.e., nonchic) arrest, we would be coping with strange and probably antipathetic cellmates—a fact that was cruelly forced on the women when they were processed: A guard growled at them that he'd like to put them in with the Lesbian regulars. We might be caged for a while, but we were there in company, as a company. What a difference that made. Even we had felt slight hints of the helplessness that comes with surrender into another's control. What would it be like to face this prospect alone? Would *that* wonderfully concentrate the mind? Well, it would do something to it, we felt sure. We talked at a forced rate, keeping off such specters.

And that was the weird thing. The very protectedness of our own state made us dwell on all the "as ifs" of a prison cell. We kept assuring ourselves that we had it easy, we were not real victims—which, given the close malodorous aids hourly supplied to our imagination, brought the alternatives vividly to life for us. Hence our imperative laughter, our joint exorcisms of the *real* plight, which we were *not* undergoing. In order to dispel the specters, we unconsciously summoned them. The bare spotted stool was repulsive, but no real threat to us. Still, one wondered—what if your cellmate were a vomiting drunk or a diarrhetic? We did Alphonse-Gaston acts of courtesy, each of us proffering the others room on the iron bunks—but what if one were caged with a surliness denying even the few possible amenities, or making the achievement of them prohibitive on any but dehumanizing terms? Every slight comfort was humbling, one's few joys impressed by their fragility. We served as each other's crutches—and were made to realize how, in all things, others get us through. We sought out reasons for congratulating ourselves on our surroundings and almost threw a party when we found that none of us smoked—why, we had been worse off in the first-class section of an


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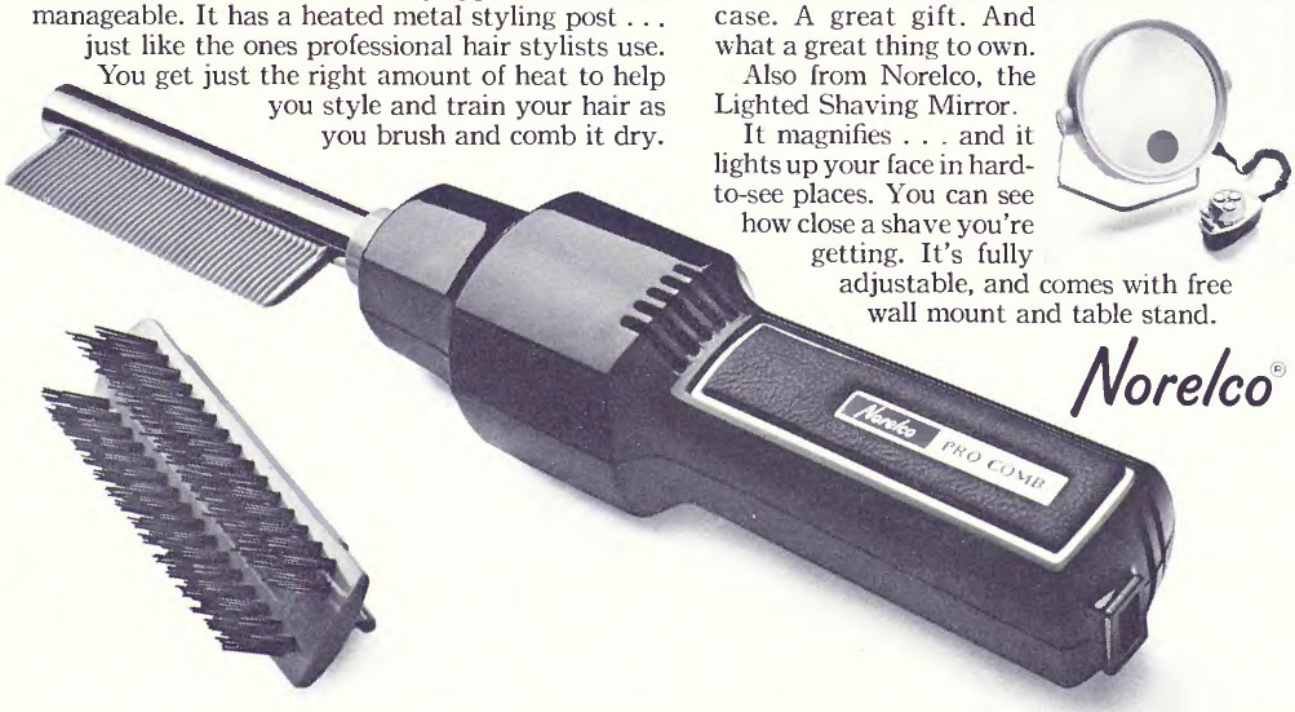


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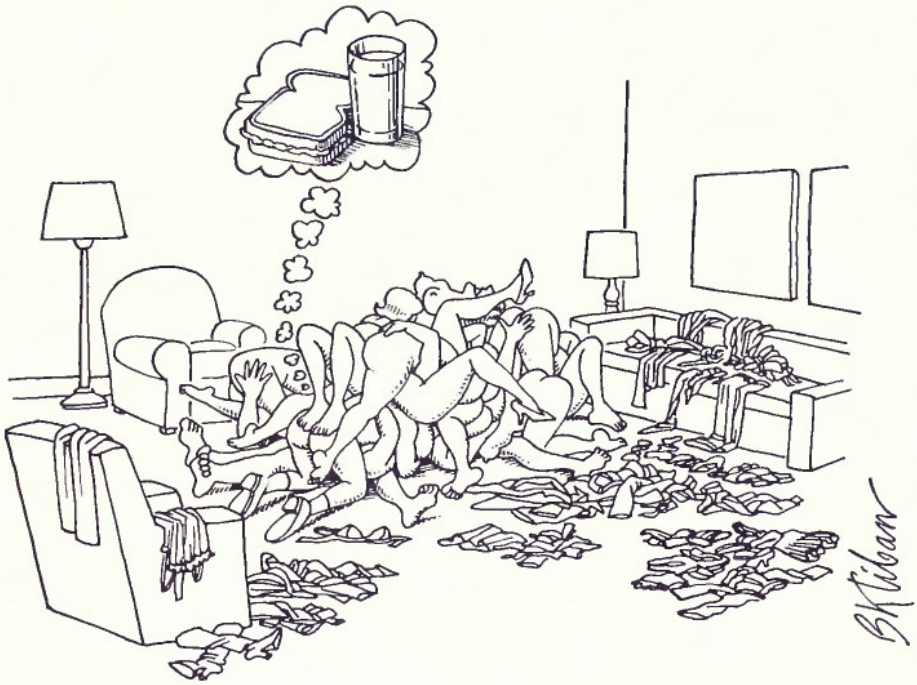

airliner when the big-cigar boys lit up!

But our abject dependence was symbolized in little ways—like having to ask for toilet paper each time it was needed. Some had to request, and wait a long time for, every paper cup of water, since their basin's faucet did not work. In the cell next to us, someone complained after a while that their stool did not work. Spock, directly across from us, said, "The little button in the wall, you have to kick it."

"We did. Nothing happened."

Spock, tall and strenuous, a sailor on the verge of his 70th birthday, said, "I don't mean kick it. I mean *kick* it."

There were noisy bangings on the iron wall, reverberating our own walls, then sudden reluctant thunder of the plumbing (everything is loud here, especially the clang of remote-controlled releasings and sealings of the cells). "You were right."

"Sure," Spock smiles, "the good old john in cell thirty-eight; I know it well."

As the hours went by, our mutually cheering conversations lagged a bit. I felt dehydrated and our little paper cup was disintegrating—one cannot talk much when drinking semiliquid paper. Young John Steinbeck, across the way, tried several times to entertain us with his flute; but each time, Howard Da Silva, in the same cell with him, roared, "Put away that instrument of torture! Or give it to someone who can make *music* on it. David? Where's David?"

David Amram, the composer, answered from somewhere down the line and Da Silva persuaded Steinbeck to baton his flute along, hand over hand around the screened parts of our cells, till it reached Amram, who made tentative attempts at fingering.

"David!" Da Silva again, in his booming actor's voice. "*Give that back to Steinbeck.*"

Da Silva had last been to Washington as part of the cast of the musical *1776*, playing Ben Franklin in the White House itself, at Poor Richard Nixon's request. He seemed the obvious choice to read our petition to Carl Albert. But the idea was rejected as too obvious. The theatrical people were being very careful not to show off. Despite Papp's complaint, most of us had shied away from theater, adopted a deflationary style, underplaying each situation. Da Silva was especially self-effacing, despite that voice, which could now be heard in every last cell as in the last row: "With all the effort to fill these cells with prominent prisoners," he muttered, "why didn't someone try to find a prominent bail bondsman?"

It was ten o'clock, five hours since our arrest; most of us hadn't been given our one phone call, and the only lawyer to show up in the early hours was Mark Lane, a signer of our petition, who explained in a loud voice how he tried to get arrested but just couldn't manage it; how the Government didn't have a leg to stand on, so we should all plead "not guilty" in the morning; and how our subsequent well-publicized trial would vindicate the antiwar movement. It was just what I expected of him, from his books.

Sitting on the bunk was not easy; it had a sharp little retaining ridge, to hold our nonexistent mattresses, that bit into the backs of our knees—until I padded it with my suit jacket. Tom Hirsch had jackknifed himself into a corner of one bunk and gone to sleep. How nice to be young, I thought; he must be the only one able to sleep here—till I looked across the aisle. Spock's white hair and tanned arm, dim under the bottom bunk, showed he had dozed off on the floor (too tall to use a bunk, even if he had wanted to claim a whole one from the three other men with him). And I realized that my first reaction had been right—how nice to be young.

At last I was taken out to the one pay phone—since some would never get to it, I could hardly complain. We had all urged one another to be brief, and I was. I called my wife, who was matter-of-fact about things; she had been sure I would get arrested, surer than I had been—which obscurely pleased me (prison, no doubt, brings one's idiocies to the surface). But I was vaguely saddened once the call was made—it had been the one definite thing I could look forward to, and now that was gone.

Finally, a young lawyer, Susan, she called herself, worked her way around to our cell, asking if anyone wanted bail—it would cost $40 merely to get us out from sometime in the early morning until nine A.M., when we must show up for arraignment. I was the only softy in our cell. All I wanted by then was a stiff drink and a shower and different walls around me—or, for preference, no walls. I said sure to her question and gave her my name. She recognized it, said she had heard about my Sunday commencement address. Though she looked like a teenager, she had worked, three years ago, on the D. C. Nine case of priests and seminarians who had destroyed Dow Chemical files—that explained her knowledge of Baltimore clergymen and of the fact that I had addressed the graduates of their seminary three days before the arrest. The ceremony took place in church and marked my first, probably my last, sermon—some parents seemed disconcerted at talk of the war as their sons were graduated. Part of that sermon went like this:

> *We gather here today at Pentecost, the feast of gathering ("all were together in one place" goes "Luke's" text), of the people sharing a covenant. Pentecost is the New Testament's answer to that great Old Testament symbol, the Tower of Babel—articulated fiery tongues that speak to difference, over against Babylon's attempt to forge unity out of sheer power. The tower is meant to intimidate, to give clout—"to make a name for us," as the text of "Genesis" puts it; "to maintain our credibility as a great nation," in the words of Nixon and Kissinger. And God confounds the effort of Babel, divides men one from*

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*another when they try to impose a brute unity of power.*

*Other men, this very day, are trying to use the tongue against physical terror, to speak on a human scale at the mere bulk and huge sprawl of the Pentagon. They are demonstrating not far from here, and I think it is fair to ask why we are not there. Was it not the task of those God threatened at Babel to oppose the tower, speak out against it, tear the bricks down one by one if they could, or at least make the effort? The Old Testament God pardons other cities of sin for a few just men within their walls, for even one voice lifted against injustice. . . .*

Was that what I was doing here—tearing bricks out of the tower? It seemed unlikely as our midnight ache and sleeplessness settled in. More likely, making an ass of myself. Being chic. I wondered how Mrs. Bernstein felt—her Panther party had ended in time to be reported in the 10:30 P.M. edition of the *Times*. Jail is, altogether, a longer kind of party—and the longer it became, the more dubious its purpose seemed. Rapid chatter still broke into the uneasy silences, but at longer intervals. An extraordinary oscillation of mood was signaled in the brightening and dimming of voices all around. I had been told that men in prison suffer this openness to incursive unforeseen moods, helpless in their ebb and flow, victims of prison's true powerlessness. Now I believed it, having seen it, if only from afar. We bobbed on a comfortable raft, in no danger of drifting off from shore; but we *were* a little way into the night surf and could look out from land with new feeling for those lost out there, for the truly uncharted experience imprisonment is.

It was doubting time, all down our cell block. The first team-cheering spirit had evaporated. I had my own futile catechism to run through: why had I done this—to end the war? It couldn't. To feel noble? I didn't. To accomplish something? What? I was less sure the longer I stayed; and my mood was obviously shared by others, since the laughter was rueful when Marc Raskin mused humorously in one of our longer pauses, "Did you ever wish you were for the war?"

Never till now, was the first answer of instinct in me. Then: Never less than now. For what jail was giving me was just that possibility of regret. Opposition to the war had never cost me anything. I did not have to defy the draft, disobey an order, displease a superior. I had just talked a lot in favor of people taking those risks. Tonight was my chance to join them in some minimal gesture, as a first motion toward them.

But this was not *really* joining them. True—yet most of them, I hoped, would understand the gesture. Besides, to say it is "only" a gesture is to move it into the realm of symbol, make it a thing freighted with meaning beyond itself, if for no one else, then certainly for me. And I had to puzzle out that meaning.

Those all around me tonight were the honored ones of our society—a Nobel winner, the recipients of many other prizes, holders of academic chairs, people whose names graced marquees, drew crowds. Not that we were all celebrities, by any means; but we were comfortably middle-class conformers, not "the demonstrating type." Why had we chosen, if only in symbol, this dishonor, most of us for the first time? First arrest, first night in jail, first guilty sentences, fresh criminal records—60 or 70 new records this night, and the promise of more to follow in the future. The whole thing was a play of symbols, a reversal of the customary language of recognition in our society, of honor as we had understood it. These were people grown partly ashamed of their honors, because they feared the honoring society. Their jailing was a little thing; but so is a medal or prize; so is an award. This jailing—the number pinned on, the mug shot taken, the grease marks paced out and out on paper (let your fingers do the walking)—all this was a cumulative *anti*-award. It cost little. But it did not—at least to us; not then, at least—mean little. It was only a symbol, as was the Star of David worn by some non-Jews in the Occupation. It was a declaration of solidarity with the hunted, not the hunters. We had been drawn into a fellowship of noncomplicity with what our Government was doing, our society condoning. We could no longer be sure where the guilt ended, could not satisfy ourselves that we did not stand with the war criminals until we had taken some (minimal) pains to place ourselves among the peace criminals, drawing on their merits, as it were, saved by our new fringe membership in their company, innocent by association.

And that had to be the point—not that we, in some spotlight, replaced true heroes of resistance. None of us dreamed we could do that. Brave as he is, Ben Spock is no Dan Berrigan. Visiting jails is not living there. And not one of us in that cell block thought ourselves, then or ever, the equal of Spock. Those who wore the Star of David in Denmark did it not only to save Jews but to be saved by them—saved from murder in

*"Brokenhearted, nothing! He's stoned!"*

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its most cowardly form, murder by easy societal acquiescence. Ours was, thus, a homage to the real peace criminals, application for honorary membership, an attempt at a vicarious and saving guilt. Our hint of what real prisoners undergo was a shy move on our part toward fellowship with them.

In my "sermon" of the Sunday before, I had asked why my seminarian audience and I were not at one with the demonstrators in Washington—and then tried to trace a way in which we were. On that very Sunday, Nixon was trying to speak through interpreters on his way to the Moscow summit—while his planes blustered and mines whispered in various Babel threats across the world. Yet the meaning of all Meaning, it seemed to me, lay in *Luke*'s tale of the divided yet uniting tongues—how all that we understand in ineffably private ways stands, yet, under a common judgment; how we meet each other in true understanding by way of our deepest burrowings, in our most private journeys, when we think ourselves most apart (as men counted off into separate cells). Perhaps Noam Chomsky, down the cell block from us, was getting at something like this with his concept of the inner preformed language given us in the mere act of being men, the abrupt light of intellection we discover in ourselves by discerning it in others. We speak to one another in the shared spirit, or not at all; and fiery tongues are our only true interpreters. Speaking to the class of theologians, I suggested that studies dedicated to the spirit constitute of themselves a war upon the tower and concluded:

> *Unless we have this prior way of using our voices "deep to deep," it is probably vain to try purifying the language of Power at the Pentagon or in Moscow. We would only be pitting new towers against the tower, adding further Babels to Babylon. . . . When I turn over these thoughts in my mind, they reconcile me to our presence here, instead of in Washington—though I hope to see some of you over there, later.*

Actually, I had seen some of these young men at earlier demonstrations and in Harrisburg for the trial of Philip Berrigan. And, once again, I was trying to join them, for I knew many hold a concept of ministry that will take them into risks not unlike Father Berrigan's. And the reference to Washington—to this night in jail—was, in my own mind, made because I wanted to buy the right to move in their company through crises yet to come, to keep writing "mere words" against the war and against our nation's war-making readiness.

But mainly, by now, I wanted out. Around one A.M., D. C. residents were released without bail, "on citation," as the term goes—so we lost Karl Hess. It made more room in the cell but left an emptiness, too. We were glad to see him go free—he was wondering, by this time, about his wife, who had been arrested with the women—but it was also sad to see our company dispersed. Susan, our lawyer, had gone to bed, promising the bondsman would arrive; but we were in for more hours of indeterminacy. A nice young Roman-collared minister across the way had not understood her rather breathless questions and was left behind, unlisted with the other D. C. residents. Now he could not even get onto the list of those to be bailed—though no results had come of that to this point. Only Joe Papp had been let out, his flunky scurrying to purpose, making separate arrangements for him.

At last, at three A.M., word came that ten of us could leave on bond. Others now wished to join us, but Susan was not there and guards cannot solicit for a bondsman. I wrote six shouted names and gave them to our bondsman on the way out; but he just shoved them into his pocket and headed for the precinct house, where women prisoners awaited him. Five of us jammed ourselves inside a cab—it seemed spacious; it was not a cell. We were a bit punchy, slaphappy with mere ability to go where we wanted to go, eat what and when we wanted to, bathe, shift scenes, breathe different air. The cabdriver laughed with and at us. We must have seemed like a carload of kids, drunk from our long sobriety—what a sight: just childish, learned, paunchy, overaged school kids giddy to be out on holiday.

Our first stop had to be the railway station. Poor Martin Duberman, the critic and playwright, had sweated out the morning hours knowing he had left a manuscript he had worked on for four years in a 24-hour locker there; had it been found and thrown away? We bantered on the drive about Carlyle's famous loss, but we were all writers in the cab and knew this was no laughing matter. At the station, we tumbled out, wanting food and drink—not that we were really hungry, but hours of being unable to eat, even if one does not need to, triggers some urge toward self-preservation. We descended on the milk and candy machines like calorie freaks.

The manuscript recovered, we went back to the cab, poet Kenneth Koch asking, "What was all that crap about jail as an ego trip? My ego never felt less traveled!" At the hotel we parted, five men who had never met until last night, all backslaps and comic affection like Chaplin and the drunk in *City Lights*, knowing that tomorrow our odd link would be broken and we would be strangers again.

We couldn't get much sleep. We were on the day's docket, which meant showing up at nine A.M., though we would not be processed till after lunch. In the

hotel coffee shop that morning, Da Silva read the *Times* account of our arrest and said, "I've had better reviews." At the courthouse, we met the women again and heard of their night—five in a cell, with only a low bench, not two bunks. Francine Gray said, "Dr. Spock was right. It *is* like losing your virginity—it's even more boring, and hurts more, than you had expected." She had been trying to see her husband, who had stayed in jail all night, to tell him she would plead not guilty and prosecute the state—her own kind of imprisonment cheek.

We were advised by our lawyer to plead *nolo contendere* and get off, most likely, with a $25 fine (or two days). While pleading *nolo*, we would be allowed to make a statement, and Redress organizer Fred Branfman urged us all to make an individual declaration of conscience and to subscribe to one written in the yard that morning by those who had stayed in jail. (Scribble, scribble—what a crew.) I tried to think of something pithy for the judge and stenographer but could not. The dull petition had said it all. Anything I came up with for on-the-spot elocution would be too pompous or too elliptical. The only thing I can do with words is write them—after consideration. The pen may be the weakest of weapons—it has certainly been less mighty than the sword all through this war—but the falsest thing about my night in jail, I began to realize, was my pretense that I could escape the pen and typewriter. I am doomed to them, whatever. I have to turn words over on paper, try to link them, simply to make my mind work. I had gone to jail thinking it absurd to write about a few hours' experience, when so many men have years of ordeal to record. But already my own first impressions were fading—as they would, indeed, if I stayed inside for a decade. And if I did stay longer, I would perhaps be too dulled, or not dulled enough to the pain, to get the thing down on paper. So, despite all our resolute mental drill to convince ourselves it was no big deal to go to jail, I began to wish I had taken notes. I have spent far worse nights, and in far more dubious company, yet there is, after all, something different about being in jail.

The urge to take notes would grow, and finally triumph, as I listened to the personal testimony of the others facing our judge. Their halting words were especially eloquent for me, tongue-tied as I am with a pen out of my hand. And some spoke movingly by their very silence. Tom Wolfe had dwelt on Felicia Bernstein's practiced voice and dramatic reading at the Panther party. Here, she stood silent, after the clerk proclaimed the adversaries ("The United States versus Felicia Montealegre Bernstein") and then stamped GUILTY on her thick legal-length folder. Howard Da Silva muted his Ben Franklin roar and only asked the judge if those who had stayed in jail all night could be processed quickly. Dr. Spock, unshaven but still courtly in his rumpled suit, pleaded not guilty with his unperturbable humor and politesse. Waked at three A.M. with word that his bond had been paid, he asked the time, said it would only disturb his Washington hosts if he dropped in on them now and went back to sleep on the floor. Not, however, until he had grinned and mumbled an answer to a guard taking Martin Duberman out of the cell block. "A writer, eh?" said the guard. "What do you write?" Before Duberman could answer, modestly, "This and that," Spock mischievously volunteered, "Cheap novels. Just cheap novels." In court, he and the judge knew each other, from his arrest in the rotunda, and Spock now assured him, "My reappearance does not represent any disrespect for the court, your Honor." Always the gentleman.

As I would soon discover, one feels strange and exposed facing a judge, waiting for sentence, even one so slight and foreseen, and my admiration grew for those who tried to voice their most private feelings in undergoing this first symbolic break with the social system that had coddled them. The note most often heard was one of wistful love for

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that system and mourning for it. David Amram said:

"Your Honor, in 1945, at the age of 14, I went with my mother to Pennsylvania Avenue, to watch Harry Truman light the Christmas tree. I was so impressed I made a water color of the event when I got home that night. I was brought up to respect the office of the Presidency and the other branches of our Federal and municipal governments. Now, in 1972, at the age of 41, I have committed civil disobedience and spent a night in jail, for the first time in my life.

"I feel my crime of illegal entry is morally justifiable, since it was an attempt to petition Congress in protest of a totally immoral war. All of us, as extremely active leaders in our various professions, do not relish the idea of any more days or nights in the cell block. But many of us may go to jail again, if necessary, to help bear witness to all of the young people of this country who have died, or who have been physically, psychologically and spiritually maimed by the unjust war their elders have forced upon them.

"I am a veteran, a taxpayer, and I love this country and the people I meet, as I travel all over America, giving concerts. Enough of us here today [sufficiently] love and respect what is stated in our Constitution and Bill of Rights to go to jail again, if necessary, as a part of a new consciousness that wishes to restore America's soul, by ending this war so we can bring peace, love and justice to all of our citizens."

Cynthia MacDonald, poetess from Sarah Lawrence, said:

"When I was a child, I was a baseball fan and I used to listen to the New York Giants games over the radio, which is what we had in those days. Alone in my room, I always stood up when *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played. As I didn't have a flag, I used to look at something red, white and blue, and think of it. I love my country, but I detest what it's doing in Vietnam. . . ."

Even recent beneficiaries of our greatness had reason for regret. Mia Adjali, of the United Methodists, was born in Algeria:

"I have only been an American citizen for five years. But before I became an American citizen, I grew up in a country which fought the revolutionary war. I fought, in many words and in many letters, what the French did in Algeria, what the French did in Indochina, and when I became an American citizen, I saw my new country involved in the same struggle. I could only do one thing. I have never been arrested before. I have tried many means, perhaps not all of them, but I wish that Congress had, perhaps, shown the kind of understanding you are showing now, and perhaps had met last night, and acted in its own way to end this war."

I had moved to the front bench and my pen was out now—I would later verify what was being said from the transcript, but it had lost something by the time I read it coldly put down on paper. The words had special urgency spoken in voices furred with shyness and sleeplessness. But it was difficult to hear them in the spectators' part of the courtroom. Judy Collins, the archcommunicator, chatting with the judge, brought this up: "It's too bad there isn't a little better acoustical system, which I would always insist on if I were singing." I had learned that she had sat on the precinct steps after her release the night before and had rapped with policemen going off their shift. Now she asked the judge what he thought of those who acted from conscience—a question he deftly, politely deflected.

Others asked him to sign our petition, or to think of judges who had preserved their rectitude while Germany was pursuing covert genocide. He was inflexible but genial; and he had, after all, rejected the Government's request that our *nolo* pleas not be accepted. Judge Goodrich was a patently honorable man—and so are they all.

I scribbled as fast as I could. Maybe I could be the acoustical system Judy Collins wanted. These few tongues, in their unifying diversity, might have no effect—the tower might not fall—but the effort had to be made and recorded; and I have tried to put it down here. Judy ended her talk with the judge this way: "I would like to offer you my thanks, first of all. And, secondly, I would like to ask you to join us, because, perhaps, if you would join us, your court system can speed up and get on with the business that you should be involved with, and we can stop murdering babies, and women, and men. Thank you."

Then there was Patricia Simon, a gold-star mother, a schoolteacher with other children to raise, giving every spare moment to the son she can no longer care for: "I have spent enormous amounts of energy, time, money and health in protesting the death of my son, other American sons and the suffering and death of the Indo-Chinese people, in all the legal, nonviolent ways my imagination could produce." Has any other mother of a slain U. S. soldier gone voluntarily to jail to protest the war in which he fell?

There was nothing for me to write down as Joe Papp took his sentence, untheatrical to the end—it was two P.M., the time of that important meeting he had to get to. Only later did I find out what he missed. He was one of the recipients of New York State's award for cultural contribution, to be given in splendor by Nelson Rockefeller—another of society's honors for our honored company. But he was not there, he was with us in the courtroom. The medal was awarded *in absentia*, while he received our D. C. anti-award. His wife told New York's governor she had never been prouder of him. And so, without her right to be, was I. By God, I *did* go to jail with some beautiful people.

*"I'm the house dick!"*

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# TERRIBLE EVENTS *(continued from page 132)*

lay Santa Barbara, and past its palm-studded beach, the Pacific was molten in the setting sun.

Cyrus turned as his butler, Jonathan—black coat and black trousers, white shirt and green tie—came up the path from the garden, carrying a basket heaped with freshly cut snapdragons.

"My, those are beautiful, Jonathan."

"Aren't they, sir? I picked them for the rooms of our arriving guests."

Jonathan was a dignified, self-educated black of 60. He'd been the Fletchers' butler for five years. Not only was he superlative at his job but he was so deeply religious that he reveled in honesty. However, not the least of the reasons Cyrus had hired him away from a neighboring friend was that Jonathan was an avid bridge player and a very good one. The game didn't conflict with his religion so long as he didn't play for money; he'd won more than ten master points at his local bridge club. Although Cyrus had forever lost the friendship of his neighbor, he'd gained an ever-available fourth for bridge.

Jonathan frowned, puzzled. "I noticed that you renamed some of our roses, after bridge masters. But who are Andrew Holder and Margaret Mills?"

Cyrus laughed. "Our guests, Jonathan. Our two Life Masters, coming for the weekend. It's a little joke, to please them." He had started toward his house, with Jonathan walking beside him, and soon they mounted the 30 marble steps that led up to the long, balustraded terrace at the rear of the house. "We're going to have a veritable orgy, Jonathan. Bridge and bridge and more bridge, the whole weekend."

"I wish you luck, sir."

"Oh, we're sure to lose our shirts to them. But it'll be well worth it. Playing with these two is like taking lessons."

On the terrace, Jonathan went left as Cyrus strode right and entered his house, which was often described by Santa Barbarans as a kind of poor man's San Simeon, because something close to $6,000,000 had gone into it. Cyrus could easily have afforded more—he'd netted over $76,000,000 when he sold his interest in Fletcher Electronics and retired. But he and his wife were childless and seldom had more than four house guests, and so the house was more than adequate.

As he walked down the long, high hall, Cyrus paused at a pedestal on which was a marble bust of Thomas Edison and said to it, "I'm back, dear. I've prepared the rose walk, so come down to the study."

Hazel Fletcher's voice came from the base of the bust. "Oh, you didn't!" Both amusement and reproach were in Hazel's voice. "Oh, you *are* a nut."

Whistling gaily, Cyrus walked down the long hall toward his study. Suddenly, after glancing to see that none of his six house servants was about, he did a little dance step—two skips and a hop and a turn—while snapping his fingers and saying, "Whoopdeedoo!"

Hazel was right. Cyrus had always been something of a nut in anything he undertook. In the past five years, he'd become a bridge fanatic. He and Hazel now spent a good part of the year traveling from city to city while Cyrus competed with grimly dedicated intensity in one important bridge tournament after another.

When he wasn't playing bridge, Cyrus was studying it. He was a mathematics wizard with a devilishly ingenious mind, but because he was essentially a gambler, he was doomed to remain only a fairly successful player. Still, in the past few years, playing in countless tournaments with hired experts as partners, he'd slowly earned the 100 master points that qualified him as a Senior Master. Two hundred more points lay between his present rank and that of Life Master; these points and that exalted rank he pursued with the same relentlessness—it bordered on mania—that had made him a millionaire at 37.

Cyrus also loved rubber bridge and didn't care if he played for toothpicks or lost thousands, as long as it was a tough, tight, wit-sharpening battle.

In his huge, two-story study, Cyrus walked to a carved desk and pushed a rosette. A paneled wall slid open, revealing a 20-foot-wide electronic control center. Below four TV monitor screens were hundreds of buttons and switches and dials. These were unlabeled; only Cyrus, who had built the center with his own hands, really knew how everything worked. He pushed two red buttons and one white one and heard his own voice say: "Well, hello there, Andy and Margaret. I'm speaking to you from a distance of ten feet. Can you hear me?" The volume rose with: "Now I'm six feet from you and I can read your labels, and now I'm passing you and approaching Alfred Sheinwold."

As the playback continued, Hazel Fletcher came into the study and stood listening. She was white-haired and tall and handsome, with an easy, affectionate manner. The Fletchers had celebrated the 50th year of their happy marriage the week before.

It was a happy marriage because Hazel had made it so. When she first met and fell in love with Cyrus, he was an eccentric, indigent basement inventor, living on boiled potatoes and canned milk. Hazel had always yielded to his whims, put up with his eccentricities, boosted his ego, calmed his angers and urged him onward and upward. His hobbies—from bird watching to rock collecting to yacht racing to bugging every room in his vast house—became genuinely hers. Hazel loved bridge and, to please Cyrus, she'd won some master points of her own. But she was careful not to win too many, lest Cyrus realize she was actually a better player than he.

The recording finished. "Oh, Cyrus! You should be ashamed of yourself. Oh, you *are* a naughty boy!"

"Why? The whole damn house is bugged. Why not the rose walk? Of course, if Andy and Margaret were married, I could listen to them in their bedroom. With the rose walk covered, they have no hiding place."

She laughed and then grew serious. "I'm sorry, dear, but I still think you're dead wrong about Andy and Margaret. I simply can't *believe* they'd actually use any kind of deliberate cheating system. It just isn't *done* in high-level bridge. It's . . . almost *unthinkable*."

"I think it."

"But—but they'd each won a dozen tournaments before they even *met*—I mean, with lots of other partners. Besides, they're so good they don't *have* to cheat."

"I just have a damn good hunch they cheat—at least against us. It's—well, it's the way they stomp out their cigarettes, and stroke their chins, and tug at their ears, and clear their throats, and cross their legs. They're always . . . fidgeting. I think they're exchanging secret signals."

"Oh, rubbish, dear. They're nervous players, that's all. A lot of champions are constantly fidgeting. What's-his-name from Dallas is forever pushing his glasses up or taking them off and biting the earpiece, and that fat woman from the Midwest is always chewing one knuckle or another. You surely don't think *they're* cheating."

"Wouldn't surprise me at all. One thing I've learned in life is that nobody gets to the top without cheating. You show me a real winner and I'll show you a clever cheater, and that applies to politicians and businessmen and bridge champions."

"Cyrus, that's not *true*—not about bridge champions, anyway! It's utter nonsense! You're on your way to being a cynical old fool. I do love you, dear, but I'm afraid you're growing slightly dotty."

Cyrus smiled smugly and said, "We'll see who's dotty! We'll just find out who's an old fool!"

• • •

The shiny new Ferrari was approaching Santa Barbara. Andy had rented the car on a credit card to create an aura

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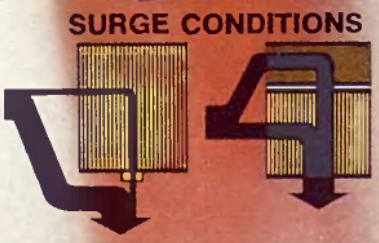


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of solvency for the benefit of the Fletchers, who would never play for stakes they thought others couldn't afford.

Andy and Margaret had become Life Masters without cheating. Even now, they played honestly in tournaments.

But for years, their only income had come from playing high-stake bridge against the wealthy. When they held fair cards, they could often win $1000 a week. But now and then, luck would run disastrously against them and they would sweat in helpless panic while their losses spiraled sickeningly upward.

It was only as insurance against these frightful, unaffordable financial disasters that they'd begun to cheat—just a little. At first—almost as a kind of lark—they merely assigned each of the four corners of the table to a suit. A flick of an eye toward a corner would indicate which suit to lead. As childishly simple as this was, it gave them a definite edge.

Andy and Margaret had no reason to think that anyone else in the world of high-level bridge deliberately cheated; they assumed that they alone had abandoned their self-respect by taking the shocking plunge into the icy waters of dishonesty. But after the first shock, they found them not unbearably cold and decided that as long as they'd gotten wet, they might as well swim around.

Describing their hands with normal bidding conventions had never presented great problems; their skill had made them Life Masters. But how to indicate a void or a singleton? Or even a vital ten-spot? How to call for that one killing lead? Above all, how to describe a hand that one hasn't been able to bid at all?

It was to exchange this kind of information that Andy and Margaret began assigning specific meanings to all the normal, unconscious movements and gestures common to all bridge players. And then, in order to avoid repetition, and thus possible detection, they introduced "variables," which gave every signal a completely different meaning.

Before long, their cheating system became so complex and contradictory that its mere comprehension would have boggled normal minds and its sheer retention would have staggered average memories.

They began to win far more and lose far less. But soon their success backfired. No one suspected them; it was just that their opponents grew weary of never being able to clobber them. Before long, Andy and Margaret found it increasingly difficult to find big-money games and, in order to keep on eating, they traveled farther and farther from their Los Angeles base and began to vampirize the larger tournaments, seeking out high-stake games in the hotel suites of the rich.

They had met Cyrus and Hazel in the bar of the Palmer House during the Summer Nationals in Chicago, in 1971. Andy had contrived a casual meeting with this well-known multimillionaire bridge nut, and within the hour, the four were playing for ten cents a point in the Fletchers' suite. By midnight, the older couple was down $1300.

Cyrus was a jovial loser and said that it was well worth it to be able to match wits with such brilliant players. He suggested a whole weekend of bridge in Santa Barbara, when they all returned to California.

Andy and Margaret greedily accepted. But then the Fletchers went off and traveled around most of the world, and it wasn't until December that Andy and Margaret received a firm invitation. By this time, their bank accounts were both down to two figures. Margaret was two months behind in her rent and Andy had eaten his way down to his canned spaghetti.

They drove high into the hills above Santa Barbara and at last they came to a high wire fence interrupted by two closed, scroll-patterned iron gates. A sign said, FLETCHER. Another sign, below it, read, DANGER! THIS GATE AND FENCE ARE ELECTRIFIED! DO NOT TOUCH! TO GAIN ADMITTANCE, PUSH BUTTON TO RIGHT OF GATES AND SPEAK INTO BOX.

"Jesus," Andy said. "The old bastard is really a nut."

A voice from a hidden speaker boomed: "Well, hello there! Welcome! Smile, now—you're on my candid TV monitor! My, what a lovely Ferrari! Tell me what you kids would like to drink. I make a mean martini!"

Andy called, "We love martinis, Cyrus!"

"They'll be ready when you get here. Come on in and up the drive to the house."

The gates swung open; Andy drove through and started up a winding road that hairpinned through a manicured park.

Andy said, "That reminds me. Jim Whosis—the fat one who plays that wild version of the Texas convention? He and his wife spent the weekend here once and he said he got the feeling the

*"And another thing about me, Miss Walker—I'm loyal."*

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whole damn house was bugged. So let's be careful. Not a word, inside the house. If we have to talk, we can always go for a walk in the garden."

Jonathan was standing outside as the Ferrari drove up to the front portico. While two Filipino houseboys opened the car doors and went off with the luggage, the butler introduced himself with a smile. "It's not too often we're honored with two Life Masters for the weekend."

A warm welcome awaited them in the study. As he poured the martinis, Cyrus asked Andy casually how things were going. Andy had a lovely lie ready, about a very rich old great-aunt of his who lived in North Carolina and had married into one of the big tobacco families. She had died and left him more than a little money, which is why he'd bought the new Ferrari. Also, he and Margaret could now afford to play for 25 cents a point, if the Fletchers felt like it.

Cyrus said that would be fine, took him over to show him the electronic panel and proudly told Andy some of the things it controlled. From here, Cyrus could turn all his sprinklers on and off, and add liquid fertilizer to the water, and empty and refill his swimming pool, and lock and unlock and open gates——

"Tell me," Andy interrupted, "is the front gate really electrified?"

"Yes, of course. Oh, it isn't *on*, if that's what you mean. The gate's always shut, but it can easily be opened by hand. I'm not about to electrocute little children who can't read, or even deer. The sign is just to scare away intruders." Cyrus smiled strangely. "But I *can* increase power to the electrocution level if the inevitable should happen in my lifetime."

"What inevitable?"

"The revolution," Cyrus said simply. "This will, of course, be one of the first places they'll march on."

"You're not serious."

"Of course I'm serious!" Cyrus studied him. "I see. You don't think it will ever happen in this country?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

The old man shrugged. "Welcome to the illustrious company of Louis the Sixteenth, George the Third, Charles the First, Czar Nicholas the Second, King Farouk and the emperor Maximilian. In their infinite wisdom, they knew for *sure* that the mobs would never dare attack the moneyed classes."

As if on cue, Jonathan came in and set down a silver tray with a silver tureen of crushed ice in which rested a crystal bowl containing two pounds of caviar. A pretty, uniformed maid named Martha followed him in with a tray of toast, chopped egg and minced onion.

"Help yourself," Cyrus said when the servants had left. "It's fresh. I have it flown in from Iran, via New York. It costs the earth, but then, I practically lived on boiled potatoes when I was young and I don't see why in hell I can't have as much fresh caviar as I want—at least until the damn mob starts surging up the hill with murder in their hearts."

Andy said dryly, "I'm afraid your gates and fence won't stop them for long."

"Oh, I know. But at least I can barbecue quite a few before they get in and slaughter the lot of us."

Dinner that night consisted of five magnificent courses and five wonderful wines. After dinner, the four walked down the hall to a small room that had been designed for just one quiet table of bridge. The carpet was thick and the chairs comfortable and the lighting perfect. A fire glowed. The only sound came from a little German clock that chimed the hours.

While Jonathan served coffee and brandy, new decks were broken and shuffled and cut, and 25 cents a point was agreed upon.

Cyrus cut high and dealt. Jonathan stood behind him, watching, as Cyrus opened with the stupendous bid of "Six hearts."

Margaret indicated by taking off an earring with her left hand and rubbing her ear lobe with her right that she had nothing but garbage. She passed.

"Seven hearts," Hazel said.

Andy passed. Eventually, Margaret led. Andy soon saw that Cyrus could make the hand only by executing a complex double squeeze against Andy, and he felt sure the old man wouldn't know how to do it. He was wrong.

"Brilliantly played," Jonathan said, after Cyrus had taken 13 tricks.

"Yes, it was, wasn't it?" Cyrus said, deservedly proud. The butler left and the game continued.

This grand slam was only the beginning. The Fletchers' cards were so magnificent they bid and made game after game, and when they didn't have a game, they had a slam.

Only three times in the first two hours did Andy and Margaret get enough cards to bid reasonable contracts. Three times they were doubled. Thanks to wildly improbable distribution, three times they were badly set. As the Fletchers' good luck continued, Andy and Margaret were helpless to stop the slaughter. They knew the exact content of each other's hands, but it wasn't worth knowing. Before long, they were down over $900 and were getting frightened.

Cyrus and Hazel prided themselves on playing correct bridge. They didn't discuss the hands in play, or chatter about other things, or hem or haw or smile or wince or groan. They even policed each other. At one point, Cyrus reprimanded Hazel for a "slow pass," which conveyed information. Later, she reproached him for using a tone of voice that implied that he wanted the contract left where he'd put it.

Occasionally, Hazel would ask her guests if they were warm enough, or if anyone wished a drink or candy or nuts. Cyrus coughed now and then when he smoked, and Hazel would beg him once again to stop smoking, reminding him that so-and-so among their friends had just developed emphysema or lung cancer. But except for such natural interruptions, the Fletchers played quietly.

By 11, Cyrus and Hazel had won eight straight rubbers and were $1400 ahead. But then their luck began to fade and good cards started coming to Andy and Margaret. Still, the hands weren't laydowns; every contract was a struggle to bid and make. A complete knowledge of each other's holdings was essential; but, happily, their system was working smoothly and secret information was flashing back and forth across the table like a message stream on a well-functioning Atlantic cable.

But Andy was growing more and more uncomfortable. Cyrus was an intense and attentive player, whose mind never left the game and whose eyes never roamed from the table. When it was his opponents' turn to bid or play, he turned to look at them and studied them with crafty eyes, as if hoping to sneak into their minds and learn their secrets. Andy was used to this; it didn't bother him when he was playing honest bridge. But now, feeling as guilty as he did, he became conscious of how the old man's eyes kept darting from Margaret to him. It seemed to Andy as if Cyrus were studying every movement and gesture, on the watch for secret signals.

As the play continued, Andy could almost hear him thinking: "Aha! Margaret flicked her cigarette ash three times. What does that mean? Aha! Andy just re-sorted his cards and crossed his legs! What is he telling her? Aha! Now Margaret has taken off her glasses and is rubbing her eyes! What secret information is she conveying now? Mmmmmm?"

The more he imagined Cyrus' speculations—if, indeed, he was imagining them—the more unnerved and the more self-conscious Andy became, and he began to sweat, and he wished he could tell Margaret to cut out all signals and simply play honest bridge. But there was no signal to call off signals. Andy resolved that he must invent one, and as he pondered about what it could be, he absently scratched his head behind his right ear. He was completely unaware he'd done it.

But to Margaret, at this point in the bidding, his head scratching clearly meant—in system Three-C—that Andy had top honors in diamonds. In truth,

*"But the patient enquirer can still find the occasional corner of the Orient where East meets West."*

he had no diamonds at all. Margaret went to two no-trump, which indicated beyond doubt to Andy that she had the diamonds stopped, and so he went to three no-trump, and Hazel doubled, and Margaret confidently redoubled, and Hazel was on lead and rattled off five diamond tricks and Cyrus later took two hearts and a club. Down four, redoubled and vulnerable. Two thousand two hundred points, or $550, for the Fletchers, who looked at these two Life Masters in disbelief.

As a pupil to a teacher, Cyrus asked Andy, "Tell me—how did that frightful debacle happen?"

Andy had no idea, but he said, "Well, when Margaret bid diamonds, I assumed that——"

"I never bid diamonds!" Margaret snapped.

"You didn't? My God, I must be losing my mind. I was sure you bid diamonds. Maybe I'm just getting tired."

"We're tired, too," Hazel said. "Let's just finish this rubber and call it a night. We're both vulnerable."

The really frightful disaster happened at midnight, during the same, long-fought rubber. Margaret had dealt, and as she arranged her cards, the little German clock began chiming slowly, but her mind was on her signals and by a series of gestures—she was still using Three-C—she told Andy that she held the ace of hearts and nothing else. She passed, and so did Hazel, and then Andy. Cyrus opened the bidding with two spades.

At midnight, this being now an even-numbered day, the system was supposed to shift to Two-D, in which every signal meant something else. Andy assumed that Margaret had heard the clock strike and had shifted, and in Two-D she'd informed him she had the two black kings. Andy held the singleton king of hearts, and the king and two little diamonds, and he signaled these facts to Margaret in Two-D. But, by coincidence, these same signals in Three-C meant that he held the ace of hearts; and, since she had it, she knew something was very wrong, indeed. She realized that Andy had switched to Two-D and so should she.

But as the Fletchers bid upward toward a probable slam, Andy realized it was impossible from their bidding that they lacked all four kings, and concluded that Margaret had not switched at midnight and was still in Three-C, which system he accordingly went back to; but now his Three-C signals meant nothing to her in Two-D, and so she logically changed back into Three-C just as Andy went back to Two-D, and complete confusion followed and fast degenerated into mutual panic and then into utter despair.

By the time Cyrus reached six spades, Andy was literally in such a sweat that he unbuttoned his shirt collar and loosened his tie, quite forgetting that this was a strong and overriding signal that meant to Margaret that he was suddenly moving into Four-A. She secretly thanked him for clarifying the situation, but Andy was in blissful ignorance and still in Two-D, and he signaled to her that he had no defense against the slam, but in Four-A he was telling her to double the contract, which she did. Cyrus thought for a long time and redoubled.

In Two-D, Andy signaled for any lead but hearts, but in Four-A, Margaret clearly read him for a lead of any ace she might have, and so she led the ace of hearts and Andy's lone king fell under it, which set up all the rest of the hearts for Cyrus and he made his slam with no trouble at all.

"That was a terrible redouble," Hazel told him. "If the king of hearts doesn't happen to fall under the ace, you're down."

Cyrus chortled. "So call the police!"

As Andy watched Cyrus total the score, he realized that this last hand alone had cost them $380, and he wished he could leap across the table and choke Margaret to death. For her part, Margaret wished she had a sharp cleaver and a solid hour in which to hack Andy into little bloody bits. But they merely exchanged tired smiles.

"Ah, well," Andy sighed. "These things do happen."

"One gets used to them," Margaret said pleasantly.

Hazel said, "I think it's perfectly wonderful—how sweet you are to each other. If I'd ever dropped Cyrus' king like that, he'd murder me."

Cyrus tried not to gloat as he announced the total score. "I'm afraid you two young people are down two thousand four hundred and sixty dollars."

Margaret was afraid for a moment she would be sick.

Andy managed a laugh. "We'll win it back."

Cyrus said, "I'm sure you will and I hope you do."

Andy and Margaret said good night to

*"No, thank you, nice man, I don't want to go for a ride in your car. Why don't we just go up to my place and ball?"*

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the Fletchers in the hall, at the foot of the main staircase, and waved and smiled as they went up; but when they reached the upper hall and were out of sight, Margaret grabbed Andy's arm and her eyes flashed hatred and she whispered into his face, "You idiot! You moron! You stupid shithead!"

Andy clapped a hand over her mouth and pointed with his free hand to his ears and then to their surroundings.

Downstairs, Cyrus had scurried into his study and flicked some switches. Andy and Margaret soon appeared on a TV monitor and their voices came clearly over a speaker as they walked down the upper hall toward their rooms.

"Well, that wasn't too successful an evening," Andy said.

"Well, sometimes it's just not one's night," Margaret said.

Hazel walked into the study to hear this.

"I'm sorry about that king of hearts," Andy said.

"I'm sorry I led the ace. It was all my fault, sweetie."

When Margaret had gone into her bedroom and Andy continued down the hall toward his, Hazel said, "Admit it, Cyrus. Admit you were wrong. They don't cheat. They never did."

"What makes you so sure?" Cyrus asked, narrow-eyed.

Hazel indicated the monitor. "Well, those two certainly didn't sound like cheaters."

"They could suspect the house is bugged."

"Perhaps. But surely, if they were exchanging signals, they'd never have got to that disastrous three no-trump and his king would never have fallen under her ace."

"I think they just got their signals crossed."

"Oh, Cyrus! These two supposed cheaters lost nearly twenty-five hundred dollars tonight! What will it take to get you to admit you're wrong?"

"A little private conversation down on the rose walk."

• • •

Saturday the sky was black with clouds, but there was a soft breeze from the Pacific and Jonathan went about turning on lamps and opening windows to air the rooms. Cyrus found him in the study.

"Good morning, Jonathan. I have to call New York after breakfast. Will you make a point of reminding me?"

At 8:30, Andy and Margaret came down separately and joined Hazel and Cyrus for breakfast, which was served in a glassed-in porch overlooking the garden. The meal was a breakfast lover's dream, with fruits and cheeses and small steaks and lamb chops and kidneys and eggs and pancakes and bacon and sausages.

When they'd finished their coffee, Hazel excused herself until ten o'clock to tend to chores. Andy said that he and Margaret were going for a stroll in the garden. Cyrus said he'd go with them, because he had something to show them down on the rose walk. Andy said that would be nice. How could he say that he and Margaret *had* to have a talk?

But then Jonathan came in and said, "Sir, you asked me to remind you to call New York."

To his relieved guests, Cyrus said, "I'm sorry. It's business. You'll have to take your walk alone. But come here." He took them to the windows overlooking the garden. "See those tall poplars? Directly under them is my rose walk. I'm an amateur rose breeder, you see, and I like to name my new varieties after . . . certain people. Study the labels. You'll be in for a little surprise."

In his study, with the door closed, Cyrus said to his wife, "They're on their way to the rose walk! Soon, we shall hear what we shall hear!" He chuckled as he pushed some buttons on the panel. From a speaker came the chirping of birds.

Hazel smiled. "Cyrus, I'll bet you a thousand dollars of my own money that you'll be proven wrong."

"You're on!"

Andy and Margaret didn't speak till they reached the reflecting pool, some 70 yards from the house. Andy said, "Let's go down to his rose walk and look at his goddamn labels."

They went down some steps and were soon under the poplars and at the top of the rose walk.

In the study, Cyrus and Hazel could hear their approaching footsteps. Grinning, Cyrus pushed a button and started a tape recorder.

"'Charles H. Goren,'" they heard Andy say.

"'Ely Culbertson,'" Margaret read aloud. "Oh, I see. He names his roses after bridge masters."

"*Now* we can talk," Andy said and grew furious. "Why in hell, for Christ's sake, didn't you change to Two-D at midnight?"

"Why did you tell me you had diamonds stopped?"

"I didn't tell you I had diamonds stopped!"

"You did, you did, you did! You scratched your head behind your right ear!"

"Oh. Well, I didn't mean to!"

"You didn't mean to! Christ!"

In the study, Hazel was looking at Cyrus, aghast. She put a hand over her eyes. "Oh, dear Lord."

"Who is an old fool, Hazel dear? Who is growing slightly dotty? Who owes whom a thousand dollars? Mmmmm?"

"Oh, be quiet and listen."

Soon, Margaret and Andy left vituperation behind and tried to figure out what had gone wrong, and as they paced up and down the rose walk, they discussed a dozen or so gestures and what each meant. Every word came over the speaker in the study.

"Heh-heh-heh!" Cyrus gloated. "Hee-hee-hee!"

"Oh, look," Margaret said. "'Andrew Holden' and 'Margaret Mills'! Cyrus has named two roses for us."

"Bully for Cyrus."

"That must be the surprise he mentioned."

"Yeah. Well, let's go back and try to win a little something for a change."

As their voices and footsteps faded, Cyrus stopped the recording and continued to cackle in gleeful triumph. "Heh-heh-heh! So nobody cheats at bridge, do they? Hee-hee-hee!"

"Oh, do stop it, dear. You sound like that villain in that silly movie about the auto race."

"Like Jack Lemmon? Well, maybe I do. Heh-heh-heh! So it's unthinkable, is it?"

When Andy and Margaret came up the steps from the garden to the terrace, Cyrus was waiting for them.

"How was your walk?"

"Delightful," Andy said.

Margaret took Cyrus' hand. "How sweet of you, to name roses after us. What a nice surprise!"

"Come with me to my study. I've another surprise."

As the three entered the study, Hazel said, "Come and sit on the sofa next to me, Margaret."

"Make yourself comfortable, Andy," Cyrus said. Andy sat.

Margaret asked, "What's the surprise?"

Cyrus paused and lit a cigarette and sat on the edge of his desk and finally said, "We know that you two cheat at bridge. I mean, that you *really* cheat."

Adrenaline started pumping.

"We *what*!?" Margaret cried in genuine shock and horror.

Andy rose and his face was red and he blustered: "You'd better be careful with that kind of reckless and irresponsible talk, Cyrus. That's a frightful accusation, and——"

"Do you deny it?" Cyrus demanded.

"Deny it!" Andy shouted. "Of course we deny it! It's——"

"Oh, shut up!" Cyrus snapped. "Do you think I'm an idiot?" He pushed a button on his control panel and they all heard:

> MARGARET: You signaled in Four-A that you wanted me to lead any ace I had—I mean, you cleared your throat once and ran the fingers of your left hand through the little hair you have left, and——
>
> ANDY: I was telling you in Two-D not to lead a heart!

As the playback continued to reveal more sickening secrets, Margaret first

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*"I once saw a guy do that in an act in Tijuana."*

glanced about for an escape route, and then began to cry, helplessly. Hazel slipped an arm around her.

As he listened, Andy's blood pressure rose and his anger grew as he realized the enormity of Cyrus' perfidious plot, and he wanted to strangle this old man, here and now. But he finally managed to control himself and he smiled and laughed and waved and said, "That's enough! Turn the damn thing off!"

Cyrus did and studied Andy.

"All right, you sly old fox," Andy said. "You caught us, dead to rights. I compliment you. I really do. You're the only one who's ever even suspected us. And now you've got the goods on us." He smiled again, engagingly. "Congratulations."

Cyrus beamed and said, "Well, I did go to a great deal of trouble."

Although the tension in the room had eased, Margaret looked anxiously at Andy, as if asking: What's going to happen to us now?

Andy had something in mind, but he hesitated, shrinking from the horrendous slander he was about to utter. Finally, he said, "You sure did. And of course, if you ever wanted to go to a great deal *more* trouble, you could probably expose the others."

Hazel frowned. "What . . . others?"

Andy swallowed and forced himself, and then shrugged. "Nearly every great bridge champion—past and present—you could name. They all cheat like crazy. They're forever conveying information by secret signals."

Hazel leaned forward, her eyes wide. "Are you *serious*, Andy?"

"Certainly I'm serious. All the top people in bridge know it, but they're afraid to blow the whistle, because if one falls, they'll all fall, and there goes the contract-bridge business, which brings in a hundred million a year."

"I knew it!" Cyrus cried joyously. "I knew it all along!"

Margaret had recovered enough to join the act. "Oh, yes. The big problem is to keep it from the public."

Hazel said, "Why, that's the most shocking thing I've ever heard."

Andy nodded. "I was shocked, too, when I first learned of it."

Margaret contributed: "The Culbertsons, of course, were the first, and the worst."

"The Culbertsons, too?" Cyrus asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes," Andy said. "As a matter of fact, old Ely is supposed to have left the details of his cheating system in a safe-deposit box—not to be opened until fifty years after his death."

Cyrus chuckled happily. "Let's have some champagne."

"I could sure use some," Andy said. He was sweating and his stomach was churning. Not even he could take these lies about his revered heroes in stride.

Cyrus pushed a button on his desk, and then said, almost proudly, "Hazel and I cheat, too, of course."

Andy and Margaret stared at him incredulously.

"But it's quite childish, compared with your system. When Hazel asks if anyone wants a drink, the D in drink means diamonds. She has a good diamond suit, or she wants a diamond lead. If she says, 'Something to drink,' the S refers to spades. 'Candy,' of course, means clubs, and 'How about something to drink?' means hearts."

"That's very clever," Margaret said, still shocked.

"And when I cough and Hazel tells me so-and-so has developed emphysema or something, the number of syllables in so-and-so's name, plus its initial letter, plus where he's supposed to live—all these put together tell me a good deal about her hand. Where's that butler?"

"Probably out picking flowers, dear. Try the pantry direct."

Cyrus pushed a button and a voice said, "Pantry, sir. Martha here."

"Martha, I can't seem to locate Jonathan, and I'd like two bottles of champagne in the bridge room and some of that Scottish smoked salmon. Right away." He turned to his guests. "I was pretty damn sure back in Chicago that you were cheating, but I had to prove it to myself and to Hazel."

Cyrus continued, "Because only then could I make you a certain proposition, which is this: I'll pay each of you twenty thousand a year, plus all your expenses, and in return for this, you'll teach us your system. When we've mastered it and are finally on the same level as all these champions who constantly cheat, the four of us will sally forth to the big tournaments, and Andy and I will play together in the men's pairs, and Margaret and I in the mixed pairs, and Hazel will play with you, too. And we'll win masses and masses of master points." He paused. "Well, what do you say?"

"I'm agreeable," Andy said quickly.

"So am I," Margaret said.

"It's a deal, then," Cyrus said and added, almost pitifully, "I have so little time, you see. I must become a Life Master fairly soon. Do you understand?"

"You'll be a Life Master next year," Andy said.

"Shall we go have some champagne?" Hazel asked them. "And we can play some bridge."

As the four left the room, Cyrus said to Andy, "By the way, your loss of last night doesn't count. From now on, we won't play for money."

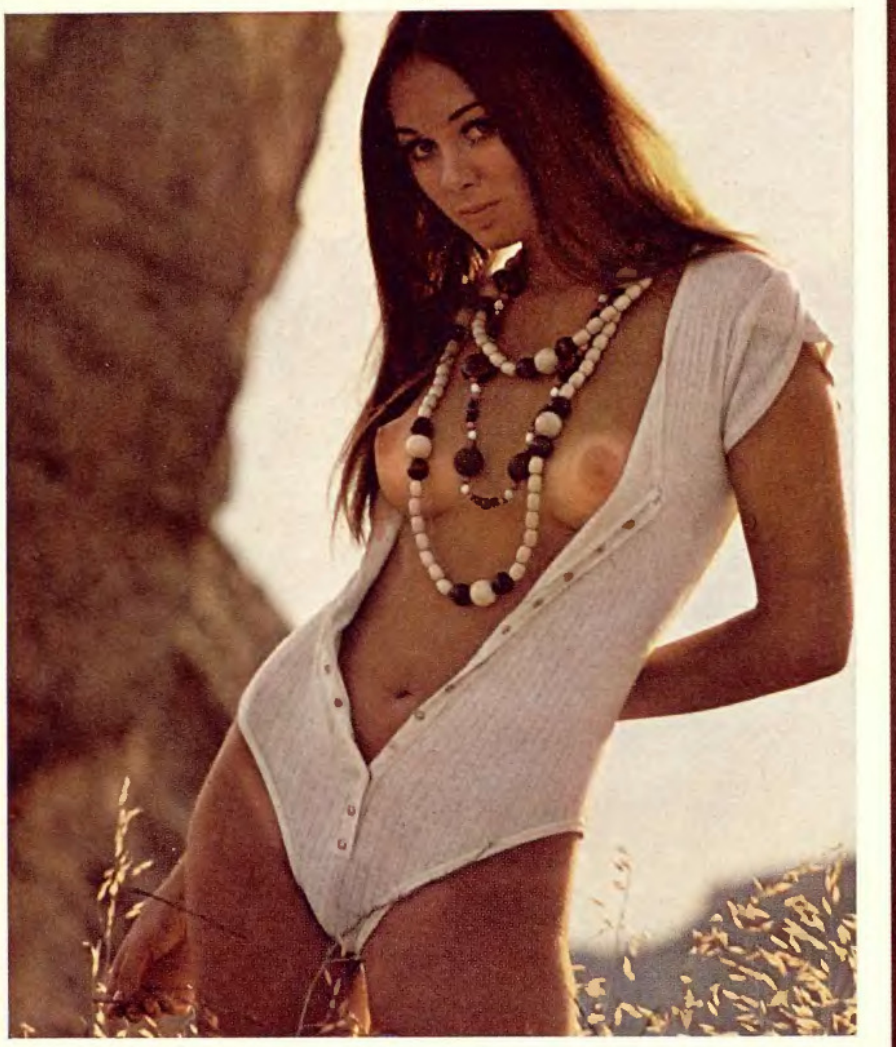
As he followed Cyrus down the hall, Andy thought that this had turned out to be the best of all possible worlds.

The champagne was already in the bridge room in two wine coolers, beside a platter of smoked salmon and slices of buttered brown bread. The room was dark, but Hazel flicked on all the lights and touched a match to a newly laid fire. "That'll make things a little cozier," she said.

Cyrus had opened the champagne and filled the glasses, which were now lifted and clinked all round.

"To the successful future of the four of us," Cyrus said.

Jonathan walked into the room and



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stood, just inside the door. He wore a gray suit and had a black raincoat over an arm.

Cyrus finally noticed him. "Jonathan? Where've you been?"

"Packing, sir."

Now they saw how he was dressed. Hazel frowned. "Packing? Packing what?"

"My things," Jonathan answered and stood proud. "I'm leaving your employ, Mrs. Fletcher."

"Leaving?" Cyrus looked annoyed. "Why? What's all this about?"

The butler stood, hesitating. No one spoke as he advanced toward the champagne drinkers. He stopped and suddenly raised both hands and stretched out ten fingers accusingly, and his neck muscles tightened and he shouted: "You four are a stench in the nostrils of contract bridge!

"Yesterday, when I noticed that Mr. Fletcher had renamed some of our roses, I saw that there were little microphones on every new label. And while I'm quite used to living in a house where every room is bugged, I wondered what he wanted to overhear on the rose walk, and why."

He paced, back and forth. Andy and Margaret exchanged frightened glances.

"This morning, when I reminded him to call New York, I heard him direct our guests to the rose walk. Why is this? I thought. And why did Mr. Fletcher not call New York? Naturally, I was curious, and so I later stationed myself just outside the open window of the study, where I learned that our guests—these two honored Life Masters—that they cheated! Cheated!" Jonathan's voice lowered to a whisper. "I have never in my entire life been so shocked and so horrified!" He went back to his normal voice. "But I knew—or at least I assumed—that Mr. Fletcher was going to expose these two despicable pieces of scum to the world and punish them." He paused, dramatically. "But what did I hear, instead? What did I *hear*?"

"That's enough, Jonathan," Cyrus said severely.

"It is *not* enough!" the butler insisted loudly. "I then heard this Life Master here utter the most terrible, the most frightful *lies* about our great bridge masters! And then, I heard——"

"That is enough!" Cyrus shouted. "Be quiet! Whatever we four might do is absolutely no business of yours!"

"No business of mine!" Jonathan cried angrily. "I'm a member of the American Contract Bridge League! I'm the chairman of the ethics committee of my bridge club! It's my business to expose people like you and drive them out of the game!" More quietly, he continued, "I am a close friend of Mr. Jenkins, the club's director. I've taken the tape recording from the control center, and I'll play it for Mr. Jenkins, and he will send it on to our national headquarters. And you will never be allowed to play tournament bridge again. Never, so long as you live!" He walked to the door, stopped and turned back. "Also, as I'm sure you realize, it won't be long before the truth leaks out to the entire bridge world. You four will be scorned and shunned by decent people for all time."

Jonathan hurried from the room.

"Oh, my God!" Andy moaned. "Cyrus, you've got to *do* something!"

"Yes!" Hazel said. "Go after him, Cyrus. Talk some sense into him! Plead with him. He's been a close friend to us for five years!"

Cyrus nodded and started off, but stopped and turned to Andy. "One thing. I've got to be sure of my ground. *Were* you lying, about the champions' cheating?"

"Yes! Yes! It was the only way we could get out of it!"

Cyrus looked at him with contempt for a second, and then strode from the room.

In the front driveway, Jonathan was opening the door of his Toyota as Cyrus hurried up to him. The back seat of the car was piled with suitcases.

"Jonathan—wait. We've got to have a talk."

"There is nothing to discuss, Mr. Fletcher."

"There most certainly is. You claim to be an honest man. But that tape you stole is my property! If you take it from this house, you'll be a thief. A thief, Jonathan—pure and simple."

The butler hesitated and thought and seemed ashamed. He brought the reel of tape from his pocket and handed it to Cyrus. "I won't need it, really. I have a perfect memory of what I heard. Mr. Jenkins will, I know, believe me, and national headquarters will believe him." He started to get into his car.

Cyrus stopped him with a hand and said emotionally, "Jonathan, you can't do this to Mrs. Fletcher and myself. It's been five years. We've paid you handsomely, we've treated you well. We—we've loved you. Have you—no affection for us? No loyalty to us?" The old man pleaded with his eyes. "I will give you my solemn word that none of the four of us will ever play tournament bridge again. But please—don't expose us. Think of the shame it will bring upon us."

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"Please, Jonathan!" There were tears in the old man's eyes. "Have pity on us. Your Lord Jesus was capable of pity. He even forgave the men who crucified him. I beg you to have pity, Jonathan."

Firmly, the butler said, "My Lord Jesus

drove the corrupt and venal money-changers from the temple. My Lord Jesus tells me you *deserve* to be shamed for your sins." He broke away from Cyrus' grip and got into his car.

Cyrus held the door open. "You must know, Jonathan, what every church in the world knows. It takes money to fight the Devil. I will make you a present. I will give you a million dollars. Use it in God's work."

Jonathan looked at him pityingly. "I'm sorry, sir. I must do what I must do." Jonathan drove off, down the long winding driveway toward the gate and the road to Santa Barbara.

Cyrus looked after him, then turned and hurried into his house, and went to his study for a moment. In the bridge room, the three waited anxiously until he came into the room. He smiled. "It's all right." He brought out the tape. "I have the tape and his promise of silence."

"But how?" Andy asked.

"I promised to give him a million dollars, to be used for religious purposes."

"Phew!" Andy wiped the sweat from his forehead and his neck. "Well, I thank you, Cyrus. Very much, indeed."

Hazel said, "I didn't think that Jonathan could ever be bought."

"I didn't buy *him* off, really. I just convinced him that the million dollars could fight more sin than merely turning us in would."

"How wonderfully clever of you," Margaret said.

"Can we still play bridge?" Andy asked.

"Yes," Cyrus said. "But we will never cheat. I gave him my word." He smiled. "Let's have some more champagne and play a little honest bridge. Eh?"

As he walked over to the side table, the lights in the room suddenly dimmed, almost to darkness. Cyrus stopped short and winced and shut his eyes tightly. In a few seconds, the lights grew bright again.

"What do you think caused that?" Hazel asked him.

He shrugged and poured himself some champagne. "Oh, some temporary malfunction. A short somewhere. Jonathan must have touched something he shouldn't have." Cyrus added quickly, "I mean—he may well have accidentally flicked some switch when he was removing the tape." He put a slice of salmon on some bread. "He never has really learned how that control panel works."

At the bridge table, Andy spread the deck. "Shall we cut for deal?"

"By all means," Cyrus said. "By the way, my proposition to you two still goes. We just play honest bridge, that's all."

This is, *indeed*, Andy thought, the best of all possible worlds.

The maid came into the room and spoke to Cyrus. "Sir, Jonathan is wanted on the phone, but I can't find him in the house."

"Who wants him?" Cyrus asked.

"A Mr. Jenkins, sir."

"Oh?" Cyrus frowned. "I'll take it here, Martha." The maid left the room as Cyrus walked over and picked up the receiver. "Hello? Mr. Jenkins? This is Cyrus Fletcher. Jonathan drove off about ten minutes ago. Can I be of any help to you?" There was a long silence on the line. "Mr. Jenkins?"

In a moment, an embarrassed voice said, "Well, I—that is, I'm sorry, but I —I'm afraid you're the very last person in the world I want to talk to, Mr. Fletcher—I mean, after all the details of —well, put bluntly, after all the pretty sickening things Jonathan told me on the phone a little while ago. I only called to tell him not to come to the club but to my home, where I have a machine to play the tape he's bringing me. But I'll wait for him here at the club. I'm sure he'll be along any minute." There was a click.

After a long moment, Cyrus replaced the receiver and stared, slack-mouthed, into space.


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## Suicide

*(continued from page 150)*

confidentiality when physicians and psychiatrists reveal a patient's suicidal feelings to his family and commit him involuntarily to a mental hospital. He furthermore insists that most so-called mental illnesses that lead to suicide are not medical problems at all but simply ways of behaving that others happen not to like. And, as he wrote in *The Antioch Review*, "By persisting in treating desires as diseases, we only end up treating man as a slave."

We seem, then, no further along in this argument than the classical philosophers: the Stoics claiming suicide as every man's right, while Aristotelians insisted it was an act against the state and God.

But it is not really difficult to divide those suicides in which society has no place from those in which it does. In the first category, society is simply given no choice in the matter. One group of people who fascinate psychologists are the successful men who, on observing an apparent decline in their physical or mental abilities, commit suicide, as if to die as they've lived, in full charge of their own destinies. The suicides of a number of physicians—a profession with an unusually high suicide rate—fall into this category. One can easily go along with Szasz in feeling that to try to prevent the suicides of such men would be to deny their right to their most deeply held values. But this is conceding very little, since the prevention of such a man's suicide is practically impossible. He seldom seeks help, gives direct hints of his intention or fails in his plan.

Dr. George E. Murphy of the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis reported to the 1971 Summer Institute in Suicidology that "clinical studies find that more than 90 percent of suicides are clinically ill in a psychiatric sense." Such post-mortem diagnoses are established not through séances but through attempts to reconstruct the character of the deceased by studying all available evidence and records and by interviewing those who knew him best. Surveying 134 consecutive suicides in a metropolitan area, psychiatrist Eli Robins judged 95 percent of them psychiatrically ill. Most American physicians would agree with these findings; according to *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, "The contemporary physician sees suicide as a manifestation of emotional illness. Rarely does he view it in a context other than that of psychiatry."

But it is hard to favor a right to suicide for someone who has been hearing God's voice telling him that he's needed in heaven, or who is convinced that only leaping from a window will spare his family further persecution by Martian secret agents, or who, for no comprehensible reason, suddenly concludes that there is no point in dressing, eating, bathing, sleeping or speaking—since he is dead already and all that remains to be done is to walk in front of a truck in order to get buried. Such psychotic states of mind are to be found in only about 15 percent of those suicides held to be psychiatrically ill. Another 25 percent are diagnosed as suffering from chronic alcoholism—a serious enough condition but one so resistant to medical cures that one is strongly tempted to agree with Szasz that it might not be a medical problem at all. To think of alcoholism as a condition that *leads* to suicide is actually to play with words, since in every practical sense it is a *form* of suicide—albeit a slow one—in itself. "The alcoholic," psychiatrist Myron Pulier has written, "is a man consciously choosing to remove himself from life through turning off a great portion of his mind. That somewhere along the line he might choose pills or a gun to turn off the rest could fall under the heading of sane, though tragic, human choice."

Similarly, another 50 percent or more of suicides have been diagnosed as suffering from "depressive illness." Depressive illness involves not only feelings of helplessness, hopelessness and worthlessness but a loss of interest in food, sex, work, friends and everything else that normally makes life worth living. It has clear physical symptoms as well: extraordinary fatigue, agonizingly disturbed sleep patterns—particularly early-morning insomnia—and an inability or unwillingness to eat. It is, of all psychiatric conditions, the most likely to be associated with suicide.

But exactly what depression is—or whether it is one condition or 100—remains unknown. Many physicians, such as Dr. Ari Kiev of Cornell University Medical Center, hold that "a large proportion of depressive disorders begin as yet unknown physical changes in the nervous system." The causes of depression, they believe, are for the most part physical, and they therefore pin their hopes for cure on drug therapies of constantly evolving types.

Dr. Kiev argues, in fact, that psychotherapy is very poor treatment for anyone either threatening suicide or having attempted it. He has noted that of a series of 158 suicide attempters seen in his Cornell Program in Social Psychiatry, 91 had been in psychiatric treatment at the time of the attempt. He argues that "the model of psychotherapy which emphasizes the patient's responsibility for his difficulties tends to heighten guilt and a sense of hopelessness in suicide-prone patients."

Drugs, however, have not proved to be miracle cures for all or even most depressions, and depressions are among the most common disorders of mankind. The difficulty in dealing not only with suicide but with all aspects of depression, says Shneidman, is that "the history of paresis has mucked up the field. People in tertiary syphilis acted crazy and it turned out that there was a spirochete responsible for it. So ever since, we've been looking for the spirochete for all other mental states, and there just doesn't seem to be a spirochete making us feel that life is shitty."

Shneidman would therefore argue that suicides are psychotic and in need of medical treatment in only a few cases. But he and most other suicidologists tend to justify intervention by claiming that no man totally knows his own mind. Along with a desire to die, they believe, there is always a desire to live. Shneidman is particularly fond of Harvard psychologist Henry Murray's model of the mind as a parliament of opposing views, in clamorous dispute on every conceivable action. No matter what a man decides at any given moment, the vote might well go differently later, unless his decision is to die. The point of suicide prevention is to keep him alive until those drives Freud called the life instinct overcome—as in time they generally do—those drives that aim toward death. As long as the congress of the mind is still debating the question, suicidologists argue, it should not be allowed to adjourn permanently.

This logic adds that one can seldom do much harm in preventing a suicide, for the option to die will usually revert to the individual very quickly. The true question, a young psychiatrist recently suggested, "isn't whether we should prevent suicides but whether we *can* prevent them. I had a schizophrenic patient in treatment for two and a half months and I didn't get the first clue that he was suicidal. He slit his throat. It's not that easy to know, and when you do know, it's often impossible to prevent it. Thousands of people kill themselves in mental hospitals. I know of one who killed himself by hooking his strait jacket to his cot and throwing himself to the floor until he broke his neck. And one of the classical patterns of suicide is for a patient to be discharged by the mental hospital as out of danger and then to kill himself the next day."

In any attempt to understand suicide and suicidal behavior, it is crucial to distinguish between a real attempt and a mere gesture. Many who try suicide don't have dying as their primary purpose at all. A 30-year-old woman

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recently described her suicide attempt of only a few weeks earlier. After years of neurotic problems and suicidal fantasies, she had experienced a wild paranoid reaction to an antituberculosis drug. Correctly guessing the cause of the agitation (such drugs have been found to exacerbate mental disturbance), she left a "very hysterical" request with her doctor's answering service that he call her immediately. She had several drinks in an effort to calm herself, but the alcohol only disturbed her more. When the doctor had not called at one A.M., she wrote a suicide note addressed to the county medical society, accusing her doctor of prescribing the drug "despite the fact that he knew I had emotional problems and that this drug might make me suicidal." She then proceeded to take everything she could find in her medicine cabinet, including 30 or so barbiturate capsules.

"I wasn't thinking about life or death or anything like that," she says. "I was just out to get that goddamned doctor, and maybe make my ex-old man feel bad in the bargain. It was pure dumb luck that it didn't kill me. My brother has a key to the apartment and, without telling me, he'd decided to come in for the weekend from school. He called the police and an ambulance, the fire department, everybody. I was in the hospital in a coma for four days. And now . . . well, I'm glad to be alive, anyway. I don't think I'm suicidal anymore—at least not at the moment. Maybe I had to go through something like this to get it out of my system. But I sure don't think killing myself is the best way of getting even with that son-of-a-bitch doctor. He never did call. I'm in therapy, working on all that hostility. You know, that's what all suicide is, anger at someone you can't really attack, so you attack yourself instead . . . so saith my shrink."

Her shrink is, of course, taking the classic psychoanalytic view—developed by Freud and expanded by Karl Menninger in *Man Against Himself*—that suicide is actually a form of aggression, a drive to murder someone else that has been turned inward. Analysts can back up this theory with such case histories as "the wife who showed her disdain by taking barbiturates, permitting her husband to make love to her and then letting him wake up in bed with a corpse" or "the guy who just disappeared while on a camping trip with his wife; no note, nothing . . . it took them years to find his body . . . that showed her" or "the kid who killed himself by jumping off the roof of the restaurant where his father had breakfast every morning, just as the old man was coming out the door." It is typical for a teenaged boy who kills himself to use his father's gun while his parents are in the next room.

Children who feel unloved often think that by punishing themselves they can make their parents love them. Similarly, many grown-up suicides mean to show a withholding parent or a faithless lover or ungrateful children "what they've done to me." People who think this way somehow ignore the fact that if the plan is successful, they won't be around to appreciate the other's remorse. But very often the assumption appears to be that, despite what they might do to themselves, they won't actually cease to exist. Freud pointed out that "in the unconscious, every one of us is convinced of his own immortality."

A great many suicidal people are so torn between the wish to die and the wish not to die that they put the choice in the hands of fate or a potential rescuer. It is often difficult to know whether or not a person who died in a suicide attempt hoped to be saved. Something of a literary battle is now raging about the death of Miss Plath, who asphyxiated herself. On one side is her friend the British poet and critic A. Alvarez, who insists that her suicide was a " 'cry for help' which fatally misfired. But it was also a last desperate attempt to exorcise the death she had summoned up in her poems." Alvarez supports his argument with the fact that after getting sedatives from her doctor for her depression, she had written to a psychiatrist about entering treatment, but his letter agreeing to help her was somehow delayed and arrived after her death. Further, Alvarez points out, she had hired a new mother's helper, and if the girl had managed to enter the apartment or rouse a neighbor at the time she was scheduled to arrive, Miss Plath would undoubtedly have been saved. Next to her body was a note saying, "Please call Dr. ----."

On the other side of the argument is her husband, Ted Hughes, also a poet. Hughes is certain that Miss Plath—who had been obsessed for years with the death of her father, had attempted suicide once before and wrote about the attempt in her novel *The Bell Jar*—intended this one to work.

In any case, her death was one of the factors that moved Alvarez to write *The Savage God*, the most thoughtful contemporary work on suicide since Camus's *The Myth of Sisyphus*. In it, he notes a sharp increase in self-inflicted death among modern artists and writers and suggests that the cause may lie in the widespread collapse of religious beliefs. While for some it is exhilarating and liberating to think of man as alone in the universe, free to create his own values out of his own mind and heart, Alvarez

claims that for many, the overthrow of traditional beliefs has left a void in which life seems futile and incoherent and death absurd. Some of our best artists have tried to confront this loss of values directly in their work and, Alvarez maintains, it has killed them:

> For the artist himself art is not necessarily therapeutic; he is not automatically relieved of his fantasies by expressing them. Instead, by some perverse logic of creation, the act of formal expression may make the dredged-up material more readily available to him. The result of handling it in his work may well be that he finds himself living it out. For the artist, in short, nature often imitates art. Or, to change the cliché, when an artist holds up a mirror to nature, he finds out who and what he is; but the knowledge may change him irredeemably so that he becomes that image.

Pursuing his thesis that Miss Plath's death was a mistake or a gamble, Alvarez maintains that though her art may have provoked her suicide, the act was not the inevitable result of her poetic themes: "Yet her actual suicide . . . adds nothing to her work and proves nothing about it. It was simply a risk she took in handling such volatile material."

When, as in the Plath case, a suicide is successful, it is, of course, impossible to determine whether or not the victim meant to accomplish it. One group of Los Angeles physicians, reporting on suicide attempts that failed, estimated that only 36 percent of the males and 27 percent of the females had *really* wished to die; 23 percent of the males and 19 percent of the females appeared to be leaving survival up to chance. And 25 percent of the males and 40 percent of the females appeared definitely to be expecting to be saved.

Those who expect to live or leave it to chance tend to be radically different in psychological make-up from those expecting to die. They are attempting to affect life and, usually, to communicate with specific people around them. These attempts are, in a sense, blackmail; but they are also final desperate cries for help. By taking an overdose of slow-acting barbiturates several hours before her husband returns from work, a woman is trying to tell him that she is suffering. She's telling it in as forceful a manner as she knows how.

But suicide attempts as a means of improving one's life all too frequently go wrong. Many suicidal people appear to have an almost magical conviction that some particular person (often, but not always, the one who is causing them the deepest pain) will prove to be their rescuer. Unfortunately, faith in rescuers is sometimes misplaced. Psychiatrist Robert E. Litman writes of "a husband who came home at three A.M. to find his wife unconscious, an empty sleeping-pill container in the wastepaper basket and on the table a note, 'Wake me if you love me.' He threw the note down and left. She died."

Rescuers don't always get the message, because most suicidal communications are vague. "He called me up at two in the morning," a young woman said about her ex-boyfriend. "I just couldn't find out what he wanted. He made no sense. He told me that he used to love me but that it wasn't important anymore. Weird. But he'd acted peculiarly in the past, too. That's why I broke up with him. So I told him to go to sleep. The doctor says that he'd already taken the pills. I think he expected me to rush over there." The rescuer, oblivious to the drama in which he has been cast, can easily miss his cue.

Perhaps the most important discovery of the modern study of suicide is that all suicidal communications are serious. Whether the message comes in direct statements, such as, "If you leave me, I'm going to jump out the window," or in indirect ones, such as, "My family will be better off without me," or even in


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nonverbal clues such as obvious attempts to wind up one's affairs or give away one's dearest possessions, it is always a call for help, and a desperate one. Despite the myth that people who threaten suicide never do it, suicidologists insist that the vast majority of suicides do, indeed, communicate their intentions to someone.

It has often been noted, however, that we all tend to look away from the suicidal person. We tell the depressive who mentions thoughts of suicide that he doesn't really mean it. And if he doesn't raise the subject, we don't, either, out of fear of putting the idea in his head. We find it easier to deny the seriousness of his calls for help than to take responsibility for answering them.

Not to answer is sometimes as damaging to the survivors as to the victim himself. The survivors often realize too late that at some level of consciousness they really had known what was coming and they can't shake the feeling that their own part in the drama was something akin to murder.

There are more mysteries than answers in the study of suicide. Suicides increase during economic depressions (in the mid-Thirties, the U. S. suicide rate was one third higher than it is now) and one need hardly ask why. But not everyone kills himself on being thrown out of work. When one investigates any individual case, he finds himself swamped with potentially relevant data.

Last year, for instance, a 42-year-old unemployed executive shot himself to death with an antique dueling pistol that had been owned by his grandfather. It was the middle of a recession and he wasn't alone. Suicide rates were rising quickly in high-unemployment areas. But he was almost a textbook case of a certain variety of suicide in America. He was in psychotherapy at the time and had previously gone through 12 years of psychoanalysis with several doctors and through three rounds with Alcoholics Anonymous. This is not at all unusual. Most suicidal people struggle desperately to control their self-destructive drives, the educated middle and upper classes often seeking medical and psychological aid.

The psychologist who had been seeing the man once a week until his death reports:

> Jim was a vice-president of a very large company, and a new group had taken over, and these were people he couldn't work with. He came from a very old, once wealthy Boston family. These new men, in Jim's view, were ruthless, greedy and unethical. Firing people unconscionably—not gentlemen at all. He had no way of dealing with them. Jim wasn't paranoid; he would tell me how they were putting it to him at meetings, asking him for information they knew he couldn't have to make him look bad. He hung on for a long time, but eventually they got him fired and, you know, in a family like Jim's, you just don't get fired for any reason. It's a disgrace.
>
> He had been living expensively and ran through his savings in no time. There were no jobs for executives at his level at that point. He ran up bills with everyone, including me, so he cut back on therapy sessions, even though I was willing to trust him for the money. He just couldn't stand owing money.
>
> At the same time, he was having trouble with his wife. She'd given up sleeping with him and was talking about a separation. A lot of it had to do with his drinking. He claimed he wasn't an alcoholic anymore because he didn't touch the stuff till five, but from five on, he was a champion. He couldn't see why it was affecting his family, but he would come in to me slurring his words and deny that he was even slightly bombed. And after all those years of psychoanalysis—and, incidentally, with two very brilliant analysts—he was still full of rage that he couldn't let out.
>
> But all these things were just the circumstances that were pushing him toward suicide. A lot of men lose jobs and are alcoholic and have wives who give them a hard time, but they go on living. In Jim's case, along with everything else, he was bearing a lifetime of guilt. His mother had died of an asthma attack, and he had never really straightened out in his own mind that he wasn't responsible for her death.
>
> I knew that suicide was a possibility, but I can't say I saw it coming.

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He'd talk about it from time to time, but it wasn't an *idée fixe*. He also had healthy fantasies about new campaigns to find a job. Exactly what led him to pick up the gun, I couldn't say. He had all sorts of antidepressants and psychic energizers. I can't simply point and say, "Here's the reason." He had just become something that he couldn't tolerate being. Some people resolve that problem by embracing schizophrenia. Jim, I suspect, was establishing his identity by using his grandfather's pistol.

Jim exhibited pretty clearly the three components Menninger wrote are present in all suicides: the wish to kill (he was furious at others toward whom he couldn't discharge his anger), the wish to be killed (he felt he should rightfully be punished for his bad behavior and his failures) and the wish to die (he felt helpless and hopeless in the face of his problems).

Among Americans, the success ethic is certainly one of the strongest factors influencing such feelings. Studying in New Orleans, Dr. Warren Breed of Tulane University came to the conclusion that at least half of all American suicides are connected with failure. "They bought their obligations wholeheartedly and set out to reach them," Dr. Breed writes of failure suicides. "They wanted to succeed very much. They strove to achieve their goals—work for men and marriage for women—and thus to win the approval of those about them. In Alan Watts's terms, they took the game too seriously."

This overvaluing of society's standards seems a particularly apt description of the college suicide. In many instances in which suicide *seemed* related to school pressures, the post-mortem examination showed that the pressures were mostly in the student's own mind. He was doing well enough at school, but he wasn't living up to what he *felt* his parents expected of him. Psychologist Michael Peck, who conducted a survey of student suicides, claims, "The boys in these cases are often the sons of successful, rigid fathers who place a premium on success and masculinity. Most adolescent boys are conflicted about their sexual identity and adequacy. Strong parental demands to 'be a man' often have just the opposite effect, a weakening of the sense of identity."

One matter common to college students who have attempted or threatened suicide is that they have had far less sexual experience than their classmates. Dr. Peck's study showed that "43 percent of the suicidal students had never had sexual intercourse, as opposed to only 18 percent of the nonsuicidal students," and students who had successfully committed

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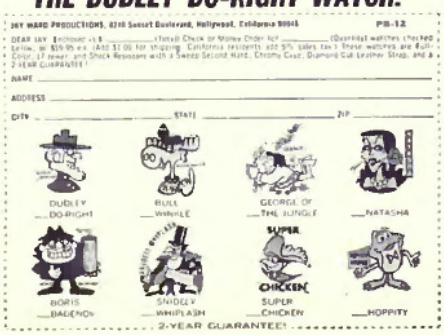

suicide had had the least sexual experience of all.

Most male-student victims were engaged mainly in calm, solitary pursuits. They had not been at all politically activist. They used drugs less often than other students. College administrators were fond of them. It is true that they were more emotionally disturbed than other students, but—taking it out on themselves—they caused few difficulties. When they were found dead, Peck states, the common reaction among fellow students was, "Who was he? I lived next to him for months and never got to know him."

Who he was, usually, was a boy who had bought society's demands that he must perform, fit in, function well and live up to his parents' expectations. A case often spoken of at the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center is that of a father who told his 19-year-old son if he couldn't cut it in this world, he might as well shoot himself. The boy dutifully acted upon the suggestion.

This question of overvaluing society's demands that one succeed would appear to be closely tied to one of the great mysteries of the American suicide phenomenon: the difference in suicidal behavior in men and women.

At every age, starting at about 15, the suicide rate for males throughout the U. S. is well over twice as high as the rate for females. On the other hand, at least three times as many women as men attempt suicide and fail at it. (One study showed eight times as many female attempters as male.) There are any number of possible explanations for the disparity. Men, for one thing, tend to use far more immediately lethal methods of attacking themselves than do women. According to U. S. Public Health Service statistics for 1969, firearms and explosives accounted for 59.2 percent of suicidal deaths among males but only 29.4 percent of those among females. However, 21.4 percent of the females killed themselves with analgesic and soporific substances (mostly barbiturates), as opposed to only 4.2 percent of the males. Taking several Seconal capsules leaves hours in which one might easily be saved. A revolver doesn't leave a second.

Since men in our society are more likely than women to own and be familiar with guns, it seems consistent enough that more suicidal men than women would choose to blow their brains out. But the drive between home and the Golden Gate Bridge is equally short for men and women, and three men leap from it for every woman who does.

It may be important that females in our society are permitted the freedom to cry, to scream, to threaten, to make dramatic gestures, to beg for help without losing their interest or desirability as people. Thus, the slit wrist, the overdose of pills, the open gas jet and all the other suicidal yet nonlethal cries for help come easily to them. Men, on the other hand, lose status when they reach for help. It has been failure that led them to despair and it is desperation that they are trying to escape. To fail, even at suicide, therefore, becomes intolerable; so instead of suicidal gestures, they kill themselves.

• • •

We will never achieve a society so perfect that every member will be free from the corrosive effects of inexpressible anger at others, feel in harmony with himself as he is, be confident and happy about the world around him and enjoy playing the game of life without taking it too seriously. To the degree that we do achieve such a society, the suicide rate will, of course, go down. But things may be going in the opposite direction: As women come more and more into the working world, the drive to succeed has added to their lives more pressures and more ways of failing in their own eyes. And in New York City, where the liberation of women has probably made more headway than anywhere else in the country, so has the female-to-male suicide ratio.

The same thing appears to be happening to blacks. Breed holds that segregation, which forced black men in the South to accept relatively low goals, played a great part in keeping down the U. S. black suicide rate, which has traditionally been only about a third as high as that of whites. Starting out with low social status, blacks had relatively little to lose. For whites, downward mobility —failure at work for men and failure in family life for women—was the common factor in the majority of suicides. But when one ceases to look at the black population as a whole, matters appear quite different.

It has been clear for some time that suicide is the third leading cause of death among college-age people. This was long thought to be a college-related phenomenon; but recent studies suggest that nonstudents have even higher suicide rates than the students. And in New York City in the 20-to-35 age range, the black suicide rate is considerably higher than that of whites. Psychoanalyst Herbert Hendin in his book *Black Suicide* theorizes that "a sense of despair, a feeling that life will never be satisfying, confronts many blacks at a far younger age than it does most whites. For most discontented white people the young-adult years contain the hope of a significant change for the better. . . . The blacks who survive the dangerous years between 20 and 35," Dr. Hendin believes, "have often made some accommodation with life—a compromise that has usually had to include a scaling down of their aspirations."

If it proves to be true, as it seems to be, that suicides are lowest among populations that are not only downtrodden but without much hope for individual improvement, we might be forced to admit that suicidal tendencies are an unhappy price that we'll go on paying for freedom, affluence and hope. It is, after all, one of man's most admired qualities that he overreaches and tries for goals beyond his grasp, despite the fact that it may lead to despair.

Yet, just as it is true that not everyone who suffers is driven to suicide, it is even more obvious that not everyone who aspires to more than he can achieve kills himself. It is possible to go beyond despair and arrive at solid ground. Alvarez ends *The Savage God* by informing the reader that he, too, is "a failed suicide." Having gone over the edge and survived, he is able to tell us what he learned:

> The despair that had led me to try to kill myself had been pure and unadulterated, like the final, unanswerable despair a child feels, with no before or after. And childishly, I had expected death not merely to end it but also to explain it. Then, when death let me down, I gradually saw that I had been using the wrong language; I had translated the thing into Americanese. Too many movies, too many novels, too many trips to the States had switched my understanding into a hopeful, alien tongue. I no longer thought of myself as unhappy; instead, I had "problems." Which is an optimistic way of putting it, since problems imply solutions, whereas unhappiness is merely a condition of life which you must live with, like the weather. Once I had accepted that there weren't ever going to be any answers, even in death, I found to my surprise that I didn't much care whether I was happy or unhappy; "problems" and "the problem of problems" no longer existed. And that in itself is already the beginning of happiness.

Another of man's most valued qualities is that he can feel what others feel and aid those who are about to collapse. It might seem that suicide reduction through restraining those about to kill themselves should not be our goal at all. Should society grant people the right to kill themselves? Perhaps it should. But since people kill themselves when miserable, exhausted, lonely, frightened, deluded, ashamed, enraged and without hope, and the pain, not death, is the enemy they need help in defeating, we should make sure that no one kills himself for a reason that need not have existed in the first place.

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

OUR SWEETHEART HAS A DATE WITH CONSUMER ADVOCATE RALPH RAIDER. THE SATIRICAL SLINGS AND ARROWS WE AIM AT THIS SPARTAN AND SELFLESS OMBUDSMAN ARE MEANT IN THE SPIRIT OF GOOD, CLEAN FUN, EVEN IF WE DO OWN STOCK IN GENERAL MOTORS.

I CAN'T **BELIEVE** I'M ON A DATE WITH RALPH RAIDER, THE FAMOUS CONSUMER ADVOCATE!

BUT WHY DID YOU ASK ME TO MEET YOU IN THAT MOP CLOSET INSTEAD OF YOUR OFFICE?

I WAS CHECKING OUT THE MOPS FOR MANUFACTURER'S DEFECTS. ... BESIDES, MISS FANNY, THAT **IS** MY OFFICE.

-LOOK OUT! -RUNAWAY CAR!

BOY, ARE **YOU** IN TROUBLE ... PARKING NEXT TO A HYDRANT!

THERE'S A MAN PINNED UNDER THE CAR!

SHOULDN'T WE CALL FOR HELP, MR. RAIDER?

POORLY DESIGNED BUMPERS, AS USUAL ... BAD VISIBILITY! INADEQUATE BRAKING! ... DETROIT WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS.

**WHEN WILL WASHINGTON REALIZE THAT WE NEED STIFFER FEDERAL STANDARDS!**

BACK UP, DUMMY, OR WE'LL MISS THE OPENING CURTAIN!

1068K

AS FOR THE VICTIM ... POORLY DESIGNED BONES, INADEQUATE SPINAL COLUMN. GOD WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS.

HALP!

THE REASON I ASKED YOU OUT, MISS FANNY, IS THAT THOUGH I DON'T NORMALLY HAVE TIME FOR DATING, I'D LIKE TO SPEND A TYPICAL EVENING ON THE TOWN. I'M INVESTIGATING **SEX**, YOU SEE—

WE'RE MEETING MY FRIEND, WANDA, AT SWINGLE-DINGLE'S, A VERY POPULAR SINGLES BAR.

THE MODERN CONCEPT OF COURTSHIP HAS TO BE EXAMINED. IS IT NECESSARY, OR JUST A COMMERCIAL HOAX? - AND WHO STANDS TO PROFIT?

**GET OUT! SINGLES ONLY!**

THE MANAGEMENT DON'T ALLOW NO COUPLES COMIN' IN HERE!

PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW ME, MR. RAIDER. THIS PLACE IS FOR SINGLES ONLY.
– YES, I'M THE OFFICE COMMUNICATIONS CHIEF.
WHAT HE MEANS IS HE RUNS THE COPYING MACHINE.
FOR WHAT HOLIDAY WILL ALL THE SINGLES BARS CLOSE TOMORROW?
JOE NAMATH'S BIRTHDAY.
WILL YOU STOP SAYING "IT'S GOOD TO BE AWAY FROM THE OFFICE"! THE WHOLE OFFICE IS ALL HERE!
IT'S SO JAMMED TONIGHT, A COUPLE COULD BE SCORING AND YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT.
OH, YASS!
YOO-HOO! ANN-IE!
LOOK MAGAZINE REUNION
IN
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET WANDA AND HER GANG HERE.

WHAT A THRILL … TO MEET RALPH RAIDER!
THE GOULASH HERE IS FANTASTIC!
AND YOU SHOULD TRY THE CASSEROLE OF CHOPPED-UP YELLOW AND GREEN THINGIES!
UMM!
YUMM!
GOULASH!? TIDBITS!? THINGIES!?
THE RAGOUT IS AN ABSOLUTE MISHMOSH OF DELECTABLE TIDBITS!
YOU MEAN LEFT-OVERS!

… AHA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! SIGNS OF INSECT FRAGMENTS AND POSSIBLE PRESENCE OF RODENT HAIRS … AND, AS WITH MOST HASH, YOU CAN BET ON A HIGH MICROORGASMIC COUNT WITH PROBABLE PUTREFACTION.
BARF!

WHO LET THAT NUT INTO THE KITCHEN?
FURTHERMORE, YOU HAVE FILTHY FINGERNAILS!
LET'S GO, RALPH. WE WEREN'T VERY HUNGRY, ANYWAY.
COME ON, GANG! DAD LENT ME HIS TOWN HOUSE WITH A POOL WHERE WE CAN SWIM, SMOKE AND SMOOCH!

OH, WOW! WHAT A PLACE!
CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION IN THE MIDST OF MASSIVE POVERTY … FOSTERED BY MEN SITTING IN CORPORATE BOARD ROOMS, COLLECTING WEALTH AND POWER FAR IN EXCESS OF THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO SOCIETY … A TYPICAL BY-PRODUCT OF BIG BUSINESS.
DAD RUNS A UNION.
LOOK AT THE POOL!

COME ON, ANNIE BABY! EVERYONE'S IN THE POOL!
GOODNESS! HOW'D THEY GET THEIR SUITS ON SO FAST!
SUITS? WHO'S WEARING SUITS?
WHAT'S THAT CRAZY WANDA HOMEFREE GOTTEN ME INTO THIS TIME!
COME ON IN, RALPH! IF YOU WANT TO LEARN ABOUT SEX THIS IS THE PLACE!
-SO SOON AFTER EATING? YOU'RE ASKING FOR CRAMPS!
-AND WHERE'S YOUR ANTISEPTIC FOOT BATH?
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! THIS IS TURNING INTO AN ORGY! HOW EMBARRASSING FOR YOU, RALPH RAIDER, CONSUMER ADVOCATE!
THE ORGIAST IS A CONSUMER, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, AND HAS TO BE PROTECTED!
MMM!
YEAAH!
OH, BABY!
OHH YEAH!
WHIP!
OOH!
BABY, BABY!
OH! OH! OH!
OH, WOW!
-WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO LEAVE NOW?
DOES ANYONE HERE HAVE A VENEREAL DISEASE?
-WHAT KIND OF CONTRACEPTIVES DO YOU USE?
HAVE YOU HAD THAT RED RASH VERY LONG?
WAIT! DON'T ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS! OH! BABY! OH! OH!
HAS ANYONE CHECKED THE FILTRATION SYSTEM?
DO YOU REALIZE WE COULD BE SWIMMING IN OUR NATURAL LAKES AND STREAMS IF NOT FOR INSENSITIVE GOVERNMENT AND CORPORATE FORCES?
-AND WHILE OFFICE WORKERS PAY 20% OF THEIR INCOMES, DO YOU KNOW THAT SOME MEN OF WEALTH ARE BEING ASSESSED A MERE 4% OR LESS?
HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO CALCULATE HOW MUCH OF THE CONSUMER'S DOLLAR IS BEING WASTED ON PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE?
WHAT WITH THE WHOLE WORLD FALLING APART, ALL HE'S THINKING ABOUT IS SEX!
WHY ARE FOUR PEOPLE SITTING ON A CONSUMER ADVOCATE?
(BLUB!)
WHY AM I BEGINNING TO LIKE IT?
END

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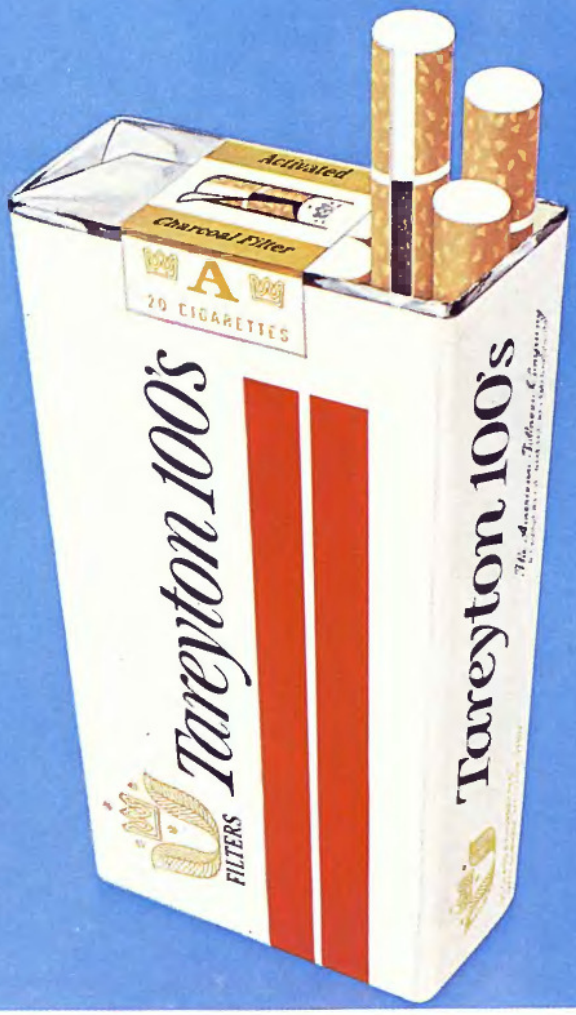


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