

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1975 • \$1.25

# \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* PLAYBOY

A MAD INTERVIEW  
WITH MEL BROOKS  
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS  
FROM THE NEW  
LINDA LOVELACE  
MOVIE AND A  
WILD NINE-PAGE  
PICTORIAL ON  
"THE FRENCH MAID"

PLUS VLADIMIR  
NABOKOV AND  
OUR JAZZ & POP  
POLL RESULTS





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A central illustration of a cowboy character whose body is composed of various audio equipment. His head is a cowboy hat with a mesh face. His torso is a vest made of cassette tape boxes, each labeled 'the music tape 100'. He wears a belt with a large buckle and a holster. His legs are made of thick, dark material, possibly leather or tape, with various cables and connectors attached. He is holding a microphone in his right hand. The background is a desert landscape with a large rock formation on the left and a small skull on the right. The text 'Load up with blanks' and 'Buy two. Get one free.' is prominently displayed in the center. Below this, a paragraph of text describes the benefits of the tapes. At the bottom, there is a logo for 'the music tape' and 'BY CAPITOL', along with a small 'EMI' logo.

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## PLAYBILL

"I write," says Harry Crews, "because it feels good. I try only to do what feels good; ergo, I will keep on writing. That's what you call your syllogistic reasoning. Ain't education grand?"

Well, yes. Grand, indeed. And judging from Crews's literary output since 1968—seven novels, with another just about in the box, Crews must feel so good he can hardly stand it.

With those seven novels, Crews has gathered a loyal, almost cultish following. What his readers, old and new, find in each book isn't to be believed. Most of his characters you could generously call freaks. For instance: the enormous fat man of *Naked in Garden Hills* who diets by drinking two cases of Metrecal every day; or the fellow in *Car* who decides to eat one entire automobile in ten years; or Marvin Molar—hero of *The Gypsy's Curse*, the most recent book—who is a deaf-mute dwarf built like a tadpole below the waist and Charles Atlas above. What Crews does with these grotesques is make them human, believable and painfully sympathetic. He does it with a direct and lyrical prose style and an accumulation of energy that makes the pages of his books fairly vibrate. You might gather that we are fans of Harry Crews. Yes. We think him among the very best of our novelists.

Ergo, as he would say, when we decided to do a story on the Alaska Pipeline and the boom towns that enterprise has created, we asked Crews to take the job. He did and he delivered *Going Down in Valdez*, which we are proud to publish in this issue. Crews also took his own picture for this page, so that must be the way he wants you to remember him. One more thing: In a couple of months, we'll be publishing an account of Crews's recent hike up the Appalachian trail. Watch for it.

What with all this inflation and other bad economic news, you're going to need all the money you can get your hands on just to muddle through, right? Well, then, asks John B. Tipton, why do you have so much cash in banks? You might have thought that it was better to keep it there than stuffed inside your water bed, and, according to Tipton (you're right, it's not his real name, you sly fox), you were correct until a few years ago. But now, banks are dangerously overextended. And if they go, so does your stash. Read all about it in *Banks on the Brink*.

Finding yourself and your savings at the mercy of some careless banker is just one aggravation among many. Perhaps you'd like to shoot that banker or at least yell at him a little, along with the cabdriver who takes the wrong route or the waitress who ignores you for 20 minutes then gets the order wrong and totals the check so there's about a 20 percent error.

And maybe you should. Because if you don't, you will experience *Stress*, and you'll be the worse for it. Some recent studies indicate that stress and the different ways people cope with it may have a lot to do with heart attacks and who gets them. Stephen H. Yafa researched the matter carefully, so you can now read about the phenomenon and discover whether you are vulnerable and what you can do about it. The sculpture accompanying the Yafa article is by Martin Wanserski.

Good news in fiction. Nabokov is back. His story this month is called *The Admiralty Spire*. It's about lost love and it's ripe with irony and will be part of a collection of his short stories titled *Tyrants Destroyed*, to be published by McGraw Hill in March. The illustration for Nabokov's story is by Kerig Pope, Associate Art Director of *PLAYBOY*. Also, there is Jordan Crittenden's amusing *Man Under the Front Porch* and Malcolm Braly's *Goodbye, Bob*, the tale of a man who claims he is terminally ill and asks two relative strangers to help him end it all.

Now, there is much, much more, of course: There really is a movie called *Linda Lovelace for President*, improbable as that may seem. And we have several scenes for your inspection. The candidate goes down to . . . well, let's say defeat, but we all know better. The interview this month is with Mel Brooks. It's as wild as you'd expect and it was done by Brad Darrach. The results of the annual Jazz & Pop Poll are here, along with Nat Hentoff's wrap-up of the music year. The accompanying sculpture of Hall of Famer Elton John is by Jack Gregory. Seymour Mednick photographed it. Staff Photographer Richard Fegley contributed both the Playmate pictures and the feature on *The French Maid*. Toscani, an Italian photographer, shot *Fit to Be Untied*, which features elegant clothes that don't require a necktie. John Dempsey's cartoon feature is on an old theme—infidelity.

The Detroit car manufacturers are thinking subcompact these days, and Brock Yates reports on their hits and misses in *The Big Squeeze*. Peter Ross Range spent time with Jimmy Connors, the tennis champion who is as well known for his bad manners as for his spectacular shot making. The result is *Jimmy Connors Against the World*. Range is in Vietnam for *Time* magazine, so we couldn't get a picture of him. But he's a nice-looking young man, we assure you. And finally, Staff Writer Laurence Gonzales read Studs Terkel's *Working* and contributed his parody of that book. It's a spiteful sort of enterprise, since Gonzales hates work and doesn't think that it's a fit subject for a best-selling book. You can enjoy all of this—and more—in your February *PLAYBOY*. It's so much fun it just couldn't be work.



NABOKOV



POPE



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YATES



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# PLAYBOY®



Bank Shots

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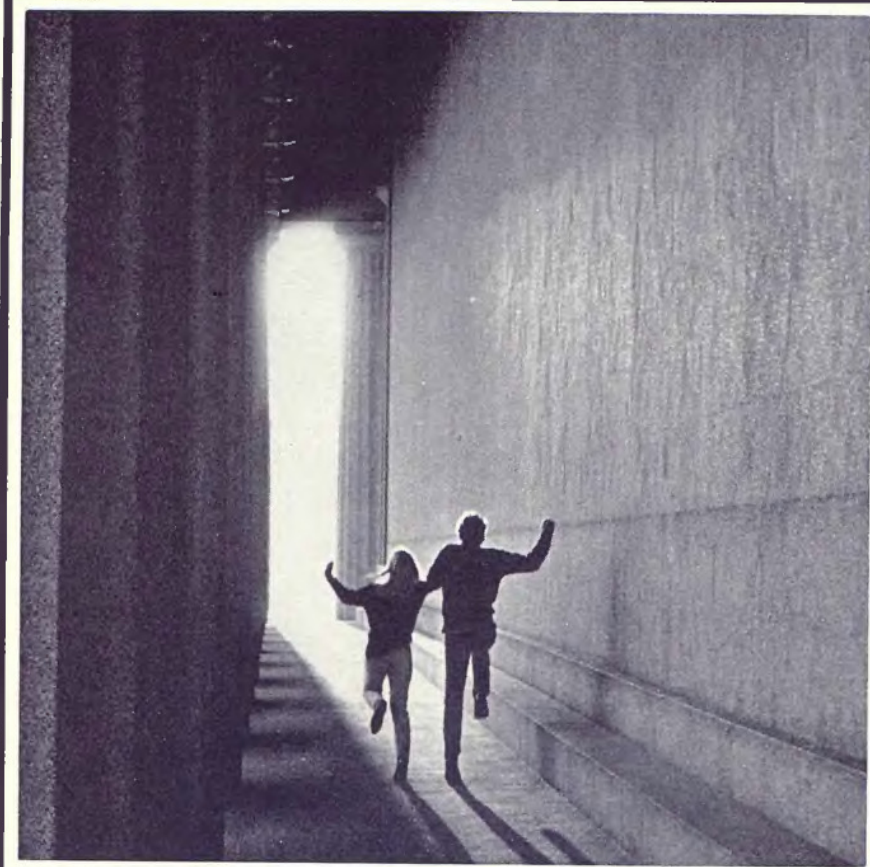




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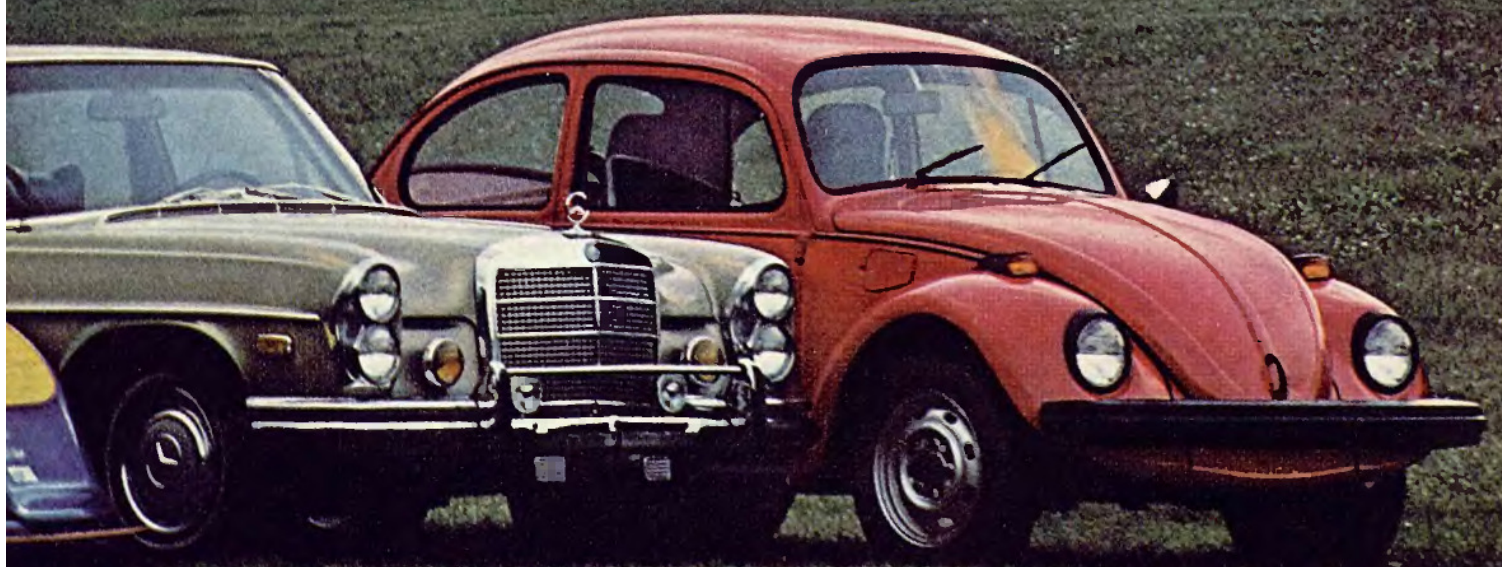
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Local Rock Concert is about to begin... and almost everyone has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't.

1. No. He's Phil O. Dendron. Gimmick: Talks with plants. Plant he's holding just told him it's poison ivy.

3. Nope. She's Bertha D. Blues, Groupie. Gimmick: Records everything. Has 12 cassettes of chickens tap dancing. Once lit a charcoal-filtered cigarette... and it made four carbons of her lips.

4. Wrong. She's Rhoda Dendron (no relation to #1 above).

5. Right! He's there for the show, not to show off. Wants his cigarette honest and natural, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. All flavor.

6. & 7. They're two guys trying to see better—or an unfinished totem pole.

8. The Invisible Man, streaking.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### PRAISE AND LOATHING

Craig Vetter deserves much praise for his insightful interview of one of the finest writers in America, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson (*PLAYBOY*, November). Not only is Thompson the clearest, most honest voice in America today but he is also one of the truly gifted wits of our time.

Christopher Shirley  
South Berwick, Maine

Besides being passé and redundant, Thompson is able to claim yet another distinction. He is perhaps the only dinosaur to defile the image of competent journalism. His very existence is unqualified evidence that the system is not always able to cleanse itself of pollutants.

Steve Pona  
Toronto, Ontario

As a member of the Hell's Angels I would like to take issue with Dr. Thompson's appraisal of us. In my opinion, Thompson has been capitalizing on the lies and half-truths he wrote about us some years ago, and his reputation as an outlaw journalist has risen at our expense. The reason he got his ass kicked by us was that a couple of us had read his book and were not too happy about the way he slanted the truth to fit his whims. For example, he says that Hell's Angels walk around with human teeth in their belts, teeth that were taken in midnight dinners. This is pure bullshit. He also refers to us as rejects, losers who turned mean and vengeful. I happen to hold down a steady job that pays 13 bills a year, as do many of my fellow Angels. I also have a 1974 Harley-Davidson that is paid for. The day of Hell's Angels' riding around on hot bikes is over. We have become productive within our society. We had an antidrug program and a youth-rehabilitation program, both of which were rejected because of our past as told by Thompson. Thompson lied to us about what he was going to write, so he got what any liar deserves—his ass kicked.

Patrick M. McDowell  
Sacramento, California

Your November interview with Thompson is undoubtedly one of your finest. Not only is your subject fascinating but your interviewer, Craig Vetter, did a sincere, honest job by allowing himself to become

part of the crazy Thompson world. Despite all the drugs and craziness in which Thompson is involved, I couldn't help but conclude that deep down he is a warm, gentle character who perceives the world with compassion and insight.

Gary Stratton  
Chicago, Illinois

During my lifetime, I've been called every kind of son of a bitch from "self-appointed civil rights leader" to "rabble rouser." Those are things that my friends call me; my critics are less restrained. Can you imagine living in Holtville, California, the hotbed of reactionary politics, and having publicly supported George McGovern and being unashamedly sympathetic to the cause of Cesar Chavez? Can you imagine the intense gratification of such a life? Can you imagine the tremendous pleasure I got from your interview with Hunter Thompson?

Norm Pliscou  
Holtville, California

I can't wait to read Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in the UFO*. Perhaps *Gutzo Journalism* is more apt.

Preston C. Fray  
Crystal City, Virginia

### JOB WELL DONE

About Robert Sherrill's article *Is Anybody Out There Doing His Job?* (*PLAYBOY*, November): Quick, find me someone in the naval-facilities engineering command like Elmer B. Staats. Only this time, I want him to uncover "crooked" naval personnel who take advantage of small defense contractors.

W. F. Stanfield  
San Diego, California

Thank you for Bob Sherrill's evaluation of the National Transportation Safety Board's performance. I was somewhat embarrassed to be singled out as a symbol of the invaluable public service that is being performed by the NTSB in the field of aviation safety and surface transportation. However, I should like to point out that one of the main reasons we can do an effective job is that the top management of the NTSB allows senior staff members, such as myself, to freely utilize highly specialized expertise in the investigation process without any

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interference with individual thinking and initiative. Having worked for both private industry and the Government, I have found that this type of management is rare, if not nonexistent. Consequently, those of us dedicated to aviation safety appreciate the high quality of management and the opportunity to function.

Rudolph Kapustin  
Senior Air Safety Investigator  
National Transportation Safety Board  
Washington, D.C.

I am one of the 2,800,000 Federal career civil servants referred to in Sherrill's pejorative article, *Is Anybody Out There Doing His Job?* This man does not have his facts straight and obviously is ignorant of the Federal career service. The article is fraught with untruths and half-truths. Sherrill cites as positive examples people taken as a joke by knowledgeable bureaucrats. Everyone seems to like to take pot shots at those of us who earn our living in the service of our Government, but no one has yet told our story as we see it and live it daily.

William Herbert Smith  
Washington, D.C.

There are now roughly as many Federal employees as there were Colonists 200 years ago and, like the Colonists, there are good and bad among them. It would be surprising if this were not so. However, there are hundreds of thousands of dedicated Federal employees to whom Sherrill's bitter diatribe does not apply, and as a longtime subscriber to PLAYBOY, I keenly resent the implication that they are rare and hard to find. A little investigation by Sherrill would have provided him with the information that even critics have agreed that a large majority of Federal employees work faithfully, sometimes brilliantly, and are competitive with those in private industry when it comes to ability and hard work. His knowledge of the Civil Service Retirement and Disability Fund is equally lacking, since he seems blithely unaware that retired Federal employees are drawing dividends from an investment in their own retirement fund. Perhaps Sherrill needs an in-depth tour of Washington, D.C., in the company of someone who really knows the town.

Harvey E. Roenicke  
Seabrook, Maryland

Robert Sherrill paid tribute to eight bureaucrats with balls, but there are more of them than he realizes. A lot of them have brains, too. I have worked with a number of Feds over a period of nearly 20 years, and I have found most of them to be pretty able people. Of course, I should point out early that I am a Fed and a product of the Maxwell School at Syracuse University, the Parris Island of public administration. I have enjoyed my career in the Federal Government. I am

well paid and normally work in pleasant surroundings, but I feel the taxpayer is getting a fair return for his tax dollar. The Federal Government is not an army of overpaid clerks. It includes many well-educated and extremely competent people in an endless variety of jobs. Almost 50,000 of them, for example, work in medicine or allied fields. Sherrill might be surprised to learn that many employees at the National Institutes of Health outside Washington have won Nobel Prizes. And if Sherrill feels the mail service is getting worse, he should keep in mind that postal employees are no longer in the Federal Civil Service—they now work in a corporation. That was supposed to improve things.

Tom Gill  
Columbia, Maryland

Sherrill's Diogenean quest for an honest man in the U. S. public service is superb, though no surprise to me. I'm glad he mentions Ernie Fitzgerald, who dared reveal the buddy-buddy relationship between the Pentagon and Lockheed that cost taxpayers two billion dollars. I've just finished reading Fitzgerald's book *The High Priests of Waste*, which tells in lively fashion that whole sordid story, plus others just as crummy. It's well worth reading.

Paul A. Gardner  
Ottawa, Ontario

#### GOLDSTEIN REVISITED

I was somewhat amazed at the A.C.L.U.'s statement that Al Goldstein "gives freedom of speech a dirty name" (PLAYBOY, October). Let's not forget that the strength of the First Amendment is primarily responsible for the revelation of the whole Watergate mess. It is also responsible for men like Jack Anderson, Dan Rather and, yes, Al Goldstein. Goldstein is surely the liberated male of the decade, and I applaud him.

Lester Potts  
Hartford, Connecticut

There must be something wrong! I've known Al Goldstein for years and have found him to be sensitive, witty, charming, sweet, imaginative, intelligent, frank and truthful. Your interviewer eliminated all those characteristics, some of which *must* have come through in the lengthy interview with him. I do not think the presentation is a fair portrayal of one of the really good guys of the world!

Jeanne Youngson  
New York, New York

#### EYE OPENER

Spectacular is the best word for your November article on glasses and spectacles. As an optician, I have always promoted spectacles as fashion accessories and your fine feature does more than I ever could. Your modeling technique is something all of us can appreciate and the

bold and forthright sampling of the product an inspiration to all of us who devise our own advertising methods. You have made this optician's job much easier and I think all opticians should applaud your coverage (or uncoverage) of something we are interested in. I fully intend to use the issue and pictorial essay to its best advantage in the office; and for those who have trouble seeing things my way, why, I will just have to fit them with a pair—of glasses.

Dick Witt  
Now-See-Here Inc.  
Orchard Park, New York

#### PRO FUSION

Richard Rhodes's report *God's Big Fix* (PLAYBOY, November), detailing current research in thermonuclear fusion, is splendid. Rhodes's simple explanatory style makes this complicated process easy for the layman to understand.

Martin Jones  
Miami, Florida

After spending the chilly winter of 1974 with the thermostat down around 65, I was greatly relieved to read Rhodes's article on thermonuclear fusion. Although I greatly suspect the alleged facts behind the so-called energy crisis, I was nevertheless relieved to hear that an unlimited supply of energy is a realistic hope for the future.

Harold King  
Chicago, Illinois

Rhodes's article on the Controlled Thermonuclear Research program is a welcome commentary on our program to develop fusion power—one of the few possible long-term solutions to mankind's energy needs. Rhodes has presented a well-balanced, very readable description of a very complicated subject, and I am pleased that it received widespread dissemination in a popular magazine such as PLAYBOY. Fusion research has proved to be one of the most difficult tasks in modern applied science. It has taken over 20 years to develop an understanding of the basic underlying physics and it will take probably another 20 years to develop this very attractive concept to the point where it can be utilized for practical power generation. That's a long time, particularly for a people who have become accustomed to "quick fixes" and technology "break-throughs" to solve today's problems. The primary reason for the long development time is the need for the final product to be an economical source of electrical power. We very well know that science can do a great deal quickly in the laboratory when cost is not of primary concern. After all, we were able to go to the moon in less than ten years. But in energy production, cost is critical and energy costs affect the price of almost everything we use in our everyday lives. Where cost is a factor, the development times are much longer. If



# BRYLCREEM SAYS DON'T MEASURE YOUR SEX APPEAL BY THE LENGTH OF YOUR HAIR.

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**SEXY** →



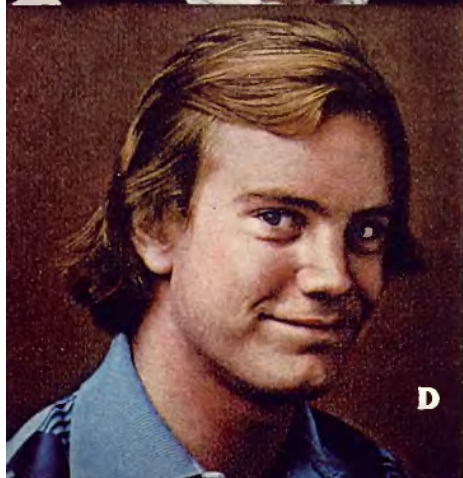
A



B



C



D

A. Sideburns too long and too wide. End result: not too terrific. We said goodbye to sideburns and let his hair grow 1½ inches all over. Then gave it a layered cut.

Also recommended: frequent shampooing with Brylcreem Once A Day Shampoo to condition the hair while washing away excess oil, dirt and loose dandruff.

B. This guy was fighting natural curl with a cut that was too closely cropped on sides and back. We let it grow for two months and shaped it.

Because curly hair is porous and tends to dry out quickly, we used a dab of Brylcreem to condition while helping to keep the hair neat and manageable all day.

C. Too much hair, too little face. We took off 5 inches. Gave him a scissor cut, parted on the side to add more width and fullness to the top.

When hair goes through this change from very long to short, it needs about a week to lay right. Help it along with Brylcreem Power Hold, a specially formulated control hair spray that provides real holding power all day.

D. This guy's hair was all wrong for the shape of his face. Too long in back and too much of one length.

We cut off 2½ inches in front, 3 inches in back. We layered it on top for more body and gave him a geometric cut along the edges for the New Short look.

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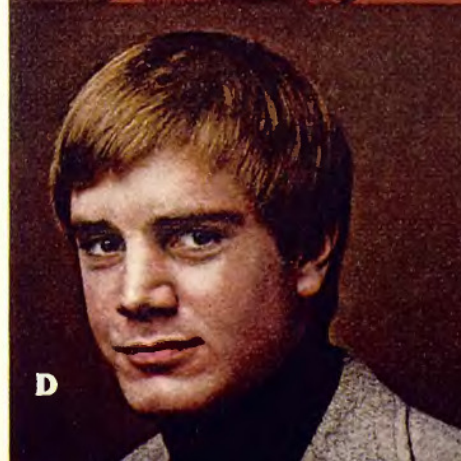
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we had wanted to go to the moon at, say, 20 cents a mile, it would have taken at least twice as long as it actually did. Hopefully, articles such as yours will help people understand what can be done for tomorrow with foresight and firm sustained Federal commitment now.

Dr. Dixy Lee Ray, Chairman  
Atomic Energy Commission  
Washington, D.C.

I wish to commend Richard Rhodes for a very descriptive, readable article on the very complex subject of controlled-fusion energy. In the technical community, we make it a practice to reference journal articles (usually technical) that relate to any particular subject that we write about. It will be a pleasure to reference Rhodes's fine article in our future writings.

Robert L. Hirsch, Director  
Division of Controlled  
Thermonuclear Research  
Atomic Energy Commission  
Washington, D.C.

## JET LAG

The October Playmate story is an outstanding disgrace to a particular occupation of people that is presently predominantly women. The industry has done enough damage to the respect and human dignity in its advertising without PLAYBOY joining the degradation of the image of working women. I'm sure you are very aware of the intimidation that many female flight attendants encounter in the process of performing in-flight duties. Most stewardesses do not think these sexist remarks are cute and are very insulted, since they are under occupational circumstances where an appropriate response to these remarks and passes is unacceptable to their employer. I have no objection to your right to publish a meat-market magazine, but coming right out with a woman associated with an airline, whose identity is revealed, and having a photograph or two in her company uniform is totally inappropriate and irresponsible.

Lani J. Stacks, President  
Dakota County Chapter  
National Organization for Women  
Burnsville, Minnesota

## HOT ISSUE

A rather hot and nasty dispute is raging through the quiet streets of my home town concerning the status of Miss November's crotch. To the untrained eye, it would appear that she is deficient in the cleft department, which would make her no more detailed than a Barbie Doll plus pubic hair. The controversy concerns the reason for this absence. Is it because (A) She hasn't one? (B) The pose hides it? (C) It is located elsewhere? (D) She is wearing flesh-colored panties with pubic-hair adornment? (E) She has been retouched? (F) She was made by Mattel? (G) The

printer made a grievous error and has it at home? I contend that it is located under her left arm. Any help you give us will be appreciated. And if by some chance the real answer turns out to be (C), could you possibly get a few photos of her in a sleeveless dress, waving?

John Hughes  
Glencoe, Illinois

*Try cleaning your glasses, John.*

## CARTOONING IN

For many years, I've been an ardent fan of cartoonist Gahan Wilson. Every time I see one of his cartoons, I can't help but wonder what kind of person is behind it. Is he animal, vegetable or mineral? I think it's high time you told us something about this macabre genius.

Herman Marks  
Louisville, Kentucky

*We heartily concur. Contrary to certain malicious rumors that the so-called macabre genius was raised out of a coffin in*



Transylvania, Gahan Wilson actually entered the world amid the rather typically middle-class ambience of Evanston, Illinois. Aside from a few "spooky old ladies and a haunted house or two," there was nothing particularly grotesque about his upbringing, although he claims to be a distant relative of William Jennings Bryan and P. T. Barnum. Wilson began doodling as a "wee little toddler," in nearly the same style in which he doodles today, and was later educated at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Académie Julianne in Paris. "I have always had an innocent fondness for the macabre," he explains, "and a steady ambition to be a cartoonist. I began by borrowing the classic figures of Gothic literature and putting them into day-to-day American surroundings. Although I haven't abandoned these themes, I seem to be getting most of my inspiration for horror these days from Walter Cronkite and The New York Times."

## HIGH STAKES

I've been a poker player for over 20 years and in that time, I suppose I've read just about all the literature available on the subject. I must say, however, that I've never had the pleasure of reading

anything as entertaining, captivating and well written on poker as the articles in your poker package (PLAYBOY, November). Every piece was a classic in itself.

Seymour Weintraub  
New York, New York

In your poker roundup, you had a model pose as if she were playing strip poker, but you neglected to explain how the game is played. As a poker aficionado, I find this omission inexcusable.

Henry Murray  
Royal Oak, Michigan

*Due to the many distractions in strip poker, there are no definite rules. Generally speaking, the regulations are the same as in regular poker, except that each player uses his or her own clothing to bet instead of money or chips. The betting value of each item of apparel should be determined prior to the game, especially in mixed doubles. Any clothing won by a player may be used for betting on subsequent hands. Be sure to exclude items such as rings, earrings, hairpins and watches, or you'll be there all night.*

Your poker package is a truly splendid magazine presentation of this great American pastime. G. Barry Golson's historical account of the game—*Who Dealt This Mess?*—rates top billing. In the course of my own extended researches into the history and traditions of poker, I have encountered many of the same incidents he so fascinatingly presents. I was particularly pleased to see the role of the players themselves emphasized. I concluded long ago that this is what the game is all about.

Allen Dowling  
New Orleans, Louisiana

There is an error in Golson's *Who Dealt This Mess?* It seems he called the poker hand held by Wild Bill Hickok on his death on August 2, 1876, "a queen and two pair, aces and eights." Hickok's "dead man's hand" was really black aces and eights and a nine of hearts.

Mark L. Matonich  
Deadwood, South Dakota

*The manager of the Number Ten Saloon, where Wild Bill died—and which is still in existence—says it was the nine of diamonds, while the chamber of commerce in Deadwood agrees with us and says it was a queen. So who knows? Maybe he wasn't holding any of those cards. Maybe he was playing canasta. Your deal.*

## JUST DESSERTS

Where did you find this fellow Siegelman? He's a genius! *Cheesecake Madness* (PLAYBOY, November) is one of the funniest things I've ever read. Watch out, Woody Allen.

Wendell Eldridge  
New York, New York





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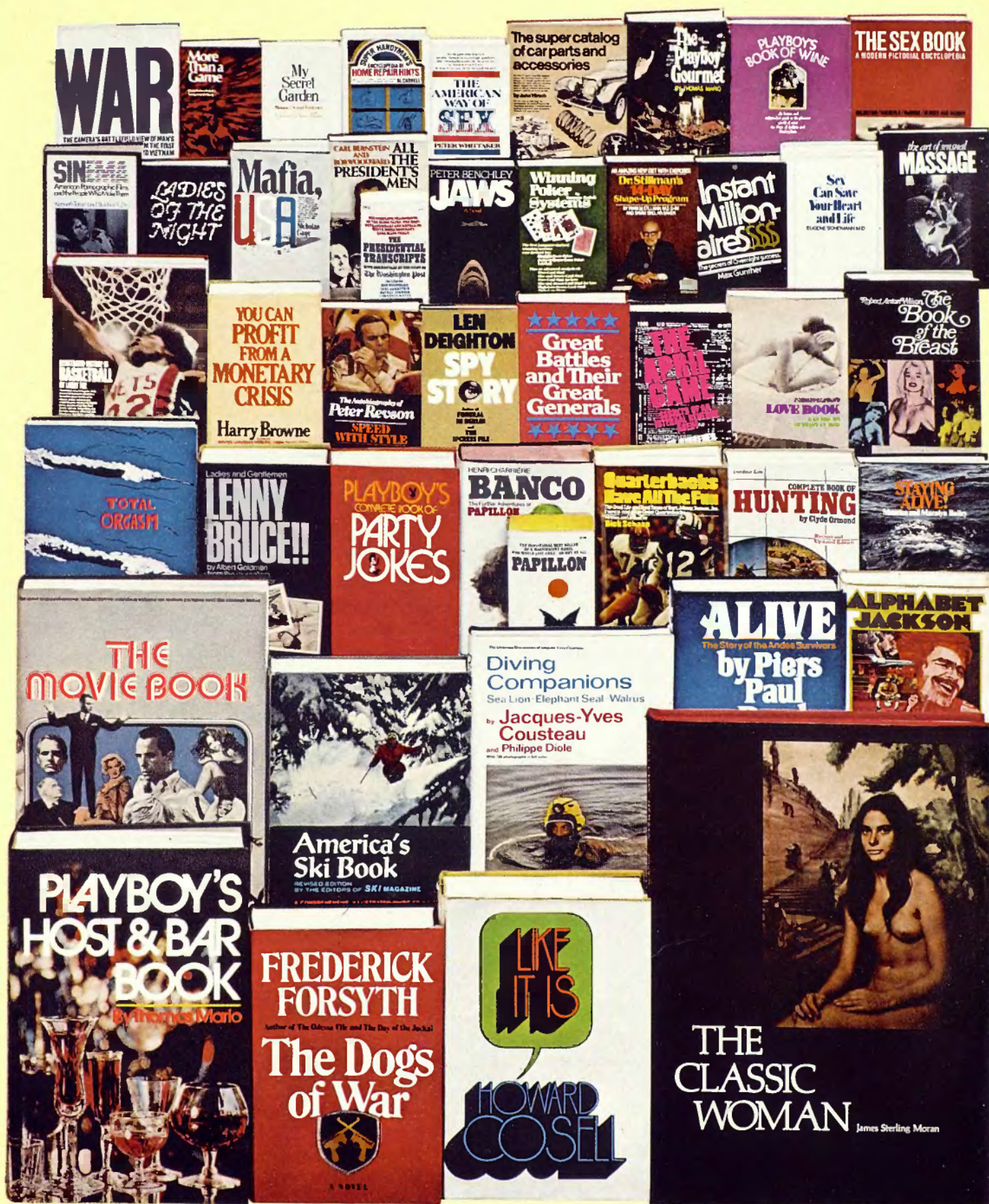
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A topless dancer at San Francisco's hungry i was propositioned by a gentleman in the audience, who pressed a hotel key into her hand. A few minutes later, at the other end of the stage, came a second proposition from a ringsider who asked, "Can I see you after the show?" In answer, the lady handed him the key and danced away. There was no one around to record what happened when the gentlemen in question appeared at the hotel for their rendezvous.

**Peep!** A panic-stricken woman in Hamilton, Ontario, called police after hearing strange birdlike noises coming from her balcony. She went to investigate, she said, and found a 200-pound man swinging happily from the railing above—completely nude, except for a heavy growth of feathers apparently sprouting from the top of his head. Police failed to apprehend the feathered fiend.

The fire doors connecting the men's and women's wings of a dormitory at West Virginia's Marshall University were welded shut on orders from the administration. Officials said they acted solely to curb vandalism, but the school newspaper called it "the world's biggest chastity belt."

**Puzzler of the month:** California scientists published a study showing how lifestyle affects health. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* took the findings one step further when it reported: "Men who slept eight hours a night had a lower morality rate than those who slept more or fewer hours."

**On the road:** . . . Perhaps the most tasteless recipe in history was concocted when two trucks collided on an interstate in Oregon. Mixed thoroughly and allowed to simmer were a truckload of sugar and six tons of manure. . . . And in Arizona, the state highway patrol received an urgent message that a camper driven by a

Wisconsin man be stopped en route from Flagstaff to Phoenix. When police spotted the vehicle, they flagged it down and informed the surprised driver that he'd left his wife behind at a Flagstaff service station.

Are movie ratings being relaxed *too* much? Readers sent examples of three film advertisements from their local newspapers: In one, a leather-and-whips flick titled *Puss 'N Boots* and rated X ended up with top billing for the Saturday kiddie

spotted him and rumbled through an empty lot in pursuit. The truck knocked Jim down, but he managed to limp away. A second citizen got into the act, pulled a gun and fired off a couple of shots, barely missing Jim. Our harried thief then crawled into a garbage can, but a third passer-by saw him, pulled off the can's lid and held a knife at his throat. When police arrived, Jim was relieved. "I'm glad you're here," he said. "Everybody's been trying to kill me."

**Hanging in there:** In the hallowed halls of Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, hangs a memorial portrait of Frank Elliott Ball—a tribute from his family and so stated on a bronze plaque inscribed: HUNG BY THE BALLS.

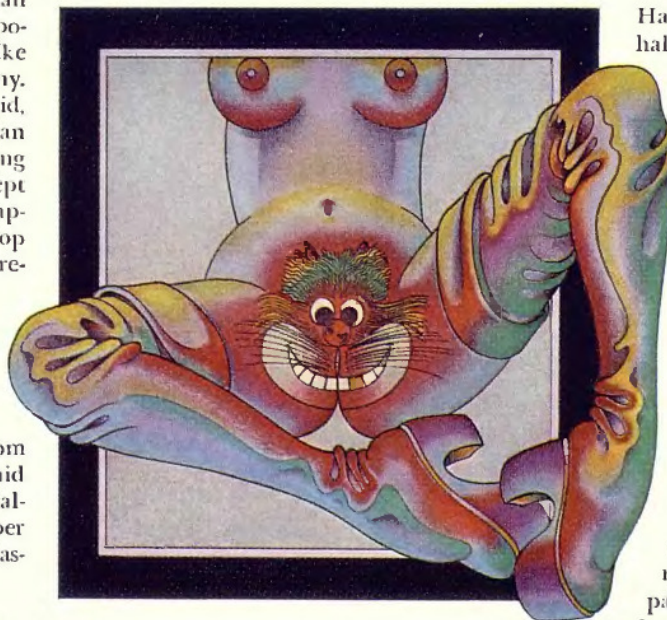
A New York publisher sent a letter to bookstores announcing, "Due to increasing costs of manufacturing and paper, the attached price increases will become effective." Among the titles was: *What You Should Know About Inflation*—Old Price 95 cents. . . . New Price \$2.25."

**Here come da judge, da bastard:** A judge in Leeds, England, ruled that a man would have to pay \$131.60 in telephone calls charged to his wife. The calls were made by his wife's lover from Paris, collect.

Some headlines tell the entire story. From *The Wichita Beacon*: "MAN ARRESTED FOR SODOMY WITH DUCK."

When a credit union for employees of Milwaukee's Mt. Sinai Hospital folded, members elected to merge with their kissin' cousins: the Butchers' Local Credit Union.

A Toronto fellow who had blazed quite a trail as a bachelor was finally settling



show; another, featuring *The Lecher*, plus a second "adult hit," warned that "no one under eight" would be admitted; and a third ad for a film rated PG pointed out that parental guidance was suggested, as "come material may not be suitable for preteenagers."

Some people are *made* for each other: Gordon Poon and Diane Tang applied for a marriage license in San Francisco.

It was another of those lousy days for purse snatcher Jim Coburn, Jr. Right after he'd grabbed a woman's purse at a San Jose shopping center, a truck driver



down with a virginal lady who took a dim view of his sexual exploits. A group of friends got together and sent him a telegram that was read aloud at the wedding reception. The message: "ACT AWKWARD."

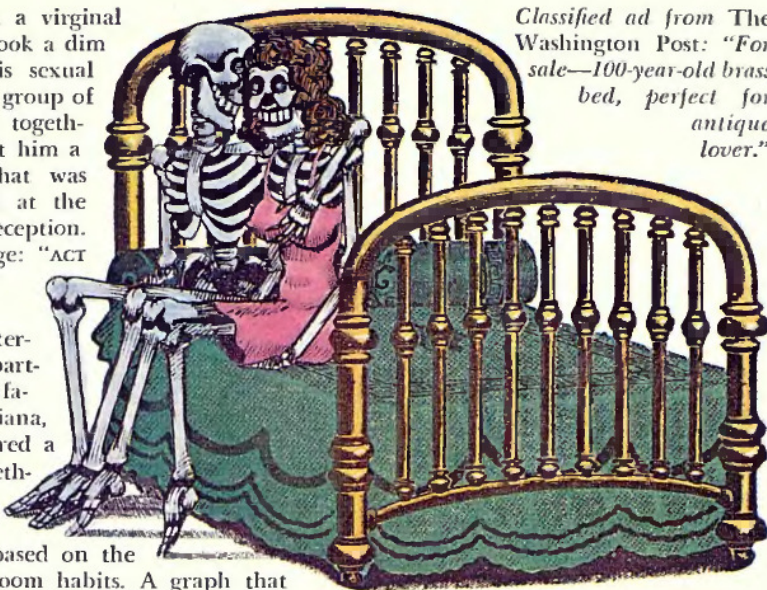
The Waterworks Department in Lafayette, Louisiana, has discovered a reliable method of measuring TV audiences based on the city's bathroom habits. A graph that gauges water pressure takes a marked dip, coincidental with commercials and the show's end, when tube viewers break for the john. So far, the record drop in pressure was 26 pounds per square inch, which occurred after the movie *Airport*. The department noted that "at approximately 8:30 a bomb exploded in the airplane and from then until nine p.m., when the pilot landed safely and the movie ended, almost nobody left their television set to do anything . . . then the 26-pound drop." The flush was so great that city police were called to check for kids opening fire hydrants before the waterworkers calculated that the cause was about 20,000 people flushing at the same time, using about 80,000 gallons. For comparative analysis, the movie *Patton* chalked up a 22 and *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* checked in with a respectable 19. . . . So who needs the Nielsen ratings?

Yeah, but can she cook? A publisher of feminist books is offering a modern fairy tale titled *The Princess* in which the heroine wakes the sleeping prince and "enthalls him with her independence and self-confidence."

From the Wooster, Ohio, *Daily Record* comes this classified invitation to an unknown shoplifter: "If the party who stole a set of castrating knives will stop by, we'll be happy to give him a personal demonstration on the correct technique of using this fine instrument."

Good Samaritans (I): An Illinois man offered five dollars to three teenagers who had stopped to help him push his car out of a snowdrift. The boys thanked him but said, "We'll take it all." They snatched his wallet and ran off through the snow. . . . Good Samaritans (II): A Missouri man also got stalled in a snowdrift and was grateful when two men stopped their pickup truck to help. The men proceeded to push his car into a

Classified ad from The Washington Post: "For sale—100-year-old brass bed, perfect for antique lover."



deep ravine and drove off with his snow scraper. "Two of the meanest men I ever met," he remarked later.

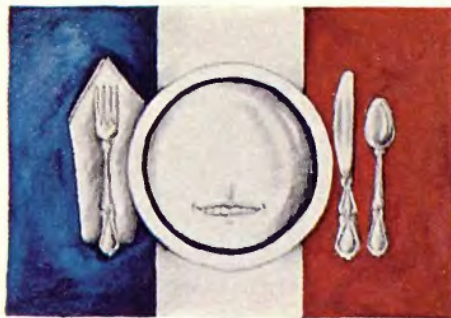
## DINING-DRINKING

It's reassuring to discover that the three Cincinnati French restaurants awarded five stars by Mobil in the past few years all offer consistently fine food in spite of the accolades. Entering *Maisonette*, 114 East Sixth, is like visiting the country manor of an old friend. Proprietors Lee and Michael Comisar, with the help of a foyer disguised as a sitting room, a lounge resembling a library and a total atmosphere of courtesy and warmth, have managed to create an aura of home. Well, almost. Captains and *garçons* seem to appear from brocaded walls and the *maitre de*, Alphonse, is omnipresent. The menu is vast and bilingual; even so, many dishes aren't listed. (*Maisonette* must also assume that everyone who comes here for a meal has the appetite of a Bengalis' lineman; its portions are extremely generous.) Veal Pierre, one of *chef de cuisine* George Haidon's masterpieces, is a tender example of how a perfect sauce can be wedded to a most receptive meat. This creamy-rich concoction—with Romano cheese, *suprême* sauce and bits of avocado—complements but doesn't smother the veal. Other choice dishes include *La Sole du Dauvre sauté belle meunière*/delicate English sole lightly sautéed in butter and mushrooms, garnished with parsley; sliced breast of duckling served with a pungent orange-Grand Marnier sauce; and *Tournedos Rossini*, two small *filets* sautéed with burgundy wine sauce and covered with *foie gras*. Hors d'oeuvres, hot and cold, are excellent, especially *Crevettes "Maisonette"*—heaping mounds of tiny shrimps and fresh mushrooms sautéed with a hint of garlic—and the baby Icelandic trout served with a herb-flavored mayonnaise. Boula-Boula, a split-pea-and-

green-turtle soup with sherry and cream, is one of the many tasty *potages* available; and the choice of greenery in salads makes the Bois de Boulogne look defoliated. Passing up *Maisonette's* heavily laden dessert cart is like standing up Raquel Welch, and the same can be said for failing to order from its ample wine list. The restaurant is open for lunch Monday through Friday from 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. and for dinner from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. Dinner Saturday is from 5:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. Most major credit cards are accepted and reservations are imperative (513-721-2260).

Practically next door, at 127 West Fourth, is *Pigall's*. The service is impeccable and just a bit of coaxing can wangle an after-dinner tour of the wine cellar escorted by proprietor Don Whittle, a former *maitre de* at *Maisonette*. A wedge of hot quiche may begin a superb meal, or perhaps Celery Roots *Remoulade* or quenelles of pike in lobster sauce, followed by a thick slice of goose-liver *pâté* on *Tournedos Rossini*, or braised sweetbreads in a sherry sauce. *Pigall's* also offers an appetizing selection of vegetables, including Mushrooms Provençale, and salads. Desserts, such as *Crêpes aux Fraises Flambé*, are a pyrotechnic delight. Lunch is served from 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; dinner from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. Monday through Saturday. Most major credit cards are accepted. Reservations: 513-721-1345.

Ground-level dining in Cincinnati may be quite Continental, but the truly



jaded will wish to take a quick elevator ride to the top of the Terrace Hilton Hotel, at Sixth and Race, and watch the city turn on for the night from the luxurious wood-and-velvet lounge of the *Gourmet Restaurant*. Pianist George Coorey entertains as chess nuts unwind and rewind on the tables by the library. A slinky black-gowned hostess with eyelashes longer than Chér's brings martinis that have had vermouth brought within a foot of the glass. The *Gourmet* has a reputation for serving consistently excellent meals. (A low bow to *chef de cuisine* Hans Tandrup.) Hors d'oeuvres and *potages* include huge Louisiana shrimps on ice with a memorable cocktail sauce; crab meat accompanied by a mayonnaise-lemon sauce with capers; *pâté* with port wine; Burgundian snails and an unforgettable onion soup served



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with a large helping of grated cheese and huge hunks of bread. Entrees are carefully prepared and served with flair. Prime strip sirloin is aged and fired to perfection, with French mushrooms and a tangy Sauce Foyot (made from a base of onion-and-tomato sauce) served on the side. Boned duckling is roasted to juicy tenderness and garnished with dark sweet cherries. Or you might try turbot poached with tomatoes and herbs or fresh river trout stuffed with crab meat. Another outstanding dish is Veal "My Way," with creamy spinach and gruyère. Unusual desserts to sample: a basket of chocolate-glazed chestnuts or flaming bananas with mocha ice cream. Gourmet Restaurant is open from 5:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. Monday through Saturday. (Panorama Lounge is open for cocktails until 1 A.M.) Most major credit cards are accepted. Reservations: 513-381-4000. Keep in mind that the seating capacity is a minuscule 56.

## BOOKS

*Idle Passion / The Psychology of Chess* (Village Voice/Simon & Schuster), by Alexander Cockburn (a *Voice* columnist), is one of the few books on chess in which no chess diagrams appear. Thank God. Instead, what you get is a perfectly charming night-stand history of The Royal Game that meanders from its shrouded origins to the paranoid spectacle of the Spassky/Fischer 17th game, when the Russians claimed that Fischer's special chair had a fiendish device embedded in it that was sapping Spassky's strength. (Both chairs were eventually X-rayed: Fischer's contained nothing unusual. Spassky's a foreign object—wood filler.) Then there is the strange tale of Paul Morphy, one year "the greatest player the world has ever seen," the next, a lunatic recluse dying alone in his New Orleans bath surrounded by women's shoes. Chess, as analyzed by Cockburn, is also the game of madness, sadism, suicide, Oedipal conflicts, exhibitionism, patricide, masturbation and homosexuality, plus a child prodigy's garden of other psychoses, not to mention the violence, castration and death that accompanied matches in medieval times. Think about them apples the next time you're trapped and squirming, contemplating whether to go down fighting or gently tip over your king. At least your opponent is only after your ego and not your balls.

The house of fiction has many rooms, but the floor occupied by *The King's Indian* (Knopf), John Gardner's first collection of short stories, is without electricity. Not that there aren't bright philosophic moments; but let a character glow ever so

## FAMOUS CRIMINALS I HAVE KNOWN

I first met the great John Dillinger in a small, darkly lit diner on the North Side of Chicago in July of 1933. I was fresh out of college at the time and pretty wet behind the ears, but I was interested in a career as a bank robber, having majored in botany. I had used the small savings I had accumulated over the years as a camp counselor to purchase a raincoat and a fedora that I wore slightly cocked over both ears.

When I walked into that diner that day in '33 and saw Dillinger, I figured it was my lucky day. I recall that Dillinger was eating a hot turkey sandwich on rye toast with a side of beans and was taking off his bib when I sat down beside him. I'd seen hundreds of pictures of him in all the papers, but up close I wasn't sure it was really him. Public Enemy Number One, until he removed the mashed potatoes from his visage. To be sure, I asked him to pass the relish and he responded in that cryptic way of his by calling me a scumbag and breaking off my left index finger.

We met a second time in October. It was just before the woman in red ratted on him, but the law was pretty hot on his tail. I'd made a minor name for myself by then, having pulled off my first professional caper in which I kidnaped a dead wino for ransom. So when Dillinger and I had our second tête-à-tête, I had a feather in my cap, which he remarked matched my eyes very well. Despite our first meeting, I could tell I'd earned his respect, for this time he called me *Mr. Scumbag*. We had dinner that night and drank a few beers and talked about crime and the Depression and President Roosevelt. I reminded him that he had broken off my left index finger back in July and he laughed and I laughed and then he broke off my other one. This is one of the reasons I was later known far and wide as "Fingers" Blumenthal and by late 1934, after my close friendship with Dillinger, as "Toes" McCloskey, having run out of fingers in early June.

So I joined up with the notorious

Dillinger gang, which by that time was the most-wanted gang in the country. Dillinger and I became close friends, so close, in fact, that we often took baths together, although he insisted I sit on the drain side. We praised each other frequently, I saying that he was the greatest criminal that ever lived, he saying that I couldn't mastermind my way out of a window envelope. Since I was the only member of the gang with a master's degree, I became the brains of the outfit,

which involved plotting most of the robberies, masterminding our escapes and, of course, deciding which buildings were banks and which were police stations. I was very good at it and over the few months we worked together, we robbed many a bank, shot many a guard and escaped the law time and time again, although once, when I stayed home with an earache, Dillinger inadvertently robbed a vacant lot.


After Dillinger bit the dust in '34, I

roamed around the Midwest and Southwest until I met up with Pretty Boy Floyd in Tucson. Although we weren't bosom buddies exactly, for years Pretty Boy and I had had a nodding acquaintance by the name of Irving Katz. (Katz was a minor criminal who was electrocuted for impersonating a duck in the Senate.) I always liked Pretty Boy, even though he was one of the meanest crooks I had ever known. I remember the time he tried to rob a bank in Phoenix but had left the robbery note in his other jacket and ended up with three cans of tuna and a bunch of celery. I had lost track of him for a while when Dillinger died, which, of course, elevated Pretty Boy to Public Enemy Number One. He appreciated the honor, but the pressure of the law got to him and he acquired the neurotic habit of yelling "Bingo!" in church. We robbed a few small filling stations for laughs, but that was about it. I was nervous about the law, too, since I was wanted in ten states for loitering.

The law finally caught up with Pretty Boy in Ohio in 1934. G men had cornered him in a farmhouse and riddled







him with bullets. Pretty Boy had never been good at riddles, so he died. What history doesn't know is that he died in my arms. Before the G men got inside the farmhouse, Pretty Boy uttered his last words to me: "Tell Rico the drapes will be ready Thursday," which I later discovered was a coded message meaning: "Tell Rico the drapes will be ready Friday."

After the law did away with Floyd, its next target was Baby Face Nelson, whom I'd known as a member of the Dillinger gang back in '33. It had been two long years since I last saw Nelson, but I saw right away that he hadn't changed in all those years, which must have been a great savings on laundry. My encounters with Nelson were brief, as we had a minor disagreement over a robbery plan that he eventually resolved by locking me in a steamer trunk. Unfortunately, that particular steamer trunk was bound for Venezuela. When it was opened by the Customs authorities several weeks later, I was arrested after failing to convince them I was a Dopp Kit. Infuriated, humiliated and incarcerated, I vowed to get back at Nelson if it was the last thing I did. Two years later, I met up with him in Detroit and, staying true to my vow, led him into a deserted back alley and proceeded to spit shine his shoes. Nelson bought it a few weeks after that and I picked it up in Cincinnati and sold it for a good profit to a man named Vito.

It was in the delightful summer of 1937 that I commenced my tempestuous and largely legendary love affair with the infamous bank robber and murderer, Bonnie Parker. Now, I know that history informs us that Bonnie Parker met her Maker back in 1934 in that car with Clyde Barrow. But history, once again, I'm afraid, is sorely mistaken, for Bonnie Parker was very much alive in the summer of 1937, although the 143 bullet wounds she sustained did not do wonders for her disposition.

And what a wonderful summer it was, too! It was love at first sight. The very first moment Bonnie Parker laid eyes on yours truly, she fell head over heels in love. And why shouldn't she have fallen? I was a dashing young cavalier then, with a hot reputation, a hot car, a hot suit and a hot hat. Luckily, I just happened to be available, had been for 12 years. To this day, I shall never forget Bonnie Parker's first words to me as I stood silhouetted in her doorway, my fedora cocked slightly over one eye, a cigarette dangling from my lips. She said, "Shut the door, bozo, you wanna let the flies in?" I laughed deeply

and casually slammed the door and I would have taken her up in my arms that very moment and caressed her into a hot passion had I not closed it on my leg.

So Bonnie and I shackled up at her place, which was a small cattle ranch located outside Tulsa on the center strip of Route 85. It was an ill-fated romance from the beginning. Melvin Purvis, the notorious G man who had done in both Machine Gun Kelly and my old friend Dillinger, was hot on my tail, which was in hock at the time. Deep in my heart, I knew it was time to leave the shack. Purvis was getting closer and closer every day and I desperately needed a change of pace, as well as a change of underwear. So I left Bonnie Parker in the winter of '37 and I never saw or heard from her again, although I shall never forget her last words: "Buzz off, shorty, before I set your derby on fire."

After my reputation as a criminal had spread far and wide, after I had become somewhat of a legend, I decided to rest on my laurels for a while. I thought I could lay low until the law got tired of looking for me. The idea of going to jail again (I'd spent five years in Sing Sing back in the Twenties on a parking rap) was a repugnant thought, although the idea of being riddled by machine-gun bullets was even worse, since my complexion was bad enough as it was. I'd managed to outmaneuver the law many times, but I suspected that my luck was wearing thin that afternoon in '38 when I noticed that a division of the National Guard had bivouacked in my living room. I was soaking in a hot bath when suddenly I was surrounded by a squad of mean-looking law-enforcement officers. Something told me the jig was up and I was right and they carted me off to the Federal pen.

I was subsequently found guilty on 17 charges, which included armed robbery, murder, rape, bigamy, grand larceny, mediocre larceny, inept larceny, conspiracy to commit fraud, conspiracy to commit suicide and acting silly in court. When the prosecution ordered me onto the witness stand, my lawyer told me to take the Fifth, which I did, but it was empty, so I took a pint instead. Eventually, I pleaded guilty to all 17 charges, was found guilty by a jury and sentenced to hang by the neck in the electric chair, which I subsequently did, although they let me blow dry my hair first. —John Blumenthal

dimly with real feeling and Gardner will pull the plug, as if emotional warmth were somehow an aesthetic embarrassment. Black-outs occur regularly within the scenes of Gardner's stories: a Gothic tower, a medieval cloister, a Kafkaesque dungeon, the deck of a whaling ship. Gardner's prose style is often impressive, though just as often it's dramatically inconsistent, as in the title story, which begins with all the rhetorical gusto of the Elizabethan section in *Moby Dick* but lags toward the end into a comic-book parody of *Two Years Before the Mast*. Stories such as *Pastoral Care*, *The Ravages of Spring*, *The Temptation of St. Ivo* and *The Warden* are philosophically intriguing; but as dramatic fiction, they are about as exciting as a blown fuse.

Doug Boyd's *Rolling Thunder* (Random House) carries an unfortunate subtitle: "A Personal Exploration into the Secret Healing Powers of an American Indian Medicine Man." It's accurate, in a way, but it also makes you smell warmed-over Carlos Castaneda before you've ever opened the book, and seems certain to be *Son of Don Juan Now That He's a Best Seller*. Which is too bad, because *Rolling Thunder* is only superficially like Castaneda's books; and beyond the wise and powerful medicine they share, Don Juan and Rolling Thunder aren't much alike, either. Don Juan lives practically ghostlike in his Sonora Desert, more like a myth than a real Indian; and Castaneda's books are finally subtle spiritual guides, mystical Dale Carnegie for newly troubled times. But Boyd's account of his two years with Rolling Thunder is altogether different. After Don Juan, Rolling Thunder seems at first too real to be a medicine man. He's a brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad, drives a red-and-black Camaro, hangs out occasionally with the Grateful Dead and isn't above using his medicine to make herbal hay-fever remedies or to retrieve a lost tobacco pouch. But the greatest difference is that he's an Indian activist, and that's what the book is finally about. When Boyd first meets Rolling Thunder, the Bureau of Land Management is achieving "vegetative manipulation"—its term—on traditional Shoshonean lands in Nevada: "They tear out a forest at the rate of 20 acres an hour. . . . [A] heavy chain is stretched between caterpillar tractors to drag away piñon trees, whose nuts are the traditional survival food of the Shoshones. Juniper, Indian tea, sacred plants and herbs are ripped up in the path. Wildlife is destroyed to clear grazing land for the private use of Nevada ranchers." As Rolling Thunder and members of the Committee of Concern for the Traditional Indian fight unsuccessfully to save



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the piñons, the destruction of the trees becomes a metaphor. Strong Indian medicine could probably stop it, but that wouldn't do what really needs to be done, which is to boot the Bureau of Land Management upward a few spiritual notches—along with the rest of us who don't give a flying shit about some dead piñon trees or an otherwise useless sacred mesa strip-mined to rubble for the coal that's inside. Rolling Thunder understands: It's not an Indian problem, the problem is with *us*. It's not ecology, it's mental health. The earth is a single organism that we are part of, not above; and the way we are poisoning and wounding it (ourselves) amounts to severe mental illness—which Rolling Thunder and others like him are trying to heal on many levels, from political to medical, before the patient croaks. Boyd writes about him without any of the eerie poetic flash that Castaneda sometimes achieves, and, sorry, there's not much good stuff about drugs and visions, but *Rolling Thunder* is worth the trip, even if you don't believe in magic.

After the charred chops and fried banana at an ugly roadside restaurant in Australia, a woman looks at her husband and notes that at least they have the climate. "Quite apart from anything else, the Thames Valley is so damp." So it is, but when we are in the Thames Valley,



we know where we are. In Patrick White's stories included in this new collection, *The Cockatoos* (Viking), one is aware of the writer's skill and care and sensitivity—White is, after all, Australia's Nobel Prize winner for literature—but words, just words, however carefully chosen, are not enough to make a story. After a while, one wants to say "Stop! Where are we? Who are these people? Where do they come from?" White goes laboriously on, and all fears and doubts





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and sexual fantasies, headaches and backaches and love affairs become interchangeable. Was it Evelyn or Evelyn's husband who suffered? Are we in Sydney or Perth? No, that was another story. We are now in a hot little room in Sicily and the woman's name is Ivy. Ivy's husband suffers, too—from an aching, flaming tooth, symbolic of other, more severe aching flames, or flaming aches that remind one of all that is suffered by those people in the story about the cockatoos. One remembers those birds; great, strange creatures with white plumage tinted with red, yellow, pink; Australian birds never seen floating into our back yards. They at least have an identity. The people and places do not. Reading *White*, one assumes that the human condition rings the same old bells, even out there, down there, but whatever it is that makes the experience Australian remains a mystery. It is not as a craftsman that he fails but as a writer coming to terms with his country.

## MOVIES

The decline and fall of a famous French swindler, whose rash wheeling-dealing brought about the collapse of the government back in the Thirties, is the subject of *Stavisky*—but only at first glance. Be warned, then, if you're not a Frenchman



already familiar with backstairs banking and politics in Europe, that this elegant ode to a bygone era will be of little use as a history lesson. Director Alain Resnais (of *Last Year at Marienbad*) is more a film poet than a historian, also a better spell weaver than storyteller. Which makes *Stavisky* rather dull as a drama but absolutely breath-taking from time to time as a cinematic explosion of art-deco romanticism. The plot, such as it is, was developed by scenarist Jorge Semprun (of *Z* and *La Guerre Est Finie*), who preserves his stand-

ing among leftist intellectuals by forcing some ideological or philosophical link between the career of Alexandre Stavisky and that of Russian revolutionary Leon Trotsky, exiled in France at the same time. Forget it. The scenes with Trotsky are mostly irrelevant, and Stavisky's over-all pretensions are pretty well obliterated by the fact that Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the title role. Belmondo is Belmondo, a feisty superstar whose charisma outshines any isms that might tend to dim his ruddy natural glow. Matched with beautiful Anny Duperey (as Madame Stavisky) and Charles Boyer (as a worldly old aristocrat caught up in Stavisky's schemes), Belmondo takes over, virtually defying the movie to keep pace with him. In the end, his moxie saves Resnais' somewhat formal frieze depicting a vanished Gatsbyish world of sleek cars and clothes and grand hotels where "money attracts money"—and where a casual gentleman woos a provocative lady, after one brief glimpse across a lobby full of potted palms, by casually ordering that she be buried up to her beauty mark in flowers.

*The Little Prince* is Antoine de Saint Exupéry's celebrated fable for kids from seven to 70, rather pointlessly musicalized by the *Fair Lady* team of Lerner and Loewe and produced and directed by Stanley Donen as if to conceal the fact that his screen credits include one of the greatest movie musicals, *Singin' in the Rain*. Richard Kiley plays the aviator who crashes his plane into a desert dream-world, tiny Steven Warner plays the prince—with bits by Bob Fosse (director of *Lenny*, back in his dancing shoes as *The Snake*) and Gene Wilder (as *The Fox*). Considering the exceptional talent on deck, the movie version is amazingly bland.

Director Ralph Bakshi's *Coonskin* is a disappointing encore from the creator of *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic*, the X-rated live-and-animation films that cut a wildly twisting road through territory formerly occupied mostly by Disney's cutesy-pie birds and bees. *Coonskin*'s heroes are "three funky down-home niggers" named Rabbit, Bear and Reverend Fox, who appear in the real-life opening sequences as daredevils carrying out a reckless prison break. A leap of imagination—and Bakshi's fecund imagination moves only in giant steps—transforms them into a trio of cartoon cats pursuing Dame Fortune in Harlem. The characters they meet, however, are: Reverend Simple, a black revolutionary leader with a flair for showbiz, raising "money to kill whites"; a gross Mafia godfather, whose sons include a couple of greaseball drag queens; plus a symbolic Miss America figure, an enormous red-white-and-blue doll

with stars on her tits. Miss America gives her black buddies the shaft every time and encourages them to take up professional boxing and other such "pugilistic niggerish bullshit." The movie scores some points because Bakshi is a brilliant satirist; his mockery of the way *The Godfather's* corruption and treachery are made gloriously romantic on film could hardly be crueler or more grotesque. Yet there is too much going on in *Coonskin*, too much of it already familiar from dozens of other polemical movies about black experience. This time, despite his masterful technique, Bakshi seems to throw in a little of everything, and he can't quite pull it together.

Midway through *Earthquake*, while the special-effects wizards simulate widespread devastation in Los Angeles, Charlton Heston caroms between his wife (Ava Gardner) and his mistress (Genevieve Bujold), and George Kennedy rescues Victoria Principal from a



supermarket checker turned guardsman (Marjoe Gortner) who has gone berserk with a gun. "Earthquakes bring out the worst in some worlds," Kennedy observes, and producer-director Mark Robson's multimillion-dollar misadventure proves his point long before the dam breaks, wreaking havoc upon catastrophe. With ineffectual help from writers George Fox and Mario (*The Godfather*) Puzo, Robson has mounted a huge empty drama that would rank about 2.5 on a scale of one to ten if measured against other disaster epics recently unveiled (*Juggernaut* was far more tense



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and credible, *Airport 1975* more brainlessly funny). To complement *Earthquake*'s apocalyptic visual assault, which is technically impressive, a new sound gimmick called Sensurround fills movie theaters with aural vibrations that threaten to loosen every dental bridge for miles around. This shake-well-before-losing approach to film making seems destined to go the way of smellies (cinema sniffed through atomizers), 3-D and such novelties as *The Tinger*, an all but forgotten thriller shown in theaters wired for shock. The one character in *Earthquake* who maintains his equilibrium is the Drunk, billed in the credits as Walter Matuschanskayasky—actually, Walter Matthau, looking thoroughly sloshed, as the bleary eyewitness of Hollywood's ultimate masochistic fantasy: Hollywood itself destroyed.

Since Lenny Bruce's death in 1966, the hottest item in a rash of stage, screen and publishing efforts to milk the Bruce legend has been Albert Goldman's damaging best seller *Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce!!*, an obvious effort to portray Lenny primarily as a sick, devious, self-serving hustler and hopeless junkie. A few of these things he undoubtedly was. But he was also a matchless social satirist, years ahead of his time; and an honorable—though fuzzy—attempt is made to set the record straight in the movie version of Julian Barry's Broadway hit *Lenny*, directed by former choreographer Bob Fosse (of the Oscar-winning *Cabaret*) with Dustin Hoffman in the title role. Hoffman delivers a great Hoffman performance that seems to be about a nicer, simpler, less scathingly brilliant and quite sympathetic guy who is a bit like Lenny but barely scratches the surface of the real Lenny Bruce. For a definitive glimpse into that mystery, there is no surer guide than Lenny himself—either on LP records or in John Magnuson's vibrant *Lenny Bruce Performance Film*, primitively made in 1965 at Basin Street West, San Francisco, as part of Bruce's long-frustrated struggle to do a fully structured version of his act that he could offer as evidence in court to answer obscenity charges. He never got the chance.

The filmed *Lenny* turns out to be a superficial and romanticized portrait of Bruce, standing cheek to cheek with an unforgettable sketch of his wife, Honey, the vulnerable stripper who follows her guy on sex and drug trips and ends up in prison. Played by Valerie Perrine, Honey bares her soul as well as her body—a marked improvement over the Broadway original. Valerie's disarming honesty takes the curse of soap opera off every banality she utters, and her moving portrayal automatically thrusts the luscious, scene-stealing Perrine into front-runner status for an Oscar nomination. Director Fosse's



great virtue in the enterprise is his intimate knowledge of showbiz, from the seedy to the sublime. Any hint of footlights glamor has been assiduously scraped away. Filming in stark black and white, he treats *Lenny* as a quasi-documentary pastiche in interview format, with an off-screen reporter unobtrusively asking what makes Lenny run. Some of the bits featuring his mother (Jan Miner), his agent (Stanley Beck) and an obnoxious big-time colleague known as Mr. Entertainment (Gary Morton) are performed flawlessly but don't lift *Lenny* to the epic status of a *Citizen Kane*, which appears to be what author Barry had in mind for this adaptation. Connoisseurs of Bruce's slashing style will find plenty to argue with in Hoffman's onstage manner (an actor-comedian named Bernie Travis came a hair closer several years ago, playing Lenny in a schlocky rip-off movie called *Dirtymouth*). But Hoffman, on a mission impossible, sidesteps the pitfall of cheap imitation to do his own thing—with dribs and drabs of Lenny's best material as the showstoppers in a flashy lump-in-the-throat pop biography that would probably elicit a four-letter curse from its subject. A measure of ironic justice is done, nonetheless, when a class-A movie with an R (not X) rating goes into mass release containing a wry episode in which the socially redeeming merits of the word cocksucking are up for serious legal debate. That such things are possible in films today is just one aspect of Lenny's sad posthumous victory.

The phantom is back, and it glitters. As pop-art showmanship aiming only to please, *Phantom of the Paradise*—described



as a rock-comedy-horror-musical—scores a clean hit. With bits of *Faust* grafted onto Lon Chaney's classic *Phantom of the Opera*, this latest ghostly apparition combines the jest of both worlds in a jaunty musical spoof. Writer-director Brian De

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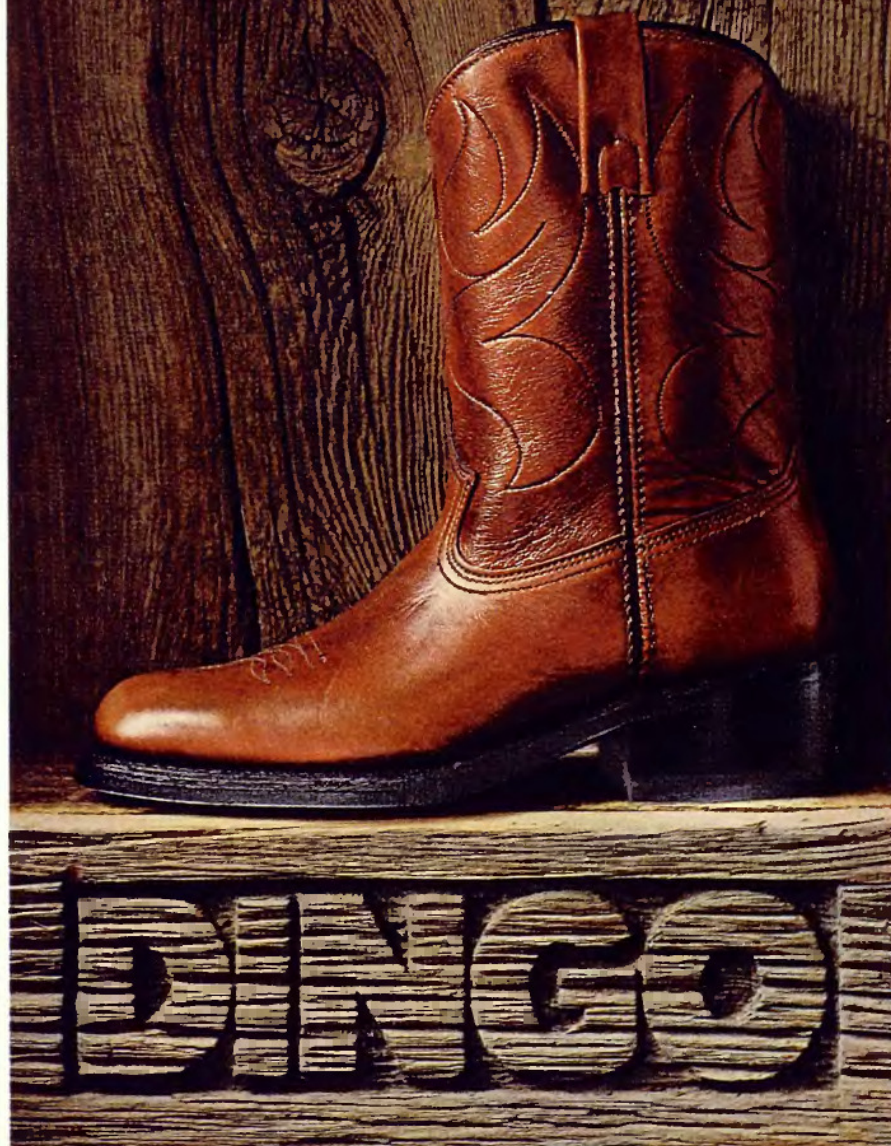
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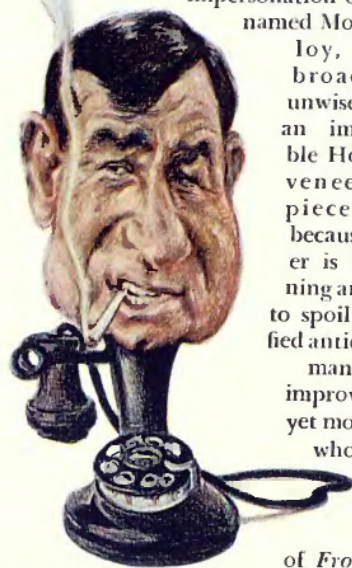
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Palma (who began to show promise with *Greetings* back in 1969 and inched his way up to a 1973 thriller called *Sisters*) has been canny enough to seize upon the horror-show qualities hard-sold by such rock stars as Mick Jagger and Alice Cooper. De Palma has a cheeky collaborator in singer-composer Paul Williams, who wrote the film's musical parodies and also plays a pivotal role as Swan—the fiendish rock entrepreneur, head of Death Records, who has sold his soul to the Devil in exchange for top-of-the-chart sales and controlling interest in the Paradise ballroom, his own Xanadu. Into the Paradise ventures a timorous composer named Winslow Leach (William Finley), who says he's written a cantata retelling the story of Faust. "Faust? What label's he on?" demands one of Swan's hired goons. Before you can say double cross, Leach's music is stolen, while he himself is framed on a drug rap and sent to Sing Sing (where else?). He comes out to wreak vengeance on Swan, instead gets his face horribly mangled in a record-pressing machine and again falls under Swan's spell. Meanwhile, the girl Leach might have loved once upon a time, a soulful singer named Phoenix (Jessica Harper), has been transformed by the malevolent Swan into a star as well as a sex object. Though Williams all but steals the picture, playing his part like a pudgy blond troll with delusions of Peter Lorre, *Phantom* has assets to burn—and actually burns a few. There's one droll bit about the onstage incineration of a glitter-rock superstar—the audience screams over it and clamors for more—that may be matched by send-ups of various musical groups identified here as the Juicy Fruits, the Beach Bums and The Undeads. The rest of the sound track features lots of heavy breathing in homage to the creepiest old thrillers of yore, nicely complemented by Larry Pizer's rich Neo-Gothic photography. De Palma can take a bow for bringing vintage hokum into the Age of Aquarius with considerable flair.

Director Billy Wilder's rewrite and remake of *The Front Page*, the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur comedy classic about hard-boiled Chicago newspapermen circa 1929, flashes blue-ribbon credentials from top to bottom. The updated dialog by Wilder, in collaboration, as usual, with I. A. L. Diamond (they're the team responsible for *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment*), fits snugly into the old, fondly familiar format, which has been brought to the screen twice before (in 1931 with Pat O'Brien and Adolphe Menjou; in 1940 with Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant cast by director Howard Hawks in a screwball sex-conversion treatment titled *His Girl Friday*). Here, Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, as the *Chicago Examiner's* ace reporter and his ruthless managing editor, repeat the boisterous Mutt-and-Jeff act they have been

performing with variations for a decade or so, while guys like Allen Garfield, Charles Durning and David Wayne lurch around the City Hall pressroom as if they had never done anything else. As the convicted cop killer whose escape triggers the plot, Austin Pendleton spoofs his role adroitly—and the only wrong casting is Carol Burnett's glib impersonation of a moll named Mollie Mal-



loy, played broadly but unwisely with an impenetrable Hollywood veneer. The piece works because Wilder is too cunning an old pro to spoil a certified antique with many useless improvements, yet moviegoers who remember earlier editions of *Front Page*

stand to gain very little from this vintage farce revisited. It remains loud and fast and funny—with nothing lacking save the spark of spontaneity that cannot survive when the topical humor of yesteryear ages into pure nostalgia. The ultimate question raised by such a meticulous reproduction is not how well was it done but *why*?

## RECORDINGS

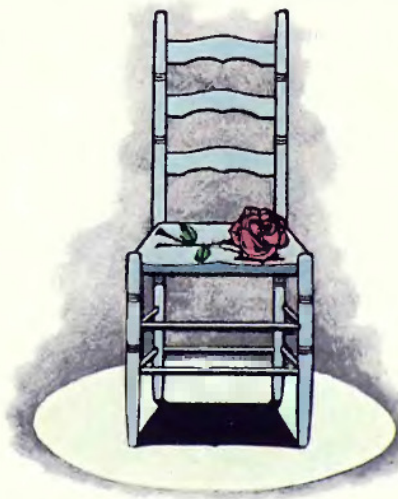
Listening to *In Memoriam* (Little David), the 34th and last LP by the Modern Jazz Quartet, we had the feeling that maybe the breakup of the MJQ was all for the best. There's nothing really *wrong* with the album; it's just that it seems we've been down this road many times before. Augmented by a symphony orchestra conducted by Maurice Peress, the group—John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath and Connie Kay—performs Lewis' long title composition, his *Jazz Ostinato* and the adagio from Joaquin Rodrigo's *Concerto de Aranjuez*. It's all impeccable, intelligent and—perhaps due to the attrition of the years—a little dull. The MJQ's two decades of productivity cannot be denied; we'll settle for remembering those.

The best thing to take home with you after an evening at a J. Geils Band concert (after you've come down enough to go home) would be lead boogie man Peter Wolf—just to let him loose in your living room and watch him bounce off the walls, floor and ceiling like a black-leather pinball. If that sounds like an odd way to

spend time, you might just take home Geils's new LP, *Nightmares* (Atlantic), and bounce around yourself. As the band moto-vates through *Detroit Breakdown*—the best boogie since *First I Looked at the Purse*—you'll find your head bobbing like a Kewpie doll on the dashboard. J. Geils has not slowed down one funk. *Nightmares* will keep you up till morning—and then some.

Bonnie Raitt is at her best in a club; her performances seem just right in an aura of gin-soaked cigarette smoke, where she can easily maneuver the habitués from conversation to the electric quiet of rapt attention. And she doesn't have to fight for them or overwhelm them with her personality, although, God knows, she has personality aplenty, along with a wry sense of humor. Not to mention a large talent as both singer and guitarist. But Bonnie's gifts are displayed in a manner that is as straightforward and low-keyed as the plain wooden chair she sits on for most of her set—a simple framework for the presentation of all the music she loves best.

It is her choice of material that has set Bonnie Raitt apart and has won her an immense cult following that threatens to turn her into a star any day now, whether she wants it or not. In four albums, the latest of which is *Streetsights* (Warner Bros.), she has taken a lot of chances, the mark of every major interpretive singer, and, more often than not, come out on top. It was Bonnie who resurrected the hilariously blunt songs of Sippie Wallace, made one of the first recordings of *Love Has No Pride* and challenged a whole set of conceptions by singing old black man's blues in her young white woman's voice—no apologies asked or needed. *Streetsights* contains more challenges—three contemporary songs of classic quality—Joni



Mitchell's *That Song About the Midway*, James Taylor's *Rainy Day Man* and John Prine's *Angel from Montgomery*. The last, on first hearing, sounds extremely



odd, because it differs so much from Prince's own brilliant performance; but a few listenings are enough to appreciate Bonnie's impression of an old woman who has run out of energy, hope and dreams.

The album's finest moment is a beautiful love song by Michael Kamen, *Everything That Touches You*, that manages to hit a lot of nerves without getting overblown about it. The rest of the songs are a mixture of funk (by Allen Toussaint and Lou Courtney), some fun and a couple of tunes that just don't measure up. As a musician, Bonnie Raitt is a lady who is easy to love. Live is better, but this album is a dandy second best.

The small-combo revolution in r&b continues to gain momentum. The Ohio Players, in the wake of *Skin Tight*, would appear to have another winner in *Fire* (Mercury). *What the Hell, Runnin' from the Devil*, the title tune and *Smoke*—where there's fire, of course—are all exercises in the group's deep-funk mode.



with biting horn and guitar figures, jazzy piano chordings and a spacy assortment of vocal effects: *Together, I Want to Be Free* and *It's All Over* present them in their lyrical bag.

The British are coming! First it was the Beatles, with their adolescent Liverpool grottness, then came the Stones singing the queen's decadent blues; next the heavy metal of Zeppelin; and then the symphonic splendor of Yes and ELP. Which brings us to the most recent arrival of the armada: 12th Century rock, as exemplified by such groups as Renaissance, Steeleye Span and Fairport Convention. The release of the latter's current LP, *A Moveable Feast* (Island), is a return to those soulful Saxon roots that are, indeed, England's folk heritage but that also defy

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being merged coherently with any recognizable rock idiom. A cut like *Matty Groves* may have been a hit in the court of Henry IV, but it hasn't stayed in the Millennium's Hot 100. And *Rosie*, one of the few cuts that postdate the Reformation, sounds like the last song of a prom at the Famous School for British Twits. What the next wave of the English invasion will be, one can only guess—perhaps Druid fertility rites à la Motown.

The Indians of the Andes live higher than anyone else on earth—with or without coca leaves. Scattered about on the treeless Altiplano from Peru to Argentina, they exist in a world of silence, 12,000 feet in the air. The music of these descendants of the Incas seems like a punctuation of the silence. Even the sprightliest dances are momentary diversions, brief interruptions of the stillness. Paul Simon drew on this music for *El Condor Pasa*, and now he has produced a solo album by the group that backed him on earlier records. They call themselves *Urubamba* (Columbia) after the mountain river that flows past the ancient Inca city of Machu Picchu. They are four sophisticated city musicians who have doubtless adapted the native music to make it more appealing to our North American ears. But they seem to be faithful to the spirit of this tradition and they perform on native instruments: flutes, pan pipes, charango and drum. For those of you who are not Andean music buffs,

the charango is a ten-string, guitarlike instrument with a body made from an armadillo shell. Note



also that the drum used on the record is made from a hollowed-out weeping-willow trunk covered with goat-skin. Funkier than that you can't get.

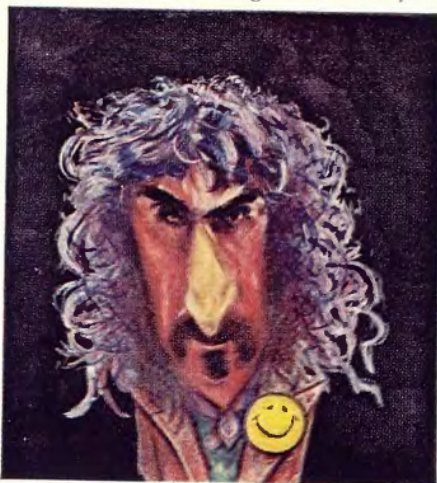
As a producer, Simon occasionally lets his own romanticism intrude on the music—most notably, with the insertion of a choir on a song called *El Eco*—but generally, he lets *Urubamba* present its music without additions. Listened to carefully, *Urubamba* induces a mood of cheerful resignation that—while not conducive to industry—does provide the strength needed to ride out calamity with

a gently mysterious smile on one's face. Here, chew on some of these. You'll feel better in no time.

Some of the most inventive lyrics around are being delivered by Randy Newman and Dory Previn, a couple of Los Angeles citybillies who seem to want to keep it a deep, dark secret that they wear shoes. Maybe they think they'll have a better chance of getting their messages across disguised in down-home sounds. If so, they're succeeding. Newman's *Good Old Boys* (Warner Bros.) doesn't come close to his masterpiece, *Sail Away*, but it has enough great things in it to keep you from feeling shortchanged. It also has enough in it to offend almost everyone—which is probably the way Newman wanted it. The big song is *Rednecks*, which will raise the hackles of Northerners and Southerners, blacks and whites. Newman is also heavily into booze—musically, that is. *Guilty*, *Marie* and *Rollin'* are suffused with Jack Daniel's heady fumes, and *Back on My Feet Again*, a marvelously inventive set of lyrics, may be set in an alcoholic ward—on the other hand, it could take place in a mental institution; either way, the song is delightful. Newman is even into—would you believe?—Huey Long; after a short reprise of Long's own mawkish *Every Man a King*, he launches into his own *Kingfish*, which—in typical Newman fashion—seems to be a song in praise of Louisiana's most famous (or infamous) son, but with Newman you never know. Incidentally, for a piece of pure insanity, we suggest you linger over *Naked Man*. *Dory Previn*, based on her latest Warner Bros. LP, is even deeper into the country-and-western bag—not the lyrics, mind you, just the sound. But twangy guitars can't disguise one of musicdom's sharpest commentators on the contemporary scene and one of the most intelligent lyricists around. There's *Coldwater Canyon*, in which she flays the make-out artist, and a trio of fine "woman" songs—*Mama Mama Comfort Me* (she's trying to make it up to her mother for not having been born a male), *The Obscene Phone Call* (a funny, funny thing on trying to report it to the "proper" authorities) and *Did Jesus Have a Baby Sister?* ("Did she long to be the saviour saving everyone she met?/And in private to her mirror did she whisper saviourette? Saviourwoman? Saviourperson? Save your breath!"). Love, lack of it, despair or rollicking good humor—Previn offers all, and then some.

The dairy cows of 18th Century Weimar disturbed the German poet Goethe at least as much as the turkey farms of Palm-dale, California, bothered Frank Zappa in the Fifties. Yet, in spite of all the cow dung in the street, Goethe managed to write *Faust*, whereas Zappa for the life of him can't seem to get the turkey shit out of his head. And the latest live double

album *Roxy & Elsewhere* (DiscReet) strongly indicates that the mother of invention is not about to clean house. Take the orchestral suite consisting of *Village of the Sun*, *Echidna's Arf (of You)* and *Don't You Ever Wash That Thing?* The trite lyrics



of *Village* are so obviously geared to sell the purely instrumental sections of the composition to his audience of juvenile *enfants terribles* that the sales pitch needlessly commercializes and discredits the music itself. As do the lyrics of *Penguin in Bondage*, *Son of Orange County* and *Pygmy Twylite*. On the other hand, *Cheepnis* is a truly hilarious oratorio about TV science-fiction monsters that shows real insight into media psychology. Yet by side three, Zappa's artistic credibility is so low, even devoted fans must doubt whether the song contains anything more than the usual antiestablishment *kitsch*. Perhaps the most exasperating cut is *Be-Bop Tango*, where, stepping out of his maestro role and into his master-of-ceremonies personality, Zappa interrupts George Duke's fine scat singing to . . . hold a dance contest! How long, O Lord, how long must we dial Frank Zappa and keep getting Bert Parks?

## THEATER

Peter Shaffer's *Equus* is an operation on the mind and an investigation into the roots of sexual passion. A stable boy (Peter Firth), a lover of horses, has mysteriously blinded six of them, and a child psychiatrist (Anthony Hopkins) has been called in to solve the mystery and to administer the "cure." The author asks, What is the purpose of psychiatry? To adjust the seriously disturbed to normality? And what is disturbed and what is normality? The psychiatrist is repelled by the boy's psychotic act, yet he is magnetically attracted by his ferocious passion. The boy is hung up on horses in a religious as well as a sexual sense; the *Equus* of the title is both a sex object and a Godhead. The doctor, in contrast, despite pretensions of passion, leads a sterile, barren existence. A titanic struggle—of ideas, ethics and emotions—is waged, which ends in ambiguity. The



mystery is solved, but still Shaffer offers no answers. The play is tantalizing and unsettling. What lifts it, what makes it a completely riveting experience, is its unconventional theatricality. It is a work to be seen rather than read; in fact, it would be impossible without John Dexter's production, first presented at Britain's National Theater. Dexter approaches the work on the level of myth and directs it at a gallop. The horses are strikingly mimed by six prancing actors wearing sculptured semblances of horseheads (the contribution of designer John Napier). The violent attack on the animals and an orgasmic horse ride by night are treated ritualistically. Swiftly, the barely furnished stage becomes a paddock, a dissecting room and an arena of battle. The play stimulates the imagination of the audience, so that it feels a party to the hunt (actual, psychological and metaphorical). *Equus* demands, and receives, acting of the highest level. Firth, a sinewy young man making his stage debut, merges completely with the character of the unearthly stable boy (he almost looks equine). In the less physically demanding but more emotionally draining role of the doctor, Hopkins is scalpel-sharp. Together, in collaboration with author and director, they create a visceral evening of theater. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

Mark Medoff, who wrote last season's incisive melodrama *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*, in *The Wager* turns to the put-ons and put-offs of heartless modern adolescents. The characters in the new play, like their compatriots in Michael Weller's *Moonchildren* (which, like *Red Ryder*, is a more impressive play than *The Wager*), have no direction. They are savagely playful with one another's lives—for the sport of it. Meanest of all is Leeds, a scholar with a superego and an emotional strait jacket. He wisecracks while ambulating like the walking dead. Coldly he bets his roommate, Ward, an aggressive bedder of women (postcoitus, he rates performances on a score card), that Ward cannot woo and win a certain stuffy young professor's wife, and—for an extra fillip of excitement—that he cannot avoid the professor's wrath. If Ward is killed, he loses the wager. What follows is an intricate dance of deathly humor (some of it has an ice-pick wit, some of it is simply smartass). The characters, unlike the people in *Red Ryder*, are merely puppets manipulated by the author. But the game is Fascination and the actors, directed by Anthony Perkins, are expert—pretty Linda Cook as the pliable wife, John Heard as the husband, Kenneth Gilman as the smug stud and, particularly, Kristoffer Tabori as the malicious, devious antihero. At the East-side Playhouse, 334 East 74th Street.



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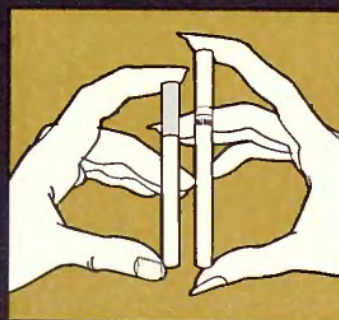
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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**H**ow do you tell someone you're living with to get lost? About a year ago, I met this guy—we liked each other, dated, made love. The only friction came from playing "your place or mine?"—the insecurity of being away from our respective creature comforts for a night (his music, my macramé), the sense of wasting a space by leaving it unoccupied—all seemed to detract from what was going down between us. We tossed a coin; he sublet his apartment and my place became our place. It was a mistake. I feel like my whole life has been invaded. I'm under a constant pressure to relate, to be domestic. There's no time left for my creative pursuits and that's a capital offense. More and more, I find myself taking it out on him. I want to go back to the old arrangement, or maybe to see him out of my life entirely, but the trouble involved is frightening. How can I broach the subject?—Miss P. B., Hartford, Connecticut.

Breaking up is hard to do. That's why you feel so good when it stops. You can drop subtle hints: Walk around the house singing "I shall be released." Short sheet his side of the bed. Leave a U. S. Post Office change-of-address card with his name nailed to the door. Or you can take drastic measures: Ask him to deposit a check for you. On the back of the check, write "This is a holdup" and hope that they aren't too hard on him. However, we're not sure that revenge is in order. It seems to us that the situation is to blame. A sense of invasion often occurs when you subdivide an old territory. In your next incarnation, find a larger apartment. If there's not enough space for you to live alone together, then you won't live together for long. State your case soon and make it clear to your roommate that moving out is not the same as moving on.

**A**re you ready for this? A girlfriend and I have discovered a unique sexual turn-on—Alka-Seltzer! She inserts one of the white wonders as she starts to get excited. When the juices flow, the tablet effervesces; the heat and tingling sensations that result are something else again. The Alka-Seltzer screw, as it is called, is spreading like wildfire among the swinging set in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Is there any harm in what we're doing?—W. F. E., Fort Worth, Texas.

We were ready for your question. An oil-and-gas producer in your area has already written us about a dozen letters on this topic. We know that it must be hard to swing in the Lone-Star State—the trees are so far apart—but surely you have better things to do than to write to us. Still, we must answer: According to our

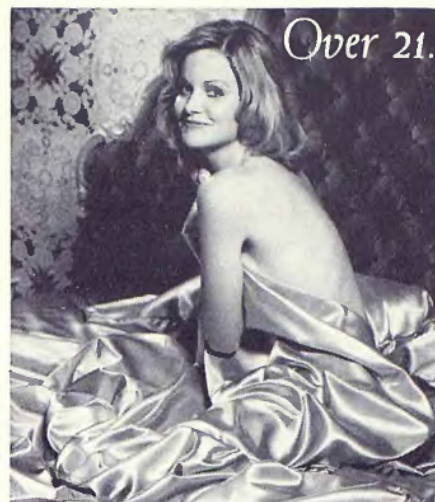
medical expert, the lining of the vagina has a pH that must be maintained to prevent bacterial infection. A prompt and complete douching should restore the proper pH and ensure your girlfriend's health. Also, Alka-Seltzer contains aspirin; aspirin has been known to cause bleeding in the gastrointestinal lining after prolonged contact; the same thing might occur if vaginal contact was less than speedy. Again, this problem could be avoided by douching or, perhaps, by switching to one of those flavored fizzies. Then you would have a taste treat as well.

**O**ne night my boyfriend and I were sitting at home, listening to the stereo. Our talk turned to artists who had received gold records and the question came up: Can a gold record be played or is it strictly a plaque?—Miss S. H., San Bernardino, California.

A spokesman for the Record Industry Association of America (the group that awards the 1,000,000-seller discs) told us that a gold record is run off the master of the original hit and that it can be played on a stereo set. He added that he had never heard of anyone doing so. More often, the platters are melted down for money to get through the hard times between an artist's last hit and his first television golden-oldie tape offer. But that's another story.

**I** was discharged from the U. S. Air Force in 1968. Although the discharge was honorable, there were circumstances involved that I would rather have left unknown, especially to potential employers. From what I hear, there is a code used on the Report of Separation from Active Duty (DD Form 214) that tells all. What can I do to keep this information from falling into the wrong hands? Since my discharge, I've obtained an M.B.A. and would like to put it to good use with a clean start.—D. P., Richmond, Virginia.

The information is already in the wrong hands. The Armed Forces customarily indicated the cause of discharge on Form 214 with one of 530 Separation Program Numbers (SPNs or spin numbers). Supposedly, the numbers allowed the Defense Department to designate unfavorable reasons for some honorable and general discharges in order to "preserve the honor of obtaining an honorable discharge for honorable reasons." Obviously, Catch-22 wasn't enough. The SPN list seems to be a Rorschach of the Pentagon's pet hang-ups. In addition to numbers indicating completion of service, there are numbers for motion sickness, being a



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clutz at close-order drill and bed-wetting. Two SPNs indicate alcoholism, in case you're seeing double. And 42 different numbers (for example, 249-257, 511-514, 559-587) indicate homosexuality. (We suppose they need that many to distinguish whether a soldier slept with a sergeant, his commanding officer, his commanding officer's wife or daughter, whether he enjoyed it, whether he was active or passive, etc.) As of March 22, 1974, the Defense Department no longer puts the SPN on the form given to a discharged Serviceman. The number is still kept on file in the form of a new, condensed code of 126 designations. If you were discharged before that date, you can request a new Form 214 with the SPN deleted and you can obtain a narrative description of the reasons for discharge. On general principles (the individual's right to privacy and obligation to oppose bureaucratic balderdash), you should have the number deleted. For additional information, contact: The American Veterans Committee, 1333 Connecticut Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. As for potential employers—we wouldn't worry. Personnel policies vary, but businesses are inclined to focus on a job candidate's education level, work experience, maturity, ability to relate and the attitudes he displays during an interview. They may touch on your Service record (i.e., duration, rank achieved, major duties, etc.), but they are more interested in finding out about you, from you. So go to work on it.

**T**he couple in the next room is out to win a prize. So, apparently, are the couples in the room above, the room below and the room across the ventilator shaft. I live in a singles' complex. Every night I listen to a symphony of orgasmic cries. Actually, I'm not sure the noisemakers are couples. I never hear the guys making any noise (for all I know, the two high-pitched voices coming from the room above may be a duet of lesbians or a *ménage à trois* with two women and a deaf-mute). The one-sided chorus made me realize that my lovers have never been particularly vocal. What gives?—Miss S. W., Chicago, Illinois.

It's hard to say: Our culture raises boys to be strong, silent types, even in their joy. Can you imagine Clint Eastwood crying or Charles Bronson giggling? There is another common reason for silence. Thoreau claimed that the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation; we won't go that far, but it may be that your lovers don't sound off for fear that their celebration would be premature (don't signal the end, kid; she'll find out soon enough). Whatever the reason, it's easy to raise the bedside decibels. Many couples learn to use noise as a natural, spontaneous cue to where they are in the midst of lovemaking: "If that's a groan, we must be in

Belgium." A lot of people are experimenting with what Alex Comfort calls "bird-song at morning"—i.e., they invent the sound track for their own X-rated feature—shouting obscenities, fantasies, the Dow-Jones stock averages, whatever turns them up. Ask your lovers to try it; it's a great rush to let go, although they may be a little embarrassed at first. If they don't dig it, maybe you can work something out using clothespins and playing cards.

**F**or the past few years, I have noticed that the larger beer companies come out with a "bock" beer in the spring. I really enjoy this beer and would like to know what the story is. A friend of mine says that the breweries make it just before they clean out their tanks. True?—T. G., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Our resident foamhead says that your friend's tale is a bass canard, unless, of course, he is a she, in which case it is a soprano canard. He went on to mumble that bock beer is one of a trio of classic brews (the two others being—you guessed it—Beethoven and Brahms). The name may be a mispronunciation of Einbeck (sometimes spelled Einbock), the city that originally produced the brew; or it may stem from ein Bock, the German word for goat. Frederic Birmingham, in "Falstaff's Complete Beer Book," completes the picture: "Bock beer is usually prepared for consumption in the spring, around Easter-time, which is simply a carrying on of the German custom of brewing beer in either October or March, when temperatures were most favorable. The beer is a special one, rather heavy in flavor, usually darker in color and richer in taste than our regular beers. It is made from both regular barley and caramel malt or burnt malt." Encore!

**C**an you tell me what the letters on cigar boxes indicate? If they suggest different levels of quality (A, B, C, and so forth), you can't tell from the taste.—B. R., Columbia, Missouri.

Would you believe that they represent the grades the cigars got in cigar school? Actually, the Government classes cigars for the purpose of Federal taxes. The classes correspond to the intended retail price of the cigar, which, as you've discovered, is no sure-fire guarantee of taste. Class A cigars are the least expensive, class G the most expensive.

**I** have a problem that probably isn't unusual anymore. For about a year, I've been dating a very attractive, very feminine woman. (I'm 36, she's 25.) It has been brought to my attention (by one of her old friends) that she is a bisexual. I've suspected as much for quite a while, so

the disclosure didn't come as a shock. In fact, when I began to suspect her preferences, I tried to draw her out. I took her to porno movies that depicted girl-on-girl and triangle situations. I suggested that we try a threesome with another girl. She refused and said that she wasn't interested, that she'd end up hating all of us. We have a very strong sexual relationship when it's working right, but her weekend trips with girlfriends (for sex or whatever) tend to screw up any continuity to our affair. I feel left out of what must be her strongest emotional and physical attachments. Her friends must think that I'm nuts filling in the open dates. I like her too much to just kiss the whole thing off and, actually, I find it sort of fascinating. She doesn't even admit to being a bisexual! Do you have any suggestions?—J. R., Des Moines, Iowa.

A bisexual is not always a trisexual. Your girlfriend has made it clear that she prefers one-on-one relationships (apparently several at a time) to the group-sex scene. We're not even sure that she is bisexual—her weekend trips may be innocent or they may disguise totally heterosexual meetings with male friends. It seems that your fantasy is based more on jealousy of her other lovers than on curiosity: If you can't stand them, don't join them.

**W**henver some time goes by without sexual intercourse, I masturbate. I've heard that masturbation can increase the size of the clitoris. Is this true? Also, I would like to know the size of the largest recorded clitoris.—Miss F. A., Redondo Beach, California.

Masturbation does not increase the size of either the male or the female genitals. Although no records are kept, one of the largest clitorises known to man belonged to a John Dillinger. It was 19 inches long and is currently on display in the Smithsonian Institution. Ask the guard for the exact location. Contrary to popular belief, Dillinger (nee Joanna) was not a man. The rampant chauvinists of the FBI were loath to allow a woman on the ten-most-wanted list and so perpetrated the rumor that Dillinger was a man. If you think this answer is tongue in cheek, you're wrong: That's not our tongue.

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 Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





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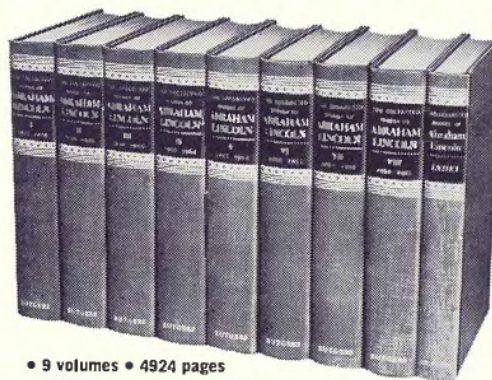
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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## SEX AND DIGNITY

It was with no small degree of appreciation that I read the letter from the Reverend Brian Harrison (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1974), wherein he related heroic self-discipline in avoiding "bestial and shameful"—though "supremely pleasant"—orgasms and the "uncontrolled panting, heaving, grimacing, grunting, moaning, clawing, clutching and shuddering that inevitably accompany a really intense climax." It is readily apparent from the good padre's elaborate descriptions that he has studied his subject in great depth and is fully boned-up, so to speak.

Nevertheless, he seems a bit too smugly sure of himself. One wonders what Father Harrison thinks on those mornings when his bed sheets tell him that Mother Nature does not adhere to his heroic standard of discipline, that despite all his goodly and godly efforts his gong indeed has rung. Though he doubtless sleeps the deep and unknowing slumber of the innocent and just, must he not sometimes wonder, upon observing the yet-damp evidence of Mother's act of betrayal, whether the unreverend alter ego lent a lightly touching, but nevertheless helping hand?

John F. Limper  
Pacific Grove, California

Harrison's letter reminds me of an experience of my own. Last June, my wife was doing what could be described with exactly the same words Harrison uses, "uncontrolled panting, heaving, grimacing, grunting, moaning, clawing, clutching and shuddering." Moments later she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy.

R. D. Vaught  
Norfolk, Virginia

The Reverend's claim that sexual activity is "a pitiful affront to human dignity" confirms my belief that there is a type of religious person who hates being human, hates to admit that we are animals, hates the very fact of being alive. The stillness and silence that Harrison thinks of as dignity resemble nothing so much as death. Such an anti-sexual attitude is a pitiful affront to religion.

Strangely, people like Harrison believe that God created life and yet they despise all the natural processes of God's creation. They see sex as shameful. On the contrary, I feel that the body is holy

and sex is sacred. Not that it should be treated with solemnity and hedged about with restrictions. No, simply that whenever we are pleasuring each other sexually, we are doing something miraculous. No physical act can bring two people more completely into union with each other. And the ecstasy of sex resembles nothing so much as the raptures described by religious mystics—saints whom Harrison doubtless reveres.

W. Evans  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Harrison luridly argues that sexual orgasm is bestial and undignified. However, there is scriptural evidence that Father Harrison's own spiritual leader, the late Redeemer of Nazareth, was himself not a complete stranger to orgasmic response.

If the object of the church's veneration were, in fact, a man, he must have been subject to that granddaddy of manly temptations, sex. Did he give in? The Scriptures are suspiciously silent, mentioning only those temptations J. C. was able to conquer (though the Biblical record does indicate that one of Jesus' favorite converts was Mary Magdalene, the hooker). At any rate, whether he actually had carnal knowledge of a female is probably irrelevant to the question of whether he experienced orgasm. Here the record speaks for itself: Luke notes that "the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." When we "think not" is when we are sleeping. We must conclude from this that Jesus experienced nocturnal orgasms, aka wet dreams.

The Reverend Harrison may become legalistic about this, of course, and argue that a nocturnal emission, being not subject to conscious control, in no way compromises Jesus' record of purity and sustained celibacy. I would note, however, that the Gospel slyly hints that the savior not only experienced orgasm while conscious but had a timing problem that has plagued men and frustrated women throughout recorded history. As he himself admits in the book of *Revelations*: "Behold, I come quickly."

William Johnson  
Indianapolis, Indiana

## EGO BOOST

Ernest Bishop (an appropriate name, since he writes like an earnest bishop) claims that marriage is the only basis for worthwhile sex and that outside of

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marriage sex is likely to lead to "a serious loss of self-esteem" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1974). Well, I married in my teens because I believed it was the only right way to have a good sex life. It turned out that my young wife thought that whatever marriage was about, it had little to do with sex; she let me make love to her with only the greatest reluctance. Self-esteem? I felt totally unattractive and unmanly. Eventually I got the gumption to decide that this wasn't the way I wanted to spend the rest of my life and we got divorced.

Since then, women have discovered me and, thereby, I have discovered myself. I now sleep with several different women on a frequent but casual basis and I've enjoyed many one-night stands and brief romances. These women have helped me to see myself as a desirable male and I am a much happier person. Casual sex can be the greatest shot in the arm to self-esteem since kung fu.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Juan, Puerto Rico

#### NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Everyone knows PLAYBOY was instrumental in getting the sexual revolution on the road. Of course, you have to share the credit with the pill and penicillin, but the importance of your contribution is attested to by, if nothing else, those who have screamed for your scalp. Victorians of every stripe have damned you and decried your responsibility for the impending decline of the West. To say nothing of the East. South and North. Civilization will die, they say, because its very foundation, the family, cannot survive the destruction of the sacred institution of marriage, which the sex revolution must surely bring about.

They may have a point, but civilization can be saved if you'll just get on with finishing what you started. We can enjoy the fruits of sexual revolution and simultaneously revitalize marriage, restore home and family and take rape off the streets, and the secret is summed up in one magic word: incest! Why should a few old hillbillies have all the fun? Incest can answer the fears wrought by our fine new world of rampant sex.

How? First, you must campaign to make it not just legal but mandatory. Then Abner Bumpkin can stop feeling guilty when he's turned on by the sight of his teenage daughter standing naked after her bath, for it will be his duty to initiate her into the mysteries of sex. He can also help make old Aunt Ellie happy, while Ma takes care of poor old Uncle Lester whose wife has run off with the hired hand. Lester in turn would have to service Grandma until the boys are old enough to take over. Grandpa, who thinks Granny is too old, will have to wait until the granddaughters are old enough to become interested—and interesting. And so on.

By pushing the sexual revolution to

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### BRA SELLERS BUSTED

SACRAMENTO—The claim that a bra-siere called Command Performance would increase a woman's breasts from two to five cup sizes has resulted in the arrest of a saleswoman and two distributors on a charge of making false representations. In response to a newspaper ad, a state



health department agent purchased the bra for \$15.21 and was guaranteed that it would increase her bustline two cup sizes a month by taking excess fat from under the arms and around the stomach and moving it into the bra, where "gravity and nature made it permanent."

#### FOUR-HOUR AFFAIRS

MANILA—Four city councilmen have proposed a new ordinance banning "short time" room rentals at Manila's many motels that cater to amorous couples bent on a quickie. Presently, couples may rent a room at a four-hour rate of about four dollars for a morning, afternoon or evening. The councilmen say this is giving Manila a bad name and discriminates against legitimate tourists who want rooms on a 24-hour basis. The president of the Philippine Chamber of Motor Hotels complains that "It's a legitimate business. . . . The ordinance would kill the motel business in Manila." One sponsor of the bill insists otherwise: "I have been advising my friends . . . that they band together and take a room for 24 hours and share it, one in the morning, one in the afternoon, one at night. Actually, it's cheaper that way."

#### NO MANDATORY MOTHERHOOD

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS—Holding that Illinois law permits any pregnant minor to consent to her own abortion, a four-judge appellate court overruled a circuit-court judge who had prohibited an abortion for

a 12-year-old girl who had become a ward of the state. At the girl's request, a representative of the Illinois child-welfare agency had sought the permission of Judge Angelo Pistilli for her to undergo "major medical treatment" and, at first, the judge agreed. However, when he learned that the treatment was an abortion, he declared, "No, take that order back. I'm not going to be a party to abortions. That order is revoked and, in fact, the department is commanded and ordered not to allow the girl to be aborted." The appellate court reversed the order and further ruled that any future hearings involving the girl be held before a judge other than Pistilli.

#### MORE RIGHTS FOR MINORS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Mayor Walter E. Washington has signed a regulation passed by the District of Columbia City Council that allows people under 18 to obtain abortions and treatment for pregnancy, venereal disease, drug addiction and alcoholism, as well as psychological services, all without parental consent. The new regulation may be challenged in court on several grounds. At present, only Maryland and Virginia have similar laws, but the Virginia statute still requires parental consent for minors to obtain abortions.

#### EQUAL EXPOSURE

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—An ordinance permitting topless sun-bathing and swimming has been adopted by the Santa Cruz County board of supervisors. An amendment that would have required bras or



bathing-suit tops was rejected after the county counsel said that the ordinance would have to be applied equally to men.

#### REVERSE DISCRIMINATION

MADISON—The Wisconsin Industry, Labor and Human Relations Commission



has ordered the state to stop discriminating in the name of equality. In a two-to-one decision, the commissioners found that women and minority applicants were being given preference over white males when seeking state jobs.

#### FOR THE BIBLE TELLS US SO

MILWAUKEE—A Wisconsin Lutheran Synod education official says the church will appeal a U.S. Labor Department ruling that female teachers at the Synod high school be paid the same as male teachers doing comparable work. The Synod argues that it has a religious right to discriminate on the basis of sex because the Bible assigns more responsibility to men than to women in the church.

#### THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION

KNOXVILLE—The Tennessee Supreme Court has ruled that any prohibition against snake handling in church worship services would be an infringement on the constitutional guarantees of freedom of religion. The decision modified a lower-court order temporarily enjoining the practice of handling poisonous snakes at a fundamentalist church near the town of Newport. The high court then ordered a new hearing to set up court-approved safety restrictions on snake handling.

#### KNOW YOUR ENEMY

DALLAS—A handbook designed to help Southern Baptist ministers fight smut has been denounced by many of them as pornographic and may be banned by the church. The 190-page paperback, called "Pornography: The Sexual Mirage," was produced by the Baptist General Convention's Christian Life Commission and was mailed to 4200 Southern Baptist preachers in Texas. A church spokesman said the recipients complained that the book is lewd and obscene and that they do not need to know the specifics of pornography in order to combat it.

#### MOVING TARGETS

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND—A 27-year-old mechanic explained in court that he had an uncontrollable urge to shoot his BB gun at the buttocks of women who walked past his apartment. For succumbing to his urge more than 30 times, the judge fined him \$250 and ordered him to pay \$15 compensation to two women who were slightly injured.

#### EVADING CLEMENCY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Draft evaders who are in exile or underground will no longer have to contact the U.S. Government to find out their legal status. The American Civil Liberties Union and the United Church of Christ have obtained a list of pending Federal draft indictments, which they have given to the Clemency Information Center established by the

National Council of Churches in Indianapolis. An A.C.L.U. spokesman explained that while some 200,000 men were adjudged draft delinquent during the Vietnam war, less than ten percent have been indicted and face possible prosecution. Previously, however, an individual could learn his legal status only by contacting the U.S. Justice Department or a U.S. Attorney's office, and Attorney General William Saxbe had announced that an individual who is neither under indictment nor under investigation for an offense "but who reports . . . and admits to such an offense will be subject to prosecution unless he makes an agreement" to perform alternate service.

#### FINGERING THE TROOPERS

PORTLAND, MAINE—The supreme court of Maine, ruling that "even crudity of expression may be constitutionally protected," has upheld a lower court's decision to dismiss a disturbing-the-peace



charge against a Portland man who allegedly made an obscene gesture "to the annoyance" of a state trooper. The court said that such a gesture might constitute disorderly conduct under some circumstances, but that the complaint failed to specify just when giving a cop the finger would be a criminal act.

#### COMPROMISING COPS

DENVER—In response to a lawsuit charging illegal harassment by vice-squad officers, the Denver police department has signed an unprecedented one-year trial agreement with a homosexual organization that "kissing, hugging, dancing and holding hands between members of the same sex shall not be deemed the basis for an arrest under the provisions of the public indecency law." The agreement represents an out-of-court settlement with the Denver Gay Coalition, whose suit alleged that police were enforcing the law selectively and improperly by touring gay bars and arresting homosexuals making any overt gestures of affection toward each other.

its logical conclusion, we'll have re-established the extended family in one fell swoop. The phrase "There's no place like home" will take on a whole new meaning; who the hell would ever want to leave?

John Todd

Spicewood, Texas

We've sent your idea along to the producers of "The Waltons."

#### THE SOLITARY ROMANCE

The first discovery of one's ability to ejaculate can lead to love of one's own sexual capacities and body. If, after a short autoerotic romance, one's female friends expressed an equal love of one's body, there would be a redirection of sex attraction from self toward females. But if the autoerotic affair lasts too long, the libido could become permanently fixated on the self. One would then be capable of only autoerotic sexual expression, even in copulation. One's experience in intercourse would be characterized by emotional and personal isolation from the female during the act.

The long period of prohibition of free sexual expression that American society imposes on its maturing males produces many lifelong autoeroticists. The language itself supports this view. American males refer to copulation as making love to a girl rather than with her. The other most popular expressions for intercourse are all transitive verbs: to fuck, to screw, to lay, to bang—all of which convey the idea of a subject acting upon an object rather than two people experiencing something together.

Dan Dillingham

New York, New York

You worry too much.

#### MAKING IT THROUGH THE NIGHT

As a psychology student with several years of counseling experience, I'm worried about the way the media are presenting the problems of male sexuality these days. Suggestion has awesome power. The widespread publicity given to the problem of impotence is causing more and more men to wonder, "God, will I be able to get it up tonight?" The anxiety and doubt generated make it more probable that a man will be unable to get and keep an erection. We need a more positive approach to this problem—one that offers firm advice on how to deal with fear of failure.

David S. Reinhart

Tulsa, Oklahoma

How about this for firm advice: You will be able to get it up tonight. You will be able to get it up tonight. You will be able to get it up tonight. . . .

#### CURE FOR IMPOTENCE

The best therapy that I know of for temporary impotence is an understanding woman. One such person I'll never forget; the first time I dated her, I'd



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been very active sexually with two other women that weekend and I'd also had a lot to drink. She and I fell into bed by mutual agreement, but then to my dismay I discovered that though the spirit was willing, the flesh was limp. I started to stammer an apology when she silenced me by saying, "Do you feel you have to have intercourse with me? I'd be happy if we'd just hold each other and sleep together." That, of course, took the pressure off me. I realized that I'd been worried—I had wanted to prove something to myself and to this girl and wasn't sure I could. I relaxed and we cuddled. Before we even got to sleep we were making beautiful love together.

(Name withheld by request)  
Austin, Texas

### TOO BIG

A letter writer in the November 1974 *Playboy Forum* discounts the problems of a man who had consulted the *Playboy Advisor* because his penis was so large women feared having sex with him. I have the same problem. Both the length and the diameter of my penis prompt fear and rejection in the girls I meet, no matter how tactful and suave I try to be in getting them into bed. The only woman with whom I've been able to maintain any kind of sexual relationship is my landlady; she's better than nothing, but the fact that she's 30 years older than I am makes it less than satisfactory.

Those of your readers who extol the virtues of large penises just don't know what they're talking about. It's frustrating as hell trying to make love to a woman who finally ends it with the statement that she just can't take it. And don't give me any crap about lack of skill and not knowing how to prepare a woman properly; I could give lessons on foreplay, which is an activity I adore. But to no avail.

The fact of the matter is that an oversized penis can be a handicap and can lead to frustration and considerable unhappiness for the man who has one. Don't let sexual braggarts tell you otherwise.

(Name withheld by request)  
Hyattsville, Maryland

*Have we got a woman for you! Read the next letter.*

Here's to the fellow from Memphis who defended the well-hung male (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1974)! I agree with him that it's probably a "cabal of penile Lilliputians" in the media who are responsible for attempts to convince America that the big dick is out. Have you ever known a woman who voiced a preference for little ones or a four-inch guy who didn't wish he had more?

I'm one woman who likes 'em big. And I've found that the phrase "the bigger the better" applies beautifully to cocks, as well as the bigger the more aggressive,

less inhibited and more adventuresome in the sack. I'll take 11 inches over four any day!

(Name and address withheld by request)

### FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE WEST SIDE

Life at institutions of higher learning weighs heavily at times on the souls of the inmates. One evening last fall, I was about ready to bodkin myself off this mortal coil. Then, while despairingly riding the IRT Broadway Local, I encountered an angel of mercy. She had personality and warmth, a genuine sympathy for mankind. And, oh, Jesus, she was built! Fantastically, she swept me up from the subway and into her West Side pad. I hadn't even caught my breath before this superfoxy lady and I were grooving away.

Then came the nightmare. No sooner had she juiced my fruit than she popped this frigid demand for a hundred. I was shattered. Wow! A hooker? I really thought I was laying the groundwork for a meaningful relationship with this woman. She told me the way we met was planned and that she had just been faking liking the things I like. I felt like shit.

And when I bridled at coming across with the bread ("My tuition aid doesn't cover tricks, lady"), she began proposing threats, like she'd have her pimp run over my face with his El Dorado. I scare easy, man. I made out the check and skated. I'm not saying she wasn't worth the hundred—no way. But I believe it is only fair that a lady of the evening be up front with her client from the outset. Another person might have been emotionally scarred by the experience. The incident is another argument for legalized prostitution, in which certain standards of fair dealing could be assured.

(Name withheld by request)  
New York, New York

### COMMON PROSTITUTE

The December 1973 *Playboy Forum* carried a letter about a case in which an undercover police agent testified that a client of ours had performed oral copulation on him in return for money. This case was finally decided by the Idaho Supreme Court. Regrettably, the court did not decide on the basis of the issue we most urgently advanced, that to arrest a female and not a male is an unconstitutional denial of equal protection. Instead, the court decided that our client was charged with one crime (soliciting and offering to engage in lewd sexual acts for hire) and was convicted of another (being a common prostitute). Drawing on other courts' definitions of the term common prostitute, the court stated: "From these cases it is apparent that in order to prove the crime of being a common prostitute, it is necessary to prove an indiscriminate offering of a



body for, or submission to, illicit sexual intercourse." To charge a person with one crime and convict her of another is a denial of due process, so the conviction was reversed. Even though we didn't establish the principle of sexual equality, we won for our client. She is happy.

Allen R. Derr  
Attorney at Law  
Boise, Idaho

#### THE RIGHT TO REFUSE

I am amused by people who become enraged when a landlord refuses to rent to a couple solely because they are unmarried. I agree with the liberated twosomes that their living arrangements are nobody's business but their own. On the other hand, what about the prerogatives of the proprietor, who, after all, is the one who's invested the money? In my humble opinion, a landlord without the right to say no for any reason is like a woman—mother, daughter, wife, stranger, steady lay—who has to ball anyone who asks.

Paul Dornbusch  
Oak Harbor, Ohio

*A landlord is selling his services, so his situation is analogous only to that of a certain kind of businesswoman.*

#### STUDENT HOUSING HASSLES

I was happy to read the statement by a Texas court that "students do not relinquish constitutional rights upon entering a university" (*Forum Newsfront*, October 1974). At New Mexico State University, women are locked in their dormitories every night to protect them from friendly males, and the regents of the university have outlawed any contact between the sexes in the dormitories. The student government has worked for six years to institute some form of visitation between the sexes. In 1973, a group of students went so far as to sue the regents for the right—enjoyed by everyone living off campus—to associate with members of the opposite sex. A New Mexico court ruled against the students, who have since appealed to the state supreme court. After this, a student group tried to reopen visitation negotiations and Seaborn Collins, head of the board of regents, said, "We didn't sue the students, they sued us. Now they've lost, so the matter is settled. The board will not consider this matter any further." I hope the Texas decision will eventually have some influence on courts or educators in our state.

Wayne Socha  
Las Cruces, New Mexico

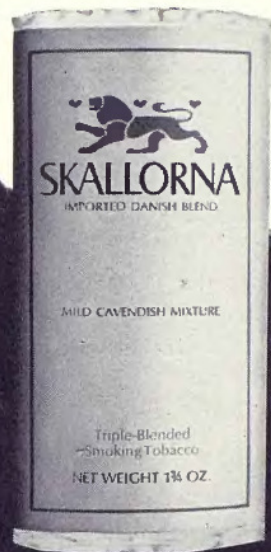
*Forum Newsfront* for October 1974 states that Texas Women's University has been enjoined from enforcing its ridiculous regulation that unmarried women must stay in school-approved housing. However, all still is not well in Denton. The university is appealing the case and, until the appeal is decided, the students

# SKALLORNA.

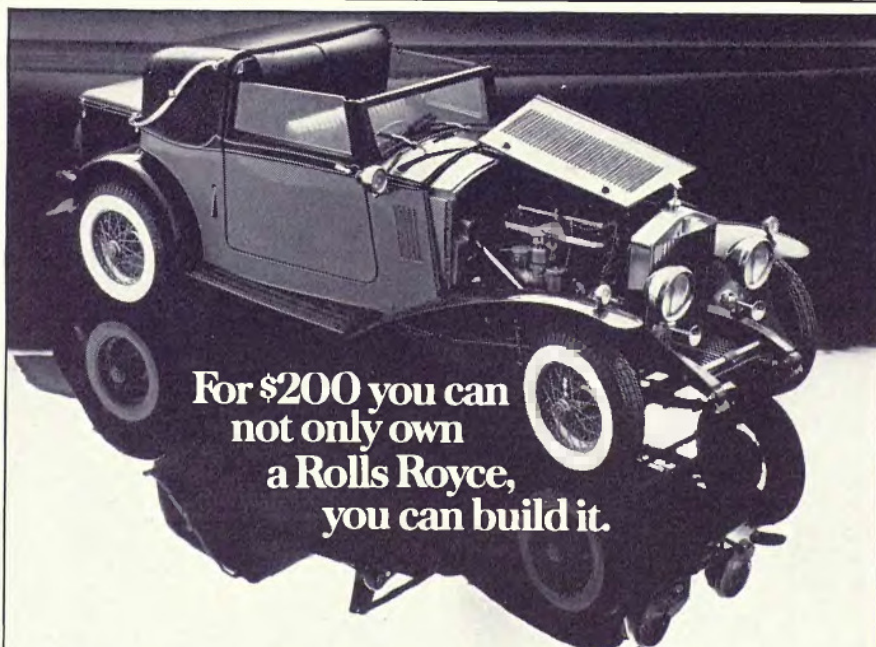
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are required to abide by the rule. The court's decision looks good on paper, but it's not doing much for the students.

What makes the rule even more galling is that male students are permitted to live anywhere they want to off campus. It's only the women to whom the housing rule applies.

(Name withheld by request)  
Houston, Texas

*Well, male students attending a school called Texas Women's University deserve some sort of break.*

With 11 other students, I brought suit in Federal district court against Villanova University this summer. The 12 of us had been either suspended or expelled for refusing to leave a women's dorm after a special open house had ended at nine P.M. I was student-body president at the time. In July, a judge granted a temporary injunction in our favor; however, in August, the Federal appeals court, in a two-to-one decision, granted the university a stay on our injunction. At this writing, we have a hearing in a few weeks before the appeals court on whether or not we have a right to sue a private university for conspiracy to deny our First Amendment rights. We read the item in the October 1974 *Forum Newsfront* on a Federal judge's ruling against the housing regulations of Texas Women's University and would like you to send us the legal reference so our lawyers can read up on the case in preparation for presenting our own.

Richard E. Brown  
Miami, Florida

*We sent the information. One hearing has been held, but the issues are still unresolved.*

#### PROXIMITY PROHIBITED

I enjoyed James Clark's roundup of weird laws from around the world whereby governments try to control the bodies of citizens (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1974). Here's another: In Malaysia, there is a crime called "close proximity." This means unmarried Moslem couples may not hug each other or kiss and for sure may not do anything more intimate. According to *The New York Times*, Moslem courts have convicted 250 couples of close proximity, usually levying a fine equivalent to \$25.

At least in the U. S., you usually get more sin for your money.

Robert Porter  
New York, New York

*Malaysia puts the worry back in being close.*

#### INTELLIGENCE, MILITARY

An essayist once commented on the appropriateness of an encyclopedia article that divided intelligence into three types: "intelligence, human," "intelligence, animal" and "intelligence, military." Certainly, there is little about

intelligence, military that has anything in common with ordinary intelligence. At Cherry Point Marine Corps Base, in North Carolina, the commanding officer, General Leslie Brown, has promulgated a dress code not for just the troops but also for civilians using base facilities such as the post exchange, the commissary and the soda fountain.

The code includes a wide variety of commandments from General Brown's personal Mount Sinai, such as: no bare midriffs, no flip-flop shower shoes, no women without bras, no hotpants, no empty belt loops, no dresses or shorts "shorter than mid-thigh" (where do you find shorts longer than mid-thigh these days?) and no patches "obscenely placed," whatever that means.

I'd just like to know if intelligence, military is between intelligence, human and intelligence, animal or below both of them.

(Name withheld by request)  
Havelock, North Carolina

#### MILITARY COUNSELING

Since you published my letter on the Military Counseling Program over a year ago, I have received a huge number of letters from Servicemen with legal problems.

Because of the overwhelming response, I think it might be worth while to note that advice is also available from the four regional offices of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors at 2016 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103; 711 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605; 734 Monroe Drive N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30308; and 140 Leavenworth Street, San Francisco, California 94102.

Jean Walling  
Military Counseling Program  
Religious Society of Friends  
15 Rutherford Place  
New York, New York 10003

#### THE EERIE DR. LEARY

The letter by William D. Harrell, Jr., denouncing Dr. Timothy Leary for having a "pitifully drug-riddled mind" (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1974) is utter nonsense. I corresponded extensively with Leary and visited him often in prison during 1974. I found him to be brilliant in his arguments, logical in his reasoning and up to the minute in his extensive scientific knowledge. Nor is this my opinion alone. The psychiatrists who examined Leary during his April 1973 escape trial pronounced him sane and added that his I.Q. is genius level. Dr. Wesley Hiler, psychologist at Vacaville State Prison, who saw Leary every day during his confinement there, entirely supports this verdict and told me that Leary is "totally in contact with reality."

Hiler added, "Laymen are always quick to pronounce a man crazy on the

basis of his ideas. No psychologist would take any idea as proof that a subject was mad. You have to examine his general coherence, his behavior, his social relations and so forth. In all such departments, Dr. Timothy Leary was totally, radiantly sane. His ideas are new and original and very provocative, but there's nothing insane about having such ideas per se."

Leary is currently under fire, not only from law-and-order types such as Harrell but from old friends who have chosen to believe the rumors that he has become a Government informer, even though virtually no facts are as yet known. In this situation, I am out of sympathy with those who are quick to condemn Leary, and I ask, with Ken Kesey, "Do we condemn the torturers or do we condemn their victims?"

Robert Anton Wilson  
Berkeley, California

*Wilson, a former PLAYBOY editor, is the author of "Sex and Drugs: A Journey Beyond Limits."*

#### MARIJUANA MALAISE

Since Dr. Robert C. Kolodny reported that marijuana smoking may hinder sexual performance (*Forum Newsfront*, June 1974), his findings have been used in a new, heavy scare campaign against marijuana. Before anybody throws away that precious little plastic bag, though, I'd like to point out that similar evidence concerning alcohol and tobacco has been around for some time without causing any national panic. Students of human nature from Shakespeare to Masters and Johnson have commented on the ability of alcohol to wilt one's wand. As for tobacco, an article in *Today's Health*, an American Medical Association magazine, points out that researchers have found that heavy cigarette smokers (a pack or more a day) suffer from lowered sperm motility, lower testosterone production, increased incidence of impotence and a greater likelihood that their rate of sexual activity will decline somewhere between the ages of 25 and 40. Yet the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee hasn't seen fit to investigate those threats to American virility. Perhaps it's because—unlike the subversive, vaguely foreign marijuana—drinking and tobacco smoking are good patriotic American vices.

John Huber  
St. Louis, Missouri

In his final report on the marijuana hearings of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, Senator James O. Eastland charged that the chronic use of marijuana lowers resistance to disease, may cause deformity in the user's offspring, physically damages the brain, lowers sex drive and potency, causes respiratory difficulties, reduces mental energy, leads to mental illness and retards the physical



and intellectual growth of adolescents.

I'm aware that much of the research on which Eastland based these accusations has been previously criticized in *The Playboy Forum*, but what is your reaction to seeing it all brought together in this way?

D. Hughes  
Phoenix, Arizona

*We see it as a strong sign of change toward more liberal attitudes on sex. Senator Eastland's suspected marijuana hazards are almost identical to those once attributed to masturbation, with one exception: Pot is supposed to cause respiratory problems instead of hair on the palm of the hand. We wonder if it's just a coincidence that the pot peril of the late Thirties arose just as the masturbation menace was petering out; anyway, pot smoking seems to have replaced pud pulling as the symbol of youthful depravity. Unfortunately, the big difference is that today's young sinners go to jail instead of to hell.*

#### CONTRACEPTION DECEPTION

In the November 1974 *Playboy Forum*, Philip D. Harvey says that "it is illegal for anyone in New York, including physicians and pharmacists, to sell or provide contraceptives to anyone under the age of 16." That came as something of a surprise to me, since I live in New York and have been using the pill off and on since I was 13 years old (I'm now 20). To be sure, my doctor prescribed it to treat a hormonal imbalance and not to prevent pregnancy, but no pharmacist ever asked me why I needed the pill before filling the prescription.

Ideally, ridiculous laws restricting birth control should be changed. But, in the meantime, there are ways to get around them. Surely, doctors know that not every young girl who reports severe cramps, headaches, nausea and dizzy spells is actually suffering from menstrual problems. A girl can easily learn those symptoms and then seek medical "treatment" that just happens to have the side effect of making sex safe.

(Name withheld by request)  
New York, New York

*That reminds us of the signs on the old men's-room condom dispensers: TO BE USED FOR THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE ONLY.*

#### PARASITIC INSTITUTION

Many Americans are outraged at the way pay toilets discriminate against women, but, until recently, the practice of charging for the use of a public rest room not only was legal everywhere in the U. S. but actually was encouraged by local governments. The Committee to End Pay Toilets in America (CEPTIA) was formed several years ago as a response to this injustice. Our campaign assumed serious dimensions when the city of Chicago banned the coin lock on public toilets

and it has now reached into a number of state legislatures.

Coin-lock manufacturers have assured the existence of pay toilets in the past by perpetuating a myth of cleanliness and safety, and their lobbyists spend considerable time, money and effort in conveying their case to legislators. But a recent poll indicates that approximately three fourths of the public finds that pay toilets are neither cleaner nor safer than free ones. Now is the time to legislate an end to this discriminatory and parasitic institution.

Stephen Froikin  
Executive Vice-President  
Committee to End Pay Toilets in America  
Dayton, Ohio

*California, Alaska, Florida and McCar-ran International Airport at Las Vegas have all banned public pay toilets. The Women's Coalition to End Pay Toilets, a Denver-based division of the National Organization for Women, is now working with CEPTIA. Meanwhile, a spokesman for the coin-lock industry has argued that pay toilets keep public rest rooms free of drug addicts, homosexuals, muggers and hippies, who presumably can't afford them. CEPTIA is currently lobbying for anti-pay toilet legislation in Massachusetts, where three people demonstrated at the office of the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination. The demonstrators alleged that a single women's rest room in an airline terminal may produce as much as \$2000 a month in revenue. They carried a sign that declared IF GOD HAD MEANT US TO HAVE PAY TOILETS, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN WITH EXACT CHANGE.*

#### THE UNNECESSARY DILDO

When I read the October 1974 *Playboy Advisor*, I almost threw the magazine away in disgust. T. N. from Hartford, Connecticut, is an asshole and, I dare say, a liar. And what can I say about your lack of sense in publishing his letter? I am a lesbian and in all of my experiences never have I come across a gay woman who uses a strap-on dildo. It's too bad T. N. didn't stop and think for a minute before he wrote down his egotistical fantasy. The last thing a lesbian wants is a penis—real or plastic. If we did want one, we wouldn't be lesbians.

T. N. should buy himself a great big dildo and stick it.

(Name withheld by request)  
Somerville, Massachusetts

#### YOUNG AND GAY

I was pleased to read in *The New York Times* that gay adults in New York can now provide legal foster homes for gay teenagers who are rejected by their own parents or by standard youth homes. Predictably, certain conservative elements oppose this program, apparently fearing that it will make gay kids

even more homosexual, whatever that might mean. For instance, Dr. Charles Socarides, who has for years insisted that homosexuality be treated as a form of mental illness, was quoted as saying, "One man or a male twosome cannot give a youngster the multifold sex identification he needs. They can only communicate to him the deep fear and revulsion toward women that a homosexual really feels." However, the *Times* adds significantly, "Perhaps the most persuasive proponents of the experiment are those most deeply involved in it—the teenagers and the homosexual foster parents themselves."

Exactly. The chief problem of the young homosexual in our society is that he is surrounded by people who don't understand him and generally have superstitiously negative attitudes toward him. Being with people who do understand and are positive is 99 percent of the solution to his unhappiness.

George Keller  
Miami, Florida

#### THE AGE OF THE SNOOP

I recently had a dose of the clap, but I did not report it to my friendly neighborhood V. D. clinic. Instead, I went to a private doctor who didn't ask me who I'd had sex with. Of course, I feel guilty about doing this; I really would like to help wipe out V. D. by reporting my sexual contacts. Why, then, am I so irresponsibly antisocial? Because in California, where I live and work, the type of sex I prefer—gay—is a felony. And it is just not safe or sane to believe that the personal data collected by V. D. clinics really are private in this age of break-ins, the accumulation of computer files on everybody and the buddy-buddy sharing of readouts among friendly bureaucrats in governmental and nongovernmental organizations. The confidentiality of public health records is not protected in instances of criminal activity.

As long as this state is so stupid as to make homosexuality a crime and as long as the government maintains platoons of spies, V. D. control will not work as well as it should. Until some of the sexual bigots in government wise up, I will follow the only safe policy: unmitigated, unrelenting, unflinching paranoia. It's the only way to survive in the age of the snoop.

(Name withheld by request)  
La Jolla, California

According to a story in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a Mill Valley sculptor, Dana Draper, conducted an experiment to learn what life might be like "when Big Brother's supersnoops have us under such close surveillance that they know us better than we know ourselves." Draper had his own activities watched for two days by a San Francisco detective who was hired anonymously through an attorney,



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at a cost of \$230. For his money, Draper received a precise timetable of his movements, such as entering and leaving gas stations, hardware stores and lunch counters—and an evaluation of these activities as follows: "Our subject is what we would call a 'hippie' type. . . . It was this investigator's opinion that subject seems to have a lot of time on his hands, as though he is waiting for something to happen. . . ."

Though Draper admitted that his experiment didn't confirm as pessimistic a view of the future as he had expected (the private eye "couldn't even find out where I banked"), there's still cause for concern due to the automatically suspicious attitude in the detective's report. But a detective is trained to see suspicious behavior everywhere, just as a psychiatrist sees neuroses and an artist sees forms and colors that may or may not really exist. Perhaps that's why the Justice Department's investigators keep coming up with conspiracies that the ordinary men and women on juries often find unbelievable.

David Miller  
San Francisco, California

## PASSING ANOTHER LAW

Senator Harrison A. Williams, Jr., of New Jersey is calling for a Federal law against dogfighting, a pastime that is said to be growing in popularity. Now, I've read some accounts of dogfights in the fans' own publications and such words as evil and depraved hardly do justice to people who engage in this so-called sport in which the animals suffer and die abominably. But must we have yet another Federal law prohibiting yet another newly defined Federal crime? Until we wake up to the fact that passing laws doesn't really solve anything, we're not much brighter than the yahoos who go in for dogfighting. Under the Constitution, the Federal Government is not supposed to be in the crime-fighting business at all; this is the job strictly of state and local governments—and the states already have laws against dogfighting. These laws should be enforced and the Federal Government should stay out of it. The reason the Federal Government is as oppressive as it is (has Watergate taught us nothing?) is that people like Senator Williams are forever inventing new crimes for it to combat and new police powers to help combat them.

Thomas Lewis  
Kansas City, Missouri

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





## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# MEL BROOKS

*a candid conversation with the emperor of off-the-wall comedy*

"The rich," according to a Spanish proverb, "laugh carefully." They have a lot to lose. The poor, on the other hand, need to laugh in order to forget how little they have to laugh about—which may be why the Depression was the last golden age of comedy in American movies. Will the current economic recession bring on another comedy boom? Movie producers think so: the 1975 production docket is packed with laugh-it-up scripts. Film producers also acknowledge that the strongest creative impulse behind the boom is the maniacal imagination and energy of one of the very few moviemakers since Charlie Chaplin who is unarguably a comic genius—Mel Brooks.

Brooks is an American Rabelais. Short and blocky, he has a nose once described as "a small mudslide," a grin that loops almost from ear to ear like a tenement laundry line and the flat-out energy of a buffalo stampede. His imagination is violent and boundless; and in the opinion of other comedy writers, no brain on the planet contains such a churning profusion of wildly funny ideas.

Brooks can trade "Jewish vulgarity" with any man, but his natural métier is the skit. He sees the absurd in characters, situations and themes and over the past ten years has learned to braid them all into dramatic narratives. In "The

Producers" (1967), his theme was the myth of success; to expose its absurdities, Brooks told a gloriously sleazy story about a couple of born losers who couldn't even succeed in failing. "The Twelve Chairs" (1971) was a large horselaugh at the political left—a picaresque tale in which one man's basic greed cheerfully kicked the stuffing out of his social ideals. In "Blazing Saddles" (1974), a wild and wacky anticracist burlesque, Brooks set up middle America as the citizenry of a movie-Western town and watched what happened when they were presented with a very black sheriff. And now in "Young Frankenstein," a grand-operatic travesty on the great old horror movies of the Thirties, he has undertaken the most ambitious theme he has ever explored: man's mad but magnificent attempt to take over from God as the creator of life.

"Young Frankenstein" displays new aspects of Brooks's talent. "Blazing Saddles," a farce so low it almost made bad taste respectable, turned Brooks into a millionaire and established him, one critic said, as "the farter of his country." "Young Frankenstein" mingles subtle jokes with broad strokes and discloses a talent for sustained high comedy at least as rich as Woody Allen's—with an even wider appeal.

Now 48, Brooks relishes his success in

movies all the more because it came so late. Born in the poorest Brooklyn neighborhood, he lost his father early, was raised by his hard-working mother, at 14 became a Borscht Belt tumeler, at 21 broke into television as a gag man for Sid Caesar. After bulling his way up to head writer, he went broke when Caesar was taken off the air, later recouped with a classic comedy record ("The 2000-Year-Old Man") and a spy-spoof TV series ("Get Smart!"), then hit bottom again when his first two movies thudded at the box office. Saved by the surprise success of "Blazing Saddles" (Warner Bros. figured the film was a hopeless mess and would have to be remastered for the drive-ins), Brooks is still superstitious about his good luck. "I'll believe it when I'm dead," he says with a worried grin. "Five years from now, I could be back in the shit."

Anxiety dogs Brooks like a tin can on a string. Says a friend: "Mel scares easy. Losing anything feels like losing everything. He's a tremendously warm and loving guy, but he has to have his way. He has to be sure." Mel makes sure by instituting what the same friend calls "a tyranny of kindness." He controls the world around him by playing Jewish mother to everyone in sight. In the friendliest, funniest ways, he tells his producer, his



CARL IRI

"I might as well be honest. I'm crowding six, one. Got a mass of blond hair, sensational eyes, bluer than Newman's. Muscular but whippy, like Redford. Only trouble is I have no ass. It fell off."

"One day I was making \$5000 a week, the next day zilch. All I had was a limited edition of 'War and Peace' and an iron skate key. I kissed the key four times a day just to have something to do."

"In real life, people fart, right? But before 'Blazing Saddles,' America had not come to terms with the fart. Wind was never broken across the prairie in a Ken Maynard picture."



cameraman, his actors and his friends what to eat, what to wear, when to cross the street, when to go to a doctor, what kind of car is best for them, how to deal with their personal and business problems. "And Mel's advice is always good," says one of his producers. "He's the sanest maniac I've ever met."

Brooks maintains his sanity with a careful balance of hard work and home cooking. Up at six when a film is shooting, he grabs a fast cup of coffee, pops a wad of Trident gum into his mouth and then goes at it like a buzz saw. "Mel breathes pure oxygen," says one of his assistants. "When our chins hit the table, he's still walking on the ceiling." After "Young Frankenstein" was in the can, he edited the picture frame by frame at least 12 times and in the last week of production spent several hours in a recording room, gleefully snorting, grunting, snarling, groaning, sighing and guffawing to fill tiny gaps in the talk track. "The man is a demon," says one of his editors. "Nothing less than greatness will satisfy him. He has the lonely passion for perfection."

Brooks also has a passion for family life and he lives it out in a remarkable ménage. Brooks is married to Anne Bancroft, considered by many critics the most talented American actress now at work. "Anne is 1000 percent actress," says a family friend, "and 1000 percent wife. She is Mel's woman to the marrow of her bones. Once when we were shooting in Yugoslavia, his feet got badly frostbitten. I can still see her there on the floor, her face white with shock and her big dark eyes full of horror, rubbing his feet and sobbing as if her heart would break."

Anne's devotion is returned. Except when the shooting schedule requires longer hours, Brooks breaks off work at six P.M. sharp and heads home for the evening. Only close friends are invited to visit the Brookses' house. "Where you eat," he says simply, "is sacred."

This insistence on privacy made difficulties for Brad Darrach, the free-lance journalist and author of "The Day Bobby Blew It" (PLAYBOY, July 1973) and of the current best seller "Bobby Fischer Versus the Rest of the World," who was assigned by PLAYBOY to interview Brooks. Brooks was flattered by our request. As the subject of a previous "Playboy Interview" (October 1966), he was about to become the first person ever interviewed twice by the magazine. Nevertheless, though always friendly and charming, Brooks flatly refused at first to discuss any aspect of his private life and, for more than a month after Darrach arrived in Hollywood, said he was too busy editing "Young Frankenstein" to take any time out for formal interviews. He allowed Darrach to watch the editing process, however, and gradually admitted him to his working family. Here is Darrach's report:

"After five weeks, the interviews began.

They were held at Brooks's office, a large

smog-soiled rectangle in 20th Century-Fox's main office building. We had 12 sessions in all, over a period of three weeks, beginning every day at about 11:45 and lasting until about one. For the first session, Brooks's secretary, Sherry Falk, and I assembled an audience of writers, directors, producers and their secretaries. After that, there was no need to stimulate attendance. Swiveling and grinning behind his big curved paper-cluttered desk, leaping up and shouting and mugging and scrambling around the room as he spouted sense and nonsense, Brooks had his listeners literally falling out of their chairs almost from the first word of the interview. Hearing the ruckus, people came running from all over the building. During every session, 15 or 20 people would wander in and out, while a half dozen stood grinning at the door. To preserve the frenetic flavor of the scene, I have left in the interview a few of these interruptions. In the last two recording sessions, which were conducted in private, Brooks finally revealed details of his personal life and made the powerful statements that conclude the interview. 'I hope you got enough,' he said when the last session was over. 'My tongue just died. PLAYBOY's gonna have to pay for the funeral and put up a statue of Mel Brooks's tongue in Central Park.'"

**BROOKS** (sucking up a fistful of chocolate-covered Raisinets and chomping them behind a Brooklyn-street-kid grin): All right, ask away, Jew boy, or whatever you pretend you are.

**PLAYBOY:** As one Episcopalian to another, how about giving our readers some idea of what you really look like? There will be three pictures of you on the first page of this interview, but they won't do you justice.

**BROOKS:** I don't want to be vain, but I might as well be honest. I'm crowding six, one. Got a mass of straight blond hair coming to a widow's peak close to the eyes. Sensational steel-blue eyes, bluer than Newman's. Muscular but whippy, like Redford. The only trouble is I have no ass.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to it?

**BROOKS:** It fell off during the war. Now I have a United Fruit box in the back and I shit pears.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about your ears.

**BROOKS:** My ears are very much like Leonard Nimoy's—you know, Mr. Spock on *Star Trek*, the guy whose ears come to a point. It happened like this: One night Leonard and I went out and before dinner we had 35 margaritas. We woke up in a kennel. There were four great Danes, two on each side of us. Their ears had already been clipped. And so had Leonard's. I reached up, felt my ears and, alas, mine had, too.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your nose?

**BROOKS:** What about yours? Mine is aquiline, lacking only a little bulb at the end.

**PLAYBOY:** You wish you had a bulb?

**BROOKS:** I do; I do—one that said 60 watts on it and lit up. It would attract moths. And it would help me read at night under the blankets at summer camp. Care for a Raisinet? We mentioned Raisinets in *Blazing Saddles* and now the company sends me a gross of them every month. A gross of Raisinets! Take 50 boxes. My friends are avoiding me. I'm the leading cause of diabetes in California. Seriously, they make great earplugs. Or you could start a new school of Raisinet sculpture. No? Did you know that PLAYBOY in Yiddish is *Spielboychick*? Is it true that I am the only person who has ever been interviewed twice (ear-piercing whistle) by PLAYBOY?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, and we're beginning to think we've made a terrible mistake. To what, by the way, do you attribute this distinction?

**BROOKS:** To my height. And the lack of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you've brought it up, why are you so short?

**BROOKS:** You mean all of me or parts of me? OK, you want me to admit I'm a four-foot, six-inch freckle-faced person of Jewish extraction? I admit it. All but the extraction. But being short never bothered me for three seconds. The rest of the time I wanted to commit suicide.

**PLAYBOY:** Now we know what you look like. What do you do for a living?

**BROOKS:** I make people laugh for a living. I believe I can say objectively that what I do I do as well as anybody. Just say I'm one of the best broken-field runners that ever lived. I started in '38 and I'm hot in '75. For 35 years I was a cult hero, an underground funny. First I was a comic's comic, then I was a comedy writer's comedy writer. When I'd go to where they were working, famous comedians would turn white. "My God, he's here! The Master!" But I was never a big name to the public. And then suddenly I surfaced. *Blazing Saddles* made me famous. Madman Brooks. More laughs per minute than any other movie ever made—until *Young Frankenstein*, that is.

**PLAYBOY:** What's so special about your comedy?

**BROOKS** (snatching up the receiver as the phone rings): This is Mel Brooks. We want 73 party hats, 400 balloons, a cake for 125 and any of the girls that are available in those costumes you sent up before. Thank you! (Slams the receiver down) You were saying?

**PLAYBOY:** What's so special about—

**BROOKS:** My comedy is midnight blue. Not black comedy—I like people too much. Midnight blue, and you can make it into a peacoat if you're on watch on the bow of a ship plowing through the North Atlantic. The buttons are very black and very shiny and very large.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of blue, you've been accused of vulgarity.

**BROOKS:** Bullshit!

**PLAYBOY:** And of being undisciplined in



the comedy you write and direct.

**BROOKS:** Anarchic, the crickets call it. My mother says, "An archic?" She thinks I'm an architect. My comedy is big-city, Jewish, whatever I am. Energetic. Nervous. Crazy. Anyway, what do **PLAYBOY** readers care about comedy? They're not reading this interview. They're all sitting on the toilet with the centerfold open, doing God knows what.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you come by your sense of humor?

**BROOKS:** Found it at South Third and Hooper. It was in a tiny package wrapped in electrical tape and labeled GOOD HUMOR. When I opened it up, out jumped a big Jewish genie. "I'll give you three wishes," he said. "Uh, make it two."

**PLAYBOY:** Where was South Third and Hooper?

**BROOKS:** Brooklyn. I was born in Brooklyn on June 28, 1926, the 12th anniversary of the blowing up of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria. We lived at 515 Powell Street, in a tenement. I was born on the kitchen table. We were so poor my mother couldn't afford to have me; the lady next door gave birth to me. My real name was Melvin Kaminsky. I changed it to Brooks because Kaminsky wouldn't fit on a drum. My mother's maiden name was Kate Brookman. She was born in Kiev. My father was born in Danzig. Maximilian Kaminsky. He was a process server and he died when I was two and a half—tuberculosis of the kidney. They didn't know how to knock it out, no antibiotics then. To this day, my mother feels guilty about us being orphans at such early ages.

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

**BROOKS:** My mother is very short—four, eleven. She could walk under tables and never hit her head. She was a true heroine. She was left with four boys and no income, so she got a job in the Garment District. Worked the normal ten-hour day and then brought work home. Turned out bathing-suit sashes until daylight, grabbed a few hours of sleep, got us up and off to school and then went to work again. My aunt Sadie, God bless her, gave us some kind of a stipend that kept us alive. And then my brothers worked. Irving was the oldest, then Leonard, Bernie and me. Irving and Lenny went to work at 12 and put themselves through school and brought the family out of ruin into food and clothing.

**PETER HYAMS** (a trim young man with black hair, poking his head in the door and looking confused): Excuse me, is this the sex-education class?

**BROOKS:** Here comes Peter, folks, the well-known director of *Busting* and *Fat Chance*, hopping down the bunny trail. You know everybody here, I think, Peter, and everybody knows and despises you (rising and screaming) AS A FILTHY, DEGENERATE CHILD MOLESTER! No offense. (Sits down, smiling sweetly)

**HYAMS:** Mel, why are you so wishy-washy?

**BROOKS:** I can't stand hurting anybody's feelings.

**PLAYBOY:** You were talking about Irving and Lenny.

**BROOKS:** Right. Irving worked all the time; that's how he put himself through Brooklyn College night school. Close to ten years to get his degree. He's a chemist and doing very well now. Has his own company: makes paramedical equipment. Irving was like a father, very strict. No cursing in my family. If I even said "bum," Irving would hit me. Bernie was short—he's five foot, five now, tops—but he was a great softball pitcher. A great hitting pitcher, too. My brother Lenny used to catch for him. Lenny has a joyous, charming personality. Good singer. Should have been in show business. Bernie owns a bookstore now in Riverside, California. Lenny worked for the Veterans Administration—retired now and living in Fort Lauderdale.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your mother have time to look after you?

**BROOKS:** I was adored. I was always in the air, hurled up and kissed and thrown in the air again. Until I was six, my feet didn't touch the ground. "Look at those eyes! That nose! Those lips! That tooth! Get that child away from me, quick! I'll eat him!" Giving that up was very difficult later on in life.

My mother was the best cook in the world. "I make a matzoh ball," she used to say, "that will sweep you off your feet!" And she did her piecework in the kitchen, too. All night she would sit up sewing, pressing rhinestones, going blind. Wonderful woman! She's 78 now and still running to catch planes. I took her to Las Vegas not long ago. She loved the lobbies, to hell with the big stars and the gambling. She liked the lobbies. Jews like lobbies.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get your sense of humor from your mother?

**BROOKS:** More from my grandmother. She could hardly speak English, but she made up bilingual jokes. "Melbn? *Es war a yenge mann gegange* for a physical, OK?" A young man went for his Army physical. "*Geht zurück und sagt, 'Momma, ich bin Fun-A!'*" Tells his mother he's One-A. "*Momma hat gefjumped in the air mit joy. 'Funderbar! You couldn't go!'*" "But Momma! One-A means perfect! I go!" "*Bubele! Vat you talking? How dey can teck you mit Fun-A?'*" Well, the joke was, I discovered finally, that A sounds like *ei* in Yiddish. *Ei* means egg and egg means testicle. How 'bout *that* for Grandma?

**PLAYBOY:** Not bad. Do you have any other—

**BROOKS:** Freeze! Don't move! Time for a well-known Quotation from Chairman Mel's 2013-Year-Old Man record. *Tadaaaa!* "IF PRESIDENTS DON'T DO IT TO THEIR WIVES—THEY'LL DO IT TO THE COUNTRY!" You were saying?

**PLAYBOY:** Any other memorable relatives?

**BROOKS:** Yes, Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe was a philosopher, very deep, very serious. "Never eat chocolate after chick'n," he'd tell us, wagging his finger. "Don't buy a cardboard belt," he'd say. Or he'd warn us—we're five years old—"Don't invest. Put da money inna bank. Even the land could sink." He'd come up and tap you on the arm while you were playing stickball. "Marry a fat goil," he'd whisper. "They strong. Woik f'ya. Don't marry a face. Put ya under." He had great similes. "Clever as a chick'n" was one of them. "That guy's got da eyes of a bat. Never misses!" Later, we're in our teens, we're horsing around outside the candy store, he'd come up to us. "What you talk 'bout, boys?" "New cars." "Hmmm." He'd stroke his chin. "As far as I'm consoined," he'd say finally, "dey all good!"

**PLAYBOY:** How did you and your friends pass the time?

**BROOKS:** Played stickball, chased cats. I was always running. Skinny, stringy little Jew with endless energy. One day we were playing punchball—like stickball, only you used your fist to hit a Spalden or a bald tennis ball. There was a '36 Chevy parked on our street and I took off my new camel's-hair-looking Yom Kippur sweater and put it very carefully in that nice dip in the front of the fender where the headlight was. Then I got a scratch single and a bad throw sent me to second. Suddenly, I see this beautiful black '36 Chevy pull away from the curb and take off. Whoosh! I went after it. "Foul!" they were yelling. "Balk!" But I was gone, the hell with the game. What was that compared with a Yom Kippur sweater? For 20 minutes I chased that car—way into Flatbush. Finally, I flagged it down around Avenue U. Jesse Owens could not have made that run. Only a ten-year-old Jewish boy built like a wire hanger. But when I got my sweater, I was lost. No idea how to get home. I took the Nostrand Avenue trolley. Got off in a tough Irish neighborhood. "Hell-OOOOO, Yussel!" I didn't wait around to hear any more. Like in *The 400 Blows*, I ran till I hit the sea. Coney Island. Ten miles I ran. It took me an hour and a half to get home on the trolley. But I had my camel's-hair-looking Yom Kippur sweater.

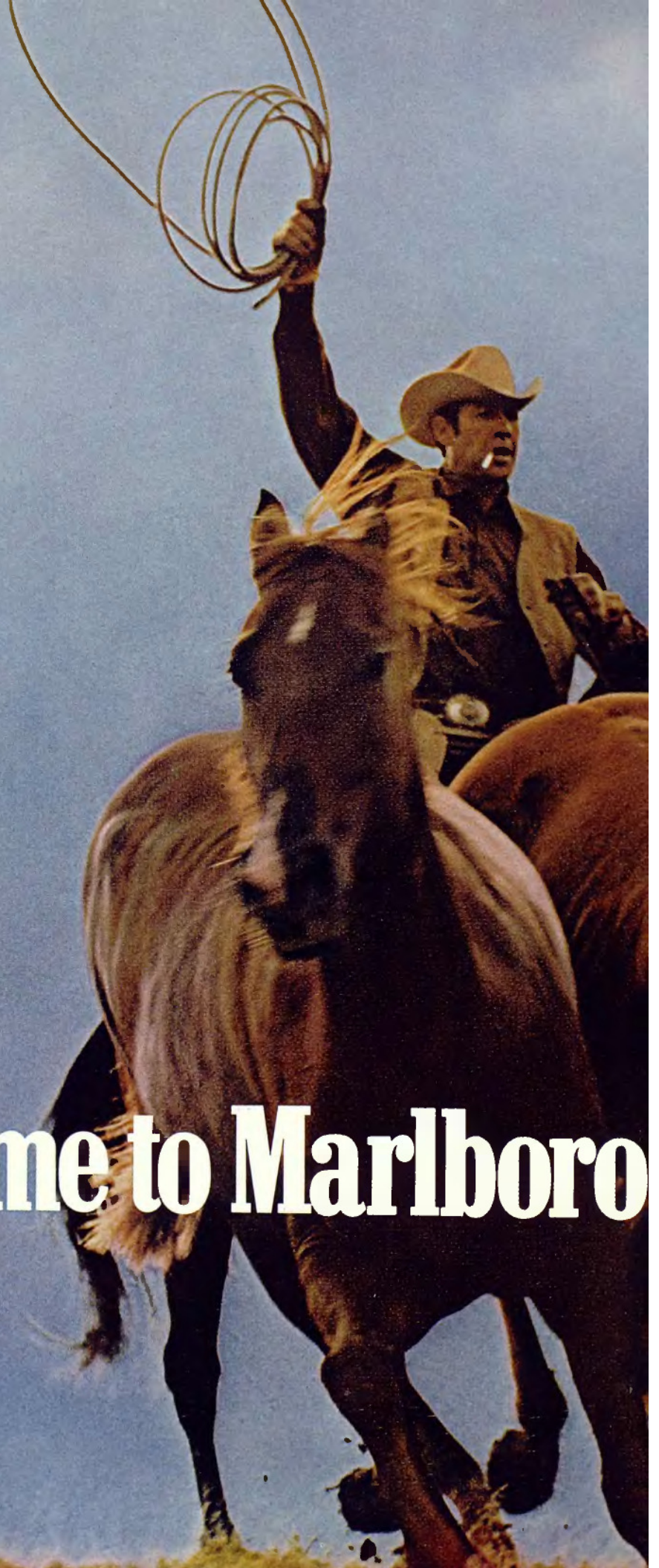
**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever run away from home?

**BROOKS:** I don't think Jewish boys did that. Run away to *what*? But we hitchhiked a lot across the Williamsburg Bridge in search of jobs. We're 11 and we're going to get jobs in New York. So we'd walk around the Lower East Side and for four cents we'd buy a ton of sauerkraut and gorge ourselves and be very sick. Then we'd walk back; nobody would give you a ride at night. It was a 20-minute walk over the bridge. Somewhere over the middle, we'd get scared and begin running. Six hundred feet below is water—right—and Jews on both





**Come to Marlboro**





A photograph of three brown horses running in a field under a blue sky. The horses are in motion, with their manes and tails flowing. The word "Country." is overlaid in large white letters on the left side of the image.

# Country.

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

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74



sides. If you fell in, who would rescue you? Jews in those days couldn't swim.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**BROOKS:** Only place to swim was McCarran Park, which was in a gentile region of Brooklyn. We could only go there if there were six to twelve of us. Otherwise, we'd be attacked. Like, we'd be in the locker room and a gang of Irish or Polish or Italian kids would be there and they'd inspect you. They'd see you were circumcised, so they knew who was what. In those days, gentile kids were not circumcised. Then they'd follow you out and pick on you.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you carry weapons?

**BROOKS:** Never. Because then they'd panic and get a hundred people. No weapons in those days.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever commit a crime?

**BROOKS:** Yes. I stole salt off pretzels in Feingold's candy store.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a wild kid.

**BROOKS:** Not only that, there were Penny Picks—chocolate-covered candy, white inside. If you got one that was pink inside, you got a nickel's worth of candy free. We would scratch the bottom of the chocolate with our thumbnails until we found a pinkie. Poor Mr. Feingold. He could never figure out how we found so many pink ones. Which reminds me—Raisinets? Take two.

**PLAYBOY:** No, thanks. No juvenile offenders in your neighborhood?

**BROOKS:** Sure, me! There were these Japanese yo-yo experts who used to do exhibitions at the Woolworth. They were great and even the managers would take their eyes off the counters to watch them "walk the dog" and "shimmy up a pole" and all that. "OK," we'd say, "the coast is clear." Then we'd steal something. One time I was with Muscles Mandel and I was caught lifting a 20-cent cap pistol. The manager grabbed me and said, "Gotcha!" I ripped the gun around and said, "Stand back or I'll blow your head off!" He jumped back. Everybody jumped back, and with this toy gun I made my getaway—stealing the gun at the same time! Those idiots! They *knew* it was a cap gun and still they backed up! I used that gag later in *Blazing Saddles*. What the—  
(*Brooks looks up, startled. An actor wearing a "Planet of the Apes" mask is strolling down the corridor outside Brooks's office, as though there were nothing in the least unusual about his appearance. He glances casually into Brooks's office. Just as casually, Brooks gives him a nod.*)

Hiya, kid. Workin'? (*The actor does a startled take, then moves on*)

**PLAYBOY:** How did you do in school?

**BROOKS:** I got hit a lot by teachers. Mr. Ziff carried a stop watch on a leather lanyard, like Captain Queeg. If he saw you cribbing or even looking at somebody else, you'd get a sharp whack across the eye with that lanyard. Mrs. Hoyt would give you the base of her palm against your forehead very hard, snapping a few

small bones in your neck. Mrs. Adela Williamson would twist your ear until you had to go with it or lose the ear. Everybody in her class was either a potential Van Gogh or an acrobat. I learned how to do back flips because of her.

I was a bright kid and I was bored, so I'd try to yok it up. They'd ask me about Columbus. I'd say, "Columbus Cleaning and Pressing. Fifth and Hooper." The class would laugh and I'd get hit. But by then I'd be laughing so hard I couldn't stop. Slapped, grabbed by the hair, dragged to the principal's office, couldn't stop laughing. Hit by the principal, kicked down the stairs, bleeding in the gutter, couldn't stop laughing.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you good at in school?

**BROOKS:** Emoting. When I had to read a composition, I would turn into a wild-eyed maniac, fling out my arms and announce in a ringing soprano: "MY DAY AT CAMP!"

**PLAYBOY:** What were your favorite books?

**BROOKS:** Dirty comics. Eight pagers. Short attention span. No. Actually, I liked *Robinson Crusoe*, *Black Beauty*, the usual things. But I wasn't a big reader. Couldn't sit still long enough.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Hebrew school?

**BROOKS:** Shul, we called it. I went for a little while. About 45 minutes. We were the children of immigrants. They told us religious life was important, so we bought what they told us. We faked it, nodded like we were praying. Learned enough Hebrew to get through a *bar mitzvah*. Hebrew is a very hard language for Jews. And we suffered the incredible breath of those old rabbis. They'd turn to you and they'd say, "Melbn, make me a *brüche*. A *brüüüüüüche*!" You never knew what they said. Three words and you were on the floor because their breath would wither your face. There was no surviving rabbi breath. God knows what they ate—garlic and young Jewish boys. Terrible!

**PLAYBOY:** Did you go to the movies much?

**BROOKS:** Are you kidding? The dumps would open at ten o'clock Saturday morning and I'd be there. We'd get in for 11 cents, loaded down with Baby Ruths and O'Henrys and Mars bars. No Raisinets in those days. Sherreee! Bring Raisinets! **PLAYBOY:** is looking a little peaked! No? Goy bastard! No offense. So, anyway, in the movies, even before the lights went out, paper clips would start to slingshot all over the place. You'd get a shot in the back of your head—it would lodge in your brain—and you'd hear them hitting the screen like rain through the whole movie. Then about 11 o'clock at night, there'd be a light in my eye. An usher would be slapping me awake and a Jewish woman screaming behind him, "Melvin! You have to eat!"

**PLAYBOY:** What was your favorite movie?

**BROOKS:** Horror movies. *Frankenstein* gave me nightmares. I'd be sleeping on the fire escape in the summer and the

monster would climb up to get me. And just when he'd put his hand on my face and I couldn't breathe, I'd see the gleam of that metal rod in his neck and I'd wake up screaming. "Frankensteiniiiiiii!" I'd yell. Scare everybody in the house. I'm still yelling it. Don't tell anybody, but I watch *Young Frankenstein* from behind my fingers. (*Phone rings*) I've got it, Sherry. Hello? Cleavon Little! The talented black star of *Blazing Saddles*! I love your face! Your obedient Jew here. How are you? What can I do for you? . . . You're looking for a part that will make you a millionaire? I've got it! Play Blanche du Bois. Right, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. You'd be the first black guy ever to play Blanche. Tennessee would love it. But do it right. Go to Denmark, have the operation. You could open in Mobile, Alabama, to sensational reviews. Police dogs. Sirens. With a little luck, you could become the first transsexual martyr! . . . Yes, Cleavon, yes! Don't be strange! I love your feet! (*Hangs up*) Speak, **PLAYBOY**.

**PLAYBOY:** You were talking about growing up in Brooklyn during the Depression. Somehow you make it sound almost a happy place.

**BROOKS:** Are you kidding? Terrible things happened. Poor people died like flies. The worst thing was when a woman killed herself by leaping from the roof of a building at South Fifth Street and Hooper. It was a mess, terrible, they had a sheet over her, police cars all around. We all ran to see: it was like a neighborhood panic. Tragedy, everybody! Anyway, that night my mother had decided to work late, but I didn't know that. So when I got to the body, I saw these shoes sticking out from under the sheet and they looked awfully like my mother's shoes. God, that was the worst moment I ever experienced. I just stood there and the whole bottom fell out of my life. Then my friend Izzie made a tasteless joke: He said it couldn't be my mother, because my mother was so heavy she would have broken the sidewalk. But you know, it helped a little bit, it really did. I said, "Yeah, that's right. The legs are skinny." It gave me a little hope, just a little. But oh, God, those hours while I sweated it out until I saw my mother! I ran up to her and threw myself upon her. "Why are you hugging my leg? Let me up the stairs!" Such relief! Incredible! It was a magic moment.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you find out that you could be funny?

**BROOKS:** I was always funny. But the first time I remember was at Sussex Camp for Underprivileged Jewish Children. I was seven years old and whatever the counselors said, I would turn it around. "Put your plates in the garbage and stack the scraps, boys!" "Stay at the shallow end of the pool until you learn to drown!" "Who said that? Kaminsky! Grab him! Hold him!" Slap! But the other kids liked



it and I was a success. I needed a success. I was short, I was scrawny. I was the last one they picked to be on the team. "Oh, all right, we'll take him. Put him in the outfield." Now, I wasn't a bad athlete, but the other kids were *champs*. In poor Jewish neighborhoods, every kid could hit a mile. They could be on their back and throw a guy out at first. They were great and I was just good. But I was brighter than most kids my age, so I hung around with guys two years older. Why should they let this puny kid hang out with them? I gave them a reason. I became their jester. Also, they were afraid of my tongue. I had it sharpened and I'd stick it in their eye. I read a little more than they did, so I could say, "Touch me not, leper!" "Hey! Mel called me a leopard!" "Schmuck! Leper!" Words were my equalizer.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did you hang around? In the schoolyard?

**BROOKS:** Are you kidding? We couldn't wait to get *away* from school. We hung out in the street—and on the corner. I mean, we didn't hang out there just because the street came to a corner. We weren't driven sexually crazy by a building coming to a point. We met there because there was a drugstore or a candy store on the corner. We'd all stand out on the sidewalk in warm weather and duel verbally, tell jokes, laugh it up. Girl watching was part of it, and so was having an egg cream. But the main thing was corner shtick, we called it, and in our gang, I was the undisputed champ at corner shtick.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you give us a sample?

**BROOKS:** The corner was tough. You had to score on the corner—no bullshit routines, no slick laminated crap. It had to be, "Lemme tell ya what happened today. . . ." And you really had to be good on your feet. "Fat Hymie was hanging from the fire escape. His mother came by. 'Hymie!' she screamed. He fell two stories and broke his head." Real stories of tragedy we screamed at. The story had to be real and it had to be funny. Somebody getting hurt was wonderful. "You hear what happened with Miltie and the Buick?" "What? What?" "He was doing an eagle turn on his skates. . . ." "Yeah? Yeah?" "Oogah! Oogah! Miltie thought it was applause, didn't bother to look. *Bam!* Buick got him right in the ass. Did a somersault. *Crumncchh!* Out like a light, took him away, Saint Catherine's Hospital. The nuns are with him now." The nuns are with this little Jewish kid, right? And then you visit Miltie, propped up on pillows, very cool. "Who are these penguins?" he says. "And why do they want me to pee all the time?"

**PLAYBOY:** We've heard that medicine is kind of a hobby with you. How did you get interested in it?

**BROOKS:** I always thought it was great to be able to make people feel better. It was a little like being God. So I started to take

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charge when anybody got hurt playing ball. "Get the Mercurochrome. Put a Band-Aid on. Quick! Flappy fainted. Bring an egg cream!"

**PLAYBOY:** An egg cream has healing properties?

**BROOKS:** An egg cream can do anything. An egg cream to a Brooklyn Jew is like water to an Arab. A Jew will kill for an egg cream. It's the Jewish malmsey.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you make one?

**BROOKS:** First, you got to get a can of Foxx U-Bet Chocolate syrup. If you use any other chocolate, the egg cream will be too bitter or too mild. Take a big glass and fill one fifth of it with U-Bet syrup. Then add about half a shot glass of milk. And you gotta have a seltzer spout with two speeds. One son-of-a-bitch bastard that comes out like bullets and scares you; one normal, regular-person speed that comes out nice and soft and foamy. So hit the tough bastard, the bullets of seltzer, first. Smash through the milk into the chocolate and chase the chocolate furiously all around the glass. Then, when the mixture is halfway up the glass, you turn on the gentle stream and you fill the glass with seltzer, all the time mixing with a spoon. Then taste it. But sit down first, because you might swoon with ecstasy.

**PLAYBOY:** But there's no egg in an egg cream.

**BROOKS:** That's the best part. That's the wonder and the mystery of it. Talmudic sages for generations have pondered this profound question. Why is there no egg in an egg cream? Well, 1000 years ago there may have been egg in egg creams. Joe Heller is very bright and he thought so. But Georgie Mandel and Speed Vogel are bright, too, and they applauded Julie Green's reasoning. He said, "Egg creams are called egg creams because the top of a well-made egg cream looks like whipped egg white." I can't offer you an egg cream right now, but how about a Raisinet? If you scrape the chocolate off 5000 of them, you could have an egg cream.

**PLAYBOY:** How much does an egg cream cost?

**BROOKS:** Three cents or six cents, depending on how big it is—or they did when I was a boy. Increments of three. Of course, if you were Izzie Sugarman, you would save all week for a 12-center. I mean, the glass was the size of a bucket, and every kid on the block would be there to watch it go down. Then we'd wait for the first belch. *Go-O-O-O-orch!* Up it would come like Old Faithful, and then two or three more little ones. If you stood too close, you'd get sprayed.

**PLAYBOY:** What does an egg cream do for you?

**BROOKS:** Physically, it contributes mildly to your high blood sugar. Psychologically, it is the opposite of circumcision. It *pleasurably* reaffirms your Jewishness. But what is all this with egg creams? Isn't this a *Playboy Interview*? When are you going to ask me about sex?

**PLAYBOY:** Mr. Brooks, what is your attitude toward sex?

**BROOKS:** How dare you ask me such a filthy question? What do you take me for—an animal? Kindly change the subject! I prefer to speak about Cossacks. I live in terror of Cossacks. Also of cars and narrow places. And I don't like to make turns when I walk. At night I keep the lights on in the closet. Mice eat closets.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't have a cat?

**BROOKS:** I *am* a cat. As a boy, I could make the greatest cat sounds in the world, and I'm still very good. There may be better cat-sound makers, but they have not come to my attention. In *Young Frankenstein*, there is a scene in which Gene Wilder throws a dart and misses the target. A second later you hear the greatest cat-in-pain scream ever heard on film. It was performed by your obedient servant.

**PLAYBOY:** Were Jewish cats different from gentile cats in your neighborhood?

**BROOKS:** You mean, did they wear *yarmulkes*? No, but Jews were different. When I was a little kid at home, I thought the whole world was Jewish. Even when I was allowed out to play, I still thought Italians and the like were very rare. We used to try to capture them to study them. It was a shock when we saw their penises and they all had those funny tips. Looked like anteaters. Did I tell you that for years I thought Roosevelt was Jewish? No kidding. I mean, the Nazis called him a Jew bastard, right? I loved him. I thought of him as my father. I'm always stunned when I find out that people like Roosevelt and Tolstoy weren't Jewish. How could I love them so much?

Anyway, after a while, I realized it wasn't only our penises that were different. Jews looked different. My image of a Jew has always been that of a short, funny-looking guy with kinky red hair and milk-white skin with lots of freckles and he's usually hiding under a bed, praying for his life in Yiddish while the Cossacks go thundering by. When I was a little boy, I thought when I grew up I would talk Yiddish, too. I thought little kids talked English, but when they became adults, they would talk Yiddish like the adults did. There would be no reason to talk English anymore, because we would have made it.

But even in English, Jews talked different. Gentiles have Rs. Jews were not given Rs by God. Gentiles said, "PaRk the caR." Jews said, "Pahk the cah." Jews in Brooklyn learned their English mostly from the Irish. Anybody who says, "I wantida go ta da terlit on T'oid Avunya" is mixing a Jewish-immigrant accent with an Irish brogue.

**PLAYBOY:** Were there any Jewish princesses in Brooklyn in those days?

**BROOKS:** Sheila Rabinowitz. Jewish princesses are a second-generation thing. First-generation girls were scrubbing floors and helping out. Second-generation parents could afford to support royalty. But Shei-

la's father was a coriander importer; he made it big in coriander; so Sheila was a first-generation Jewish princess. She lived two blocks away from school and she took a cab. She had four chain bracelets with different names on them, two on her wrists and two on her ankles. And all the names were gentile, just to put you in your place: Bob, Dick, Peter and Steve. They happened to be Jewish guys, but the names were gentile. Sheila came to class in a Pucci, and Pucci wasn't even in business yet. Sixteen years old and she wore a turban with a rhinestone in the middle of it. And the accent! "Why, hel-loooo, theahhh. How aahh you?" What the hell is coriander, anyway?

**PLAYBOY:** What became of Sheila?

**BROOKS:** Don't know. She was dreaming of the great world beyond the ghetto. I was happy where I was. When I was a kid, I was very confused by what the Jew was in the outer world. I knew what he was in Williamsburg. He was a runner and a rat and scared as hell. But Jews in the outside world I heard different, conflicting things about. First of all, I heard that they were the Communists, overthrowing all the governments in the world. When I was in high school, I thought a Jew's job in life was to throw over every government. The other thing I heard was that the Jews were capitalists and had all the gold and the banks and that the Jews' job was to kill all the socialists and the radicals. So I never really figured out what the Jewish mission was. Should I kill the capitalists and take their money? No, I'd be killing Jews. Should I stamp out the radicals so that we could keep our money? No, I'd be killing Jews. Very confusing. *BUT (leaps to his feet) ENOUGH OF JEWS! I WILL SPEAK NO MORE OF JEWS! IN FACT, I WILL SPEAK NO MORE OF ANYTHING! (Ripping off several strips of Scotch tape, he seals his lips tight and then, in a frenzy, rolling his eyes and squealing wordlessly, slaps sticky ribbons of tape over his ears, over his nostrils, over his hair and finally, eyelids stuck shut, goes staggering around the room, dragging one leg, gurgling and mumbling) Look! Look wha' th' G'm'n's did t' me! (He tears off the tape) They stole into my foxhole at night and covered my face with Scotch tape.*

**PLAYBOY:** In your movies, you make fun of Germans. Don't you like them?

**BROOKS:** Me? Not like Germans? Why should I not like Germans? Just because they're arrogant and have fat necks and do anything they're told so long as it's cruel, and killed millions of Jews in concentration camps and made soap out of their bodies and lamp shades out of their skins? Is that any reason to hate their fucking guts?

**PLAYBOY:** Certainly not. Have you ever been in Germany?

**BROOKS:** Only to kill Germans. I was in the Army, World War Two. Seventeen, I



enlisted. Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Basic training, right? Make a soldier out of the Jew boy. Left, right. I tried to explain to the sergeant, walking is not good for Jews. He felt otherwise. Then one day they put us all in trucks, drove us to the railroad station, put us in a locked train with the windows blacked out. We get off the train, we get on a boat. We get off the boat, we get into trucks. We get out of the trucks, we start walking. Suddenly, all around us, *Waaahwaaahwaaah!* Sirens! Tiger tanks! We're surrounded by Germans. It's the Battle of the Bulge! Hands up! "Wait!" I say. "We just left Oklahoma! We're Americans! We're supposed to win!" Very scary, but we escaped.

I spent a lot of time in the artillery. Too noisy. Could *not* take the noise. All through the war, two cigarette butts stuck in my ears. Couldn't read, couldn't think, couldn't even make a phone call. *Bagharroooooommmmm! Brlllaggghaarroooooommmmm!* And then they started shooting. "Incoming mail!" Bullshit. Only Burt Lancaster says that. We said, "Oh, God! Oh, Christ!" Who knows, he might help. He was Jewish, too. "MOTHER!"

I was a forward observer. Couldn't learn the artillery argot. You're supposed to give them map coordinates: "Alpha 38 point 27. Correction. Beta 2 point 3." But I'd say, "No, no! You're missing it! You're going *over*, dummy! You're not even *near*! Aim for the big tree by the church! Say, listen, did the chow come up yet?" Very unmilitary. I didn't last long as a forward observer.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do when you got out of the Army?

**BROOKS:** Wait! You're going too fast! At the end of the war, I did Army shows. First for the Germans, then at Fort Dix I did some camp shows. We all rolled up our pants and were the Andrews Sisters. One of us is still doing LaVerne in the East Village. Anyway, after I got out, I had three choices. I could go to college and hang out a shingle and make \$10,000 a year. Another thing for a Jew to do would be to become a salesman. Hipsy, pipsy, lotsa pep, you know? White-on-white shirt, black-mohair suit, Swank cuff links and, if you made it, a cat's-eye ring on the pinkie. And on the other pinkie, your *bar mitzvah* ring. That was the big Brooklyn jewelry artillery. Shine in everybody's eyes at a party.

**PLAYBOY:** And the third thing?

**BROOKS:** Show business. But you got to understand something: Jews don't do comedy in winter. In summer, all right. You're a kid, you work in the mountains. That's how I got started years before—as a pool *tumeler*. A pool *tumeler* is a busboy with tinsel in his blood. For eight bucks a week and all you can eat, you do dishes, rent out rowboats, clean up the tennis courts and, if you beg hard enough, they let you try to be funny around the pool. I'm 14 years old and I walk out on the diving board wearing a black derby

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and a big black-alpaca overcoat. I'm carrying two suitcases filled with rocks. "Business is terrible!" I yell. "I can't go on!" And I jump in the pool. Big laugh—the Jews love it. But I don't laugh—because the suitcases weigh a ton and like a shot I go to the bottom. The overcoat soaks up 20 gallons of water instantly. I run out of air, but I can't lift the suitcases—and I can't leave them in the water. They're made of cardboard, in two minutes they'll dissolve, and I need them for tomorrow's act. God bless Oliver, that big guy! He was the lifeguard—Jews don't swim, remember?—and every day he'd do a little swan dive and haul me up.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened after pool tumeling?

**BROOKS:** I joined a Borscht Belt stock company. They let me play the district attorney in *Uncle Harry*, a straight melodrama. I'm 14 and a half, but I'm playing a 75-year-old man. My only line was, I pour some water from a carafe into a glass and say, "Here, Harry, have some water and calm down." But on opening night, I'm a little nervous, right? So I dropped the carafe on the table and it smashed and this flood rushed in all directions and made a waterfall off the table and all over the stage—such a mess! The audience gasped. I don't waste a minute: I walk right down to the footlights and take off my gray toupee and say, "I'm 14, what do you want?" Well, I got a 51-minute laugh, but the director of the play came running down the aisle and chased me through five Jewish resorts.

**PLAYBOY:** So how did you become a comedian?

**BROOKS:** I became a drummer, that's how. When we moved to Brighton Beach, I was 13 and a half and only a few houses away lived the one and only Buddy Rich. Buddy was just beginning with Artie Shaw then, and once in a while he would give me and my friend Billy half a lesson. When I went back to the mountains after the war, I played drums and sang. (*Eyes suddenly dreamy, begins to patter rhythmically on his desk with finger tips as he sings*) "It's not the pale moooon that excites me, that thrills and delights me. Oh, nooooo. . . ." Oh, I was so shitty. You've no idea.

Anyway, one time in the mountains I was playing drums behind a standard mountain comedian. Wonderful delivery, but all the usual jokes. "I just flew in from Chicago and, boy, are my arms tired." "Was that girl skinny—when I took her to a restaurant, the waiter said, 'Check your umbrella?'" Anyway, one night the comic got sick and they asked me to go on for him. Wow! But I didn't want to do those ancient jokes, so I decided to go out there and make up stuff. I figured, I'll just talk about things we all know and see if they turn out funny. Now, that day a chambermaid named Molly got shut in a closet and the whole hotel had heard her screaming, "*Los mir*

*arois!*" Let me out! So when I went on stage, I stood there with my knees knocking and said, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen . . . *LOS MIR AROIS!*" They tore the house down.

**PLAYBOY:** You continued to improvise your act, night after night?

**BROOKS:** Crazy, huh? But I did. Look, I had to take chances or it wasn't fun being funny. And you know, there was a lot of great material lying around in the Catskills, waiting to be noticed. Like Pincus Cantor. He was the manager where I was working, an old-fashioned Jew from the Polish *shtetl*. He couldn't handle the loud-speaker system at the hotel. Technology was beyond him. He was never sure if he had the speaker off or on and he usually had it on at the wrong time. It's a peaceful sunny day in the mountains, right? People are snoozing in deck chairs, people are rowing slowly across the lake. Suddenly, a tremendous shout booms out. For ten miles in the mountains, you could hear it: "SON OF BITCH BASTARD! FILTY ROTTEN! HOW DEY CAN LEAVE A SHEET SO FILTY! THAT SON OF BITCH! LAT HIM SLEEP IN IT! I VUDN'T. . . IT'S VAAAAT: IT'S ON? OYYYYY!" Click.

So I did Pincus Cantor onstage—big hit. But I wasn't a big hit, not at first. The Jews in the tearoom, the Jewish ladies with blue hair, would call me over and say, "Melvin, we enjoyed certain parts of your show, but a trade would be better for you. Anything with your hands would be good. Aviation mechanics are very well paid." I'd walk by a bald guy, Sol Yasowitz. "Well, what did you think, Mr. Yasowitz?" I'd ask him. "Stunk." With a little smile. You could never get a kind word out of the Jews. And you know, maybe I was terrible. I had this theme song, wrote it myself. (*Does a Donald O'Connor walk-on as he sings*) "Dadadadat daaaaa! Here I am./I'm Melvin Brooks!/I've come to stop the show./Just a ham who's minus looks/But in your hearts I'll grow!/I'll tell you gags, I'll sing you songs./Just happy little snappy songs that roll along./Out of my mind./Won't you be kind?/And please . . . love . . . Melvin Brooooooooooks!" Terrible, right? After that, you surely need a Raisinet, right? Wrong. But think it over. Believe me, there are very few things that work as well when covered with chocolate. Anyway, I wanted to entertain so badly that I kept at it until I was good. I just browbeat my way into show business.

**PLAYBOY:** We read somewhere that you did seven two-hour shows a week while you were working in the Catskills.

**BROOKS:** That's true. But we thought nothing of it. We thought that's the way it is in show business. After that, the big time was a cream puff. One show a week on television, one picture a year in the movies. Are you kidding? I've spent the last 20 years catching up on my sleep.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you meet Sid Caesar

when you were working in the mountains?

**BROOKS:** Yeah, but before I went into the Army. He was a saxophone player and a really terrific one. He could have been world-famous on the sax, but he started fooling around in the band and he was so funny they turned him into a comedian. After the war, we met again in New York and he got me into television. Sid was a genius, a great comic actor—still is—the greatest mimic who ever lived. Only he didn't impersonate celebrities; he did types. He would do a harried married man or an old horse on its last legs or a hop musician named Cool Cees or a whole Italian movie. He was imitating life and he had these tremendous insights over a huge range. And there was always a needle. Sid had this terrific anger in him: he was angry with the world—and so was I. Maybe I was angry because I was a Jew, because I was short, because my mother didn't buy me a bicycle, because it was tough to get ahead, because I wasn't God—who knows why? Anyway, if Sid and I hadn't felt so much alike, I would have been a comic ten years earlier. But he was such a great vehicle for my passion.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that everybody hated you on *Your Show of Shows*?

**BROOKS:** Everybody hated everybody. We robbed from the rich and kept everything. There was tremendous hostility in the air. A highly charged situation, but very good. We were all spoiled brats competing with each other for the king's favor, and we all wanted to come up with the funniest joke. I would be damned if anybody would write anything funnier than I would and everybody else felt the same way. There were seven comedy writers in that room, seven brilliant comedic brains. There was Mel Tolkin and Lucille Kallen. Then I came in. And spoiled everything. Then Joe Stein, who later wrote *Fiddler on the Roof*, and Larry Gelbart, who writes and produces *M\*A\*S\*H*. Mike Stewart typed for us. Imagine! Our typist later wrote *Bye Bye Birdie* and *Hello, Dolly!* Later on, Mike was replaced at the typewriter by somebody named Woody Allen. Neil and Danny Simon were there, too, but Doc was so quiet we didn't know how good he was. Seven rats in a cage. The pitch sessions were lethal. In that room, you had to fight to stay alive.

**PLAYBOY:** From what we've heard, your competitive relationship with the other writers was nothing compared with your troubles with Max Liebman, the producer of the show.

**BROOKS:** Max hated me. I was a pretty snotty kid. But I hated him right back. When Sid first asked Max to hire me, Max wouldn't do it. So Sid gave me \$50 a week himself and I'd wait in the hallway outside where Sid and Max and Mel and Lucille were writing the show. After a while, Sid would stick his head out and say, "We need three jokes." So I'd give



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him three jokes, but Max wouldn't let me in.

**PLAYBOY:** What didn't he like about you?

**BROOKS:** He didn't like my fast mouth. When I'd sass him back, he'd throw a lighted cigar at me—right at my face! I'd duck. One day, we were standing on the stage. I yelled, "Pepper Martin sliding into second! Watch your ass!" And I ran straight at him at full speed and then threw myself into a headfirst slide. Slid right between his legs, sent him flying in the air, scared the shit out of him. We laugh about it now, but it was rough then. He's a great showman, though; unconsciously, I think I still copy him.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you once scare the shit out of General Sarnoff?

**BROOKS:** True! One day they had a big conference in the RCA Building. All the big shots. General Sarnoff, the chairman of the board of RCA; Pat Weaver, the president of NBC; Max Liebman and Sid. When I tried to walk into the room with them, the door was slammed in my face. But I wanted to know what they were planning. Would there be a new show? Should I buy a new car? So I put on a white duster and a straw hat and I crashed through the door into the meeting and jumped up on the conference table. "Hurray!" I yelled. "Hurray! Lindy has landed at Le Bourget!" This was 1950. And I whipped off my straw hat and skimmed it across the room and it sailed right out the window and has never been seen since. Then I burst into the *Marseillaise* while General Sarnoff clutched his heart and Liebman picked his eyes up off the floor. Weaver was white as a sheet. Sid was the only one who laughed; staggered around, holding his gut. Liebman said, "And now, if you will kindly leave us, Mr. Brooks!" But I said, "Don't you understand? Lindy made it!"

**PLAYBOY:** So much for your offscreen material. What did you write for the show?

**BROOKS:** Masterpieces. Best work I ever did. We did eight comedy items a week. Live. No taping. Big classy items.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you run through a skit?

**BROOKS:** I remember the first one I wrote for Sid. *Jungle Boy*. "Ladies and gentlemen, now for the news. Our roving correspondent has just discovered a jungle boy, raised by lions in Africa, walking the streets of New York City." Sid played this in a lionskin, right? "Sir, how do you survive in New York City?" "Survive?" "What do you eat?" "Pigeon." "Don't the pigeons object?" "Only for a minute." "What are you afraid of more than anything?" "Buick." "You're afraid of a Buick?" "Yes. Buick can win in death struggle. Must sneak up on parked Buick, punch grille hard. Buick die."

**PLAYBOY:** Who were the show's other stars?

**BROOKS:** Imogene Coca, brilliant lady. Carl Reiner, greatest straight man in the world. And Howie Morris! Howie had the best nose ever given to a Jew. No job. His own nose. A miracle! On the nose

alone he could pass. Also a genius. Didn't know a word except in English but could speak any language—German gibberish, Italian gibberish, Russian gibberish. Amazing ear for accents. You'd think it was the real thing. But the best thing about Howie was that he was the only guy on the show who was shorter than me! Gave me this incredible feeling of power.

So one night, just after he came on the show, we were walking along MacDougal Alley in the Village, chatting about the show, getting acquainted. Lovely evening, just getting dark. So I decided to rob him. No, really. I slapped him around, knocked him against a yellow Studebaker. "This is a stick-up!" I said. I had my hand in my coat pocket with my finger pointed like a pistol. "Gimme everything you got or I'll kill ya!" My eyes were glittering. I looked crazy. He went white. I took his wallet, his watch, even his wedding ring. Cleaned him out. Then I ran away in the night. He staggered to a phone booth, called Sid. Sid said, "Oh, he's started *that* again, has he? Whatever you do, don't call him up or go to his house, he'll kill ya." Howie said, "But when do I get my stuff back?" Sid said, "Ya gotta wait till he comes to his senses."

Well, for three weeks, Howie waited. No wallet, no watch. Had to buy another wedding ring. I'd say hello to him every morning like nothing had happened. "Hi, Howie. How ya doing? D'ya like the sketch?" He'd say, "Very good, Mel. Like it a lot." Then he'd go to Sid and say, "When's he going to remember? My license was in my wallet. I haven't been able to drive for three weeks." And Sid would say, "Wait." And then one day I stared at Howie and hit my head. "Howie! Oh, my God! I robbed you! I'm so sorry! Here's your wallet! Here's your money! Here's your ring!"

Well, it was the longest practical joke in history, because three years later—by now we're the best of friends—we're rowing on the lake in Central Park at lunchtime. Lovely sunny day. Butterflies making love, the splash of the oars. Howie is rowing. We go under a secluded bridge. Perfect place for a holdup. I stand up, put my hand in my pocket, slap him in the face. Howie's smart. The prey always respects the predator's prerogatives. So without a word, he forks over his wallet, his watch, his ring, takes off his shoes, ties them around his neck, jumps overboard—the water's up to his chin—and wades ashore. Well, that time I gave him his stuff back in a few days. But I intend to rob him again someday, ladies and gentlemen, because robbing Howie is what I do best.

**PLAYBOY:** Over the years, what was your main contribution to the show?

**BROOKS:** Energy and insanity. I mean, I would take terrifying chances. I was totally willing to be an idiot. I would jump off into space, not knowing where I would land. I would run across tightropes, no

net. If I fell, blood all over. Pain. Humiliation. In those pitch sessions, I had an audience of experts and they showed no mercy. But I had to go beyond. It wasn't only competition to be funnier than they were. I had to get to the ultimate punch line, you know, the cosmic joke that all the other jokes came out of. I had to hit all the walls. I was immensely ambitious. It was like I was screaming at the universe to pay attention. Like I had to make God laugh.

Funny, I remember one year at the Emmy-awards ceremony, they gave the award for comedy writing to the writers of *The Phil Silvers Show*, and they had never ever given an Emmy to the writers of *Your Show of Shows*. So I jumped up on a table and started screaming, right there in front of the cameras and everybody. "Coleman Jacoby and Arnie Rosen won an Emmy and Mel Brooks didn't! Nietzsche was right! *There is no God! There is no God!*"

**PLAYBOY:** You know, you've described a lot of really wild behavior. Are you sure some of it wasn't actually a little crazy?

**BROOKS:** I'm sure it *was*. I went through some disastrous times when I was a young man. After I was hired by *Your Show of Shows*, I started having acute anxiety attacks. I used to vomit a lot between parked Plymouths in midtown Manhattan. Sometimes I'd get so anxiety-stricken I'd have to run, because I'd be generating too much adrenaline to do anything *but* run or scream. Ran for miles through the city streets. People stared. No joggers back then. Also, I couldn't sleep at night and I'd get a lot of dizzy spells and I was nauseated for days.

**PLAYBOY:** What brought on all this anxiety?

**BROOKS:** Fear of heights. Look at what had happened. I was a poor kid from a poor neighborhood, average family income \$35 a week. I felt lucky to be making \$50 a week, which is what Sid was paying me. And then, on top of that, I got a screen credit! "Additional dialog, Mel Brooks." Wow! But when I was listed as a regular writer and my pay went to \$250 a week, I began to get scared. Writer! I'm not a writer. Terrible penmanship. And when my salary went to \$1000 a week, I really panicked. Twenty-four years old and \$1000 a week? It was unreal. I figured any day now they'd find me out and fire me. It was like I was stealing and I was going to get caught. Then, the year after that, the money went to \$2500 and finally I was making \$5000 a show and going out of my mind. In fact, the psychological mess I was in began to cause a real physical debilitation. To wit: low blood sugar and underactive thyroid.

**PLAYBOY:** You—underactive thyroid?

**BROOKS:** Everybody thinks, Mel Brooks, that maniac! The energy of that man! He must be hyperthyroid. *Au contraire, mon frère*. To this day, I take a half grain of thyroid—and an occasional Raisinet.



Now, seriously, have you got kids? How's about taking a couple boxes Raisinets for the kids? They'll love 'em, and—

**PLAYBOY:** But chocolate is terrible for their teeth.

**BROOKS:** Are teeth so good for chocolate? Let's be fair.

**PLAYBOY:** Thanks, but—

**BROOKS:** Take your time. It's a big decision. Maybe you should call your lawyer. Use my phone, OK? Where were we?

**PLAYBOY:** What straightened you out emotionally?

**BROOKS:** Mel Tolkin sent me to an analyst. Strictly Freudian. On the couch—no peeking. But the man himself was kind and warm and bright. Most of my symptoms disappeared in the first year, and then we got into much deeper stuff—whether or not one should live and why.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you find any answers to that?

**BROOKS:** The main thing I remember from then is bouts of grief for no apparent reason. Deep melancholy, incredible grief where you'd think that somebody very close to me had died. You couldn't grieve any more than I was grieving.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**BROOKS:** It was connected with accepting life as an adult, getting out in the real world. I was grieving about the death of childhood. I'd had such a happy childhood, my family close to me and loving me. Now I really had to accept the mantle of adulthood—and parenthood. No more cadging quarters from my older brothers or my mother. Now I was the basic support of the family unit. I was proud of doing my bit, but it meant no longer being the baby, the adorable one. It meant being a father figure. Deep, deep shock. But finally I went on to being a mature person.

You often hear, you know, that people go into show business to find the love they never had when they were children. Never believe it! Every comic and most of the actors I know had a childhood full of love. Then they grew up and found out that in the grown-up world, you don't get all that love, you just get your share. So they went into show business to recapture the love they had known as children when they were the center of the universe.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that analysis changed you from the wild man who did a Pepper Martin slide at Max Liebman into the mature man who wrote and directed *Blazing Saddles*?

**BROOKS:** I'm saying that you should stop trying to be funnier than the Jew. What changed me was success and having to solve the problems of success. At that time of life, no matter what you do, you're getting your education, what Joseph Conrad called the bump on the head. I got mine from the analyst and from Mel Tolkin. Between them, they were the father I never had. *Sherreeeeee!* Bring me some Trident gum! I gave up smoking, folks, on January 3, 1974. In lieu of eating my desk, I chew gum. 'Cause the mouth still

wants to inhale. Already I've inhaled a Bell telephone; that's how fierce the desire is.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you give some advice to someone who is trying to quit smoking?

**BROOKS:** Suck somebody else's nose.

**PLAYBOY:** Thank you. Now about Tolkin. . . .

**BROOKS:** Tolkin is a big, tall, skinny Jew with terribly worried eyes. He looks like a stork that dropped a baby and broke it and is coming to explain to the parents. Very sad, very funny, very widely read. When I met him, I had read nothing—*nothing!* He said, "Mel, you should read Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Gogol." He was big on the Russians. So I started with Tolstoy and I was overwhelmed. Tolstoy writes like an ocean, in huge, rolling waves, and it doesn't look like it was processed through his thinking. It feels very natural. You don't question whether Tolstoy's right or wrong. His philosophy is housed in interrelating characters, so it's not up for grabs. Dostoevsky, on the other hand, you can dispute philosophical points with, but he's good, too. *The Brothers Karamazov* ain't chopped liver.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Gogol?

**BROOKS:** Now you've said it. Perfect. Comedy and humanity, and he knew what he was talking about. *Dead Souls* is a masterpiece. I love Gogol's great eye for idiot behavior. Gogol said that life is so tragic, so stupendously sad that we'd better laugh a lot and enjoy ourselves. You either get a sense of humor going or you go under.

**PLAYBOY:** So there's a big Russian influence in your work.

**BROOKS:** Big. The Russian novelists made me realize it's a bigger ball park than the *Bilko* show. Right from the moment I read them, I knew I wanted to achieve more than Doc Simon and Abe Burrows did. I wanted to be the American Molière, the new Aristophanes.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you influenced by other comedians as well as by great writers?

**BROOKS:** Powerfully. I thought Chaplin was wonderful. Liked Laurel and Hardy even more. Keaton was the greatest master of physical comedy. Fields was a genius at skit construction. And Fred Allen showed me new kinds of irony.

**PLAYBOY:** So you got rich, cultured, secure—then what happened?

**BROOKS:** And then the roof fell in. There I am, strolling around in silk shirts and thinking, I'm cut out for greatness. Television's too small for me. How am I going to get out of this lousy racket? And suddenly I am out of it. The show is off the air. One day it's \$5000 a week, the next day it's zilch. I couldn't get a job anywhere! Comedy shows went out of style and the next five years I averaged \$85 a week. Five thousand a week to \$85 a week! It was a terrifying nose dive.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the money you had saved?

**BROOKS:** What money? Are you kidding?

I was married! I was so much in debt I couldn't believe it! All I had was a limited edition of *War and Peace* and an iron skate key. I kissed the skate key four times a day just to have something to do.

**PLAYBOY:** How about the record? Didn't you and Reiner record *The 2000-Year-Old Man* not long after the show folded?

**BROOKS:** A year later, the record came out. Saved me. Sold maybe 1,000,000 copies. And we did two others, 2001 and the *Cannes Film Festival*. We'd been doing the act for nothing at parties. We'd go to Danny's Hide-A-Way in New York and Carl would say, "Sir, I understand that you were living at the time of Christ." I'd say, "Christ? Can't place him. Thin, nervous fella? Yeah. Came in the store, never bought anything. Little beard, cute. Wore sandals, right?" We did it once at a big party at Carl's house and Steve Allen said we ought to make a comedy record, there was money in it. "*What? Money in it?*" So we got a shipment of black Russian health bread—you know, the round, flat kind. Ripped the shit out of it trying to make grooves, but the reproduction is pretty good, don't you think? And if you don't like the jokes, you can put cream cheese on them and eat them. Anyway, it was a good thing the record took off. In the meantime, my marriage had fallen apart and alimony and child support were eating me up.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your first wife like?

**BROOKS:** Nice person. Florence Baum was her name then. A dancer. She was dancing in a Broadway show and I was dating a friend of hers who went off to Europe for the summer. Florence consoled me and I married her. She liked my jokes. We had three children together, but we had married too young. I expected I would marry my mother and she expected she would marry her father. It reached the point where it was irreparable, and the best thing to do for the entire family was to separate. It was done mutually. I think she did a splendid job with the children. They're healthy, terrific kids and it's all due to their mother's upbringing. Stefanie's 18, Nicky's 17, Eddie's 15 and they're all very gifted and lively.

**PLAYBOY:** How often do you see them?

**BROOKS:** That's the thing that sickens my heart the most. I live in California and my three children, who are of an age now to really be my friends on a more adult level, are living in New York and I can't see them enough. We're lucky if we see one another three times a year for a week or so at a time. It's not enough. I really enjoy being with them. They've helped me with everything I've written. I bounce ideas off their good, young, supple minds and they say "bullshit" or "sensational." They don't think I'm a kook. They know I'm a serious human being who is a humorist.

**PLAYBOY:** You wouldn't be happy without children?

**BROOKS:** Certainly not. Think what a 61







Broadway began reducing itself to musicals and five-character, one-set comedies, and to an audience whose intelligence, taste or numbers I could no longer take seriously.

Still, I did fool around with Broadway. For *New Faces of '52*, a landmark revue, I did a satire on *Death of a Salesman* and Elia Kazan's superheavy direction. Then a show I'm very proud of, *Shinbone Alley*, based on the Archy and Mehitabel stories of Don Marquis. Talked about social inequity, social hypocrisy. Rather Brechtian. But then, in the Fifties, the great foreign movies began to arrive. Rossellini's *Open City*, De Sica's *The Bicycle Thief*, films by Fellini, Bergman, Kurosawa, the French New Wave. The power and greatness of the medium were revealed to me and I began to see my future as a film director. I went out and bought a beret and a paperback entitled *How to Direct le Film*.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get *The Producers* off the ground?

**BROOKS:** With 12,000 German slaves and lots of ropes. I had this idea about two schmooks on Broadway who set out to produce a flop and swindle the backers, and the flop was to be called *Springtime for Hitler*. I wrote the script in nine months, with the help of my secretary, Betty Olsen, and then couldn't think of anybody to direct it. So it had to be me. But I hated the idea of directing, and after four pictures I hate it even more. Directing is a terrible, anxious process. It's all collaboration, and if you have a dream, it's diluted very quickly by the slightest ineptness in any of your collaborators. They're supposed to help you, but too often they help you into your grave. Your vision can never achieve perfection. If you want to be a moviemaker, you've got to say, "All right, I'll chop the dream down. I'll be very happy if I get 60 percent of my vision on the screen."

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you direct if you don't like it?

**BROOKS:** In self-defense. Basically, I'm a writer. I'm the proprietor of the vision. I alone know what I eventually want to happen on the screen. So if you have a valuable idea, the only way to protect it is to direct it.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get to direct *The Producers*?

**BROOKS:** I went to all the big studios with Sidney Glazier, my producer, and said, "I'm going to have to direct this." They said, "Please get out of here before you get hurt." There were physical threats. Finally, someone at Universal Pictures said, "You can direct, but it has to be called *Springtime for Mussolini*. Nazi movies are out." I said, "I think you missed the point." Then I met Joseph E. Levine, a plain person from the street. "You think you can direct it?" "Yes." "OK." Shook hands. That was it! In the middle of the night, I woke up in a cold

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sweat. "Foolish person! You had to open your big mouth."

One play was all I'd directed. In Red Bank, New Jersey. But simply seeing movies, you pick up a good deal. I always knew what actors should say to each other and how they should look, and I always understood stage business. That is, should they have a pencil in their hands or be brushing their teeth or peering up a drainpipe when they say "I love you"? As a kid in the street, I'd say, "Benjy, take your finger out of your nose. You look like a jerk." I'd say, "Izzie, don't be plebeian. Iron your shoelaces." I was a born director. I would put warm water on two dogs making it. I *knew*. Cold water, they'd bite some kid the next day to get even. Hot water, they'd never screw again. Why give them a trauma? Where are we going to get our dogs from?

**PLAYBOY:** Did you make a lot of beginner's mistakes?

**BROOKS:** Only the picture itself. No, I did dumb things, even though I had tremendous help from my assistant director, Michael Hertzberg. First day on the set, first scene, sound men are ready, cameras are rolling, the director is supposed to say "Action!" But, being a little nervous, I say "CUT!" Everything stops. They all look at me.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you brought it in on schedule.

**BROOKS:** And under budget: \$941,000. I won an Oscar for the Best Screenplay of 1968. And the picture died at the box office. Anyway, that's what Avco-Embassy said. Their motto is emblazoned in Hebrew letters on the office wall. WE MAKE THE MONEY, YOU TRY AND FIND IT.

**PLAYBOY:** But *The Producers* was a critical success, wasn't it?

**BROOKS:** Never believe it. Today everybody calls *The Producers* a classic. But at the time, you never saw such vitriolic reviews. What can I tell you? Some critics are emotionally desiccated, personally about as attractive as a year-old peach in a single girl's refrigerator. It's easy to say shit is shit, and it should be said. But the real function of a critic is to see what is truly good and go bananas when he sees it.

**PLAYBOY:** With your first picture a financial flop, how did you finance *The Twelve Chairs*?

**BROOKS:** Minimally. I got \$50,000 for writing, directing and coproducing the picture and it took three years to make. After the tax bite, I got about half of the \$50,000, so that means I was living on \$8000 a year and the good nature of several banks. We shot the picture in Yugoslavia, which saved us a lot of money but gave us a lot of headaches. When I went to Yugoslavia, my hair was black. When I came back, nine months later, it was gray. Truly. To begin with, it's a very long flight to Yugoslavia and you land in a field of full-grown corn. They figure it cushions the landing. The first thing they tell you is that the water is death. The

only safe thing to drink is *Kiesclavoda*, which is a mild laxative. In nine months, I lost 71 pounds. Now, at night, you can't do anything, because all of Belgrade is lit by a ten-watt bulb, and you can't go anywhere, because Tito has the car. It was a beauty, a green '38 Dodge. And the food in Yugoslavia is either very good or very bad. One day we arrived on location late and starving and they served us fried chains. When we got to our hotel rooms, mosquitoes as big as George Foreman were waiting for us. They were sitting in armchairs with their legs crossed.

The Yugoslav crew was very nice and helpful, but you had to be careful. One day in a fit of pique, I hurled my director's chair into the Adriatic. Suddenly I heard "*Halugchik! Kakdivmyechisny-bogdanblostro!*" On all sides, angry voices were heard and clenched fists were raised. "The vorkers." I was informed, "have announced to strike!" "But why?" "You have destroyed the People's chair!" "But it's mine! It says Mel Brooks on it!" "In Yugoslavia, everything is property of People." So we had a meeting, poured a lot of vodka, got drunk, started to cry and sing and kiss each other. Wonderful people! If they had another ten-watt bulb, I'd go there to live.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened when *Twelve Chairs* was released?

**BROOKS:** The movie was released at Meyer Roberts' apartment in Evanston, Illinois. Sixteen people attended the world premiere. Meyer himself couldn't make it; he had a date. We were all fingerprinted and booked by the police. No, the picture did pretty well in New York, but it couldn't get across the George Washington Bridge. Taught me something. There is no room in the business now for a special little picture. You either hit 'em over the head or stay home with the canary.

**PLAYBOY:** And *Blazing Saddles* was designed to hit 'em over the head.

**BROOKS:** No. Actually, it was designed as an esoteric little picture. We wrote it for two weirdos in the balcony. For radicals, film nuts, guys who draw on the washroom wall—my kind of people. I had no idea middle America would see it. What would a guy who talks about white bread, white Ford station wagons and vanilla milk shakes on Friday night see in that *meshugaas*?

**PLAYBOY:** How did you hit on the idea for *Blazing Saddles*?

**BROOKS:** It's an interesting story; I don't think I'll tell it. Can I interest you in a Raisinet? No? Maybe you'd like a chocolate-covered Volkswagen? Do you have a dollar on you? I hate to answer questions for nothing. (*Accepts a dollar*) Thank you. For two more I'll sell you my T-shirt. See this little alligator on the pocket? I understand that in the Everglades, there are alligators with little Jews on their shirt pockets.

We were talking about *Blazing Saddles*.

It was Andy Bergman's idea. He sent Warner Bros. a rough draft of a screenplay called *Tex-X*. What grabbed me were the possibilities of a modern black man arriving in the traditional West. Like, he'd say, "Right on, baby!" And they'd say, "Consarnit!" Then I realized that at the same time I could make fun of Westerns and the West. So I called Bergman and said, "Do you mind if I despoil your script?" And he said, "Can I help?" David Brown at Warner's called me and I told him I wanted to write it the way we wrote *Your Show of Shows*—lock a bunch of weirdos up together and come out with a great script. We called in Norman Steinberg and Alan Uger, a Jewish comedy team, and Richard Pryor, a black person of *outré* imagination. Then we turned on the tape recorder and started bullshitting. Pryor wrote the Jewish jokes, the Jews wrote the black jokes. Nine months later, we had a finished script.

**PLAYBOY:** Which you promptly tore up and—

**BROOKS:** No way! A lot of crickets said the film was chaotic—kitchen-sink school of drama. Not true. Every scene and damn near every line in the film were in the script. Even the farts were in the script. It was calculated chaos. Something a lot of people don't yet realize about me: I am a very well-trained maniac. Making a movie is like making an ocean voyage, and the script is your ship. *Blazing Saddles* was a breakthrough comedy. It carried the audience into territory that film comedy had never entered before—kinds of satire, kinds of special vulgarity—and some critics felt confused and disoriented. So they thought that because *they* were confused, *we* were confused. We weren't.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the point of the vulgarity—the farting scene, for example?

**BROOKS:** The farts were the point of the farting scene. In real life, people fart, right? In the movies, people don't. Why not? When I was in high school, I knew a kid, won't mention his name—Robert Weinstein—who when he let one go, you could get in it and drive it away, that's how firm. But before *Blazing Saddles*, America had not come to terms with the fart. Wind was never broken across the prairie in a Ken Maynard picture. In every cowboy picture, the cowboys sit around the campfire and eat 140,000 beans, and you never hear a burp, let alone a blooper. For 75 years these big, hairy brutes have been smashing their fists into each other's faces and blasting each other full of holes with six-guns, but in all that time, not one has had the courage to produce a fart. I think that's funny. I think the farting scene in *Blazing Saddles* is funny because farts in our world are funny. Farts are a repressed minority. The mouth gets to say all kinds of things, but the other place is supposed to keep quiet. But maybe our lower colons have something interesting to say. Maybe we should listen to them. Farts are human,



more human than a lot of people I know. I think we should bring them out of the water closet and into the parlor, and that's what I did in *Blazing Saddles*.

**PLAYBOY:** At the end of the farting scene, the character called Mongo, the super-brute who later knocks out a horse with one punch, takes a huge mouthful of beans—but he never farts. Think what a climax that would have made.

**BROOKS:** Please. That would have been in bad taste.

**PLAYBOY:** Oh. Was anything else cut out in the interest of good taste?

**BROOKS:** Yes. A scene between Cleavon Little, the black sheriff, and Madeline Kahn. The scene takes place in the dark. "Is it twue vot zey say," Madeline asks him seductively, "about how you people are built?" Then you hear a zipper. Then you hear her say, "Oh! It's twue! It's twue! It's twue!" That much is in the picture. But then comes the line we cut. Cleavon says, "Excuse me, ma'am. I hate to disillusion you, but you're sucking my arm."

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you use the word shit so often in *Blazing Saddles*? Isn't it sort of a cheap laugh?

**BROOKS:** I got nothing against cheap jokes—if they work. Funny is money. Shit is good pepper. Loosens 'em up, helps the next laugh. And the more unusual swearwords are still good for a huge laugh in the movies. In *Blazing Saddles*, we get a gasp and then a tremendous laugh when the preacher lifts his eyes to heaven and says, "Oh, Lord! Can we accomplish this great feat in one night? Or are we just jerking off?"

**PLAYBOY:** What happened when you previewed *Blazing Saddles*?

**BROOKS:** Disaster! We showed it first to the studio brass. Ten of them in a small screening room. Now, the first really big joke in the picture comes when the white cowboy says, "How 'bout a good ole nigger work song?" And the black labor gang, as one man, begins to sing in a sophisticated style, "I get no kick from champaaaagne. . . ." That's a tremendous joke. But in the screening room, *nothing*. *Gor-nisht!* Not a titter. I said, "We have just entered cabin 4C on the Titanic!" The next 90 minutes was a non-laugh riot. When the lights went up, I had sweat circles the size of Rhode Island under my arms. Two years of my life I had spent on this picture and now disaster! I said to myself, "This is the worst moment of my life. My talent and my judgment are gone!" I went back to the editing room and just sat for 20 minutes. Then Mike Hertzberg said, "We booked a public screening for tonight." I said, "Cancel it!" Mike said, "No! Invite more people. Let normal people see it. Then we'll know."

So eight o'clock that night, the place was packed. Two hundred and forty people in the screening room. Seating

only on the floor. First big joke: "I get no kick from champaaaagne." Children were thrown into the air. The most laughing you've ever heard in a moviehouse. Non-stop screaming. The following night, a big sneak preview in Westwood. The place went bananas. The more people you got together with this picture, the more insane the reaction was. Eleven hundred people dancing in the aisles. One guy was laughing so hard he couldn't breathe. As he fell under the seat, he told his wife, "G'bye, honey, the policies are in the top drawer." Almost two years later, the picture is still running.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to your life and your career after *Blazing Saddles*?

**BROOKS:** I became John Carradine. Aquiline nose, face long and aristocratic, voice deep and vibrant. Thinking of running for the U. S. Senate. . . . Frankly, I'm in demand and it's great. I can take my best shot and take it under the best conditions. I have a three-picture deal at Fox that gives me everything I want.

**PLAYBOY:** Which brings us to *Young Frankenstein*. But first, a little bone to pick. Why, why do you always have so little sex in your movies?

**BROOKS:** What? Who? Avoid sex? Oh, that word! To whom are you speaking, sir? My name is Kaminsky.

**PLAYBOY:** In *The Producers*, for example, the closest thing you had to sex was a Swedish secretary with big boobs.

**BROOKS:** Ya gotta admit that's pretty close.

**PLAYBOY:** And looking at *Twelve Chairs*, you'd think the Soviet Union was populated by 250,000 people without glands. Even in *Blazing Saddles*, which is obviously intended as a comic saturnalia, there are plenty of anal jokes but hardly any genital jokes.

**BROOKS:** What about Lili von Shtupp? We almost called the picture *She Shtupps to Conquer*.

**PLAYBOY:** German sex is the best you can do? Mr. Brooks, some people say your humor is prepubescent. What do you say to that?

**BROOKS:** I say, if I may quote a comedy writer named Joe Schrank, I can hardly believe my hearing aid. I say in a couple hundred years cabs will be so low to the ground you'll have to step over them and get in from the other side.

**PLAYBOY:** We say let's talk about *Young Frankenstein*.

**BROOKS:** I've got a better idea. I'm surprised you haven't asked me. Let's talk about sex! Are you ready out there, all you goys? Lock the bathroom door! The Jew is going to talk dirty! Speaking of pornographic movies, the trouble with them is, you're watching them do all these wild things on the screen, six girls with big tits and a guy with a *schwans-tucker* like the Chrysler Building, and you get all hot and bothered, but you can't do anything about it. I'd like to see a porno flick if I could do something

about it. Like, if there was an intermission at dirty movies, so you could go get your Goobers—or Raisinets, for that matter. Tell me, have you ever considered the possibilities of a Raisinet as a sex object? Think what you could do with a ton of Raisinets. Doesn't tempt you? No? Incredible! Are you impotent?

**PLAYBOY:** We're into M & M's. Moving right along, do you consider sex a serious matter—or is it funny?

**BROOKS:** Both. I don't want to laugh when I'm really excited. But before and after, yes. I think there should be a lot of jokes during foreplay and a lot of postcoital laughing. "Ha-ha, wasn't that funny when you missed? That was a riot! Next time tell me, I'll help ya."

**PLAYBOY:** Did your mother ever discuss sex with you boys?

**BROOKS:** Never. Completely taboo. There was no sex. Children arrived because of affection. You had a terrific bout of affection with each other and suddenly there in the kitchen was a baby at the table, eating. Wonderful! A miracle! I really believed that until Morris Steinberg told me in seven B. His nose is not the same, because I gave it a punch and said, "Not my mother! No, sir!" It was a tough thing to hear. But once I knew the score, I got busy.

Most sex in Brooklyn was in the back of a Buick; a Ford was too small to move around in. And most sex was petting. A lot of hallway jobs. Banging against each other in those hallways was terrible and you gotta watch hitting the bells, because you'd get the whole tenement shouting down the stairs at you. So we sneaked up to the roof. My first affair was on the roof of 365 South Third Street. And there was a guy flying pigeons who we saw later watching us. It was late at night, but I heard—ha-ha-ha—a little laughing. Very embarrassing. But there wasn't very much sex for teenagers. We were shy and it was taboo. You got married and had sex.

**PLAYBOY:** What years are you talking about?

**BROOKS:** Late Thirties, early Forties. In the clubrooms, we used to try feeling up girls. "Did she let you feel her boob?" "Well, she did and she didn't." "What do you mean?" "Well, we did it, but we didn't realize we did it."

**PLAYBOY:** Everything but.

**BROOKS:** Not really. There was never any unzipping. Everything in pants, in dresses, never showing. Just a lot of pain and torture. Going home and being unable to walk. Struggling into your bed and crying. Terrible. And it's hard to masturbate, because your brothers are in bed with you. You're in between Bernie and Lenny, and at four in the morning, even Lenny looked pretty good!

**PLAYBOY:** Was there anything kinky going on in those days?

**BROOKS:** Not that I knew or heard of. Nothing hip or weird or sensational like



today. It was thrilling because we were very young, but it was very straight. I mean, no two guys and a girl, none of that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think Jewish sex to this day is generally straight?

**BROOKS:** American sex is generally straight. It happens at 11 o'clock Saturday night. In the rural areas, it happens at nine and it happens pretty fast. Got to get up the next morning, especially if there're kids. Can't make noise, either, wake the kids. Don't want the kids finding out.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Jewish girls—are they puritanical?

**BROOKS:** The best thing about Jewish girls is, they can tell real jade. No, I don't go for those jokes about "What do you mean, she's dead? I thought she was Jewish!" Jewish women are very exciting, as exciting sexually as any other group. Even so, my advice to a young man marrying a Jewish girl would be to have three and a half years of foreplay. Of course, most girls in every group are reserved about getting down to it. They don't usually do it right away. But once they do it, women are bananas. They don't wanna do it, you can't make them do it, there's no way they'll do it—but once they do it, they don't let you alone. Then it's "OK, Murray, let's do it till we die!"

But **PLAYBOY** readers, I think, are different. I think they're either single or have single dreams. Singles bars, single girls. They have sultan fantasies, 26 chicks coming at them, screaming and biting them. In real life, I mean, you're lucky if your *wife* will do it with you.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't like sexual fantasies?

**BROOKS:** Depends on the kind. When the poets clean sex up, it's bullshit. I have no patience for it. "Ah, you bough and that white breast and body, that I could love and fuse together, that an orgasm of shiny friendliness. . . ." I don't want that. I want gardens of filth. I grew up poor and even analysis didn't break down my conditioning. There are neurograms in my brain, and they say that when it's dirty, it's good. And *only* when it's dirty and when there's a lot of yelling and cursing and filth and all the other things that I thought were taboo—then it's very sexy and very hot for me. I must be arrested sexually, because panty hose I hate. Can't stand panty hose. I'm into that old, wonderful French look. Black stockings with garters. That's terrific for me. If it's clandestine, it's good. If it's a little dirty, a little immoral, a little irreligious, it's exciting. I mean, walking naked through the meadows should be the best. But who gives a shit? I want to meet at the Dixie Hotel in New York, with a bottle of Southern Comfort. I want to get drunk, and then yell at each other across the room. And maybe a dirty book so we'll both read it together. I'm 14 years old sexually—and it's terrific!

**PLAYBOY:** What about orgies?

**BROOKS:** No, I'm Jewish. Besides, at orgies there are too many people. You're naked and you hardly know each other. "Are you Mel Brooks?" "Yes." "I loved *Springtime for Hitler*." "Thank you." "Did you write the lyrics as well as the music?" Who cares? And orgies would be embarrassing. You meet somebody later that you've seen at an orgy; you don't want that. Maybe in Romania you'd never see anybody again. But think of the plane fare.

**PLAYBOY:** What about sexual apparatus—such as vibrators and dildos and electrical—

**BROOKS:** Please, you're talking to a Jewish person. Electrical apparatus would scare me. God gave us enough apparatus to get the thing done. I understand in Japan, though, they make rubber people you can go to bed with. A whole rubber person, supposed to be sensational. Costs as much as a Toyota, but you can't back up in it. OK? Enough sex? Would you like me to expose myself, Mr. Filth?

**PLAYBOY:** Thank you, no. But there is one side of sex we haven't discussed. Your pictures all have happy endings, but you may have noticed that boy never gets girl.

**BROOKS:** True. At the end of the first three pictures, boy gets boy. Zero Mostel gets Gene Wilder, Frank Langella gets Ron Moody, Gene Wilder gets Cleavon Little. It's a remarkable coincidence, and I'm not sure what it means. But I'm pretty sure my need to have my male characters come together and be close is not some sort of a sexual need I've displaced into these people. I think it goes back a lot further than sex. All the way back to my father, whom I never really knew and can't remember. I can't tell you what sadness, what pain it is to me never to have known my own father, who died when I was two and a half. All I know is what they've told me. He was lively, peppy, sang well. Isn't it sad that that's all a son should know about his father? If only I could look at him, touch his face, see if he had eyebrows! Maybe in having the male characters in my movies find each other, I'm expressing the longing I feel to find my father and be close to him.

**PLAYBOY:** But in *Young Frankenstein*, even the monster gets a girl.

**BROOKS:** Yes. I'm turning straight. In fact, there's a lot of heterosex in *Young Frankenstein*. There's lust on a lab table, rape in a cave and a big double-wedding-night sequence. But sex isn't the point. What we had in mind was a picture that played on two main levels. One, we wanted to make a hilarious pastiche of the old black-and-white horror films of the Thirties. Two, we wanted to offer sincere and reverent homage to those same beautifully made movies.

*Young Frankenstein* is nothing like *Blazing Saddles*. It's in black and white; the photography by Gerald Hirschfeld is magnificent. Everything is back-lit and bathed in antique radiance. So often, the

image on the screen looks like a Rembrandt. And the story is very strong, very serious and noble. It's based on Mary Shelley's book and it's the story of a scientist who challenges God by creating life; you could also interpret it as a story about womb envy. This creator loves his creature so much that he risks his sanity and his life to help his brain child survive. In our picture, Dr. Frankenstein starts out like Yahweh and winds up like Christ.

That's the serious side. But the funny side is terrifically funny, though not in the same way as any other movie I've made. There's a lot of dangerous laughing in this movie. You got to have good strong veins to watch it. And when you're not laughing, you're shivering. But everything is done in the grand manner. The actors move like singers in a grand opera. I take my time and work for big moments. What can I tell you? I really think we've delivered a landmark film, a never-to-be-forgotten movie. Maybe even good.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of it is you, how much is Wilder?

**BROOKS:** A big, big part is Gene. He wrote the screenplay in collaboration with me and he plays Dr. Frankenstein.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you write together?

**BROOKS:** We holed up in the Bel Air Hotel, where Gene was staying, and we acted all the parts out. Sometimes he'd be the monster, sometimes I'd be the monster. "Rraawwr!" "No! No! Back! Back!" We really had fun, we were like a couple of kids. When I'm writing a script, I don't worry about plot as much as I do about people. I get to know the main characters—what they need, what they want, what they should do. That's what gets the story going. Like a child, I listen to the characters. "Oh, so *that's* what they want! I hope they get it. I love them!" You can't just have action, you've got to find out what the characters want. And then they must grow, they must go somewhere.

I think every human being has hundreds of separate people living inside his skin. And the talent of a writer is directly related to his ability to give them separate names, identities, personalities and have them relate to other characters living within him. That's why we like Tennessee Williams' plays so much. He does all this so well. But I think Gene and I did it pretty well, too. Anyway, only after the characters are developed and the main action laid out is it safe to add the gimmicks: Kenny Mars's wooden arm, Cloris Leachman's wart—which, by the way, she ate. Fell in her tuna-fish salad and was swallowed in a glob of mayonnaise.

Anyway, Gene and I worked very hard and the rewrite took about three months. Then we showed the script to Peter Boyle and Marty Feldman and they said count them in. Peter plays the monster and Marty plays Igor, Dr. Frankenstein's



A man with a full brown beard and mustache, and long brown hair, is looking directly at the camera. He is wearing a tan, button-down shirt with two chest pockets, one of which has a comb in it. He is also wearing blue jeans. He is holding a pack of Winston cigarettes in his left hand and a single cigarette in his right hand. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a kitchen or a similar indoor setting.

# If I'm going to smoke, I'm going to do it right.

Some people smoke a brand for its image.  
I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste.  
I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you  
is real taste. And real pleasure. For some of us,  
that's enough. Winston is for real.

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

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,  
FTC Report MAR. '74.









## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

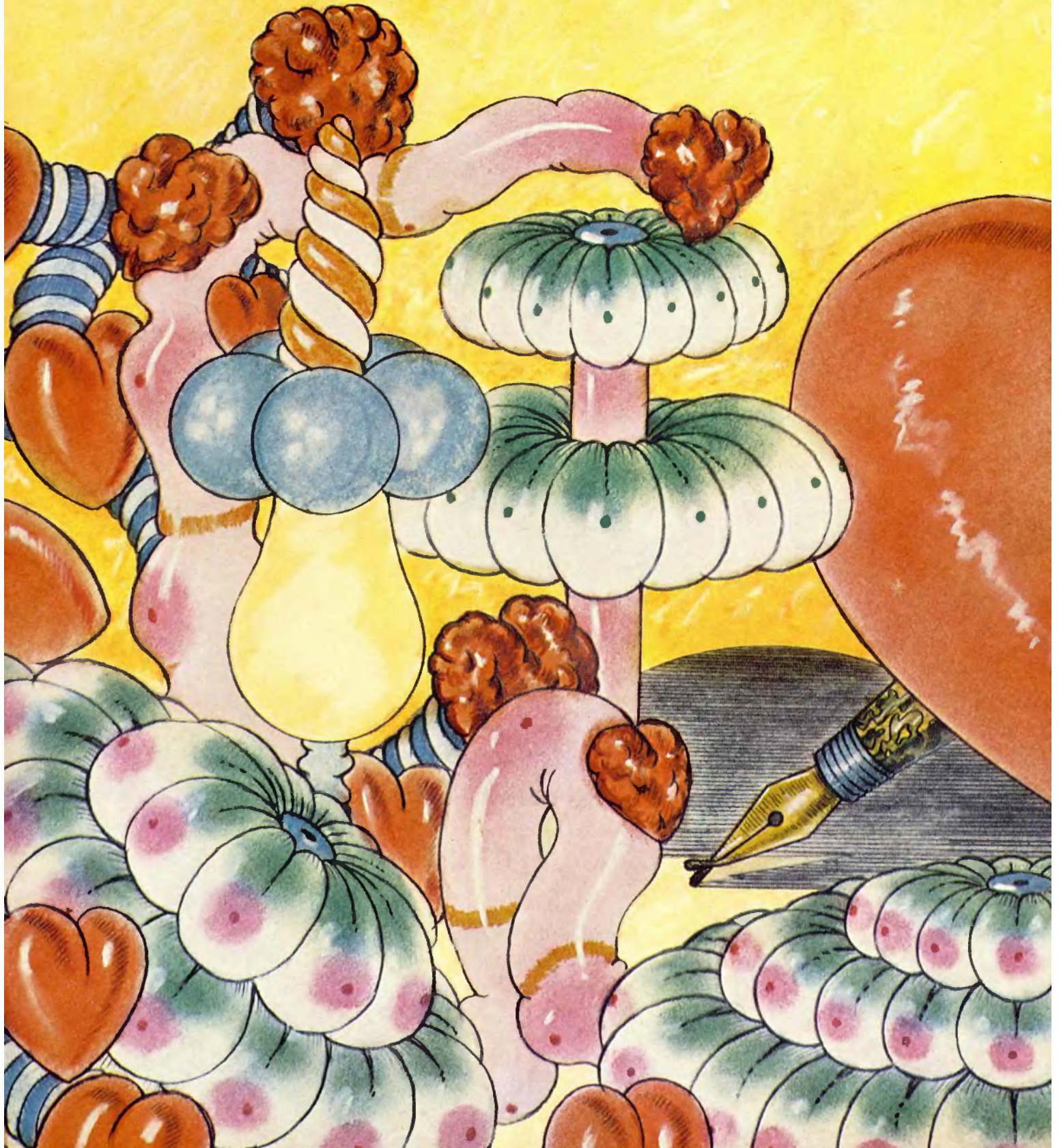
A man with an appetite for success and an aptitude for achieving it. He approaches his leisure-time activities with the same knowledgeable self-confidence that marks his business affairs. That's why he's a leader at both. Fact: PLAYBOY reaches nearly 44% of all men 18-34 who hold professional or managerial positions. Far more young decision makers than any other magazine. Want to reach the man at the top? Come to the top. Come to PLAYBOY. (Source: 1974 TGI.)

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*fiction* **By VLADIMIR NABOKOV** YOU WILL PLEASE pardon me, dear madam, but I am a rude and straightforward person, so I'll come right out with it: Do not labor under any delusion; this is far from being a fan letter. On the contrary, as you will realize yourself in a minute, it is a rather odd little epistle that—who knows?—might serve as a lesson of sorts not only for you but for other impetuous lady novelists as well. I hasten, first of all, to introduce myself, so that my visual image may show through like a watermark; this is much more honest than to encourage by silence the incorrect conclusions that the eye involuntarily draws from the calligraphy of penned lines. No, in spite of my slender handwriting and the

*dear lady novelist:  
how dare you kidnap my past?*





# THE ADMIRALTY SPIRE



ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE



youthful flourish of my commas, I am stout and middle-aged; true, my corpulence is not flabby but has piquancy, zest, waspishness. It is far removed, madam, from the turndown collars of the poet Apukhtin, the fat pet of ladies. But that will do. You, as a writer, have already collected these clues to fill in the rest of me. *Bonjour, madame.* And now let's get down to business.

The other day at a Russian library, relegated by illiterate fate to a murky Berlin alleyway, I took out three or four new items, and among them your novel *The Admiralty Spire*. Neat title, if for no other reason than that it is—isn't it?—an iambic tetrameter, *admiralteyskaya igla*, and a famous Pushkin line to boot. But it was the very neatness of that title that bode no good. Besides, I am generally wary of books published in the backwoods of our expatriation, such as Riga or Reval. Nevertheless, as I was saying, I did take your novel.

Ah, my dear madam; ah, "Mr." Serge Solntsev, how easy it is to guess that the author's name is a pseudonym, that the author is not a man! Every sentence of yours buttons to the left. Your predilection for such expressions as "time passed" or "cuddled up *frileusement* in Mother's shawl," the inevitable appearance of an episodic ensign (straight from imitations of *War and Peace*) who pronounces the letter R as a hard G, and, finally, footnotes with translations of French clichés, afford sufficient indication of your literary skill. But all this is only half the trouble.

Imagine the following: Suppose I once took a walk through a marvelous landscape, where turbulent waters tumble and bindweed chokes the columns of desolate ruins, and then, many years later, in a stranger's house, I come across a snapshot showing me in a swaggering pose in front of what is obviously a pasteboard pillar; in the background there is the whitish smear of a daubed-in cascade, and somebody has inked a mustache on me. Where did the thing come from? Take away this horror! The dining waters I remember were real and, what is more, no one took a picture of me there.

Shall I interpret the parable for you? Shall I tell you that I had the same feeling, only nastier and sillier, on reading your nimble handiwork, your terrible *Spire*? As my index finger burst the uncut pages open and my eyes raced along the lines, I could only blink from the bewildering shock.

Do you wish to know what happened? Glad to oblige. As you lay massively in your hammock and recklessly allowed your pen to flow like a fountain (a near pun), you, madam, wrote the story of my first love. Yes, a bewildering shock, and, as I, too, am a massive person, bewilderment is accompanied by shortness of breath. By now you and I are both puffing, for, doubtless, you are also dumfounded by the sudden appearance of the hero whom

you invented. No, that was a slip—the trimmings are yours, I'll concede, and so are the stuffing and the sauce, but the game (another near pun), the game, madam, is not yours but mine, with my buckshot in its wing. I am amazed—where and how could a lady unknown to me have kidnaped my past? Must I admit the possibility that you are acquainted with Katya—that you are close friends, even—and that she blabbed the whole business, as she whiled away summer crepuscles under the Baltic pines with you, the voracious novelist? But how did you dare, where did you find the gall not only to use Katya's narrative but, on top of that, to distort it so irreparably?

Since the day of our last meeting, there has been a lapse of 16 years—the age of a young bride, an old dog or the Soviet republic. Incidentally, let us note the first, but not the worst by far, of your innumerable and sloppy mistakes: Katya and I are not coevals. I was going on 18 and she on 20. Relying on a tried-and-true method, you have your heroine strip before a full-length mirror, whereupon you proceed to describe her loose hair, ash-blond, of course, and her young curves. According to you, her cornflower eyes would turn violet in pensive moments—a botanical miracle! You shaded them with the black fringe of lashes, which, if I may make a contribution of my own, seemed longer toward the outer corners, giving her eyes a very special, though illusory slant. Katya's figure was graceful, but she cultivated a slight stoop and would lift her shoulders as she entered a room. You make her a stately maiden with contralto tones in her voice.

Sheer torture. I had a mind to copy out your images, all of which ring false, and scathingly juxtapose my infallible observations, but the result would have been "nightmarish nonsense," as the real Katya would have said, for the Logos allotted me does not possess sufficient precision or power to get disentangled from you. On the contrary, I myself get bogged down in the sticky snares of your conventional descriptions and have no strength left to liberate Katya from your pen. Nevertheless, like Hamlet, I will argue and, in the end, will outargue you.

The theme of your concoction is love: a slightly decadent love with the February Revolution for backdrop, but still, love. Katya has been renamed Olga by you and I have become Leonid. Well and good. Our first encounter, at the house of friends on Christmas Eve; our meetings at the Yusupov Skating Rink; her room, its indigo wallpaper, its mahogany furniture and its only ornament, a porcelain ballerina with lifted leg—this is all right, this is all true. Except that you managed to give it all a taint of pretentious fabrication. As he takes his seat at the Parisiana Cinema on Nevsky Prospekt, Leonid, a student of the Imperial Lyceum, puts his gloves in his three-cornered hat, while a couple of pages

later he is already wearing civilian clothes: He doffs his bowler and the reader is faced by an elegant young man, with his hair parted à l'Anglaise exactly in the middle of his small, lacquered-looking head, and a purple handkerchief drooping out of his breast pocket. I do, in fact, remember dressing like the film actor Max Linder, and recall the generous spurts of *Vezhetal* lotion cooling my scalp, and Monsieur Pierre taking aim with his comb and flipping my hair over with a linotype swing, and then, as he yanked off the sheet, yelling to a middle-aged, mustachioed fellow, "Boy! Bross off the 'air!" Today my memory reacts with irony to the breast-pocket handkerchief and white spats of those days but, on the other hand, can in no way reconcile the remembered torments of adolescent slaving with your Leonid's "smooth opaque pallor." And I shall leave on your conscience his Lermontovian lusterless eyes and aristocratic profile, as it is impossible to discern much today because of an unexpected increase in fleshiness.

Good Lord, keep me from bogging down in the prose of this lady writer, whom I do not know and do not wish to know, but who has encroached with astonishing insolence on another person's past! How dare you write, "The pretty Christmas tree with its chatoyant lights seemed to augur to them joy jubilant"? You have extinguished the whole tree with your breath, for one adjective placed after the noun for the sake of elegance is enough to kill the best of recollections. Before the disaster—i.e., before your book—one such recollection of mine was the rippling, fragmentary light in Katya's eyes and the cherry reflection on her cheek from the glossy little dollhouse of plasmic paper hanging on a branch as, brushing aside the bristly foliage, she stretched to pinch out the flame of a candle that had gone berserk. What do I have left of all this? Nothing—just a nauseating whiff of literary combustion.

Your version gives the impression that Katya and I inhabited a kind of exquisitely cultured beau monde. You have your parallax wrong, dear lady. That upper-class milieu—the fashionable set, if you will—to which Katya belonged had backward tastes, to put it mildly. Chekhov was considered an "impressionist," the society rhymester Grand Duke Constantine, a major poet, and the arch-Christian Aleksandr Blok, a wicked Jew who wrote futuristic sonnets about dying swans and lilac liqueurs. Handwritten copies of album verse, French and English, made the rounds, and were recopied in turn, not without distortions, while the author's name imperceptibly vanished, so that those outpourings quite accidentally assumed a glamorous anonymity; and, generally speaking, it is amusing to juxtapose their meanderings with the clandestine copying of seditious jingles practiced in lower circles. A good indication of how

(continued on page 181)





*"He was pretty good, but I wish she'd asked me  
before she divorced her first husband."*



# JIMMY CONNORS AGAINST THE WORLD

*so why is everybody rooting  
for the world?*

*personality*

**By PETER ROSS RANGE**

*"At Forest Hills, there will be 127 losers and me."*

JIMMY CONNORS had won Wimbledon in July, stomping his elders, bludgeoning his contemporaries, alienating virtually everyone in tennis and the rest of the world, for that matter, so he could say that. And that statement is a measure of the arrogance, confidence and guts that make Connors (A) possibly the best tennis





player in the world and (B) one of the cockiest superstars in sports today. It is the kind of line Connors has learned from his manager and political mentor, Bill Riordan, a tennis agent who bills himself as "the maverick of the tennis establishing the game by storm—through a process of systematic paranoia, by creating false grudges to be overcome, by purporting to be loners and then having an excuse to "show those sons of bitches," as Connors once put it.

The art of winning tennis involves technique and guts. Among the top five or six players in the world, the difference is strictly guts, for on a given day, especially within the drawn-out context of five-set matches, they are all equally brilliant shotmakers. That is why Arthur Ashe, who is long on strokes but short on guts (also known as confidence, determination, concentration or just balls), loses, even when he is up two sets to one against, say, John Newcombe, who is virtually the apotheosis of guts.

*(continued on page 84)*











*in her latest film, the star of "deep throat" goes down in history as the nominee with the best pubic image*

# Linda Lovelace for President!

THE IDEA sounds a bit wacky at first, but after you think about it awhile—sleep on it, as it were—it has a certain bizarre logic. A third-party convention, attended by delegates from every conceivable antiestablishment political faction in the country, is deadlocked over its choice of a Presidential candidate. What one person could possibly appeal to a conglomeration that includes in its ranks vegetarians, Nazis, gays, Indians, Legionnaires, women's liberationists,



Could Linda be serious about running for office? "When I look at what's going on in politics, I think I could do as good a job, if not better. At least I'm honest."





"After all, if I were President, I could straighten out the world!" Linda laughs, partly of herself. "If you don't get that one, just use your imagination."



On the campaign trail in *Linda Lovelace for President*, our heroine meets a hero—swim champion Huck Phlegm, bedecked in medals and played by Skip Burton. Top and above: Overcome by passion, they duck beneath a bunting-dropped bandstand for a quick one, while the mayor of the hamlet of Louise drones on (sample line: "I will never pull out of Louise") until both guests of honor can come.

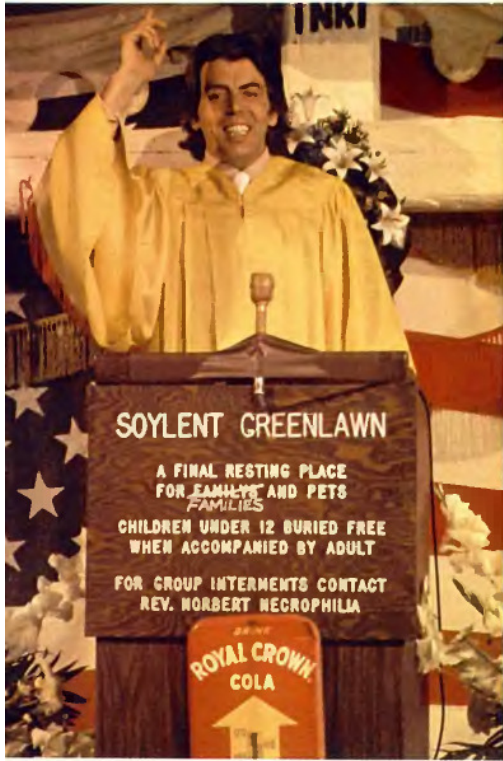


Later on in the film, Linda finds herself in an Ozark glade beneath a waterfall (below). There she meets Tarboone of the Owls, who, like Huck, quickly rises to the occasion.



proponents of group marriage, the A.M.A. and the Suicide for Fun Committee? Why, Linda Lovelace, of course. To know her, especially in the Biblical sense, is to love her. The knowledge imparted by her latest picture, *Linda Lovelace for President*, is considerably less carnal than that dished up by *Deep Throat*, the film that made her famous. Linda doesn't actually perform her well-known sword-swallowing act onscreen this time, but, she observes, that shouldn't be necessary—"because people will fantasize about it, get off on it in their imaginations." Since the film was scheduled to be released within a week of this issue's hitting the newsstands, it's anyone's guess now whether *Linda Lovelace for President* will fare better than the R-rated *Deep Throat II*, which also left a lot to the imagination. But Linda—with





The Right Reverend Dr. Oral Sacrifice (Vaughn Meader), preaching on the topic "How to Have Your Cake and Eat It, Too," unexpectedly puts that and other themes into action as he, too, succumbs to Linda's charms at a revival meeting (above).







"I don't think I'm really changing my image," says Linda. "I'd still be me, whether I did *Deep Throat* or *Gone With the Wind*."





"Actually," Linda reflects in a moment of self-analysis, "I'm a pushover. I want to believe everyone. If I get hurt—well, I get hurt. It's an experience. I love people, that's all."



others who worked on the film—sees no comparison. "I expected *Deep Throat II* to bomb," she says frankly. "It was a disaster, amateurish, haphazardly thrown together. I haven't seen it myself, and I have no desire to." *L. L. for President* has a lot more going for it in the way of production values; a budget in excess of \$600,000, compared with the original *Throat*'s \$25,000, for one thing. "And *Deep Throat* was shot in eight days with a crew of eight or ten," Linda remarks. "This movie was shot in four weeks with a crew of 40 or 50." It also boasts a cast whose names are familiar to fans of rock, television and improvisational theater as well as motion pictures—among them, (text concluded on page 166)







## JIMMY CONNORS

(continued from page 75)

But there are guts and there are guts. Newcombe's are all inside, a concentration upon the certain knowledge that he deserves victory more than any of the others and he will have it. There is also his history of wearing victory well. Connors wears his guts differently, draws his determination from another source, shows his balls externally. Without arrogance, he cannot win. He is a man-child before his time, a product of the pampered American system of mother-guided junior tennis, the ultimate spoiled American teenager. And it works.

We are walking into the Indianapolis Racquet Club last August for the U.S. Clay Court Championship, which draws of 64 players. It is Connors' first test since Wimbledon and he is muttering something about "sixty-three losers and me." Connors' floppy Irish Buster Brown hair bounces around as he climbs into his jockstrap and jokes with buddies Spencer Segura (son of the old pro) and Bob Kreiss, another pro, in the locker room. They communicate, like high schoolers, by means of certain whistles.

Later, during a paper-plate lunch on an indoor tennis court, Connors slides into a flirtation number with his fiancée, Chris Evert, and his esses start coming out as whistles.

"Oh, Jimmy," she croons.

Though Connors has never done well on slow surfaces such as clay, he fulfills even the immodest prediction of being the only winner in town before the week in Indianapolis is out. And he does it by beating the amazing Björn Borg, a clay-court specialist, in the finals. He wears even this cloak of victory poorly, announcing that he will defiantly share \$5000 of his \$16,000 prize money with his partner in tennis sin, Ilie Nastase, because Nastase was defaulted two days earlier by the tournament committee for nasty on-court behavior. At one point, Nasty had shot a bird at his opponent, Mexican Raul Ramirez. "He do that to me once, I be over da net," threatens barrel-chested Argentine Guillermo Vilas later. The wonder is that Nastase still has all his natural teeth.

During the week, Connors has gone through his entire act from clownery to insults. After Nastase was defaulted, Connors first threatened to boycott the rest of the tournament, though he was top seed and had top billing. He relented, but before his next match, he pulled down the umpire's microphone and told the crowd, "My friend Nastase just wants to play tennis. I play this match for him."

Then he went out and did his best to distract Spaniard Manuel Orantes out of what at first looked like an upset match (Orantes is one of the world's best clay-court players). When Orantes won a point

on an easy overhead and the crowd applauded, Connors said quite audibly: "Big fucking deal." Then he broke Orantes' serve and, when the crowd turned against his antics, hardly applauding, he said: "Yeah, everybody loves that."

Riordan, Evert, the mischievous Nastase and his striking beauty of a Belgian wife, Nicky, were watching from a canopied box behind the base line. "OK, Junior, let's win this point," insisted Riordan at 4-5 with Orantes serving. The Spaniard was unnerved enough by then that he practically gave the game away.

Following one long, exhausting point that Connors finally won, he looked to the box and said, "I hope you like this, Mr. Nastase; I do it for you." Connors often affects a Romanian accent. A couple of women with double-diamond rings on their index fingers in the next box were talking about how "cute" and "wonderful" it all was, but the crowd was definitely with Orantes then.

Connors got down a few points and tried to slow the pace: If serving, he blew at some length into his left hand (the working, ergo sweating one) while staring at his opponent, then bounced the ball four, five, six times before serving. If receiving service, he used the traditional tennis pro's stall—adjusting the alignment of the strings in his racket for stalling purposes. Everybody does this stuff (well, maybe not a Newcombe or an Ashe), but with Connors it is noticeable and exaggerated. Not only did I notice it but—much more important—his opponent did. It was enough to achieve its intended purpose: to break the other guy's momentum. Orantes bounced the ball, began his service motion and looked up to see Connors toying with the strings of his racket. He was irritated, hence distracted. A cheap way to win tennis points; one that a player of Connors' talent and—maybe someday—stature shouldn't need.

Once, when Connors was behind in a game, had fallen down and opened a vein in his knee, which was bleeding but not seriously, he asked Riordan mockingly: "What do I do now, coach?"

"Punt," returned Riordan to the general merriment of everybody in the Connors clique—all four people—but hardly to the amusement of the professional tennis player waiting on the other side of the net to serve.

After two brilliant volleys that won Connors a point, he turned to the tent and said, "You're beautiful, Nastase."

"Thanks, you fag," answered the grinning Romanian. The queer act is a running gag between them.

Connors won 6-4, 6-3, as usual making shots most pros wouldn't even try more than twice a week, the ball fairly screaming off his racket. The wonder throughout the tournament was that he was

playing the clay as though it were slick cement or dry grass—bringing a fast-court game to a slow surface, his backhand exploding like a Reggie Jackson line drive, his volleys punched hard like an Ali left. This win put him into the finals and, at the press conference, he said, "Well, there's sixty-two losers and me and Borg now."

Then we sprawled out on one of the cushy couches inside the Racquet Club and talked about Connors' bad rep. Chris Evert stomped off in a huff when Jimmy said he was doing a piece with *PLAYBOY*; I overheard her say something about "that awful magazine."

"It's not the first time," sighed Connors philosophically, "and it's not the last. I don't let her tell me what to do. I don't complain if she does something in *Women's Wear Daily*."

Connors was cocky and comfortable in faded jeans and a fancy European shirt; the autograph kids kept coming up and addressing him as Mr. Connors.

"They started doing that after I won Wimbledon," he said. It is strange: Connors is but eight years younger than John Newcombe, but they seem generations apart in maturity.

"I'm a little like Nastase," said Connors with some understatement. "For me to go 'Wham! Bang! Ugh! Naah!' on the court, that gets it all out. I have to relieve my tensions in a way so I can get back into the match. I've never thought of it as something to use against the other guy."

We were hungry. It was mandatory that Connors be around for Chris's eight-o'clock doubles match, so we took off with Riordan in his rented car for the usual Connors supper: a drive-in hamburger and a Coke.

Connors said: "Everybody is gonna be like they are. Everybody complains now about the way I act. Maybe it bothers them, but it's unintentional on my part. Just don't make all them out to be the good guys. Gonzales [Pancho Gonzales, one of Connors' other teachers and heroes] doesn't try to appear the good guy. He'll admit what he does on the court. So does Nastase. I'll stand up for what I do."

"I believe, if you're going to be a schmuck, be a schmuck."

Well, yes, Jimmy.

"Jimmee is yong," says Pancho Segura with a toss of his silver mane. "He weell grow up." Now, it is Connors' 22nd birthday, September second, the second round at Forest Hills. Segura is sitting under the blue-and-yellow-striped VIP marquee, watching Connors beat Australian John Alexander, who may have the hardest serve in the world. Connors does it with his own specialty: service returns. He has an uncanny ability to see the ball early.

"He seems to know where you're going to hit the ball before you hit it," says

(continued on page 168)





## BANKS ON THE BRINK


*bankers—those once good, gray, conservative souls—have been playing it fast and loose lately. that kind of thing takes money. they've been losing yours*      article By JOHN B. TIPTON

AMERICA'S BANKS are in trouble. Many of the largest and most powerful banks have been on a five-year expansion binge, spurred by bankers convinced that bigger is better. In their pursuit of growth, they have jeopardized the safety of your money, not to mention the survival of the entire banking system. Americans, accustomed to

entrusting their money to banks without the slightest worry, should begin to worry—now.

Could we see a repeat of the Thirties, when thousands of banks were forced to close their doors, causing financial ruin for millions of depositors? It is quite possible that we will survive today's problems. (continued on page 132)





*sure, you can handle taxes and divorce  
and muggers and inflation. problem  
is you're carrying around some fatally  
dumb glands that just can't cope*

AT PSYCHIATRIC CONVENTIONS, they like to tell the story of a troubled lady who seeks help from her local analyst. Attempting to define the nature of her problem, the analyst asks her to describe a typical morning in her life. "Well, let's see," she says. "First I get out of bed, then I go to my closet

article By **STEPHEN H. YAFA**

# Stress





SCULPTURE BY MARTIN WANSERSKI



and put on my robe and slippers, and then I go to the bathroom and I lean over the toilet bowl and I throw up—"

The analyst snaps awake: "You what, you throw up?"

"Doesn't everybody?" asks the lady in surprise.

More and more of us seem to be throwing up every day as part of our normal routine. Very existential, this particular phenomenon: Nothing similar occurred in the lives of our primitive ancestors. True, they had their own problems; sometimes when they finished their daily domestic cave chores, they would glance up to find a hungry mastodon zeroing in on them for lunch. When that happened, their adrenals instantly secreted substances designed to mobilize strength and energy. They sped to safety, clubbed the beast into submission or perished. But the adrenal output found release.

Now, in a time of more subtle and sinister adversaries, our glands react in those same prehistoric patterns. The intercom buzzes, the secretary announces that Mr. Griffin wishes to see you *immediately* concerning those lost invoices; her tone conveys anxiety, your hormones surge to help repel the enemy. Wedged behind your desk or shuffling through the office corridors, you flare within, ready for attack, but hand-to-hand combat with Mr. Griffin will not improve your corporate image and, instead, as you sit and suffer the man's abuse, you become the target of your own riotous defense mechanisms.

An advertisement that ran several years back in medical journals depicts a lonely woman seated in the corner of a school gym while her P.T.A. friends decorate the backboards for an upcoming dance.

The woman, we learn, is out to lunch, despite her master's degree in fine arts.

"Too little time to pursue a vocation," runs the text below the picture, explaining why this sad and isolated woman needs the company's product. She has been forced, we are told, to center life on home and children. "A perfect framework for her to translate the functional symptoms of psychic tension into major problems. For this kind of patient . . . consider the distinctive properties of Valium."

"It's not that he's not sharp. He grasps things as quickly as ever," a young man says of his father-in-law. "But the mental meltdown plays on the physical problems. Each plays on the other and that cycle makes both worse."

The young man is Edward Cox. The father-in-law suffers from phlebitis.

My suspicions are that the lady in the psychiatrist's joke is married to the man with the lost invoices, that she voted for Nixon twice and throws up every morning after reading the ad for Valium. In any case, each of these people demonstrates a wretched inability to cope, and

what is true for them is fast becoming true for most of the rest of us, too.

Let's face it, optimism surrendered years ago as the transcending bond among Yankees of every caste, color and creed. Into this void leaped chronic stress—that ill-defined queasiness of the gut, that sudden stab behind the eyes, that pervasive nausea serving to help us carve out our identities as contemporary Americans. Democratic to a fault, stress inflicts itself with equal abandon on the life of the pusher in the alley, the banker at the board meeting, the poet, the housewife, the cabby, the astronaut and the cook. As a nation, we have progressed far beyond ulcers and other prosaic symptoms of maladjustment into the realm of free-floating hostility, displaced aggression, random destruction that appears senseless in origin only as long as we attempt to find the personal connection between victim and aggressor and do not look instead to those impersonal dark urges inside each of us. Life without stress is like beer without bubbles—flat, tepid, suspiciously unsatisfying. Experts inform us that disruptive change is a major cause of stress illness, that our glands are reactionary stiff exacting a high toll in return for accommodating drastically new directions in our lives.

Alvin Toffler, for instance, defines future shock as the physical and psychological distress that arises from an overload of our adaptive systems and decision-making processes. One dismaying section of his book, *Future Shock*, details the research of two psychiatrists—Drs. Thomas H. Holmes and Richard Rahe—who devised a method for measuring life changes, ranking them in order of their impact and magnitude. In this well-publicized study, death of a spouse topped the list, followed by divorce.

Then, in descending order, came marital separation, jail terms, death of a close family member, personal injury or illness, marriage, being fired, marital reconciliation, retirement—all the way down through sex difficulties, foreclosure of mortgage or loan, trouble with in-laws, outstanding personal achievements, vacations and minor violations of the law.

I conclude from this list that a lousy driver on vacation with a second mortgage on his house has a better chance of maintaining good health than does an estranged husband who wins a large business bonus, reconciles with his wife and moves to a classy neighborhood. It makes one wonder.

But Holmes and Rahe, attempting to correlate change and health, compiled the life-change scores of thousands of individuals and compared these with their medical histories. Writes Toffler, in reference to this research:

It has been established that "alterations in lifestyle" that require a great deal of adjustment and coping correlate with illness—whether or

not these changes are under the individual's own direct control, whether or not he sees them as undesirable. Furthermore, the higher the degree of life change, the higher the risk that subsequent illness will be severe. So strong is this evidence that it is becoming possible, by studying life-change scores, actually to predict levels of illness in various populations.

In short, my body has a simple message for me: "I have seen the future and it stinks!" But I have a message for my body: "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!"

Psychosomatic disease and bouts of depression frequently result from rapid, dramatic changes in a person's life, especially when they are crowded into a short time span. The news is bad, and it gets worse: Even positive changes turn out to pickle our juices and create inner disharmony. They will often upset our biorhythms and contribute to illnesses that seem totally unrelated to the pursuits of commerce and affection. A field study by Rahe and Dr. Ransom J. Arthur, detailed in Gay Gaer Luce's excellent book, *Body Time*, applied the life-change scale to 3000 Navy men in an effort to predict illness within the next 12 months. Those individuals experiencing the highest number of lifestyle changes suffered twice as many ailments as the individuals whose lives had undergone few if any alterations. What comes into play is an excessive activation of the endocrine system; adaptive reaction, some people call it, while others settle for the simpler term—stress.

In *Man Adapting*, René Dubos warns us that repeated stimulation of the endocrine glands leads to irreversible body wear and tear. Fear, anxiety, overcrowding, loud noises, simple exposure to a new situation, anticipation, hilarity—all combine to overtax our adaptive reaction.

Well, you say, what the hell, aren't those things an inescapable part of living? Yes, of course, but be advised that, as Dubos says, "There is absolutely no question that one can overshoot the stimulation of the endocrine system and that this has physiological consequences that last throughout the whole lifetime of the organs."

Terrific. With friends like endocrines, who needs enemies? Unknown to us, a quintessential love-hate relationship has evolved over the centuries between ourselves and our glands. Lacking a pituitary, hypothalamus or adrenals—the three main components of the endocrine process activated by stress events—we would perish from a stunning variety of metabolic disorders. At no great cost to our health and welfare do we take out short-term loans on the endocrines in order to cope with temporary physical and psychological crises. But these same glands

(continued on page 122)





A Knievel-type girl from Beloit  
Got help from her friends in Detroit...



**PACER**



**GREMLIN**



**PINTO**

**By BROCK YATES** WE'VE DONE ALL this before, you realize. When the economy went blooey in the late Fifties, the public started buying little cars in such quantities that even people importing obscure European brands such as Borgwards and Skodas made money. American Motors got a shot in the arm and George Romney paid us back by trying to run for President. So the Big Three countered with a volley of "compact" cars: the unforgettable Corvair (which took a bad rap from Ralph Nader for its handling but leaked oil, ate fan belts and rattled like a Taiwanese alarm clock), the Valiant (a stolid four-door that spawned the Chrysler Slant-Six—still in use nearly 15 years later) and the Ford Falcon (an undistinguished sedan that was the mechanical basis for that unforgettable marketing coup, the Mustang). Now, these cars, which were introduced in 1959–1960, transmitted certain messages back to Detroit that were indelibly scribed in the brains of the (text continued on page 92)

modern living

# THE BIG SQUEEZE





**MUSTANG II**

**VEGA**

**MONZA 2+2**





*...They upgraded her leaping  
(Kept the Reaper from reaping)  
By shrinking their cars. How adroit!*



**ASTRE**

**STARFIRE**

**SKYHAWK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

**1.** American Motors' Pacer, Detroit's latest entry in the small-car derby, may be the most revolutionary. Its window area is extraordinary for a car of its size—100-inch wheelbase, 171.5-inch over-all length. It sports a 22-gallon fuel tank and A.M.C.'s basic 232-cubic-inch, six-cylinder engine.

**4.** The Mustang II was a big success story in its introductory year—the notchback version attracting many buyers who fondly remembered the original Mustang. The II is now offered with a 302-cubic-inch V8 and options that could drive the sticker price thousands of dollars over the \$3529 base.

**7.** Astre, Pontiac's version of the Vega, sports an identical power plant, but it comes only as a hatchback or a station wagon. Its wheelbase is 97 inches, its over-all length 175.9 inches and it's available in a duded-up SJ version that includes rally-gauge cluster. Base price is \$190 more than Vega's.

**2.** The Gremlin, whose name and profile were both controversial when it was introduced in 1970, has become a familiar sight on city streets. This year, the Gremlin is offered with overdrive for both the 232- and the 258-cubic-inch engines. The base price, \$2798, is lowest of any American-built car.

**5.** Chevrolet's Vega, G.M.'s initial plunge into the new small-car market, has been kept refreshingly free of annual chrome additions. It retains the 140-cubic-inch four-cylinder power plant available with single or two-barrel carburetion and comes with a power-brake option. Base price: \$2912.

**8.** As with the Monza 2+2 and the Skyhawk, Oldsmobile's Starfire is offered in only one body style, a hatchback sport coupe. It shares a 231-cubic-inch V6 engine with the Skyhawk, along with an 18.5-gallon fuel tank. Power brakes and steel-belted radial tires are standard. Base price: \$4157.

**3.** Ford's Pinto is available with a 2.8-liter V6 for the runabout and station-wagon models in addition to its basic 140-cubic-inch four-cylinder engine. Power steering and power brakes are options. Wheelbase and over-all length—94.5 inches and 169 inches—are shortest of all Detroit cars.

**6.** Unlike its sister cars, the Starfire and the Skyhawk, the Chevrolet Manza 2+2 comes with two engine choices, the basic 2.3-liter four-cylinder and a 262-cubic-inch V8. It marks G.M.'s first use of rectangular headlights. Contrary to usual Detroit practice, the louvers function—as exhausts.

**9.** Buick publicity boasts that the Skyhawk is the smallest car to carry its name plate in more than 60 years, which is indicative of the dramatic turnaround in Detroit's thinking. The Skyhawk's 231-cubic-inch V6 is an update of Buick's 225-cubic-inch power plant produced from 1962 to 1967.



auto moguls; i.e., stark, cheap-o midget sedans would not sell in vast quantities, but gussied-up, two-door versions of the same vehicles would. Hence, the Corvair became successful after the sporty Monza reached the market and the Falcon made it only when it was given a full plastic-surgery rebuild and appeared masterfully disguised as the Mustang. This cycle is, of course, endemic to Detroit marketing, and all cars, large or small, tend to increase in size, weight, horsepower, price and general opulence as they proceed through their annual model changes.

Because of this phenomenon, Detroit plunged into the Seventies with its old compacts long since either in oblivion (Corvair) or increased in size (Tempest, Valiant, et al.) to a point where they bore no relationship to the small, economical imports that were seizing nearly 20 percent of the domestic market. Chevrolet then introduced the Vega, Ford the Pinto and American Motors the Gremlin in an attempt to check the increasing erosion of sales to VW, Datsun, Toyota, etc., and to carve out a new body of younger car owners not committed to the large, expensive automobiles embodied in the stereotyped American dream. The Pinto and the Vega were milestone vehicles for Detroit. Both were created using technology specifically intended for small cars, as opposed to the employment of big-car bits and pieces cobbled up to serve double duty. Moreover, they carried engines in the two-liter range that were positively microscopic by standard Motor City measurements and both cars were introduced with pledges that the designs would remain stable for at least five years, without the habitual, gimmick-laden annual model changes that had become an increasingly boring, costly, wasteful and redundant part of the domestic car scene.

If there was ever a time that Detroit accepted the legitimacy of small cars, it is now. After enjoying success with the original Pintos, Vegas and Gremlins, the auto biggies are ready to expand the market. Only Chrysler has remained aloof from building its own, home-grown mite; it chooses instead to import the Japanese-built Colt, a sturdy, enjoyable little machine; but most car experts believe that sooner or later, Chrysler must blow the dust off its pocketbook and cough up for a small car of its own. Ford was first to escalate the action with the Mustang II, announced as a late starter in its 1973 line-up. Now General Motors is in the fray with various permutations of Chevrolet's Monza 2+2 and American Motors is launching its tricky little Pacer. These cars are second-generation small vehicles, and while they are more expensive and more oriented toward the sportin' life than their predecessors, they have not been stretched and bloated in size. They remain of modest dimension, indicating that Detroit is committed to the notion

that lean, compact-size machines are here to stay.

Certainly American Motors has made the longest and strongest commitment to small cars of all the domestic car builders, going so far as to announce in 1974 that it was killing its full-size Ambassador and devoting total production to compacts and intermediates. Of course, one of the cornerstones of its product line-up is the Gremlin, whose sliced-off body profile has become less weird to the American eye since its introduction and has enjoyed steady, profitable sales (at least until the great slump of 1974). But the Gremlin was a compromise for A.M.C., patched together from parts already in use on its Hornets and Rebels; and as A.M.C. product planners evaluated their line-up three years ago, they reasoned that a radical and original car was necessary to face the new social consciousness. "We knew things would never be the same in America following the revolution of the Sixties," says Jerry Meyers, the rangy, square-jawed vice-president of A.M.C.'s Product Group. "New kinds of cars would have to be created to meet the new consumer awareness of the Seventies, and this would require a major investment, with a design created from a clean piece of paper. After evaluating where we thought the market would be going, we decided that our new car would have to cater to the needs of the people who would be living in the great concentrations of population in the East, Midwest and West Coast." Meyers' "concept car," as it was coded, would have to meet a number of criteria: such as large interior room, as large as that found on present intermediate cars; small outside dimensions, a goal that *had* to be reached, even if the sacred Detroit phallus of the long hood had to be eliminated; light, economical power plants, either the new rotary engine or the company's smallish in-line six, but not a gas-guzzling V8 under any circumstances; plenty of accessibility, with two side doors and a rear-opening hatch for parcels; and solid protection for the passengers (integral roll bar) and the bodywork (full wrap-around bumper).

Stylist Dick Teague, whose Gremlin, Matador and Hornet designs have been acclaimed for their aesthetics and their function (the stumpy little Gremlin, cobbled out of existing A.M.C. parts, cost a mere \$5,000,000 to create—peanuts in the car biz), sketched a shape for the concept car during an engineering meeting that generated instant enthusiasm. It was short and wide and vaguely egg-shaped, with a mere bump of a hood and massive areas of window glass. As it was refined, some said it took on a cursory resemblance to the famed Porsche 911 coupe. With a modest over-all length of 171.5 inches and a wheelbase of 100 inches (by comparison, the Volkswagen Beetle is 158.6 inches over-all, with a 94.5-inch wheelbase), Teague's

design still provided full interior seating room for four adults. An interesting fillip involved the right—or curbside—door, which was four inches wider than its counterpart on the left, to aid entry and exit.

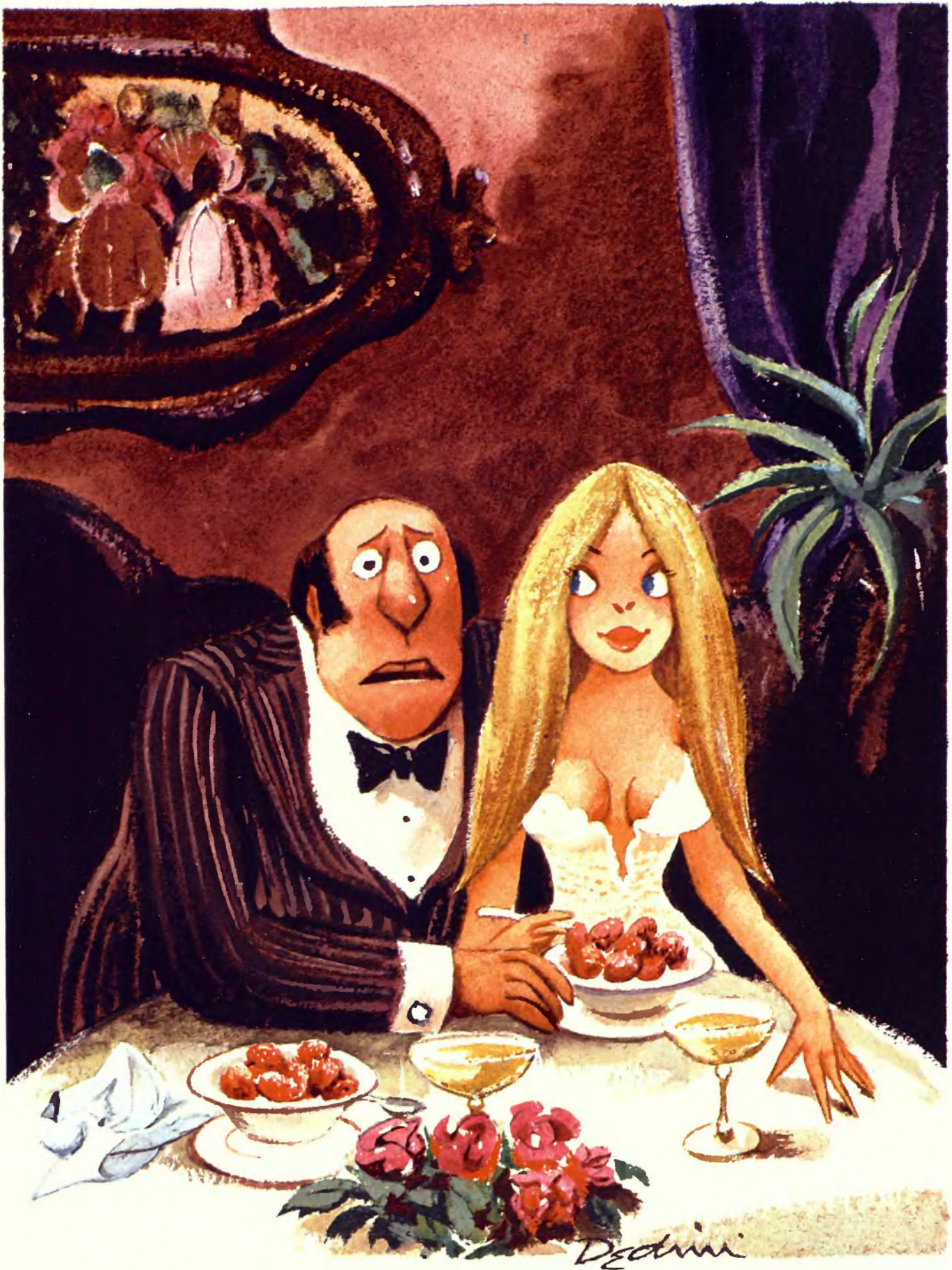
"We knew we had the proper kind of car for contemporary use—a car that might remain keyed to the public's needs for perhaps ten years," says Meyers. "But there was a major decision to be made. If we were to produce the car without compromises, it meant a major investment. With the exception of our six-cylinder engine and transmission, no existing American Motors parts could be interchanged. Everything had to be designed and tooled from the ground up, a major undertaking for a small company like ours. Yet all our research indicated this was the car perfectly keyed to the Seventies." Based on Meyers' optimism, American Motors gambled on his concept car—soon to be named Pacer—and unloaded somewhere between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 to launch the project. The result is one of the most strikingly original and daring automobiles to be produced by Detroit in a decade. Available at first only with A.M.C.'s six, with the rotary a possibility, the Pacer will be aimed at a broad spectrum of buyers, with prices ranging from quite cheap for the basic models to expensive for the fully loaded versions. For the first time in memory, American Motors is not aiming a product at a specific segment of the market, but it hopes to offer the Pacer in enough varieties so that it will appeal to a vast and diverse collection of car buyers. "I guess you could call this our trump card," says Teague, who, like his management colleagues, is aware of the financial devastation that will ensue if the public fails to love the Pacer as much as they do. "Win or lose, the one comfort we have is that we did our best not to compromise; that we tried to do it right." A noble thought, indeed.

If the Pacer represents a giant A.M.C. gamble, the new General Motors small cars are safer, more conservative bets. The Chevrolet Monza 2+2 and its twin sisters, the Buick Skyhawk and the Oldsmobile Starfire, must rank among the neatest-looking automobiles to appear in the past decade, and certainly presage a new generation of clean, lean G.M. cars of all sizes.

No matter what the name, the Monza 2+2 has the heart and soul of a Chevrolet, and its being suited up in the Buick and Oldsmobile colors is a simple story of General Motors energy-crisis jitters that will be recounted shortly. Its genesis can be traced to Chevrolet and the year 1971 A.D., when the executive types discovered that the stripped-down, charwoman-special Vegas were selling in minuscule quantities compared with the zoomier, more expensive G.T. versions. This caused them to devise a new

(continued on page 166)





*"My wife doesn't understand my deep desire to rob the cradle."*









# GOODBYE, BOB

*art and pat cordially invite you  
to a farewell gala for bob—who  
plans to kill himself tonight*

*fiction* By MALCOLM BRALY

BOB DRIFTED INTO OUR LIVES one day through the door of a small beachside bar called the Malibu Cottage, where I spent an occasional afternoon drinking beer and shooting pool. The Cottage flashed a few signals of sophistication and sometimes small lights from the Malibu colony wandered in, but it was essentially a beer bar.

I found myself talking to Bob without quite understanding how the conversation had started. He had little to say beyond what was common to this particular afternoon, but I was slightly drunk, feeling mellow, and we exchanged prosaic conversational tiles—the quality of the surf, the performance of the Dodgers—in a mindless barter. I bought him a drink. He bought me a drink. He was drinking rusty nails and he talked me into trying one.

Bob was tall, very thin, probably in his early 30s, though he sometimes seemed much younger, and there was a small-town quality to him that he would probably never lose. He wore suntans and a T-shirt, like a delivery-boy, and his hair, once brush cut, was overgrown now like an untidy lawn. His eyes were plain, often eager, always nice.

I gathered he had been hanging out here for a day or two, because he told me how he had tried to get a woman at the other end of the bar to go to bed with him. She was a deeply tanned, middle-aged woman with unlikely yellow hair and a tough, unhappy expression.

"She's some kind of English noblewoman," Bob told me with a solemnity that gauged the degree to which such titles impressed him. "Her husband has her watched constantly, trying to scrape together some kind of divorce action, so she has a hard time just getting laid. I asked her to go to a motel with me, but she said that would be dreary. She (continued on page 148)





# DELTA LADY

FRESH OUT of high school in Tulsa, Oklahoma, 18-year-old ex-cheerleader Laura Misch was confronted with that same question that has plagued most new high school graduates: What now? Wandering into a neighborhood drugstore, she happened to pick up a slick paperback entitled *Playboy Bunnies*. She leafed through it. She pictured herself with rabbit ears and a Bunny tail. She had an idea! "I dashed off a letter, enclosed a Polaroid of myself and sent it to the New





*meet laura misch,  
a new orleans lovely  
who's taken the crescent  
city to her heart.  
lucky new orleans*












Basically a down-to-earth girl, Laura doesn't believe in the supernatural. "When people ask me what my sign is," she says, "I tell them Exxon. Astrology's a waste of time."

Although she has chosen New Orleans as her home town, Laura is getting restless. "I don't even like to stay in one job for too long," she says. "I get itchy feet."







A longtime movie buff, Laura recently landed her first acting role, a part in Dino De Laurentiis' film *Mandingo*.





During the shooting of *Mandingo*, Laura picked up as many pointers as she could about the movie business. "Everybody was surprisingly attentive," she says. "They let me play with the cameras and showed me how to zoom in and out." At left, she chats with producer Ralph Serpe.



At left, make-up man Gerald O'Dell puts on the finishing touches for Laura's bordello scene (above)—in which she has her working clothes adjusted by her personal slave girl. The lace cap, incidentally, is also worn by Laura on our cover.





MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Orleans Bunny Mother, since she was the closest to Tulsa,"

Laura recalls. "The next thing I knew, I was in New Orleans with a new job."

Within a few weeks, she'd fallen madly in love with the place. Even today, two years later, she will wax rhapsodic about the delights of the old

French city. "Except for the humidity," she says, "I adore everything about New Orleans. I'll never leave." This creates a conflict in her life,

for she also wants to be a movie star ("Who doesn't?")

and most stars have to emigrate to Hollywood sooner or later. No longer a Bunny since the temporary closing of the New Orleans Club some months ago, Laura has just finished an on-location shoot-

ing as an extra in Dino De

Laurentiis' new film, *Mandingo*, starring James

Mason and Susan George. In the movie, which is about life on a slave-breeding plantation in the pre-Civil War South, Laura plays one of the girls in a Mississippi delta whorehouse.

This is how she describes her big scene: "A door opens and through the doorway you see me standing there, clutching my underwear. Then I blow a sensuous kiss to a satisfied customer." Since it was her first scene in a movie, and she appeared seminude, to

boot, Laura admits to having had a certain initial apprehension. "I thought it would be awful with all those people watching me," she says. "But they were good about it and kept their eyes on my face." If you say so, Laura.



Relaxing after a rigorous day on the set, Laura panders her acting: Today a delta whore, tomorrow Camille. Who knows?



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One frigid morning, a man turned up at his office much the worse for wear. "I didn't sleep a wink," he told a co-worker. "I was up almost all night trying to keep my wife's begonia covered against the freezing cold."

"I should be so lucky," sighed the other man. "On these icy nights, my wife wears two pairs of panties and woolen long johns under flannel pajamas, so I can't even get at her begonia to try to keep it warm."



We've heard about an operatic soprano and her symphony-harpist boyfriend who have developed a high degree of artistic empathy, she humming his parts while he fingers her passages.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *safe-cracker* as a Georgia girl on the pill.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: "There is both good news and bad news. The good news is that plagues shall smite your Egyptian oppressors. The Nile shall be turned to blood, and frogs and locusts shall cover the fields, and gnats and flies shall infest the Pharaoh's people, and their cattle shall die and rot in the pastures, and hail and darkness shall visit punishment upon the land of Egypt! Then will I lead the children of Israel forth, parting the waters of the Red Sea so that they may cross, and thereafter strewing the desert with manna so that they may eat."

And Moses said, "O Lord, that's wonderful! But tell me, what's the bad news?"

And the Lord God replied, "It will be up to you, Moses, to write the environmental-impact statement."

**Betty Sue's masturbational style**  
Is distinguished by Frenchified guile:

She uses a wiener—

It's safer and cleaner—

She's become a confirmed Frankophile!

Did you and Eddie go the limit?" the teenybopper eagerly asked as her big sister was slipping into bed after a date.

"Well," replied the older girl with a sigh, "at least we went Eddie's."

A Y.M.C.A. resident complained that he had been subjected to objectionably aggressive overtures by a man in an upstairs lounge the previous night.

"Why didn't you rush out of the room?" asked the manager.

"I simply couldn't," answered the chap. "My skirt was too tight."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fellatio foreplay* as a taste of things to come.

The finicky client was explaining his preferences to the madam. "The girl I want must have certain definite characteristics," he said. "She must be a five-foot, six-inch redhead with green eyes, a small bust with large nipples, full hips, nicely muscled legs, a silky and perfectly triangular pubic patch, freshly shaven armpits and no body scars. Besides," he went on, "she must be passionate but submissive, as well as uninhibited but basically genteel. Do you have such a girl here?"

"Of course we do," the madam assured the man, "but, just to be on the safe side, why don't you come back on Friday for a preliminary fitting?"

When they get around to doing a nudie series on TV, we presume that the tryout episode will be referred to as a *bush pilot*.

I recently had," said the aging lecher holding forth at the bar, "what may have been the worst piece of ass in my life."

"Just how would you describe it?" asked a fellow drinker.

"Magnificent!"



As punishment for an attempted invasion of his harem, a sultan had the culprit buried in the palace courtyard with only his head above ground. Then a ferocious bull was admitted and goaded until, sighting the head, it charged. The bull missed the first time but passed so close on its second charge that the desperate victim managed to snap at the animal's huge organ.

"No, no!" screamed the sultan from his throne-room window. "Fight fair! Fight fair!"

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.





SOKOL

*"But I thought the captain was supposed to go down with the ship."*



I WAS STANDING THERE in front of the Pipeline Club in a fine misting rain with my hand still on the door of the taxi that had brought me in from the airport to Valdez, Alaska (pronounced Valdeez, so that the last syllable rhymes with disease, by the folks who lived thereabouts, folks who do not take the pronunciation of their town lightly and who are subject to become very pissed very quick if you do not come down hard on the *eez*, drawing it out in a long sibilant Z); I was standing there looking at a legless man where he sat on the sidewalk on his little wheeled dolly, a beatific look of ecstasy on his thin pale face as he looked not back at me but up into the cold slanting mist and the lady cabdriver was saying for the fourth time since I got into her cab: "These god-damn *new* people think they own this-

# GOING DOWN IN VALDEEZ

*article* By HARRY CREWS *there're strange things done 'neath the midnight sun by the men who toil for oil*





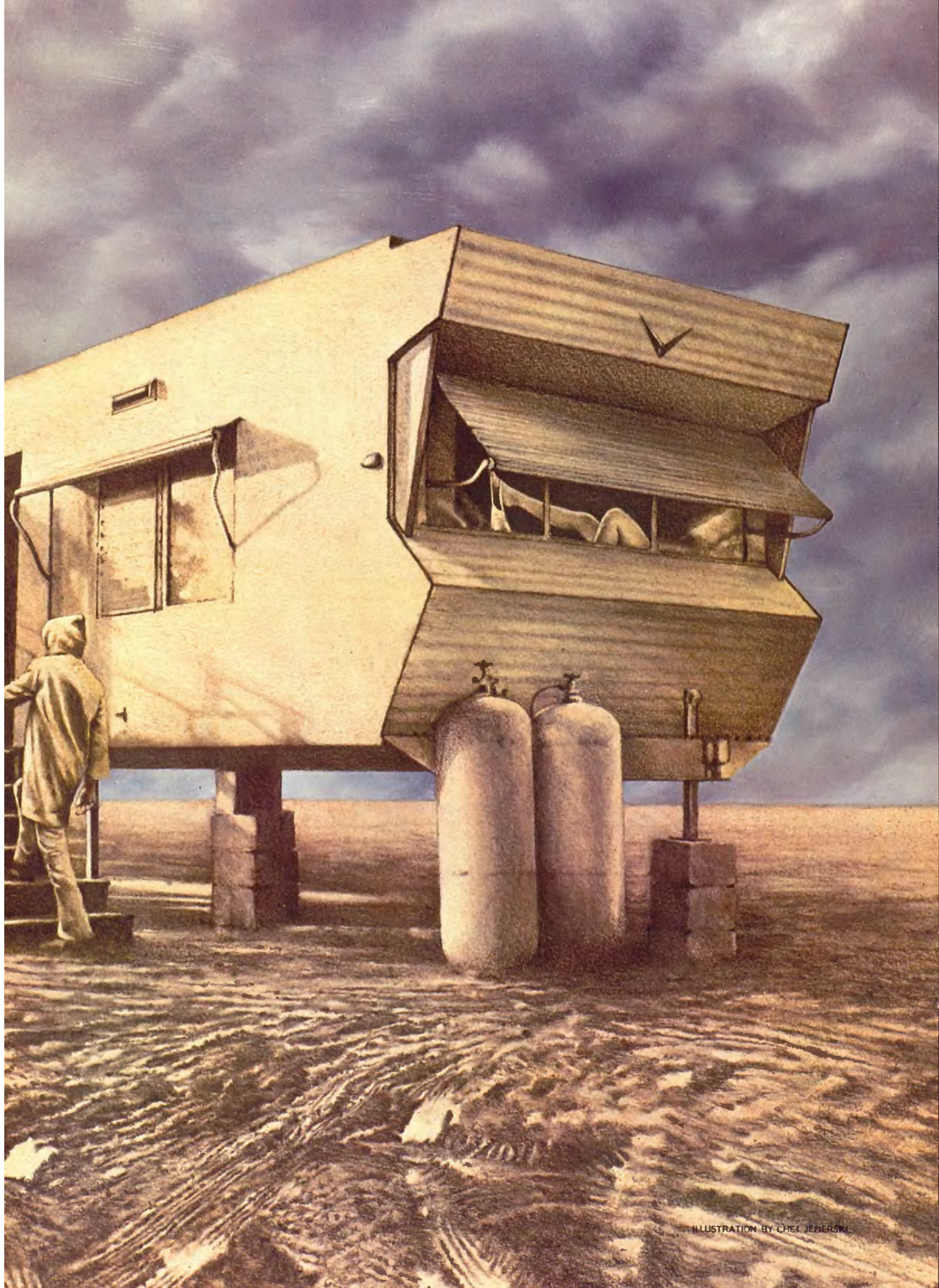


ILLUSTRATION BY CHET JEZIEWSKI



goddamn town but I'll tell you one goddamn thing: They don't own it yet."

I was stunned with exhaustion. The flight from Atlanta to Chicago to Seattle to Ketchikan to Juneau to Yakutat to Cordova had left me confused and disoriented. Then my ordinary morning terrors had been compounded by the flight from Cordova in a Piper Aztec, bouncing and dropping and tilting through winds that anywhere else in the world would have been called a hurricane.

The ecstasy on the legless man's face had changed to a gentle bemused satisfaction. I turned to see if the taxi driver was looking at the legless man. I thought she might tell me about him, tell me maybe that he was a religious mystic famous in Valdez for seeing through to the secret heart of things. But she was still staring furiously up at me and through her clenched teeth, she said: "You just goddamn remember that."

"Look, lady," I said, but she was already squealing in a U turn, roaring off toward the airport.

When I started across the sidewalk, the legless man put his padded fists down and gave himself a shove, shooting his little dolly past me. I stopped, blinked. There on the cement where the legless man had been sitting were two symmetrical, perfectly formed human turds. I turned just in time to see the man and the dolly being lifted by two young boys into a camper on the back of a Ford pickup. I knew I'd been given a sign. Because I believe most devoutly in such things, I knew I had been given a sign to reckon with.

Inside the Pipeline Club I asked the bartender for double vodka and tonic with no ice and then found myself a corner where I could lean my head back against a wall and collect myself.

When I got off the Alaska Airlines plane in Cordova, the flight up to that point had only been exhausting. An hour later when I got into the Piper Aztec, it went from exhausting to terrifying. We were in heavy rain and wind under a lowering sky. It couldn't have been much more than noon but it seemed like dusk dark. I was the only passenger and I rode up front by the pilot. He looked to be in his early 20s, wearing Levis and a work shirt. His damp hair was hanging in a wet curling bang over his eyes. He was impossibly young to be taking me up in an airplane.

"What airline is this?" I shouted over the noise of the engine. The Aztec was unmarked except for numbers on the fuselage and I thought wildly as we approached the runway that I was on the wrong plane and, such being the case, I could get off.

"Chitina," he shouted back. "We do ferrying work for Alaskan over to Valdez."

He moved the throttle to full rich and the plane shook and groaned, its little wings flapping like a crippled bird's.

"Listen," he screamed, "the ride'll be a little choppy today. But I think it'll be all right."

He thought it would be all right. Yes, indeed. Once aloft, I opened my eyes and watched him expertly light a Lucky Strike while the horizon tilted everywhere about us. I asked him where he'd learned to fly, thinking perhaps the Army or the Air Force.

"Aw, it's just something I picked up back in Texas. Always been interested in it and I just picked it up."

His name was Jerry Austin. From Austin, Texas. There was a story that the town had been named for some of his people somewhere back there. He didn't know if it was true. Thought it might be a lie. But you never can tell.

"Only been up here in Alaskan three months. Hope to git a job with a jet out of Anchorage. Don't know if I can though. Ruther not fly this rig up here in the winter."

We had been in the air for about 20 minutes when we turned away from the coast, following a wide body of water up between two mountains that rose 4000 or 5000 feet above us on either side.

"Valdeez Bay," he shouted. We had come out of the rain now and the day had brightened under patches of blue sky showing through the clouds. "Right up yonder beyond that rise is Valdeez. This is where the tankers'll come in to pick up the oil off the pipeline." He looked down at the shimmering surface of the bay. "Seems a shame to ruin that water. Won't be fit to wash your feet in when they git through with it." He pointed off to the left as he banked the plane. "There she is."

From the air Valdez looked like a mobile-home court. It was a city on wheels. House trailers were jammed into every available space.

"What's that over there?" I asked.

"That's four hundred miles of steel pipe. Thirty-foot sections. Four-foot diameter." He looked at me and smiled. "Made in Japan. It's stacked over there right where Valdeez used to be."

"Used to be?"

"A few years back Valdeez was wiped out by a earthquake and tidal wave. When they built it up again they moved it up here."

We were coming in fast now toward the airport. All manner of heavy machinery—packers and stackers and dirt buggies and back hoes and scrapers—raced about over the barren landscape. For no apparent reason, two helicopters hovered a half mile away on the side of a mountain. Raw lumber was everywhere, stacks of it, and the naked sides of buildings in various stages of construction shone in the sun but only briefly because as we made our approach the sky closed again as if by magic and a misting rain began to fall.

"Jesus," I said, "is that a dirt runway?"

"Yeah," Jerry said, putting his cigarette

out with one hand and bringing us in with the other. "But when they finish over there . . ." he pointed to the madly racing machinery. "When they git through over there, you'll be able to bring a 727 in here."

The lady cabdriver laughed when I told her to take me to a motel. "No rooms in this town. None. I can check if you want me to, but there won't be any." She got on her radio and, sure enough, there were no rooms.

"Take me to a bar then," I said.

After I'd had enough vodka to steady me down, I asked the bartender to sell me a bottle.

"Not but one place you can buy a bottle of vodka in Valdeez. Just a block over there. Pinzon Liquor Store. Truck Egan's place."

"Egan?" I said, the name trying to remind me of something. Then I knew where I'd heard it. "Say, he's not . . ."

"That's right," he said. "Governor of Alaska's brother. Truck's the smart one in the family. Shit, Bill Egan's on the phone two, three times a day, asking Truck what to do."

I walked through the rain across Egan Drive to the Pinzon Liquor Store on Tatitlek Avenue. Truck Egan was a very small man with wet eyes, a sad gentle face and a badly twisted hunchback. His long slender white fingers trembled as he put the vodka in a bag.

There were no other customers in the store but he didn't want to talk. Or rather, his sister, Alice, an imposing lady with bluing hair, didn't want to talk, and that seemed to discourage Truck. It was apparent Alice was displeased over the prospect of anybody writing anything about Valdez.

I got back into the rain and walked toward a neon sign I'd seen from the taxi coming in from the airport advertising the Club Valdez. Egan Drive is the main street going through town. It is wide and paved with sidewalks and curbstones. But once you turn off that and head up toward the place where the house trailers are stacked in cheek to jowl, up toward the little marina where the fishing boats swing at anchor, the streets dissolve into mud and potholes and rock. Packs of dogs scavenge in overflowing dumpsters and garbage cans, snarling and fighting among themselves. Scraps of lumber and twisted sheets of corrugated tin litter the edges of swampy streets. Construction is going on everywhere in and among the house trailers. Even the Alaska National Bank of the North is in a house trailer, but they're building right next door, going at it with hammer and Skilsaw, and even as I write this they might be out of their house trailer and into something new and fine.

The Club Valdez was one enormous room, a bar across the front, two pool tables in the back and, in the space

(continued on page 114)



*no need to make every elegant  
outing a necktie party.  
four ways to forgo the four-in-hand*

## FIT TO BE UNTIED

**attire By ROBERT L. GREEN**

Once upon a time, ties that bind were *de rigueur* when the occasion called for a suit. Happily, no longer—as is shown by the lad at right, who's gained maximum yardage from a silk scarf, by Handcraft, \$10, worn with a tweed suit, by Franklin Bober for Berhen, about \$175, ring-neck pullover, by Himalaya, \$12, white-an-white shirt, by Van Heusen, \$12, and a silk pocket square, by Handcraft, \$6.









# FIT TO BE UNTIED

The score is untied again—as the gentleman at far left demonstrates, having combined an Indian-print silk scarf, by Handcraft, \$8, with a tweed three-piecer, by Arthur Richards, \$175, an elongated-plaid shirt, by Yves St. Laurent, \$25, and a pocket square, by Handcraft, \$6.

The middle man has opted for a simple but sophisticated ivory pendant, by Eric Ross, \$50, to accent his gabardine suit, by Cricketeer, about \$120, plus acrylic sleeveless V-neck pullover, by Barclay, \$7, pongee shirt, by Yves St. Laurent, \$22.50, a silk pocket square, by Handcraft, \$6.

Talk about fringe benefits! The dude on the right is getting his from a funky “beach ladies”—print silk scarf, \$9, plus a peg-legged double-breasted gabardine suit, \$140, both by Don Robbie, and a cotton-polyester pajama-collared shirt, by Manhattan, \$13. So untie one on.



## GOING DOWN IN VALDEEZ

(continued from page 110)

between, maybe ten or twelve round wooden tables. The smoke was heavy. The jukebox was playing Charley Pride. A lone couple two-stepped across the bare wooden floor as a line of men at the bar watched them.

I got a vodka and went to the head. The sweet smell of grass clung to the damp calcimined walls and clouds of smoke hung in the air, mixing nicely with the odor of vomit and piss. "My, my, my," I said to myself while I watered off, "it's everywhere, even here in Valdeez."

As if on cue, a boy popped out of the stall. "You wanta buy some?"

I looked at him and thought, *Now, ain't you a dumbass?* but I said, "What you selling?"

He had on a beaded headband and a fringed leather jacket over greasy Levis stuffed into mud-spattered cowboy boots.

"What you lookin' to buy?" The words turned to grits in his mouth and it occurred to me that most of the talk I'd heard since I'd been in town, including the taxi driver's, had been Grit talk.

"What you selling a lid for?" I asked.

"A weighed ounce," he said, "is worth ninety dollars."

"Not to me it isn't," I said.

"All right then," he said, "sixty dollars."

"You're hurt," I said. "Something's burned in your fuse box."

He shrugged. "People expect to be robbed up here. Anythin' is worth anythin' you can git for it. But sixty's all right. Sixty wouldn't cheat me."

"I bet it wouldn't," I said. As I was going out the door, he went back into the stall.

I went to the bar and watched the couple two-step. The girl was very skinny and she had a baby with her. She had thoughtfully tied it to a chair with a leather belt. She and the man went back to the table between numbers to chug some beer and pet the baby. She gave it a sip from time to time and the baby sat strapped to the chair, gurgling and mewling contentedly, now and then nodding off. Which reminded me I was looking for a place to put my head down.

"Writin' a letter home, are you?"

I looked up from the notes I was scribbling. The man was on the stool next to me. He seemed to be about as drunk as I was. I would have guessed his age at 30, but he had a marvelously weathered and ruined face. On his hard hat was a faded McGovern sticker.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm just writing the old lady it ain't nowhere to stay in this town."

"You just git in?"

"Yeah."

"You ain't got on yet?"

"Not yet, but I'm supposed to git on."

"You got some cash money in you pocket?"

"I wouldn't come off up here without some cash money."

"Go out yonder to the airport then and tell Dave Kennedy I sent you. My name's Bugger Wells. Kennedy's building a camp out there the other side of the airport. It'll cost you but you can stay. Ask anybody out there for Dave Kennedy. You won't have no trouble."

The cabdriver took me to a tiny two-story building that had an outside stairway leading to the top. The second floor was a single room with a half partition. The whole thing couldn't have been more than 20 feet square. Maps and overlays and blueprints and papers of every sort were stuffed into shelves along the walls. Two Teletype machines rattled next to the semipartition. A polar-bear skin covered the top of a dun-colored couch. The bear's mouth was open and its stunned marble eyes stared past me through the window where the helicopters still hovered in the distance and the yellow, growling machinery still raced about over the airport. Dave Kennedy stood at his desk, the top of which was a foot deep in papers, most of which seemed incredibly dusty. He was on the phone, cradling it between his shoulder and right ear. His left ear was pinned against his head and grown shut.

A lady in corduroy trousers sat in the corner at a typewriter. She stopped typing and looked at me. I told her what the guy at the Club Valdez had told me.

"Valdeez," she said. "You say *Valdeeeez*?"

"He was right," said Dave Kennedy, who had just put the phone down. "You can stay at the camp. Thirty-three dollars a day. You looking for work?"

I decided to tell him what I was doing in Valdez.

"No way," he said. "Take you a year to write this and you still wouldn't have it right. You'd have it wrong. The only way to measure what's happening here? You know? You want me to tell you? I'll tell you. A six-inch ruler made out of rubber that stretches to seventeen feet. That's how. Nothing like this ever been done. And you can't worry because a ruler's got twelve inches to the foot. In Valdeez, there may be twelve feet to the inch. OK?"

The explanation seemed to satisfy him immensely. It tended to confuse me but I thought better of asking him to explain it. I'd noticed a National Car Rental sign downstairs and asked if I could get a car. Rent you a plane if you want one, he said. I said, no, a car would do nicely. While the girl was writing out the ticket for the car, Dave Kennedy took me over to the window and pointed: "See where they're building down there?" It looked to me as if they were building *everywhere* down there, and I told him so.

"No, no," he said impatiently, "there

by the trailer. Right there with the silver top. Go in there and ask for Hap. Hap the cook. He'll fix it. Give him the money."

I found Hap in a house trailer that had been converted into a kitchen and dining room with enough seats to feed 54 people. Directly next to it, a whole covey of carpenters was building a permanent dining hall that would eventually feed 600.

Hap was feeding some of the early night crew when I got there and he asked me to wait. I sat at a table looking at a cup of coffee he had given me and thinking how nice it was going to be to put my head down, when a foreman came in. Like most of the men there, the foreman's skin was ruined from the wind and the sun and the snow. He had what looked like it might be skin cancer across the bridge of his nose. He was pissed when he came in. He kicked a couple of chairs, hustled his balls and sat down. He started talking loudly, a little out of breath, to nobody in particular.

"I'll tell you one damn thing: If you pick up something in this town, don't set it back down. Because if you do set it back down even for a minute, it'll be another price when you pick it up." He got off his chair, hustled his balls again, sat back down, crossed his legs, uncrossed them and sat kicking one heavy boot against the other. "Went into town there to buy a damn alarm clock. Wanted to make sure the crew was up and ready. Went in the store there. Didn't have but one kind of clock. Looked like a piece of shit, but I thought it'd get us up. Young kid behind the counter. Asked him how much it was. Said he didn't know, but the boss was next door and he'd run ask. While he was gone I picked up one of the goddamn things. Had a sticker on it said six dollars and fifty cent. Kid come back and said the boss said nine dollars and fifty cent. I told the kid the one in my hand said six-fifty. He said he just knowed what the boss said. Fuck it, I didn't want to stand around there all day talking to a shirttail kid, so I bought it. Brought it down here to the camp and the goddamn thing quit in the middle of the night. Crew was half a fucking hour late. Took the goddamn thing down there a while ago. Man runs the place said he was sorry but it was as is. *Sold as is*. No refund, no nothing. But the son of a bitch *did* say he was sorry. I told him to stick it up his ass and I hope the alarm went off. I'd already checked all over town and there weren't no more clocks. Not another goddamn one in town. I guess he knowed it too because when I told him I'd have to buy another of the goddamn sorry things, he looked me dead in the eye and said just as slick as owl shit: 'That'll be twelve dollars and fifty cent.'"

Hap came out of the kitchen and took my money, \$165 for five nights, and gave me over to a bull cook named Paul, a

(continued on page 174)



# THE CHEATERS

by John  
Dempsey

*if all the misunderstood spouses were laid end to end, they'd love it!*



*"Relax, darling. You're not the first man to commit adultery and you won't be the last."*

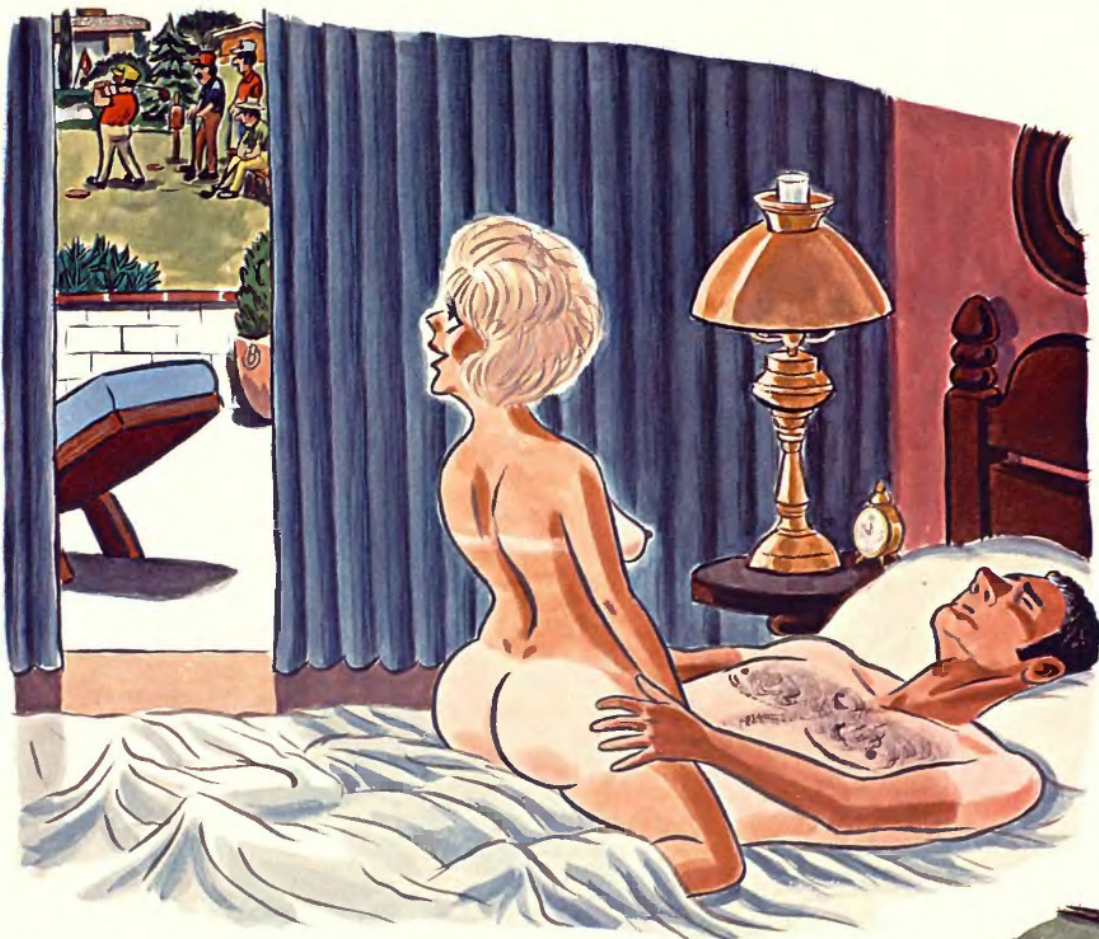


*"Maria and I have decided to have another child. So tomorrow night I'll be staying home."*



*"My marriage is on the rocks. Now I'm trying to save my sex drive."*





*"Gerald's swing is much better. Your lessons are certainly helping him."*



*"Let's go to a motel. I just don't feel right about doing it in my best friend's house."*



*"Uh, son, could I borrow your van tonight?"*





*"I don't care if I run into anyone I know."*



*"What would my wife say if she found out? She'd say, 'You no-good, lousy, cheating little bastard,' that's what she'd say."*





*"Here's your key,  
and have a beautiful affair, sir."*

*"Ever since that day, when I just happened to look up at your face. . . ."*





*"OK, then—you'll tell Jerry you're going to visit your sister and I'll tell Kathy I have to be away on business, so we'll meet Friday at. . ."*



*"Is it really worth all the risks, the scheming and lying, the emotional involvement, the expense. . .?"*







JUDAS ISCARIOT, disciple: Frankly, I can't be more emphatic about how dull this job is. You've got your corporate structure first of all. There are 12 senior members of the board and, of course, J. C.—the big boss. Then there are the junior partners, or disciples, like me. And when you get right down to what we have to do for it, the pay is terrible. We had to go on unemployment in order to embarrass Christ into giving us even a poverty-level salary. And the guy is so wrapped up in his own theories. I really think if he were examined, they'd find he was a little bit, you know, psycho. But what he doesn't realize is that sooner or later, one of us is going to get fed up with his bullshit. I mean, he's a subversive and all that. I'm no company man and if the right offer comes along, why shouldn't I take it? For this kind of money, I'm not exactly willing to risk my ass for some kook who thinks he's fucking God Almighty, you know what I mean? But you know how it is, a job's a job. The main thing I tell him is don't push me too far.

SAINT JEROME, scholar: I'm a translator, basically. I'm working on the Bible right now—a very big book. I've had a lot of problems dealing with the author, who thinks he's the greatest thing since Julius Caesar. He's a real prima donna. But his agent understands me.

And, of course, I'm one of the fathers of the Western Church. It's really kind of a coincidence. You see, one day this enormous cat came into a hall where I was lecturing to a bunch of snotty college kids. It was my pet ocelot, but everyone thought it was a lion and freaked. I mean, who's seen a lion up close, right? So how were they to know? Anyway, Mumbo—that's my cat—had a thorn in his foot and I pulled it out. Big deal, right? But all of a sudden I was a star. So why fight it?

But put something in about the book. We're going to bring out case-bound gift editions and the paperback simultaneously. I think it'll be a big seller.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI, political-artistic leader: About four A.M. the alarm goes off. That's the first thing you always hear is that goddamn alarm. And, of course, I always like to sleep for a while, so my wife gets up and makes some coffee or something, then comes back and tells me, like, "Hey, honey, it's a quarter to five," or whatever it is, and I know I've got to haul ass, because if I miss Leonardo at the studio—well, I know I won't find him for the next two or three days and he's always working on something strange that's got a deadline, so I have to really hump to get there before he comes out of his stupor. He's quite a drinker and such an incredible faggot. But he's got a pretty good mind. So I grab a piece of toast—sometimes I eat two pieces. It all depends on how I'm feeling. Then I rush down there and work on Da Vinci for a while, until he's straight enough to get down to some serious painting or inventing. OK. At that point, maybe eight or so in the morning, I'm pretty much set for the day. I ride over to Michelangelo's place. He's a good kid. Works like a fucking dog. Draws great commercial-type stuff. I think someday he'll get to do some big murals or something, if he sticks with the right agents. He needs a lot of guidance. So I go over and tell him, "Beautiful, beautiful." No matter what kind of shit he's working on, because he really lacks self-confidence. And he'll ask, "Do you really like it?" And I'll say something like, "Well," thoughtfully—I get really critical-looking, like maybe I'm going to change my mind or something. Then I'll back off a step and say, "Let's stroke it and see if it gets hard, Mike." And he gets down to business.

About that time, I usually head for lunch. And this is always a scene. Business lunches. More bullshit than you can shake a stick at. Keep Italy together. Secure the city-state. The river's

polluted again. Now it's on fire. What am I going to do? France is acting up again. Diplomacy is the name of the game. Juggle this, con that, bullshit ten people at once on ten subjects. And try to keep your cool. This goes on throughout the afternoon. And meanwhile, I've got to have a few drinks to calm my nerves. Nerves are your worst enemy. Once they get control of you, you've blown your cover. Someday the frogs are going to get us just because of our nerves. But so far, so good.

By the time I get through, it's evening. That's the best time of all. A good hot meal. My old lady by the fire. I sit and write Petrarchan verse, sacred drama and literary criticism. It brings me back down to earth, relaxes me. And generally that's about the size of it. Another day, another scholar, ha-ha.

ORPHEUS, musician: I'd say things were going pretty good. My band, Orpheus & the Dionysiacs, is getting very tight. We've just cut our fourth album, which will come out on a big stone tablet down across that hill over there. Took us six years to cut

it, too. It's called *Thraco-Phrygian Workshop*. It's kind of a funk thing. And, of course, I composed most of the material, although Calliope wrote a song especially for this album.


But it's a hard life. The travel is the worst part. I did a benefit down at Hades there for my wife, Eurydice, trying to get her paroled. I'm really beginning to think Johnny Cash has the right idea. This penal system is getting pretty harsh. And if I don't get her back, I'm just about ready to give up altogether on women. I gave a concert for a bunch of Thracian chicks the other night and they damn near tore me limb from limb. I hadn't seen anything like that since the days of Dionysius. I keep these Olympic freaks around me just in case things like that happen. But I'm still a little worried. We're booked into the same place again

next month and there's an engagement right after that on Lesbos with all those bull dykes. It's kind of scary. But, you know, a gig's a gig.

TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA, inquisitor general of Spain: Basically, my job is to pile 'em up. That's what Ferdinand and Isabella want me to do, that's what Sixtus IV, the Pope himself, wants me to do and that, by God, is what I do. Pile 'em up. Your Jews, heretics, witches, necromancers. Give me your blasphemers, your bigamists, your usurers. I'll, by God, pile 'em right up for you.

How we do this is fairly simple, praise God. You'll find that a lot of your Jews, your witches, they won't want to tell you anything. They'll pretend to be innocent of whatever charges you bring against them. And so you've got to kind of extract it from them by negative reinforcement. This means, in laymen's terms, that we will generally start by using a grapefruit spoon to remove one or more eyeballs and then fill the sockets with something like sand or warm ashes. That's when they begin to come around to your way of thinking. Then, once they come around, why, praise God, you pile 'em up. And that about wraps her up, praise God. Eh, you're not a Jew, are you?

Now, there are many ways of piling 'em up, but my favorite is plain and simple burning. My feeling is that this method gets the spirits as well as the people possessed by them. Juan de San Martin may tell you different—he's my ace inquisitor. But if he thinks that just clubbing the by-God devil on the head is going to get it, he's kidding himself. Give me a good old-fashioned barbecue for a good night's sleep. Then I know I'm safe.

HERBERT HOOVER, President of the United States: Do I ever remember the Depression! It was horrible. I mean, those bread lines, every day. I couldn't get my limousine across the street without running into one of them. 

parody By LAURENCE GONZALES

## WORKING?

*studs terkel's big book showed just how much people like to talk about their jobs and how much they hate what they do. studs might be a great interviewer, but he missed a few*



(continued from page 88)

react to prolonged stressful situations with a lethal magic all their own, and they are very stupid. That is to say, they do not know how to distinguish between real and imaginary threats. If we carry about in our heads a constant and intense fear of death or failure, for instance, we gull our mindless hormones into everlasting strategies of defense. The ultimate cost to our internal mechanisms is incalculable.

• • •

The man has been under extraordinary pressure for more than a year. Mr. Nixon seems to keep his emotions under such control that we might have expected physical instead of emotional breakdown. . . . [If physical illness strikes] it doesn't do so randomly, but at vulnerable spots unique for each of us . . . and sensitized by heredity . . . or neurotic strategies. . . . It's interesting that the phlebitis apparently didn't recur until the pardon was in the offing.

—DR. SAMUEL SILVERMAN,  
*Time*, SEPTEMBER 30, 1974

As a brief exercise in masochism, assume for a moment that you happen to be the former President in the summer of 1974 and that you have finally been squeezed into the epiphanic moment of despair: If you do not release the final incriminating Watergate tapes, you lose your most trusted allies; if you do, you lose your job, prestige, the culmination of a life's endeavors. At this instant of agonized decision—which is only an exaggeration of stress events common to everyone—neurons inside your brain send meticulously coded instructions to your hypothalamus, where these electrical impulses convert to chemical secretions. Initially, the hypothalamus releases CRF (corticotropin) into its neighbor, the pituitary, stimulating the production of ACTH (better forget it). Then, like the second in a network of Inca couriers carrying bad news up and down the Andes, the ACTH rushes to the adrenals, where it fits snugly into molecules on the outer membrane—which has a surface shape that perfectly accepts the ACTH molecules. As a result of these lock-and-key conjunctions, steroids called glucocorticoids are synthesized and rapidly released into the blood. These glucocorticoids, known as stress hormones, might also be accompanied by another group of tricky little critters called catecholamines, which are secreted by your sympathetic nervous system when you find yourself not only uptight but also quite angry.

Taken together, the stress and anger hormones make up a defense force whose major responsibility is to protect a man's "inner environment"—first defined as such by the 19th Century physiologist Claude Bernard. Bernard had the con-

cept, but not the technology to understand precisely how emotion affected body function. When the technology became available 100 years later, the concept had pretty much vanished from Western practical medicine, and not until recently was it re-examined as a causative factor of disease.

Those steroid hormones produced by agonized decision, rapid change and other stressful events intend us no harm. The adrenals send them out to seal off fresh wounds, to create tissue swelling around broken bones, to enhance metabolism and to convert fat and protein into usable energy. (Among these steroids is cortisone, valiant foe of inflammation.) Each organ's unique molecular structure enables it to react in a specific manner to stress hormones, so that the same glucocorticoid breaks down entirely different enzymes in the pancreas and liver—much as the same operatic aria causes women to weep and men to sleep. Released as a defensive mechanism, these steroids affect changes in the chemistry of the organs that often last beyond the immediate threat.

For 40 years, the pioneer investigator in this area, Dr. Hans Selye, now at the University of Montreal, has devoted his research to a study of hormonal stress responses. In his time, Selye has freaked out thousands of rats by injecting them, over long periods, with excessive quantities of stress hormones. Typically, the adrenals of the rats enlarge at the expense of other glands. The rats burn out in short order and develop any number of related illnesses that Selye attributes to something he calls "the general adaptive syndrome." The rats also age with astonishing speed because, says Selye, no method has yet been devised to replenish their adaptive-energy supply.

Tough luck for the rats, yes, but tough luck for us, too, since these same catastrophes can be induced in us by exposure to work and domestic situations that consistently spend our adrenal output. A pictorial study of Nixon during the last weeks of his blighted reign brings home the truth of rapid aging under stress.

I am not making this up, by the way. If I *were* making this up, I promise you that I would introduce into the endocrine system a very special hormone shaped like a tiny rowboat, and this rowboat would have nothing to do but float up and down our blood canals collecting excess glucocorticoids and dumping them directly into our bladders for easy removal. My brightly colored little rowboat—but never mind. In straining to communicate highly complex and mind-boggling pathological processes, I tend to wander. My palms sweat. My pulse jumps. My yin begins to yang. Could this be why PLAYBOY put me on the case?

Back to basics, then. Fundamental to the

endocrine stress response is the hypothalamus, which initiated the hormonal output by stimulating the release of ACTH. When the level of stress hormones rises in our blood, a miraculous kind of feedback device triggers the hypothalamus to signal the pituitary to shut off further messages to the adrenals. It took Selye and other researchers about 40 years to figure that out; what they have determined is that our systems adjust the supply of stress hormones to the demands made upon them. When a crisis subsides, we are meant to lay back, light up a Thai stick and go about our business with no further need for a steroid or catecholamine supercharge. But when our endocrines are subjected to chronic stress, endless frustrations, constant feelings of insecurity and anger, strange and unlovely things occur within.

The stress hormones begin to behave like friends who stay too long and wear out the furniture. These corticoids have a nasty habit of inhibiting cell regeneration, so that holes that normally heal themselves in the lining of the stomach and intestines are no longer readily repaired with new cell growth, and peptic or duodenal ulcers form. Excessive corticoids also throw women's menstrual cycles out of phase, disturb biorhythms and cause insomnia, not to mention their encouraging attacks of colitis, asthma, diabetes and migraine. Meanwhile, they combine with catecholamines, stimulated by aggressiveness, to raise the content of cholesterol and fat in our blood and congest our arteries.

Now you are beginning to understand why you feel so lousy much of the time. I did not come here to spread cheap gossip about your glands, but the hypothalamus inside you, put there to function as an emotional thermostat, turns out to be a steroid junkie that keeps nodding off on the job. While not too accurate a description, it approximates the truth. Chances are you have little idea how much havoc your overdosed hypothalamus can wreak; in the interests of propriety, I would just as soon skip the entire issue of coronary disease and leave you to your stomach pains. But it happens that by our inability to cope with our environment, we are wasting ourselves into the grave—no small problem—and we will probably not stop committing biological suicide until we realize exactly how our bodies wither under the chronic stresses and struggles we inflict upon them.

• • •

*I showed my heart to a doctor.  
He said I'd just have to quit.  
Then he wrote himself a prescription,  
And your name was mentioned in it.*

—LEONARD COHEN

A massive failure of modern Western medicine has been its debilitating reluctance to accept the integral connection  
(continued on page 188)





*mon dieu! show us the clod who said that service is a dying art*

## *The French Maid*

Frenchmen have always managed to derive great pleasure from their maids. Pourquoi? Perhaps it is because the dainty little *filles* look so arrestingly chaste and innocent in their high-cut Victorian uniforms. Perhaps it is because they seem so maddeningly angelic, so divinely shy. Perhaps it is because most Frenchmen are horny all the time. Our French maid, above, undaunted by the fact that she is now serving in an American home, wraps with the arriving party guests while throwing *monsieur The Look*. Monsieur catches it. Monsieur is not French, but he's no dumbbell, either.









As the party starts to warm up, so does our French maid, who finds it difficult to remember her station. Monsieur can sense this. Wondering about the manse, below, he finds her and decides to get on at her station.





While Frenchmen have an affinity for women in uniform, American men prefer them out of uniform. Accustomed to the best service, this chop likes his dishes served on a silver platter. First, the canapés.









Now that he's had his fill of the hors d'œuvres and all unnecessary accouterments have been removed, monsieur sets his sights on the entree: coq au vin, but the vin comes later. Neither one is complaining about the service, least of all the maid, whose wish is monsieur's command. Note how he waits on her hand and foot. And thigh and knee and. . .









"Would monsieur care for an aperitif?" she inquires, as she remembers her place. Monsieur plays butler and pours the champagne for both of them. He is very handy that way, the monsieur. "Would monsieur like me to make the bed?" she asks shyly. No, monsieur would like her to make the monsieur.



His wildest fantasies fulfilled for the time being, monsieur cuddles up beside the little French maid. Deep in his heart he knows they soon must part company. Deep in his heart he knows she is only a maid. But deep somewhere else he also knows that it is time to put away the champagne and have dessert.









## BANKS ON THE BRINK

(continued from page 85)

without catastrophe. But the situation bears a chilling resemblance to the Thirties, although outside forces, not the imprudent actions of bankers, brought on disaster then.

This was the chain of events in the Thirties: First, the stock market crashed in 1929; second, in 1931, a major European bank collapsed, plunging Europe into a financial crisis; third, within two years, the United States, along with the rest of the world, was in the grip of the Great Depression. By 1933, Roosevelt was forced to close every American bank, with only the healthy ones allowed to reopen. If your money was in any of the thousands of insolvent banks that remained padlocked, you were simply out of luck. The subsequent creation of a strong system of bank regulation and deposit insurance has convinced Americans that it could not happen again. This has been true for the past 40 years, but today's situation is different. You should know what has changed and what the risks are.

There are many ominous similarities between the events of the Thirties and what is happening now. You may not realize it, but the stock market has already crashed. During the five years up to October 1974, the decline in value of all publicly traded stocks has exceeded that of the 1929-1933 debacle, both in dollars and in percentage of drop—after adjusting for inflation. In Europe, the financial situation is rapidly approaching the crisis stage. Numerous small British banks have failed and, this past spring, the Bankhaus Herstatt of Germany collapsed, leaving unsatisfied claims of nearly one billion dollars. *Bank Credit Analyst*, which has monitored the banking world since 1949, recently stated: "In the first seven months of 1974, the banking structure of [Europe] has undergone an upheaval not seen since the banking crisis of the Thirties." In the Thirties, it took two years for Europe's fiscal downfall to reach America; today it would take about 24 hours.

We've had no world-wide depression—at least not yet. But many responsible observers think that is just where we are heading. England's respected *Economist* magazine, in a recent article entitled "The Approaching Depression," pilloried the world's rich nations for doing the very things sure to bring it on. If we have a depression, numerous bank failures would result as borrowers defaulted on loans—at a time when most banks cannot stand the collapse of even a few major borrowers. Most depositors assume that their deposits are safe; after all, they reason, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation insures every account up to \$40,000. But the FDIC has only six billion dollars to cover 682 billion dollars in commercial bank deposits. As long as we have had only isolated and sporadic bank failures, this insurance program has worked perfectly.

This six billion dollars in reserves is the immediate source of protection for the nation's depositors. Although each account is now insured up to a maximum of \$40,000, the FDIC always seeks to work out a plan that will protect all depositors, even those with larger balances than the insured limit. Nonetheless, it is only prudent for each individual to see that all his deposits are covered by FDIC insurance, especially today. This can easily be done by setting up multiple accounts, as the \$40,000 limit applies to each account, not to each depositor. A married couple, for example, can maintain complete coverage on \$120,000 per bank by setting up one account in the husband's name, one in the wife's and a joint account as well. For coverage beyond this amount, they could, of course, use more than one bank.

Over 99 percent of the banking system's total deposits of 682 billion dollars is in banks covered by FDIC insurance. If your deposits are in one of those very few banks not covered, you are taking a needless risk. Is the six billion dollars in reserves of the FDIC adequate to cover nearly 700 billion dollars in deposits? Frank Wille, the chairman of the FDIC, assured me that "We could easily handle several large bank failures, but not, of course, a general run on the banks." (The problem is that "several large bank failures" are exactly what might set off a "run on the banks.") Its reserves are currently growing at the rate of \$400,000,000 a year, and the FDIC always has the option of going to Congress and asking for more money. So far, at least, either the Federal Reserve or the FDIC has been able to work out a merger for any large bank that has developed terminal trouble, without having to pay off depositors from the FDIC's reserves. But a rash of failures would make this kind of rescue operation nearly impossible and could throw the whole system into jeopardy.

In the past year and a half, the 100th largest bank in the country collapsed and the 23rd largest—the Franklin National of New York—also went under, despite a two-billion-dollar salvage effort by the Government. Recent articles in *Business Week*, *Forbes*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Fortune* have begun to suggest the dimensions of the dilemma, but in a gingerly manner. They have all hastened to assure their readers that "it couldn't happen here," assurances that have had an increasingly hollow sound. Part of the reason for their delicacy may be their awareness that the very act of writing about the problems could bring on the disaster everyone hopes can be avoided. Thus, they have tended to place the blame on either the general world situation or the regulatory agencies and have avoided assigning any guilt where much of it belongs—with the managements of many of our largest banks.

For Americans, confidence in banks is almost second nature. This confidence, the base on which the entire system is built, has stemmed from more than just the existence of stern Government regulations and deposit insurance; it has come mainly from the until recently correct belief that banks were sound institutions run by prudent men, who believed that their primary responsibility was to their depositors. Now, however, many bankers are more concerned with pleasing their shareholders than with the ultimate safety of depositors' money.

Imagine that you have your money in a \$10,000,000 bank—a small one as banks go. Its owners invested \$1,000,000 of their own money to start the bank—that is the bank's capital. It takes in \$9,000,000 in deposits—\$6,000,000 in savings accounts, \$3,000,000 in checking accounts. From this \$10,000,000 available for investment, it makes \$6,000,000 in loans, no one of which is likely to be bigger than \$100,000. The bank buys a well-diversified high-quality portfolio of Government securities for \$2,000,000. The remaining \$2,000,000 is kept in cash. What's the risk? It would take an incredible combination of stupidity and bad luck for more than a few of the borrowers to default, assuming your bank held to the most basic standards of sound banking. It need just sit back, collect the interest on its loans and securities and pay you interest on your savings account. The bank need not worry if even its largest depositor decides to withdraw his money: It has that \$2,000,000 in cash, ready for just such an eventuality. The bank makes a tidy profit, taking only the most minimal of risks.

Now, assume that this bank catches the eye of a much larger, expansion-minded institution, which buys it. This new bank—a devotee of "modern banking"—puts a bright young graduate of the Harvard Business School in charge. This "go-go" banker is not satisfied with that tidy profit, he wants to raise the rate of return, endear himself to the shareholders and get his picture on the cover of *Business Week*. First, he decides he wants to double deposits to get more money to swing with. He opens a few suburban branches, runs sprightly commercials on the local television station and offers checkbooks in eight decorator colors. The money rolls in and his deposits double. The TV commercials now proclaim his eagerness to lend you money ("We want to say yes!") and he has no trouble doubling his loans as well. But he sees that he is earning more money on his loans than on his Government securities or that idle cash he's been keeping on hand. So instead of lending out 60 percent of his total funds, as the conservative banker did, he lends out first 70 percent and then 80 percent. On his newly doubled base of deposits—\$18,000,000—the 80 percent figure means loans of over \$14,000,000.

(continued on page 138)



# The Man Under The Front Porch

*fiction* By **Jordan Crittenden**

ONE MORNING at breakfast, Mrs. Leonard Reese said, "There's a man under the front porch."

"Don't start in on me with these things the first thing in the morning," Mr. Reese said.

"I'm not starting in on you with anything. I'm just simply telling you."

"How do you know there's a man under there?" Mr. Reese asked.

"I heard noises. And I looked when you were in the shower and I could kind of see him."

"Well, I'm going to at least finish my cereal," Mr. Reese said.

When he was done with his cereal, Mr. Reese and his wife went outside to have a look. Their house was small and fairly old, situated in the Silver Lake district of Los Angeles. The porch was set about four feet above ground level on an openwork foundation of concrete blocks. Mrs. Reese led her husband to a spot a few feet from the front steps and they crouched down and peered through one of the openings. "There

he is," Mrs. Reese said. "See him?"

"I see him. Don't point." Mr. Reese studied the man a moment in silence. Then he said, "He's really a big guy."

"Some of the blocks are loose over on the far side. I (continued on page 172)

*he might have  
been reading the  
gas meter—except  
the gas meter  
wasn't there*

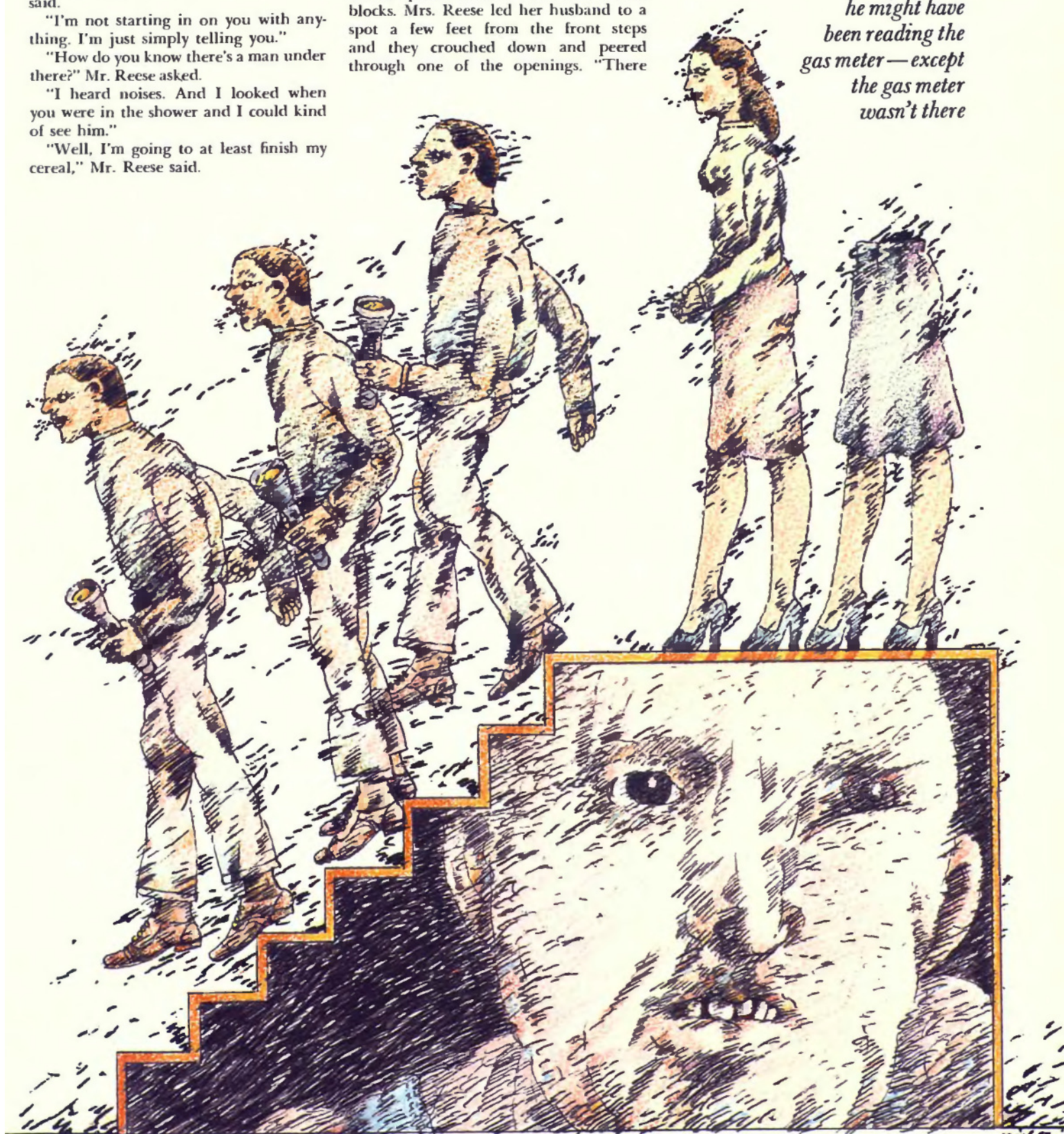


ILLUSTRATION BY ELWOOD H. SMITH



THE VARGAS GIRL



*"So that's what you meant  
when you said you had  
your own little Sheikdom."*

VARGAS



(IN THE FIRST DIALOG, Nanna has just described in detail the pleasures of the flesh she discovered in her brief term as a nun. Now she begins on another subject.)

*Nanna:* The difference between the life of a whore and that of a wife? It's no more than a particle—I've lived them both. Every husband believes that, with a few words muttered at the altar, with the provision of a roof over your head, clothes for your back and food for your belly, he can plant his spade in your private garden whenever he chooses.

*Antonia:* And doesn't the whore gain the same things by the same bargain?

*Nanna:* Indeed, but she has the freedom to choose when and whom—and how much he shall pay even before he gets a glimpse of the garden gate.

*Antonia:* Then a woman might have the best of both worlds by playing whore and wife at the same time?

*Nanna:* Exactly. And now I shall tell you the tale of just such a clever jade. This maiden was barely 17 when her witch of a mother married her to an ancient knight, collected enough money to go off to live in a fine house in Rome and left her daughter to mope in a small town in Tuscany.

Quite eager to have her sacred fruit plucked on her wedding night, the girl found her senile spouse barely able to part the bed curtains and just capable of presenting her a limp turnip in place of the knobby cudgel she had dreamed of. And so she began to long for a remedy.

The solution came to her one night when her husband awakened her and told her that she had been talking gibberish in her sleep. The next night, pretending to be asleep, she not only mumbled some nonsense but arose and flung open some cupboards and windows, as if in a somnambulistic frenzy. The third night, she got up and fled down the stairs. Her husband, hobbling in pursuit, stepped on the grease she had earlier smeared on the top step, went head over heels to the bottom and broke his leg.

After the doctor had come and the old codger was safely in bed, bound and splinted, a few nights later the young wife leaped from her bed. Muttering the usual bits of nonsense, she tore off her nightdress and fled down the stairs.

Still imitating a sleepwalker, she flung open the door of the room where the three strapping young household pages were wont to play cards at night. The astonished lads were confronted by the sight of their mistress' bare, swaying breasts, snow-white belly and moss-covered mound of Venus—whereat all three of their sabers came up to the angle of salute.

Coming out of her supposed trance, the wench placed herself on the table and invited all three of them to temper their blades in her hot furnace. So, one by one, the young swordsmen came at her, buried themselves to the hilt and melted their weapons in the fiery forge. When they were done, she warned them of more trials in nights to come and departed.

*Antonia:* Lucky girl!—but what happened when the old knight was mended and able to walk again?

*Nanna:* He never was. She conspired with the doctor—in exchange for a few more games of thrust-it—to administer a tincture to the old fellow, which, though it caused him no pain, made him so weak in the knees that he could not stand.

Now that her husband's sole pleasures consisted of meat and drink, she occupied herself with supplying him the best of both. One morning, as she was paying a young farmer for a brace of fat geese, she dropped the coins on the kitchen floor. Hitching up her skirts as she bent to retrieve them, she exposed two inviting targets to full view. Interpreting this as an invitation to barter, the rustic drove his plow home into one and then the other, happy with this payment.

*Antonia:* I see it all clearly. The shrewd kitten pocketed the money meant for the tradesmen and paid them in warmer currency.

*Nanna:* Precisely. Unable to decide whether she took more pleasure in devouring the fishmonger's eel, being punctured by the silk merchant's needle or having her bottle corked by the vintner, she had each deliver his wares on a different day of the week, rounding off every night with a generous service from her three pages.

*Antonia:* Truly the best of both worlds.

*Nanna:* Not only did she create a busy and exciting life for herself but she also brought peace and comfort to the whole region. Notice the beneficiaries—the doctor, who had been drinking himself into his grave, forswore the bottle and devoted himself to the sick. The tradesmen and farmers, no longer having to waste money on whores, grew prosperous. Their wives, now knowing which day of the week their husbands would be away from home, no longer feared being caught with a young apprentice as he put his beak up their thatch. The crusty old abbot was pleased to see the local whores leave town for lack of trade. As for the three pages, they competed so heartily to please their mistress that the knight's villa was soon the neatest and sweetest house in Tuscany. The husband, surfeited with the best wine and food, was content to grow fat.

*Antonia:* And the wife? Surely she was giving away freely that which is a woman's most valuable possession.

*Nanna:* Truly, dear Antonia, you must know that this treasure is self-replenishing. It grows greater in the giving and the more generous a woman is with it, the greater the reward she gets in exchange.

—Retold by Phil Brown

## the best of both worlds

from *I Ragionamenti*,  
by Pietro Aretino, Venice, 1534

Ribald Classic



BRAD HOLLAND



# GOLD!



*for the first time since 1934, you can bank it or bury it—but you might as well have some fun with it*





SHAKESPEARE called it a "yellow slave" that could "knit and break religions, bless the accursed./Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves/And give them title, knee, and approbation/With senators on the bench." The Bard didn't mention it, but it was also in quest of gold that Europe's alchemists and explorers toiled so hard for so long. All of which seems to place the distinction between master and slave in serious jeopardy. But when it comes to gold, masters quickly get to *enjoy* serving. We see why.

All that glitters on these pages is gold—and, for the prices quoted, you can make that precious metal perform a variety of useful tasks. For instance, time telling—with **1** on 18-jewel wrist watch, by Corum, 18 kt., \$2270. Or cigarette lighting, with **2**, a controlled-flame entry, from S. T. Dupont of Paris, 18 kt., \$2600. You can dozzle the neighborhood with **3**, a brooch, by Bulgari, 18 kt., \$585. And you can buckle your something or other with **4**.—you guessed it—a gold buckle, from Cartier, 18 kt., \$550. **5**. An owl lighter (no, it won't say "Hoo"), by Tiffany, 18 kt., \$1750. **6**. A reproduction of a 50-gram Swiss gold bar, with chain, both by F. Stool, 18 kt.; bar, \$450, chain, \$125. **7**. Another buckle, by Bulgari, 18 kt., \$285. **8**. Those links are for

your wrist (wearing the bracelet hopefully will develop your muscles, too), by Hunting World, \$850. The keys to your city you can keep on **9**, o Bulgari keyholder, 18 kt., \$175. **10**. Also from Bulgari, an 18-kt. chain, \$230. Unsquare: **11**, a square brooch, from M & J Savitt, 14 kt., \$240. **12**. A 30-inch chain, from Goldbar, 14 kt., \$206. **13**. You can put your money in gold, quite literally, by keeping it in o bomb-boom-configured money clip, from Tiffany, 14 kt., \$240. And you can safeguard o valuable or two with **14**, o gold combination lock, by Hunting World, 14 kt., \$650. **15**. If you crave the sensation of gold under your heel, here's a shoehorn, by Bulgari, 18 kt., \$890. Resting atop it is **16**, o flat bracelet, from M & J Savitt, 14 kt., \$160. And in the center of our spiral gold mine are **17**, interlocking brooches, from M & J Savitt, 14 kt., \$210 each, and **18**, a knot brooch, by Hunting World, 14 kt., \$1100.



## BANKS ON THE BRINK

still backed by only \$1,000,000 of capital. This is what the financial world calls leverage: It increases earnings, but it also introduces a major element of risk into the formerly riskless business of banking. The conservative banker would have had to see just under 17 percent of his loans default before his capital would be wiped out; the go-go banker's capital is gone if just over seven percent of his loans go bad.

At some point, our aggressive banker would find that he had reached the limit of how much he could expect to generate in the way of lendable funds. As soon as the demand for loans outstripped available bank deposits, he would turn to what is called "purchased money." This is money borrowed by one bank from another. But the "spread"—the differential between the interest rate at which the bank borrows and the rate at which it lends the money—is much narrower than when he used depositors' money as his source of funds. There is another disadvantage to these purchased funds: The bank from which they came can ask for them back at any time. If this happens, as it often does, the banker must scramble to find other money, perhaps at a still higher rate. A further element of instability—and therefore risk—has been added. But as long as the total of loans is going up, and there is still some spread, however narrow, earnings will grow.

Old-fashioned bankers took pride in the strength and solidity of their banks, as shown by their balance sheets. This is the document that sums up assets and liabilities, that indicates the ability of a given bank to meet its commitments. This is the statement that is of greatest concern to a depositor. Modern bankers, however, glory in their income statements, the totaling of their profits in a given year. They have discovered that this is what Wall Street cares about and that banks with steadily rising earnings appeal to buyers of stocks much more than banks still playing the game the old way. As the go-go bankers granted themselves huge stock options, rising stock prices helped them get rich.

When the leaders of any industry conclude that the old rules no longer apply, that they have discovered new ways to make money that escaped the notice of their less clever predecessors, one of two principles applies: Either it is not true at all or it may be true as long as the new system is practiced only by the brightest, strongest leaders, the true innovators. When everybody jumps on the band wagon, watch out. In the words of a leading Wall Street bank analyst, "All the followers are trying to play the leaders' game—and they just don't have the ability." A good analogy is the experience of the conglomerates. In the early Sixties, certain genuinely imaginative companies

(continued from page 132)

(Textron, Litton Industries) discovered the joys of combining unrelated businesses into an amalgam that would supposedly overcome the iron law of both physics and business: that nothing goes straight up forever. Vast numbers of imitators clambered aboard and, for a time, succeeded in convincing themselves, Wall Street and the world that two and two make five, or maybe even six. Along came the recession of 1970–1971, and most of the new converts to the conglomerate game found that two and two added up to three or to two or, in some spectacular cases, to zero. While the plummeting of conglomerate stock prices has few disastrous effects on the general economy, banks occupy a special position: Their problems are a source of worry not just for their shareholders but for everyone with a couple of hundred bucks in a special checking or savings account.

The Government enacted a series of laws, primarily in the Thirties, and a web of complex regulations to see to it that we are not dependent solely on the good will and innate conservatism of bankers for the safety of our money. One of the primary restrictions under which banks have operated in the past is a strict limitation on the kinds of businesses that they can operate. However, in 1963, the Comptroller of the Currency, who regulates all national banks, gave them the authority to form bank holding companies. This enabled them to acquire companies that were not bound by banking regulations. The new fields they entered were primarily consumer finance, commercial leasing and mortgage banking. While there is nothing sinister in the establishment of these vehicles, their use could jeopardize the depositors' money if the new ventures proved unsuccessful.

Today, just 12 years after these holding companies were authorized, all but a handful of the 50 largest banks in the U. S. are, in fact, the subsidiaries of such holding companies. A great attraction of these holding companies was that they permitted banks to diversify outside their normal territory. (Banks are normally forbidden to conduct a general banking business in more than one state, and in some states, such as Illinois and Missouri, they are not allowed to have any branches, even within that state.) The chance to diversify geographically proved very appealing, but one result was that banks sacrificed one of their greatest strengths: an intimate knowledge of their home territories.

As the permission of the Federal Reserve Board was required to make an acquisition, the authorities were not without some degree of control over the situation. At first this permission was routinely granted, but after a while, the Fed realized that banks were on an acquisition binge and that many of our largest banks were

dangerously overextended. In the past year, the Fed has forbidden the ninth largest bank in the U. S. (First National of Chicago), the sixth largest (Bankers Trust of New York), the seventh largest (Chemical Bank of New York) and the biggest of all (Bank of America) to make acquisitions they were seeking. The denials included strongly worded statements on the "too-rapid expansion" by some of the banks. Just a few years ago, it would have been unthinkable for the Fed to cast official doubts on the management of such important banks.

The trouble with all this diversification is that, very simply, it has been a flop. The two most popular types of acquisition, mortgage banking and consumer lending, are businesses in which lending is done at a fixed rate for relatively long periods of time, placing a heavy drain on a bank's cash. These rates have long been higher than the interest a bank earns in its regular commercial lending operations—a fact that attracted the banks to these businesses in the first place. However, with the dramatic upsurge in interest rates during the past year, the banks are now locked into long-term loans at rates well below what they currently have to pay on the open market to attract funds. Many diversification-minded managements in search of higher profits are finding losses instead.

Another worrisome matter is "capital adequacy." A bank's capital is what would remain if it paid off all its outstanding liabilities—deposits held by individuals and corporations, money it has borrowed from other banks and money it has borrowed from agencies of the Federal Government. This remainder—capital—is what the bank's shareholders actually own, but it is of interest to more than just the shareholders. Capital provides the margin of safety that ensures the ability of a bank to survive, even in a depression.

Back in 1960, the average U. S. commercial bank had liabilities that were only 11.3 times its capital. By 1970, this ratio had grown to 13 and by the end of 1973, to 14.5 times total capital. However, when we look only at the 30 largest banks, we find a still greater jump. At the end of 1973, their liabilities were 16.7 times their capital. For some of the very largest banks, the figures are still more lopsided: Bank of America, Bankers Trust of New York and Crocker National of San Francisco all had liabilities more than 30 times their capital, and the Union Bank of California and the Republic National of Dallas were very close to that level. This can have dangerous implications. Just before its serious troubles began, the now-defunct Franklin National also had liabilities almost 30 times its capital. Even if it had had more capital, it would still have suffered the massive losses it did, but it might have been able to survive them.

The problems we've seen so far—  
(continued on page 199)



a look at the current  
music scene—plus  
the winners of the  
19th annual playboy  
poll and readers'  
choices for the  
playboy jazz & pop  
hall of fame and  
records of the year

# JAZZ & POP '75

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LARRY GERBER

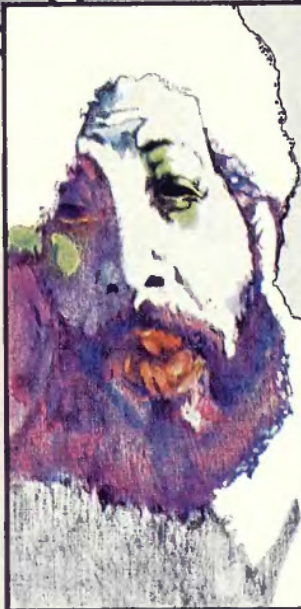
## THE 1975 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



HUBERT LAWS  
flute



THAD JONES/MEL LEWIS  
leaders



CANNONBALL ADDERLEY  
alto sax

## THE 1975 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



MILT JACKSON  
vibes



J. J. JOHNSON  
trombone



STEVIE WONDER  
songwriter-composer



RON CARTER  
bass



# article **BY NAT HENTOFF**

IT WAS A YEAR of triumphant return by diverse superstars—Bob Dylan's first concert tour in eight years; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young together again after four years; and Eric Clapton back in America after a two-year absence. It was also a year of loss, the greatest of which was the death, at 75, of the protean Duke Ellington.

Characteristic of the music year was a pervasive feeling among both performers and audiences that although the high promises of the counterculture of the Sixties are far from being fulfilled (the "greening of America" having been postponed), the music that flourished during that decade and that has continued to expand is just as essential now, though in a different way, as it was during those apocalyptic years.

As David Crosby put it, before going on stage in front of a huge audience at one of the stops on the Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young tour, "There's people out there because there's no party on the street, there's very little feeling good out there, and we're among the only lucky bastards that can make anybody feel good and that's why they all tromp down there and plonk down the money."

Another kind of music that has been making people feel good for a long time was also resurgent. With growing speed, jazz has begun to attract larger audiences among younger listeners. As Teddy Wilson noted during the year, "I knew the climate was changing when, at a number of concerts, I found myself besieged by people wanting autographs—not only people of my generation but also college and high school students, and even some elementary school kids. That would have been unheard of a few years ago."

Country music, meanwhile, continued to prosper, with Charlie "The Silver Fox" Rich largely leading the field for the second year in a row. Significantly, Rich's performances are laced with blues and jazz, and his ability to still hold country-music devotees as well as his sizable audience of listeners from the realm of rock is further proof of the increasing ecumenicity of country music.

Additional evidence of the widening range of country sounds is the breakthrough last year of Waylon Jennings, an outspoken, rebellious Texan whose country-rock reflects, among other sources, the time he spent on the road with the late Buddy Holly, a key influence on early rock. Called by Kris Kristofferson "the best country singer in the world," Jennings, like Kristofferson and Rich,

## THE 1975 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



HERBIE HANCOCK  
instrumental combo



THE POINTER SISTERS  
vocal group



STAN GETZ  
tenor sax



BILLY COBHAM  
drums



FRANK SINATRA  
mole vocalist



OSCAR PETERSON  
piano



had a hard time with country audiences at first—before the barriers between country and rock began to be lowered. “People resented me,” Jennings says, “and I got awful hurt. But they see now I wasn’t out to destroy nothin’.”

Another composer-performer in the Jennings-Rich-Kristofferson vein is Willie Nelson, who enjoyed a year of markedly increased national attention. Nelson’s *Phases and Stages* album on Atlantic—the story of a disintegrating marriage told from each side—emphasized that country lyrics are becoming more subtly evocative and more applicable to lives far removed from country roots.

The most extraordinary advent of 1974 in country music was that of Tanya Tucker. At 16, this tangy, sensuous-sounding Texas-born singer, whose precocious emotional range is equaled by few of her female elders, already has recorded five hit singles and three rivetingly intense Columbia albums. One of the songs with which Tanya has become identified is *I Believe the South Is Gonna Rise Again*, a harbinger, maybe, of a new Populist Southern era of economic as well as racial justice.

As for present rather than visionary politics, Bill Graham—the prodigiously energetic organizer of the Bob Dylan and the Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young tours—acted on behalf of most of the rock and country-rock constituency when, during the CSN&Y journey, he arranged for a celebratory, giant fireworks display on the night Richard Nixon announced his resignation. That same fateful evening, the new President’s youngest son, 18-year-old Steven Ford, rather than watch the fallen President, was off listening to Led Zeppelin with some of his friends. Susan Ford, a year younger,

turned out to be a Beach Boys’ fan; and the Chief Executive—whatever his other limitations—did dance a reasonably proficient slow rock to *Bad, Bad Leroy Brown* at a White House party soon after he took office.

Of more durable import than the First Family’s relationship to rock was the strong evidence last year that feminism continues on the ascendant in that idiom. Isis, a nine-member, all-woman band, proved, for those who still needed proof, that women can cook in places other than the kitchen. Along with its propulsive rhythm section and crisply swinging horns, the considerable impact of Isis is further enhanced by the penetrating, vibrant singing of lead singer and co-writer Carol MacDonald. The degree of that impact has been witnessed to by Josh Mills, who, describing an Isis concert in the September *PLAYBOY*, reported that (text continued on page 145)

## THE 1975 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



ELLA FITZGERALD  
female vocalist



FREDDIE HUBBARD  
trumpet



JIMMY SMITH  
organ



PEPPER ADAMS  
baritone sax



BENNY GOODMAN  
clarinet



GEORGE BENSON  
guitar



PAUL McCARTNEY  
bass

KEITH EMERSON  
organ

BUDDY RICH  
drums

LIONEL HAMPTON  
vibes

ERIC CLAPTON  
guitar

J. J. JOHNSON  
first trombone

STEVIE WONDER  
synthesizer

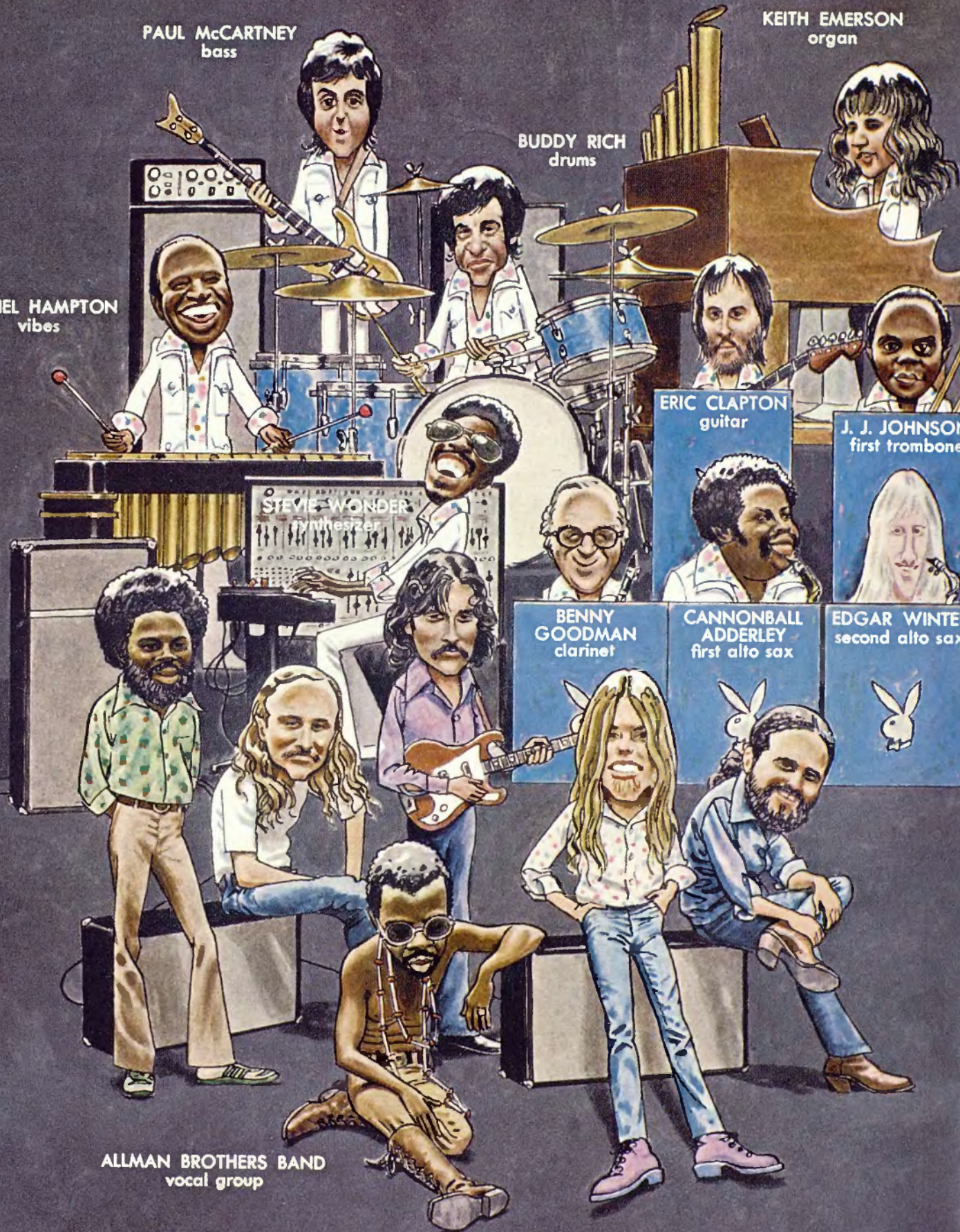
BENNY GOODMAN  
clarinet

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY  
first alto sax

EDGAR WINTER  
second alto sax

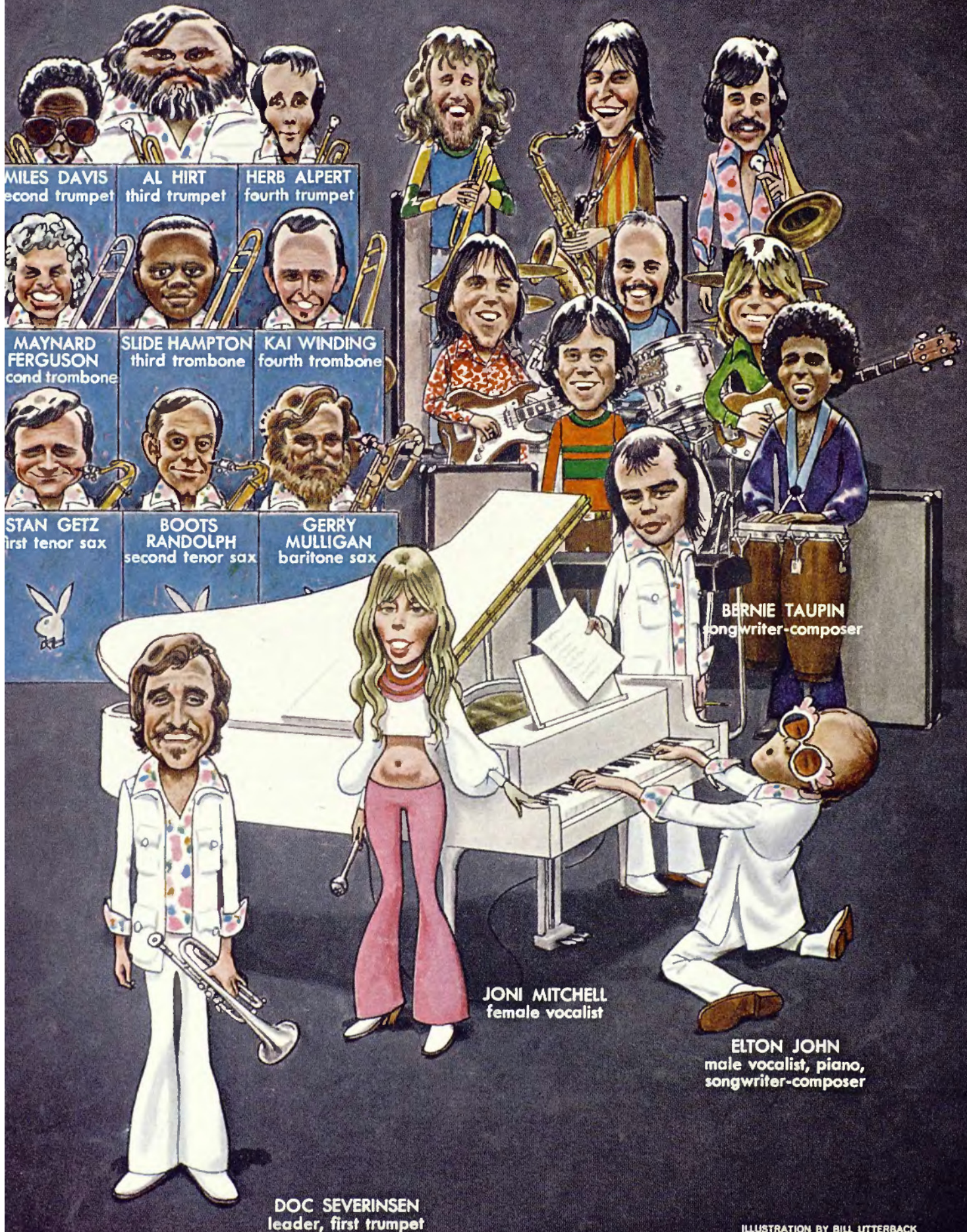
ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND  
vocal group

# THE 1975 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND





CHICAGO  
instrumental combo



MILES DAVIS  
second trumpet

AL HIRT  
third trumpet

HERB ALPERT  
fourth trumpet

MAYNARD  
FERGUSON  
cond trombone

SLIDE HAMPTON  
third trombone

KAI WINDING  
fourth trombone

STAN GETZ  
first tenor sax

BOOTS  
RANDOLPH  
second tenor sax

GERRY  
MULLIGAN  
baritone sax

BERNIE TAUPIN  
songwriter-composer

JONI MITCHELL  
female vocalist

ELTON JOHN  
male vocalist, piano,  
songwriter-composer

DOC SEVERINSEN  
leader, first trumpet



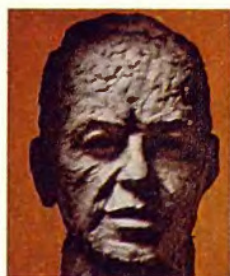
**ELTON JOHN** Given the prevailing perversity of the music business, it seems ironic that Elton John should have been given the Instant Superstar treatment by his backers and promoters when he made his L.A. debut in the fall of 1970. Ironic because those build-ups are normally reserved for people who lack the talent to be superstars and, consequently, bomb. Whereas John showed right away, during that hectic week at the Troubadour, that he had the goods—command of the piano and the various idioms of pop music (thanks partly to the classical music he studied as a kid and later at the Royal Academy of Music in London, partly to the four years he spent in a combo backing up American acts as they toured Britain); good, articulate, rocking material (the result of his collaboration with lyricist Bernie Taupin, whom he met through a newspaper ad and with whom he spent several semesters vainly trying to turn out songs for Engelbert Humperdinck and Lulu); and an arsenal of theatrics—handstands and such—firmly rooted in the Little Richard/Screamin' Jay Hawkins tradition. Notice that we didn't say where he got the latter. Observation, partly. But, as Elton's fans know, he grew up as a shy, repressed fat kid from a normally restrictive upper-middle-class family—Dad was an R.A.F. officer, concerned with propriety, who protected the back-yard flowers by forbidding the kid to play soccer—and his onstage ebullience is just what you'd expect from somebody who was supposed to crawl through life but suddenly discovered he had wings. He was ready for L.A. in 1970, and the American rock public was certainly ready for him. At this point, after a string of hits such as "Your Song," "Madman Across the Water," "Honky Cat," "Crocodile Rock," "Benny and the Jets" and "The Bitch Is Back," Elton John has become the apotheosis of the flamboyant rock star, flashing his electric sunglasses at the screaming masses. But he doesn't sit around putting drugs up his nose and yelling about how great he is; Elton's a modest fellow, really, for whom the rock-star dream is yet unspoiled. And now that he's come this far, why not do it all? So Elton—who, as we neared presstime, was in the midst of a typically successful American tour—made recent news by (1) playing on a John Lennon album, (2) breaking into the movie business, as the Pinball Wizard in Ken Russell's "Tommy," (3) directing his protégée Kiki Dee to apparent stardom and (4) playing tennis with Bill Cosby and Billie Jean King. You may wonder when he finds time to write his songs. Well, he seldom spends more than 20 minutes on one of them, so he doesn't need much time. Given Taupin's lyrics, it takes him a couple of days to work out enough material for an album. And seven of his eight albums have sold over 1,000,000 copies. Our conclusion from all this is that John—who recently signed an \$8,000,000 contract with MCA, the biggest ever, anywhere—is going to get more popular, not less. And he'll probably keep on getting better, too.



SCULPTURES BY JACK GREGORY / PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEONICK



DAVE BRUBECK



FRANK SINATRA



LOUIS ARMSTRONG



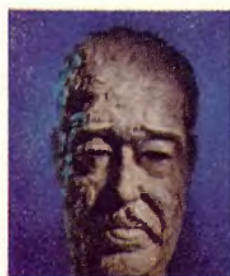
RAY CHARLES



JOHN COLTRANE



BENNY GOODMAN



144 DUKE ELLINGTON



ELLA FITZGERALD



COUNT BASIE



HERB ALPERT



WES MONTGOMERY



MILES DAVIS



he had been "overwhelmed, jumping up and down on the bench, screaming with excitement."

Linda Ronstadt, whose own open, freshly erotic singing was one of the year's musical pleasures, predicts, "There's gonna be a woman musician in the next three or four years that's just gonna knock everybody's head off. I'm waiting. I'm just waiting, for that woman musician to come along like the Messiah."

To which composer-guitarist June Millington, formerly with Fanny (another all-woman band), adds, with regard to the present scene: "The women who are knocking me out the most are the horn players. I never met women before who could play horns."

While some women musicians press for all-female combos, others, such as Ronstadt, believe that "the best thing for us is for women musicians to just be accepted as equals in the business. You know, it won't have to be an all-girl or an all-guy band, it'll just be a rock band. Like Sly Stone. He had the first integrated band of men and women."

Stone, with characteristic understatement, is also the first soul-rock star to have been married in Madison Square Garden. The bride was Japanese-American Kathy Silva, the mother of their then-nine-month-old son. With 21,000 of the faithful on hand for the pop social event of the year, Sly's nuptial rites—heightened by 11 black models, carrying gilded palms over their heads, in attendance onstage—were succeeded, naturally enough, by a Sly & the Family Stone concert. The breakup of Sly and his wife several months later was a more private affair.

While there was no overwhelming new presence on the music scene during the past year, a number of performers—among them Sly, Elton John (who won almost everything

in sight in this year's poll), James Taylor and his wife, Carly Simon, Don McLean, Rick Nelson, Joni Mitchell, Carole King, Helen Reddy and Paul McCartney—further matured musically as they held onto their simultaneously maturing audiences. In a way, McCartney, speaking of his former Beatle colleagues, set the tone for many performers and listeners who had gotten heavily into music during the turbulent, heady ambience of the Sixties and early Seventies but who don't want to leave their minds back there. McCartney said: "I really ought to talk to those boys, tell 'em the facts of life. I thought we were finished with all those immature things—religious kicks, chasing birds—that was good when we were kids, but it's no good now. I gave it all up. I'm really lucky to have found Linda—to be happy inside myself and start again with a clear head."

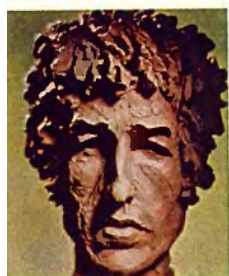
In other areas of the rock world as well, this was a year of reassessment. Dylan's nationwide tour with The Band drew large and enthusiastic audiences; but for many listeners in their 20s and early 30s, the return of Dylan signaled that it was time to distill the past and move on. Or, as critic Geoffrey Himes put it in the *University Review*, "There is a time to denounce and a time to envision. But sooner or later, there comes a time to find something positive to do and to learn how to do it well. This is what Bob Dylan and The Band are about. This is the message for us this time around."

This thrusting toward maturity, however, was far from applicable to all of the year's music. "Glitter rock" (or "creep rock," as Steve Stills calls it) continued to abound, from bisexual David Bowie with his dyed orange-red hair, complicated sets and flocks of movable props to Todd Rundgren, the New York Dolls, Suzi Quatro and the

## THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME



DUANE ALLMAN



BOB DYLAN



JOHN LENNON



PAUL MCCARTNEY



MICK JAGGER



JIM MORRISON



JIMI HENDRIX



JANIS JOPLIN



ELVIS PRESLEY



GEORGE HARRISON



ERIC CLAPTON

With Elton John following Duane Allman, our Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame now contains an even two dozen performers. Half are rock stars, and they've all been elected since 1970, when the Hall—previously a jazz sanctum—opened its doors to the younger generation. Some might bewail this changing of the guard—but an awful lot of jazzmen are now playing rock. Small wonder.



perdurable Alice Cooper. Nor was much reflectiveness evident in the music of such of the heavy metal groups as Led Zepelin, Grand Funk and Black Sabbath. These and similar bands continued to play crude blues at the highest level that could be gained from massive arrays of amplifiers and loud-speakers. (A refreshingly unpretentious exception among solid rock combos was Paul Rodgers' new group, Bad Company.)

Directly opposite both glitter and heavy metal rock in style and temperament is the music of John Denver, who is considered far too straight and ingenuous by much of the rock press but who continues to enlarge his audience with his soft, clear, essentially sanguine songs in which ecology is one of the few issues that gently exacerbate him. Denver, who last year sold more records for RCA than any other performer, responds to criticism of himself as being bland ("a modern-day Perry Como in blue jeans," one critic noted) by saying, in unusually bellicose language: "The problem with many of the electric groups is that eighty percent of their albums is pure crap." And of performers like the New York Dolls and Bowie, Denver claims that they "exist only to please the far-out and sick. Alice Cooper entertains a lot of people, but in two or three years he won't be around."

One performer likely to be around for a long time is Maria Muldaur, who took a giant leap forward in terms of national recognition during the year. The former Greenwich Village folk singer has become so engaging in her fusion of jazz, country sounds and blues that her first Reprise album on her own brought her a gold record (sales of \$1,000,000) while she also had a long-riding hit single, *Midnight at the Oasis*.

Muldaur's attitude toward her success (after years of working toward it) is instructive, because it indicates the kind of realistic, professional approach toward pop stardom that is being adopted in this decade by singers and groups with a long view of what it takes to stay at or near the top. Although quite attractive, she notes that "sometimes I'll go out on stage in a Raggedy Ann sweat shirt and dungarees, because I don't want to get trapped in an image. . . . I want to be a musician for a long, long time. I'm wary of that image trip, because I'm not going to get any cuter." Determined to survive through the quality of her music, Muldaur adds: "I'm no transvestite. I don't set myself on fire. All I want to do is sing."

Other performers on the rise include Bruce Springsteen, whose recordings have not yet captured the zany originality of those "live" appearances by him that have caused seasoned rock critic Jon Landau to proclaim: "I saw rock-'n'-roll future and its name is Bruce Springsteen." Also moving up were Maggie Bell and Anne Murray. The former, possessed of a gutsy but flexible voice, had won just about

all the music-magazine polls in Britain before being introduced here by Atlantic Records executive Jerry Wexler, who observes that "I'm as excited about Maggie as I was about Aretha Franklin when I first started working with her." While Maggie Bell is an ebullient extrovert, Anne Murray, a husky-voiced Canadian, abhors the showbiz elements of the rock microcosm, being herself, as she puts it, "a small-town girl."

Considerably more sophisticated than Maggie Bell's or Anne Murray's are the lyrics and the resilient singing style of Toni Brown, who helped found the Joy of Cooking and is now working as a single. Also worth keeping track of in 1975 are Elliott Murphy (a mordant examiner of middle-class suburbia), Bill and Taffy (a fresh-sounding, infectiously relaxed husband-and-wife team), Mo McGuire (a salty, invigorating spirit), Alan Price (a London-based composer-singer with roots in the irreverent tradition of the British music halls) and Terry Melcher (Doris Day's record-producer son, whose first album last year revealed him to be an uncommonly affecting, believably intense performer).

Elsewhere on the music scene, there was increased emphasis on what can be called classical rock. From the example set in previous years by the Moody Blues and, for that matter, by such earlier Beatles devices as the use of a string quartet in *Yesterday*, groups have developed that, in diverse ways, fuse elements of classical style with vigorous rock. A particularly ambitious practitioner of classical rock is British performer Rick Wakeman, who toured the United States last fall with a 60-member orchestra, a classical conductor and a choir. Also in the classical-rock vein are such groups as Genesis, Renaissance, Yes and The Electric Light Orchestra.

Moving in a different direction are the exemplars of jazz rock, which is able to reach and hold both rock and jazz aficionados. Leading the field are Weather Report, Chick Corea's Return to Forever, Herbie Hancock, John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra, Donald Byrd's Blackbyrds, Larry Coryell's The Eleventh House and Billy Cobham's combo. With electronic attachments, jazz-inflected lines and rhythm that owes much to rock, each of these groups had a decidedly successful year. The present tag, jazz rock, however, may be only temporary, as these units increase in number and influence. Or, as Coryell puts it, "Contemporary music has absorbed the whole thing called rock or rock 'n' roll, and what's coming out now is a wide variety of creative efforts by people with both jazz and rock backgrounds. It's not classifiable as either jazz or rock, it's just music that is as good as the people doing it."

With jazz rock gathering momentum, and straightaway jazz experiencing a genuine renaissance (as was evident during

both the broadly eclectic Newport Jazz Festival/New York and the Monterey Jazz Festival), the year was nonetheless blighted by the death of Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington. As the Canadian jazz magazine *Coda* put it: "With Ellington's passing the first great age of jazz music has terminated." The funeral services were held in New York's spacious St. John the Divine Cathedral, a setting of relaxed grandeur eminently appropriate to the lifestyle and the music of one of the two most original and indigenously American composers in the history of this country's music (the other having been Charles Ives).

Also on the obituary list were three of Ellington's key sidemen, Tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves and trombonist-vibist Tyree Glenn died before Duke; baritone saxophonist Harry Carney, who had been with Ellington since 1927, died four months after Duke.

Among other jazz musicians gone were tenor saxophonist Gene "Jug" Ammons, Georg Brunis, one of the foremost exponents of the tailgate trombone, and New Orleans pianist-blues shouter Billie Pierce. From the jazz-rock field, trumpeter Bill Chase and three of his sidemen were killed in an airplane crash. Another casualty was "Mama" Cass Elliot, who first gained recognition as a founding member of The Mamas & the Papas.

The year also saw the death of a distinguished group, the Modern Jazz Quartet, founded in 1951 by pianist-musical director John Lewis and since then the pre-eminent "chamber jazz" ensemble in contemporary music. Lewis joined the music faculty of the City College of New York and his former colleagues—Milt Jackson, Percy Heath and Connie Kay—will be pursuing independent careers in the jazz years ahead.

As the rest of us kept on keeping on, so did Duke Ellington's son, Mercer, long a trumpet player in his father's orchestra and now its leader. With the band booked months ahead, Mercer, putting the huge legacy of Ellington scores in order, emphasized that his father was "a composer as important to his time as Mozart was to his. I want to be sure everything [in his music] is preserved just right."

As for the future of jazz, Argentine tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri indicated that he may well become the first non-American (with the possible exception of Django Reinhardt) to make an authentically original contribution to the music. Barbieri's Third World approach combines jazz and blues with, among other ingredients, the tango of Argentina and variegated folk rhythms and forms from other Latin-American countries. Barbieri, incidentally, is as interested in the politics of Latin America as he is in its music, but he has no illusions about music being

(continued on page 160)





## DRINKS THAT MADE THE TWENTIES ROAR

*speakeasy concoctions from the days  
when booze was banned*

**BY EMANUEL GREENBERG**

IT WAS DURING the Roaring Twenties, roughly the period between Prohibition and Repeal, that the American psyche came out of the closet and shed its puritan

morality. Automobiles and contraceptives made things easier, and a kinky, bearded medic from Vienna made us face up to our carnal natures with such

strange new terms as libido and id.

Those were not the only new words in this innovative, precedent-shattering age. Bootlegger, (continued on page 186)



# GOODBYE, BOB

(continued from page 95)

said if I rented a cottage she might go there."

"So why not rent a cottage?" I asked.

He shrugged without much energy. "That was last night. I'm just kind of moving it around."

The woman, with that eerie sensitivity some have, seemed to understand we were talking about her and her eyes met mine briefly. I sensed little but fatigue and wondered why Bob had bothered to pursue her.

I drank two more rusty nails—they were strong and sweet—before Pat dropped by, looking for me. She had been to Santa Monica on some errand and was back with dinner, a cut of meat large enough for a platoon. I introduced her to Bob and he looked at her with shy appreciation. She wore shorts and a brief halter and, in the dim bar light, her skin seemed rich and warm as honey. She wasn't in any ordinary sense a pretty woman, but she seemed to reflect male appreciation—the more appreciation, the more reflection. On a whim, I asked Bob to have dinner with us, and he accepted readily. He followed us home in his own car, a two-year-old Buick.

"You don't mind?" I asked Pat.

"Of course not."

"I don't mean to make free with your house—" I was going to add *and your food*, but I bit this off, because I heard myself say it and it sounded abject.

She took her hand from the wheel to caress the inside of my leg. "You should know by now, I don't care."

"Perhaps it's because I would care."

She laughed and took her hand away. "Don't confuse the two of us."

From the forest of bottles behind Pat's bar, I was able to construct my own rusty nails—part Scotch and part Drambuie—and Bob switched to Canadian Club. He drank it as if it were lemonade, but there was almost a gallon. We sat on the deck and watched the gulls fishing the waves while Bob told me about a business, laying carpet, he had managed in Long Beach. Dinner was rib roast and green salad. Pat and I were both big eaters, but Bob hardly touched the food. I realized again how thin he was. He was broad across the chest, but there was no depth to him. We pressed food on him, thinking he was simply shy, but he shook his head and asked for another drink.

Even before I finished eating, I was sick. I had pushed too hard and too fast with the thick, sweet drinks and moved to the verge of nausea. I excused myself hastily and went into the bedroom to lie down. For a moment, the cool, crisp pillow eased me and I lay listening to the waves breaking against the pilings below, and then the room began to sway in the same rhythm.

When I awoke, Pat was in bed with me, curled off to her own side, and the

windows were a dirty gray. My head ached and my mouth was foul. I had no reason to want to be awake, and I tried to ignore consciousness and immediately lose myself in some reverie that would slip me back into sleep. But this was too good an opportunity to kick my ass because I wasn't working as hard as I thought I should, because I was living on Pat's money and lying around in the sun. My ancestral kin massed in the back of my mind, people of the frozen lochs and the bitter northern plains, saying: It can't last, it never does, and even if it could, it would ruin you, thin your blood and boil you in your own sick fat. You stage these tiny shows in your own sensations, feelies, and each production is a recapitulation of those that have gone before, except: except each time you are able to generate just a little less energy. I heard it all. All the smug folk wisdom of the penny-wise. It was all true.

I got up, taking care not to disturb Pat, and went to the bathroom. I cleaned my mouth and took some aspirin. On my way back, I glanced into the living room. Someone was asleep on the couch. It was Bob. His mouth was half open and a small bubble of saliva trembled on his lower lip. In sleep, he seemed about 17.

I went back to bed and squeezed close to Pat. Her back was to me and I warmed myself on her ass until I slid half into her. She murmured, still seemingly in sleep, and I began to pump gently, getting higher and higher on it, until I was jamming at her and there was no question but that she was awake. She shifted her hips, so delicately, no more than half an inch, an intimate gesture of offering, and she was open to me and I was riding it into her. I wrapped my arms around her, cupping her tits, and she seized my wrists with her hands.

Afterward, she looked at me with clear eyes and said, "I didn't fuck him, but I do have something to tell you."

I waited in a mood of quiet wariness.

"He's dying."

"Shit, we're all dying."

"But he has leukemia. He's been months in the hospital, but apparently his condition is hopeless and they've put him on outpatient status until he has to go back." She smiled sadly. "He's just been wandering."

I lay back, trying to cope with the polar quality of this information, but it was too much. I said, "The poor guy," and wondered how long it would be before he woke up and we could give him breakfast and be rid of him.

He didn't eat breakfast. He took coffee and about half a piece of toast. In the morning, hung over, he seemed even more fragile and youthful. It was now apparent that he had, at one time, been much heavier. His suntan pants flopped

on him and his arms stuck like laths from his T-shirt.

After breakfast, we sat quietly, waiting for the next thing. Bob still had about a quarter inch of coffee in his second cup and occasionally he lifted this to his mouth and moistened his lips. Finally, I broke and said, "I'm going swimming. Who wants to come along?"

Bob brightened. "I've a suit in my car."

He had a lot of clothes stuffed into the trunk of his Buick, and I stood and watched as he went through them, looking for his bathing suit. He held a sports jacket out to me, saying, "This was nice. I used to look real sharp in this." He caught my eye for a moment, then continued, "Did Pat tell you about me?"

I nodded. I could think of nothing to say.

"Don't worry about it. I carry a card; if anything happens, someone will call the hospital."

I had a brief vision of Bob writhing blue-faced on the sand while I tried to find the card, but I didn't ask him where he carried it. I didn't want to become entangled in his illness or share, to any degree, his death. I have little sympathy for the ill and hospitals make me profoundly uneasy.

Bob was good in the water and his flat thinness made him an excellent body surfer. We caught some lovely waves. But he tired with frightening rapidity, turned pale, began to breathe heavily and went to throw himself face down in the sand. When I came out of the water and sat down beside him, hugging my knees, he turned to look up at me and I saw that he had been crying.

"I have no steam anymore," he said.

Again I said nothing. We stretched out in the fall sun until noon and then went up to the house to eat lunch. Pat had made steak sandwiches and some slaw. She talked Bob into eating a small plateful. He had it with a drink. After lunch, still spurred by my early-morning attack of anxiety, I went out onto the deck to work. When I went in to take a leak, Bob was lying on the couch, drinking Canadian Club and reading a comic book. He looked up to smile sadly.

Before Pat went shopping, she came out to talk to me. I had been staring at the waves, watching the patterns in the foam as they broke. She glanced at the half-filled page in the typewriter, but she had no real interest in what I was doing. Nor did I expect it. Sometimes I wondered at my own interest. *He said. She said. His mouth thinned willfully. Her eyes narrowed. And the sun moved behind a cloud.*

"How's it going?" she asked.

"OK."

"Listen, Art, do you mind if he stays awhile?"

"It's your house."

(continued on page 152)





*"We hear you rub people the wrong way."*



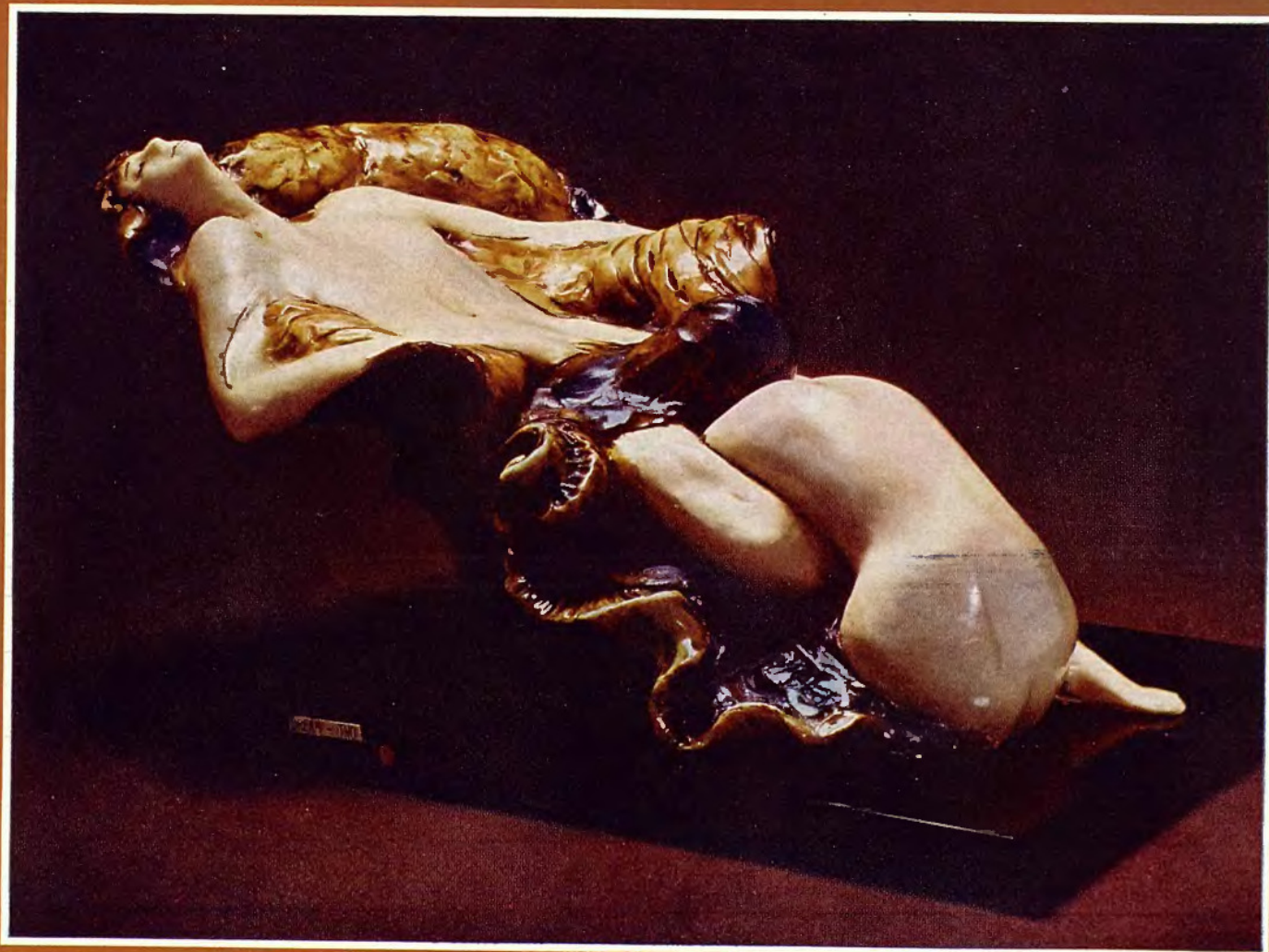


*one of america's most sensuous sculptors  
turns his attention to matters erotic*

## FRANK GALLO- SEXPRESSIONIST

Back in November of 1970, when we ran a seven-page feature on the sensuous sculptures of Frank Gallo, the artist described the female form as "the only...inspiring resource of simple beauty left to me." Today, more than four years later, Gallo feels much the same, although his vision has expanded to include the erotic. "A self-indulgent cathartic expression" is the way he characterizes his series of miniature sculptures *Twelve Erotic Fantasies*, several of which appear on these pages.

*In "Eros Visiting Earth," Eros instills his vitality into earth, represented here as a woman with her legs spread. Gallo describes "Dream Two" (below), based on a friend's favorite fantasy, as "the most male-chauvinist fantasy I've ever attempted to capture."*







*A classic concept of two struggling figures based loosely on the Heracles and Antaeus legend, "Dream Four" (left) illustrates how the female, through her eroticism, supports the weakened male.*



*In "Dream Three" (above), Gallo illustrates his favorite sexual position. "It's certainly my most self-indulgent piece," he says, "since it expresses a distinct personal preference."*



*"Rocket Man" (left), explains Gallo, "is actually a bastardization of two sources." One is Michelangelo's drawing of Christ rising from the tomb. The other is Elton John's same-titled song.*



## GOODBYE, BOB (continued from page 118)

"Don't give me that shit. I'm not interested in him. It's just that—"

"I know. And I don't mind."

And, surprisingly, I didn't. I had made no true connection with Bob—his condition remained an abstraction; I couldn't grasp the idea of a terminal failure lurking somewhere in his chemistry—but it was clear that I should care, otherwise we were only lizards basking for these few moments on a hot rock.

When I had finished for the afternoon, Bob and I went to the Malibu Cottage to drink beer and shoot pool. His eye was excellent and he beat me several times. That made me feel better. At one point, he bought me a beer and came up with a wrinkled and torn dollar bill. He smoothed it on the bar, as if ashamed of its appearance, and turned to ask if I wanted to buy some sweaters.

"They're good sweaters. Cashmere."

"Are they yours?"

"Sure."

"Well, I'm a little heavier than you."

He touched his upper arm lightly. "I wasn't always this thin. I think they'll fit you."

I looked away, embarrassed by my clumsy observation. "Maybe I can use them."

Bob was relentless. "I'd like to give

them to you, but I could use some money."

"It's OK. I understand."

On the way back to the house, we stopped at the Buick and Bob opened the trunk. They were nice sweaters, but they were cardigans, not my style, and I knew I wouldn't wear them. There were three of them and, after some evident hesitation, he asked for ten dollars.

"They're worth more," I said.

"Oh, I don't know. Old clothes are old clothes. I won't need them and I can use the ten. Anyway, I'd like you to have them. Here's something else."

He took some papers from the glove compartment and handed them to me. "If there's anything here you can use, you can have it if you pay the drayage. When my illness was diagnosed, my wife killed herself. I sold our house and put our things in storage."

I must have been staring at him as if he were Job, because he looked away and said firmly, "That was almost a year ago. Water over the dam. When you're . . . like me, you find you feel differently. It's over, if you know what I mean."

The papers contained a manifest listing rugs, tables, chairs, boxes of linens, a piano, a phonograph, a lawn mower and crates of dishes and utensils. The things everyone collected. Things I had

never had. The drayage charge was \$325.

"I have no use for these things, Bob, but I'm sure someone will want them."

"You could put the piano next to the bar. I think it needs to be tuned, but it's a pretty good piano."

I smiled. "I don't live here. I'm just passing through, the same as you."

He gestured at me, then at the house. "Aren't you two together?"

"For the moment."

"She's a nice girl."

"That's true."

. . .

John and Mary arrived during dinner and, after the introductions, John caught my eye and frowned meaningfully at Bob. I knew what was in his mind. He thought Pat was doing one of her numbers. I shook my head slightly and looked away. Pat asked John and Mary if they wanted to eat, but Mary said they had stopped at a hamburger stand on the way out. "The Waste King couldn't wait."

As soon as the chance came, I pulled John out to the deck and told him about Bob. I couldn't read his eyes in the near darkness, but when I paused, he said, "It sounds like a scam."

"I wish it were, but he's got papers from a hospital in Long Beach. He checks with them periodically to see if they've turned up some miracle cure. Otherwise, he's just drifting and waiting for the





bomb. When he can't make it around anymore, he has to go back."

John turned to look through the glass door. Over his shoulder, I saw Bob in there, talking to Pat and Mary, swirling the ice in his glass and flashing that young farmer's smile. John drove his fist into his palm and said, "Look at him! The bastard's a fucking tiger!"

"He's handling it about as well as it could be handled."

"Fucking A. He's a tiger."

We spent the night drinking and smoking some weed John had. Bob passed out early and we put him to bed on the couch and went on talking, automatically lowering our voices.

"I saw Whitey the other day," John said.

"Yeah?" I asked. "Was he walking on his hands?"

"He's doing OK. He's still riding tall for Warner's. It's funny. We spent an afternoon together, just fucking around, and I came away liking him. He's a smart fucker, but I'll tell you something, he's wrestling hard with the White Lady and I don't think he can win."

Mary said, "I told you he was shooting up when I first met him, and that was over two years ago."

"Whitey's a bear," I said. "If anyone can handle it, I'd bet on him."

John shook his head with heavy and

stubborn emphasis. "No one can handle it."

"That's bullshit," I said.

"No, that's what God loves. You have to believe there are things you can't handle. Things no one can handle. That's an important part of remaining sane. You can get up every morning and jump out and bench-press three hundred pounds, but the morning's coming when you won't be able to hack it. Once you know that, you don't have to worry anymore." He gestured to where Bob was sleeping so quietly he might already have been dead. "Like him, he doesn't have to worry anymore."

"That's bullshit," I said again.

"Sure, it's bullshit—it's all bullshit."

"And that's some more of it."

Pat broke in to say, "I don't know who you think's going to clean up all this bullshit."

We laughed and fell into one of those silences that go with smoking weed. One thing is over and the next not yet imagined. It was like drifting through a tunnel in an amusement park. When a tableau lit, I gave it my total attention. It alone was real. When it faded, I simply drifted until the next thing appeared.

Pat engineered the next thing by beginning to rub John's neck. When she caught my eye, she winked slowly and I immediately looked at Mary. Mary was also watching Pat's hands, her eyes half closed, her mouth soft. I turned to John

and he was lying back, watching me. I laughed, but the laughter sounded forced.

John said, "Shall we see if we can fuck up our friendship?"

"Why not?" I said. It was one of the catch phrases that year. We said *Why not?* to everything.

"I don't know," Mary said with some uncertainty. Pat and John were kissing, so I moved to Mary and said:

"What is there to know?"

"Oh, I don't know." She looked up at me. "I'm just here, aren't I?"

She was rich and soon we were alive to each other. We all went into the bedroom and no one turned on the light. We ended up on Pat's big bed, one couple toward the foot, the other toward the head, in some remnant of privacy, and Mary came, shaking her head and whining, as if she resented her own response. John galloped at Pat, pulling her ass and murmuring, "Come on, come on." I felt, for a while, as if I were everyone in the bed, but then the feeling faded and I was just lying there. When John and Pat reached a pause, we switched, and that was one more thing. I thought of taking Mary down to the beach with a blanket, but that was what you didn't do. That was romance. This was plain fucking. I noticed, however, that as excited as we became, both John and I were careful not to touch each other.

In a lull, John said, "Mary, you should

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wake that poor bastard out there and give him some pussy."

"Oh, John."

"Why not? Why the fuck not?"

"I don't know. I don't want to."

"Poor son of a bitch."

• • •

The next morning was fair again and John and Bob and I went swimming. The night before was far away, and only Mary seemed subdued. The breakers were towering, pounding in from some storm deep at sea, and John was afraid of them. He watched while Bob and I body surfed, and, as the day before, Bob tired quickly and he went up to lie down beside John. When I joined them ten minutes later, Bob's breath was still labored. He and John had been talking and I went up to hear John say: "We're all going. You've just got a better idea when."

I felt a moment's irritation at John's heavy hand, but his attitude was much the same as my own. He simply said what I thought but wouldn't, or couldn't, put into words. Still, for Bob it must have been a sharply bitter contrast to be forced to deal with his imminent death beneath the warm sun in an atmosphere so richly suggestive of life's pleasures. I had a brief vision of Bob driving down to the beach as a teenager—a fragment of a tall, shy boy with a white towel around his neck.

One hundred feet below our beach, three girls in bright, brief suits ran along the edge of the surf. Their laughter carried clearly. "Young stuff," John said. "Their piss doesn't even taste salty."

Bob laughed and asked me, "Do you know them?"

"No. They're just around."

I lay back and covered my eyes with my forearm. I listened to the surf. I felt Bob touch me lightly on the shoulder. "Art, I want to talk to you."

"Yes," I said uneasily.

"I don't want to go back to the hospital. I know I don't have a chance—you know? There isn't going to be no miracle, but I don't want to lay somewhere among strangers and just peter out. Somehow that's the awful part. Do you know what I mean?"

I thought I did, but in my own apprehension of that terminal moment I felt everyone, even the dearest, would be a stranger. We are finally and necessarily separate from each other and we live our lives alone. I looked away, down the beach toward the girls. They were in the water, their hair streaming behind them.

"I want to go now," Bob was saying. "I haven't the strength to keep myself together much longer. I'd like to hit myself with something and just go that way."

I turned back to meet his earnest eyes. "What do you want me to do?"

"Get me something. I don't have any money, but I'll sign my car over to you."

I shook my head.

"It's a good car," Bob added.

"I can see that. I don't want your car."

"Why not?" John asked. "He's not going to need it."

"I have no one to leave it to."

I had an idea. I sat up. "Listen, Bob, why don't you sell the car? A dealer'd give you a thousand cash. Take the money and check into the Beverly Wilshire. Eat the best food, drink everything in sight, buy yourself some pussy, and when the money's gone, you go off the roof. You're truly free, you know? You can do anything you want and they have no way to make you pay."

Bob shook his head sadly. "I still think about it. I guess I want it, but somehow"—he thought a moment—"it doesn't seem right. I have no energy—you know what I mean?—and it isn't exactly that. I like you, I like your girls, maybe I wouldn't feel quite so alone. I thought of doing something like that months ago. Hell, I thought I might run wild. I'm only thirty-one, you know? I thought, shit, why me? I hated to see anyone laugh. Now, I don't know. I could swim straight out there until I couldn't swim any farther, and I know I'd never get back, but I don't want to be alone with my thoughts. If I jumped off a building, what would I think about as I fell? With some heroin, I could just go to sleep. I could come out here on the beach—you know?—somewhere away from the house, and find a nice place, and that would be it."

He fell silent. I looked at John and John shrugged and said, "Whitey."

• • •

Whitey was fascinated by the story. I'm sure his writer's mind was busy turning it for yield even as we told it. We sat in the huge living room, each of us ten feet from the other. Whitey looked calm and heavy. His eyes were slow but clear.

"Do you want to get into this?" he asked me.

"Why not?"

"You're not the average square John, much as you try to play the part."

I laughed. "I'm not waiting around, getting ready to be a father."

"You heard that?"

"Do you imagine Joanna would keep it a secret?"

He shrugged equitably. "I like kids."

He agreed to get Bob a certain overjolt for \$60, and John and I each gave him \$30, which left me with nickels and dimes. Then he wanted to meet Bob.

Whitey shook Bob's hand with a show of heartiness and told him the "medicine" would be taken care of.

"Thank you," Bob said.

"You've the right idea. Take the bastard by the horn."

• • •

Pat decided to give a send-off party for Bob, and, after the bizarreness of the notion faded, it seemed a decent idea. We would gather to eat and drink and dance and make out and Whitey would bring Bob's "cure." Then Bob would go out to a tiny cove we had discovered, where a

patch of sand was hemmed with rocks, and there he would die while the rest of us continued to celebrate his passage.

However, when I went in to the Back Room to pass the invitation, I caught some flak. Most thought I was Bob's sponsor and had, along with John and Whitey, put him up to this. Al Hoagland, in particular, was angry.

"You guys," he said, meaning Whitey and me, "have been pushing yourselves as special cases. You're outlaws, right? And we're the little puddle you play big frog in; but you're going too far on this one. You're going to big-shot this poor bastard out of his life, just so you can give some kinky party."

"Al, you have it wrong."

He studied me with his quick brown eyes. If his nose had been half its size, he would have been a handsome man. "I don't think so," he said slowly.

Larry Reynolds came over to ask me if what he had heard was true. Reynolds was one of the men in the Marlboro advertisement. Not the one up front, on the horse, holding out the pack, the other, the one standing back in the doorway of the cabin. He was handsome, unhappily cynical, and every time I saw him, he was with a different young girl. As he was beginning to grow older, the girls were no longer quite so fresh.

"I don't care what comes down," Reynolds was saying. "I just want to see it. I'm not saying I don't think he's going to do it, I just want to see."

Al listened to this with quiet distaste.

• • •

The day of the party, Jimmy Follette came early and almost sober to spend the afternoon making watermelon punch. He didn't talk to Bob beyond saying hello—Bob was lying on the couch, drinking Canadian Club and resting—but I noticed Jimmy studying him with interest and some sympathy.

As the afternoon crested, Bob got up and took his glass out onto the deck. I could see him looking over the water. After a while, he called to me and I went out and stood beside him.

"I want to thank you and Pat for doing this."

"It's nothing."

"There was no one after Dodie died, and I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't found you people."

He took out his wallet and removed a pink slip, a certificate of vehicle ownership in California, and went to the table where I worked and used one of my pens to sign his car over to me. "The storage manifest is in the glove compartment. Maybe you'll run into someone who can use those things."

I took the pink slip uneasily and with some embarrassment, but I took it, nonetheless. I wanted the car, it would increase my freedom, and I was going through some dreary rationalization to the effect that if I didn't take it, someone else





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would or the highway patrol would tow it away and, in time, it would be junked or sold at auction, or some trooper would grab it. If I hadn't wanted it so much, it would have been easier to accept.

The party filled early. No one wanted to miss any of it. Four cars came up from the Back Room, full of invited and uninvited, and we made them all welcome. The more people, the thinner the responsibility was spread. Surprisingly, Al Hoagland came and brought a tall, blonde girl somewhere in her early 30s. He introduced her as Lucy and said she was an ex-schoolteacher.

Lucy made a face, a *moue* of self-conscious dismissal. "That's a little like being an ex-fry cook," she said.

"Why ex?" I asked pleasantly.

"Oh, it's stupid. I quit to get married, and that was an instant bust. But I didn't really have the vocation." On "vocation" she made another face. "Al tells me you're a writer." It was my turn to make a face. She pressed it. "What do you write?"

"Nothing much."

The punch was fiery and we all began to feel it very quickly. Larry Reynolds came up to me to say, "I'm still waiting." There was a strong part of me that wanted to take this as Larry was taking it, just one more phenomenon, but I also felt irritation.

"No one's going to see anything, Larry. He's going down to the beach alone."

Larry smiled. "So in the morning you'll have a dead soldier on your beach front. It's something else. You can't say it isn't."

"Bob's the one who's going to commit the crime, and if they want to, they can arrest him for it."

"You think giving him smack isn't a crime?"

The truth is, I hadn't considered it. I experienced a flash of cold. There were a lot of people, a great number, who saw things very differently from the way we did. For a moment, I viewed all this as it would be summed up in the language of the police in a newspaper story, that other reality, then managed to dismiss my anxiety as only the product of this momentary focus.

To my surprise, Joanna showed up alone at the wheel of her old MG. She didn't look pregnant, but she had put on enough weight to seem chubby. "Where's Whitey?" I asked her.

"He'll be out later, and I don't appreciate your involving him in this. He has responsibilities now."

"Is that why he charged us three times what this errand's worth?"

"I don't care about that. It gave him another excuse to go around to those people and, just incidentally, break his promise to me."

She suddenly looked sad and vulnerable, and I wondered again if she were really pregnant. It didn't seem to matter.

She was struggling for life as it had been presented to her in the only way she knew how. First she auctioned her ass to the best bidder—didn't we all?—and then tried to seal the deal with a child. She had hardly designed the society where such tactics appeared to work. I put my arms around her, holding her loosely. "I'm sorry about all that shit that came down."

She looked up, finally without a hint of flirtation, and said, "So am I. I always liked you. How are you and Pat?"

"Hanging out. We have our tender moments. Would you like some punch?"

She touched her stomach. "I can't drink. Every time I take a drink, I get sick. The baby's a puritan. I guess."

"How long will Whitey be?"

"I don't know. He was at his office, waiting there. As soon as he scores, he'll be out."

I remembered that Whitey had always resisted driving to the beach. "I hope he puts it together soon. This party isn't going anywhere else."

That was true. It looked like any other party we might have decided to throw. Most of the same people were here, with a few riders, and we said and did most of the same things, but there was a line of tension and an absence of ease that told constantly. Bob, one of the least compelling people here, formed the epicenter, held always between us by invisible lines of force. At first, hardly anyone spoke to him. No one knew what to say. Then Lucy, Al's date, engaged him and I was happy to see him smiling.

I moved to overhear and discovered Lucy was arguing against suicide. My instant impulse was to tell her to mind her own business, but then I realized it was none of mine. Bob was listening. Her argument was solemn and familiar, ringed with barrier words such as responsibility and respect for life, but if she could cause him to waver, then his purpose wasn't clear. But she annoyed me. Her certainty annoyed me. How could she imagine she knew? She was using Bob as the casual instrument of her own convictions, and using him in such a way that she held herself above the argument.

Jimmy Follette had been nipping at his own punch most of the afternoon and, as usual, he was stupefied, his face crimson, his eyes numb. He blundered from cluster to cluster, trying to make talk. He found Bob, debating Lucy, and after listening a moment, he grabbed Bob's arm clumsily and shook him. "Don't listen to these pukes. You've got the right idea. Only sensible thing to do. I'd join you, only I keep waiting for the subject to change. Funny how you wait for that, isn't it?"

"I guess so," Bob said.

"You're all right, boy," Jimmy said.

John pulled Jimmy off. "Leave him alone, Jimmy; he's got a lot on his mind."

Lucy watched with disgust as Jimmy backed away unsteadily and tried to execute a salute. "Right, right. Leave them

all alone," he said. He straightened with effort and spoke to Bob again. "I leave you, then, *in articulo mortis*."

John turned to me and asked, "Where the fuck's Whitey?"

"He'll be along."

Pat came by and put her arm around my waist. "How are you?"

"Sober."

"Are you worried?"

"Not really."

Several hours went by, during which the moon moved out over the water, turning everything a rich purple, touched with silver, and some more people arrived, including some we didn't know at all. There are single men who drive up and down the miles of beach houses and when they spot a party, they park and angle their way in somehow. They eat and drink and try to score a girl. One kid in bare feet, cut-offs and a tank top came up to ask me, "I hear some guy's going to blow himself away."

I heard a note of some excitement or eagerness and I answered grudgingly, "That's the talk."

"That's heavy. That's really heavy. Who is it?"

"I don't know, but if I were you, I wouldn't ask around."

Pat had told everyone to bring suits for a moonlight swim, and she talked this up. People began to change and drift down to the beach. I saw Al and Lucy in suits. Lucy's legs were thin and white and I noticed a large bruise on the inside of her thigh. Jimmy Follette passed out and I helped Pat make him comfortable. Then I made myself another drink and went out onto the deck, where Larry Reynolds and his girl were standing, looking down at the swimmers. Despite the moon, it was too dark to see clearly.

"He's down there," Reynolds said.

"He swims."

"He's dressed."

"I don't know, Larry. This is turning into a bummer, anyway."

There was some confusion down by the surf. Several people shouted and, as I strained to see, a close-knit group started up the bluff toward the house. As they drew closer and came into the circle of the deck lights, I saw that Al and Lucy were supporting Bob, who stumbled between them. I ran down. Bob was soaked.

"What happened?"

Al snapped at me. "Art, you're a god-damn fool."

"He swam out and started to drown," Lucy said. "I saved him."

"What?"

"That's right," she told me fiercely.

"He cried out," Al said. "Lucy went after him. She's a trained lifeguard."

I held myself with effort and helped them muscle Bob into the house. We pulled him across the living room and I was aware that everyone was staring. As soon as we closed the bedroom door,





*"How come you never take me anywhere?"*



their voices rose. Lucy wouldn't leave. "Do you think I'm going to cut his throat?" I demanded angrily.

"He needs help."

"You're the one who needs help."

Bob appeared to be in shock. I stripped off his clothes and he lay like an infant in my arms. His small white cock hung limply over his balls.

I grabbed a towel from the bathroom and handed it to Lucy. "Rub him dry. I'll get some other clothes." I still had the keys to the Buick, so I ran out to rummage through Bob's things. When I returned, Al was shouting at Lucy.

"What kind of game do you call that?"

Lucy looked drunk and smug, somehow swollen. "I want to show him how nice it can be to be alive."

I glanced at Bob. His eyes were open but not quite aware, and he had a partial erection. I looked back at Lucy and she was still staring willfully at Al. "You don't own me," she said.

Al started to hit her but pulled the blow and shoved her instead. "He's sick, you crazy bitch. The man's got a terminal illness. He needs to forget, not remember."

At that point, John shoved his way in and shouted for everyone to get out and go home. He was trembling with the force of his fury. "The party's over. I'm sorry, but this is a fuck-up."

A lot of the people had already gone and the rest were ready to leave. Al pulled Lucy away, still arguing bitterly, and we managed to load Jimmy Follette onto Larry Reynolds, who was trying to hang around. John told him, "Split, or I'll bust you up."

John was full of anger, a lot of anger, straining at his control. "This is some real shit, Art. Can you imagine it?"

He was trembling and I made a calming gesture, but he brushed me aside and went back into the bedroom. Pat and Mary had dressed Bob, and he was sitting on the edge of the bed with a drink in his hand. He looked up and caught my eye, and his expression was distraught and somehow humble.

"It's so cold out there," he said.

"Listen to me," John said, sitting down beside Bob. He held one of his fists inches from Bob's face, not as a threat but as a form of extreme emphasis. "Do you want to die?"

"Yes."

"Say it!"

"I want to die."

"All right. All right, I'm going to help you. I'm going to put my ass on the line and help you. There's a cliff about a mile up the road. The water's deep. I'm going to send you off there. They'll think you jumped. OK?"

"OK."

Bob looked around until he found Pat, leaning against the jamb of the closet door. "Do you have anything?" he asked.

"What do you want?"

"Something. Sleeping pills."

Pat shook down her medicine chest and found a Doriden, two Nembutals and a number of tranquilizers. She gave everything to Bob with a glass of water and he began to take the pills two at a time, steadily, as if loading a gun. Once he choked, coughed and a red capsule slid out of his mouth and fell to the floor. He picked it up and swallowed it.

John insisted he take Bob alone. "We've had enough floorshow shit. This isn't some stunt. If we get caught, it isn't going to matter that Bob wanted to go."

He was right. I thought about the Buick. Tomorrow Bob would be found washed up on the beach and I would be driving his car, carrying his pink slip, and he would no longer be able to straighten out the confusion. Al Hoagland was right. I had been playing the fool.

After they left, we sat quietly, drinking reflexively. I hadn't said farewell to Bob—goodbye, safe passage, thank you, nothing. The little I had promised to do had been shit on by Whitey, and Bob was going into the water, where he hadn't wanted to die. I hoped the pills would warm him and make it easy to slip away.

• • •

John was back in half an hour, carrying Bob over his shoulder. They were both wet. John dumped Bob onto the couch and he lay with his head hanging down. Mary ran to put a pillow under Bob's head and I asked, "Now what happened?"

"I put him in, but he began to struggle down there and cry out for me to save him. I tried to walk away, but I couldn't do it." He began to shake violently. "That water's a motherfucker. I didn't think I was coming out of it." He walked over to look down at Bob. "I don't know about this guy, Art."

I said slowly, "He may die anyway. He's full of downers, tranks and booze. He's been in the water twice and he's not strong."

"I don't want him dead here," Pat said flatly.

John bent over and raised one of Bob's eyelids. "He's gone for a while. What should we do, rent him a motel room?"

"No, if he dies, we could be tied to him," I said. "Let's put him in his car. I don't want it."

We changed his clothes again. All he had left in the car trunk was a dress outfit, jacket and slacks. When we had him naked, I could see the grains of sand gathered in the wrinkles of his flesh. When we hoisted him up to move him, he came to briefly and looked down at his clothes. "These don't match," he said and passed out again.

I drove him a mile down the road, John following in his own car, and parked in a scenic overlook. I put the pink slip in his billfold and tried to make him comfortable. Pat had found an old blanket to cover him with. I suppose I touched his

forehead and said, "Take it easy." John drove me back and we moved toward bed in a mood of fitful exhaustion.

• • •

In the morning, we found Bob asleep on the doorstep. He had a violent cold and we carried him in and put him to bed. Pat fixed a drink of hot whiskey, sugar and lemon, and, as he sipped it, he looked up at me to say, "I guess we don't always know what it is we want to do."

"Take it easy," I said pointlessly. I meant he didn't owe me an explanation. He finished the drink and went back to sleep.

John and I drove to Hollywood to see Whitey. We found him at home, sitting in his living room, still in his pajamas. Gene was with him and also a young *chicano*, who looked like he was strung out and running hard. They all watched us uneasily.

"I got burned," Whitey said quickly. "The people never showed." He looked at Gene and Gene nodded.

The *chicano* said, "A bad burn, man. No way to call it."

"I waited most of the night," Whitey said. "Here, let me show you." He went to a drawer and took out a very large hypo. "I was going to load this. He would have been dead before he could have got the needle out of his arm."

I looked at John. Whitey was obviously afraid, even with his two friends there to back him, and I thought John might move, but he said quietly, "It was pretty rough out there last night."

"I know," Joanna told me.

"It got worse."

"There was nothing I could do. Look, it happens sometimes. You can never be sure."

I knew it was bullshit. I didn't sort it out standing there, but I knew. I knew Whitey would never put out money unless he had it strongly tied, and I knew people didn't burn up customers over \$60 worth of smack. But I also sensed he had intended to deliver, but the stuff had come and they had decided to have a little of it, and then they had felt too good to drive 40 miles to the beach, and then they had had a little more, and then it had been too late. You can't move with a head full of smack.

• • •

That afternoon, I took Bob to see a doctor. He didn't want to go, but his cold had him hard by the throat and I insisted. I had started to feel responsible for Bob and this was a burden I wanted to share.

The doctor practiced just outside the Malibu colony and it was apparent Bob wasn't the kind of patient he was used to, but he examined him with a remote and dispassionate kindness, communicating mostly with me, as if he were a vet and Bob were my dog. He drew a blood sample and took an X ray. And, while Bob was pulling on his shirt, I took the doctor aside and gave him the medical bills Bob



had carried in the glove compartment of the Buick. They were from Long Beach General and I said, "They should have a work-up on him." The doctor nodded patiently. He gave Bob some caps for his cold and told me to see that he stayed in bed.

Bob was better the next day. He had finally worked through Pat's Canadian Club and, after some hesitation, he began on the Jim Beam. John and Mary were hanging around, catching the last of the season. The four of us were sleeping together. Once the novelty wore off, it was much like two of us sleeping together, except the bed was crowded. Mary enjoyed all the sex, but it didn't make her any happier. She could sigh in her great-hearted way, climax with fierce pleasure, then, moments later, start nitpicking. I began to think of us as castaways, sharing one another and sharing our raft with a dying man.

One afternoon, we sat around and talked about a party trip to San Francisco. We felt we owed Bob something because his party had turned into such a downer, and we decided to take off, but, before we left, I stopped by to see the doctor.

"Your friend's not well," the doctor said.

"I know. How long has he got?"

"Well, if he quits drinking. . . ." He paused, studying my face. "You did know he was an alcoholic?"

I immediately saw how it all went together, and I half smiled as I said, "No, he told me he had leukemia."

"Ah," the doctor said with morose satisfaction. "It was his wife who had leukemia. I talked to one of the doctors at Long Beach. His wife killed herself about a year ago. He's been out of control and drifting ever since."

Clearly, Bob still deserved our sympathy, he was a man in genuine trouble, but the delicious point of his story and our party was a lie, we all looked foolish and we had had enough of him. Still, no one could bring himself to say so, and Bob, taking no hints, hung on desperately.

As it finally happened, we abandoned him on the roadside. We had started out for San Francisco in two cars. A mile out of Malibu, Bob's Buick broke down. It was, we thought, the fuel pump, and Bob said he'd walk back to Malibu and bring a mechanic.

As soon as Bob was out of sight, John said, "This is it. Let's go." I nodded but insisted we leave five on the front seat.

When we got back to Malibu, a few days later, Bob had disappeared. Maybe having polished his act on us, he was now performing in a new house for new friends. Maybe he had actually walked out through the surf to drown. And maybe he had pulled himself together, stopped drinking and gone back to work. However it was, we never knew.



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## JAZZ &amp; POP '75

(continued from page 146)

a direct weapon against authoritarian regimes. "A revolution has to come by political means," he acknowledges, "but perhaps the music, if it is beautiful enough, can help people begin to change a little bit—begin to change their consciousness so that they will be ready to move in other ways, political ways."

Along with Barbieri's having established himself last year as a powerful force in expanding the scope of jazz, there was a vocal triumph by another non-American—British singer Cleo Laine. Long familiar to British audiences, she had made hardly any impact on American listeners until the release in this country of a resplendent album recorded outside a studio, RCA's *Cleo Laine Live at Carnegie Hall*. Last fall, making her second American tour in two years, she kept accumulating more enthusiasts of the extraordinary technical prowess and emotional subtlety of her singing.

The instrumental jazz discovery of the year, although not many listeners have been exposed to it yet, was the New York-based Revolutionary Ensemble, which is composed of Leroy Jenkins (electric violin, viola), Sirone (bass) and Jerome Cooper

(percussion). The most together of all the post-Coltrane, avant-garde groups, the Revolutionary Ensemble is continually finding and developing new relationships among pitch, rhythm, timbre and dynamics—all for the purpose, as Jenkins points out, of "portraying change of consciousness through sound."

While not "discoveries" any longer, three pianists—McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett and Cecil Taylor—added considerably to their achievements and stature during the year as they stretched the expressive capacities of the instrument. Each, in variously individualistic ways, has become a master jazz dramatist of often stunning energy and inventiveness. Meanwhile, a particularly arresting figure in contemporary jazz, Marion Brown, finally began to get more of the attention due his work. This reflective, deeply searching alto saxophonist-composer, who spent several years in Europe in the late Sixties, finished a major three-part work last year, using music much like a novelist does words. As Robert Palmer pointed out in *The New York Times*, Brown, in his three albums, *Afternoon of a Georgia Faun*, *Geechee Recollections* and *Sweet Earth Flying*, "has

re-examined his Southern past through the filter of a Continental 'education.'" Through this kind of musical autobiography, Brown is continuing a genre most brilliantly explored in the jazz past by Duke Ellington as he also reveals the possibilities of creating sound pictures in the language of a new era of jazz.

As jazz musicians continued to devise added dimensions of improvisation, there was simultaneously a rediscovery by listeners of the vintage melodic charm and rhythmic grace of turn-of-the-century ragtime. The impetus for this looking backward was, of course, *The Sting*. The film's score, consisting of Scott Joplin rags as scored by Marvin Hamlisch, won an Academy Award and led to a freshet of ragtime recordings, the most notable of which is William Bolcom's on the Nonesuch label, where Joshua Rifkin's recordings of Joplin rags had started it all.

While the ragtime resurgence, despite the black antecedents of the form, has primarily involved white performers and audiences, black soul music continued to appeal widely to both black and white listeners. A case in point is Stevie Wonder, clearly the soul king of 1974 and probably of the rest of the decade. Although he has become a multimillionaire, Wonder has lost none of his zeal for trying to make music a transcendental way of communicating with his audiences. "I would like to feel," he says, "that as my albums change, my people—meaning all people—will come with me, that we will grow together. Everything I experience is in the songs I write. You see, my music is my way of giving back love."

Frank Sinatra, his decision to retire rescinded, did not exactly give back love during a tour of Australia last year. Having excoriated local male reporters as bums and female journalists as hookers, Sinatra ran into a ban directed against him by unionized musicians and theater workers. A second Melbourne concert had to be canceled, and for a time, as airport unions became involved, it looked as if Sinatra might be permanently grounded in the land down under. Mediation prevailed, however, and as part of the agreement, Sinatra consented to make a statement about the furor. Instead of being contrite, however, Sinatra lectured an audience of several millions on the principles of free speech: "Whether I was right or wrong, or whether they were right or wrong, the fact remains that the main issue was that they tried to keep me from saying what I thought and I think that's the thing we've got to fight all the time."

During concerts at home last year, Sinatra did, indeed, say whatever he wanted, including his customary verbal assaults on the press, but his feuds were of far less moment to the capacity crowds at his appearances than the warmth and finely honed theatricality of his singing. All in all, it was a celebratory year for this



"Better take off that wrist watch I bought you, it's not shockproof, you know."



continually regenerated prerock superstar, who, except for Tony Bennett, is the last, to use his own term, of the superior "saloon singers."

Sinatra's comeback also encompassed television, with one of his Madison Square Garden concerts having been shown live in October on ABC-TV with the apt title *Sinatra—The Main Event*. Throughout the year, pop, rock and country sounds were getting growing exposure on television, either as specials (such as Sinatra's show) or in series (*Soul Train* and *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert*, among others). In addition, music performers continued their incursions into films—from *Ladies and Gentlemen . . . The Rolling Stones* and Alice Cooper's *Good to See You Again*, Alice Cooper to Ken Russell's ambitious filming of The Who's rock opera, *Tommy*.

While debate continues as to the nature and durability, if any, of the societal change wrought by rock, the music itself does continue to transform itself into new shapes and colors as it reaches into nearly every corner of the world. On Ellesmere Island, for instance, the farthest-north Eskimo gathering place in North America, rock has begun to flourish through the influence of such Eskimo combos as The Icebergs from Arctic Bay. There is now even a rock festival in those otherwise cold climes and one of last year's stellar performers was an Eskimo from Greenland who sang in Greenlandic. Next year: Antarctic Rock.

#### ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

As in the past several years, the musicians we polled split their vote roughly 9,000,000 ways. Most of last year's winners, with their relatively stable constituencies, came through intact. There were, however, some changes—the victory of Stevie Wonder, who had a great year, in the songwriter-composer category; the comeback of Frank Sinatra as top male vocalist; the appearance of the Pointer Sisters and Herbie Hancock's jazz-rock quintet as the top vocal group and instrumental combo, respectively; and the emergence of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis as the premier big-band leaders. Duke Ellington having passed on as the undefeated champ. Here's how it went, category by category:

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER:** As noted above, it took death to knock Ellington out of first place; however, the Ellington band, now led by Duke's son Mercer, got enough votes to rank right behind our new coleaders, who were tied for third a year ago. 1. **Thad Jones / Mel Lewis**; 2. Mercer Ellington; 3. Count Basie; 4. Doc Severinsen; 5. Woody Herman, Quincy Jones.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET:** Not much change here—Diz and Miles traded

places and Jon Faddis, who last year shared the fifth spot with Oscar Brashear and Clark Terry, had it to himself this time. 1. **Freddie Hubbard**; 2. Dizzy Gillespie; 3. Miles Davis; 4. Doc Severinsen; 5. Jon Faddis.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE:** J. J.'s the winner again, but Frank Rosolino and Garnett Brown weren't among last year's finishers. Those who were, but failed to repeat, are Curtis Fuller and Vic Dickenson. 1. **J. J. Johnson**; 2. Frank Rosolino; 3. Garnett Brown; 4. Carl Fontana, Bill Watrous.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX:** No change here. Would you believe it? No change at all, right down to the fourth-place tie between Stitt and Coleman. 1. **Cannonball Adderley**; 2. Phil Woods; 3. Paul Desmond; 4. Ornette Coleman, Sonny Stitt.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX:** Getz again; Wayne Shorter and Zoot Sims entered the top five as Sonny Rollins and Boots Randolph failed to repeat. 1. **Stan Getz**; 2. Joe Henderson, Stanley Turrentine; 4. Wayne Shorter, Zoot Sims.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX:** A year ago we said, "We could just wrap this one up and let Gerry take it with him." Surprise—longtime winner Mulligan was knocked off by another veteran

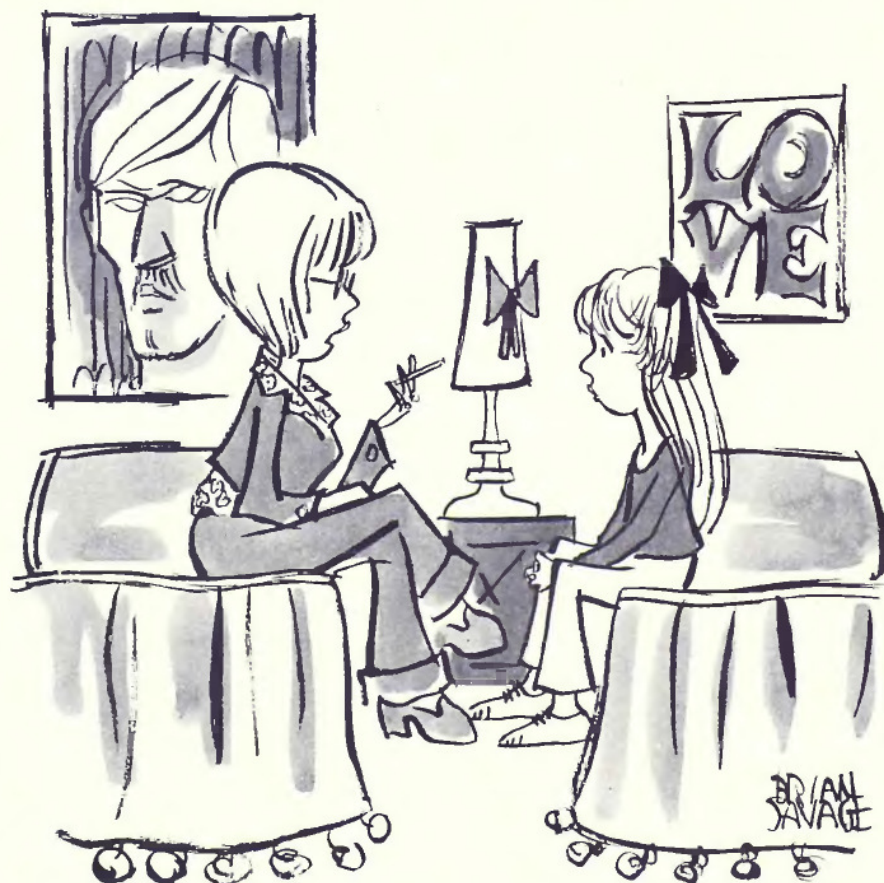
performer. Pepper Adams. Ronnie Cuber and Jack Nimitz are new to the top five; dropouts are Charles Davis and the late Harry Carney. 1. **Pepper Adams**; 2. Gerry Mulligan; 3. Ronnie Cuber; 4. Jack Nimitz, Cecil Payne.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET:** Goodman was again the best man, according to the musicians. Eddie Daniels moved up to tie Buddy De Franco for second and Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Jimmy Hamilton slipped out of the top five as Kenny Davern and Walt Parazaider edged their way in. 1. **Benny Goodman**; 2. Eddie Daniels, Buddy De Franco; 4. Kenny Davern, Walt Parazaider.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO:** Oscar, Herbie, Chick and Keith are back, but Leon Russell is missing; Robert Lamm makes a first appearance and Bill Evans returns. 1. **Oscar Peterson**; 2. Herbie Hancock; 3. Chick Corea; 4. Bill Evans, Keith Jarrett, Robert Lamm.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ORGAN:** We may swallow the phrase again next year, but frankly, it looks as if we could just wrap this one up and let Jimmy take it with him. 1. **Jimmy Smith**; 2. Groove Holmes; 3. Dick Hyman, Rick Wakeman; 5. Johnny Hammond, Brother Jack McDuff, Billy Preston.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VIBES:** As far as this



"This is going to sound terribly old-fashioned, but I want you to save yourself until you start dating."



competition goes, Mr. Jackson is solid as a stone wall. Terry Gibbs made the top five as Lionel Hampton slipped out. 1. **Milt Jackson**; 2. Gary Burton; 3. Bobby Hutcherson; 4. Roy Ayers, Terry Gibbs.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR:** The names are identical, but the order is slightly changed, as Jim Hall, fifth last year, vaulted into the runner-up spot. 1. **George Benson**; 2. Jim Hall; 3. Kenny Burrell; 4. John McLaughlin, Joe Pass.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS:** Ron Carter, who took over from Ray Brown last year, held him off again. 1. **Ron Carter**; 2. Ray Brown; 3. Chuck Rainey; 4. Richard Davis; 5. Stanley Clarke.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS:** In the land of bip-bip-bam, Billy Cobham retained his laurels. Like Carter, Cobham took over the leadership a year ago—it was two years ago for George Benson—so it appears that a new generation of jazzmen is, indeed, reaching the summit. 1. **Billy Cobham**; 2. Buddy Rich; 3. Elvin Jones, Tony Williams; 5. Jack De Johnette.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT:** A lot of flute players have asked us why we don't create a separate category for them—but look who won this time, as perennial winner Rahsaan Roland Kirk slipped into a third-place tie. 1. **Hubert Laws**, flute; 2. Jean Thielemans, harmonica; 3. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, flute, manzello, stritch; Airtio Moreira, percussion; 5. Charles Lloyd, flute.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST:** It's Franksville again—talk about successful comebacks—as last year's winner, Billy Eckstine, wound up in a deadlock for third place and Stevie Wonder, tied for third a year ago, moved into the runner-up spot. 1. **Frank Sinatra**; 2. Stevie Wonder; 3. Billy Eckstine, Joe Williams; 5. Johnny Hartman.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST:** Ella Fitzgerald regained the crown she lost two years ago as Aretha Franklin came up to tie last year's leader, Sarah Vaughan, for second place; Roberta Flack dropped out of the winners' circle as a newcomer, Dee Dee Bridgewater, moved in. 1. **Ella Fitzgerald**; 2. Aretha Franklin, Sarah Vaughan; 4. Carmen McRae; 5. Dee Dee Bridgewater.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP:** In a field dominated by rhythm-and-blues groups, the Pointer Sisters came out of nowhere to go straight to the top. 1. **Pointer Sisters**; 2. 5th Dimension; 3. Spinners; 4. Stylistics; 5. Gladys Knight & the Pips.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR SONGWRITER-COMPOSER:** The Wonder man, second to Elington a year ago, took it all this time, which surprised us not at all. Carole King, Randy Newman and Harry Nilsson are among the missing; new names are

Folkies who tied for fifth. 1. **Stevie Wonder**; 2. Michel Legrand; 3. Quincy Jones; 4. Chick Corea; 5. Joni Mitchell, Paul Simon.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO:** The jazz-rockers held sway here as Return to Forever, last year's winner, gave way by a small margin to Herbie Hancock's funky new fivesome. Billy Cobham's group copped the fourth spot and Miles Davis, who started the whole syndrome, came in third. 1. **Herbie Hancock**; 2. Return to Forever; 3. Miles Davis; 4. Billy Cobham; 5. Chicago, Crusaders.

## RECORDS OF THE YEAR

Keeping up with our own traditions, we asked our readers to pick the best LPs of the year in each of three categories—best by a big band (ten pieces or more), best by a small combo and best vocal LP. The winners are:

**BEST BIG-BAND LP:** *Journey to the Center of the Earth* / Rick Wakeman (A & M). Elaborate was hardly the word for this extravaganza based on a Jules Verne fantasy and recorded live with the London Symphony Orchestra. Rock rhythms, classical embellishments, narration by David Hemmings and Wakeman's electronic-keyboard work made for a cantata that was literally too much for some critics but that obviously hit the PLAYBOY electorate where it counts.

**BEST SMALL-COMBO LP:** *Chicago VII* (Columbia). This is getting repetitious—last year we lauded *Chicago VI* in this space; the year before, it was *Chicago V*. Seemingly, they can't miss—and they certainly didn't with this double LP that contained the hits *Wishing You Were Here*, *(I've Been) Searchin' So Long* and 13 other tunes. Funny, but they sound like a big combo.

**BEST VOCAL LP:** *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* / Elton John (MCA). Was there a radio station anywhere that didn't play the hell out of *Bennie and the Jets*? Could anyone in the rock generation miss its significance? And if you heard it once, could you forget it? Well, it was just one of 17 tuneful, spirited tracks on this epic four-sided release.

### BEST BIG-BAND LP

1. *Journey to the Center of the Earth* / Rick Wakeman (A & M)
2. *Apostrophe* / Frank Zappa (Discreet)
3. *Apocalypse* / John McLaughlin (Columbia)
4. *Body Heat* / Quincy Jones (A & M)
5. *M. F. Horn 4 & 5—Live at Jimmy's* / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)
6. *The Sting—Sound Track* (MCA)
7. *Back to Oakland* / Tower of Power (Warner Bros.)
8. *Over-Nite Sensation* / The Mothers (Discreet)

9. *Deodato 2* (CTI)
10. *Whirlwinds* / Deodato (MCA)
11. *Land of Make Believe* / Chuck Mangione (Mercury)
12. *The Roar of '74* / Buddy Rich (Groove Merchant)
13. *Chameleon* / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)
14. *Pure Music* / Chase (Epic)
15. *Love Is the Message* / M.F.S.B. (Philadelphia Intl.)
16. *Love Unlimited* (UNI)
17. *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* / Neil Diamond (Columbia)
18. *M. F. Horn II* / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)
19. *Prelude* / Deodato (CTI)
20. *7.5 on the Richter Scale* / Stan Kenton (Creative World)
21. *Doc* / Doc Severinsen (RCA)
22. *Rhapsody in White* / Love Unlimited Orchestra (20th Century)
23. *That's Entertainment—Sound Track* (MCA)
24. *Threshold* / Pat Williams (Capitol)
25. *Rich in London* / Buddy Rich (RCA)

### BEST SMALL-COMBO LP

1. *Chicago VII* (Columbia)
2. *Brain Salad Surgery* / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Manticore)
3. *Tubular Bells* / Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
4. *Quadrophenia* / The Who (MCA)
5. *Head Hunters* / Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
6. *Innervisions* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
7. *Welcome Back, My Friends (Live)* / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Manticore)
8. *Band on the Run* / Wings (Apple)
9. *Tales from Topographic Oceans* / Yes (Atlantic)
10. *Mysterious Traveler* / Weather Report (Columbia)
11. *Dark Side of the Moon* / Pink Floyd (Harvest)
12. *Spectrum* / Billy Cobham (Atlantic)
13. *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* / Elton John (MCA)
14. *Crosswinds* / Billy Cobham (Atlantic)
15. *Before the Flood* / Bob Dylan / The Band (Asylum)
16. *Brothers & Sisters* / Allman Brothers (Capricorn)
17. *Bridge of Sighs* / Robin Trower (Chrysalis)
18. *461 Ocean Boulevard* / Eric Clapton (RSO)
19. *Welcome* / Santana (Columbia)
20. *Chicago VI* (Columbia)
21. *Fulfillingness' First Finale* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
22. *Full Sail* / Loggins & Messina (Columbia)
23. *On Stage* / Loggins & Messina (Columbia)
24. *The Six Wives of Henry VIII* / Rick Wakeman (A & M)
25. *Goats Head Soup* / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stone)

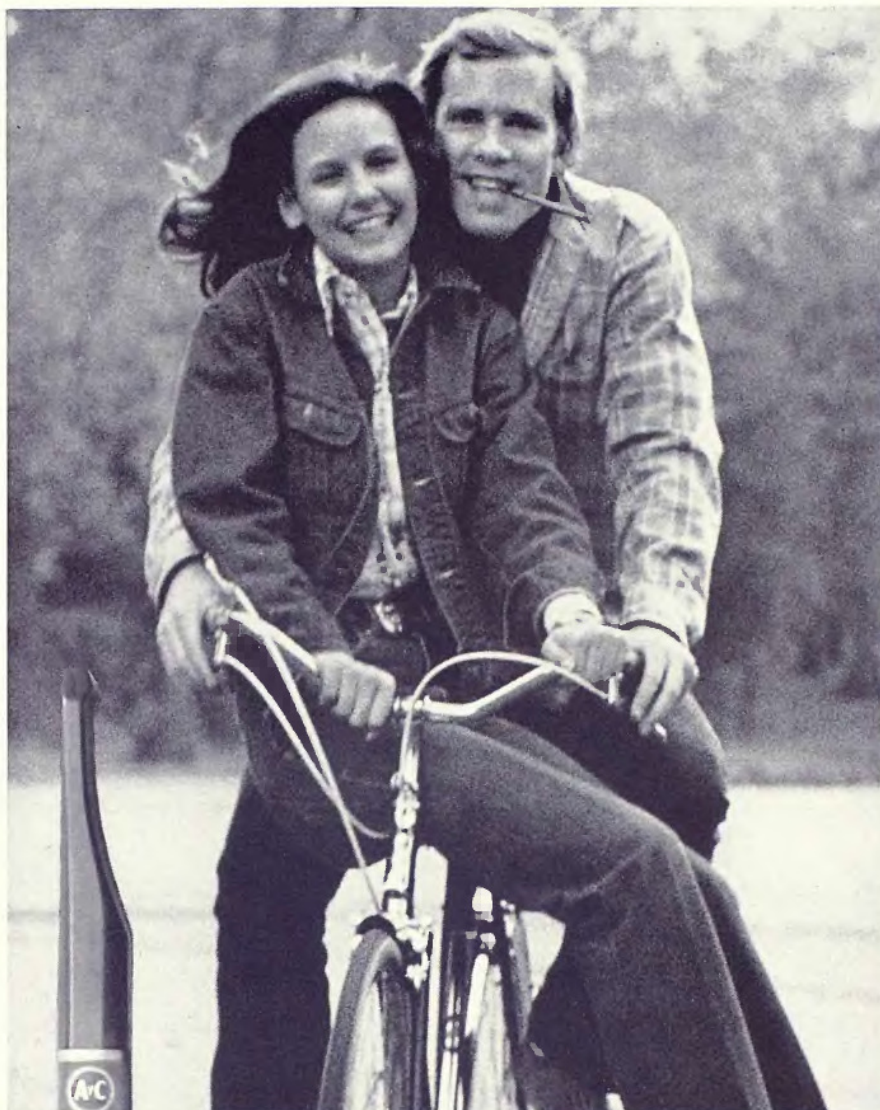


# BEST VOCAL LP

1. *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* / Elton John (MCA)
2. *Band on the Run* / Wings (Apple)
3. *Court and Spark* / Joni Mitchell (Asylum)
4. *Caribou* / Elton John (MCA)
5. *Quadrophenia* / The Who (MCA)
6. *Innervisions* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
7. *461 Ocean Boulevard* / Eric Clapton (RSO)
8. *Sundown* / Gordon Lightfoot (Reprise)
9. *Brain Salad Surgery* / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Manticore)
10. *Fulfillingness' First Finale* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
11. *Tales from Topographic Oceans* / Yes (Atlantic)
12. *The Way We Were* / Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
13. *Buddah and the Chocolate Box* / Cat Stevens (A & M)
14. *Chicago VII* (Columbia)
15. *Before the Flood* / Bob Dylan / The Band (Asylum)
16. *Diamond Dogs* / David Bowie (RCA)
17. *Laid Back* / Gregg Allman (Capricorn)
18. *Back Home Again* / John Denver (RCA)
19. *On the Beach* / Neil Young (Reprise)
20. *Maria Muldaur* (Reprise)
21. *What Were Once Foes Are Now Habits* / Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.)
22. *Hotcakes* / Carly Simon (Elektra)
23. *Goats Head Soup* / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stone)
24. *Grateful Dead from the Mars Hotel* (Grateful Dead Records)
25. *Piano Man* / Billy Joel (Columbia)

# JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

Elton John sure had his way this year with the PLAYBOY electorate. He won almost everything in the Readers' Poll, had one of our Records of the Year and, from last year's number-four finish in our Hall of Fame balloting, he leaped right into the hall itself. His closest rival was Stevie Wonder, who also did pretty well in both the musicians' and the readers' polls. Stevie was 14th in the running for the Hall of Fame a year ago, so his rise was even more dramatic than Elton's. Other ascending entries were the late Jim Croce—from 20th to third—and another accident victim, Bill Chase, who was nowhere in 1974 but made tenth place this time. Also new to the list are the rejuvenated Maynard Ferguson, in 18th place, Joni Mitchell (22nd) and David Bowie (25th), who just got hold of the ladder's bottom rung, displacing Stan Kenton. Of last year's other finishers, only John McLaughlin, who was 18th, and Carole King—who skidded from ninth place all the way out of sight—failed to repeat. Upward progress was registered by Keith



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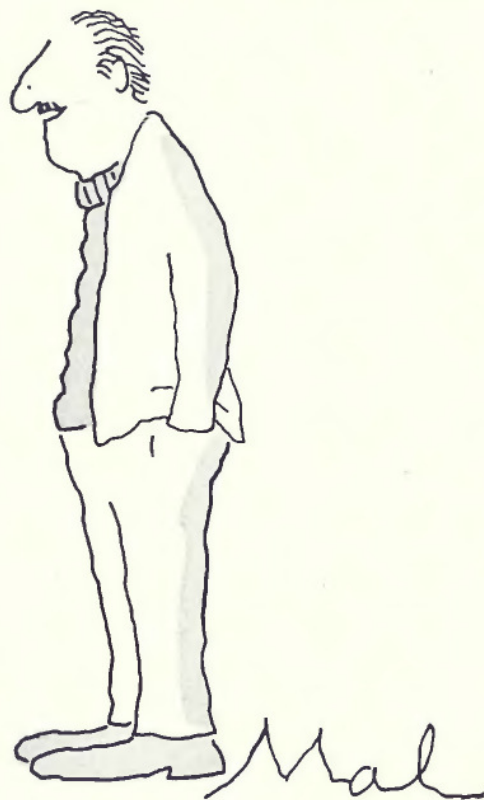
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*"I said, 'Your legs look delicious.'"*

Emerson, Frank Zappa and Peter Townshend; backsliders include Neil Diamond, Ian Anderson, Paul Simon, Doc Severinsen, Buddy Rich, Chuck Berry, Leon Russell and Carole King. Here, now, the leading two dozen and one:

1. Elton John
2. Stevie Wonder
3. Jim Croce
4. Ringo Starr
5. Keith Emerson
6. Frank Zappa
7. Peter Townshend
8. Neil Diamond
9. Ian Anderson
10. Bill Chase
11. Cat Stevens
12. Paul Simon
13. Neil Young
14. Doc Severinsen
15. Buddy Rich
16. Jerry Garcia
17. Jimmy Page
18. Maynard Ferguson
19. B. B. King
20. Chuck Berry
21. Barbra Streisand
22. Joni Mitchell
23. Charlie Parker
24. Leon Russell
25. David Bowie

#### ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

If you're a numerologist, you might want to ponder the relation of the number four to the results of our 1975

Readers' Poll. For one thing, out of 19 categories, four—the same number as last year—saw a change of leadership. The new pacesetters are Joni Mitchell, who replaced Carly Simon as top female vocalist; Elton John, who took Neil Diamond's title as number-one male vocalist; Stevie Wonder, who ousted Ian Anderson at the head of the other-instruments category; and a rather old "new pacesetter," swing-era clarinetist Benny Goodman, who edged out longtime medal winner Pete Fountain.

There were also four categories in which the readers agreed with the musicians—again, the same number as last year, though they weren't exactly the same ones. This year's double winners are J. J. Johnson, Cannonball Adderley, Stan Getz and Goodman. The latter wasn't a double winner last year, as the readers went for Pete Fountain; Gerry Mulligan *was* a double winner last time, but not again, as the musicians turned to Pepper Adams.

Of course, if you're Elton John, the significant number is either one or three: Elton wound up number one in each of three categories—piano, male vocalist and (in tandem with his lyricist, Bernie Taupin) songwriter-composer. It just so happens that finishing first in three of the poll's categories is a first—and an impressive one—in itself.

If you're Stevie Wonder, the number of destiny may be two. Stevie, who won

the other-instruments competition with his work on the harmonica, clavinet and synthesizer, finished second to Elton not only in the Hall of Fame voting but also in two categories of the Readers' Poll—songwriter-composer and male vocalist. He also was third as a big-band leader—and, of course, he is the musicians' top songwriter-composer; so if his achievements in our 1975 poll take a back seat to Elton's three first-place finishes, it certainly isn't by very much.

As usual, there were a fair number of shooting stars—and falling ones. John Denver came from nowhere—in terms of the poll, anyway—to rate as number-three male vocalist behind Elton and Stevie. Olivia Newton-John, also in limbo a year ago, finished second among the female vocalists. Newcomers who made strong showings under the vocal-group heading were Paul McCartney & Wings, and the Doobie Brothers. Other names appearing for the first time in the listings include Tower of Power, Herbie Hancock, Return to Forever and Kool & the Gang in the instrumental-combo competition; and the Pointer Sisters, Gladys Knight & the Pips, Tony Orlando & Dawn, Tower of Power and Earth, Wind & Fire among the vocal groups.

The instrumental categories are far less volatile than the vocal and group contests, but, as can be expected, there's a smattering of new people, including guitarists Rick Derringer, Roy Buchanan and Larry Coryell; organists Charles Earland, Brother Jack McDuff and Jimmy McGriff; vibists Peter Appleyard and Ruth Underwood; drummer Alphonse Mouzon; pianist Joe Zawinul; trumpeters Randy Brecker, Woody Shaw, Art Farmer and Roy Eldridge; and reed men Tom Scott, Emilio Castillo and Ernie Watts.

Some of last year's favorites didn't make it into print this time. Lost from the standings are such entries as the Jefferson Airplane, the Bee Gees, Creedence Clearwater Revival, the Temptations, War, Sonny and Chér and the Modern Jazz Quartet, the latter two having disbanded during the year. Still others who didn't make it back include singers Al Green, Tony Bennett, George Harrison, Alice Cooper, Rod Stewart, Vikki Carr, Dionne Warwick and Laura Nyro, and songwriters Harrison, Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell and Stephen Stills.

Which, of course, is all in the roller-coaster nature of the music biz; for it's not only on their own talents and efforts but also through the efforts of agents and the fickleness of the fans that the stars rise—and fall. (And rise. And fall.)

Here, without further ado, are the top 25 vote getters in each category. Those in boldface make up our All-Star band; they will receive silver medals, as will the artists whose records were voted best of the year.



## BIG-BAND LEADER

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Frank Zappa
3. Stevie Wonder
4. Burt Bacharach
5. Quincy Jones
6. Henry Mancini
7. Count Basie
8. Eumir Deodato
9. John McLaughlin
10. Maynard Ferguson
11. Chuck Mangione
12. Buddy Rich
13. Stan Kenton
14. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
15. Ray Charles
16. Don Ellis
17. Woody Herman
18. James Brown
19. Les Brown
20. Sun Ra
21. Harry James
22. Lionel Hampton
23. Gil Evans
24. Mercer Ellington
25. Bobby Rosengarden

## TRUMPET

1. Doc Severinsen
2. Miles Davis
3. Al Hirt
4. Herb Alpert
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Maynard Ferguson
7. Freddie Hubbard
8. Hugh Masekela
9. Don Ellis
10. Donald Byrd
11. Billy Butterfield
12. Harry James
13. Clark Terry
14. Nat Adderley
15. Blue Mitchell
16. Snooky Young
17. Cynthia Robinson
18. Bobby Hackett
19. Randy Brecker
20. Woody Shaw
21. Cat Anderson
22. Thad Jones
23. Art Farmer
24. Roy Eldridge
25. Pete Candoli

## TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson
2. Maynard Ferguson
3. Slide Hampton
4. Kai Winding
5. Si Zentner
6. James Pankow
7. Urbie Green
8. Bob Brookmeyer
9. Jimmy Cleveland
10. Al Grey
11. Carl Fontana
12. Chris Barber
13. Benny Green
14. Dickie Wells
15. Dick Halligan
16. Turk Murphy
17. Buster Cooper
18. Wayne Henderson
19. Quentin Jackson
20. Dave Bargeron
21. Garnett Brown
22. Benny Powell
23. Curtis Fuller
24. Frank Rosolino
25. George Bohanon

## ALTO SAX

1. Commonball Adderley
2. Edgar Winter
3. Paul Desmond
4. Grover Washington, Jr.
5. Paul Horn
6. Chris Wood
7. Fred Lipsius
8. Tom Scott
9. Ornette Coleman
10. Sonny Stitt
11. James Moody
12. Art Pepper
13. Paul Winter
14. Eric Kloss
15. Bud Shank
16. Emilio Castillo
17. Lou Donaldson
18. Phil Woods
19. Charles McPherson
20. Hank Crawford
21. Benny Carter
22. Jimmy Woods

## TENOR SAX

23. Bunky Green
24. Gary Bartz
24. Eddie Daniels
1. Stan Getz
2. Boots Randolph
3. Junior Walker
4. Jim Horn
5. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
6. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
7. Eddie Harris
8. Yusef Lateef
9. Zoot Sims
10. Grover Washington, Jr.
11. Gato Barbieri
12. Stanley Turrentine
13. Pharoah Sanders
14. Joe Farrell
15. Sonny Rollins
16. Wayne Shorter
17. Tom Scott
18. Al Cohn
19. James Moody
20. Bud Freeman
21. Corky Corcoran
22. Charles Lloyd
23. Joe Henderson
24. Ernie Watts
25. Jerry Fuller

## BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan
2. Jim Horn
3. Steve Kupka
4. Pepper Adams
5. Sahib Shihab
6. Bud Shank
7. Eddie Daniels
8. Charles Davis
9. Lonnie Shaw
10. Chuck Gentry
11. Leroy Cooper
12. Jerome Richardson
13. Cecil Payne
14. Benny Crawford
15. Bill Hood
16. Jimmy Giuffre
17. Pat Patrick
18. Frank Hittner
19. John Lowe
20. Romeo Penque
21. John Surman
22. Ronnie Ross
23. Jay Cameron
24. Clifford Scott
25. Jack Nimitz

## CLARINET

1. Benny Goodman
2. Pete Fountain
3. Woody Herman
4. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
5. Acker Bilk
6. Buddy De Franco
7. Fred Lipsius
8. Phil Woods
9. Peanuts Hucko
10. Art Pepper
11. Pee Wee Spitelara
12. Jerry Fuller
13. Buddy Collette
14. Eddie Daniels
15. Bob Palmer
16. Jerome Richardson
17. Bob Fritz
18. Jimmy Giuffre
19. Jimmy Hamilton
20. John Payne
21. Alvin Batiste
22. Barney Bigard
23. Phil Bodner
24. Tony Scott
25. John Carter

## PIANO

1. Elton John
2. Leon Russell
3. Nicky Hopkins
4. Herbie Hancock
5. Chick Corea
6. Billy Preston
7. Dave Brubeck
8. Robert Lamm
9. Burt Bacharach
10. Neil Young
11. Oscar Peterson
12. Ray Charles
13. Keith Emerson
14. Peter Nero
15. Count Basie
16. Ramsey Lewis
17. Joe Zawinul
18. Erroll Garner

19. Keith Jarrett
20. Les McCann
21. McCoy Tyner
22. Thelonious Monk
23. Ahmad Jamal
24. Earl "Fatha" Hines
25. Chuck Leavell

## ORGAN

1. Keith Emerson
2. Rick Wakeman
3. Billy Preston
4. Isaac Hayes
5. Booker T.
6. Jimmy Smith
7. Stevie Winwood
8. Ray Charles
9. Brian Auger
10. Al Kooper
11. Garth Hudson
12. Lee Michaels
13. Dave Mason
14. Ray Manzarek
15. Keith Jarrett
16. Johnny Hammond
17. Wild Bill Davis
18. Dick Hyman
19. Charles Earland
20. Sun Ra
21. Brother Jack McDuff
22. Jimmy McGriff
23. Cap Mangione
24. Groove Holmes
25. Gregg Allman

## VIOLIN

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Gary Burton
3. Milt Jackson
4. Cal Tjader
5. Stu Katz
6. Don Elliott
7. Terry Gibbs
8. Roy Avers
9. Bobby Hutcherson
10. Peter Appleby
11. Buddy Montgomery
12. Red Norvo
13. Dave Pike
14. Phil Kraus
15. Victor Feldman
16. Gunter Hampel
17. Gary Coleman
18. Emil Richards
19. Clement Wells
20. Larry Bunker
21. Johnny Lytle
22. Mike Mainieri
23. Ruth Underwood
24. Tommy Vig
25. Gordon Emanuel

## GUITAR

1. Eric Clapton
2. Jimmy Page
3. John McLaughlin
4. George Harrison
5. Cat Stevens
6. Richard Betts
7. Peter Townshend
8. Carlos Santana
9. José Feliciano
10. B. B. King
11. Chet Atkins
12. Jerry Garcia
13. Terry Kath
14. Stephen Stills
15. George Benson
16. Alvin Lee
17. Johnny Winter
18. Chuck Berry
19. Roy Buchanan
20. Rick Derringer
21. Kenny Burrell
22. Larry Coryell
23. Jeff Beck
24. Keith Richards
25. Charlie Byrd

## BASS / ELECTRIC BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. Jack Bruce
3. John Entwistle
4. Peter Cetera
5. Ron Carter
6. Ray Brown
7. Bill Wyman
8. Charles Mingus
9. Jack Casady
10. Carl Radle
11. Stanley Clarke
12. Rick Grech
13. Chris Squire
14. Bob Cranshaw
15. Donald "Duck" Dunn

16. Monk Montgomery
17. Kyoshi Toganaga
18. Jim Fielder
18. Bob Haggart
20. Carol Kaye
21. Jimmy Garrison
22. Max Bennett
23. Rufus Reid
24. Art Davis
24. Celestial Songhouse

## DRUMS

1. Buddy Rich
2. Carl Palmer
3. Billy Cobham
4. Ringo Starr
5. Ginger Baker
6. Keith Moon
7. Daniel Seraphine
8. Buddy Miles
9. Charlie Watts
10. Karen Carpenter
11. John Bonham
12. Jim Keltner
13. Louis Bellson
14. Elvin Jones
15. Sandy Nelson
16. Max Roach
17. Joe Morello
18. Bobby Colomby
19. Jack De Johnette
20. Art Blakey
21. Mel Lewis
21. Mitch Mitchell
23. Shelly Manne
24. Alphonse Mouzon
25. Cozy Cole

## OTHER INSTRUMENTS

1. Stevie Wonder, *harmonica, clarinet, synthesizer*
2. Keith Emerson, *synthesizer*
3. Ian Anderson, *flute*
4. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
5. Herbie Mann, *flute*
6. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
7. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
8. Papa John Creach, *violin*
9. George Harrison, *sitar*
10. Doug Kershaw, *violin*
11. Davi Shankar, *sitar*
12. Walter Parazaider, *flute*
13. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
14. Hubert Laws, *flute*
15. Chuck Mangione, *flügelhorn*
16. Maynard Ferguson, *superbone*
17. Rusty Young, *steel guitar*
18. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, *flute, mazzello, stritch*
19. Charlie McCoy, *harmonica*
20. Airta Morcira, *percussion*
21. Clark Terry, *flügelhorn*
22. Sugar Cane Harris, *violin*
23. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
24. Paul Horn, *flute*
25. John Sebastian, *harmonica*

## MALE VOCALIST

1. Elton John
2. Stevie Wonder
3. John Denver
4. Cat Stevens
5. Neil Diamond
6. Paul McCartney
7. Gordon Lightfoot
8. Robert Plant
9. Neil Young
10. Mick Jagger
11. David Bowie
11. Frank Sinatra
13. Van Morrison
14. Elvis Presley
15. Marvin Gaye
16. Bob Dylan
17. Harry Nilsson
18. Greg Lake
19. Charlie Rich
20. Roger Daltrey
20. Sammy Davis Jr.
22. James Taylor
23. Leon Russell
24. Stevie Winwood
25. David Clayton-Thomas
25. Joe Williams

## FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Joni Mitchell
2. Olivia Newton-John
3. Carly Simon
4. Roberta Flack
5. Barbra Streisand

6. Maria Muldaur
7. Linda Ronstadt
8. Carole King
9. Grace Slick
10. Bette Midler
11. Gladys Knight
12. Helen Reddy
13. Chér
14. Ella Fitzgerald
15. Aretha Franklin
16. Diana Ross
17. Liza Minnelli
18. Judy Collins
19. Bonnie Raitt
20. Melanie
21. Cleo Laine
22. Joan Baez
22. Rita Coolidge
22. Tina Turner
25. Peggy Lee

## VOCAL GROUP

1. Allman Brothers Band
2. Moody Blues
3. Paul McCartney & Wings
4. Yes
5. The Who
6. Rolling Stones
7. Doobie Brothers
8. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
9. Loggins & Messina
10. Seals & Crofts
11. Pink Floyd
12. Carpenters
13. 5th Dimension
14. Led Zeppelin
15. Grateful Dead
16. Pointer Sisters
17. The Band
18. Gladys Knight & the Pips
19. Three Dog Night
20. Tony Orlando & Dawn
21. Guess Who
22. Earth, Wind & Fire
23. Tower of Power
24. Grand Funk Railroad
25. Bread

## SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

1. Elton John-Bernie Taupin
2. Stevie Wonder
3. Paul McCartney
3. Peter Townshend
5. Frank Zappa
6. Burt Bacharach
7. Neil Diamond
8. Bob Dylan
9. Cat Stevens
10. Neil Young
11. Joni Mitchell
12. Ian Anderson
13. Paul Simon
14. Seals & Crofts
15. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
16. Robert Lamm
17. Gordon Lightfoot
18. Eumir Deodato
19. Quincy Jones
20. Carole King
21. Henry Mancini
22. Chick Corea
23. Tom T. Hall
23. Herbie Hancock
25. Isaac Hayes

## INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. Chicago
2. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
3. Led Zeppelin
4. Jethro Tull
5. The Band
6. Loggins & Messina
7. Santana
8. Tower of Power
9. Blood, Sweat & Tears
10. Alice Cooper
11. Billy Cobham
11. Crusaders
13. Dave Brubeck
14. Sly & the Family Stone
15. Herbie Hancock
15. Return to Forever
17. Chuck Mangione
18. Weather Report
19. Kool & the Gang
20. B. B. King
21. Grand Funk Railroad
22. Herbie Mann
23. Supersax
24. Hugh Masekela
25. Oscar Peterson





## Linda Lovelace

(continued from page 82)

comics Joey Forman, Joe E. Ross and Louis Quinn, impressionist Vaughn (*The First Family*) Meader, ex-Monkee Micky Dolenz, Marty (*I'm Dickens . . . He's Fenster*) Ingels, The Committee's Gary Goodrow and Morgan Upton, Chuck McCann, who played the title role in the critically acclaimed film *The Projectionist*, and Skip Burton—whose wife, incidentally, is actress Karen Black.

"Working with all those people was a lot of fun, even though the hours were sometimes pretty crazy," Linda recalls. "I remember one night, working till three A.M. and having to get up again at seven to start the next day's shooting. But the whole thing was fascinating, and I learned a lot about film making." She might, she admitted, even consider directing someday.

At that, the switch from sex goddess to movie director would not be as drastic as the changes in Linda's personal life since her *Deep Throat* performance as a fellatrix who makes house calls. Some of the changes are detailed in her second book, *The Intimate Diary of Linda Lovelace*, published in paperback late last fall by Pinnacle Books. *Diary* is, as the title suggests, partly an account of Linda's experiences—sexual and otherwise—with various people, some of them unnamed but easily identifiable celebrities. It is also a denunciation of her ex-husband, Chuck Traynor, who played a sort of porn Svengali to the early Linda's Trilby, and a tribute to her present business partner, David Winters (upon whose idea *Linda Lovelace for President* is based). And it contains a selection of letters to Linda Lovelace, answered in the style of a sexually irrepressible Ann Landers—a

lady with whom Linda once jousting verbally on a television talk show. Ann is well known for her one-liners, but she would be hard pressed to top Linda's advice to an easily excitable male: "A stiff cock is nothing to be ashamed of."

"This new book is better than the first one was," says Linda, asserting that *Inside Linda Lovelace* contained more of Chuck's ideas than her own. "To me, sex is beautiful; to him, it was crude, a bad trip. I think he's really a hater of sex. I was supposed to be sexually liberated and free, and yet here he was, a man telling me what to do, trying to interject his thoughts through me. Now I really am free, being my own person. Like wearing my hair the way it really is, long and straight, instead of in all those tight curls he liked."

What's next for Linda? "I'm reading a script for a film called *Kate*, about a family who set up a roadside inn along the Osage Trail in Kansas in 1872. It's based on a true incident, and playing the character Kate will be very demanding. She's a self-proclaimed healer, a seductress—and a murderess. The role would give me a chance to develop greater dimensions as an actress and I hope to be working on it by the time this is published." Eventually, she intends to develop that night-club act she started to work on some time ago. "Right now, I'm busy studying—jazz, tap and ballet dancing, acting and singing."

Still, with all her activities, Linda finds time to enjoy life. Like the stars of more conventional films, she's often besieged by autograph hunters: "People come up to me even in small towns in Kansas, where we went to shoot some scenes of *Linda Lovelace for President*. But I don't mind. It will bother me when they stop asking."



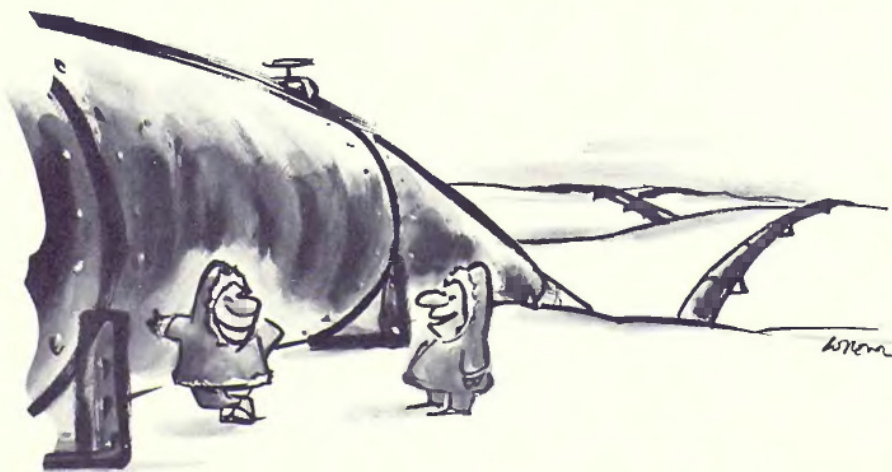
## THE BIG SQUEEZE

(continued from page 92)

automobile, code-named the H Special (the Vega is the H body in the G.M. line-up; if you are an automobile biggie, you don't refer to specific brands, you talk about A bodies, B bodies, C bodies, and so on). The H Special, as conceived in 1971, would have the kind of sporty appearance and performance to compete with such imports as the Datsun 240Z (now the 260Z), the Alfa Romeo Giulia, the BMW 2002, etc., and would most likely replace the aging Camaro in the Chevrolet line-up. While the original plans called for the H Special to be propelled by a turbo-charged or fuel-injected version of the Vega aluminum four-cylinder engine, the car was soon altered to carry the notorious Wankel rotary power plant—a unit for which G.M. had unloaded perhaps \$100,000,000 in behalf of licensing and development. The basic shape of the H Special was developed by a small team of Chevrolet stylists led by Henry Haga, who is now chief stylist for G.M.'s German Opel subsidiary. From there it was passed to the Italian studio of Pinin Farina for further refinement (the first time in recent history that G.M. has consulted outsiders of any kind in matters of styling). Farina's car returned to the U.S. with the basic lines of the present Monza, except that its rotary engine needed no hood bulge, its headlights were round and the door handles were concealed in the louvered window posts (a position deemed too costly by Chevrolet production experts). Its name plates identified the car as a Lynx, although the name was never seriously considered for the consumer version.

By the summer of 1973, several realities were becoming clear to Chevrolet: The rotary engine's lusty appetite for gasoline would prevent it from early mass-production usage, meaning conventional power plants would have to be used in the H Special. Moreover, it could not be produced on the same assembly lines with the Vega, although the two cars shared a vast number of common chassis pieces. Two alternate engines were chosen, one bad, one good: the lumpy, anemic, troublesome Vega four-banger and a 262-cubic-inch version of the famous Chevrolet "small-block" V8, first introduced in 1955 as a 265-incher and generally acknowledged in its 283-, 327- and 350-cubic-inch configurations as the greatest mass-produced engine in automotive history.

Chevrolet wanted to call the car the Chaparelle, in keeping with its long association with Texas race-car designer, builder and driver Jim Hall—whose Chaparral racers had been such a big attraction in the major sports-car races of the Sixties. But negotiations with Hall over royalties for use of the Chaparral name—even with it spelled differently—broke down and Chevrolet discarded the



"You look quite distinguished with a pipe."



idea and finally, in May 1974, within days of when production was to commence, decided to go with the Monza 2+2 appellation.

At that point, the industry was working its way out of the great energy scare of 1973-1974 and the G.M. management had shuffled its line-up to provide all its divisions with smaller cars to meet a balky, hard-eyed, price-conscious, fuel-pinching public. It had therefore decided that Chevrolet should share the Monza with the Buick and Oldsmobile divisions (an earlier decision had already assigned the Vega to Pontiac and Cadillac was hard at work on its own small luxury car), although the lateness of the hour would permit no individual styling changes other than a quick shift in name plates. In fact, time was so tight that all of the cars—Monza, Skyhawk and Starfire—would have to be produced on the same assembly line at Chevrolet's St. Theresa, Quebec, plant and the original 200,000-unit production would have to be split, with Chevrolet getting 100,000 Monzas and Buick and Oldsmobile each receiving 50,000 Skyhawks and Starfires.

In order to invest their car with some distinction, Buick engineers worked frantically to install their aged, 231-cubic-inch V6 engine, which had to be repurchased from A.M.C.'s Willys Jeep Division. This engine is also used in the Oldsmobile Starfire, due to the time crunch. Therefore, the public is buying Monzas, Starfires and Skyhawks that, except for simple plastic-tape trim and name plates and modest power-plant differences, are identical cars.

Somehow, once one gets past the superb styling of these vehicles, a kind of leaden disappointment sets in. These are automobiles born of inflation and the rising sloppiness found in contemporary assembly-line manufacture of all types. Much of the car, including the hubcaps, chrome trim, grillepieces, most of the interior and even some of the inner body structure, seems to have been fabricated from various compounds of plastic and vinyl. The rather narrow body produces a brand of elbow-rubbing coziness for the front-seat passengers (but with plenty of foot room); however, the rear seats are best used when folded down in the luggage-shelf configuration. Both the four-cylinder and the V6 engines are noisy and unsmooth, and only the 262-cubic-inch V8—despite its 230-pound weight penalty and cramped installation—provides a proper level of performance for a car that can, in its most elaborate permutations (air conditioning, etc.), cost nearly \$6000.

As it now reaches the public, the Monza-Skyhawk-Starfire is simply not up to the quality implied by its handsome exterior. But it is too early to make a complete judgment of the vehicle, especially when one considers that G.M. has

had greater difficulties in adjusting to the fact of small cars than did its competition. Surely its resources are great enough to make the Monza, et al., into fine vehicles. Buick and Oldsmobile will no doubt produce versions more in keeping with their own product images, probably increasing both quality and price in the process, while Chevrolet is already talking about such variations on the theme as a five-speed transmission and a notchback coupe. These changes, plus the constant possibility of the rotary engine, give the Monza immense potential for the future. For G.M. and its ongoing adjustment to the new realities, count the Monza as a beginning, not an end.

If nothing else, it represents a quantum leap away from the Vega, replete with its rattles, its troublesome engine and its nagging problems with fender rust-outs. The 1975 Vega carries newly redesigned rear suspension, plus options for power steering and brakes, but it is essentially the same car that Chevrolet has offered in the past. Now Pontiac has entered the small-car scene with a thinly disguised Vega called the Astre. Aside from trim options (the SJ luxury and the GT sporty packages), the Astre is a Vega to the core. However, there are indications that Pontiac plans to resurrect the rugged little four-cylinder engine last used on the Chevy II in 1970 (a power plant many G.M. insiders believe was—and is—clearly superior to the present Vega four), which should markedly improve the vehicle.

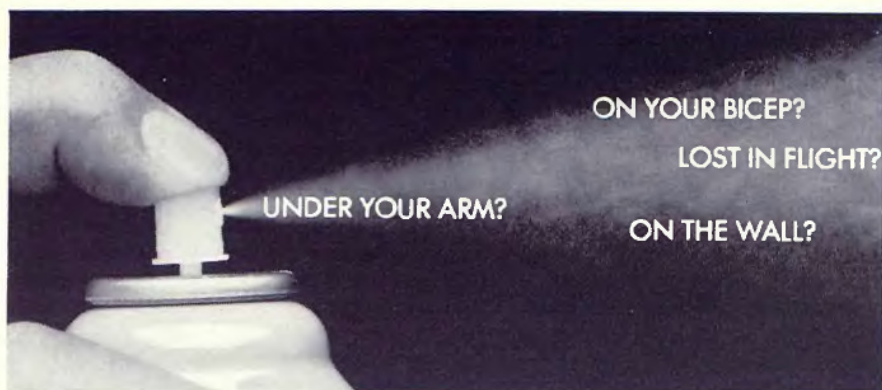
If any of the major American manufacturers has exhibited a recent rapport with small cars, it is Ford. While it has maintained a certain fascination with the tacky—i.e., triple opera windows and bogus Mercedes/Rolls-Royce grilles that have appeared on every vehicle in its line-up except school buses and dump trucks—Ford's Mavericks, Pintos and Mustang IIs have been an over-all force for good in the American automotive market place. Certainly the Pinto, now that it is operating with its well-conceived 2300-c.c. overhead-cam four-cylinder as its base engine, coupled with an optional V6, is a solid, if somewhat unzippy economy automobile. (Lincoln-Mercury has recently entered the small-car campaign by tackling a Bobcat name plate on its version of the Pinto—an identical machine if one can overlook the *non sequitur* of its bulky grillwork). But it is the Mustang II, now in its second year of production, that will spearhead Ford's march into the future. After the original Mustang had undergone several styling changes, it had, by 1971, become a bloated, overweight offspring of the pleasant, sparsely styled little coupe that had captured America seven years earlier.

Ford introduced the Mustang II, noting that its interior space was similar to that of its predecessor, but its over-all external dimensions were 19 inches shorter. The car had been originally intended as a rather pretty three-door fastback, but an eleventh-hour decision, based on strong



"Oh, and by the way, Gatsby . . . you weren't that great."





ON YOUR BICEP?

LOST IN FLIGHT?

UNDER YOUR ARM?

ON THE WALL?

## Where did your last can of aerosol deodorant go?

Propellant makes up a large part of aerosol deodorants. Mennen Speed Stick® is a solid deodorant that applies evenly, exactly where you want it. So it lasts a lot longer.

## Get off your can. Get on the stick.



responses in a San Francisco market-research project, prompted the company to produce a companion notchback version. It was a brilliant move, because, of the 296,000 Mustang IIs sold in the 1974 model year, 60 percent were notchbacks (though its choppy, severely angled shape made it appear to some as if it were a collection of body panels scavenged from several different automobiles).

Therefore, it is the notchback that has become the basic, bread-and-butter version of the Mustang II and the model upon which Ford has lavished such gaucheries as a silver half-vinyl roof, cranberry-crushed-velour upholstery, etc. However, it is the fastback, with its third door and its highly usable rear-deck area, that remains the most functional and enjoyable of the Mustang IIs. Now that Ford's doughty little 302-cubic-inch V8 has been wedged into the Mustang II (requiring a slightly modified hood and larger grille), the car has taken a giant leap toward becoming a legitimate small American G.T. Unlike its G.M. rival, the Monza, the Mustang II fastback has a sturdy, well-manufactured feel (a sensation enhanced both by the use of quality materials that can boost the price to over \$6000 and by the ample use of body insulation that brings the car's weight to over 3000 pounds). While its performance will hardly make grown men tremble, the 302 does provide enough torque to move the

car along at a brisk pace. A three-speed automatic is presently the only transmission available (a four-speed manual is on its way), but acceleration is adequate, even with the rather heavy chassis and an engine tamed by the stringent 1975 emission standards. Interior appointments are quite comfortable, although, like the Monza's, the Mustang II's rear seat is better suited to hauling luggage than to hauling people. At best, it is a car for two adults and two children; but it can carry that capacity load with a substantial quotient of comfort and fun.

Yes, we are moving ahead. Social conscience seems to be descending on Detroit in the form of smaller, more efficient automobiles. The car moguls are learning that small is not a synonym for stark. If this trend can be pursued with enthusiasm, the American environment is bound to improve, thanks to the over-all elimination of waste—the kind of excessive waste embodied in giant machines that gobble metals and rubber in their construction, fuels and lubricants in their operation and valuable space by their very presence. And, what's more, people who buy this new generation of small cars may begin to understand what European car freaks have been saying for years: Driving an automobile can be fun, after all.

## JIMMY CONNORS

(continued from page 84)

one pro. Before we recover from the blur that is Alexander's serve, Connors has bazookaed a two-handed backhand return blur that wins the point. Alexander stares at the grass, then tries the sky. No help there, either. He toes the base line and fires again. A rally begins on the soft damp grass of the stadium court; Alexander gains the net, drives a volley to Connors' forehand corner; Jimmy is down, the way Segura taught him, close to the ground, nose on a level with the skidding ball; he stretches, reaches, gets under the ball and hits the shot he learned a year ago from Nastase—a heavy top-spin lob that crosses over Alexander's head, looks like a home run (long ball), then swoops down under its own aerodynamics a foot inside the base line. Alexander puts his hands on his hips and stares only at the ground this time. Connors does the same thing on the next point and Segura is gloating: "That play I teach Jimmee—he play it just right!" Connors misses one lob in four sets.

Then, in one simple gesture, he becomes the Jimmy Connors the crowd has been waiting for. The grass at Forest Hills is famously uneven and produces bounces that, by pro standards, range from bad to horrible. But everyone has to live with it (until later this year, when it will finally be replaced with clay). All the players stare and shake their heads when the grass costs them a point. Some kick a few of the divots at the base line when it becomes impossible to repair the mess around the spot where they serve. But Connors does what only he (and maybe Nastase) would do after Alexander passes him with a hard, low ball that simply doesn't come up because of the grass: He *spits* on the turf. It is, by extension, a spit in the face of the grounds keeper, the West Side Tennis Club, the whole United States Lawn Tennis Association, for that matter. The gallery boos and whistles. Only a few points later, Connors turns to a group of fans who have applauded one of his faulted serves and gives them the old up and down with his inverted racket.

It is almost as though Connors looks for trouble. He was always cocky. Harold Solomon, another 22-year-old pro, remembers that while on the Junior Davis Cup team, "we had to ride together on a bus and we almost got into it a couple of times."

But apparently Connors' cockiness worsened once he came under the tutelage of Segura in California. "Now, there's nobody I'd rather beat than Connors," says Solomon. "Everybody would love to beat him. If he tried to play Davis Cup now, even though he would be an asset on the court, I'd quit the team. He would ruin the morale."

"In Australia," says Australian player Bob Carmichael, "if a kid plays sports and



he is arrogant, that gets knocked out of him pretty early by his fellows. Connors is brilliant, but he's still a bit spoiled."

It is apparently impossible for Connors to understand that maybe one or two people in the stands might be for his opponent at the outset of a match. At the slightest show of favoritism for the other guy, Connors begins insulting the gallery. He shoots birds ("Why, that's just a Balkan peace sign," says Riordan disingenuously), jerks off his racket grip, gives them an "Up yours" with his forearm and abuses them in English. "Oh, why don't you all go home and have a wife or something?" he muttered rather loudly one night in Indianapolis when he sensed the crowd going against him.

"These people are just peasants," he said of the Midwestern galleries—among the tamest in the country. They were eminently complacent, Gucci-shod, upper-middle-class clubbies to whom public nastiness was completely alien. But Connors and Nastase could bring it out.

Jimmy Connors is not only young, reckless and strong. He is also managed, coached, mothered and guided not like a normal tennis player but more like a champion prize fighter or an infirm billionaire.

Consider the finals at Forest Hills: Connors doesn't just walk out onto the court and play Kenny Rosewall. He is escorted out—coddled, prepared, handled like a skittish thoroughbred before the Preakness. For several hours before the match, Connors has been in the hands of Segura and Riordan. Just like Ali, Connors has his sparring partners: Vitas Gerulaitis and juniors champion Ferdi Taygan, who hit balls that morning against Connors according to instructions shouted from a dark, scowling Segura, decked out in white tennis flannels and slouched skeptically in a folding chair at courtside. "OK, flat serve, Vitas," he says. Then: "Cross-court!"

Back in the locker room later, Connors is separated from his women—mother Gloria and fiancée Evert. There is a comfy coziness about the old-fashioned men's locker at the West Side Tennis Club, a frayed-at-the-edges intimacy shaped by the wire-faced wooden lockers and the unscreened, unfrosted windows out of which half-naked men lean to speak to the smartly turned-out women on the flagstone terrace below. Connors is getting ready now, changed into his white shorts and red shirt, standing around with his Japanese sneakers on but untied, his shorts winged open all the way down to his jockstrap. He is bouncing around, running to the phone when paged, hopping up and down on his toes like a prize fighter. Segura is telling him for the 500th time to play close up on the base line for Rosewall's first serve and attack the hell out of it. Riordan, decked out for the occasion in brown banker's



**Before.**



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pinstripe, with his ubiquitous briefcase jammed under one arm, is throwing out one-liners to anyone who will listen: "What's the play? Even money for straight sets? Give ya two to one! When the history of tennis is written, this will be known as the Jimmy Connors era."

Then a voice from the tournament committee—"Mr. Connors, we're ready."

Gloria Connors doesn't look like a dotting mother. Overpainted red lips stand out like tracers on her pinched face, aged beyond its 50 years from hours, days and months of squinting at the 1,000,000 or so tennis balls she hit to her son. "I did nothing for seventeen years but teach tennis to Jimbo," she says. Her eyes dart around in remarkably deep, dark sockets. Her bright-red hair is coiled up teasingly and she seems a bit overbedecked with jewelry running mainly to gold. She looks like she ought to be at Saks, not walking toward the stadium at a tennis tournament and touching Jimmy Connors' hand—yes, practically *holding his hand*, the famous left, the very hand that will on this day kill Rosewall so convincingly that reporters are finally afraid to ask Connors any more nasty questions. (Imagine Ali's dear mother walking toward the ring holding his left—the jab hand—as he goes to meet Frazier or Foreman.)

They move swiftly, an entourage of support, Riordan personally toting Jimmy's five Wilson T2000 steel rackets, his wife

close behind, Segura talking constantly about "low balls." They get jammed up in the center aisle leading through the marquee past the CBS color monster camera over the plastic red geraniums that fringe the stadium and onto the grass, the lumpy rolling grass of Forest Hills. In that moment, Jimmy turns to his mom and says, "I'm just gonna go out and play tennis." It is a litany he has learned and he's been saying it for two days. It had been perfected earlier in the summer, at Wimbledon. "Fred Perry came up to me in the dressing room," remembers Connors, "and said, 'It's the Wimbledon finals, but think of it as the Roanoke Open. Just play tennis.'"

Meanwhile, Rosewall has driven in alone from Westchester County and warmed up briefly. He walks alone onto the stadium court, carrying some oranges in a brown paper bag. No handler, no trainer, no mother. Even his wife has returned to Australia to put their sons into school. Just plain Kenny.

And Connors murders him 6-1, 6-0, 6-1, the most lopsided Forest Hills finals score since the game was introduced into the United States or since 1881 (whichever came first)—according to a pronouncement afterward by the shaggy-maned dean of Associated Press sportswriters, Will Grimsley. In the past ten days, 127 of the world's best tennis players have



lost a match; Jimmy Connors has not.

It is stunning to see, if only because one expected Rosewall to do better than he did at Wimbledon, where he at least got to 6-4 in the third set. But no, Connors seems to have *improved*, believe it or not, and is playing, as they say in the game, "out of his mind."

He smashes backhand winners off Rosewall's mediocre serve, exploits every opening in his game, plays as though his sweet and young life depended on every point right into the third set. When nothing else will do, Connors pulls a top-spin lob on Rosewall; Kenny is better prepared for it than Alexander was and races back to the base line; but this one is "heavier" (more spin) than any Connors has hit all week—it moves through the air in jerks. When it strikes the grass, it takes the longest leap I've ever seen off a lob; Rosewall plunges into the green backdrop curtain chasing it.

Once in the third set, Rosewall desperately decides there is nothing left to do but "hit out" (tennisese for swinging through the ball with full confidence that even the hardest stroke will fall in). Pushed into his backhand corner, he unloads the full Rosewall backhand—his famous bread-and-butter stroke, the textbook backhand we should all learn from. The yellow furry thing sizzles flat across the net deep to Connors' cross-court side line; it bounces low and is running away the way a perfect hard shot on grass will do, when suddenly a glint of steel and gut intercepts the ball just as it wants to hit the grass for the second time. A sharp straight down-the-line return wins the point. The crowd, which is hardly in love with Connors, is breathless. It bursts into a cheer. Rosewall shakes his head, flips his racket into the air a couple of times and concedes the U.S. Open to Connors. Rosewall walks around in a circle behind the base line, an unintentional parody of what has been happening to him all afternoon. Connors closes out the match quickly after that. Even Riordan is shaking his head. "Explosive!" he shouts. "The kid's explosive."

Riordan smells blood. A 50ish Irishman of independent wealth ("I woke up one day and had money"), he is the self-avowed renegade of the tennis world who happens to manage—some say control, misguide and generally corrupt—those *enfants terribles*, probably the two most exciting guys in the game today, Ilie Nastase and Jimmy Connors. "I play the heavy," explains Riordan conspiratorially. "I'm like Arnold Rothstein, the Twenties gangster: I'm always standing in doorways, whispering in someone's ear."

On Connors' behalf, Riordan is suing the other chief scions of international pro tennis—Jack Kramer, Donald Dell and the Commercial Union Assurance Corporation—for a cool \$10,000,000, a move he had the good grace to make during the final week of the Wimbledon tournament, further depressing Connors' professional

popularity. The French Fédération de Lawn-Tennis he is suing for only 1,000,000 francs—about \$214,000. Both are guilty, Riordan alleges, of keeping his man from becoming the third player in tennis history to win a grand slam (after Don Budge and Rod Laver) by banning him during the summer from the French Open because he was playing in the new World Team Tennis league.

On this last day at Forest Hills, Riordan's color rises and stays there until the grand moment. Even during the post-match ceremony, while a hapless, humiliated Rosewall squatted silently on the geranium boxes and Connors collected the fruits of his conquests—a ring (as in the Super Bowl), a watch, a camera, a new car, a check for \$22,500—Riordan was like a shark who not only smelled but now *tasted* blood, and found it both appetizing and nourishing. The Connors entourage—Nastase had now joined them, resplendent in an Italian suit and a New Jersey suntan—crowded up the awards area and gathered in the trophies: Nastase said, "I'll take the car so I won't have to rent one this afternoon"; Riordan pocketed the ring; Gloria Connors worried about the money. They seemed like a conspiracy to invent Coca-Cola that found that the formula worked on first attempt. They were delighted and a bit surprised they were getting so rich so fast. "I always knew I had a good horse," later quoth Riordan, who frequents race tracks and is never modest about his talents as a sporting prophet. "But I didn't know he was this good. I expected greatness, but not a week from Tuesday!"

Indeed, what do you need to manufacture a great tennis player? Well, he has to be born, and a mother is very handy for that. Better that she be a tennis pro, as Gloria Connors is in St. Louis, and be willing to take her son any- and everywhere he wants to go to play tennis for about 17 years. Also, if possible, spare him the rigors of learning about real work in the real world ("I never had a part-time job, I was too busy playing tennis," Connors tells me) and don't worry too much about schoolwork as long as he doesn't actually flunk out. Give him, if possible, a riding horse of his own, go-carts to race with his brother and the general run of the neighborhood.

Then, when he's about 16, give him a coach, a full-time coach, possibly the best tennis teacher in the world, certainly one of the meanest and most mercenary, someone who sees the publicity and pecuniary potential of this thoroughbred. Pancho Segura is the man and, in two years of work at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club (while Connors attended school about two hours a day), he turned a hard-hitting ground stroker from middle America into a hard-volleying, attacking strategist from Los Angeles who learned that guts and meanness are the edge of winning in this man's game. ("You gonna pay me for

this?" asked Segura as I sat down beside him to record his remarks during the Connors-Rosewall final.)

Then, finally, give him a manager whose only interest is in the care and feeding of the horse, not in such patriotic but possibly time-wasting endeavors as the Davis Cup, a guy who'll go to court at the drop of an expletive, the man who runs the number-two wintertime indoor tennis circuit, a place where Connors could get some fair competition but mostly walk off with all the marbles for nine weeks in a row. "I just want to keep the game honest" is Riordan's mock-innocent explanation of the havoc he and Connors are personally wreaking within international tennis.

Face to face, Connors is a shallow kid who tries to be nice. Before I ever even heard of him, a scant two years ago, I ran into a raggedy-looking guy in cutoffs and a tattered yellow knit shirt leaning against a rather battered green Porsche in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. It was in Chris Evert's driveway and that's who I was there to see. Connors looked like a beach bum whose hair didn't bleach. He didn't like to talk about his own life, about his amazingly restricted romance with Evert or his telephone number. "I don't mind bringing her home before midnight," he explained. "Just being with Chrissie during the day and evening is enough. We can wait." Was he being disingenuous? How could a guy who learned the Beverly Hills ropes from Dino Martin and Spencer Segura handle a Catholic romance with the country's most conservative famous woman? "That's just the way I feel," he would say every time I broached the question.

Yet if I had grown up like Jimmy Connors, I think I would be like him—cocky, immature, childish off the court, unmannerly on the court, unimpressed by the game's former greats and hopefully the best tennis player in the world (I don't mean to canonize him before his time, but Connors has already given us reason to expect him to earn that title by sustained winning over the years). I would never have done my own laundry, hardly know how to fry a hamburger (he's had a grandmother, a mother and now Chris for that) and only glance at the morning newspaper. My primary off-court diversion would be the telly, hours and hours, *whole afternoons* before the tube; and *Match Game*, *Hollywood Squares* and the Saturday-morning cartoons would be my favorite shows, as they are Connors'. And I wouldn't give a shit what anybody thought.

"I may be the most unpopular champion in the history of Wimbledon," said Connors on the morning after (and after apparently more than a glance at the newspapers). "but I *am* the champion." Well, yes, but that may be a matter of semantics.

"Jimnee has the heart of a lion,"



says Pancho Segura. "He's a winner."

"He's a winner, but he's not a champion. You call that shit a champion?" This is Jürgen Fassbender talking, the number-two player in Germany and last winter a successful member of what even Jimmy jokingly calls the Bill Riordan Mickey Mouse Circuit. He is talking about Connors as Wimbledon champion (being Wimbledon champion, no matter what the flacks of this game have tried to tell you about Dallas or Forest Hills or any other place, is still *it* as far as tennis is concerned). Fassbender and his doubles partner, Hans Pohmann, have just lost the doubles finals in Indianapolis to Nastase and Connors. It is after midnight and they are standing naked and alone before the showers in the men's locker, grateful to have someone to complain to. The Germans had played a tough match and had had a realistic chance to win. But the whole affair was constantly reduced to clown acts by Nastase and Connors, assorted stalling tactics and general childishness. Sitting only a few yards behind the base line, I once saw the words "*Du Schwein*" form silently on Pohmann's lips when Connors did his screeching "Oh, Nasty, I missed it, I missed it" act following a point won by Fassbender. "They are doing something after every point," Pohmann is complaining now with a wave of his towel. "Then you've lost three points before you can concentrate again. It is no fun, playing them. It is not tennis." ("They don't go out there just to win," Bob Lutz, Stan Smith's doubles partner, had told me the day before. "They want to make you look like fools.")

The night before, when Connors/Nastase had beaten Manuel Orantes and Guillermo Vilas in doubles, the words had been sharper. Orantes said, "I used to be one of Nastase's few friends. But no more." Vilas, with his Björn Borg haircut and a profusion of silver neckwear cascading down his ample chest, got into a shouting match with Connors as Connors left the dressing room. At one point in the match, Vilas had hurled a translated Spanish insult at Connors relating to the purity of one's grandmother. Connors, who knows and understands foreign cultures less well than Henry Kissinger, took it personally: His own grandmother, to whom he was exceptionally close, died several years ago.

"I'm glad you've got a grandmother to talk about," shouted Connors as he left the dressing room.

"Hey, boy! You come here if you want to talk to me!" returned Vilas.

Connors stuck his head back in the door. "You talk real nice, that's nice talk." Then he disappeared.

"Come! Why don't you say to my face? You want me to cry right now?" No answer. Then Vilas again: "Fuck off! Go to door! Fuck off!"

Nothing came of it, but the makings

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were there. This kind of thing almost never happens in tennis, where even fierce competitors gladly share jock-itch powder in the dressing room. Unlike Nastase, whose knees quaked so badly he had to default the match the only time another pro finally had enough of his cutting up, Connors might be expected to fight if he has to. Vilas, however, looks like he might be able to make a living throwing people out of bars if his tennis ever fails him. And, unlike the previous generation of tennis players, he is not so decorous about the game that he would hesitate to cross the net fists first. Now that tennis is right up there with football and basketball in its commercialization and player income, there is no reason to expect it won't catch up in terms of player feuds.

Connors will do his part. He is, if anything, less popular with his colleagues in the game than with the fans, who at least give him his due at the end of a victorious match. During lunch one day at a tournament in Bretton Woods, New Hampshire,

the conversation among some journalists and Rod Laver turned to Connors. "He thinks he's a world-beater," said Laver, "but he's just a kid on the way up." Was The Rocket, his 36th birthday coming up that very week, perhaps a bit jealous of a winning youngster? "Hell, no. Look at Borg. He's young and he's winning, but everybody likes him. He's got his head on straight, doesn't he?" The conversation continued awhile, richly laced with words like prick and punk. Finally, Laver plunked down his knife and fork and said: "Do we have to talk about him? Now you've ruined my lunch."

Fans, will you welcome, please, hot from the greenswards of Wimbledon, Forest Hills and the nearest bank, here for a ten-year gig of tennis greatness and infamy, the Jimmy Connors Rolling Medicine and Snake Oil Show!

"I *am* the champion," said Connors. "Let them come to me now."



*"For a while there, I thought I'd never get my head together."*

## Man Under The Front Porch

(continued from page 133)

think that's how he got under there."

They both watched the man a while longer. He was staring back at them, but it was too dim to make out his expression. Once he shifted his position slightly. He appeared to be wearing coveralls.

"Maybe he's reading the gas meter," Mrs. Reese said.

"You know the gas meter isn't under there," Mr. Reese said.

"There's no reason to use that tone of voice."

"Well, there's no reason to panic and suddenly forget where the gas meter is." Mr. Reese cleared his throat and called to the man. "Excuse me—this is the Leonard Reese residence. Are you sure you have the right place?"

There was no answer.

Mr. Reese stood up, brushing off his trousers. "I knew something like this was going to happen someday," he said.

"Should we call the police?" Mrs. Reese asked.

"I'm hoping we won't have to get involved to that extent," Mr. Reese said. He suggested they adopt a wait-and-see policy for the time being, in hopes that the situation might correct itself. He left for work after instructing his wife to be sure to phone him if anything new developed.

Mr. Reese owned and operated a printing shop that had a slogan on the window reading: NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL. It had been on the window five years ago, when he had bought the shop, and it was a lie. The part about no job's being too small was true, but the shop did not have the necessary facilities for a large-scale printing job. Mr. Reese never removed the slogan, though, because he was afraid the regular customers might think that meant he wasn't as competent as the previous owner. They might even decide he was a drinker who was liable to trip and fall against important levers and ruin entire brochures.

An hour or so after Mr. Reese had gotten to work, Mr. Margolis came in with a large manila envelope. Mr. Margolis had been hired as a salesman by the previous owner of the shop. He was in his early 60s now, at least 25 years older than Mr. Reese, but Mr. Reese had the feeling that even as a young man, he had probably never been especially good at his job. Still, Mr. Reese couldn't bring himself to fire a man who was old enough to be his father.

Mr. Margolis began pulling paper out of his manila envelope.

"That looks big," Mr. Reese said nervously. "This isn't a good time to bring in a big one."

"It's both the luncheon and the dinner menus for the Gaucho Room."

"Oh, menus. Menus are OK," Mr.



Reese said. "Listen, I'm sorry if I sound on edge. I've got trouble at home. There's a man under the front porch."

Mr. Margolis nodded. "That sort of thing is happening more and more."

"We don't know what he wants," Mr. Reese said.

"I saw in the paper just the other day where an attractive schoolteacher was knifed repeatedly."

"I think you're reading too much into this," Mr. Reese said. "He looks more easygoing than that."

At half past four that afternoon, Mrs. Reese phoned to say that the man was no longer under the front porch. "I poked at him with a long pole and he ran out," she said.

"That could've been damn dangerous," Mr. Reese said. "What long pole?"

"A long pole I found in the garage," she said. "I don't know how much good it's done, though, because now he's up in a tree across the street." She said she had the feeling he was going to try to get back under the porch again the first chance he got.

Mr. Reese said he was coming straight home. He hung up and called Mr. Margolis into his office. "I'm going to have to get home," he said. "This thing has cracked wide open."

"That's all right—I'll look after things here," Mr. Margolis said.

"Good." Mr. Reese put on his coat and hat. "Just one thing," he said. "If someone comes in with a job that looks—"

"Don't worry," Mr. Margolis said. "I know we can't handle a big one. As a matter of fact, I've been compensating for that all along."

"How do you mean?"

"I've been curbing my initiative."

"Jesus, I never realized you were doing that."

"Well, I've been curbing it since before you even bought the place, so I guess there's no way you could tell."

When Mr. Reese got home, his wife pointed out the tree limb where the man was sitting. "At first he was lower down," she said. "He moved to that limb only about ten minutes ago."

Mr. Reese tried to get a look at him, but there were too many leaves. He and Mrs. Reese decided to go inside and keep an eye on him from there. They took seats in the living room. It was a few minutes past five.

"It's funny being home early," Mr. Reese said.

"Yes."

They fell silent. Then Mr. Reese said, "You get a nice light from those side windows this time of day."

Mrs. Reese nodded.

"Kind of mellow."

"Yes," Mrs. Reese said.



*"What's new on the sexual front? Are our chaps still on top?"*

They sat in the living room until it began to grow dark. Then Mrs. Reese excused herself to prepare dinner.

It was too dark after they'd eaten to see for certain if the man was still in the tree. "You wait here," Mr. Reese said. "I'm going to go check on him." He got a flashlight and crossed the street to try to get a better look. He could make out the man's shape, but unfortunately something was loose in the flashlight, so it would work only when it was pointed down. Mr. Reese hurried back to the house. "I'm going to call the police," he said. "It'd be different if I had a decent flashlight, but I really got scared out there."

Two squad cars arrived within a few minutes after Mr. Reese had phoned. He ventured out as far as the curb on his side of the street and pointed out the proper tree. The policemen trained their spotlights on the man and told him through a loud-speaker to come down. He obeyed them and they led him to one of the squad cars and took him away.

The driver of the other squad car accompanied Mr. Reese back inside the house to get the necessary facts for his report. While he was there, Mrs. Reese, who had disappeared upstairs, returned

wearing a new dress. She said that it had been delivered yesterday but that this was the first chance she'd had to show it to Mr. Reese.

He felt neither the style nor the color suited her. "She looks much better in some of her other things," he said to the policeman.

"I like it and I don't like it," the policeman said.

A week later, Mr. Reese told his wife that he wanted to invite Mr. Margolis over for dinner. "He's quite a bit older, but last week, during that prowler business, we established some sort of bond," Mr. Reese said. "I think it would be nice to start having him over regularly."

As it happened, though, he was invited only the one time, because it turned out to be an awkward evening. Mr. Margolis had evidently been drinking heavily before he arrived, which may or may not have been the trouble. In any case, during dinner he dropped his napkin repeatedly and, under the pretext of retrieving it, spent minutes at a time sitting on the floor underneath the table, humming quietly to himself.





## GOING DOWN IN VALDEZ

dark boy of about 22 with very white teeth and short curly hair. On the way over to where I would be bunking he explained to me that a bull cook was the all-round good guy in camp who made the beds, carried the trash, swept the floors and did whatever else was necessary to keep the bunkhouse crew happy.

The bunkhouse in this case turned out to be a house trailer. The entire camp was made out of house trailers joined together by a walkway and covered over with a little roof. Each trailer had a deep sink, a bathroom and slept five men. The floors were covered with gold-speck carpeting and the walls were all paneled with imitation wood. It was exactly the sort of thing that would have passed for elegance in Waycross, Georgia. Paul told me there was a washing machine and drier in the back that I could use for nothing. If I needed anything, I should let him know. When he left I walked outside and sat on an empty gas can. It was gray and still raining but the sun was brilliant and brittle as glass high on the sides of the Chugach Mountains where they rose 5000 feet and better on all sides of the town. I was finally at the end of the line, Valdez, Alaska.

• • •

Alaska is an awesome place where exaggeration and outrage are the norm. It is a place where Eskimos live and work in cold so extreme it often reaches 80 degrees below zero. Three percent of the state is made up of active glaciers and ice fields—20,000 square miles—more than is found in the rest of the inhabited world combined. It is a land of unimaginable wealth that we ripped off from the Russians on October 18, 1867, for about two cents an acre. The shortest distance separating North America from Asia is between Little Diomed and Big Diomed islands. On Little Diomed a picture of Abraham Lincoln hangs on the schoolhouse wall. In the schoolhouse on Big Diomed is a picture of Karl Marx. Everything about Alaska stuns the imagination—including the proposed trans-Alaska pipeline. To understand what is happening to the town of Valdez, to the people there, it is necessary to have some notion of the dimensions, the magnitude of the pipeline itself.

In the northernmost part of the state, between the formidable mountains of the Brooks Range and the Arctic Ocean, lies the North Slope. And it is there at Prudhoe Bay that the trans-Alaska pipeline will rise. It passes the Sagavanirktok River, the Atigun Valley and crosses the mountains of the wild Brooks Range itself through the 4500-foot Dietrich Pass; and from there it goes south to the Yukon River and on south, passing only 15 miles to the east of Fairbanks. Once past Fairbanks, it goes into the Alaska Mountain Range where it will reach an

(continued from page 114)

elevation of 3500 feet as it crosses the Isabel Pass before descending into the Copper River Basin. The line then climbs the Chugach Mountains and descends through Keystone Canyon into Valdez, the nearest year-round ice-free port capable of accommodating tankers of the size that will be needed to haul the oil to West Coast refineries. The distance covered is exactly 798 miles.

The line itself will be buried when the terrain it crosses is solid rock or well-drained gravel. When it is not buried it will be raised on special pipe supports. It will go over rivers and under rivers—more often than not under them—and when it does go under rivers it will be encased in concrete four inches thick.

The pipe out of which the line will be constructed comes in sections about 40 or 60 feet long, four feet in diameter, with thicknesses ranging from .462 inches to .562 inches. In Berkeley, California, where the pipe was tested, a section of it was subjected to a maximum force of 2,520,000 pounds and a lateral deflection force of 459,000 pounds before it wrinkled. There is, as I write this, a total of 418.54 miles of this pipe stacked and waiting in Valdez. It was made in Japan and the first shipment arrived in Valdez September 13, 1969, the last shipment October 21, 1971. The other pipe-storage yards are at Fairbanks and at Prudhoe Bay.

By the best estimates, there are an incredible 9.6 billion barrels of oil on the North Slope and that is said to be as much as the combined reserves of Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas and half of Texas. When the pipeline is completed the oil will go into it hot (at times with temperatures possibly as high as 140 degrees Fahrenheit) and remain warm throughout the line because of the heat of the 12 pumping stations along the route and the heat generated by the friction between the oil and the pipe itself. Initially, the line will move 1,200,000 barrels a day—that's 50,400,000 gallons—but ultimately it is designed to move 2,000,000 barrels a day. Under normal pumping conditions, there will be, at any given moment, approximately 11,000 barrels, or 462,000 gallons, in any single mile of line. When the line first begins pumping, the oil will move about two miles per hour inside the line; but when it reaches capacity, the oil will travel at something just over seven miles per hour.

The entire line will be under computer control, with a monitoring station in Valdez. At the first sign of a loss of pressure, which would mean there had been a rupture or a leak somewhere along the way, the entire line could be shut down within 20 minutes. Shutting down a system that includes almost 800 miles of line and that much moving oil would create tremendous backup pressures, so the

designers have contrived to build into the line a series of valves and overflow tanks to accommodate that pressure. All tank facilities will have dikes built around them for protection against earthquakes. The Valdez terminal, which will be across the bay from the actual city of Valdez, will be constructed on solid bedrock far above the highest recorded seismic sea wave.

All of this planning and designing and construction is being carried out by the Alyeska Pipeline Service Company. Alyeska was formed in August of 1970, by Amerada Hess Corporation, ARCO Pipe Line Company, SOHIO Pipe Line Company, Exxon Pipeline Company, Mobil Alaska Pipeline Company, Phillips Petroleum Company, BP Pipeline Company, Inc. and Union Alaska Pipeline Company and is owned outright by these eight companies today. Certainly, it would appear that the designers have done everything they could do to prevent despoiling a beautiful irreplaceable wilderness by visiting ruination upon a balanced, though delicately so, animal and plant life.

But there is some question as to whether what they have done is enough. There is the matter of those caribou, for instance. Everybody has heard about the pipeline and the caribou—that magnificent herd of animals balanced off nicely on the scales of progress against this magnificent herd of people, you and I. There are better than 205,000,000 of us; there are only 450,000 of them. Each of us—every man, woman and child—uses an average of three gallons of oil a day. Numbers count for something, by God. So what does Alyeska intend to do about the fact that 450,000 caribou are up on the North Slope every summer to calve and then migrate through the Brooks Range where they are sure to encounter the pipeline? Where sections of pipe are aboveground and would interrupt the natural migratory patterns of the caribou, Alyeska will build underpasses for the animals to walk through. That's right, *underpasses*. Will the caribou walk through the underpasses? They'd damned well better if they want to get to where they've been going for hundreds of years.

What of the spawning of fish when they are laying all that pipe under all those rivers? Simple. They are going to time the operation so they won't be putting the pipe down when the fish are spawning. But will the fish spawn after their natural beds have been upset by inevitable noise, vibration and the ubiquitous debris of construction? Many of us hope so, but many of us doubt it.

Alyeska also plans to time its construction to minimize the disturbance to Dall sheep, a rare species, grazing and lambing in the Atigun Canyon. But they will be disturbed, however minimally, and nobody can predict with certainty what the



outcome will be. The peregrine falcon is an endangered species, and yet there will be many places along the pipeline where the peregrine falcon nests. It is stupid and absurd to say the pipeline work will not disturb and upset the peregrine. *Anything* disturbs and upsets the peregrine, so delicate is her nervous system and so finely attuned is she to the natural rhythms and cycles of the earth.

Many people who love the idea of the pipeline will point out to you that Alyeska doesn't want or need much land to carry out its project—a ridiculously small percentage of the state as a matter of fact. The right of way will extend only 25 feet on each side of the four-foot pipeline; and if you add all the additional working space required for the job, it will only come to about 7680 acres, or 12 square miles. The state of Alaska contains 586,412 square miles. That figures out to be .002 percent of the total area of the state. But it is not, of course, *what* they want, it's *where* they want it. The quarrel comes from the fact that the 12 square miles form a thin knife-edge line and therefore a barrier of some sort, if nothing but an access road, across the entire interior of Alaska from the Arctic Ocean at Prudhoe Bay to the Bay of Valdez.

The final nut buster is that there are men who have every reason to know about such things who think we did not need to go onto the North Slope to start with. One of those men is Barry Commoner, director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University in St. Louis. In a *Playboy Interview* of July 1974, he said, "It's been estimated that the oil on Alaska's North Slope may provide the U.S. with a two-or-three-year supply. So we've extended the country's oil resources from, say, 20 years to 23 years. For that, we may permanently wreck the ecosystem in Alaska. Is it worth it? I don't think so."

But all this has been hashed over. And for every expert you can find who thinks the pipeline is a horror, the oil companies can find five who think it is an unmitigated blessing. In the meantime, the actual welding of the line has not started: but those miles and miles of pipe are lying there in Valdez, waiting. Barges are on the way from Washington State, loaded with supplies. Men and equipment arrive every day. The town is gearing up as best it can for the onslaught. Dave Kennedy is completing a camp to house 600 men. Another camp is going up to house 1700 men. And across the bay at the site of the proposed terminal, Fluor Alaska, Inc. is about to start construction of a camp where 3500 men will stay. Valdez will change from a village of about 1000 people to a boom town of 17,000 in the next few years. There is a tension, even a violence, in the air of Valdez, poised on the brink of becoming something it has never been before. What that something is, nobody knows. But you can hear it in



"Usually, we just cut off the buttons."

the growling machinery, the whine of rip-saws, the constant beat of hammers. You can smell it in the smoky bars. You can see it in the faces of the people.

• • •

I was standing out on the dock in the rain, freezing, while they headed and gutted fish. That morning, Dave Kennedy had asked me down at the camp if I knew why the men had to drink so much in Valdez. No, I told him. He said you had to stay as wet on the inside as you were on the outside, so you wouldn't warp. I had done the best with it I could but I was beginning to warp bad. The boy standing beside me, whose name was Chris Matthews, stood not as I did with my back to the rain but rather with his face into it, looking out toward the flat gray water of Valdez Bay. He didn't seem to notice the rain or the wind even though my teeth were chattering so I could hardly talk. The rain was fine as mist and driven by a thin cold wind. Chris was 16 years old with corn-colored hair cropped close and a mouth full of broken teeth. He had just brought the fish in off the boat where it was anchored out in the flats off Cordova. A seaplane had taken him and the fish off the boat. He was a quiet, almost shy boy but when he spoke his voice carried the flat authority of a man who had been around the block.

"It's a seaplane that'll take you off the boat and bring you in for fifteen dollars. Cain't bring my boat in. Got a Indian fishing out there with me. Good man. But a drunk. I bring him in, I cain't git 'm back out again."

He was popping the heads off the salmon, expertly ripping their bellies, lifting out long pink roe and dropping it into a zinc bucket at the end of the

bench. Directly he quit with the fish and wiped his hands on the end of his shirt. He walked over to the edge of the dock and spat in the water. Straight across the bay from where we were standing was the site of the terminal where tankers would take the oil off the pipeline. Even from there we could see the yellow scrapers and dirt buggies and Cats, small as ants, digging away at the mountain, preparing for Fluor Alaska to build a camp for 3500 men.

"We'll all end up working for Fluor," he said and spat again. "The money's too good."

We went back over to the bench where Chris's daddy, Bob Matthews and Bob's partner, Johnny Craine, were finishing up with the fish. Johnny's wife Lynn was packing them into long fish boxes.

"We'll freeze 'm and sell 'm locally in the winter," Chris said. "Ain't no fish here then much. Sell 'm wholesale for forty, forty-five cent. These reds will bring that, the king'll go for a little more maybe."

"Let's go across the street for a drink," somebody said.

Wet, smelling slightly of fish, we went up the ramp with the fish boxes to the pickup truck. We walked across the muddy, unpaved street to the Club Valdez. It was late afternoon and the bar was beginning to fill up. Four couples were two-stepping to Merle Haggard. The boy ordered a Coke and I got a vodka. The others asked for Olys, by which they meant Olympia beer. I never heard anybody order any other kind of beer but Oly while I was in Valdez. I know there were other kinds of beer there because I

(continued on page 178) 175



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

## SUCKER PLAY

If you resent the fact that you weren't born with a silver spoon in your mouth, why not try a sterling-silver pacifier that Bloomingdale's in Manhattan is selling in its Silver Spot section for a mere \$85? You can hang one around your neck for emergency use, fondle it like worry beads or tuck it under your pillow as a little something to get you through the night. Librium may be cheaper, but they don't sell it at Bloomingdale's. Or do they?



## GUILT-EDGED BONDS

Take a villain, add a half-naked heroine chained to a pole, whip briskly and what have you got? A day in the life of Wilbur Mills? Nope, a book by the late John Willie, Forties and Fifties bondage cartoonist *extraordinaire*. For only \$12, you get *The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline*, a kinky volume with four of these classic adventures. The deluxe, boxed edition goes for \$25 (Belier Press, P.O. Box C, Gracie Station, New York, New York). Either is guaranteed to give you the Willies.



## INDIAN SIGN

In 1898, ethnologist Edward Sheriff Curtis set out to study American Indian life. When his limited-edition magnum opus, *The North American Indian*, was complete, 30 years later, it comprised 20 volumes of text and 2500 photographs. And the \$3000-per-set price quickly consigned it to the rare-book rooms of libraries. Now, selected Curtis prints are available for \$30 each postpaid from the San Francisco Museum of Art Bookshop, Van Ness and McAllister, San Francisco. Each one is printed in Curtisphile Jean-Antony du Lac's dark-room and enclosed in an 18" x 24" mat. Curtis' art tells an astonishing story of America's original race and Du Lac's labor of love recaptures the warm, sepia turn-of-the-century tones.



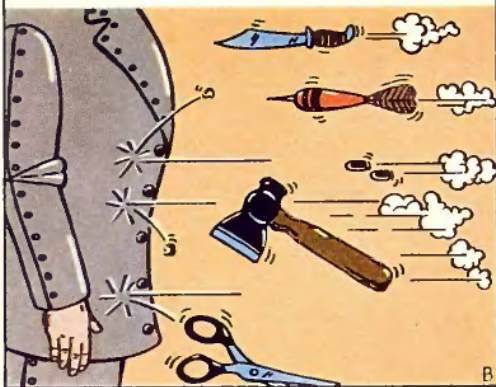
## BUSCH COUNTRY

First the Queen Mary at Long Beach, then London Bridge in Arizona. And now, by special decree from those beer barons, Anheuser-Busch is bringing to Williamsburg, Virginia, the rest of Europe in a \$30,000,000 Disneyland for expatriates called The Old Country. Once past Customs, you'll step back centuries to a 1000-seat Stratford-on-Avon theater for a little Shakespearean drama, board a Scottish train powered by a live-steam replica of the Balmoral Castle locomotive, drive an ersatz vintage Le Mans racing car, throw caution—and possibly your cookies—to the wind on a bobsled ride, and even down some suds to the oompah sounds in a German *Willkommenhaus*. We bet we know what you *will* be drinking when der German leader strikes up the band.



## CLOTHES ALL SHOT?

Back in the bad old days, the long arm of the law—and as much torso as possible—was protected from the criminal element by bulletproof vests, bulky tonnage about as tailored as a suit of armor. Well, now that the bad old days are back again, you may wish to venture forth in something a bit sturdier than gray flannel. So the House of Halpin, 1775 Pacific Avenue, Long Beach, California, is selling trimly tailored bulletproof clothing (his and hers) that will withstand anything up to 9mm. But what about moths?



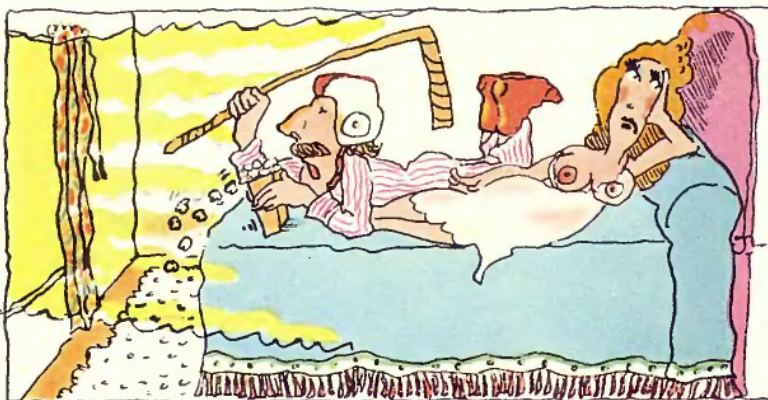
## HOT FOOT!

You may be the hotdog king of the mountain, but on long schusses your tootsies can get just as cold as those of a snow bunny. To the rescue comes Footwarmer, a pair of rechargeable packs (up to 500 times, claims the manufacturer) that attach to the back of each boot and keep your feet comfy for a full day's skiing. At \$74.95 from Comfort Products, P.O. Box 9200, Aspen, Colorado, they're the next best thing to not getting out of bed.



## VINTAGE VALENTINES

How do I love thee? Let me count my money—because John W. Read of R.D. #5, Greenville, Pennsylvania, is selling his fabulous collection of antique valentines at prices up to \$225. Many of the amorous missives date back into the last century, a few are framed for display, some are hand-painted and all are heavy stuff, with notes such as "You Are the Flower of My Heart." One 1945 model is described in Read's printed list as featuring a "hand-painted little girl dressed in pink with white muff (lifts up to show red heart)." That kind of action, in addition to the \$15 price tag, is true love.



## CAVALIERS EMPTOR

Normally, the sports-minded sybarite uses TV to bring the action from the stadium into his bedroom. Now, for a little change—like, \$22,200 down and \$13,300 yearly—you can do away with the tube and move right into the stadium; specifically, Nick Mileti's Coliseum near Cleveland. You get a private wining-and-dining area, ten armchairs, membership in the Coliseum Club (health spa, tennis courts, etc.) and a close-up view of the Cavaliers' home games. (We knew there was a catch somewhere.)

## PICTURE YOU

Sure, you like denim clothes, and sure, you're absolutely wild about embroidery. But now that your girlfriend has spent four years embroidering all your clothes and will never play the violin again, don't you think it's time you gave her a break? So, for a mere \$225, you can have a bleached-denim jacket custom-painted to suit your peculiar tastes (not too peculiar, we hope) by Langwith Designs at 1106 Taylor Street, San Francisco. Still-life depictions, such as the Grand Marnier bottle shown here, are their specialty—besides, it'll give your girlfriend the chance to do something, shall we say, more creative with her hands.





## GOING DOWN IN VALDEEZ

(continued from page 175)

had been into several Budweisers myself. But everybody else drank Olympia because goddamn it it was Alaskan beer. They didn't care what people Outside drank; they drank Olympia. (*Outside* is the word they use for anyplace that is not in Alaska. Sometimes they'll refer to the "Lower Forty-eight," but mostly it's Outside.) Native Alaskans, as well as people who are not native Alaskans but who have been through one or more Alaskan winters, have a tremendous contempt for people Outside. And like people everywhere they do not gladly suffer fools to instruct them on the error of their ways. It is common to see bumper stickers saying, SIERRA CLUB GO HOME and WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN HOW YOU DO IT OUTSIDE.

Earlier, out on the end of the dock, Chris had been standing there kicking one rubber boot against the other when he looked up and said: "Family of pukers."

I looked where he was pointing and saw a man and a woman and a child coming down to the dock from a 50-foot yacht with raised fishing chairs and curtains on the windows of an enclosed cabin. The man was double-knitted and color-coordinated and wearing a braided cap at a jaunty angle. The woman was pants-suited in something phosphorescent pink. "Pukers?" I said.

"This is one of the best fishing waters in the world—commercial, sport, anything. People like them there come from Outside with they damn boats and git one of us to guide 'm. Only thing is, they spend all day puking. Pukers ought not to have boats."

I eventually learned that puker had become one of the kinder generic words for anybody from Outside.

Johnny got up to dance with his blonde and handsome lady, Lynn. They sailed smoothly about the wooden floor, Johnny's cheek pressed against hers, she humming the words to the song softly, the two of them two-stepping as only people can who have been together 30 years and better. Lynn had followed Johnny to Valdez, but Bob's wife was Outside. She didn't like it in Alaska. Johnny and Bob had been partners for 21 years, worked dirt jobs all over Alaska, had been up on the North Slope together back in the early days. They were Cat drivers and together owned some heavy equipment they leased out. They were just about to bid on the sewage contract the town of Valdez was going to put out in a few days.

A friend of theirs came in and Bob waved him over. He was lean, not big but set up thick in the shoulder and narrow in the hip. His hands were wedge-shaped and laced with heavy veins. His eyes were dark, his hair, thick and straight and black. He was a little drunk. The

lady with him was slender, with flat cheeks and deep eyes and a beautifully formed mouth. Bob introduced us. His name was Jay and hers was Chris. They were both native Alaskans. He was Irish and Indian. She was Eskimo.

She hugged my neck like a good buddy and said: "You met your first full-blood Eskimo in the Club Valdeez." Then to her husband: "Show 'm what you got for Father's Day, honey."

Jay wasn't feeling good. He looked at me. "Gone come up here and write it all down in a week or two, are you?" I told him I didn't think I'd get it *all*, no. I was feeling about like a snake by then myself. "You know where I just come from?" he said.

"Show 'm what you got for Father's Day, honey," his wife said.

"I'll tell you where I just come from, a meeting with the pipeline people; Impact Meeting, they call it. Had a goddamn Texan there, ten-gallon hat, cowboy boots, sunglasses, and he was telling us what to expect from these Alaskan winters." His voice was thin and bitter. "Telling us how to dress and what to do—you know, the dos and don'ts of Alaska. I sat there wondering how in the hell I got through forty-some-odd years up here without a goddamn Texan to tell me what to do."

His wife didn't like the way things were going. "Somebody ask him what he got for Father's Day. A gold watch is what I gave him."

Jay shook his head and drained his Oly. "Goddamn Texans took over this state and never fired a shot."

His wife said: "You know what Father's Day meant? It meant I could go back for seconds." She laughed nervously. She had tremendous teeth.

"You know the difference between cowboy boots and farmer's boots?" asked Jay. "Farmer's boots got the bullshit on the outside."

His wife came over and took his arm. "I want to dance," she said. He didn't seem to want to, but he got up, anyway, and they two-stepped away to Hank Williams, Jr.

A lady, rather heavy and smelling of talcum, had joined us at the table and had begun a long story in a sour, quarrelsome voice about what was happening to food prices.

"We're not all on the pipeline money, you know," she said. "A eight-ounce can of vegetable juice, the kind I like and all, jumped from seventy-nine cent to a dollar and three cent in one week."

I'd walked around town that day myself, seeing what the stores were like. There was not a single bar of hand soap in any store in all of Valdez. Neither was there any milk. None. A Coke, a small one, cost 50 cents. Generally anything that is brought in by truck is very expensive,

if you can get it at all. Anything that is flown in is, given the scheme of things, fairly reasonable. Meat, for instance, comes by plane, and round steak in the grocery store was \$2.25 a pound.

Jay and his lady came back to the table and he was in a better mood. He showed us the gold watch she had given him for Father's Day. He said he was going to be a grandfather any day now. Except for his beat-up face, he looked 30. He said he was 42.

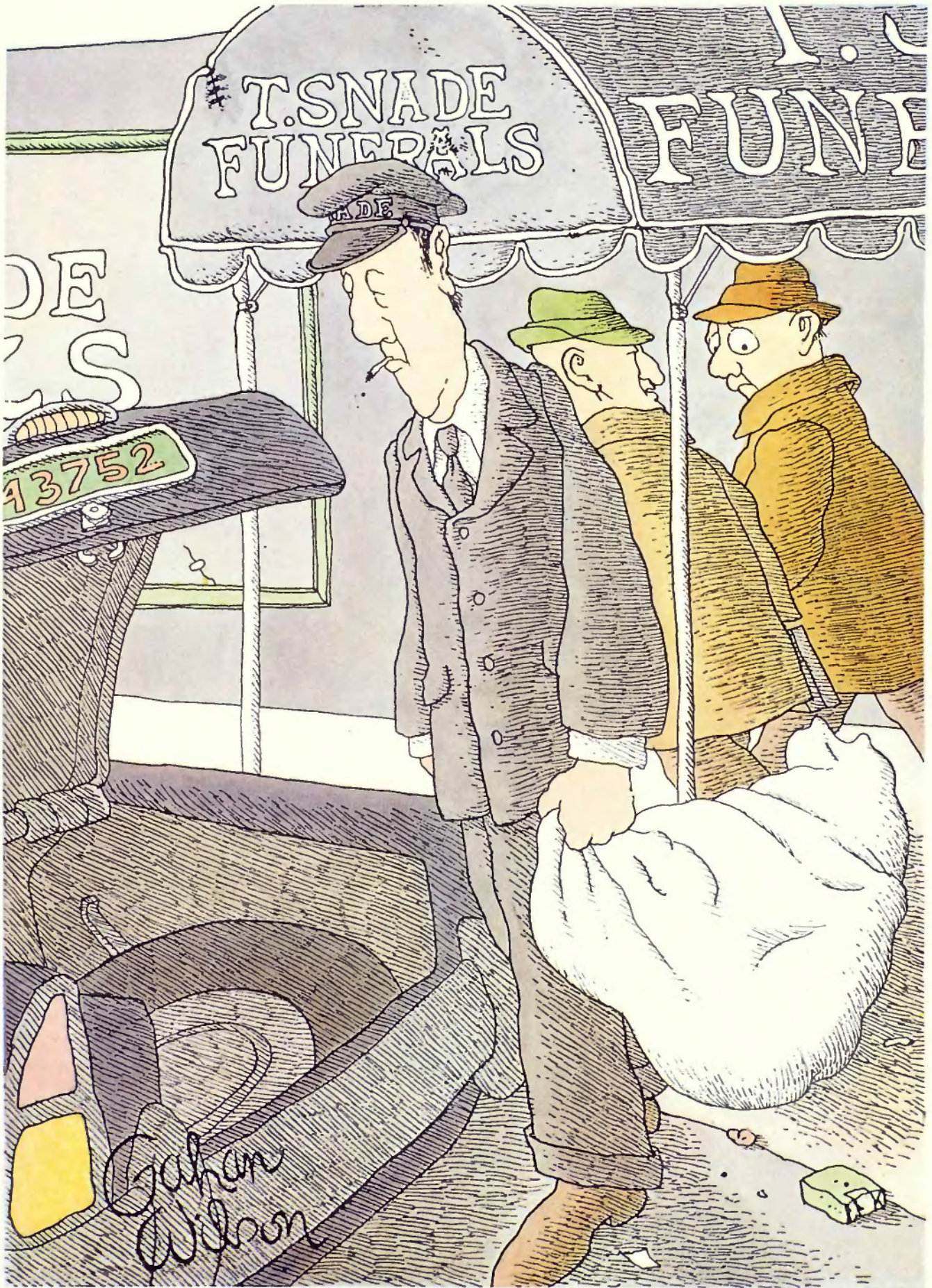
His wife started telling me how her mother used to make ice cream. When she got to the place where her mother was adding seal oil, she suddenly stopped and said, "Do you boogie?" I told her I'd boogie her back off. "Goddamn, let's do it," she said. And we did, but it was science-fiction boogie, because we had to do it to *Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree*.

We came back to the table and Jay put his hand on my arm. "You serious about writing about this?" I told him I was. "Then I want to tell you," he said. "I'm native Alaskan. I never went Outside until I was grown. Still haven't been Outside but two or three times in my whole life." He waved his arm to include the room. "There's not but seventy thousand of us. Think about that. This country and there's not but seventy thousand natives. We're Eskimos, Aleuts, Indians and people like me, a cross, but born here and raised here. And this pipeline's gone kill us, kill the country." He was speaking with great intensity, his face flushed, his hand where it held my arm gripped hard enough to hurt. "Ruin it all forever."

I thought he meant the pipeline itself, running across the interior of the country. I thought he was talking about ecology.

"Shit, no," he said. "I was Outside a couple of years ago in a bar and a couple guys started in on me about how the line was gone ruin Alaska and they had a river right there in their own state that'd kill a horse if he was to drink out of it. They're so full of shit in the Lower Forty-eight. Let 'm look to their own back yard before they start telling us what's ruining our country. What's gone kill us is the scumbags that'll follow the line, follow the men and the money. The Alaskan people are delicate—the seventy thousand—so . . . so . . . innocent. You know innocent?" I told him I knew innocent. "It's not the workers. Hell, the men are all right. Look at 'm up there." We turned to look at the long line of men at the bar, solemnly staring at three couples two-stepping over the smooth wooden floor. "Scumbags always follow construction, but there'll be scumbags here like they've never been scumbags before. This job is so big, the money's so . . . Look, a laborer on this line'll make seven, eight hundred dollars a week. A guy driving a dirt buggy can make twelve hundred a week. The companies put





*"Talk about your cut-rate operations. . ."*



these men in camps, feed 'em, give 'em a place to sleep. All that money's free and clear. Only a few of 'em got their wives up here. So what'll the men do? They'll give their money to scumbags. And I don't give a shit about that. You think I give a shit? But this job's going to draw every high roller, promoter, hype artist, con man, pimp and dopester. . . . It's gone suck 'em up here from Outside. And once they're here, it'll be all over. They'll go through this country, every city, every town, every village, like maggots through meat."

He stopped and chugged an Oly. The whole table had grown silent, listening. It was a little embarrassing, because he was so obviously sincere, so impassioned about something he could do nothing about.

The boy who had sat all this time drinking a Coke said in his flat laconic voice: "That's why I'm staying on the boat. Me and that drunk Indian. They'll have to come take me off that boat."

Everybody laughed and the boy's daddy, Bob, slapped the table with the palm of his hand and said: "Hey, let's go have a fish fry!"

I said I'd go by Truck's and pick up some beer and meet them at their trailer. After they had gone I had another vodka and thought about the mess that was Valdez, Alaska, and how pleased I was that it was their mess and not mine, or, if in some larger sense it was mine, that I wouldn't have to deal with it. I'm a coward that way.

I'd gone by a couple days before to see the mayor, but he was out delivering the mail, had a mail route. The mayoralty turned out to be one of those dollar-a-year jobs. So I dropped by to see the city manager, Mr. Lehfeldt, a neatly dressed man with slicked-down black hair and nervous eyes. He in effect told me he was scared to death. "There's not enough sewers and there's not enough water and I had a meeting with Alyeska last week. . . ." He stopped and drew a deep breath before his tight petulant voice ran on. "And they're talking about coming in here to start building housing for a thousand supervisory personnel. That's more than all the permanent housing in the rest of Valdez put together!" When I got through talking to Mr. Lehfeldt, the mayor was still out delivering mail.

So I stopped by to see Police Chief Dave Ohler, a big man with enormous hands, whose gentle, whispery voice almost put me to sleep even though I only spoke with him for a minute or two. He seemed to see no cause for alarm in the fact that there were only three men on the police force. "Course, we've got a state-trooper office here with two men permanently assigned to it, so that gives us five officers, and we've only got at this moment about two thousand people in town." What about when it jumped to 5000 or 6000 or 10,000? Well, he wasn't

sure. But so far things seemed to be going along OK. "I guess we can expect some trouble, but so far everything in town seems to be pretty clean." Drugs? Whores? Not that he knew of.

I went over to the Pinzon Liquor Store for some beer and vodka. Alice wasn't there but Truck was still as reticent as ever. We exchanged pleasantries about the weather and I went back out into the rain. Just as I was getting into the car, a guy called to me from across the street. There were two of them, both young, both bearded, sitting in a Volkswagen bus.

"Step over here a second," the one on the near side called. I walked over to the bus. The one behind the wheel leaned toward the window. "You want a tattoo?" he said.

First I thought I'd heard him wrong, then I thought he was crazy. "No," I said. "No, I don't want a tattoo."

"Listen," he said. "I'm from L.A. I worked for Lyle Tuttle. You know Lyle Tuttle?"

"No," I said.

"Tattooist to the stars," he said. "He's the one tattooed Janis Joplin."

"How you know you don't want one? You ain't seen my work. Pete, show him my work." The boy nearest me got out of the Volkswagen. I took about three steps back when he stepped down to the street. I was pretty freaked by then. "This here's Pete. He's a walking advertisement for my work." Pete slucked out of his shirt, held his arms out, flexed and slowly turned. He was intricately and beautifully illustrated. From neck to navel he was a complicated network of interlocking eagles and jaguars and anchors and hearts and legends written in a kind of Germanic script. I couldn't take my eyes off him. Among other things, he must have been an iron freak. Muscles, as he turned, rippled and slid, ridged and quivered making the smooth, multicolored skin come alive, pulsing in an undulant motion.

"Jesus Lord," I finally said.

"See," the guy in the truck said. "You don't know what you want. I got lots of designs you can choose from, or I'll work from something you design. We're camped right out. . . ."

"I've got to go see some people," I said. "They're waiting."

The illustrated iron freak was still turning and I could not bring myself to say I didn't want one of his tattoos. They were too beautifully and skillfully done to tell him that.

"OK, that's OK. Come by our place any time."

He told me where they were camped, out beyond the Pipeline Storage Yard on the road to Anchorage. You turned left on the first dirt road beyond the yard.

I was just turning to go when he said: "One last thing. You wanta buy a watch?" He whipped open the door to the bus and

there in a shallow suitcase must have been 150 watches of all kinds—wrist, pocket and pendant.

"When I got more time to look at them," I said. "When I come for my tattoo, maybe."

"Good enough," he said and closed the case.

Bob Matthews was already cooking the fish when I got there. He was doing it outside even though it was raining. They walk through the rain in Valdez like the rest of the world walks through sunshine. They don't seem to notice it. I went inside and drank with Johnny Craine while Lynn made cole slaw and cooked corn bread. A guy came in and said hello and asked if he could take a shower. Lynn told him sure and said there were towels by the sink.

"That's something you get used to up here quick," she said. "Somebody says hi, then they ask you if they can have a shower. Nobody's got any water up here much, you know."

Bob came in with the fish and we ate and drank and told sea stories. No alcohol is allowed in the pipeline camps up on the North Slope by the oil companies because the men are working in such cold weather that a drunk could easily wander out into the snow and freeze to death. So Lynn baked a cake for Johnny one Christmas, hollowed it out, put a quart of whiskey inside and sent it to him. (I think I understand that story but I'm not sure.) Up on the North Slope no engine is ever turned off during the winter months. Tractors, Cats, trucks run day and night for the good reason that if anything ever shuts down you can't start it again. Rubber tires shatter like glass. Bob told a story about getting outstanding on some boot-leg stuff and decking an Eskimo only to wake up later that night to find the Eskimo outside on a Caterpillar bulldozing down the camp.

And so it went late into the night, through outrageous quantities of fish, corn bread, slaw and beer and vodka, until we were all full, talked out, laughed out and sensationally drunk. At which time I thought I was going back to the camp and I'll never know how it happened (maybe I just wanted to see the illustrated man again) but I ended up out on the road to Anchorage, left on the first dirt road past the Pipeline Storage Yard. None of it's too clear, but I do remember sitting in a trailer with these two guys explaining that my right leg was game, a really bad knee, broken, torn, bad cartilage, unrepairable, and saying that I thought I needed hinges on that knee, four tattooed hinges, one on the front and back and one on each side. I think I was joking. It's all very hazy. Anyway, that's the last thing I remember.

I woke up the next morning in the rented National car with a pounding head and a dry mouth. I thought at first an ant, or maybe even a bee had stung my right



arm, was stinging it. I looked down to knock it off and damned if I didn't have a tattoo. A hinge on my right elbow. I was still parked in front of the trailer where the tattoo artist and his walking advertisement lived and I went bellowing out of the car, my head hurting 90 miles an hour, into the trailer. The two guys were asleep on a ratty bed.

"You son of a bitches," I was shouting, "you tattooed me!"

Their eyes were open now. One of them yawned and said, "That's right."

I started yelling and screaming that you just didn't tattoo somebody when he was out on his ass, that I never would have agreed to being tattooed, that only assholes got tattooed and I was not an asshole. And then I really started foaming at the mouth when he told me it had cost me \$65. Out with the old wallet. A quick look. Sure enough, I was lighter by \$65.

"You bastards, what if I get hepatitis?"

The iron freak got off the bed, his eagles and jaguars flashing, walked right up and leaned into my face and said softly: "If you get hepatitis you'll turn yellow as shit."

As I was driving back to town I said to myself: You have been rolled and permanently discolored in Valdez, Alaska.

The whore was 22 and her name was Micki (spelled with two I's that way). Her husband's name was Buddy. They were from Los Angeles.

"So, you know, I'm reading the paper one morning and the wire service has picked up a story about a girl who got permission to go up on the North Slope and sell subscriptions to *Argosy* magazine. Two months later some security people stopped her. She had five subscriptions to *Argosy* magazine and \$19,000 in her pocket.

"So, you know, we were swinging down in Los Angeles, right? I mean, you know, Micki was turning four or five guys a party anyway. So I said why not go up there and make some money? Micki said sure, why not? In three years we'll retire to France forever."

"The Riviera," said Micki.

We were in a mobile home, a double wide. Micki had come out of her little room and was sitting in a housecoat. Buddy was tricked out in the best tradition of pimpdom. He was all ruffles and lace and stacked heels and wrap-around goggle-style amber sunglasses and a gold earring and on and on. He'd been going through this long number about how cool he was (I think he'd read Iceberg Slim's autobiography) when Micki leaned forward in her chair and said, looking at my discolored, swollen, scabby hinged elbow: "How long've you had that?"

"About three days," I said.

"Is the guy here in Valdez?"

"Who?"

"The man who gives the tattoos."

"Yes."

"Buddy," she said. "I want a tattoo."

"Bullshit," he said.

They were immediately in an awful argument. He'd flown her out to Seattle not long ago for a little R&R, and she'd seen the movie *Papillon*. She wanted a tattoo of a butterfly on her ass. He shouted that she wouldn't be able to fuck for a week with a tattoo on her ass. Just look at that goddamn hinge on his goddamn elbow! She screamed she wouldn't turn another trick if he didn't get her a tattoo. It was very embarrassing. I hate to witness family disputes. But he relented finally and stomped out of the room. He wasn't gone but a minute before he was back, zipping himself into a pair of muddy Levis and buttoning a Mackinaw that was torn and raveling at both sleeves.

He shrugged. "I have to get out of my good stuff and put on this shit when I go out of the trailer."

He wanted me to go with him but I told him the tattoo artist and I had had words. He didn't like me and I didn't like him; further, I thought they were

doing a bad thing getting the butterfly, at least from the man out by the Pipeline Storage Yard. But Micki was adamant and Buddy left with the directions I gave him. While he was gone, we talked about her situation there in Valdez.

"They mostly want head. Hell, I don't mind giving head. I'm in the business. It comes with the package."

"Well," I said, because she had paused and I didn't know quite how to react to that, "it's so cold and wet here in Valdez."

She didn't understand what I meant by that any better than I did. She regarded me blankly for a moment. "I think they think I might have the clap or something. Shit, we got a doctor who looks after me. Sec, most of 'm have their old ladies Outside in Seattle or up in Anchorage and they fly out to see 'm every couple of weeks and I don't think they want to risk carrying home the clap."

She'd broken out a little cellophane bag and dumped a small hill of white powder onto the table in front of her. While she talked she chopped it fine and then



"I'm not one of those women who require lots of foreplay, Mr. Hardy, but I do need time to remove my panty hose!"



laid it out in little rows with the edge of a razor blade.

"Like I say, it don't matter to me, but you'd be surprised how many insist I swallow. In a long day that can work out to a lot of come."

With considerably more show than I thought was necessary she took out a \$100 bill—going to some pains to make sure I knew it was a hundred—rolled it up, put one end in her right nostril, her thumb against her left, and leaned forward over the table and snorted a row of coke. Then she gave her left nostril the same shot.

She smiled a laid-back smile. "I figured out one day I took nine yards of cock. Later on I won't have to work so hard. Once all the men are here and the camps are full, Buddy plans to expand to take some of the load off me. Maybe then, too, Buddy can wear his clothes on the street. It kills him to have to get out of his fine things to go out, but Valdeez is still so small and our cover's not good enough to let him flaunt himself. He wants to flaunt himself."

The telephone rang and she answered it. "Yeah, if you come right over."

The guy must have been calling from the corner because he was there in about four minutes. He was a fisherman. He reeked of salmon. She took him into her little room. In less than five minutes they were out again. She sat down and snorted another row of coke.

"This has got to be one of the greatest places in the world to work. These guys are so horny I can bump into them and they come. Of course, everything has its drawbacks and disadvantages. That poor creep probably hasn't had a bath in a month." She gave me her dreamy little smile again. "I washed about six inches of him. It'll be the last bath he has until he sees me again."

The telephone rang. She picked it up, listened, then put her hand over the mouthpiece. "How soon do you think Buddy ought to be back?"

"He ought to be back now," I said.

"No," she said into the phone. "No, not even later. Call tomorrow."

I commented that business seemed to be good, trying to make it as objective and professional as I could, just the sort of thing you might say to a used-car dealer who had lately opened a lot and was trying to establish himself.

"Oh, this is slow," she said. "The middle of the week is never any good much. But weekends? You ought to see weekends. It's a madhouse around here. They all seem to be hornier on weekends."

I asked her if it was a Friday, a Saturday or a Sunday when she took the nine yards, because I'd done some quick, easy arithmetic in my head and—using a modest six inches as a standard—found six guys to the yard, times nine, and got the, at least to my mind, phenomenal number of 54.

"It was a Sunday," she said. "Sundays are always good here."

Buddy came in with the illustrated iron freak and the tattoo artist. They were both carrying stuff: alcohol, gauze, swabs, a little metal case that held the electric needle.

They were very friendly to me, as though nothing had happened out there at their place three days ago.

"How's your 'too?'" said the iron freak. "You ready for another one?"

"No," I said.

"They're addicting," said the artist. "Everybody comes back for another one, and then another, and pretty soon you'll look like Lyle Tuttle."

"I've never seen Lyle Tuttle," I said.

"Tattooist to the stars," he said.

"You told me," I said.

"Well, he's got more pictures than Pete here. Right, Pete? Lyle Tuttle's got no space left."

"Great," I said. "That's just great."

Buddy went immediately and changed into his street-corner flash. Micki was looking over some designs the artist had brought over. He had plugged in what looked like a baby-bottle warmer to get some steam to sterilize his equipment. While he made all these motions of cleanliness—hospital conditions, he called them—I couldn't help noticing that his fingernails were extravagantly dirty. Micki finally found the butterfly she wanted. It was a big thing, nearly as big as my hand, with blue, green and yellow in its wings.

Buddy came out and looked at the design she had chosen. "Good Christ," he said. "You'll be out of commission for a week."

She said: "You know as well as I do I do most of my work on my knees." He started to protest again, but she stopped him by saying, "Shut up, Buddy, or I'll send you back to Los Angeles."

While she was lying face down on the couch, pulling her robe up around her shoulders and sharing the last few rows of coke with Pete and the artist, Buddy leaned in close to me and said behind his hand: "Regular pimps get treated with respect. Hell, they're gods to their girls. Right? Am I right?"

I told him I'd heard that what he said was true.

"Don't ever hustle for your wife," he said. "You get no respect."

I told him I'd remember that. We turned to watch the artist at work. He was swabbing down Micki's cheek. She had a fine ass. The little machine with the tattooing needle in the end of it made a sound like a small egg beater. The artist held it lightly in his hand and, I was pleased to notice, made quick sure strokes with it. After each stroke, he swabbed the stroke with an alcohol-soaked piece of cotton. Micki lay with her face turned to the side and her eyes closed. She never once flinched.

Buddy, the first time the artist missed with the cotton swab and the blood

coursed down off her snow-white ass, grabbed his mouth with his hands and said: "Oh, oh, blood, my God, the blood!" and ran to the rear of the double wide.

Finally the tattoo was done. And a handsome tattoo it was after the colors were traced and blended into the wings and all the blood was wiped away. There was a slight redness around the edges of the butterfly, but other than the redness it might have been painted on with bright water colors instead of embedded in her flesh with an electric needle. In a few days, of course, it would swell. It would scab. It would turn ugly, and if Micki couldn't keep her fingers off it, there would be infection—not much, but still infection—a little puss, a little blurring of the line with scar tissue. But, as everybody knows, if you want a tattoo (and why in God's world would anybody want one?), you have to run the risk of infection, of puss and scar tissue.

It was no doubt gratuitous, even sentimental, but looking at the butterfly on the young whore's ass I thought of the long snaking pipeline falling from Prudhoe Bay across the interior of Alaska to the Bay of Valdez. I thought if Alaska is not our young whore, what is she? She is rich, but who can live with her? She is full of all that will pleasure us, but she is hard and cold to the bone. And if we scar her, leave her with pestilence and corrupted with infection, irrefutably marked with our own private design, who can blame us? Didn't we buy her for a trifling sum to start with?

Watching the freshly wiped butterfly that had so lately been bloody, knowing that before it would be beautiful again it must first be scabby and unlovely, I came to a kind of bilious outrage and depression. It was a green and sour thick-ness I could taste on my tongue. It was a taste and feeling that would stay with me for weeks after I left Valdez.

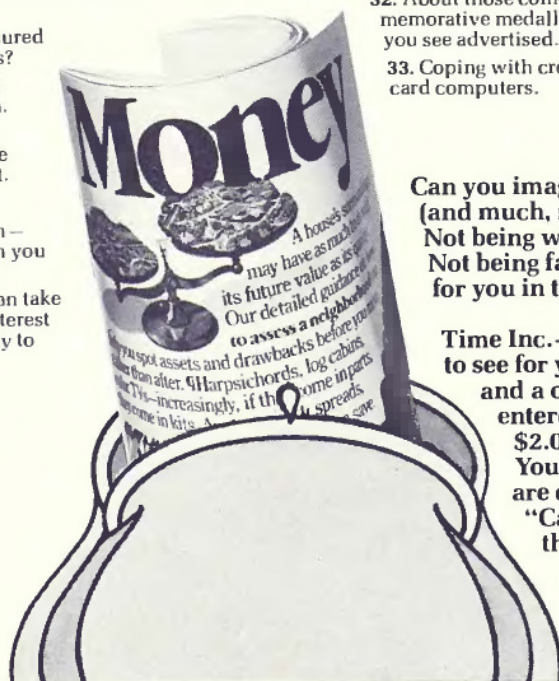
I stood up, made my apologies for leaving early and, without waiting for Micki to answer, went through the door into the fine misting rain. I walked back toward the car in the dark thinking about the town out there, the people I'd met: Dave Kennedy building, Hap cooking, Chris on the flat with the drunken Indian fishing, Johnny Craine's wife cooking and giving showers to those who had none. I thought about it all and watching the bloody butterfly going on Micki's snowy cheek; finally, all I could think of or remember with any pleasure was that over in the Club Valdez they were still two-stepping. Charley Pride was singing and Hank Williams, Jr., was next and at the bar, a long line of quiet, almost solemn men watched the dancers two-stepping, gliding over the smooth wooden floor, their faces touching, the lips of the women parted, softly humming the words of the song.



# THE 50 BEST MONEY IDEAS OF THE YEAR:

(All items on this page are from recent and forthcoming issues of Money magazine.)

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2. Save as much as 95% (it's easy) on stock commissions.
3. Tropical islands still with pre-inflation prices.
4. Low-interest college loans for people who thought they earned too much to qualify.
5. A tennis court you can build yourself for \$1,000.
6. Business charges you for these services — but you can get them free from the government.
7. Are your real estate taxes too high? How to tell, what to do about it.
8. Your child's orthodontia work — for 1/3 less.
9. Is your doctor overcharging? How to find out, what to do.
10. Fine men's clothing for 50% less — places, prices and quality checks.
11. How to get the best deal on interest charges when financing a new car.
12. How to negotiate your insurance claim to get the most you can.
13. What happens to uninsured savings in a bank that folds?
14. The new family budget rules for a time of inflation.
15. Scholarships and fellowships many graduate students don't know about.
16. Understanding gold.
17. What expenses you can — and should — control when you hire a caterer.
18. How small investors can take advantage of extra-high interest rates usually available only to millionaires.
19. Surprise! You may be denying yourself too much now — by saving too much for your retirement. How to tell.
20. Some inexpensive watches you can take seriously.
21. Non-profit services that give you credit counseling.
22. How eliminating a tiresome chore can save you important money on both heating and air conditioning.
23. That Stock Advisory Service you've been using — its results compared to the ones you haven't been using.
24. Setting up a tax-deductible office in your home.
25. Use clout you didn't know you had to get an "impossible" mortgage.
26. Fake antiques.
27. What are today's careers with a future?
28. Are you a professional who should incorporate himself?
29. Help for car owners stuck with a lemon.
30. Questionable fund-raisers.
31. Frauds in preschool learning devices.
32. About those commemorative medallions you see advertised.
33. Coping with credit card computers.
34. Dealing with furniture defects and delivery delays.
35. Good colleges for less money.
36. Protection against nursing-home costs.
37. Hospital plans for the self-employed.
38. What you should know about the differences between Series E and Series H government bonds.
39. Understanding stock options: the booming new market for small investors.
40. One of the most exotic vacations in the world — and the budget is modest.
41. When not to tip.
42. Getting discounts for paying cash.
43. Food co-ops: getting it wholesale.
44. Insurance policies that qualify for Keogh plans.
45. What is probably the safest way to profit from the next bull market.
46. Tax wisdom for the divorced.
47. Help for the housewife going back to a job.
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## THE ADMIRALTY SPIRE

(continued from page 72)

undeservedly these male and female monologs about love were considered most modern examples of foreign lyricism is the fact that the darling among them was a piece by poor Louis Bouilhet, who wrote in the middle of the last century. Reveling in the rolling cadences, Katya would declaim his Alexandrines and scold me for finding fault with a certain highly sonorous strophe in which, after having referred to his passion as a violin bow, the author compares his mistress to a guitar.

Apologies of guitars, madam, you write that "in the evening the young people would gather and Olga would sit at a table and sing in a rich contralto." Oh, well—one more death, one more victim of your sumptuous prose. Yet how I cherished the echoes of modish *tziganishchina* that inclined Katya to singing and me to composing verse! Well do I know that this was no longer authentic gypsy art such as that which enchanted Pushkin and, later, Apollon Grigoriev, but a barely breathing, jaded and doomed muse; everything contributed to her ruin: the gramophone, the war and various so-called *tzigane* songs. It was for good reason that Blok, in one of his customary spells of providence, wrote down whatever words he remembered from gypsy lyrics, as if hastening to save at least this before it was too late.

Should I tell you what those husky murmurs and plaints meant to us? Should I reveal to you the image of a distant, strange world where:

*Pendulous willow boughs slumber  
Drooping low over the pond,*

where, deep in the lilac bushes,

*The nightingale sobs out her passion,*

and where all the senses are dominated by the memory of lost love, that wicked ruler of pseudo-gypsy romanticism? Katya and I also would have liked to reminisce, but, since we had nothing yet to reminisce about, we would counterfeit the remoteness of time and push back into it our immediate happiness. We transformed everything we saw into monuments to our still inexistent past by trying to look at a garden path, at the moon, at the weeping willows with the same eyes with which *now*—when fully conscious of irreparable losses—we might have looked at that old, waterlogged raft on the pond, at that moon above the black cowshed. I even suppose that, thanks to a vague inspiration, we were preparing in advance for certain things, training ourselves to remember, imagining a distant past and practicing nostalgia, so that subsequently, when that past really existed for us, we would know how to cope with it and not perish under its burden.

But what do you care about all this? When you describe my summer sojourn at the ancestral estate you dub "Glinskoye," you chase me into the woods and there

compel me to write verse "redolent of youth and faith in life." This was all not quite so. While the others played tennis (using a single red ball and some Doherty rackets, heavy and saggy, found in the attic) or croquet on a ridiculously overgrown lawn with a dandelion in front of every hoop, Katya and I would make for the kitchen garden and, squatting there, gorge ourselves on two species of strawberry—the bright-crimson *Victoria* (*sadovaya zemlyanika*) and the Russian *hautbois* (*klubnika*), purplish berries often slimed by frogs; and there was also our favorite *Ananas* variety, unripe-looking yet wonderfully sweet. Without straightening our backs, we moved, grunting, along the furrows, and the tendons behind our knees ached, and our insides filled with a rubious weight. The hot sun bore down, and that sun, and the strawberries, and Katya's frock of tussore silk with darkening blotches under the arms, and the patina of tan on the back of her neck—all of it blended into a sense of oppressive delight; and what bliss it was, without rising, still picking berries, to clasp Katya's warm shoulder and hear her soft laughter and little grunts of greed and the crunch of her joints as she rummaged under the leaves. Forgive me if I pass directly from that orchard, floating by with the blinding gleam of its hothouses and the swaying of hairy poppies along its avenues, to the water closet, where, in the pose of Rodin's *Thinker*, my head still hot from the sun, I composed my verse. It was dismal in all senses of the word, that verse; it contained the trills of nightingales from *tzigane* songs and bits of Blok, and helpless echoes of Verlaine: *Souvenir, souvenir, que me veux-tu? L'automne*—even though autumn was still far off, and my happiness shouted with its marvelous voice nearby, probably over there, by the bowling alley, behind the old lilac bushes under which lay piles of kitchen refuse, and hens walked about. In the evenings, on the veranda, the gramophone's gaping mouth, as red as the lining of a Russian general's coat, would pour forth uncontrollable gypsy passion; or, to the tune of *Under a Cloud the Moon's Hidden*, a menacing voice would mimic the Kaiser: "Give me a nib and a holder, to write ultimatums it's time." And on the garden terrace a game of *Gorodki* (townlets) was going on: Katya's father, his collar unbuttoned, one foot advanced in its soft house boot, would take aim with a cudgel as if he were firing a rifle and then hurl it with force (but wide of the mark) at the "townlet" of skittles while the setting sun, with the tip of its final ray, brushed across the palisade of pine trunks, leaving on each a fiery band. And when night finally fell, and the house was asleep, Katya and I would look at the dark house from the park where we kept huddled on a hard, cold, invisible

bench until our bones ached, and it all seemed to us like something that had already once happened long ago: the outline of the house against the pale-green sky, the sleepy movements of the foliage, our prolonged, blind kisses.

In your elegant description, with profuse dots, of that summer, you naturally do not forget for a minute—as we used to forget—that since February of that year the nation was "under the rule of the Provisional Government," and you oblige Katya and me to follow revolutionary events with keen concern; that is, to conduct (for dozens of pages) political and mystical conversations that—I assure you—we never had. In the first place, I would have been embarrassed to speak, with the righteous pathos you lend me, of Russia's destiny and, in the second place, Katya and I were too absorbed in each other to pay much attention to the Revolution. I need but say that my most vivid impression in that respect was a mere trifle: One day, on Million Street in St. Petersburg, a truck packed with jolly rioters made a clumsy but accurate swerve so as to deliberately squash a passing cat, which remained lying there, as a perfectly flat, neatly ironed, black rag (only the tail still belonged to a cat—it stood upright, and the tip, I think, still moved). At the time, this struck me with some deep occult meaning, but I have since had occasion to see a bus, in a bucolic Spanish village, flatten by exactly the same method an exactly similar cat, so I have become disenchanted with hidden meanings. You, on the other hand, have not only exaggerated my poetic talent beyond recognition but have made me a prophet besides, for only a prophet could have talked, in the fall of 1917, about the green pulp of Lenin's deceased brain or the "inner" emigration of intellectuals in Soviet Russia.

No, that fall and that winter we talked of other matters. I was in anguish. The most awful things were happening to our romance. You give a simple explanation: "Olga began to understand that she was sensual rather than passionate, while for Leonid it was the opposite. Their risky caresses understandably inebriated her, but deep inside there always remained a little unmelted piece"—and so on, in the same vulgar, pretentious spirit. What do you understand of our love? So far, I have deliberately avoided direct discussion of it; but now, if I were not afraid of contagion by your style, I would describe in greater detail both its fire and its underlying melancholy. Yes, there was the summer, and the foliage's omnipresent rustle, and the headlong pedaling along all of the park's winding paths, to see who would be the first to race from different directions to the *rond-point*, where the red sand was covered by the writhing serpentine tracks of our rock-hard tires, and each live, everyday detail of that final Russian



summer screamed at us in desperation, "I am real! I am now!" As long as all of this sunny euphoria managed to stay on the surface, the innate sadness of our love went no further than the devotion to a nonexistent past. But when Katya and I once again found ourselves in Petersburg, and it had already snowed more than once, and the wooden paving blocks were already filmed with that yellowish layer—a mixture of snow and horse dung—without which I cannot picture a Russian city, the flaw emerged and we were left with nothing but torment.

I can see her now, in her black sealskin coat, with a big, flat muff and gray fur-trimmed boots, walking on her slender legs, as if on stilts, along a very slippery sidewalk; or in a dark, high-necked dress, sitting on a blue divan, her face heavily powdered after much crying. As I walked to her house in the evenings and returned after midnight, I would recognize amid the granite night, under a frosty sky, dove-gray with starlight, the imperturbable and immutable landmarks of my itinerary—always those same huge Petersburg objects, lone edifices of legendary times, adorning the nocturnal wastes and half turning away from the traveler as all beauty does: It sees you not, it is pensive and listless, its mind is elsewhere. I would talk to myself, exhorting fate, Katya, the stars, the columns of a huge, mute, abstracted cathedral; and when a desultory exchange of fire began in the dark streets, it would occur to me casually, and not without a sense of pleasure, that I might be picked off by a stray bullet and die right there, reclining on dim snow, in my elegant fur coat, my bowler askew, among scattered white paperbacks of Gumilyov's or Mandelstam's new collections of verse that I had dropped and that were barely visible against the snow. Or else, sobbing and moaning as I walked, I would try to persuade myself that it was I who had stopped loving Katya, as I hastened to gather up all I could recall of her mendacity, her presumption, her vacuity, the pretty patch masking a pimple, the artificial *grassement* that would appear in her speech when she needlessly switched to French, her invulnerable weakness for titled poetasters and the ill-tempered, dull expression of her eyes when, for the 100th time, I tried to make her tell me with whom she had spent the previous evening. And when it was all gathered and weighed in the balance, I would perceive with anguish that my love, burdened as it was with all that trash, had settled and lodged only deeper, and that not even draft horses with iron muscles could haul it out of the morass. And the following evening again, I would make my way through the sailor-manned identity checks on the street corners (documents were demanded that allowed me access at least to the threshold of Katya's soul and were invalid beyond that point); I would once



*"How did I know you don't like being kinky?  
You talk kinky. You dress kinky. You look kinky."*

again go to gaze at Katya, who, at the first pitiful word of mine, would turn into a large, rigid doll who would lower her convex eyelids and respond in china-doll language. When, one memorable night, I demanded that she give me a final, supertruthful reply, Katya simply said nothing and, instead, remained lying motionless on the couch, her mirrorlike eyes reflecting the flame of the candle that on that night of historical turbulence substituted for electric light, and after hearing her silence through to the end, I got up and left. Three days later, I had my valet take a note to her, in which I wrote that I would commit suicide if I could not see her just once more. So one glorious morning, with a rosy round sun and creaking snow, we met on Post Office Street; I silently kissed her hand and for a quarter of an hour, without a single word interrupting our silence, we strolled to and fro, while nearby, on the corner of the Horse Guards Boulevard, stood smoking, with feigned nonchalance, a perfectly respectable-looking man in an astrakhan cap. As she and I silently walked to and fro, a little boy passed, pulling by its string a baized hand sled with a tattered

fringe, and a drainpipe suddenly gave a rattle and disgorged a chunk of ice, while the man on the corner kept smoking; then, at precisely the same spot where we had met, I just as silently kissed her hand, which slipped back into its muff forever.

*Farewell, my anguish and my ardor,  
Farewell, my dream, farewell, my  
pain!  
Along the paths of the old garden  
We two shall never pass again.*

Yes, yes: Farewell, as the *tzigane* song has it. In spite of everything, you were beautiful, impenetrably beautiful, and so adorable that I could cry, ignoring your myopic soul, and the triviality of your opinions, and a thousand minor betrayals; while I, with my overambitious verse, the heavy and hazy array of my feelings and my breathless, stuttering speech, in spite of all my love for you, must have been contemptible and repulsive. And there is no need for me to tell you what torments I went through afterward, how I looked and looked at the snapshot in which, with a gleam on your lip and a glint in your hair, you are looking past



me. Katya, why have you made such a mess of it now?

Come, let us have a calm, heart-to-heart talk. With a lugubrious hiss the air has now been let out of the arrogant rubber farman who, tightly inflated, clowned around at the beginning of this letter; and you, my dear, are really not a corpulent lady novelist in her novelistic hammock but the same old Katya, with Katya's calculated dash of demeanor, Katya of the narrow shoulders, a comely, discreetly made-up lady who, out of silly coquetry, has concocted a worthless book. To think that you did not even spare our parting! Leonid's letter, in which he threatens to shoot Olga, and which she discusses with her future husband; that future husband, in the role of undercover agent, standing on a street corner, ready to rush to the rescue if Leonid should draw the revolver that he is clutching in his coat pocket, as he passionately entreats Olga not to go, and keeps interrupting with his sobs her levelheaded words: What a disgusting, senseless fabrication! And at the end of the book, you have me join the White Army and get caught by the Reds during a reconnaissance and, with the names of two traitresses—Russia, Olga—on my lips, die valiantly, felled by the bullet of a "Hebrew-dark" commissar. How intensely I must have loved you if I still see you as you were 16 years ago, make agonizing efforts to free our past from its humiliating captivity and save your image from the rack and disgrace of your own pen! I honestly do not know,

though, if I am succeeding. My letter smacks strangely of those rhymed epistles that you would rattle off by heart—remember?

*The sight of my handwriting may surprise you*

but I shall refrain from closing, as Apukhtin does, with the invitation:

*The sea awaits you here, as vast as love*

*And love, vast as the sea!*

I shall refrain, because, in the first place, there is no sea here and, in the second, I have not the least desire to see you. For, after your book, Katya, I am afraid of you. Truly there was no point in rejoicing and suffering as we rejoiced and suffered only to find one's past besmirched in a lady's novel. Listen—stop writing books! At least let this flop serve as a lesson. "At least," for I have the right to wish that you will be stunned by horror upon realizing what you have perpetrated. And do you know what else I long for? Perhaps, perhaps (this is a very small and sickly "perhaps," but I grasp at it and hence do not sign this letter), perhaps, after all, Katya, in spite of everything, a rare coincidence has occurred, and it is not you who wrote this tripe, and your equivocal but enchanting image has not been mutilated. In that case, please forgive me, colleague Solntsev.



## TWENTIES' DRINKS

(continued from page 147)

speakeasy, blind pig, alki, bathub gin, home brew and hijack became household words—and all referred to the illicit traffic in liquor. Assistant U.S. Attorney General Mabel Walker Willebrandt announced that President Herbert Hoover had undertaken to make sobriety popular; but finding a drink—or, for that matter, a gallon—of whiskey presented no problem. It was as easy as asking a bellhop, a hackie or your friendly neighborhood policeman. Despite Prohibition—some said because of it—the nation was awash in booze.

There were 32,000 taverns or speakeasies operating in New York City, and Robert Benchley once counted 38 cellar clubs on a single street in Manhattan. If you had the scratch, and the connection, you could get just about anything you wanted, reminisces Pete Kriendler, whose celebrated Club "21" was born as Jack & Charlie's speakeasy. When that fabled boîte was busted, the impounded whiskey analyzed out as top quality. H. L. Menck-en fumed in the *American Mercury*, "Why raid a place that sells good liquor and isn't poisoning anybody?" In most places, however, raw alcohol infused with juniper drops, oil of bourbon or oil of rye was passed off as gin, bourbon and rye whiskey, respectively. Depending on the blender's fancy, alki might also contain a soupçon of glycerin, burnt sugar, iodine, creosote, prune juice and even "washed" embalming fluid. Not exactly sippin' whiskey.

Cocktails provided a viable alternative. They were known, of course, prior to Prohibition; but it was during the Roaring Twenties that cocktails became the American libation and the cocktail party was spawned. Pragmatically, the addition of sugar, lemon, syrups, juices, egg, cream, bitters, etc., helped mask or modify the rank character of bootleg booze. The new style of drinking also reflected the mercurial, try-anything-once spirit of the times.

Cocktails of the Twenties tended to be sweetish—and fussy; witness the alexander, snowball and pousse-café. The latter, a rainbow affair of five or six liqueurs floating in horizontal bands, was the bane of the Prohibition barman. After laboriously pouring the spirits so they would stand in discrete layers, it was infuriating to see some yokel toss the thing off in one swallow, instead of sipping it layer by layer.

Other popular Prohibition-era calls were for the Bronx, white lady, bizzy izzy (named after a booze-hunting sleuth), the rickey (named for lobbyist Colonel Joe Rickey), chocolate soldier, clover club (favored by William Butler Yeats) and,



"He's tall, dark and handsome, and you will live with him for two or three weeks."



according to one usually reliable source, the bloody mary. Joe Scialom, the world's premier barman, now ensconced at the Four Seasons, insists that the bloody mary was first served at a speak-easy named Vladimir's, owned by a Russian *émigré*. The name was gradually corrupted from Vladimir to Vladi-Meyer to Bloody Meyer and finally to bloody mary. Why not? It's about as authentic as any other bloody-mary story you'll hear.

Following are authentic drinks of the Roaring Twenties, adapted in some cases to today's drier taste. As the sports of those days might say, "Here's looking up your address."

#### CLOVER CLUB

1½ ozs. gin  
¾ oz. lemon juice  
1 tablespoon raspberry syrup  
1 egg white  
Shake vigorously with cracked ice.  
Strain into large cocktail glass.

#### WHITE LADY

1 oz. gin  
½ oz. triple sec  
½ oz. lemon juice  
Shake briskly with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Some white-lady recipes call for egg white or, on occasion, cream.

#### THE BRONX

1½ ozs. gin  
¾ oz. lemon juice  
½ teaspoon dry vermouth  
½ teaspoon sweet vermouth  
Twist of orange peel  
Shake gin, orange juice and vermouths with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Twist orange peel over, then drop into glass.

#### SNOWBALL

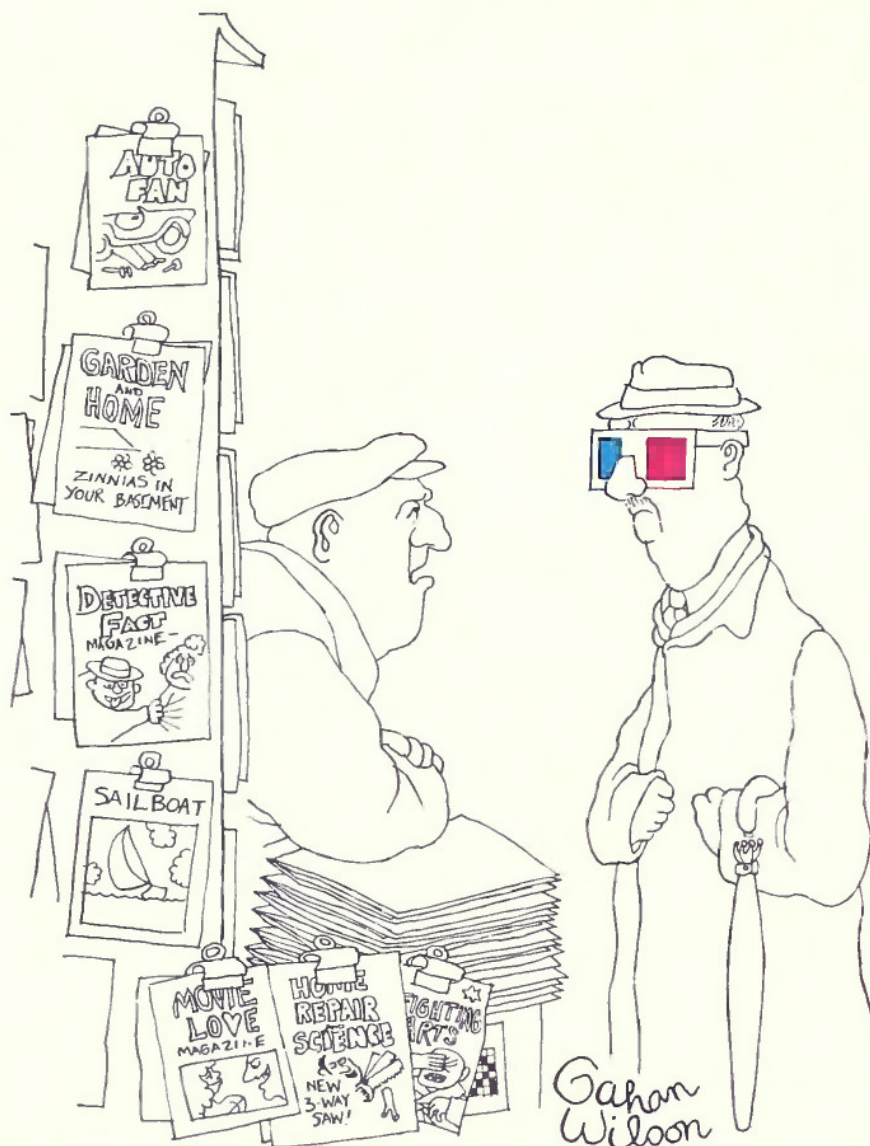
1 oz. gin  
½ oz. crème de violette  
½ oz. white crème de menthe  
½ oz. anisette  
½ oz. heavy cream  
Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into saucer champagne glass.

#### BETWEEN THE SHEETS

1 oz. light rum  
1 oz. brandy  
½ oz. triple sec  
2 teaspoons lime juice  
Shake briskly with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with twist of lemon, if desired.

#### WARD EIGHT

1 oz. whiskey  
½ oz. lemon juice  
½ oz. orange juice  
1 teaspoon grenadine



"How many times do I have to tell you, mister?  
We don't carry 3-D comics anymore."

Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. The ward eight was prepared as a tall drink at times, with orange bitters and crème de menthe added.

#### BIZZY IZZY

1 oz. bourbon  
1 oz. medium sherry  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
1 teaspoon sugar  
Club soda, chilled  
Shake first four ingredients with ice. Pour unstrained into 8-oz. highball glass. Add club soda to fill. Stir once.

#### WHIZ BANG

1 oz. Scotch  
½ oz. dry vermouth  
2 dashes grenadine  
2 dashes Pernod

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

#### MARY PICKFORD

1 oz. rum  
1 oz. dry vermouth  
1 oz. pineapple juice  
½ teaspoon grenadine  
1 teaspoon curaçao  
Pineapple wedge  
Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Decorate with small wedge of pineapple.

The Twenties were a wild, gaudy period. But people knew how to have fun. If you would recapture the simpler joys of those times, don your Gatsby threads and shake up these Prohibition-era drinks for a few *simpatico* souls. Remember—shake, don't stir! That's the way it was done in the Twenties.





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between what we feel emotionally and what we experience physically. "The unity of body-mind has been clear for centuries," observes Luce, "but we had a religious prejudice against acknowledging it." In *The Transformation*, George P. Leonard remarks that Calvinism, while despising the flesh, measured each person's heavenly standing in terms of his worldly success. "Surely one of history's neatest doctrinal tricks," he comments. Four hundred years later, we are still paying off the neurotic debts of our religious and social origins. Elsewhere in his illuminating study, Leonard writes: "It is not enough to say merely that the body affects the brain or that the brain affects the body. I would like to propose, rather, that behavior affects the total organism; that every so-called mental state has its physical equivalent."

American physicians, as susceptible to the foibles of our cultural heritage as the rest of us, have traditionally concentrated their energies on mending our visceral beings: most have conceived of the mind as a ghost in the machine. But who believes in ghosts? Where do you insert the scalp?

Happily, as things really began to snap out of control in the past few decades, medical researchers started to entertain much broader concepts of organic harmony. One dividend is biofeedback, the therapeutic treatment of "autonomous" body processes brought under the direction of conscious thought. Yet the most frequent advice a patient with a stress illness receives is to go home and relax. "I don't know *how* to relax," the patient replies. "If I knew how to relax, I wouldn't have these fucking pains in my side." Nodding compassionately, the doctor writes a prescription for Valium, Librium or trusty ol' Miltown. Conservative estimates indicate that \$500,000,000 is spent every year in pharmacies in this country alone on tranquilizers. What they do, in essence, is to diminish our perceptual awareness of stressful events and thoughts and, as a consequence, our physiological reaction to them. Of course, they also leave us vulnerable to situations that demand a stress response and coddle us into building up a drug tolerance.

If a doctor dismisses pill popping as a remedy, he might instead recommend psychiatric treatment. But, guess what?—corporations do not like to think that the men working for them are crazy, and many stressed-out executives refuse such counseling in fear of being exposed back at the office: most, in fact, would rather admit to a seedy liaison with a transsexual yak. The irony of corporate status is that while it demands sanity as a criterion for advancement it creates pressures that generate emotional instability.

For these reasons and others, general practitioners are left with the burden of responsibility for treating stress illness. Some have augmented their staffs with "physician extenders"—a name conjuring up all sorts of bizarre prosthetic devices—who are put on the payroll as clinical psychologists and paraprofessionals dealing with behavior and trauma that lead to disease.

As a rule, however, modern medicine is so specialized, so often creased by petty rivalries and encumbered with a built-in communications gap, that basic truths constantly get lost in the shuffle of sophisticated information.

Consider that for 15 years, two cardiologists in San Francisco published more than 250 papers in every leading American medical journal concerning their research into the relationship between emotional stress and coronary disease, and just about nobody listened. Psychiatrists, they say, had no idea what they were talking about. They might have gone on indefinitely whistling down the wind except for a fortuitous accident that brought a sample of their work to the attention of a national book publisher. *Type A Behavior and Your Heart* resulted. In the next few years, more than 5,000,000 people probably will read it, some will even increase their life span as a consequence. If so, they might send a note of gratitude to 82-year-old Alfred Knopf, who set in motion the writing of this very accessible guide to longevity.

Type A behavior may be defined as an action-emotion complex that can be observed in any man or woman "who is aggressively involved in a chronic, incessant struggle to achieve more and more in less and less time, and if required to do so, against the opposing efforts of other things or other persons." The above italics, as well as the concept, belong to co-authors Drs. Meyer Friedman and Ray H. Rosenman. In their book, they inform us that those who exhibit excessively competitive behavior, constantly hurried activity, free-floating hostility, an urge to interrupt others' speech and a tendency to do or try to think of two or more things simultaneously—those of us, in brief, who are striving to prosper on this planet at the expense of inner peace—are the very same persons who can look forward to an early visit from the Grim Reaper, especially if that striving consumes almost all of their emotional and physical energies.

By contrast, the Type B person relaxes without guilt, works without agitation and feels little need to discuss or display his "achievements or accomplishments. He is far more aware of his capabilities than concerned about what peers and superiors

may think of his actions." Finally, his self-confidence develops from his realistic appraisal of his attributes and deficiencies.

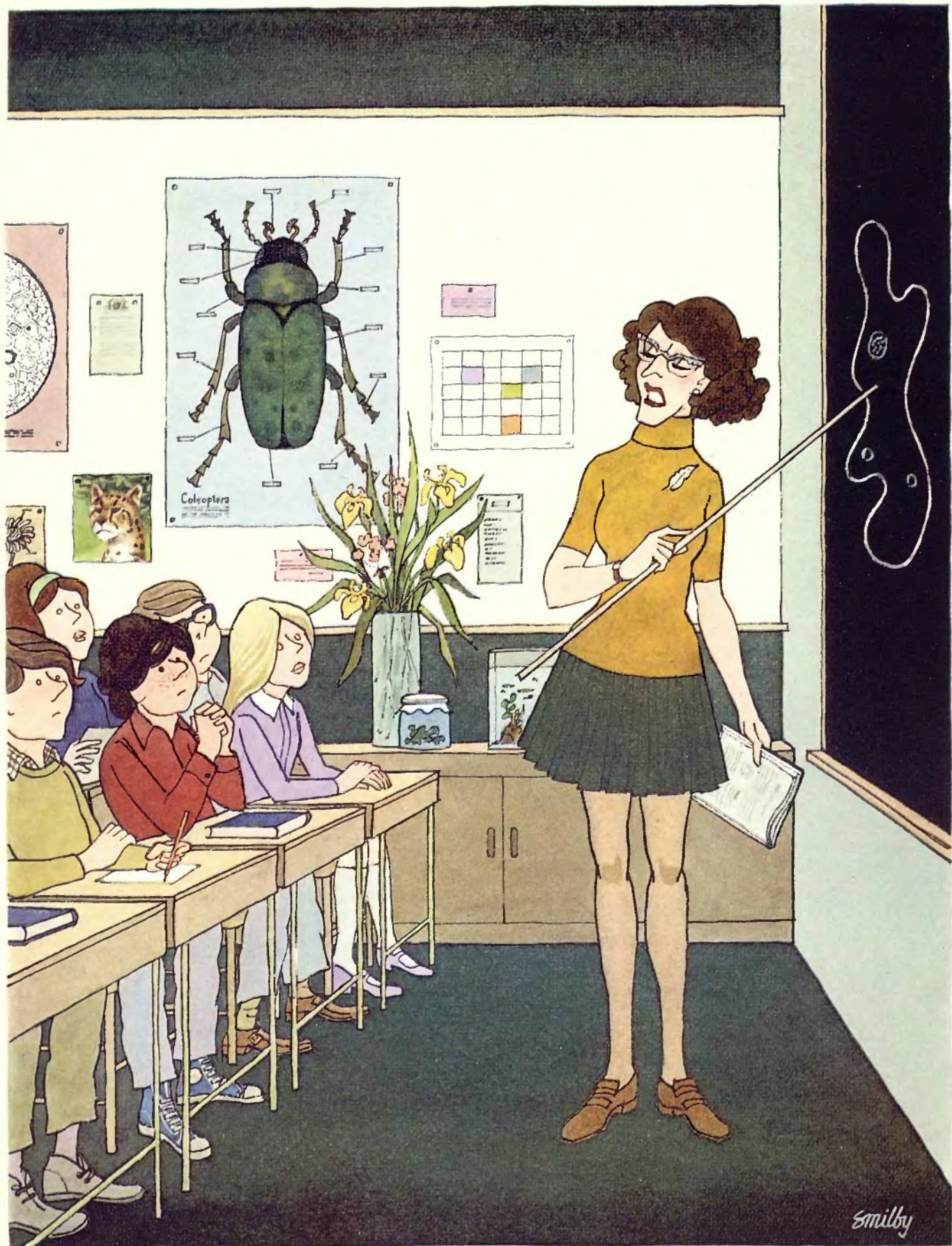
So much for theory. Cardiovascular diseases affected 28,000,000 Americans in 1972, according to the American Heart Association's most recent figures. They accounted for 53 percent of all deaths, 35 percent of which were caused by heart attacks. In 1971, more than 1,000,000 people died of heart-related diseases, one fourth of them under 65. The numbers keep piling up year by year. It costs us 19.7 billion dollars annually in medical and research expenses to treat cardiovascular problems. The Heart Association is finally beginning to consider stress as a probable cause. Officially, the A.H.A. does not wish to be asked what to do about it: "Only the individual himself can alter his lifestyle and control his emotional reaction to daily events." That's the policy statement. Somehow it evokes the attitude of Victorians toward sexual disorders: Only the individual himself can alter his disgusting habit of masturbation and prevent hair from growing on his palms by controlling his despicable urge to stick his Sir Thomas in every Lady Jane that flutters by.

Drs. Friedman and Rosenman have another notion. They devote one third of *Type A Behavior* to practical guidelines and suggestions for lifestyle change. They include drills and exercises: Remind yourself daily that things worth being are more important than things worth having; learn to hold opinions loosely; become intimate (spiritually) with your friends; stop and look around and open your senses to the wonders of the universe; slow down, stop talking and start listening.

Sound familiar? Maybe even a little sophomoric and platitudinous? Well, you've no doubt come across most of this material before in those self-improvement guides written by men who swear to have earned \$12,000,000 in their spare time and who offer their secrets to you for \$7.98 on a 30-day no-risk basis. Indeed, it must be said that Friedman and Rosenman seem a little out of their depth when they plumb the mysteries of self-realization. No matter, they are onto something massively important to our collective health, and it may ultimately be for humanists and behaviorists to step in and lend them a hand with more refined and persuasive coping methods. Many valid attempts in this area—ranging from Esalen and other self-fulfillment groups—often scare away Type A individuals: too mystical, they think, too damn prying, maybe even a little fruity, and besides, who has time for such nonsense?

It appears that more and more of us will begin to make time as our awareness increases: Fear of dying does that to us, makes us amenable to strategies for living





*"We're still at the amoeba-splitting stage of our sex-education course, Randolph. I think discussion of the problems of premature ejaculation can wait."*



outside our normal spheres of interest.

But most of us don't listen until it's too late—even if our bodies have been haranguing us for years to lay back and look around. Once again, our glands precipitate the damage, but in this instance they convert stress into mortality by a slightly different process. The relaxed reader will recall that when last we visited the hypothalamus, it was so stoned on steroids that it neglected to send a cease-fire signal to the pituitary. Not content merely to screw up our endocrines, it was also elevating the level of cholesterol in our blood, a direct cause of coronary disease.

Several years ago, Friedman and Rosenman induced Type A behavior into laboratory rats by purposely damaging their hypothalami. The damaged rats left docile ones alone but viciously attacked competitive rats. Their cholesterol levels shot up. Way up.

"The hypothalamus is a very interesting son of a gun," says Friedman. "We discovered that under chronic struggle it overdrives the sympathetic nervous system, releases hormones that discharge cholesterol, increases clotting elements in the blood, even a prediabetic state. Amazingly, cardiologists have been barely aware that it existed."

We are seated in Friedman's small uncluttered office in the Harold Brunn Institute for Cardiovascular Research at Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center in San Francisco. He says he considers himself a Type A personality who works as much Type B behavior into his life as possible. "For instance," he says, "once I would have scheduled this interview for an hour sharp; now I've given myself all morning, so we can take as much time as necessary."

I am especially happy to learn this, for I found myself, minutes before, exhibiting heavy Type A behavior as I interrupted his pleasant ramblings to stick in some pertinent questions. He has already identified me as a Type A by virtue of my speech patterns—bunching words together, punching out certain phrases for emphasis. I am, to say the least, chagrined. How can he deny me my wonderful inner tranquillity? Doesn't he know how many joints I had to smoke in my life to become so cosmically serene, at what cost to my jellified brain I hope never to comprehend? I have been yogafied, acidized, Cannabized and mescalinated into near catatonia, and yet this foolish fellow insists on classifying me with the hard-nose pushy bastards who run the world.

Hmmm.

"A Type A motorizes his anxiety into his struggle," the doctor is explaining. "By that I mean he fuels his competitiveness with worry and doubt. Type A's are very insecure, so they constantly feel a need to prove their worth by acquiring more and more. They begin to think in numbers, always in numbers. A while back, we ran a study of thirty-five hundred local corporate men; over the ten years we kept records on them, the ones we originally classified as Type A's turned out to be three times more likely to get coronary heart disease than Type B's. It made us suspicious."

Smiling affably, Friedman withdraws a cassette recorder from his desk. For the next half hour, we listen to interviews with various subjects. By listening to quite unobtrusive cues in their speech patterns as the doctor points them out to me, I am quickly able to distinguish A from B. Though most of us are a mix of the two, one type will predominate. But there seem

to be gradations of each. Yes, replies Friedman, there are different levels of both. A-I people are in the most danger. "I think," he says, "it would be good for you to hear a hot A."

Into the recorder goes a tape of a manufacturing engineer at Lockheed. At the end of his responses, the man frequently sighs—"A sure sign!" Friedman exclaims—and the man's staccato rhythms betray an unmistakable hostility.

"He died of a heart attack two months after that interview," Friedman reveals. "He was forty-eight."

"He sounded pretty healthy to me, doc. Uptight but healthy."

"He's dead."

Friedman inserts another tape. On it, a bank president speaks glowingly of increased revenues, snaps out a few words, bites off syllables, interrupts the interviewer to complete her sentences for her.

"Died a year after that was made," says Friedman. "Fifty-one."

And so it goes. Strong, vigorous business executives punch out answers in clipped professional tones, pound the desk for emphasis and are pronounced dead when the recording ends.

All this, I must admit, chills me, and I am not even a businessman. In fact, I sit by myself in a small room much of the time, pushing oval type keys and getting off on obscure words. I am ecstatic to discover, for instance, that a xyster is a small instrument used in surgery. Immediately, I deduce that a lawyer handling lawsuits involving this instrument must be a xyster shyster, and my day is made. Still, I apparently exhibit more Type A behavior than I anticipated, and with no difficulty my sympathies reach out to embrace departed bank presidents and late ball-bearing tycoons.

We do not have to be reminded that we are all under enormous pressures, nor is it necessary for us to bone up on the grisly capitalistic vices that contaminate our glands, squeeze off our capillaries and clog our arteries with greasy plaque. What does seem worth learning is the dynamics of self-damage; having considered them, we stand at least a chance of re-engineering our lives to eliminate as much emotional flack as possible. This is just about all that professional healers like Friedman and Rosenman keep trying to impress upon us.

No great surprise, the easy division of Type A and Type B has provided palaver for many parlor games over the past year. Well, we made bisexuality a pop commodity, so why not coronary disease?

In a moment of plaintive reflection, Friedman reveals a small sadness: "I feel we've written a book on how to read and write for a bunch of illiterates." Type A's, he says, have lost the patience to read. They think they don't have time, and they're innately resistant to any philosophy that seems designed to diminish their



"I wonder if you could help me out, sir. I'm trying to scrape up enough money for a vasectomy."



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competitive drive. "But we're telling them," Friedman continues, "that nobody ever failed in business because he managed to do a job too well too slowly."

Type B executives typically plan well ahead, space their conversations and thoughts over a longer period, feel little need to thrust their opinions into the middle of a colleague's remarks. Usually they survive their Type A counterparts, but perhaps equally as important, they seem to enjoy life much more along the way. "A's have no respect for B's," observes Friedman. "But the smart B uses an A. The great salesmen are A's. The corporate presidents are usually B's."

What happens when the boss is an unrelenting Type A? Well, consider what happened to Richard Nixon—the head of the world's biggest conglomerate. Errors in judgment are endemic to Type A's. "The mistakes these people make are incredible!" Friedman exclaims. "They get locked into thought patterns, they get harried, they literally don't have time to think straight. Nixon keeping those tapes around—a perfect illustration of A behavior. Now, if he had surrounded himself with a few B's, he might have been rescued. A combination of A's and B's at the highest level of decision leads to magnificent creative irritation. But a Type A at the very top, if he can't stand criticism, if he's constantly combative. . . ." The thought upsets Friedman and he drops it to reclaim another area of diagnosis. "Habits are scabs on the personality," he says. "They can be changed, no matter how long a person has been behaving in only one way."

Many experts in the field of cardiovascular research disagree with the Type A hypothesis; they argue that Friedman and Rosenman slough off obvious risk factors—smoking, for example, and high-saturated-fat diets. Among the skeptics is Dr. Henry Blackburn of the University of Minnesota. He suggests that if the Type A behavior theory deserves serious consideration, it should be able to transcend cultures. The urban Japanese, says Blackburn, live in an overcrowded, often frantic environment—ideally suited by Friedman and Rosenman's standards to produce coronary disease. But the heart-attack rate in Japan has always been exceedingly low. The Finns, on the other hand, live stolid outdoor lives free from stress and strain, yet they exhibit the highest rate of coronary disease known to man, most probably as a consequence of their diet.

"The Type A behavior idea remains an inadequately tested and possibly even an untestable hypothesis," Blackburn adds. He worries about glib assumptions of cause and effect. "There is no statistical relationship yet, as there is between cigarette smoking and lung cancer." He feels that Friedman and Rosenman may also be misinterpreting their own data, mistaking one of a set of multiple influences on

coronary disease as its major cause.

"The point," Blackburn continues, "is that Type A behavior may be bad, but it isn't essential to the coronary-risk question. We all have a gut feeling that goalless and aggressive behavior may be stupid and unhealthy and should be a major concern. But the tragedy of the Friedman-Rosenman book is its tendency to make baseless, fanatical statements."

Blackburn and others pillory the authors for dealing superficially with profound cultural issues. Matthew Dumont in his *New York Times* review asks rhetorically: "What should we have expected? After 10,000 years of philosophy, should cardiologists be the ones to do a new accounting of the human condition?"

My own feeling is that rhetorical questions like the one above are a major cause of coronary disease. As an uninformed citizen, my sympathies lie with Friedman and Rosenman; even so, it seems to me they propose that the meek shall inherit the earth at the expense of the rest of us. The *schleppers*, the ham-and-egggers, they appear to argue, will ultimately prevail. I don't mind leaving my meager estate to the paper plucker in the park if I have to go before he does, but it would at least comfort me to know that he won't pass his extra hours dribbling soup all over my collected manuscripts.

Man should not try to avoid stress any more than he would shun food, love or exercise.

—HANS SELYE

*Newsweek*, MARCH 31, 1958

If Nixon and Ivan the Terrible, among others, have given chronic stress a bad name, it should be remarked that some forms of stress, like some forms of abstinence, assert a therapeutic value on our lives.

Currently, one of the most vocal and respected proponents of beneficial stress is the very same chap who first revealed to the world what a miserable mess it was making of its bodily functions: Dr. Hans Selye. On the dust jacket of his recent book, *Stress Without Distress*, he can be seen fondling a large white rat. Selye peers studiously above bifocals while the rat gazes off into space with a look of infinite resignation, knowing in its genes that there are better places to be for a large white rat than in the clutches of this small adventurous researcher.

Luckily for the rodent, Selye in the past few years has drifted away from experimental investigation into biochemical philosophizing—to wit, an attempt to fashion a universal code of behavior for mankind out of his cellular discoveries.

For much of his life, Selye, 68, has engorged animals' adrenals with stress hormones and otherwise upset their homeostasis; but of late, he has confined himself to squinting into his microscope past the minute particles on his slides, beyond the

illuminating mirror and out into the cosmos, where the heady questions of meaning and purpose wait to be pondered. Dissecting a leaf to understand the concept of a tree—others before him have made the attempt and some, like Don Juan, the Yaqui sorcerer, have succeeded.

"What I have discovered," Selye confides, "is that the body uses clearly identifiable chemical instructions to raise its resistance and to adapt. The laws of self-preservation that operate here are inherent in the subcellular structure of all living organisms and furnish natural guidelines for behavior in daily life."

Oh?

In the past 12 hours, I have traveled 3000 miles to visit this celebrated man at his Institute of Experimental Research in Montreal; have slept with cockroaches and Canuck dopers and hookers in the only available room in town, bathroom down the hall and don't sit on the toilet; have labored through his book under a naked 20-watt light bulb in search of truth; have been misunderstood in French, English and several languages in between; and have developed blisters from walking the cobblestones of Old Montreal in new shoes.

Am I ready for a few answers? *Mais oui*. Does Selye have them? *Qui sait?* What I do know is that he resides in the world's most wonderful office—plush red leather, deeply buffed, with mighty tomes rising celestially to the ceiling like pillars of pure intellect, handsome walnut everywhere and the faintly musty smell of scholarship. Selye himself reminds me much of Sam Jaffe doing his archetypal Kindly Physician. Compact, alert, unruffled. An elfin smile for every situation.

Any flaw will do, then, any human frailty to match mine.

But no, Dr. Hans Selye made most of his mistakes long before I was born. Not that he seems smug or self-righteous; it is simply that as the afternoon wears on, he speaks to me of the central problems of the universe in such hackneyed phrases that I yearn for a few hard-won insights and smelly truths.

"Earn thy neighbor's love," he says. "Practice altruistic egotism." And "Adapt and collaborate." The laws of biology, he says, are ruthless and inevitable; we must structure codes of behavior that are compatible with them. Cells cannot thrive without symbiosis; therefore, be selfish but not at the expense of other humans. Earn their gratitude or love. Evolution depends on cellular harmony, but a cancer cares only for itself and feeds on other parts of its own host and thus commits biological suicide.

Knowing all this, Selye continues, we should structure our lives to create as much personal harmony as possible. Engender good will; you will reduce external threats, securing your place in society.

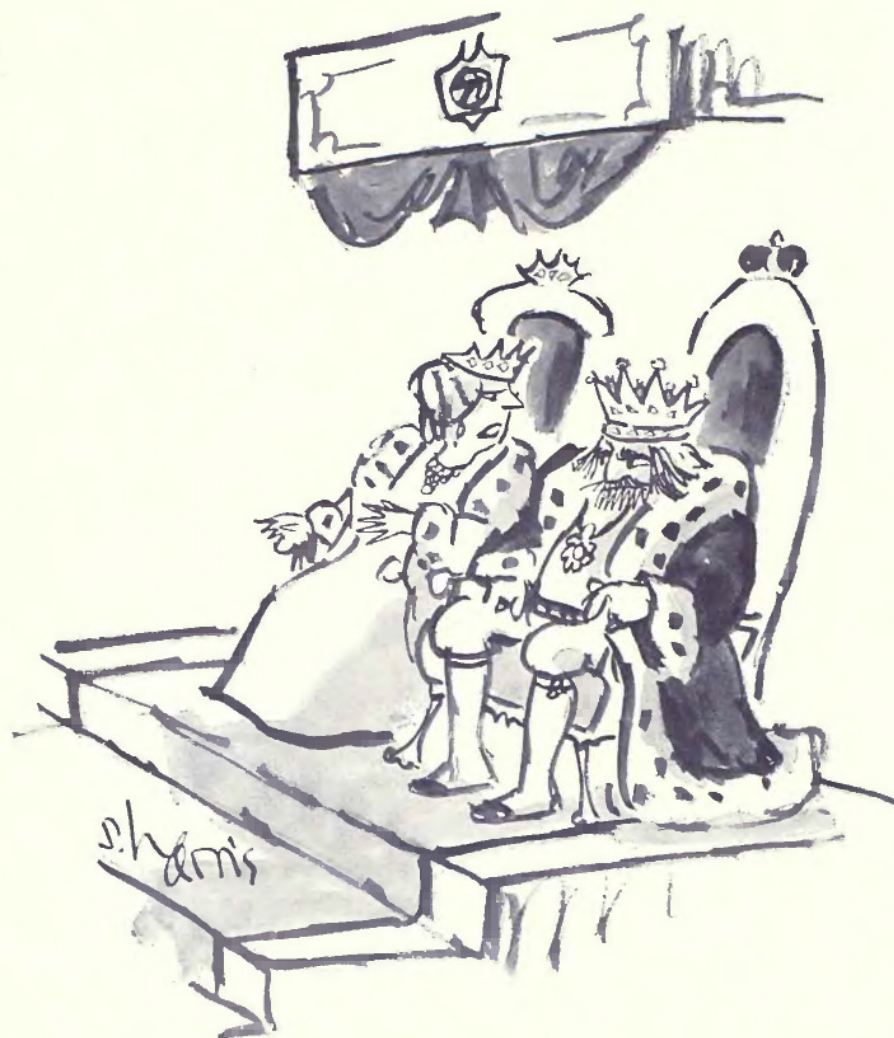
"Frankly, you did well to come here to see me," the doctor observes. "I can tell





*"I can't stand these guys who eat and run!"*





*"Stop complaining. You knew what you were getting into when your father left you the business."*

you things you could not hope to learn anywhere else."

Things about stress?

"Exactly."

Beneficial stress?

"Yes. I call it 'eustress' to distinguish it from distress. Eu- as in euphoria."

What about it?

"'Fame and tranquillity can never be bedfellows,' " he says, quoting Montaigne. I think it's a terrific quote, but I have no idea how it relates to the issue at hand. The doctor leans forward to explain. "The lash of a whip or a passionate kiss is equally stressful." Then he smiles.

Somehow we have skipped from cancer to fame to kisses in a matter of seconds. I falter. Seeking refuge in silence, I search for missing links. But, like the oracle of the *I Ching*, Selye leaves space for interpretation. Much space. He next shows me a steel molecular model of a stress hormone; it reminds me of mistakes I made with my erector set as a child.

"To go from this model to how to behave with a drunk is a great jump," Selye says. At that I nod.

Pressing on, I learn from him that good stress involves marshaling just enough defense mechanisms to meet a specific demand; bad stress is overreaction. Bad stress, by analogy, is the entire Canadian border patrol charging into Vermont to beat back one man armed with a BB rifle. Bad stress is too many good hormones doing too many good things all at the wrong time.

Heredity and other internal conditioning factors give each of us a particular and unique stress-resistance threshold. While some need to burn off energy, others are more tuned to passivity. Stress, as Selye now defines it, is a very broad concept, indeed; it is the nonspecific response of the body to any demand made upon it. Myself, I prefer to think of stress as a response to pressures, responsibilities and real or imagined threats.

But I can live with his definition, if only he will fill in some of those yawning gaps. He speaks of the need for commitment in life, the need for recognizing one's limitations. And the necessity of choosing one's own goals, regardless of what others urge.

Shades of Bishop Fulton Sheen and Norman Vincent Peale. I am not quite ready to dismiss the man as a philosophical featherweight, but he does seem cushioned from the bleak realities of making do.

How do you apply your behavior code to a blue-collar worker with three kids, debts, a lousy job, a nagging wife and psoriasis? I ask.

"I have my hands full making that translation," he confesses.

Well, then, how do you apply it to your own life?

"I don't know if you noticed," Selye replies, "but I have no hips."

For a second, I am certain the secretary laced my tea with a double dose of acid. Reeling, I follow him to the library shelf. On it rests a clear-plastic cube encasing a hip joint the size of a baseball.

Yours? I inquire.

Selye nods. "I have two artificial hips. It doesn't bother me in the least. I know I must accept the limitations this imposes, and so I never worry about what I can't do. I take pride in what I *can* do with two artificial hips. I bicycle to work every morning at five A.M." A twinkle flickers across his eyes; again the leprechaun grin.

At 68, this fellow bicycles to his office at dawn and works daily until eight in the evening. He is loved at home, respected on the job. His library alone contains 97,000 articles and books on the physiology of stress, and they all owe some debt to his original endocrine research. He must rank as one of the most secure people on earth. No wonder that he finds it difficult to empathize with misery and fear. I feel impertinent to have considered him remote. Having listened closely, having seen his hip, I begin to understand. Here is a happy man.

Back in San Francisco's North Beach, on the corner of Grant and Columbus, I come across Patrolman MacGillvray, a 20-year veteran who laughs and tweaks his nose like somebody's favorite uncle. Murders, rapes, muggings, they pass through his life as regularly as seasonal winds. Still he laughs. He must know something. "In this occupation," he says, "you gotta keep your smile."

A smile, the instant stress tonic! I will take you, MacGillvray, and I will broadcast you coast to coast . . . but wait, what's this? The laughing policeman is hoisting up his thick blue shirt right in broad daylight, exposing before my eyes one terrible-looking scar shaped like a roof, rising up from both sides of his rib cage to meet below the heart.

"They just about killed me," he says.

Who? How?

"Ulcers," says MacGillvray, "they cost me my stomach."

When?

"Worked radio dispatch for ten years, screening calls—who to take serious, who to hang up on, tough to decide."



I see, MacGillvray, you were one of us in those days, hypertense, taut, but after the stomach thing, you learned to laugh, and now—

"Discorrecr," he interrupts. "I was born a wisecass joker, only way to keep your e-queer-librium." Ha-ha-ha. Another chuckle.

Then tell me, MacGillvray, if you were always so loose and easy, how come the ulcers? I've done a fair amount of research and—

"Mustard," he replies. "Too much mustard on the pastrami."

Goddamn! Here, right before my eyes, is the Krishnamurti of the street beat, and the best I can get from him is mustard.

"Don't spend any wooden nickels," he says, strolling away with a merry whistle.

End of dialog.

Patrolman MacGillvray's ulcers pose a direct threat to my speculations on stress, no doubt about it. Best to move on quickly, then, hoping to find aid and comfort elsewhere.

The next man who speaks about on-the-job stress turns out to have spent the past six years of his life figuring out what to do about it, and since he happens to be a pro quarterback, recently retired, he can be considered an authority on nervous indigestion. Eight years ago, when 49er quarterback John Brodie was struggling to maintain his starting berth, he succumbed during one practice session to a

fit of exasperation. "Get off my ass!" he shouted at coach Y. A. Tittle, unloading a left hook in the direction of Tittle's nose. In time, Tittle and Brodie grew to be close friends, and along the way, Brodie developed a personal philosophy designed to help him withstand the pressures of his craft.

"Mental anguish from outside is part of what you come to expect," he says. "Every quarterback up there can throw a football and hit a target nineteen times out of twenty, all things being equal. But primarily what counts is the size of the guy who's playing; I mean, how able is he to handle all those outside factors, one of them being stress? To take a look at that, you've got to take a look at what is stress. Well, once you get to the point where you realize any situation is only as important as the importance you place on it, and that importance can only affect your play derogatorily, to the degree you allow it to distract your attention from the performance itself, then the whole bag becomes to let other people do the worrying. If you're in a decision-making position, you've got to learn not to be affected by outside pressures. If you're the type who is, you don't belong in that capacity.

"Most good quarterbacks are like that. They see in a way, they say, 'What is all this shit, is it something we can touch? No, it's only as big a deal as I make it.' So, in my case, the less attention I paid to

what the fans thought or what my wife thought, the more I could approach being as able as I really was potentially."

Which was more able than most. Over a career that spanned 16 years, Brodie, while reflective, was not remote from the abrasive humor of locker rooms. In fact, he thrived on it, and he says that sense of camaraderie sustained him through injuries and the yearly floods that turned Kezar Stadium into an uninhabitable 100-yard marsh.

"Pressure," he continues, "has a crazy way of creating itself in you when you get into agreement with what other people think you ought to be doing. Pressure is agreement with inferior viewpoints. The whole game of life is one of understanding, and that's exactly where my involvement with Scientology comes in."

When tendonitis hindered Brodie's passing ability in the late Sixties, he sought help from doctors, who prescribed a variety of painkillers. He soon found himself more dependent on pills than he wanted to be. Casting about for other remedies, he stumbled upon Scientology, a "brain game," as he puts it, that connects pathways of communication. Hocus-pocus to some, but for Brodie this venture into emotional clarity provided a real and permanent cure.

"It turned out the stress I was bringing in had affected my arm, only I didn't know that at the time, of course. My secretary

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happened to be a Scientologist, and while I was trying to denounce what she was doing, she kept looking better and better and I kept looking worse; so finally she introduced me to this fellow who was an auditor, and I went in for a session. It was exposed to me during those four hours of

auditing how the arm problem had arisen through my agreement with it—or, in other words, my head. Now, that's fine, to know it's there, but my contention was, OK, now I know, but it's still there, right? Except that after those four hours, the arm tendonitis disappeared. I came out with

no pain. I figured, if it can do that for my arm, what can it do for me?"

Has Scientology held up for him over the years?

"It never ceases to get better," says Brodie, who at 39 looks to be as healthy and content as a Marine drill sergeant on

**Relax!**

*remember how momma used to tell you to chew slowly . . . be quiet . . . and stop fidgeting? this quiz proves that momma was right all along*

Driving home, some greaser cuts in front of you, so you:

- A. slow down, pull out a fat joint and relax
- B. recall when you were a greaser and wonder if it's possible with gray hair and a paunch
- C. grip the wheel more tightly, clench your teeth and follow along, muttering to yourself
- D. get out your .38 and pump six quick ones into his trunk

Your interest is baseball; the crowd you're with is deep into a discussion of new fashions. When there's a lull in the conversation, you say:

- A. "I really don't know much about clothes"
- B. "I bought a suit in 1958"
- C. "Speaking of clothes, how about that Aaron being traded to Milwaukee?"
- D. "Does puce clash with flamingo pink?"

Your wife/husband/whatever would probably describe you as:

- A. lazy, sloppy, fun to be with
- B. someone who talked to plants before all the books came out
- C. always hardheaded and practical; someone who takes business problems home from the office
- D. someone who listens to plants

You're sitting at your desk, chatting with a colleague, when your secretary brings in a letter for you to sign; at that moment, your telephone rings. You then:

- A. pick up the receiver and ask the caller to telephone later, put your signature on the letter and continue the conversation with your colleague
- B. pick up your colleague, put your signature on the telephone receiver and strike up a conversation with your secretary
- C. pick up the receiver with one hand, sign the letter with the other and continue the conversation with your colleague during pauses on the telephone
- D. hide under your desk and quiver

You think you function best when you:

- A. have plenty of time to sort things out
- B. have plenty of subordinates to sort things out

- C. are up against a hard deadline and have to do it fast yourself or not at all
- D. function least

You're very busy and a guy you work with drops in to tell a raunchy joke about a woman with a mink-lined muffin. You:

- A. laugh, then tell a funnier one about a fellow with glass testicles
- B. are impressed by his sophisticated sense of humor
- C. pretend to be interested but continue to think about your work
- D. warn him that Gloria Steinem's been seen in the neighborhood, brandishing gardening shears

Your friend stutters and has trouble getting his sentences out, so you:

- A. stutter, too
- B. wait patiently until he completes his thought
- C. jump in and finish most of his sentences for him
- D. reply when he's finished, "Easy for you to say"

When you smoke, you smoke:

- A. anything that burns—except cigarettes
- B. an occasional cigarette, because they sometimes taste good
- C. only cigarettes, plenty of 'em, but every time you light up, you feel guilty about not quitting
- D. parsley laced with something orange growers use to preserve the fruit; it doesn't get you high, but it keeps you looking young

A friend has set up a blind date for you. The first thing you think to yourself is:

- A. I hope she's as pretty as Candice Bergen
- B. I hope she's as pretty as Don Knotts
- C. I hope I score, because that'll be number 137!
- D. I hope she likes lizards and Mazola oil, too

At the end of an office day, your desk-top resembles:

- A. Berlin after the war
- B. a crap table at Caesars Palace
- C. the smooth surface of a lake
- D. nothing—you got rid of the desk; made the office too linear

Which of these people would you most like to be?

- A. Harpo Marx
- B. Picasso
- C. John D. Rockefeller
- D. the Vienna Boys' Choir

You usually get home from the office, eat dinner and:

- A. spend an hour or so with your favorite book or hobby
- B. spend an hour or so with your favorite hooker
- C. feel guilty, pull some work from your briefcase, then go to bed
- D. feel like a dancin' fool, do a soft-shoe routine on the dining-room table, then go take a bath in mayonnaise

You're at a fancy French restaurant and when the *canard à l'orange* is served, you:

- A. wish it were a Big Mac
- B. prod it slyly with a fork to check its tenderness
- C. salt it before tasting it
- D. try not to think of Huey, Dewey and Louie

You walk in and find your mate in bed with another man, and you:

- A. understand for the first time where PLAYBOY cartoonists get their ideas
- B. explode in anger and throw the bastard out
- C. fight to maintain your poise and disguise your anger
- D. ask if you can hang around and pick up a few pointers

If you were asked to identify with one character in Aesop's fable about the hare and the tortoise, you'd choose:

- A. the tortoise
- B. Aesop
- C. the hare
- D. the muskrat by two touchdowns

#### ANSWER KEY

A C answer to a majority of the above questions indicates excessive Type A behavior. This combination of hostility, insecurity and aggressiveness many medical researchers now believe to be primarily responsible for early heart disease and stress-related illnesses. Type A's have dulled senses, which is why they salt before tasting. An A, B or D answer to the quiz questions suggests that you may be as weird as we are, but barring hereditary disease, you'll probably live a long and healthy life, nevertheless.





*"I like it, Maria, but I don't think it's the Vatican."*



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See page 25.

his way home from a Zen monastery. Some of that equanimity may be attributable to a \$75,000-a-year retirement stipend, his long-term reward for manipulating the old A.F.L. against the N.F.L. when the two warring leagues decided to make peace and only Brodie's threat of a lawsuit stood in the way.

But enough economics. "There are so many cult games totally unlike Scientology. You get to feeling real good and you're away from the environment you live in, but then you go back into life and you find yourself in the same bag you were in before. The idea is to be in any space, no matter what's going on, and not bring it in on you. It doesn't mean don't be involved, it means be *very* involved, but without getting hung up on irrelevant problems, things you don't have any control over. Handle what you can do something about.

"It's a question, I think, of always knowing what your purpose is. If your purpose in playing football is to make money, as a team you're going to fail, that purpose is not sufficient to carry you to a championship. The same thing happens to a guy who gets started in a business right out of college; he gets moving and grooving and he's having a ball, all right, and six months later the world caves in. Well, somehow his purpose has changed, it's been altered by the people around him who keep saying, 'This is all a bunch of shit anyway, just put in your time and make money.' Now, that totally balls up his purpose, which was to do a real good service to the community, to be somebody who's respected."

The more honest you are with yourself and others, Brodie feels, the less likely you are to invite distrust and inner conflict.

"Look at the Oakland Athletics. The only way they can make it as a team is to all be aboveboard. Right out. They don't let anything go unconfessed. Because if they allowed what could happen to them in that organization to happen from the top, they'd be overwhelmed, rocking off the walls. I'm sure they've discussed how to handle the stress, and they decided the best way was to let it all hang out."

The trick, for sure, is to deflect stress and anxiety by applying clarity of vision to yourself in difficult times. Toward the end of the 1973 season, Brodie re-examined his quarterbacking abilities. "When you read a blitz but you can't do anything about it, you don't belong in the game," he concluded. A day later, he announced his retirement.

"I was no longer as effective a player as it was necessary for me to be by my own standards. My other involvements and interests obviously ate into this; in order to play that simple game, you gotta get all the complex shit out of your system and keep it out. Some of the importance of playing had diminished for me; I wasn't performing like I wanted to, so I just quit. That's all. I have no regrets."

Which leaves Brodie alive and well and pretty much on top of his case. But what about the rest of us?

Well, for most people who cherish the rub and tug of testing our capacities against high odds, it makes sense that release from work pressures logically includes a heavy dose of exertion. Exercises that do us the most good are those that involve an element of injury risk, says Dr. Sol Ray Rosenthal, who has been studying the subject for years.

He has determined that when we ride horses, ski, scuba dive or mountain climb, for instance, our endocrines release hormones that give us a feeling of intense exhilaration. The euphoria is pure, unencumbered by any feelings of doubt or fear. "Calculated risks," he argues, "are essential for our daily well-being."

The more efficient we become, the greater the challenges we should undertake. Although the possibility of sustaining injury is essential to the exhilaration that comes with accomplishment, Rosenthal warns against reckless endeavors. They do nothing good to our systems, he says. Mostly what they do is break our bones and tear our ligaments. Rosenthal's belief in risk exercise stems from a lifetime of fox hunting; his considerable research gives substance to the theory, but it still remains for scientists to isolate a particular steroid responsible for the ecstasy of agony.

Touch football and other competitive sports perform the same biochemical functions to a lesser degree; what we risk is the possibility of losing, and for some that emotional drain negates the beneficial aspects of exertion. Competition, says Rosenthal, provides a good release only for those who can leave their frustrations on the playing field.

Jogging, swimming and other sports that demand little risk and no competition are valuable in toning the nervous system and enhancing endurance. If there is no exhilarating rush, there is often a sense of subdued release attached to them.

Ironically, the two most highly recommended methods of coping with stress appear to demand contravening disciplines: total relaxation in the case of meditation, total exertion in the quest for risk. Yet each approach requires an element of unremitting concentration on the present moment. It is as if the elusive and enigmatic answer to shedding the tensions of daily life locates itself in the epicenter of our psyches. Orbiting about, we throw off random waves of energy that are quite capable of destroying us, if unchanneled. But when we concentrate that energy within and trust it to transport us beyond the limits of reason, a miraculous act of rejuvenation takes place. In our complex and disjointed time, this simple achievement of inner harmony may be the most difficult task of all.



## BANKS ON THE BRINK

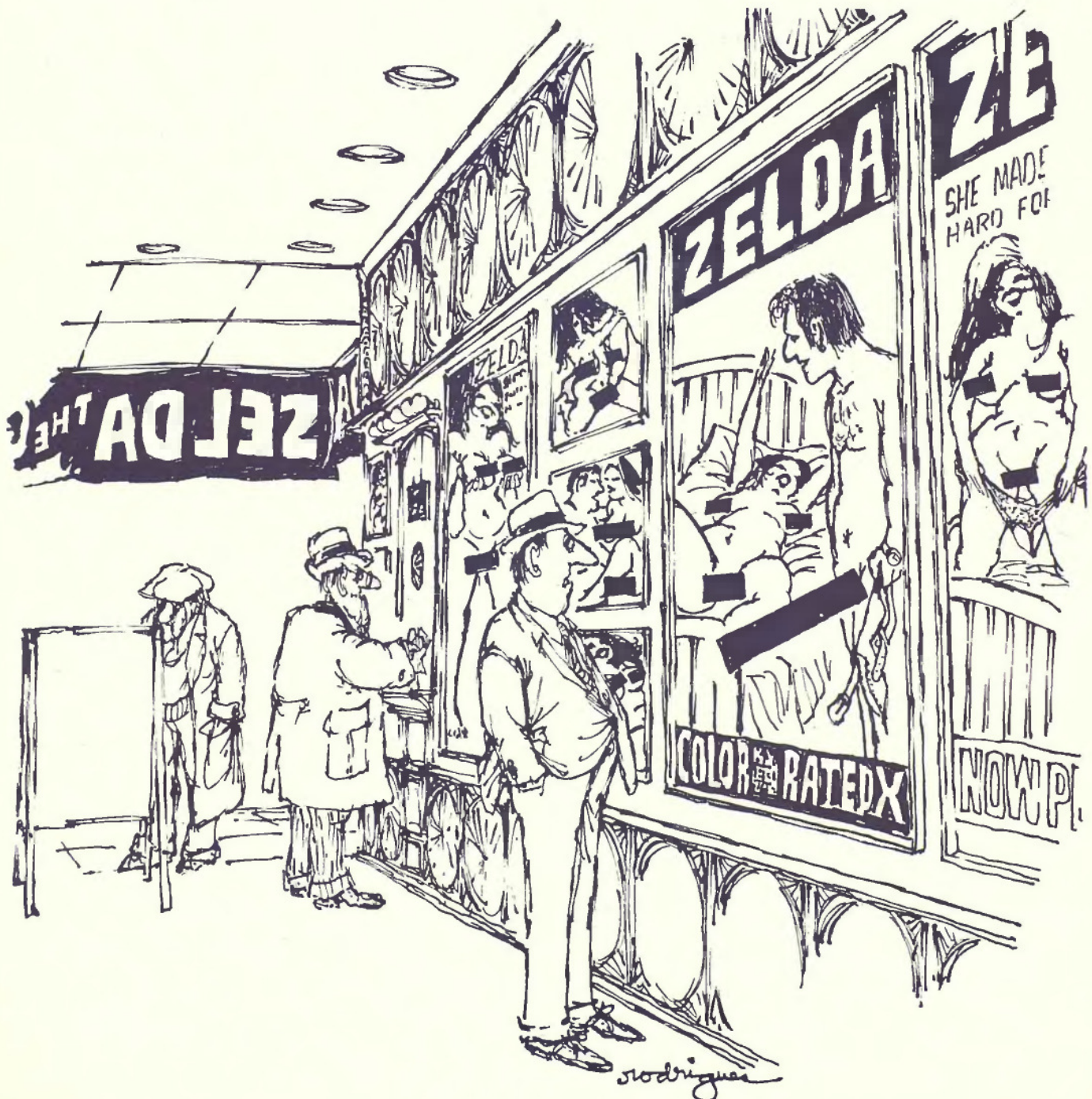
(continued from page 138)

excessive concern with earnings, unwise diversification, insufficient capital—are not in themselves enough to cause a wave of bank failures. But there are other difficulties further clouding the picture. Corporate treasurers, who used to be content to let a few million dollars lie around in non-interest-paying checking accounts, now realize that every dollar possible should be at work earning the extremely high interest rates available today. Thus, money has been moved from checking accounts into a relatively new instrument, the certificate of deposit. These are sold only in multiples of \$100,000, currently

pay in excess of 11 percent and are issued for short periods—commonly 30, 60 or 90 days. In the past two years, the total of these C.D.s purchased by customers of the 30 largest U. S. banks has risen 135 percent, or 46 billion dollars. During the same period, interest-free demand deposits—checking accounts—rose only 13 percent. Bankers would obviously rather pay nothing than pay 11 percent. Not only are C.D.s a more expensive way for a bank to raise funds but they are also an inherently less stable source of money. Sudden shifts in affection by the buyers of C.D.s can occur, leaving the out-of-

favor bank dangerously short of funds.

The increasing use of C.D.s by banks to raise money is the direct product of the mania for growth of our new-style bankers. When a bank was content to operate within a defined community, it usually had an equally defined, loyal group of customers. Their deposits were a stable base on which a bank carried out its lending activities. Today, the large banks are all engaged in a fierce nationwide competition for money, bidding against one another for the excess funds of large corporations and investors whose only loyalty is to the highest possible return on their money. If we enter a period of severe world-wide recession, banks could





find many of their borrowers going broke. These narrow spreads created by the C.D. war give less breathing space before any defaulted loans wipe out a bank's profits, or even create losses—losses that reduce the dangerously low levels of capital still further.

Such defaults by borrowers are the most obvious way a bank can lose money. In the past few years, there has been an ominous rise in the number of bad loans, despite general prosperity. In 1973, many of the largest banks were hit by a rising tide of uncollectible loans: Bank of America, Chase Manhattan and Bankers Trust all showed more than a 50 percent jump in bad loans from the prior year; at First National City Bank, loan losses doubled those of the previous year; and for the First National Bank of Boston and the Irving Trust of New York, both among the 20 largest banks in the country, the comparable figures were triple those of the prior year. Part of the reason for this is that banks, in search of higher returns, have increased their lending in such areas as real estate, where the rates are higher because, simply, the risks are greater.

The current upward spiral of interest rates introduces yet another element of added risk: Most loans to large borrowers—unlike consumer loans—are made at a rate that rises or falls with the prime rate, the amount banks charge their best customers. Two years ago, when the prime rate was six percent, a borrower may have taken out a five-year loan at two percent over prime, or eight percent. Today, he is paying 14 percent for that same loan, and the added interest burden may be just enough to tip the scales: A builder who had no trouble making payments at eight percent may be forced into bankruptcy when the rate reaches 14; thus the entire loan is defaulted. Speaking of the increasing number of defaults by borrowers, one banker suggested that the problem is likely to get worse. He pointed out, "In the banking business, we use the old exterminator's rule: If you've got one rat, you've got 50." All of this adds up to one thing: Banks have never been less able to withstand a serious economic shock wave. When and if that small shock wave comes, it will most likely come from overseas.

At the end of 1964, just ten U. S. banks operated abroad. Together, they had a modest total of 5.8 billion dollars in overseas assets. By the middle of 1974, 125 American banks had branches abroad, with 147 billion dollars in assets outside the U. S., a staggering 2500 percent increase. There are simply not 125 American banks, possibly not even 25, with enough experience and skill to operate successfully in the complicated and clubby world of international finance. Eliot Janeway, a maverick but respected economist, described the bankers' rush overseas, particularly to Europe, this way: "They were

like a high school kid who'd just had his first piece of tail—they wanted to know why someone hadn't clued them in earlier on how great it was." What made overseas banking seem so appealing to the new participants was very simple: its profitability. According to one international banker, the spread overseas was double what the bank was earning domestically.

When novice bankers got to London, capital of international finance, they found a complex and different way of doing business, far higher costs of operation than those in the States, the intricacies of currency fluctuations and much lower spreads than those that had beckoned them there in the first place. For the Americans were not the only new entrants in the game; the Japanese also saw in Europe a place to flex their financial muscle.

The newcomers to the international scene lacked a base of clients with a long-established loyalty to them—as they were used to at home. So they had to scramble to establish new relationships, get deposits, compete for borrowers. This proved very difficult. If you were a large European corporation, would you give your money to the Morgan Guaranty, the titan of international banking, or to the fifth largest bank in Detroit, which had just opened its London office? Would you choose Barclays—Britain's biggest—or the London branch of the First Wisconsin National Bank of Milwaukee?

Most European countries have only five or six major banks, many of them partly owned by the government. A few well-established American banks had been given club membership years ago, and they were none too happy to see their fresh-faced junior brethren from the States arrive. These newcomers ended up doing what newcomers usually have to do: They took what they could get. In some instances, the big banks would take them in as junior partners on loans that were bigger than they could handle by themselves. But loans were not as big a problem as deposits, for it's generally true that giving someone money is a little easier than getting it from him. The *arrivistes* solved this in the classical manner of someone trying to break into a new market: They paid more. Although maybe it was only one eighth or one quarter percent more, it served to narrow the already slim margins that the wave of new competition had produced.

By bidding higher, the recent arrivals did manage to raise large amounts on the European money markets. The four largest banks in Texas, for instance, joined the European bonanza in the late Sixties. In 1969, they had among them only \$39,000,000 in foreign deposits; by June 1974, this figure was 3.2 billion dollars, an 82-fold increase.

Having obtained these deposits abroad (U. S. Government regulations at the time prevented them from simply shipping

money over from the home office), they then had to put these funds to work at a high enough rate to cover their costs. Although European practice dictated extremely short maturities for deposits—30 days to six months at most—the loan demand was for much longer periods, five to eight years being standard and 15 years not being unusual. This was particularly true for the new banks, which didn't have their pick of the best loans. Also, it is a general rule of banking that the longer the term of the loan, the higher the interest rate. Tied as they were to high-cost deposits and eager to show immediate profits, these banks had little choice but to make these loans. This left them "borrowed short and lent long"—a financial-world phrase that spells potential trouble. Although it is customary in banking to have a loan portfolio with longer maturities than those of your deposits, this is only a problem for banks without a stable base of deposits, the very thing these new foreign branches of U. S. banks lacked.

Much of this money, borrowed at very high rates, was simply redeposited with other banks, usually at a very narrow interest spread. Why were other banks in Europe willing to pay still more for money than these banks had paid to get their deposits? The answer is that outside the U. S., where regulations are much less strict, not all banks have equally good credit ratings. The lower a bank's standing, the more it has to pay for its money. Thus, much of this massive flow of funds the new U. S. banks garnered was redeposited with banks of secondary quality, because only they would pay enough for funds to make this money-trading operation profitable for the players. Can some of these banks into which the American banks have put their money go under? Not only can they but some already have, with large losses to certain U. S. banks. More collapses are expected, as rumors swirl daily about this British bank or that French bank that is said to be in trouble. The possibility of a series of bank failures has created the European financial version of the domino theory.

When knowledgeable observers look at the lending practices of many of the recent arrivals on the international scene, they shudder. Back in the States, these banks became successful because they had an intimate knowledge of their territory and its economic conditions. They could properly assess the ability of a borrower to repay his loan, based both on their long experience and on the greater availability of detailed financial data in the U. S. When they went to Europe—or Asia or Latin America—these advantages evaporated. One Dallas banker, whose institution had gone from zero activity abroad to 1.2 billion dollars in foreign assets in just a few years, confessed to me: "Five years ago, if someone walked into our bank with a traveler's check, we didn't





*"Oh that's Penelope Rutledge, our recording secretary."*



know what to do with it. Today, we're making loans in Ruanda."

One substitute for normal credit analysis was a simple reliance on the good name of a borrower. In the United States, there is no better credit than that of the Federal Government. Transferring this attitude to international lending has so far proved dangerous and could soon prove disastrous. The Italian government, everybody's current favorite nominee as the borrower whose default could touch off a collapse of the entire international financial structure, has a total of over eight billion dollars—more than its total reserves—of relatively short-term debt to the private banking system. The banks allowed Italy to get overextended because they felt its status as a leading Western government automatically made it a good credit. Now they are belatedly seeing that governments can become technically, or

even actually, insolvent, just as the Penn Central did. The tripling of the price Italy had to pay for oil took it off the marginal list and put it on the critical list. But it is not the only financial basket case among the nations of the world; Greece, Mexico and Peru together have a total debt to the banking system that exceeds their reserves.

If the U. S. banks that sought to expand overseas were handicapped by their lack of experience in foreign lending, they were positively crippled in the area of currency trading. In the U.S., a dollar was a dollar. Maybe it declined in purchasing power, but then, so did *everybody's* dollars. Suddenly the banks were plunged into a world where a dollar was a constantly and violently fluctuating number of francs or marks or pounds or yen. Here banks again fell into a trap because of their zeal to show higher earnings. In-

stead of contenting themselves with those currency-trading operations necessary to the normal banking function, many banks decided to become speculators, to pit their meager and newly acquired skills against those of the Swiss bankers and other Continental experts with decades of expensively acquired knowledge.

The dangers of this became apparent just recently, when the Bankhaus Herstatt collapsed under the weight of losses from its freewheeling currency speculation. Hours before its collapse, it entered into numerous transactions with large American banks that were then left holding the bag. Not even the mighty were immune: Morgan Guaranty lost \$13,000,000 in one of these transactions, not a small sum even for it. Other American banks that suffered large losses when the Herstatt folded included Chase Manhattan First National City, Girard Bank of Philadelphia, Wells Fargo, First National of Chicago and Manufacturers Hanover—as blue-ribbon a list as you can ask for. But most devastating—and most revealing—was the loss of \$22,500,000 by the Zurich subsidiary of the Seattle First National Bank. This bank had proudly mentioned in its 1973 annual report that its Zurich subsidiary had earned \$536,000 that year. At that rate, it would take it 42 years to make up what it lost in one day. An extremely knowledgeable international investment banker posed this not-so-rhetorical question to me: "What the hell were they doing with a Zurich subsidiary in the first place?" It made about as much sense as if you were to enter the family sedan in the Indianapolis 500.

Federal regulation of the banking industry is aimed at the prevention of crises. But it is only when the situation becomes critical that the regulators take charge. The Federal Reserve Bank is the primary regulatory agency. It has essentially two separate functions: It controls the money supply of the country and, in doing so, plays a central role in managing the nation's economy; it also sets the rules under which those banks that are Federal Reserve members operate. Fed members control nearly 80 percent of the banking system's total assets and include all but a handful of large banks. When the Fed tried to rescue the Franklin, it was acting in the role of "lender of last resort," as it is ominously described in banking circles. Simply put, when a bank is in trouble and no one else will lend it money, the Fed has the option of bailing it out by advancing it sufficient money to keep it afloat. This is what it did, unsuccessfully, for the Franklin, to the tune of 1.77 billion dollars.

What has scared many bank analysts is the possibility that not one but two or three major banks will need similar help at the same time. As the Fed is presently

(concluded on page 201)



"But of course he had no brains."



# THE FALL OF THE FRANKLIN

When we look at most large banks today, we see a variety of difficulties caused by lack of foresight and the too-aggressive pursuit of growth. When we turn to the Franklin National, we can add monumental greed, overweening arrogance and possible fraud to the picture. The transformation of the Franklin from one of the most successful suburban banks in America into a tottering wreck that almost set off a full-fledged panic encapsulates all of the ills described so far. In the mid-Sixties, before the Franklin joined the trek overseas in search of expanded profits, it enjoyed all the benefits of being the dominant bank in the Long Island suburbs of New York City, one of the richest and fastest-growing areas in the country. But it smarted under the description "country bank," a term applied equally to all banks, whatever their size, outside major cities. In 1969, it opened its first overseas branch, in London. Assets abroad grew rapidly, reaching 1.1 billion dollars by the end of 1973; but the hoped-for profits never materialized. Despite a growth in total assets of three billion dollars since 1966, its profits did not grow at all. This increased volume may have made the officers feel part of the big time, but it didn't do anything for the shareholders or the depositors.

The 1973 annual report, which flagrantly masked a rapidly deteriorating situation, sonorously intoned, "As Tolstoy pointed out, man becomes aware of change not while it is going on, only when it has taken place." This was certainly true for those customers of the bank who assumed it was a sound institution. The annual report went on: "Franklin is ideally suited by corporate temperament and tradition to adapt quickly to the vast revolutionary changes anticipated in the new local, national and world order." Subsequent events made this a bitter joke.

Enter now Michele Sindona. This shadowy Italian financier, with admitted connections to the Vatican and rumored connections to the Mafia, had built a huge fortune in postwar Italy through complicated and secretive wheeling and dealing. In 1972, he bought a controlling interest in the Franklin. Immediately following this, the Franklin plunged into foreign-currency trading—that is, speculation. In 1973, this activity became an important source of profits, more than 50 percent of the \$13,000,000 net income reported by the bank. However, by

the first half of 1974, these profits had turned into massive losses, about \$83,000,000. How had this happened? No one knows for certain yet, but simple incompetence cannot be the whole story. A respected foreign banker pointed out to me that in foreign-exchange dealing, if someone takes a loss, someone else must make a profit. After a promise of anonymity, he strongly hinted that the answer could be found in Sindona's Sicilian origins. Eliot Janeway, as usual, was more direct: "Sindona was trying to use the assets of the Franklin to bail out the Italian government, which is like trying to use a teacup to bail out the Atlantic Ocean."

As soon as the announcement of the losses was made, an orderly but rapid run on the bank began. Depositors withdrew 1.7 billion dollars in a short time, causing the Federal Reserve to try to shore up the breach with loans of over 1.2 billion dollars. (The six largest New York banks also—after a little arm twisting by the Fed—lent the Franklin an additional \$225,000,000.)

Then, the FDIC undertook to auction off the Franklin, with three large New York City banks—Chemical, Manufacturers Hanover and First National City—all entering the bidding. In October, the FDIC announced that the winning bank—if acquiring the Franklin can be considered winning—was a fourth entrant, the European-American Bank and Trust. European-American is a U.S. bank owned by a consortium of six of the leading European banks—the Deutsche Bank, the Amsterdam/Rotterdam Bank, the English Midland Bank Group, the Creditanstalt-Bankverein of Austria, the Société Générale of France and the Société Générale de Banque of Belgium—representing a total of over 96 billion dollars of banking assets.

European-American under the terms of the agreement was allowed to pick and choose among those assets, primarily loans and securities, of the Franklin that it wished to acquire; these totaled 1.7 billion dollars, sufficient to offset the 1.4 billion dollars in deposits that remained in the Franklin, plus an additional \$300,000,000 of other liabilities. For this, European-American paid \$125,000,000, acquiring in the process the entire domestic branch system of the Franklin. Thus, not one depositor in the Franklin lost any money.

As the Franklin had, subsequent to its series of troubles, 3.7 billion dollars in total assets, this left two billion

dollars of remaining assets, which the FDIC hopes will be sufficient to repay the final total of 1.77 billion dollars that the Federal Reserve lent the Franklin when it was trying to keep it from going under. (The New York City banks that had lent the Franklin an additional \$225,000,000 were repaid by the Fed just prior to the purchase by European-American.)

There was some consternation among Government officials and the banking industry that this major U.S. bank was being acquired by foreign interests, and some suggested that the bid of Manufacturers Hanover, which was only slightly lower than the \$125,000,000 paid by European-American, be accepted in preference to control of the bank's passing into foreign hands.

The FDIC, under its chairman, Frank Wille, to its credit rejected such reasoning and said that its primary responsibility was to get the highest price so as to reduce to the absolute minimum the loss the FDIC and, by extension, all depositors in U.S. banks might have to suffer. It will take three years to unwind the situation, but it is quite possible that the current plan will allow the Federal Reserve to be repaid fully with interest, and it is possible the remaining assets of the Franklin will prove sufficient to repay this indebtedness without dipping into the FDIC's reserves. If this occurs or even if the loss is held to a relatively modest sum, the Government regulators deserve high marks for skillfully managing a potentially disastrous situation without jeopardizing other banks and without serious loss to the Government and without significant negative impact on Americans' trust in the soundness of their banking system.

It is ironic to note that the Franklin got into trouble because it ventured way beyond its depth in overseas banking and that, as a result, control of one of the largest U.S. banks passed into the hands of European bankers. Although the Franklin story involves some special elements all its own, it nonetheless reflects most of the ills described in the accompanying article, which are the outgrowths of many bank managements' zeal for growth with insufficient concern for classical sound banking practice. If the Franklin debacle produces a much-needed rethinking of their attitudes by bankers, then it will have served a salutary purpose.



committed to a "tight money" policy, pumping billions of dollars into a number of tottering banks could wreck that policy and set off still greater inflationary pressures. Would the Fed sacrifice its over-all monetary policy to prevent multiple bank disasters? The answer definitely is yes—as signaled by its attempted rescue of the Franklin. This was not done out of concern for the Franklin's shareholders—whose shares are probably now worthless—but out of fear of the blow to depositor confidence that would result from such a large bank's going under. A similar signal was given in 1970, when the Penn Central's demise also caused the Fed to inject billions of dollars into the banking system, rather than attempt to protect the tight-money policy.

Could the Federal Reserve, by more closely policing the actions of its member banks, have kept a bank like the Franklin from reaching the crisis stage, at which point the Fed had little choice but to come to its aid? The answer lies with the members of the Fed's seven-man ruling Board of Governors and the way it sees its role. Five of these seven men are Nixon appointees, and one was recently appointed by President Ford. Nixon tried, as with his Supreme Court nominees, to pack the Federal Reserve Board with extreme conservatives who would allow business to operate as free of Government interference as possible. Unlike his Supreme Court choices, Nixon's Federal Reserve Board appointees have not disappointed him. John Bunting, the articulate head of the First Pennsylvania Bank, the largest in Philadelphia, characterized all of these men as "classical laissez-faire economists and businessmen who oppose an active, interventionist role for the Fed." Its chairman, Arthur Burns, a Nixon appointee, is greatly respected, but he, too, has clearly indicated his preference for letting the market place determine such crucial matters as interest rates and the availability of bank credit.

The one strong voice for an activist Fed policy was that of Andrew Brimmer, a Johnson appointee, who resigned from the Board of Governors this past August. Shortly before his resignation, we met in his office in the imposing headquarters of the Federal Reserve. Brimmer (incidentally, the first black to serve on the board) has consistently fought a losing battle for stricter regulation of the banks. He has been persistent in his warnings about the dangers of excessive expansion, especially abroad. He has opposed the board's near-total reliance on "voluntarism" and has called on Congress to put more teeth in the banking laws. He agreed, though, that the Fed already has powers it isn't using and that new legislation alone wouldn't solve the problems.

What if the Fed had not kept the Franklin afloat until a buyer could be found? Without help, it would never have been able to withstand the loss of 1.7

billion dollars in deposits and would have been forced to close its doors. In such cases, the FDIC exists as the last line of defense. At the time the U. S. National Bank of San Diego went under, the situation was clearly beyond shoring up by the Fed in the manner it chose with the Franklin. There the FDIC acted to arrange a sort of shotgun marriage with the Crocker National of San Francisco, the 15th largest bank in the country. Under the plan that evolved, Crocker assumed all the deposit liabilities of the U. S. National. The FDIC had to lay out \$500,000,000 from its reserves to effect the merger; it hopes to recover a good portion of this sum, but it will doubtless suffer some loss.

Although there are no simple steps that the Government could take to guarantee we'll avoid a panic situation, some measures would go a long way toward raising public confidence, alleviating the present problems and preventing banks from getting overextended again. One very important and much-needed change was recently made, when, on November 27, 1974, the insurance limit was raised from \$20,000 to \$40,000 *per account*. The regulators should urgently consider the following recommendations:

1. The cost to banks of FDIC coverage on their deposits currently is only about 1/23 of one percent of all deposits. This is far too little for insurance that no bank would dare do without and at a time when there is legitimate worry about the soundness of many institutions. The cost should be raised for all banks, and this cost should be related to the bank's capital ratio. The higher the ratio, the greater the risk of failure, making it only fair that such a bank pay more for Government insurance. This provision would offer the banks further incentive to reduce their excessive capital leverage.

2. The Federal Reserve should be much stricter in limiting the deposit and loan growth of banks it considers undercapitalized. The careful winding down of this situation will take time, but it should start as soon as possible.

3. The Fed should implement a still tougher standard on all acquisitions; only if the bank operation is completely sound should it be allowed to increase its involvement outside banking.

4. Banks should be required to disclose to the public detailed information about their lending activities; of prime importance are a breakdown of the kinds of outstanding loans, their average maturities, the number of delinquent loans and the amount in loan losses the bank has suffered during each of the past five years. This should be required information in their annual reports, which should be available at all branches of each bank.

5. Foreign lending activity should be much more strictly supervised, with an immediate halt to any increase in loans ordered if a bank fails to meet certain set standards of safety.

6. Banks are required to maintain special funds to cover potential losses from defaulted loans. These are called loan-loss reserves. These reserves are computed by a method that does not accurately reflect what may be the true condition of a bank's loan portfolio. As an example, last year the First National City Bank had a 32 percent increase in loans outstanding but only a .25 percent increase in its provision for future loan losses. The Chase Manhattan from the beginning of 1972 to the middle of 1974 increased its loans outstanding 79 percent but its loan-loss reserves only ten percent. These banks, and all others, are following the letter of the law on this matter, but the law should be changed to require that any increases in exposure to loan losses be matched by equal increases in reserves. Otherwise, banks are misleading the public about their profitability and possibly even their soundness.

These steps would represent no cure-all but only a modest attempt to ease the current situation. They do have the virtue of not exerting any negative effect on the banks' ability to finance legitimate business-loan demand.

As we have seen, the banks' own internal position leaves them with little ability to withstand any of a number of possible external problems. Should trouble come, the banks have left themselves little room to maneuver. Thinly stretched bank capital. Unwise loan policies, especially in the real-estate area. And worst of all is the ill-planned and excessive growth of liabilities, particularly abroad, where the general situation is far worse than here, and many of our regulatory safeguards do not exist. If the present inflation continues, with interest rates going still higher than today's unprecedented levels, numerous corporate bankruptcies will prove unavoidable.

On the other hand, if the Federal Reserve really is resolved to "break the back" of inflation, then that, too, could easily cause a depression and bring on a round of bankruptcies that would place almost unbearable burdens on the banking system. This possibility is what worries Bunting of First Pennsylvania the most: "Businessmen have been assuming that major depressions were a thing of the past, and they are unless the Government is serious about ending inflation over the near term; if what they're saying is more than just rhetoric, I shudder to imagine the results." The dilemma could not be more acute: Too much inflation, and we're bound to see a number of banks fail; too heavy-handed an attempt to slow down inflation, and the results are equally scary. These problems won't vanish overnight; even if we avoid calamity, the system is badly strained and the repairs will take years. As one banker put it: "It's a game of musical chairs. There are more asses than chairs, and everyone wants to be sure he's seated when the music stops."





*Buck Brown*

*"I appreciate your showing me how to make a good cup of coffee.  
But, thank you, that's all the help I need."*



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