PLAYBOY

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

JANUARY 1989 • $5.00

35TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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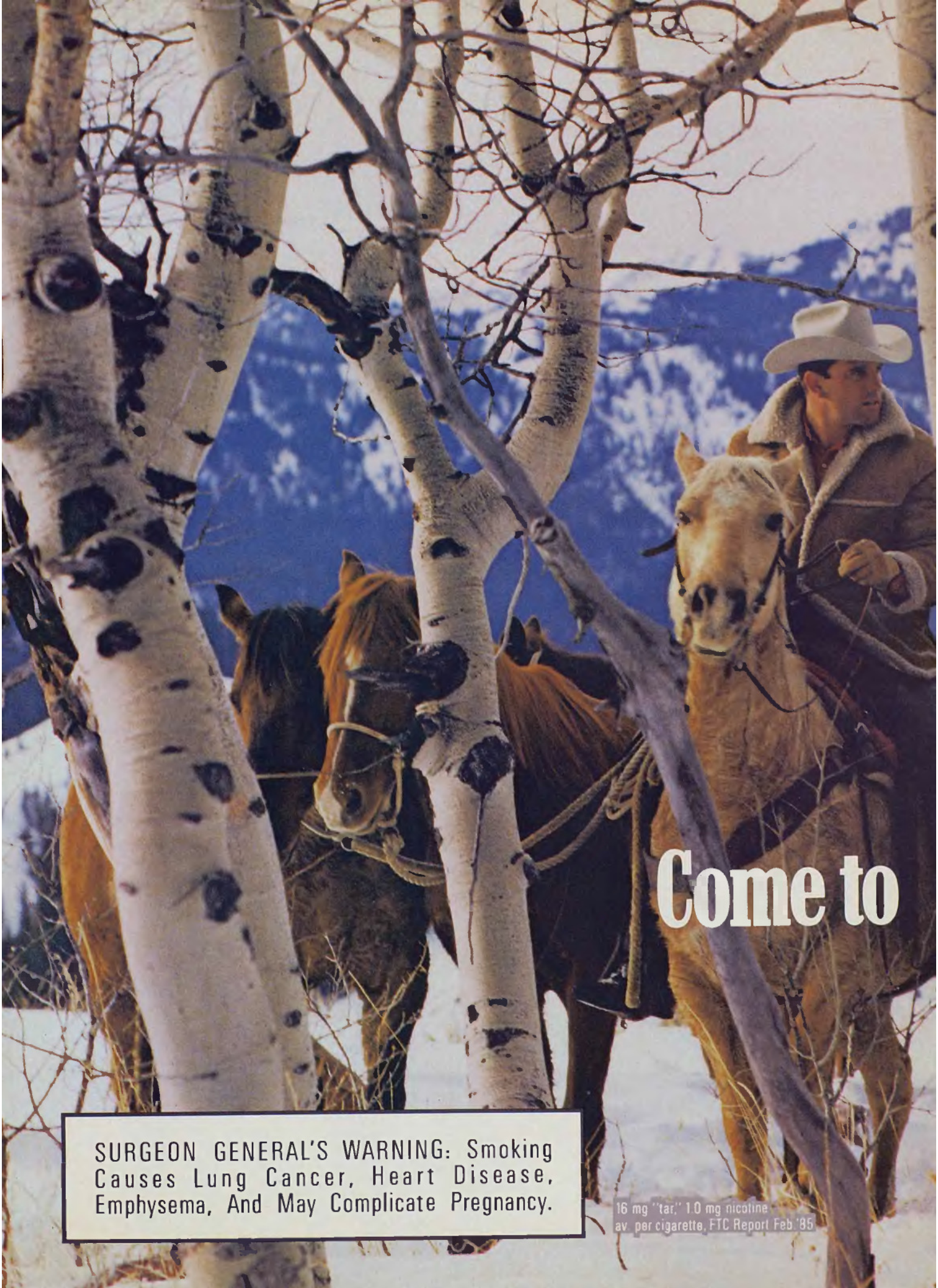
THE MAGAZINE THAT CHANGED AMERICA

AN ANNIVERSARY ISSUE TO REMEMBER!

The 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt • A Fidgety Interview with Robert De Niro • Plus a Gala Collection of the Beauty and the Brains That Helped Shape Men's Lives for Three and a Half Decades • Including: Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Bo Derek and Dozens of Other Great Beauties • Woody Allen's War with Machines • Woodward and Bernstein on Nixon's Fall • Jack Kerouac on the Beat Generation • The Now-Legendary Playboy Interviews with Jimmy Carter, Fidel Castro, Patty Hearst, Bill Cosby, Malcolm X, John Lennon and John Wayne • The Wild Wit of Shel Silverstein • Outstanding Fiction by John Updike, Ray Bradbury and Joyce Carol Oates • Bruce Feirstein on Real Men • Jules Feiffer on Seduction • Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., on Hope • Larry L. King on the Best Little Whorehouse in Texas • Truman Capote on Tennessee Williams • Not to Mention Sophisticated Cartoons, Classic Jokes and (Yes, It's True) More

PLAYBOY



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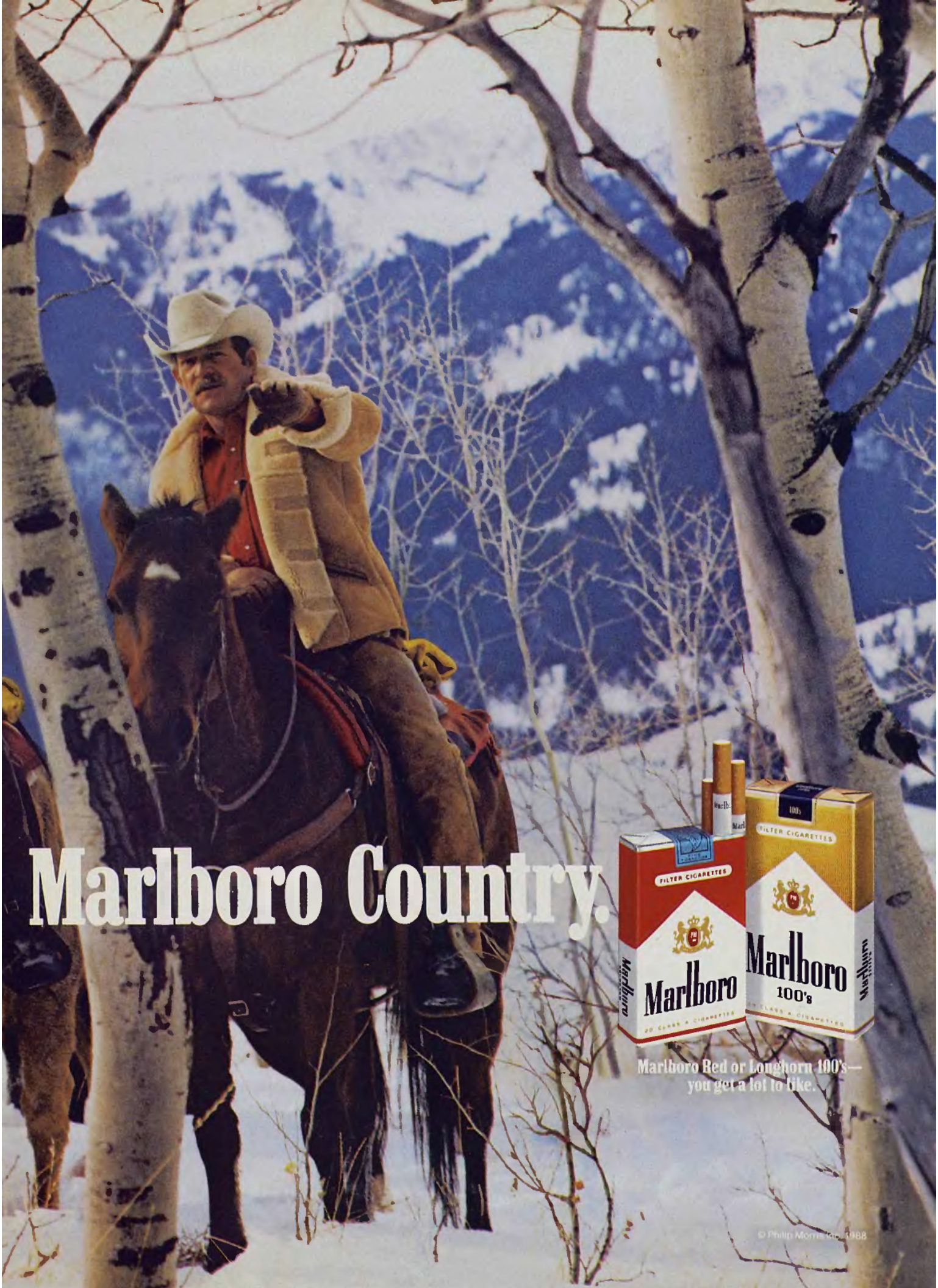
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Back in 1953, when I had this brash idea for a new men's magazine, who would have bet that we'd be holding an anniversary celebration 35 years later? Certainly not I. The first issue of *Playboy* was undated, because I wasn't sure there'd *be* a second. But we've managed 420 issues since then, counting this commemorative edition, and *Playboy* has become a fixture of the cultural landscape, an institution as universal as Disneyland and Coca-Cola.

Other magazines have shaped politics, dictated fashion, legitimized gossip. *Playboy* freed a generation from guilt about sex, changed some laws and helped launch a revolution or two. And did it while having *fun*—perhaps the most liberating revolution of all. So you may not think it immodest of us to say *Playboy* is the magazine that changed America.

Life in 1953 wasn't *Happy Days*. The media were painting the portrait of a Norman Rockwell America—the family that prayed together stayed together—but it was a time of rigid conformity in politics and lifestyle. The heavy hand of McCarthyist repression reached out to crush anyone who questioned the norm or wished to live outside it. Jules Feiffer called it "the Ike age."

From the beginning, *Playboy* charted its own controversial course, offering a publishing home to authors whose work was too lusty or iconoclastic for other magazines. And it helped liberate the language by allowing them to write without euphemism. In the prudish moral climate of the Fifties, *Playboy* unabashedly championed sexual liberation. Before *Playboy*, women were typecast either as Madonna or as whore. But the wholesome, unself-conscious sexuality of *Playboy*'s "girl-next-door" Playmates conveyed—to men and women alike—the unsettling and exciting message that nice girls like sex, too. That sex isn't sniggering or sinful. It's what life is all about.

In the decades since then, *Playboy* has continued to both influence and reflect the tumultuous times we've lived through. For two generations of Americans, *Playboy* has been a journal of their shared experience. As Thomas Weyr wrote in his book *Reaching for Paradise: The Playboy Vision of America*, "No intelligent reader can do without it and pretend to any serious understanding about the United States. *Playboy* is a mirror of the culture."

Which may be why, halfway through our fourth decade, *Playboy* is still the best-selling men's magazine in America—and in the world, with 12 foreign editions in languages from Greek to Japanese. As a 35th Anniversary gift of gratitude to all of you, we'd like to offer this affectionate retrospective of memorable moments from *Playboy*s of the past. We've designed the issue as a keeper, and whether you've been with us since the Fifties or joined us in the Eighties, we hope you'll find, in these pages, the times of your lives. See you on our 50th!

Hugh M Hefner

Editor and Publisher

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WHEN THE EDITORS of *Playboy* suggested to **Hugh Hefner** that we celebrate our 35th Anniversary with a grand retrospective issue, his response caught us up short. "Sounds promising," Hef said, "but watch yourselves. Don't do a magazine that'll just show how smart we think we are. Do an issue that will get the essence of *Playboy* without any pretense. Do an issue," he said, "that a reader will savor, not one that an editor will gloat over."

You, naturally, will be the judge of our effort to produce the distilled spirit of three and a half decades of *Playboy*. First and most importantly, we apologize for all the crimes of omission. We expect to be hearing from hordes of you, complaining that we've left out your personal favorites. God knows we've already heard from Hef. And although we have never believed in the editorial adage "Less is more," space constraints have forced us to condense some of the fiction and articles. Don't worry—the Playmates' measurements haven't been reduced.

Welcome to our Anniversary Issue: It's a family affair, a black-tie party. Wander around and see if you recognize some of the guests. **Ray Bradbury,** author of *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and *The Martian Chronicles*, made his *Playboy* debut in our fourth issue, when we published the first of three installments of *Fahrenheit 451*. He has appeared almost three dozen times in the magazine since. *A Sound of Thunder* is one of his early stories, from June 1956.

Jules Feiffer was a struggling cartoonist at *The Village Voice* in 1958. We thought that what was happening in Greenwich Village belonged to the entire world. We published his first collection, *The Sick Little World of Jules Feiffer*, and more than 100 other features, including *The Seduction* (June 1959).

Jack Kerouac, the subject of many novels, term papers and rock songs, was an American original. He came to *Playboy* in 1958 with a story, *The Rumbling, Rambling Blues*, and returned in June of 1959 to explain *The Origins of the Beat Generation*.

Kerouac tried to blow your mind, but **Roger Price** tried simply to explain it. During the Fifties, he examined psychology and psychotherapy, making fun of the highbrow posturing of analysts. *Avoidism* (December 1954) is a typical humor attack.

In the Sixties, everyone who counted came to our party. **Arthur C. Clarke,** the man who gave the universe *2001*—the book—has written 27 stories and articles for *Playboy*. *The Hazards of Prophecy* (March 1962) tells of the pitfalls of being able to imagine the future.

Woody Allen, stand-up comedian and, at the time, a would-be film maker, was introduced to *Playboy* readers in *On the Scene*, December 1963; his first piece for us was January 1965's *My War with the Machines*. We understand that he has actually made a few films since then.

There were two people who had to be included in this issue. **Alberto Vargas** was one of them. The grand old man of pinup art had split with *Esquire* when Hef sought him out. His work for *Playboy* re-established him as the master. His drawings sell for a quarter of a million dollars today. **LeRoy Neiman's** work has appeared in almost every issue of *Playboy* (he draws the Femlins on the *Party Jokes* page). When we met him, he was a figure-drawing instructor at the Art Institute of Chicago. Last time we checked, he could buy the Art Institute. The *Man at His Leisure* disco scene from January 1967 that reappears here is an archetypal look at the good life.

Shel Silverstein, creator of *Teevee Jeebies* and *Silverstein's Zoo* and countless other laughs and insights over the years, was *Playboy*'s all-star utility player. He took his sketch pad on the road and wryly turned the world's capitals upside down. Later, he elaborated on the sketch-and-text style he developed here and turned out a series of best-selling children's book classics (for grown-up children, too). We knew him when he had hair.

Ian Fleming's James Bond began a long relationship with the magazine in March 1960 with *The Hildebrand Rarity*, a novelette. "I'm sure James Bond, if he were an actual person,

BRADBURY

FEIFFER

PRICE

KEROUAC

CLARKE

ALLEN

VARGAS

NEIMAN

SILVERSTEIN

FLEMING

NABOKOV

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YEAGER

would be a registered reader of *Playboy*," Fleming assured us. You mean he's not an actual person?

Vladimir Nabokov, arguably the best novelist of our lifetime, first appeared in *Playboy* in January 1965. We published his stories and previewed his novels over a decade, including the debut of his classic *Ada* in April 1969. Nabokov, a famed lepidopterist, even suggested the August 1976 cover design, sending us a sketch of a fairy whose butterfly wings formed the familiar Rabbit.

Jean Shepherd's first piece for the magazine was a colloquium of jazz all-stars. He moved rapidly from nonfiction to a series of humorous reminiscences set in the Midwest. Long before Garrison Keillor invented Lake Wobegon, Shepherd gave us *Ollie Hopnoodle's Haven of Bliss*, *Waldo Grebb and His Electric Baton* and *Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories* (June 1969).

What would the Seventies be without Watergate? After the fall, **Bob Woodward** and **Carl Bernstein** put together the story behind the headlines. *Playboy* gave America its first look in May 1974 at the book that launched a million applications to journalism school.

Every now and then, an article in *Playboy* takes off in surprising directions. **Larry L. King's** look at the oldest profession as practiced in the second-largest state in the union, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (April 1974), became a Broadway musical and a movie. **Brad Holland,** one of our most talented artists, provided the illustration; his work regularly accompanied *Ribald Classics*, so it was only natural to give him this modern parable.

When we first attended a play by **David Mamet,** we knew we were listening to a man with an ear for language. (The Pulitzer Prize committee later came to the same conclusion.) *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* (March 1977) was a natural for us (even though Hollywood had to change the title to *About Last Night . . .* to get the movie version into newspaper and television ads).

Like Mamet, **John Updike** has had some experience with prudery. He brings us the stories that other publications are too straitlaced and cowardly to publish. *The Faint* (May 1978) is an example of one of more than a dozen appearances in *Playboy*.

Joyce Carol Oates and **Robert Coover** are among the most honored writers in the nation. We've selected Oates's *The Sunken Woman* (December 1981) and Coover's *You Must Remember This* (January 1985) for the present collection. **Truman Capote** chose *Playboy*'s pages in which to pay homage to **Tennessee Williams.** *Remembering Tennessee* ran in January 1984. All of this goes to prove what Hefner has often remarked: Without a centerfold, *Playboy* would be just another literary magazine.

But we're more than a literary magazine: We are the magazine as museum of modern art. **Andy Warhol,** who was famous for saying that everyone would be famous for 15 minutes, but then proved himself wrong by being famous forever, provided the illustration for Capote's piece—and the cover of our January 1986 Holiday Anniversary Issue. We went to world-class sculptor **Ernest Trova** for the image that adorns this collection.

No *Playbill* would be complete without homage to our photographers and cartoonists. **Bunny Yeager** shot many of our early pictorials. **John Derek** photographed three of his wives for us; one, **Linda Evans,** turned the camera on him for the July 1971 *Playbill* picture resurrected here. **Pompeo Posar** has been our pre-eminent Playmate photographer for 28 years, and is still, having captured 63 gatefold girls with his camera. We had to show you what **Gahan Wilson** really looks like: This man has been weirder for longer than most of you have been alive.

Nostalgia is fun, but we continue to live in the here and now. In addition to all the blasts from the past, this issue contains up-to-date columns, reviews, *The Playboy Advisor* and *The Playboy Forum*, 35th Anniversary Playmate **Fawna MacLaren** and, of course, the *Playboy Interview*—with the actor who's famous for not sitting still for interviews, **Robert De Niro.** His interrogator was Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel.**

Putting together this issue has been a pleasure. The party has been going on for 35 years. The guests have been interesting, the women beautiful, the conversation stimulating. *Playboy* has been a spiritual men's club, an assembly hall for wise guys dedicated to the good life. It has been a great place to hang out. We promise to do our best to keep the show going for another 35 years.

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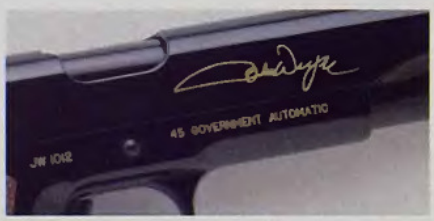

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vol. 36, no. 1—january 1989

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COVER STORY

Cover artist Ernest Trova is a world-class sculptor whose works are in New York's Museum of Modern Art and Metropolitan Museum—and the December 1970 issue of *Playboy*, which features his special paper multiple pullout. More recently, Trova took time out from his work on a series of bronze troubadour figures, inspired by the music of Julio Iglesias, to create a distinctive stainless-steel hinged Rabbit Head for our 35th Anniversary cover.

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ROGER CRAIG, A GIANT AMONG GIANTS

Your interview with Roger Craig (*Playboy*, October) has confirmed all my beliefs about the man. As a 20-year Giants fan, I had begun to wonder if I would ever have reason to cheer for a winning team again. Craig's arrival has returned the winning tradition to Candlestick Park. His vast knowledge of and great passion for the game have enhanced the hopes not only of the Giants but of baseball itself.

One thing about Craig that really stands out in the interview is his humanity. He is so intense during a game that it's nice to see how much of a regular Joe he really is.

Robert J. Muniz
Highland Park, California

MORE ON ARAFAT

Ironically, I read your September *Playboy Interview* with Yasir Arafat on my way to Israel this past summer. At the time, I was very disturbed by it, but after spending some time in Israel, I am appalled!

As a journalism/Middle Eastern studies major at Columbia University, I cannot believe that you would allow yourself to be manipulated by a known terrorist whose lifeblood depends on sensational media. Without coverage such as yours, terrorism would not survive. By giving the likes of Arafat a world-wide platform to air his ideology, you are justifying the killing of innocent people. By all legal and moral definitions, Arafat's P.L.O. is a terrorist organization. His members threaten, coerce and murder their own people. They have consistently violated international law by shielding themselves and their weapons in refugee camps, schools and hospitals, exposing their own people to extreme danger, in complete disregard for international and humanitarian laws.

When Arafat discusses Palestinian children, he fails to mention the fact that his organization trains seven-year-olds to become terrorists. They raise children to hate and kill. The interview also fails to mention that the Lebanese people don't want the P.L.O. in their country; they are simply not strong enough to get rid of it.

Glorifying the acts of terrorists only encourages more violence; as long as journalists give legitimacy to their acts, the killing of innocent civilians will continue. In the future, take into account the motives of the people you interview.

Suzanne Peters
New York, New York

COLLEGE FOOTBALL FORECAST

Year after year, the worst college football forecast on God's green earth has been *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* (*Playboy*, October). For some unknown reason, Anson Mount always felt the need to shun conventional wisdom and graze through left field to compose his top 20.

Now comes your new forecaster, Gary Cole, to take a swing (and a miss) at the subject. Most disturbing is that he has missed the power shift to the West in 1988. The real oversights are UCLA and USC. The Bruins and the Trojans have legitimate Heisman candidates in quarterbacks Troy Aikman and Rodney Peete; UCLA crushed number-five Nebraska and is now 4–0, and Southern Cal rallied impressively in the fourth quarter to defeat a good Stanford team.

Michael Tuckman
Portland, Oregon

There seems to be a gap between your opinion and the facts, Mike. A recognized authority is W. Judd Wyatt, whose annual Wyatt Summaries are the Nielsen ratings of football forecasting; Anson Mount topped Wyatt's list five times and finished second six times, giving Playboy *the best prediction record of any publication, even outfits such as* Sports Illustrated, *A.P. and U.P.I. As for Gary Cole's crystal ball, you may want to take another look. He picked UCLA in his top 20 and Troy Aikman is the quarterback on our All-America team. As for USC, let's wait till all the results are in.*

Congratulations are due to Gary Cole for another outstanding job of previewing the college football season. We would, however, like to point out one item that has us

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somewhat puzzled. In predicting that Auburn will be the number-12 team, he states, "Missing, however, are Bo Jackson and Brent Fullwood to run the ball."

Both of these great players were also missing from Auburn last year. Jackson, after winning the Heisman Trophy, spent 1987 running the ball (for the Los Angeles Raiders), as well as hitting the ball and running the bases (for the Kansas City Royals). Fullwood was a rookie for the Green Bay Packers in 1987.

This is the only "fumble" we can find. In a town where solid information on college football is eagerly sought, your publication rates high marks.

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CONTROVERSIAL MORT

I'm writing to comment on your *20 Questions* with Morton Downey, Jr., in the October issue. In the past, no matter how controversial their subjects might be, your interviews were conducted in a humane and professional manner.

But Downey is apparently a special case with you guys. Your lead-in suggests that he is a hypocrite (he couldn't quit smoking). All of your questions are designed to be crushing blows to his persona. "On your show, you have the advantage and you can practice bullyboy tactics. . . ." Since when couldn't a talk-show host practice bullyboy tactics? I suppose it's OK as long as Phil Donahue does it.

"Given your questionable academic credentials . . . what makes you think you are qualified to deal with the weighty issues discussed on your show?"

What credentials qualify *Playboy* photographers to take pictures of naked women? What is the difference between yahooism, democracy and mob rule? What does Downey's bad-check passing have to do with his status as a talk-show host?

Your questions about Mort's mom's drinking problem and his stage-managing spontaneity and the "colorful weirdos" comment round out the interview nicely. In short, this is one of the most blatant hatchet jobs I have ever read in a magazine. The portrait that emerges of Downey is that he is an uncredentialed bully, a hypocrite, a demagog, a criminal and a racist.

What are you guys afraid of? His popularity?

Bill Scott
Fresno, California

At least Morton Downey, Jr., is honest enough to admit that no minds will be changed by his show. He is honest, too, in admitting that his show is not intellectual. At best, it panders to the basest instincts of his studio audience, and he ensures that they hear what they want in a most glandular fashion. At its very worst, his show is a harbinger of the end of civilization as we know it.

W. Keith Adams
Brighton, Michigan

PLEASING PLAYGIRL

Thank you for the outstanding pictorial *'Boy Meets 'Girl* on the lovely Nancie S. Martin (*Playboy*, October). The interview is candid, snappy and funny. As long as

Martin is editor in chief of *Playgirl*, the magazine can't go wrong. Seems she has a beautiful brain as well as a sexy body.

Darrell Baty
Mountain Home, Idaho

ELECTION HOSTAGES

I've subscribed to *Playboy* for more than 20 years. In the past few, in particular, I have found that the magazine is losing sight of its entertainment value and is beginning to dabble in political issues from a most biased leftist viewpoint.

An Election Held Hostage, by Abbie Hoffman and Jonathan Silvers (*Playboy*, October), is a clear case in point. This article, written in part by Hoffman—who, along with the rest of the Chicago Seven and Jane Fonda, did more to aid and abet the Communists during the late Sixties than all the propaganda Moscow and the North Vietnamese could muster—creates an impression of the Reagan Presidency that is a sham to even the most politically moderate person.

Thanks to the Constitution of the United States, *Playboy* is entitled to its political opinions. But if it is your intent to espouse a leftist political philosophy, may I suggest it be clearly labeled as an editorial, not masked as entertainment?

Ron Winkler
Valencia, California

FEMINIST STUDIES

As a graduate student in women's studies at Duke University, I feel I must respond to Asa Baber's September *Men* column, "Feminist U." On the basis of a newspaper article, one college catalog and a secondhand conversation with a receptionist, the author decries a "monopoly of feminist thought on today's college campuses" and a consequent lack of "men's studies." His research is painfully weak and his conclusions invalid.

When one considers that *Great Books of the Western World*, the much-hailed compendium of all important thought since the beginning of recorded history, contains not one sentence penned by a woman in its 50-plus-volume set, or that Janson's *History of Art*, the acknowledged authority in the field, contained not one woman artist until very recent editions, it is evident that history, art and philosophy—even knowledge—have been construed, for whatever reason, as being male provinces. Studies of any kind have been and still are in many ways men's studies. Our job, as women's-studies advocates, is to add to that body; and what upsets Baber is that men are not the focal point of that effort. It is not necessary to hate men in order to celebrate women. And it is celebration, not hatred, that women's studies are all about.

Martha A. Simmons
Wake Forest, North Carolina

S.W.C. TALENT SCOUTS

Ever since your first college-coed pictorial appeared in 1977, you have received numerous requests from readers to make this girl or that one the next Playmate of the Month. Indeed, several of your coeds—most notably, Pamela Jean Bryant (Miss April 1978) and Devin DeVasquez (Miss June 1985)—have done just that. After viewing your October pictorial *Girls of the Southwest Conference*, I have decided that Sharyl Rudin, Leah Sternbaum and Barbara Anne Noelle have the potential to be Playmates.

Stephen F. Barcus
Palmdale, California

As an alumnus of Southern Methodist University, I (and many others) am painfully aware of the current N.C.A.A. probation status the school must endure for what seems like an eternity.

Compounding this unfortunate situation is your October issue, containing *Girls of the Southwest Conference* and *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. Both seem to ignore the existence of SMU. Last year's *Pigskin* briefly mentioned the probation; this year, *nada*. Surely there are many beautiful coeds strolling SMU's shaded lanes worthy of your S.W.C. peek. Your avoidance of SMU in either piece seems overly harsh. I am very sorry that October's issue doesn't rank in my top 20.

Ronald M. Olexa
Bridgewater, New Jersey

Take another look at page 127, Ron. You'll find three (count 'em, three) SMU coeds there. As for the "Pigskin Preview," it will mention SMU when there is an SMU football team. Wait'll next year.

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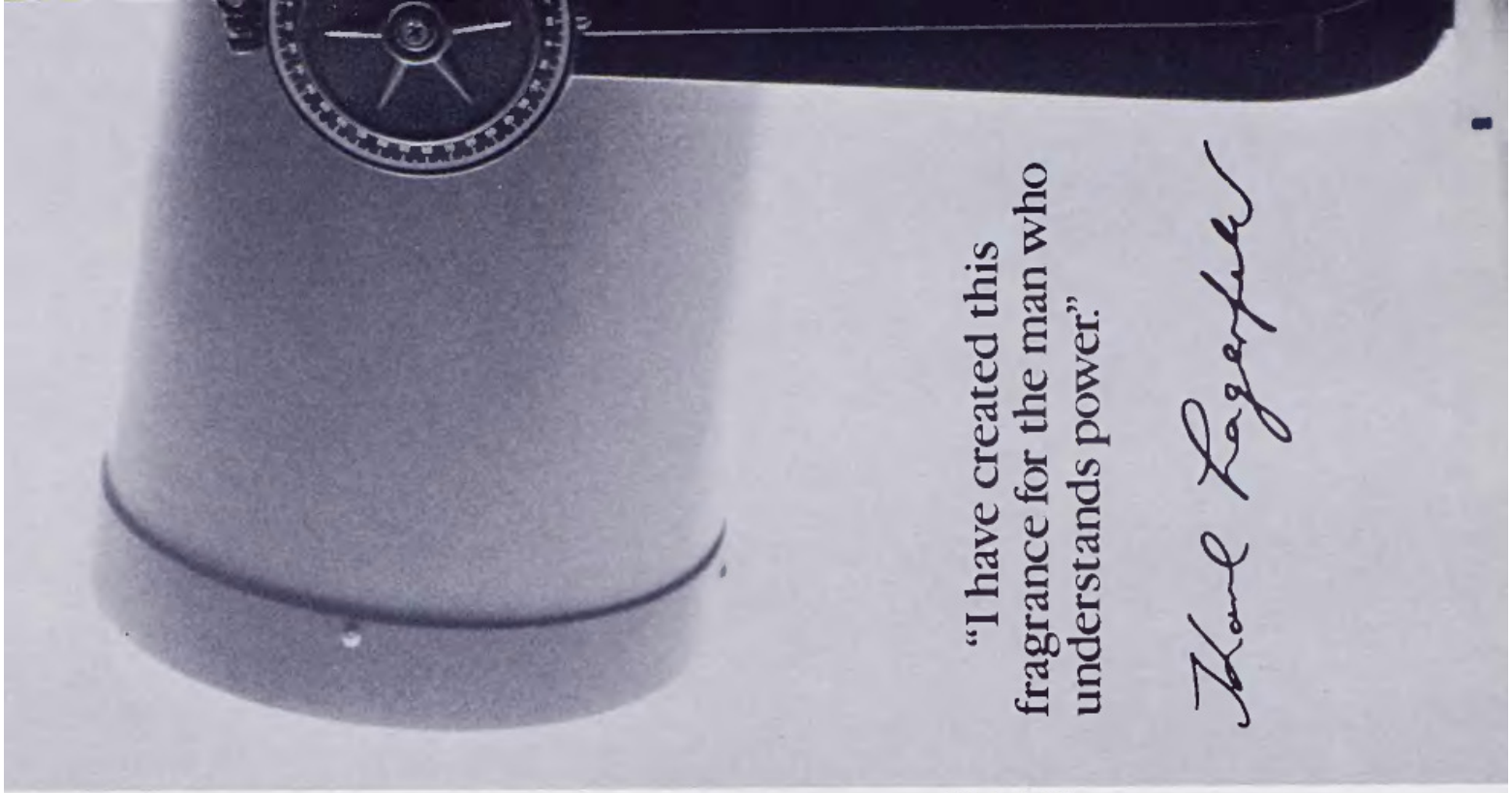

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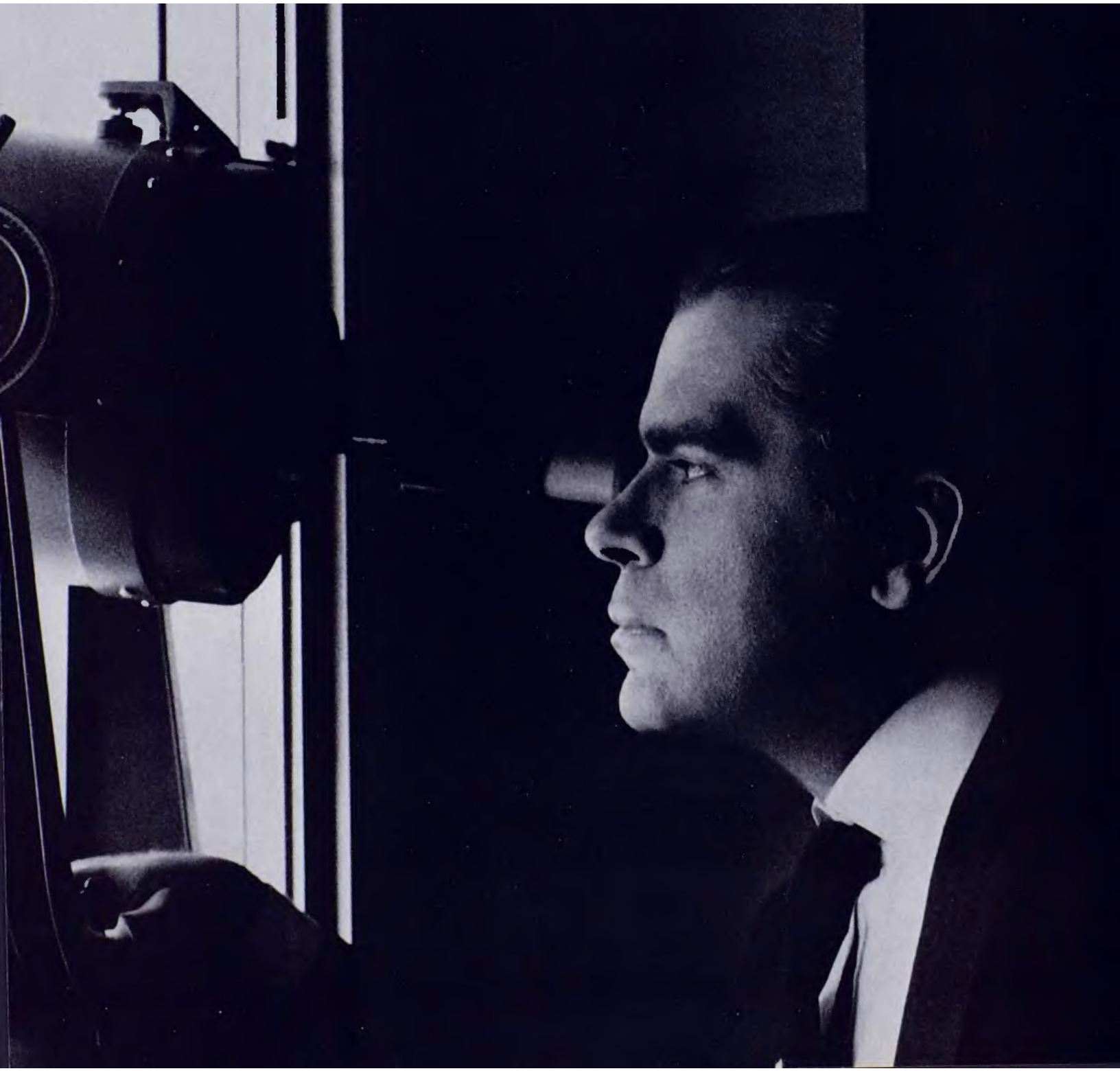

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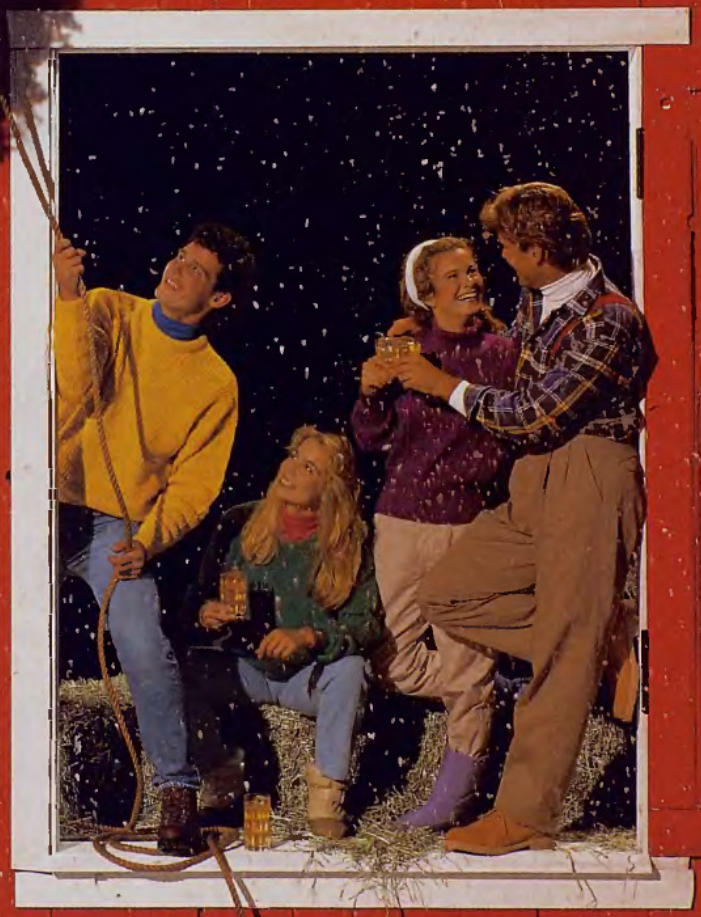

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HOORAY!

Thirty-five years ago, if you read *Playboy*, you were one of the 70,000 coolest people in America. Right now, you're one of the 12,359,000 coolest people in America and one of the reasons we're celebrating.

But we're not the only ones reveling in 1989. You can catch the hoopla around the 100th Rose Bowl parade this month, or, if you're the baseball fanatic we are, you can visit the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum in Cooperstown, New York, and help celebrate its 50-year mark.

In 1839 or so, Abner Doubleday threw the pitch, now revered as "first heat," on Cooperstown's tiny Doubleday Field. A hundred years later, Stephen C. Clark, sewing-machine magnate and friend of baseball, had the consummate sports fan's dream: He would build a hall to keep holy all the stuff that is baseball. And so it was done and the multitudes have been arriving ever since to behold the accouterments of Ruth and Gehrig, of Aaron and Appling, of Mantle and Mays on every day of the year except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. Visiting the hall, we eyed Doubleday's inaugural ball, a petrified-looking rotted orange sphere that lies among countless baseball artifacts that will take your breath away—until you realize you're holding your breath.

Doubleday Field is runt-sized, with slat-backed stands and wood-floored dugouts, three steps down to a painted plank bench. It measures 390 feet to the wall in straightaway center. The scoreboard refers to the visiting team as "guests," and the chain-link mesh behind home plate is drawn taut against the wind that blows in over the right-field bleachers.

Doubleday's quiet simplicity provided us with momentary serenity in a world where even the Chicago Cubs have succumbed to prime time. Amid such peace, a kind of baseball *satori* settled upon the unsuspecting visitor. We spotted two old men sitting on the ball-park-style seats outside the main entrance to the hall, arguing a call from the 1937 world series, when Carl Hubbell pitched the New York Giants past the Yanks in game four. The gentlemen had never met before that morning. And that's one reason we recommend a pilgrimage to Cooperstown this year.

LOVE AT ANY COST

Think of partner-selection services as head-hunters for the lovelorn. On both coasts, the new rash of high-end matchmakers ranges from handwriting shrinks to computer-driven Cupids. What they have in common is the claim that they take the guesswork out of hitting it off on a lifelong basis. In Chicago, a mating service called Quest International vows to compose a fail-safe profile of your ideal better half, then search for someone who fits the picture.

Cost to you: ten grand, half in advance and half when you admit to bliss. Steep, you say?

"If you were a C.E.O. looking for an executive, you wouldn't look for the right person in a bar," argues former trial lawyer Peggy Jacobs, who founded Quest. "You'd go to an expert." Jacobs also points out that her fee is less than the sticker price of some new cars (and she might have added that Buicks don't look good in lingerie). In its first three months of matchmaking, Quest has signed up 14 clients with empty hearts and deep pockets, then steered them through compatibility questionnaires and talks with a psychologist. "Successful people," says Jacobs, "just are not comfortable with the bar scene."

Still, the old *mano-a*-womano mating dance produced a few happy pairings before it became unfashionable. We quizzed Jacobs on how she met her hubby, Harold. "Fortuitously," she hedged. Meaning?

"In a bar," she conceded. "But we were very lucky. If I were single, I could never do *that* again."

LOST WRITINGS

We didn't really *want* to read it, but there's something compelling about the words of a dead man, even if they don't make any sense. *Wilderness—The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison* has been published by Villard Books and the cover is stamped VOLUME ONE, implying that future volumes are forthcoming. One, trust us, is plenty. If you *really* like poetry such as this, take some ups, some downs, some acid and four shots of tequila and you can write your own to read later when your eyes get back into focus. However, one line of a poem titled *Ode to L.A. While Thinking of Brian Jones, Deceased* makes a fitting eulogy for the lead singer of the Doors: "Will he stink/Carried heavenward/Thru the halls/of music?" To which one might answer, "His music, no/His poetry, yes."

SPOTLIGHT

One of National Public Radio's most popular call-in shows is WBUR Boston's "Car Talk." It features MIT graduates **Tom** *and* **Ray Magliozzi,** *brothers whose nearly lunatic whimsy is for car repair. Herewith, a brief encounter with the guys who call themselves "Click and Clack—the Tappet brothers."*

PLAYBOY: Off the top of your head, what are three of the worst cars ever made?

TOM: Well, the Chevette comes to mind. Worst brakes in the history of autodom. The cars should have been recalled the minute they rolled off the assembly line.

RAY: On the other hand, Tom, you have to admit that those suckers will last a long

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Pops In Spece • John Williams & The Boston Pops. Music from Close Encounters, Star Wars, others. Philips *DIGITAL* 105392

Rod Stewart: Greatest Hits • Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?, Tonight's The Night, Maggie May, Hot Legs, etc. Warner Bros. 133779

Andrés Segovia Plays Bach • Includes the famous Chaconne. MCA 163600

Poison: Open Up And Say...Ahh • Nothin' But A Good Time, Good Love, Fallen Angel, Love On The Rocks, etc. Capitol/Enigma 173989

Bobby McFerrin: Simple Pleasures Don't Worry Be Happy, All I Want, Drive My Car, title song, more. EMI-Manhattan 164165

Cream: Disraeli Gears • Sunshine Of Your Love, more. Polydor 104898

Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park • Mrs. Robinson, Bridge Over Troubled Water, etc. Warner Bros. 244006

Alabama: Live RCA 160027

Previn: Gershwin • Rhapsody In Blue, Concerto in F more. Philips *DIGITAL* 115437

Eagles Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 Asylum 123481

Keith Richards: Talk Is Cheap • Big Enough, How I Wish, Take It So Hard, Struggle, I Could Have Stood You Up, more. Virgin 100518

Steve Winwood: Roll With It **154633**

Liz Story: Speechless • Forgiveness, Speechless, Welcome Home, Back Porch, Vigil, Frog Park, more. RCA/Novus 100494

Decade/Best Of Steely Dan MCA 154135

Beethoven, Symphony No. 7; Coriolan & Prometheus Overtures • Royal Philharmonic/Previn. RCA *DIGITAL* 153621

Jethro Tull: Aqualung Chrysalis 124705

Whitney Houston: Whitney • I Wanna Dance With Somebody (Who Loves Me), Didn't We Almost Have It All, more. Arista 152854

Metallica: ...And Justice For All • One, Blackened, title song, To Live Is To Die, Shortest Straw, more. Elektra 200478

Talking Heads: Naked • (Nothing But) Flowers, Mr. Jones, Totally Nude, Blind, The Democratic Circus, The Facts Of Life, etc. Fly/Sire *DIGITAL* 153810

David Sanborn: Close-Up • Lush, jazz sax effort! Slam, You Are Everything, J.T., Goodbye, Same Girl, etc. Werner Bros. 134408

Dwight Yoakam: Buenas Noches From A Lonely Room • Title Song, Streets Of Bakersfield (with Buck Owens), more. Reprise 100009

The Best Of The Band Capitol 134485

Classic Old & Gold, Vol. 1 • 20 hits! A Little Bit Of Soul, He's So Fine, A Teenager In Love, Sweet Talkin' Guy, etc. Laurie 134627

INXS: Kick • Need You Tonight, Devil Inside, New Sensation, title song, Never Tear Us Apart, The Loved One, Wild Life, etc. Atlantic *DIGITAL* 153606

The Glenn Miller Orchestra: In The Digital Mood • In The Mood, Chattanooga Choo Choo, more. GRP *DIGITAL* 143293

Tangerine Dream: Phaedra 100510

Steve Winwood: Chronicles • Higher Love, Valerie, While You See A Chance, My Love's Leavin', Talking Back To The Night, more. Island 134501

Pictures At An Exhibition, Night On The Bare Mountain, more • Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 125314

Whitesnake • Here I Go Again, Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, Crying In The Rain, Bad Boys, more. Geffen 163629

ZZ Top: Afterburner Warner Bros. 164042

Carly Simon: Greatest Hits Live Anticipation, You're So Vain, Coming Around Again, Nobody Does It Better, etc. Arista 154537

Huey Lewis: Small World • Parfect World, Walking With The Kid, World To Me, Better Be True, Old Antone's, etc. Chrysalis 134347

Horowitz Plays Mozart **115436**

Najee: Day By Day • Personality, title song, That's The Way Of The World, Tonight I'm Yours, Gina, Najee's Nasty Groove, etc. EMI-Manhattan 100001

Genesis: Invisible Touch • Land Of Confusion, title song, etc. Atlantic 153740

More Dirty Dancing • Do You Love Me, Love Man, Big Girls Don't Cry, Wipeout, Some Kind Of Wonderful, Cry To Me, more. RCA 130766

The Who's Greatest Hits MCA 164160

Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo & Juliet; Nutcracker Suite • Chicago Symphony/Solti. London *DIGITAL* 125179

James Galway: Greatest Hits RCA 173233

The Moody Blues: Sur La Mer • I Know You're Out There Somewhere, No More Lies, Here Comes The Weekend, Vintage Wine, etc. Polydor 124546

The Beach Boys: Endless Summer California Girls, Help Me Rhonda, Surfer Girl, more. Capitol 223559

Cinderella: Long Cold Winter • Gypsy Road, Don't Know What You Got (Till It's Gone), The Last Mile, etc. Mercury 114780

Bon Jovi: New Jersey **100516**

Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Reiner. RCA 163627

Charlie Parker & Dizzy Gillespie: Bird & Diz • Leap Frog, My Melancholy Baby, Mohawk, etc. Verve 173413

Robert Palmer: Heavy Nova • Simply Irresistible, Disturbing Behavior, She Makes My Day, More Than Ever, Change His Ways, etc. EMI-Manhattan 100035

The Very Best Of The Everly Brothers Bye Bye Love, Crying In The Rain, Bird Dog, others, Werner Bros. 103826

Kenny G: Silhouette • We've Saved The Best For Last, title song, Tradewinds, Pastel, Against Doctor's Orders, Let Go, more. Arista 100603

D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince: He's The D.J., I'm The Rapper • Parents Just Don't Understand, Nightmare On My Street, etc. Jive 264134

Raffi: Singable Songs For The Very Young Shoreline 144494

Elton John: Reg Strikes Back • A Word In Spanish, I Don't Wanna Go On With You Like That, Goodbye Marlon Brando, Town Of Plenty, etc. MCA *DIGITAL* 100602

Elton John: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 MCA 163322

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons • English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv *DIGITAL* 115356

Joe Cocker: Classics Contains 13 Hits! A&M 104887

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John Cougar Mellencamp: The Lonesome Jubilee • Paper In Fire, Check It Out, Cherry Bomb, Rooty Toot Toot, etc. Mercury 134420

Elvis: 18 Number One Hits RCA 172190

Robert Cray: Don't Be Afraid Of The Dark Title song, Don't You Even Care, more. Mercury/Hightone 100471

Jimi Hendrix: Kiss The Sky • Purple Haze, All Along The Watchtower, Voodoo Child, Are You Experienced, etc. Reprise 161349

Parton/Ronstadt/Harris: Trio • To Know Him Is To Love Him, etc. Warner Bros. 114804

Chicago 19 • I Don't Wanna Live Without Your Love, Heart In Pieces, etc. Reprise 154404

Peter Cetera: One More Story • One Good Woman, more. Warner Bros. 100463

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Allman Brothers Band: Eat A Peach Melissa, Blue Sky, Ain't Wastin' Time No More, etc. Polydor 163353

Dirty Dancing/Soundtrack 182522

Scott Joplin, Piano Rags • Joshua Rifkin plays The Entertainer, Maple Leaf Rag, Gladiolus Rag, 14 more. Nonesuch 164055

Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (The Best Of) Layla, I Shot The Sheriff, After Midnight, Cocaine, etc. Polydor 123385

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

To honor our 35th anniversary, we hereby take an eye-opening look at America in 1954 and now.

QUOTE

"On May 17, 1954, the Constitution of the United States was destroyed because of the Supreme Court's decision. You are not obliged to obey the decisions of any court which are plainly fraudulent." —Mississippi Senator James Eastland, commenting on the Supreme Court's ruling in *Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas.*

THE D.C. VIEW

Number of states in the Union in 1954, 48; today, 50.

•

Number of amendments to the Constitution in 1954: 22 (the 22nd limits the number of Presidential terms in office to two).

Number of amendments today: 26 (the 26th allows 18-year-olds to vote).

•

Number of United States Congressmen in 1954 and today: 435.

•

Number of Congressmen from California in 1954, 30; today, 45. Number from New York in 1954, 43; today, 34. Number from Florida in 1954, eight; today, 19. Number from Illinois in 1954, 25; today, 22. Number from Texas in 1954, 22; today, 27.

•

Annual salary of a Congressman in 1954, $12,500; in 1989, $89,500.

President's salary in 1954, $100,000; today, $200,000.

THE WASTELAND

Number of television sets in the U. S. in 1954, 33,000,000; today, 89,130,000.

Number of television stations in the United States in 1954, 415; today, 1382.

•

Most popular television show of the 1953–1954 season: *I Love Lucy.* Second most popular television show: *Dragnet.*

CRIME STORY

According to FBI crime reports, the number of murders committed in 1954, 6850; in 1986 (the most recent year for which statistics are available), 20,610.

•

Number of auto thefts reported in 1954, 215,940; in 1986, 1,224,100.

•

According to the U.S. Justice Department, total number of prisoners held in Federal and state penitentiaries and reformatories in 1954, 182,051; in 1987, 546,659.

FACT OF THE MONTH

In 1950, the Bureau of the Census reckoned the land area of the United States to be 3,552,206 square miles and the area covered by water, 66,564 square miles. Figures from the most recent census (1980) indicate that the land mass has shrunk to 3,539,289 square miles, while the water area has grown to 79,481 square miles.

HOW FAR WE'VE COME

World record for the men's 100-meter dash in 1954, 10.2 seconds; in 1988, 9.83 seconds.

World record for the women's 100-meter dash in 1954, 11.4 seconds; in 1988, 10.49.

•

Men's pole-vault world record in 1954, 15 feet, seven and three fourths inches; in 1988, 19 feet, ten and one half inches.

•

Men's long-jump world record in 1954, 26 feet, eight and one fourth inches; in 1988, 29 feet, two and one half inches.

•

World record in the men's one-mile race in 1954, 3:58 minutes; in 1988, 3:46.32 minutes.

time. Also, they do great in crash tests—they've had so much experience in that regard. And then, if you've listened to our show, you know how we feel about Peugeots.

TOM: Yeah, but we've lightened up on them lately, since the French Mafia has threatened to kill us.

RAY: Right. Nice car, Peugeot.

The brothers Magliozzi: Tom and Ray.

TOM: And then there are A.M.C. cars. I think they're great cars.

RAY: They suck. The only thing good about them is that you can't buy them anymore.

TOM: Now, Ray. Actually, they were most durable cars. They lasted forever.

RAY: They didn't last forever. It's just that if you owned one, it *seemed* like forever. First of all, they were all ugly. I mean *ugly.*

TOM: OK, I admit that. A.M.C. never made a car that wasn't ugly.

PLAYBOY: We understand that you guys have a couple of philanthropic projects going. You want to give them a plug?

TOM: Well, my personal project is promoting the 35-mile-an-hour speed limit. All the troubles in the world can be traced to things' happening fast.

RAY: According to my brother, there were no troubles in the world when people walked and traveled by stagecoach.

TOM: A horse can't run much more than 35 miles an hour, so that must mean that's as fast as God wants us to go. And that doesn't apply just to cars. It also applies to airplanes and rockets. Think about it. A 35-mile-an-hour airplane. Now, *that's* technology. My way of thinking, if you can't go to the moon at 35 miles an hour, don't go. As for our other project—and Ray and I are together on this one—it's called Save the Skeets. You see, it has come to our attention that people are shooting skeets at an alarming rate. They're becoming an endangered species, and nobody out there is trying to protect them.

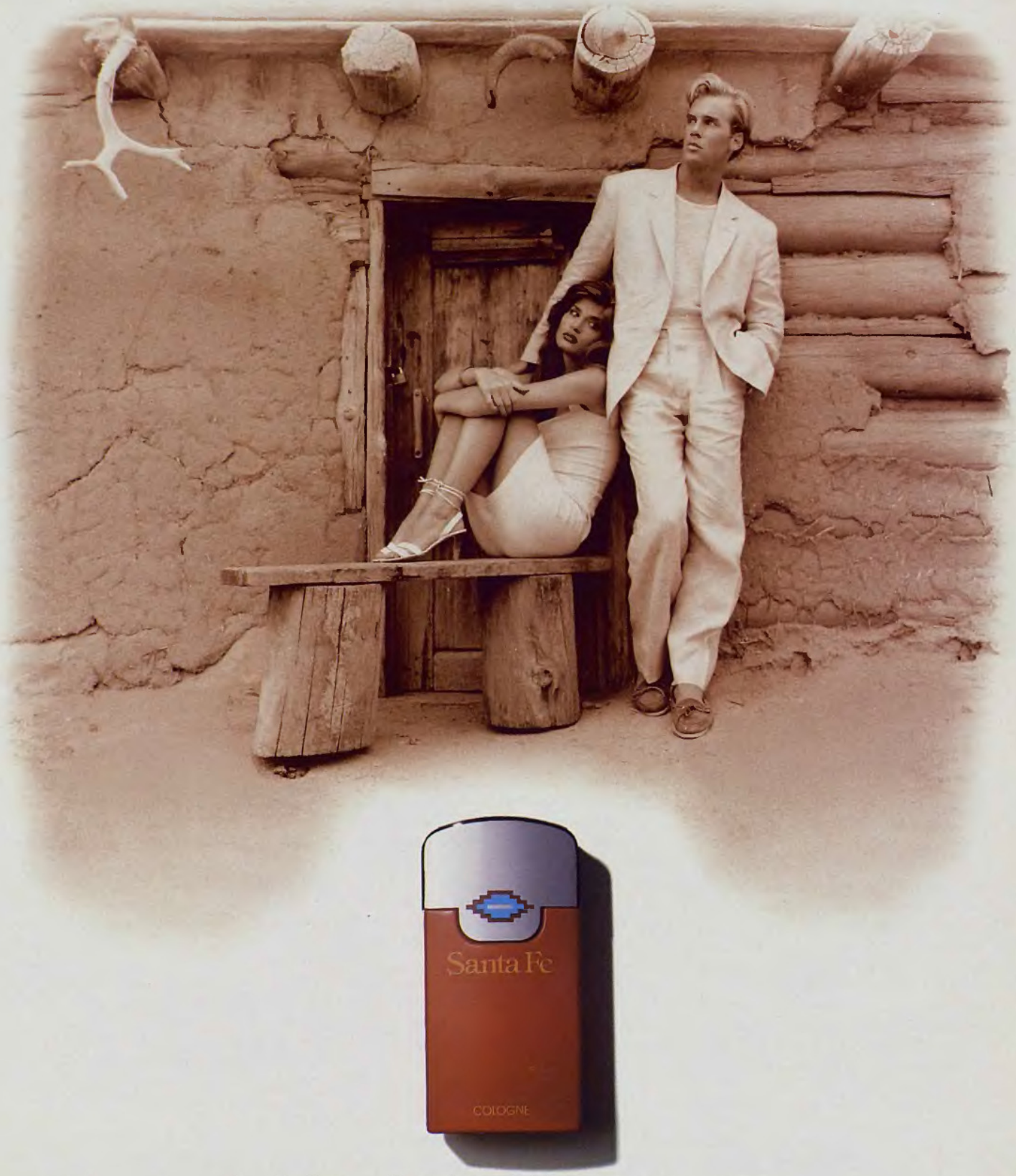
PLAYBOY: Do you have a place where skeets can live in safety, sort of a skeet preserve?

RAY: Well, yes. We call it a skeeting rink. We're working very closely with Jim and Tammy Bakker on this. They're behind us. And, of course, God is on our side, because nobody else is taking care of His little skeets. They're not popular.

TOM: My wife will not have them in the house—they shit all over the rug. They couldn't get anybody else to back them, so they ended up with us. Poor little skeets.

SANTA FE

DISCOVER THE MYSTERY OF ITS ATTRACTION



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

BRITAIN'S VERSATILE Gary Oldman has been stretching his talent and setting the screen ablaze since starring in *Sid and Nancy* in 1986. As a Boston defense attorney in ***Criminal Law*** (Tri-Star), Oldman, with an impeccable American accent and a performance to match, leaps another big step up the career ladder. Opposite him, Kevin Bacon sheds his Brat Pack boyishness for a sharp change of pace as a smiling, insolent psychopath whose lawyer learns too late that he has won acquittal for a serial killer. That's merely the beginning of the attorney's involvement in the evil schemes his client devises to taunt him, perhaps even to seduce him. From a devilishly clever—though not always logical—screenplay by Mark Kasdan, director Martin Campbell adopts an abrasive but vibrant style, all screeching sirens and subliminal shocks. It works, though, to keep *Criminal Law* moving so fast that there's scarcely time to quibble or even to consider the film's obvious questions: Does just winning matter more than truth and justice, and who will be the next victim? Tess Harper and Karen Young portray the women in the case, bringing some soft-shouldered comfort to an otherwise chilling two-man show. ¥¥¥

•

Courtroom contretemps generate more light but less heat when a resolute assistant prosecutor (Kelly McGillis) launches a legal crusade on behalf of a rape victim (Jodie Foster) in ***The Accused*** (Paramount). Foster walks away with the movie—more accurately, saunters away with it—playing a brassy but vulnerable waitress who talks like a tart, drinks too much, smokes dope, shacks up with a dealer and still asserts her inherent right to refuse a gang bang. Nearly all the men she encounters, on both sides of the law, are either arrant chauvinist pigs or brutes of subtler stripe. Any resemblance between *The Accused* and the rape trials following the infamous case of a young woman assaulted on a pool table in a Massachusetts bar is officially denied. Certain salient points are similar but carefully rearranged in Tom Topor's workmanlike screenplay, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. Here, the three rapists go directly to jail after plea bargaining, and the louts brought to trial are those cheering bystanders who goaded their drunken buddies to do the deed. That odd plot twist somewhat defuses a generally potent drama on a subject prime-time TV has tackled with fair frequency. Jodie Foster's poignant tour de force makes all the difference, preserving the emotional sting in what might have become a strident feminist manifesto. ¥¥¥

•

Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodovar is on the curling edge of New Wave cinema in his homeland, and ***Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*** (Orion Classics) blithely shows off the wicked humor and sophistication that have won him international fame on the festival circuit. *Law of Desire* and the outrageous *Matador* were his previous hits. *Women on the Verge*, a much more accessible romp, plays like an old Doris Day sex comedy recycled by a disciple of Buñuel and Fellini. Almodovar's sympathetic main woman is Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who makes hilariously bad TV commercials and dubs the voices of better-known stars. Rejected by her inconstant lover, Ivan, she sets fire to her bed and contemplates suicide but instead uses her lethal potion—*gazpacho* spiked with lots of pills—to immobilize some troublesome house guests. The visitors include Ivan's demented former mistress, who has murder in mind, and a frazzled friend in flight from her affair with a Shiite terrorist who's planning serious mischief at the airport. These refugees from a *macho* man's world are the women whose breakdowns provide Almodovar with material for an ebullient and saucy knockabout farce. ¥¥¥

•

Only diehard Charles Dickens fans will unquestioningly pledge some six hours to wallow in the two-part feature ***Little Dorrit*** (Cannon). Meticulously adapted and directed by Christine Edzard, it's typical Dickensian melodrama with an edge of mordant satire—all about adversity, unrequited love, fortunes lost and found and long-hidden family secrets. Diminutive discovery Sarah Pickering, who adequately fills the mousy title role, is surrounded by a splendid company of actors who often make this marathon-length classic seem mercifully short. Alec Guinness as William Dorrit and Derek Jacobi as the kindly, dithering hero Arthur Clennam bring their usual virtuosity to a pair of bravura performances richly worth both the time and the money spent. If you're drawn to such dusty, bookish treats, just lean back and treasure *Little Dorrit*. ¥¥¥

•

Faye Dunaway, in ***Burning Secret*** (Vestron), plays a Viennese belle whose hair and make-up appear flawless before she's out of bed in the morning. It's *that* sort of movie, a star vehicle for Dunaway and Klaus Maria Brandauer, both in high gear. He's a seriously ailing nobleman at an elegant Old World spa back in 1919. She's a passionate, repressed matron seeking treatment for her 12-year-old son, who begins to suspect he's being used as the couple's go-between. Adapted by writer-director Andrew Birkin from a Stefan Zweig short story, *Secret* doesn't exactly burn. But it's a deluxe, thoughtful period piece about loss of innocence—yes, again—with a striking debut by movie newcomer David Eberts as the pampered, asthmatic lad who grows up while becoming a reluctant accomplice to his mother's infidelity. ¥¥½

•

Movies making fun of the Mafia are a major trend of the year just ending. Writer-director Paul Morrissey's ***Spike of Bensonhurst*** (FilmDallas) ranks far below *Married to the Mob* or *Things Change* but still has its moments as a brash, cartoonish biography of a Brooklyn boxer named Spike Fumo (played with *brio* by handsome former model Sasha Mitchell). His dad's doing time, his mom's a lesbian and Spike cheerfully throws fights whenever the fix is in. Small wonder he don't show no respect for the social codes of Bensonhurst. "How fuckin' dare you talk to your fuckin' mother like that?" scolds one advisor. Spike's problems multiply when he starts winning fights and impregnates two local bimbettes—one, the don's daughter (Maria Patillo), the other, a Puerto Rican moll (Talisa Soto, a beauty since recruited for the next James Bond epic). *Spike* exudes plenty of rude, crude energy to score as a bad movie with a cast of clowns (Ernest Borgnine, Anne DeSalvo and Sylvia Miles among them), generating more good cheap laughs than some better movies do. ¥¥

•

The sizzling screen version of ***Talk Radio*** (Cineplex Odeon), a 1987 off-Broadway hit by performance artist Eric Bogosian, somewhat overplays its portrait of an abusive radio-talk-show host. You may

Criminal Law's Bacon, Oldman.

Tops this month: a pair of courtroom dramas and a wacky Spanish comedy.

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think he's a character out of classic Greek tragedy when his producer-mistress anxiously observes, "He's all alone out there. . . . He's going down in flames." Quibbles aside, under director Oliver Stone (of *Platoon* and *Wall Street*), Bogosian repeats the role he originated on stage, and his onslaught of invective is both riveting and brilliant. He's a Lenny Bruce–style master of insult called Barry Champlain, spewing venom on a Dallas-based late-night show that's about to go national—maybe. Stone, who co-adapted the play with Bogosian, has made some key changes by combining it with details from a book about Alan Berg, the controversial Denver radio host who was murdered by right-wing extremists in 1984. The movie's flashbacks into Champlain's origins add superfluous touches of soap opera to an otherwise mesmerizing vision of an American landscape awash in racism and despair. While Bogosian's performance level sags a bit when he's off mike, Ellen Greene rides out the suds as his ex-wife, and there's fine backup by Alec Baldwin and John Pankow as a couple of media execs developing ulcers, plus a smashing cameo by Michael Wincott as a freaky, doped-up studio guest. Little of the prime-time slickness of *Broadcast News* spoken here, but *Talk Radio* projects the hissing fascination of a snake pit. ¥¥¥

•

Not many actors would refuse a call from Woody Allen. Which may explain why Gene Hackman, Blythe Danner, Sandy Dennis and Mia Farrow (well, Mia has Woody's private number) appear to be giving perfunctory command performances in ***Another Woman*** (Orion). The most Bergmanesque and the least entertaining Allen movie since *Stardust Memories*, this cliché-driven psychodrama stars Gena Rowlands as a bookish 50ish lady whose identity crisis is ignited when she rents a flat next to a shrink's office—his patients' anguish, filtered through an air vent, gets her to thinking. Also got me to thinking that *Another Woman* is a one-note whine bereft of fresh ideas. The performers, except for Rowlands, appear to be doing elementary, unconvincing actor's exercises on request: the husband's-best-friend-makes-a-pass scene, followed by wife-sees-husband-in-public-with-*her*-best-friend scene. Followed by, I'm afraid, an acute attack of *déjà vu*. Let's hope Allen has got all the angst out of his system for a while. ¥

•

Freely adapted from a short story by Émile Zola, ***Manifesto*** (Cannon) plants a talented international cast in a mythical European village, where some inept rebels plan to assassinate a visiting monarch. Hollywood's Eric (*Mask*) Stoltz plays a postman who's smitten by an ever-ready revolutionary named Svetlana (Denmark's Camilla Söeberg), who, in turn, is smitten and seduced by nearly every man she meets. *Manifesto*'s writer-director Dusan Makavejev describes his films as being "like houses with many doors," so abandon strict laws of logic, all ye who enter here, and you may have a pretty good time with the movie as a picturesque, erotic and zany period piece that doesn't waste a minute patching up holes in its plot. ¥¥

Going to the Headly of the class.

OFF CAMERA

You've seen the face: **Glenne Headly,** a mainstay of the Chicago theater scene who has made big impressions in small parts in such movies as *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, *Nadine* and *Paper House*. The last, not yet released, she calls "a sort of Edward Gorey thriller. I was the only non-English person in it and found out they'd dubbed me over with a British woman. So I had to hop to London and redo the whole thing with an English accent. *Saved*." Now, at last, she has a leading role in a major film opposite two male superstars: *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, with Steve Martin and Michael Caine, opening any day now. "They play two con artists on the Riviera. I'm the American woman they're conning, whom they erroneously assume to be naïve. They both sort of fall for her. Uh, I'm not supposed to *tell* too much. Let's just say *she* teaches *them* something about people." Between takes, Headly learned a bit about her costars and confides that funnyman Martin, nice as he was, isn't the guy to keep a girl in stitches. "Strangely enough, Steve's much the more serious of the two. He'd talk comedy with me, discuss what he wanted to do in a scene, even ask how I came up with certain stuff. Michael talked less about work, more about where he came from, his working-class roots. I love Cockney slang." We'd already been warned not to inquire about her relationship with another noted actor—her husband. Last fella who tried that was advised he was interviewing Miss Glenne Headly, not Mrs. John Malkovich. So, we say, "'Ats off to 'Eadly."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

The Accused (See review) Legal aftermath of a barroom gang rape. ¥¥¥

Alien Nation (Listed only) James Caan's an L.A. cop, Mandy Patinkin his engaging extraterrestrial side-kick. ¥¥

Another Woman (See review) Woody in his Bergmanesque mode. ¥

Bat 21 (Reviewed 12/88) On the lam in Vietnam with Gene Hackman. ¥¥¥

The Beast (Listed 12/88) Surprisingly tough, suspenseful drama about stalking a Soviet tank in Afghanistan. ¥¥½

Burning Secret (See review) Faye meets Klaus for an old-fashioned liaison. ¥¥½

Criminal Law (See review) Legal eagle Gary Oldman brought to earth by psycho client Kevin Bacon. ¥¥¥

Crossing Delancey (11/88) Jewish princess Amy Irving meets her match in pickle peddler Peter Riegert. ¥¥¥¥

Dead Ringers (12/88) Jeremy Irons as twin gynecologists in David Cronenberg's unsettling horror story. ¥¥½

Gorillas in the Mist (11/88) Going ape with Sigourney Weaver. ¥¥¥¥

Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie (12/88) Bristling documentary about the Butcher of Lyon. ¥¥¥½

Imagine: John Lennon (11/88) More fond, engrossing Beatlemania. ¥¥¥¥

The Last Temptation of Christ (Listed 11/88) Pretty bland religiosity despite what those fundamentalists say. ¥¥

Little Dorrit (See review) Guinness and Jacobi great; what the Dickens? ¥¥¥

Madame Sousatzka (12/88) Human comedy keyed up by Shirley MacLaine. ¥¥¥

Manifesto (See review) Randy rebels. ¥¥

Mystic Pizza (12/88) Three winsome young women go for a bite of life. ¥¥¥

Out Cold (11/88) Lithgow and Garr trying to conceal a couple of corpses. ¥¥¥

Patty Hearst (10/88) Strikingly played by Natasha Richardson, the abducted heiress lets it all hang out. ¥¥¥½

Punchline (12/88) Tom Hanks brilliant, indeed, but Sally Field plays stand-up comedy like Norma Rae on uppers. ¥¥¥

Running on Empty (10/88) Update on the family life of some Sixties antiwar activists with no place to hide. ¥¥¥¥

Spike of Bensonhurst (See review) Another swipe at the Mafia, with slapstick. ¥¥

Talk Radio (See review) A little high-pitched, but stay tuned. ¥¥¥

Things Change (12/88) Mamet's Mob comedy stars odd couple Don Ameche and Joe Mantegna. ¥¥¥½

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown (See review) Sprightly sex farce from Spain, of all places. *¡Olé!* ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

THE CONNERY CLASSICS
007
You Only Live Twice
Dr. No
From Russia With Love
Thunderball
Goldfinger
Diamonds Are Forever
The Man With The Golden Gun
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BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

"If at first you succeed, remake it" is a maxim for movie moguls seeking to milk a megahit for all it's worth—and more. How's a home viewer to know which version of a frequently filmed classic is certifiably best? Ask us. Here's a holiday check list of some hardy perennials:

A Christmas Carol: Alastair Sim is the definitive Scrooge in the superb 1951 British version of Dickens' tale. Albert Finney's pretty good, too, in the 1970 musical *Scrooge*. Yes, Virginia, next year we'll probably see Bill Murray on tape in his brand-new, thoroughly modern *Scrooged*.

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes: As sheer spectacle, Hugh (*Chariots of Fire*) Hudson's 1984 epic outshines the nostalgic 1932 *Tarzan, the Ape Man* and several dozen follow-ups. Another bonus: the late Ralph Richardson's last great screen performance.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew: If you can find the rare video tape of Pasolini's 1966 Italian gem, go for it. Or try *Jesus of Nazareth*, Zeffirelli's star-studded, overlong but solid 1977 miniseries, which beats Martin Scorsese's current, controversial *Last Temptation of Christ*. Booby prize: the 1961 *King of Kings*, with Jeffrey Hunter (memorably mocked as *I Was a Teenaged Jesus*).

The Phantom of the Opera: Lon Chaney's eerie, atmospheric 1925 silent outspooks all *Phantom* talkies (four, including Brian De Palma's rockin' *Phantom of the Paradise*) and is closest in spirit to Andrew Lloyd Webber's current musical smash on stage.

A Star Is Born: It's a draw between the 1937 drama about Tinseltown success, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in early Technicolor, and the brilliant Judy Garland–James Mason musical version of 1954. Forget the Streisand-Kristofferson effort (1976), a dud except for a fine concert sequence.

SHORT TAKES

Best Oh-Shut-Up Video: *Jimmy Swaggart & the Crusade Team*; **Best Oh-Grow-Up Video:** *I Taw a Putty Tat*; **Best Annette-and-Frankie-in-Hell Video:** *Geek Maggot Bingo*; **Worst Video-Bio Title:** *Hitler: A Career*; **Silliest Video Couple:** *Scooby and Scrappy-Doo*; **Shortest-lived Video:** *John Paul I: The Smiling Pope* (26 minutes); **Best Special-Interest-Group Video:** *Gay Atheists*; **Best We'd-Rather-Not-Know Video:** *Clay in a Special Way*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Have Fun with Frosting*.

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Fast Cars & Beautiful Women: Seminude ladies writhe to pulsating rock music around Ferraris, Porsches and De Loreans. Perfect for those who like that sort of thing, even though the cars' chassis beat the ladies' by a bumper (Simitar).

Frasier the Sensuous Lion: Touted as "a family comedy about a sexually active lion at Lion Country Safari who uses mental telepathy to communicate with his keeper." A live-action made-for-TV movie you may have missed; call the kids, warn the neighbors (Prism).

GUEST SHOT

For someone who has her own production company and syndicated newspaper column, multimedia maverick Linda Ellerbee is a relative late bloomer in the video department, having got her first VCR only three years ago. Still, she has already managed to develop characteristic home-video tastes. "The common denominator of my video purchases is that I can watch them ad infinitum and love them every time: *Apocalypse Now*, *That's Entertainment*, *The Big Easy*. I rent trash musicals of the Fifties the way some women read trash romances and eat bonbons: *Calamity Jane*, *The Seven Little Foys*, anything with Gene Nelson or Mitzi Gaynor. If I'm having a mental-health day and not getting out of bed, it's *Singin' in the Rain*; if I need a good cry, please bring me *The Way We Were*. When my boyfriend gets to choose, we watch spy movies, war movies, Dirty Harry stuff; with my kids, it's things I never would have rented myself but thoroughly enjoyed. Like, I've seen at least two of the *Police Academy* movies. Yep, really. Two." Are there any tapes that Linda *won't* watch? "Yes. Elvis Presley movies, martial-arts films and any beach movie with Sandra Dee. You have to be from my era to understand the Sandra Dee problem." And so it goes. —LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	***Beetlejuice*** (Topper-like story with spooky Eighties edge; Keaton and special FX vie for top honors); ***Biloxi Blues*** (Simon's *Brighton Beach* kid grows up, goes to boot camp, gets laid); ***Rockin' Ronnie*** (amusingly edited vid scrapbook; perfect viewing as Reagan boogies out of office).
WANT TO CHEER	***Super Bowl III*** (N.F.L. highlights from when Namath was king and the Colts were in Baltimore—if this season's line-up bores you); ***Starman*** (feel-good alien fare; sure beats waiting in line for *E.T.*); ***Hoosiers*** (off the sofa and onto your feet—still a slam-dunk winner).
FEELING DECADENT	***The Night Porter*** (Charlotte Rampling in postwar Vienna; disturbing and erotic); ***And God Created Woman*** (Vadim updates his Bardot classic; no one gets naked like Rebecca De Mornay); ***Careful, He Might Be Watching*** (X fare with an honest-to-God madcap plot; Seka sizzles).
FEELING SEASONAL	Musts: ***White Christmas*** (eternal chomp) and ***It's a Wonderful Life*** (in b & w!); ***The Mormon Tabernacle Choir Christmas Classics*** (320 singers and one of the largest organs in the world); ***Gremlins*** (Christmas with a bite).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Nice Noise News: VCRs are sounding better all the time. Akai's VS-A77U-B Hi-Fi model not only has a built-in ten-watt-per-channel amplifier but also features Dolby Surround Sound decoding for theaterlike racket in your living room.

Heady Stuff: Matsushita has entered the personal-video market in Japan with a three-pound Hi-Fi Super VHS-C VCR/color LCD package that offers an interesting optional accessory: a minicamera mounted on a headband. Look for it in the States later this year under the Panasonic label.

Playback Paradise: Chinon's new VHS camcorder—the E. Z. Movie/Color View model (CV-T65)—not only comes with a full-color one-inch display in its view finder but also has a minispeaker within earshot, so you'll never again have to play back silent movies.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IF YOU CARE enough to give the very best this holiday season, be prepared to pay for it. The culturally suave are giving copies of ***Audubon's Birds of America*** (Abbeville), with more than 1100 life-size birds peering out of those classic engravings, for a mere $22,000 per copy.

Even if your accountant advises giving less, there's still plenty to choose from on Santa's bookshelves. Take the high road and consider ***Eugene O'Neill—Complete Plays*** (Library of America), published in a 100th-anniversary boxed set for a somewhat more modest $100. *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *The Iceman Cometh* and 48 other works at the heart of American theater are carefully preserved on acid-free paper in three volumes. For sheer intellectual snobbery, however, you can't beat the comically pretentious ***The Dictionary of Cultural Literacy*** (Houghton Mifflin), which tells us "what every American needs to know." Thanks a lot.

I prefer to learn from a poet such as Heathcote Williams, who has written a glorious epic poem called ***Whale Nation*** (Harmony), surely the most eloquent cetacean tribute since *Moby Dick*. Like Melville, Williams provides copious annotation about whaling lore and ocean studies. His book is also beautifully illustrated but not quite as lavishly as ***Jacques Cousteau: Whales*** (Abrams), which makes a perfect companion volume. Its 283 illustrations illuminate a comprehensive text by Cousteau and Yves Paccalet on every aspect of these huge, gentle creatures (including the cetacean *Kama Sutra*!). Nature lovers will also want to see ***"In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World"*** (Sierra Club). Seventy-two color photographs of the New England landscape are interwoven with selections from the 19th Century journals of Henry David Thoreau to create a fresh celebration of the natural world.

Some of the most magnificent creations of the man-made world are brought to life in ***The Art of Florence*** (Abbeville), a two-volume exploration of that city-wide museum of the Renaissance. A staggering 1555 illustrations take us through the Uffizi galleries, the Medici chapels and other landmarks to provide perspectives on Botticelli, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Donatello, Raphael, Giotto and hundreds of other artists. Another exceptional art book is ***The Art of Paul Gauguin*** (New York Graphics Society), timed to coincide with a major international retrospective of his work. The brilliance with which Gauguin blended Impressionist techniques and Tahitian themes is explored in accompanying scholarly essays.

In his introduction, Nat Hentoff calls ***Jazz Giants*** (Billboard) "a photo microcosm of living jazz history." K. Abé has compiled this collection of expressive and individualistic camera portraits of jazz musicians dating from 1940 to the present. It is a remarkably vivid picture retrospective, but it would be a better microhistory if someone had bothered to provide a little text. ***Satchmo*** (Doubleday), a pictorial biography of Louis Armstrong, has no such trouble. Jazz critic Gary Giddins provides a thoughtful analysis of Armstrong's far-reaching social and musical impact. He reminds us that "Pops" was a gutsy civil rights pioneer as well as a great musician. Subtitled "Pickers, Slickers, Cheatin' Hearts & Superstars," ***Country: The Music and the Musicians*** (Abbeville) is a colorful volume that pays tribute to those singers, from Bob Wills to Dolly Parton, who have forged an authentic Southern folk-music tradition. With more than 700 photographs from the Country Music Foundation archives in Nashville, this is a lively history of the hillbilly sound.

Holiday books: the alpha and omega.

A shelfful of gift books to delight the eyes as well as the mind.

The carefree image of John Lennon presented in ***Imagine*** (Macmillan), written and edited by Andrew Solt and Sam Egan, is so diametrically opposed to the demonic portrait painted by Albert Goldman in his controversial biography *The Lives of John Lennon* that it is impossible to reconcile the two. *Imagine* is a fan's delight, filled with original pictures culled from a purported two boxcars of material for the movie of the same title. As a sort of ultimate eulogy, it visually stimulates us to remember a time when the music was good.

It may sound like one of those self-contradictory phrases (military music, intelligent life on earth, adult movies . . .), but ***Rock 'n' Roll Cuisine*** (Billboard), by Robin Le Mesurier and Peggy Sue Honeyman-Scott, turns out to be a funny book with many strange recipes from such unlikely chefs as Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, Debbie Harry, Phil Collins and Sting. Then again, we're hardly talking *haute cuisine*, just Julian Lennon's Chicken-Cinnamon Soup or Stevie Nicks's Fleetwood Mac Fiesta Dip or Cher's Boyfriend-Approved Macaroni Salad. Come to think of it, I guess I'd eat anything Cher cooked.

Inevitably, there are large picture books about sports, and former *Sports Illustrated* photographer Walter Iooss, Jr., creates some of the best. His new collection of spectacular action shots and revealing portraits—***Sports People*** (Abrams)—is enriched by that rarity of the genre, an intelligent text. Writer-broadcaster Frank Deford provides a smart commentary that weaves continuity through this colorful but disparate collection of photographs. On the other hand, ***The Babe: A Life in Pictures*** (Ticknor & Fields), by Lawrence S. Ritter and Mark Rucker, is first and foremost a solid biography of George Herman "Babe" Ruth, the greatest baseball player ever to swing a bat. The surprisingly complete photographic record of his career (more than 300 black-and-white photographs) is an intriguing bonus.

In his introduction, Walter J. Boyne calls the automobile "the ultimate mechanical love object," and then proceeds to coo, caress and cuddle up to beautiful cars for the next 240 pages of ***Power Behind the Wheel*** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), subtitled "Creativity and the Evolution of the Automobile." This is an erotic album, with close-up shots of sexy tail fins and intimate angles on sensuous fenders that would arouse all but the most dedicated pedestrian. Personally, I fell in love with a hot red 1964 Ford Mustang Coupe, and I think she likes older men. Of course, a Freudian analyst will tell you that the Jaguar XK-E convertible is the most blatant sex symbol on wheels—even if it does look like a good cigar. ***Jaguar: History of a Classic Marque*** (Orion), by Philip Porter, does not indulge in this sort of levity in its handsome pictorial review of those great British chariots from 1922 to the present; but it does give you a detailed understanding of what goes on inside the elegant Jaguar chassis.

Count on Stephen King to come up with the weirdest gift book of the year: ***Nightmares in the Sky*** (Viking) is a gallery of gargoyles and architectural grotesques by avant-garde photographer f-stop Fitzgerald. These distorted faces hanging off the corners of buildings are even uglier in a four-color centerfold of close-ups.

Many of the outstanding gift books of this season don't fall into any of the usual

(concluded on page 259)

MUSIC

Santana lives!

Santana retrospective, plus the new folkies: Springsteen, U2, Little Richard, et al.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

OF ALL the boxed-set anthologies to come after the huge success of Eric Clapton's, ***¡Viva Santana!*** (Columbia) is one of the most useful and welcome. A perennial fave in the Playboy Music Poll, Carlos Santana has one of those guitar styles you recognize instantly: highly melodic, informed by the blues, unafraid of rock, inclusive of many Third World sounds and inspired by an admirable sense of humanity. Somehow, the listener feels welcome with Santana, whereas another musician of equal virtuosity might inspire intimidation. That said, the band Santana was an uneven affair. I always liked it least when someone was trying to sing M.O.R., and I always liked it best when they were kicking ass on such songs as *Everybody's Everything*, which makes my top-ten adrenaline list. So I took it as a terrific omen that a kick-ass-to-the-max live version of *Everybody's Everything* opens *Viva*. No one can maintain that level of intensity, but the 29 other songs included here do seem to have been selected and mixed with the raucous rock fan in mind. If that's you, this is a monstrous bang for the buck.

Nothing's Shocking (Warner Bros.), by Jane's Addiction, has already been banned by several record-store chains that fear the wrath of social conservatives coming down on their shopping malls. The cover *is* mildly shocking: naked female Siamese twins with their hair on fire. Be not put off, all ye who are not the P.M.R.C. Drive the extra mile to a record store with balls. Buy Jane's Addiction. These guys are wonderful. They are also difficult to describe, being far too original for a label such as "metal," where the conventions are so well established; they play as hard as anyone *and* as soft. This is called dynamics. It makes for great symphonies, and it makes for great rock bands.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The news that rap is where pop's creative action is these days won't thrill the average rock-and-roll fan, because rap gets along fine without him. Targeting a loyal but discriminating audience of young black men, the best rap offers few sops to outsiders who aren't attuned to its musical language. Its lyrics are no longer dominated by sex-and-money boasts so unlikely they're unthreatening—these days, militant black pride is a commonplace if not a commercial necessity. The prime example is Public Enemy's *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* (reviewed here by Nelson George in November), a major hit despite (or because of?) a beat harder than that of the toughest punk or funk and a dense mix whose atonalities recall the most abrasive harmolodic jazz.

Public Enemy's members aren't as hostile to white people on record as they are in interviews, but even a well-meaning Euro-American progressive such as yours truly is likely to find their music brilliantly painful and their ideology hurtful. So I'm pleased to note equally militant but more humanistic raps on lesser albums I can nevertheless recommend: Gettovetts' *Battle Call* on ***Missionaries Moving*** (Island), Afrika Bambaataa and Family's *World Racial War* on ***The Light*** (Capitol) and Stetsasonic's Central America– and South Africa–inspired *Freedom or Death* on ***In Full Gear*** (Tommy Boy).

NELSON GEORGE

Fishbone is a self-consciously freaking Los Angeles–based black-*ska*-rock-funk band that, with its first two albums, has built a devoted audience of skinheads and avant-garde blacks. Outside of college radio, Fishbone has received minimal airplay, but this Sixties band's nonconformity and T-funk-meets-Black-Flag stage show has generated a strong word-of-mouth buzz in the alternative-music community. ***Truth and Soul*** (Columbia) contains no commercial calculation but may yet bring Fishbone closer to the mainstream. The band still deals in off-color subjects (such as child abuse on the song *Ma and Pa*), but old-fashioned melodic songs, once mere resting places between careening punk jams, now dominate its music. The hypnotic *Pouring Rain* and the bouncy *Mighty Long Way* are typical of Fishbone's surprising craftsmanship. A rock-oriented remake of Curtis Mayfield's classic *Freddie's Dead* is right on time, mixing reverence for the original with Fishbone's distinctive approach.

DAVE MARSH

Even in a time of country-music resurgence, there are half a dozen reasons why Dwight Yoakam is exceptional. He has a far better voice than Steve Earle and a more telling ear for a song than Randy Travis. His band, led by producer-guitarist Pete Anderson, is rock solid on everything from the honky-tonk ballad *One More Name* to the hillbilly-*norteño Streets of Bakersfield*. And there are those among us who will forgive Yoakam a great deal simply because, with *Bakersfield*, he has brought the great Buck Owens back to records for the first time in a decade.

It's a good thing that Yoakam inclines us toward forgiveness, too, because his artistic persona encompasses a multitude of sins. For instance, while it's commendable

GUEST SHOT

BEFORE THE *likes of Sade or Anita Baker, pop/jazz/R&B vocalist Angela Bofill was tossing out the rules of pop singing. Her ninth LP, "Intuition," continues the untraditional tradition. Toni Childs is a new rule breaker on the scene; Bofill was curious about Childs's debut album, "Union."*

"Toni was compared to me in one review—now that I've heard her, I couldn't be more flattered. What individuality! Her voice is a unique combination of richness with a hard-driving R&B edge. The time is right for such individuality—we've gotten beyond the sameness of the singing from the disco era. Childs is also a good songwriter. Her lyrics are bona fide poetry—you can read them as such right off the record jacket. Musically, she takes a multitude of cultural influences and makes them her own. Trust me—Toni Childs is *deep*."

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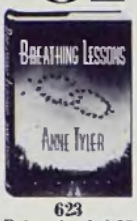

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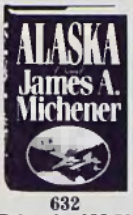

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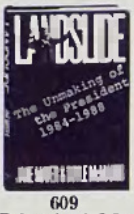

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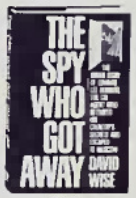

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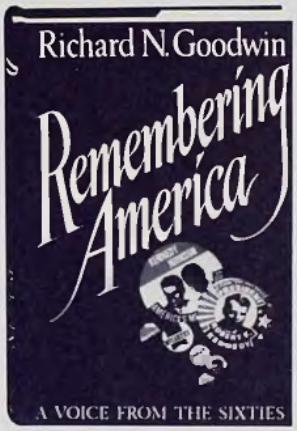

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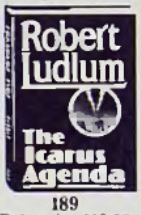
Eloquent and impassioned, Goodwin evokes the spirit and emotion of that time, not only taking us back, but, at the same time, imploring us to look forward. With its optimistic belief in the possibilities of the future, *Remembering America* is a book of hope and inspiration for our times.



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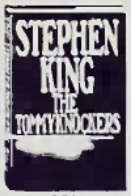

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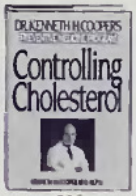

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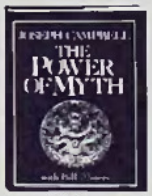

759
Pub. price $27.50

662
Pub. price $19.95

154
Pub. price $22.50

624
Pub. price $16.95

127
Pub. price $17.50

785
Pub. price $22.50

656
Pub. price $17.95

704
Pub. price $22.95

666
Pub. price $19.95

162
Pub. price $30

221
Pub. price $24.95

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Yaung
Fishbone *Truth and Soul*	B−	B	B+	C+	B+
Folkways: A Vision Shared	A−	A	A	B	A
Public Enemy *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*	A	B	A+	A−	A−
Bruce Springsteen *Chimes of Freedom*	B−	A	B	B+	A
Dwight Yoakam *Buenos Noches from a Lonely Room*	B+	B	C	B−	B+

MONEY, THAT'S WHAT I WANT DEPARTMENT: Only in the Reagan Eighties could a band called the **VPs** have a hit LP called *Annual Report*, which includes such instant classics as *Insider Tradin'* and *Stockbroker on the Line* (to the tune of *Love Potion #9*). The guys perform in pinstripe suits and shades and, like all rock musicians, have day gigs—on Madison Avenue and Wall Street, no less! Here's the address for all you M.B.A.s: 67 West 69th Street, Suite 1C, New York 10023.

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that the London **Guitar Speak** concert was filmed for eventual release. The musicians included **Leslie West, Ronnie Montrose, Robbie Krieger, Rick Derringer** and **Alvin Lee**. . . . **Toni Basil** will star in *Rockula*. . . . **Carly Simon** has written the theme song and co-written the score for **Mike Nichol's** movie *Working Girl*. Carly will have a studio album out this spring. . . . **Dave Stewart** is working on the music for the film *Rooftops*, with **Etta James** doing some of the singing. . . . **Glenn Frey's** song *I Did It for Your Love* is being used in the movie *An American Murder*. . . . Look for **Sting** in *Sandino*, a film about the Fifties founder of the *Sandinistas*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Harry Nilsson's** company Tail-Feather Productions is financing a documentary on the **Doobie Brothers** for cable TV—to be released, along with the LP, any day now. . . . Just when you thought it was safe to go out: The **Monsters of Rock** will try a tour again next summer, confining it to a limited number of major cities. . . . **Eric Burdon** will write a book about his old friend **Jimi Hendrix**. . . . If **Paul Newman** can make salad dressing, **Jimmy Buffett** can market a line of Caribbean foods and sauces. Jimmy's profits will go to his foundation, which aids environmental causes in Florida. . . . **Nile Rodgers** is working on a rock-oriented game show for TV syndication. . . . Look for a **Dead** and **Dylan** live album on CD. . . . All of **George Michael's** merchandise is selling like hot cakes at his concerts; and since he designed it all himself, he's laughing all the way to the bank. . . . Among life's ironies: The success of the **California Raisins** means that **Buddy Miles** has an album ready and a tour in the works. . . . **Cyndi Lauper's** next LP will be out this month. . . . Seventy-three-year-old bluesman **Willie Dixon** is working on his autobiography, *I Am the Blues*, to be published in 1989, as well as another album, *Hidden Charms*, produced by **T-Bone Burnett**. . . . **Maria McKee** has left **Lone Justice** and is working on a solo album. . . . **Madonna** is in the recording studio again. . . . The Grammys will be on CBS this year and will be broadcast from Los Angeles. . . . The **Doors** were picked as L.A.'s greatest rock band in an informal survey of 34 industry heavies by the *Los Angeles Times*. The **Beach Boys** placed second, followed by the **Eagles**. . . . Also according to the *Los Angeles Times* and Baltimore's *Evening Sun*, the worst songs of the Seventies include *Feelings*, *You Light Up My Life*, *The Candy Man* and *You're Having My Baby*, which appeared independently on both newspapers' shit lists. . . . Two of **Eddie Murphy's** brothers have released a rap album and **Don Johnson's** latest record is out. Makes you wonder how the great unknown musicians out there will ever get heard. . . . And if you agree with **Ray Charles** that *America the Beautiful* would make a better national anthem than the one we have, he wants you to let him know at 8730 Sunset Boulevard, Sixth Floor, Los Angeles 90069. Really, he does.

—BARBARA NELLIS

that his third album, ***Buenos Noches from a Lonely Room*** (Reprise), features a five-song suite on side one that is something like a neo-honky-tonk answer to *Tommy*, it isn't so swell that the theme of each of these songs is female treachery and that the singer solves his problems by threatening murder or actually committing it. Blaming women for all your woes is an old tradition in country rock, but it reflects a crudity and emotional shallowness that infect too much of Yoakam's allegedly purist music.

Those continual boasts of purism are Yoakam's other problem. Even though his best moves (such as the haunting *One More Name*) are sometimes "pure country," an equal number are more typically American: bastard amalgamations of country, blues, rock-a-billy and even Mexican elements. One result is *Bakersfield*, the finest recording he has ever made, precisely because of its eclectic style. From anybody else, such diversity would be praiseworthy. But for Yoakam, it's just a way of damning himself as a hypocrite.

VIC GARBARINI

Folkways: A Vision Shared/A Tribute to Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly (Columbia) is just that—more than a dozen contemporary artists taking the social awareness and personal insights of their music and bringing them into the current idiom with startling clarity and emotional resonance. Although the proceeds from this record will go toward preserving the historic Folkways label's catalog via the Smithsonian, this is no dry and dutiful archivist's collection. Such artists as Bruce Springsteen, John Cougar Mellencamp and U2 completely inhabit these songs, demonstrating their relevance and power for our own generation, as well as creating some of the most compelling and entertaining music of the decade. Standouts include Mellencamp's wonderfully wry, dobro- and fiddle-driven reading of *Do Re Mi* and Springsteen's hauntingly empathetic takes on *I Ain't Got No Home* and *Vigilante Man*. Dylan's reading of *Pretty Boy Floyd* is a reassuringly solid, if unspectacular, return to his roots. U2's *Jesus Christ*, on the other hand, is a simply astonishing explosion of joy and redemptive ecstasy—the sound of a moody band moving through the Crucifixion into the Resurrection. Little Richard's delirious romp with Fishbone through *Rock Island Line* shows he can still strut his stuff, while Sweet Honey in the Rock's *a cappella* versions of *Sylvie* and *Gray Goose* are richly satisfying. Probably the most controversial track is Brian Wilson's reading of *Good Night, Irene*. The ex–Beach Boy may be among the walking wounded, but this disturbing yet beautiful performance never loses touch with the basic dignity of the individual or with the hope that burns at the heart of human experience. That hope is the essence of every song on this masterwork.

PLAYBOY PRESENTS

THE SUPER BOWL PARTY PLANNER

PLAYBOY Magazine's Guide to Throwing the Ultimate Super-Sunday Classic

A MODERN DAY TRADITION...

On January 22nd, 1989, two football teams will face off on the turf of Joe Robbie Stadium in Miami, Florida. The event will mark the twenty-third time in just as many years in which a gang of superhumans—each one poised to pounce—has gone head to head on a sporting battlefield with a team of equally daunting ability.

The game will be called the Super Bowl and, on that day, 70,000 lucky stadium spectators will have the opportunity to witness the combat firsthand. Meanwhile, around the globe, millions of people will watch the game on television. Are they any less fortunate, these home viewers, than those who will actually be breathing in the Miami night air? Nope. In fact, couch potato football fans nationwide can actually bring all the excitement of Joe Robbie Stadium straight to their home town—all that's needed is a little know-how and a lot of Super Bowl spirit.

Here, then, is the definitive playbook on how to capture all the thrills and spills of Super Sunday—Playboy's Super Bowl Party Planner!

PLAYBOY PRESENTS
THE SUPER BOWL PARTY PLANNER

TO EACH HIS OWN

Just as no two Super Bowls are identical, neither are Super Bowl parties. A Super Sunday celebration can be anything from an informal gathering around the tube to a no-holds-barred blowout at the local bar. The choice is up to you!

BUDGET BASH—Rec Room Royale: Just because you can't go to Joe Robbie Stadium doesn't mean you can't bring the stadium to your home. Start by decorating the walls of your rec room with football paraphernalia—pennants work nicely, so do posters and home team banners. Then exercise your artistic talents and throw in a few posterboard recreations of cheering fans—a hollering dad here, a waving kid there, perhaps a couple of beer hawkers. Before long, you'll have the perfect backdrop for your next creation: your party playing field. Along one side of the room, place a buffet table stocked with classic stadium eats—from just-popped popcorn to foot-long hoagies to the best in peanuts and pretzels; along the other side of the room, assemble your Super Bowl bar. Now that you've made your "sidelines," simply set up a couple of benches for your guests in one "end zone" of the room and a large-screen TV in the other, and your rec room reconstruction will be complete. Who said pretending isn't as much fun as being there? *(Alternate Budget Bash locales: Community center, high school gym, local firehouse)*

SUNDAY CLASSIC—The Tailgater: You may have been to tailgate parties outside your home team stadium before, but not to a parking lot blowout like the one you can whip up for Super Bowl Sunday. A few days before the game, cruise the neighborhood to find yourself the perfect party parking lot, one open to the public but not too crowded on weekends—the local high school, for instance. Enlist the help of friends who own automobiles with ample trunk space—cars with hatchbacks work best. On the day of the game, several hours before kick-off, have the cars meet in the selected parking lot and line up side by side. When the guests arrive with the party goods, load up the trunks! One trunk can be your kitchen/pantry on wheels—complete with mini-hibachi or barbecue grill; another trunk can serve as your portable bar; one trunk can hold folding chairs, footballs and Frisbees, etc. Then light up your fire, throw on the burgers, turn up the car radios (pre-game show) and you're as good as outside Robbie Stadium. And what's the best thing about your miles-from-Miami tailgate party? There's no Super Bowl traffic on the way home! *(Alternate Sunday Classic locales: Town Hall parking facility, scenic roadside parking areas, home stadium parking lot—if available)*

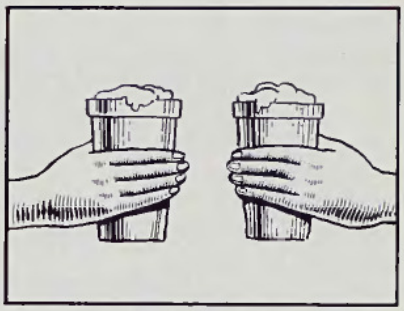
ON-THE-LAWN SPECIAL—Super-Bar-B-Q-Bowl: Here's an alternative to the parking lot party: a summer barbecue! Okay, it's January—that doesn't mean you can't throw a barbecue bash like the ones they're throwing down on Miami Beach. First, find a friend who has an outdoor patio he's willing to designate as Super Bowl Party Central. Next, set about the imaginative task of creating Miami Beach in his backyard: perhaps you can plant a couple of luau torches around the perimeter of the lawn; maybe you'll set out a few chaise lounges (with blankets, of course); you might even want to haul out the kiddies' swimming pool and stock it with beer on ice. The focal point of the setting will be the patio itself, at the center of which you'll have your buffet table, barbecue grill and television set. (Wire your television through your home stereo for that extra dimension of sound.) Once the grill is going and the game is underway, you'll forget it's winter altogether—but it's a good idea to set up an extra TV inside for those who'd rather not brave the January weather. *(Alternate On-the-Lawn locales: Local park, neighborhood sports field, nearby campgrounds)*

ON-THE-TOWN EXTRAVAGANZA—Sports Bar Supreme: If you don't have a Sports Bar in your neighborhood, it's time for you to create one—for Super Bowl day, at least. A few weeks before the big game, shop around town for the perfect Super Bowl tavern—one with classic pub ambiance and just a touch of privacy. Tell the bar manager that you and your friends want to rent an area of the bar for your party, preferably a side or back room. See if you can arrange for a personal cash-bar to be set up in that area, and also ask if bar policy allows guests to bring refreshments such as pizza and cold cuts (if you offer to share the goodies with the manager, he'll probably let you slide). Then you can come up with your bar settings—napkins and plates in Super Bowl team colors; drink coasters emblazoned with the team helmets; scorecards at every seat. Finally, make sure a couple of your partiers bring along portable television sets, which you'll set up at various points around the table. With the TVs blaring, the guests cheering and the beer flowing, you'll have created your town's best sports bar where there never was one to begin with! *(Alternate On-the-Town locales: Theme restaurant, neighborhood nightclub, local pool parlor)*

BUD LIGHT'S GUIDE TO FOOTBALL

HAND OFF

ROUGHING THE PASSER



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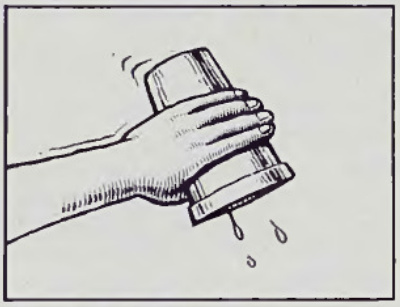
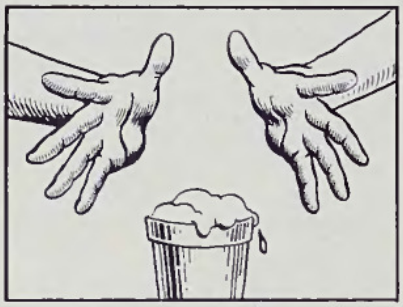


FIRST DOWN



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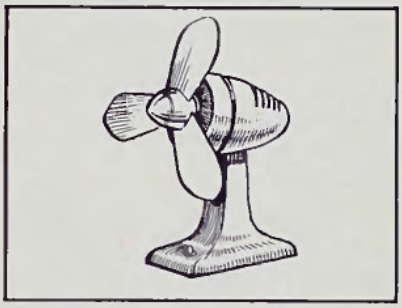
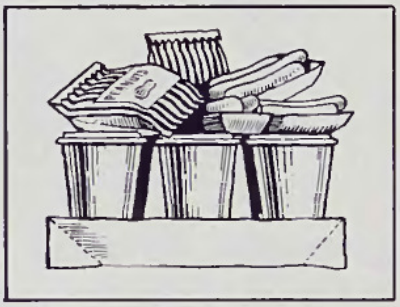


FAN



PILING ON

FUMBLE

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PLAYBOY PRESENTS

THE SUPER BOWL PARTY PLANNER

HALF-TIME FUN

a few ways that <u>you</u> can give the Miami contingent a run for its half-time money

1. The Backyard Old Fashioned

When it comes to the half-time stretch, the universal choice of Super Bowl viewers is the backyard, choose-up touch football game. If you want to hold a classic example of this scrappy contest, keep a few things in mind:

—Draw up the teams beforehand so you can jump right into the game the moment the Super Bowl ref fires the half-time gun.

—Remember, not everyone can play quarterback.

—In the event of a dispute or questionable play, the host's ruling always wins. It's his backyard.

2. The Backyard <u>New</u> Fashioned

The same as above, only coed. But remember:

—Even though the game is called touch, watch out for "illegal use of hands," pal!

—And no jokes about "making passes" or "tight ends"—everyone's heard them all before.

—In the event of a dispute, the lady's decision always rules. End of discussion.

3. Instant Replay Roundup

If you're tired of the networks always calling the shots—and the plays—now you can host your own half-time recap show. Set your VCR to record during the first half of the game. When an important play takes place, jot down the VCR's digital counter number as well as the play that transpired. When half-time rolls around, you'll have enough information to show game highlights <u>and</u> deliver your own expert commentary provided that your rewind finger is in good shape.

SUPER BOWL PARTY LINGO

catch these Super Bowl Party catch phrases...

1. OUR TEAM: Whichever team is winning.

2. "THE YEAR I PLAYED SEMI-PRO BALL": "The year I tried out for my high school varsity squad and was cut after three days."

3. "REMIND ME TO CALL MY WIFE AT HALF-TIME": "I forgot to tell my wife I was coming to a Super Bowl Party."

4. "WHO LIKES THEIR BURGERS WELL DONE?": "Oops, I burned the burgers."

5. "WHO WANTS HOT DOGS?": "Oops, I <u>really</u> burned the burgers."

6. "REMIND ME TO CALL MY WIFE AFTER THE THIRD QUARTER": "I forgot to call my wife at half-time."

7. WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING—IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME": "I can't believe how much money I just lost on the Super Bowl."

SUPER BOWL SUPER Q & A

trivia to tackle during the commercial breaks

1. Which team has the best Super Bowl win-loss record? The worst?

2. Which quarterback holds the record for the most passes completed in a Super Bowl game?

3. Which three men have been named Super Bowl Most Valuable Player twice by *Sport Magazine*?

4. What were the winners and losers shares in the first Super Bowl? In last year's Super Bowl?

5. Who coached a record six Super Bowl games?

6. Which player holds the record for the most fumbles in a Super Bowl game?

7. What was the largest stadium attendance recorded for a Super Bowl game?

8. Who gained the most yards passing in a Super Bowl game? Rushing?

9. What was the largest margin of victory in a Super Bowl game?

10. Who holds the Super Bowl record for the longest kickoff return?

SUPER BOWL PARTY BEST BETS

THE BEST PICTURE: Since no picture can top the big picture, make sure your Super Bowl party guests are looking at the PHILIPS IDTV 31" large screen television.

FILM AT ELEVEN: Set the half-time plays in motion and record them for posterity with SONY's HANDYCAM or PANASONIC's EIS CAMCORDER.

THE BEST INSTANT REPLAYS: For the clearest Super Bowl instant replays in your own living room, rely on the state-of-the-art excellence of JVC's Super VHS VCR.

THE BEST OFF-FIELD PROTECTION: After your half-time backyard scrimmage, settle into the second half of the Super Bowl feeling protected with RIGHT GUARD from GILLETTE.

THE BEST RAISED GLASS: Okay, so Canada's in a different league, you can *still* toast to your favorite team in the spirit of good taste with CANADIAN CLUB.

THE BEST CATERING IDEA: The by-the-foot hero sandwich. And don't worry if you order a few more yards of hoagie than your guests can swallow—you'll have lunch for at least the next month.

BEST BREWS: What would a Super Bowl be without suds? Or Spuds, the original party animal, for that matter? Best bet this Sunday? Longnecks from BUD LIGHT.

<u>BEST</u> BEST SUPER BOWL PARTY: **PLAYBOY's World's Largest Super Bowl Party will take place this year at Penrod's Beach Club, One Ocean Drive in Miami Beach, Fla., Sunday, January 22, 1989 from 10AM to 1AM. Join the gang—for further information, call (305) 538-1111.**

SUPER BOWL ETIQUETTE

straight from the Super Bowl Party rulebook

When Not to Root: a) When your team is winning, your host is for the other guys and, at the moment, he's pouring you a drink. b) There is a tense moment of play underway. c) There's a commercial on the TV screen.

How to Ask Someone to Explain a Confusing Football Rule: Quickly, quietly and never within the last two minutes of a quarter.

What to Wear: Football jerseys always look nice on Super Bowl viewers.

What Not to Wear: No matter how effective you think it might be, wearing a down jacket, mittens and a ski cap in front of the TV simply looks silly.

How to Be a Good Loser: Don't throw things, don't tell everyone you knew your team would lose all along, and don't—we repeat, <u>don't</u>—start calling Robbie Stadium on your host's telephone to demand a re-match.

Answers: 1. Best: Pittsburgh Steelers, 4-0; worst: Minnesota Vikings, 0-4-2. Miami Dolphins' Dan Marino, 29 complete passes in Super Bowl XIX 3. Bart Starr, Green Bay Packers (Super Bowls I, II); Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh (Super Bowls XIII, XIV); Joe Montana, San Francisco 49ers (Super Bowls XVI, XIX) 4. Super Bowl I winners: $15,000, losers: $7,500; Super Bowl XXII winners: $36,000, losers: $18,000 5. Don Shula. Super Bowl III (Baltimore), Super Bowls V, VII, VIII, XVII and XIX (Miami) 6. Dallas Cowboy quarterback Roger Staubach. Three fumbles in Super Bowl X 7. Super Bowl XIV: 103,985 fans. Rose Bowl in Pasadena, California 8. Super Bowl XXII: Washington Redskin quarterback Doug Williams. 340 yards passing. Redskin running back Timmy Smith, 204 yards rushing 9. Super Bowl XX: Chicago Bears over the New England Patriots, 46-10 10. Super Bowl XVII, Fulton Walker, Miami: 98 yards

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How can you separate yourself from those barbaric hordes that exude a most malodorous air? With Right Guard® Sport Sticks. Anti-perspirant. And deodorant. Replete with major protection. Sleek dome top. And two splendid scents, "Fresh" and "Musk." For who wants to appear unschooled in such a sensitive subject as Personal Hygiene?

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Anything less would be uncivilized.

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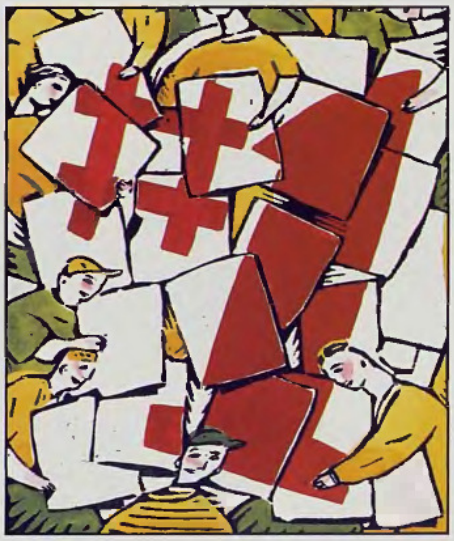
SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS



THEY'RE NUMBER ONE

We are creeping up on that time of year when various clowns employed by the TV networks will again cross their eyes, blow spit bubbles and start to clamor for a play-off to decide the national champion of college football. It's not because they want to see a true national champion determined (as they lie through their teeth) but because they can envision a game played sometime in January that will attract 400 beer, car, hamburger and diet-soda commercials. TV people have always had the good of sports at heart.

The simplest plan for a play-off put forth by network intellectuals is to take the two top-rated teams *after* the New Year's bowl games and let them play a national championship game.

Well, if the N.C.A.A. ever approves this dopey idea, I think it ought to be called the Budweiser-Mobil-Mazda-McMuffin Bowl—or maybe just the Greed Bowl.

The fact is, there is only one kind of college football play-off that would be fair, proper and sensible. It would have to include all the major conference champions, cochampions, trichampions, outstanding runners-up and deserving independents, which means it would have to involve at least 16 teams. It would have to begin after the 11-game regular season and last four weeks. This means the college season would go on almost as long as N.F.L. wrestling, fumbling and flag dropping, a sport that has already crashed through my boredom threshold and now threatens to bore the cosmos. Furthermore, this kind of play-off would destroy the bowl games that have contributed so much to the rich, lusty history of college football.

I should add that I would personally claw the skin off my body and cry out in the night for the rest of my life if any type of a lesser play-off plan were adopted, and God forbid that a blue-ribbon panel of TV and N.C.A.A. heathens should be allowed to select, let's say, the *four* teams that would be invited to compete for the hallowed Brent Musburger Trophy.

What's wrong with the way things are? We've lived with it for more than 60 years, and there have been very few suicides that I know of. What have we lived with? Polls.

I say the polls are great. They create fun, suspense, debates, divorces, not to mention silly *(concluded on page 259)*

College Football's National Champions Since Polls Began

YEAR	TEAM, RECORD	COACH	POLLS WON
1924	NOTRE DAME, 10–0	Knute Rockne	**
1925	ALABAMA, 10–0	Wallace Wade	*
	DARTMOUTH, 8–0	Jesse Hawley	*
1926	STANFORD, 10-0-1	Pop Warner	**
	ALABAMA, 9-0-1	Wallace Wade	*
1927	ILLINOIS, 7-0-1	Bob Zuppke	**
1928	GEORGIA TECH, 10–0	Bill Alexander	*
	USC, 9-0-1	Howard Jones	*
1929	NOTRE DAME, 9–0	Knute Rockne	***
1930	NOTRE DAME, 10–0	Knute Rockne	***
1931	USC, 10–1	Howard Jones	***
1932	USC, 10–0	Howard Jones	***
	MICHIGAN, 8–0	Harry Kipke	*
1933	USC, 10-1-1	Howard Jones	*
	MICHIGAN, 7-0-1	Harry Kipke	**
	OHIO STATE, 7–1	Sam Willaman	*
1934	ALABAMA, 10–0	Frank Thomas	**
	MINNESOTA, 8–0	Bernie Bierman	**
1935	TCU, 12–1	Dutch Meyer	*
	SMU, 12–1	Matty Bell	*
	PRINCETON, 9–0	Fritz Crisler	*
	MINNESOTA, 8–0	Bernie Bierman	*
1936	LSU, 9-1-1	Bernie Moore	*
	MINNESOTA, 7–1	Bernie Bierman	****
1937	CALIFORNIA, 10-0-1	Stub Allison	**
	PITTSBURGH, 9-0-1	Jock Sutherland	***
1938	TCU, 11–0	Dutch Meyer	****
	TENNESSEE, 11–0	Bob Neyland	*
	NOTRE DAME, 8–1	Elmer Layden	*
1939	TEXAS A&M, 11–0	Homer Norton	****
	USC, 8-0-2	Howard Jones	*
1940	STANFORD, 10–0	Clark Shaughnessy	*
	TENNESSEE, 10–1	Bob Neyland	**
	MINNESOTA, 8–0	Bernie Bierman	**
1941	MINNESOTA, 8–0	Bernie Bierman	***
	TEXAS, 8-1-1	Dana X. Bible	*
1942	GEORGIA, 11–1	Wally Butts	*
	OHIO STATE, 9–1	Paul Brown	**
	WISCONSIN, 8-1-1	Harry Stuhldreher	*
1943	NOTRE DAME, 9–1	Frank Leahy	****
1944	ARMY, 9–0	Red Blaik	****
1945	ARMY, 9–0	Red Blaik	****
1946	GEORGIA, 11–0	Wally Butts	*
	ARMY, 9-0-1	Red Blaik	*
	NOTRE DAME, 8-0-1	Frank Leahy	***
1947	MICHIGAN, 10–0	Fritz Crisler	**
	NOTRE DAME, 9–0	Frank Leahy	***
1948	MICHIGAN, 9–0	Bennie Oosterbaan	****
1949	NOTRE DAME, 10–0	Frank Leahy	****
1950	TENNESSEE, 11–1	Bob Neyland	*
	OKLAHOMA, 10–1	Bud Wilkinson	****
1951	MARYLAND, 10–0	Jim Tatum	*
	TENNESSEE, 10–1	Bob Neyland	***
	MICHIGAN STATE, 9–0	Biggie Munn	*
1952	MICHIGAN STATE, 9–0	Biggie Munn	*****
1953	MARYLAND, 10–1	Jim Tatum	**
	NOTRE DAME, 9-0-1	Frank Leahy	***
1954	OHIO STATE, 10–0	Woody Hayes	***
	UCLA, 9–0	Red Sanders	****
1955	OKLAHOMA, 11–0	Bud Wilkinson	******
1956	OKLAHOMA, 10–0	Bud Wilkinson	******
1957	AUBURN, 10–0	Shug Jordan	***
	OHIO STATE, 9–1	Woody Hayes	**
	MICHIGAN STATE, 8–1	Duffy Daugherty	*
1958	LSU, 11–0	Paul Dietzel	*****
	IOWA, 8-1-1	Forest Evashevski	*
1959	SYRACUSE, 11–0	Ben Schwartzwalder	******
	OLE MISS, 10–1	Johnny Vaught	*
1960	WASHINGTON, 10–1	Jim Owens	*
	OLE MISS, 9-0-1	Johnny Vaught	***
	MINNESOTA, 8–1	Murray Warmath	***
1961	ALABAMA, 11–0	Bear Bryant	******
	OHIO STATE, 8-0-1	Woody Hayes	*
1962	USC, 11–0	John McKay	*******
	ALABAMA, 10–1	Bear Bryant	*
1963	TEXAS, 11–0	Darrell Royal	*******
1964	ARKANSAS, 11–0	Frank Broyles	**
	ALABAMA, 10–1	Bear Bryant	**
	NOTRE DAME, 9–1	Ara Parseghian	*
	MICHIGAN, 9–1	Bump Elliott	*
1965	MICHIGAN STATE, 10–1	Duffy Daugherty	*****
	ALABAMA, 9-1-1	Bear Bryant	**
1966	NOTRE DAME, 9-0-1	Ara Parseghian	******
	MICHIGAN STATE, 9-0-1	Duffy Daugherty	**
1967	USC, 10–1	John McKay	*****
	NOTRE DAME, 8–2	Ara Parseghian	*
1968	OHIO STATE, 10–0	Woody Hayes	******
1969	TEXAS, 11–0	Darrell Royal	******
1970	NEBRASKA, 11-0-1	Bob Devaney	****
	TEXAS, 10–1	Darrell Royal	**
	OHIO STATE, 9–1	Woody Hayes	*
1971	NEBRASKA, 13–0	Bob Devaney	******
1972	USC, 12–0	John McKay	******
1973	NOTRE DAME, 11–0	Ara Parseghian	****
	ALABAMA, 11–1	Bear Bryant	*
	OKLAHOMA, 10-0-1	Barry Switzer	*
1974	OKLAHOMA, 11–0	Barry Switzer	***
	USC, 10-1-1	John McKay	****
1975	OKLAHOMA, 11–1	Barry Switzer	******
	OHIO STATE, 11–1	Woody Hayes	*
1976	PITTSBURGH, 12–0	Johnny Majors	*****
	USC, 11–1	John Robinson	*
1977	NOTRE DAME, 11–1	Dan Devine	******
1978	USC, 12–1	John Robinson	**
	OKLAHOMA, 11–1	Barry Switzer	**
	ALABAMA, 11–1	Bear Bryant	****
1979	ALABAMA, 12–0	Bear Bryant	******
1980	GEORGIA, 12–0	Vince Dooley	*****
	OKLAHOMA, 10–2	Barry Switzer	*
1981	CLEMSON, 12–0	Danny Ford	*****
	PENN STATE, 10–2	Joe Paterno	*
1982	SMU, 11-0-1	Bobby Collins	*
	PENN STATE, 11–1	Joe Paterno	******
1983	MIAMI, 11–1	H. Schnellenberger	*****
1984	BYU, 13–0	LaVell Edwards	****
	FLORIDA, 9-1-1	Galen Hall	*
1985	OKLAHOMA, 11–1	Barry Switzer	*****
1986	PENN STATE, 12–0	Joe Paterno	****
	OKLAHOMA, 11–1	Barry Switzer	*
1987	MIAMI, 12–0	Jimmy Johnson	*****

MEN

By ASA BABER

I'm not sure there are any easygoing women left in America these days. I think they all checked into a Yuppie factory somewhere in California one night in 1970 for secret microchip brain implants. "Work, consume, work some more, don't let up, take yourself very seriously, work, remind everybody that you're working."

That's what their microchips tell women to do 28 hours a day, 476 days a year. So watch out, men, because we are now surrounded by the Stepford Sex. Women have bought off on workaholism, and we are paying heavy dues for it.

Why do you think we are so afraid of women in the workplace, for example? We guys had a good gig going when it was just us boys: "You work a day, I'll work a day, we'll switch off, nobody busts a gut, a little golf, a little beer, then we go home," we'd tell one another. But then those yukky girls came along with their M.B.A.s and precise gestures and computerized memories and severe suits and little bow ties—suits and ties we'd grown to hate about 100 years ago—and they spoiled it all.

I can guarantee you that women aren't going to do anything about their problem. Nothing frightens their manic souls more than the possibility of slothfulness—that wonderful tendency that most men have of occasionally slowing down and taking time off. Women just don't do that anymore. The women in our lives today have no time for us, our children or our pets. They do have oodles and oodles of time for their careers, however.

Where's my proof? Well, try this on for size: Only American women think seriously about the work ethic of the Japanese and are actually trying to outperform them! They are seriously concerned about the situation. But no matter what you hear, American men couldn't care less.

Oh, sure, as men, we pretend to lament our lazy and inefficient ways when compared with the Japanese. Forget it; we're not serious. It's all a male smoke screen. Secretly, we hope that the Japanese will win the world economic battle very soon. That way, we reason, we will then be able to enjoy the irresponsible, beer-sucking, pud-thumping lives we were made for.

News flash: If the Japanese will promise American men that they will leave us alone and let us loaf, we will hand over our portion of the corporate structure of the United States to them tomorrow. The whole enchilada, lock, stock and barrel. And why not? All we have is a bunch of rusting factories, poorly run service industries, a decaying agricultural infrastructure and 8,000,000 miles of traffic jams. Who the hell wants to work in the middle of all that?

THE STEPFORD SEX

If the Japanese will just deal with us guys, and if they'll return Hawaii to us—sell it back to us at pre–Pearl Harbor prices, I mean—and if they'll guarantee us two meals of *sushi* per day, plus all the hot baths we want, we'll surrender in the wink of a kimono.

But what about our women? Will they cooperate with this scheme? Nooooo. Not them. Not the Stepford Sex. They want to struggle and strive. They are first-generation executives enjoying new-found power, and they like all that competitive bullshit. They seem ready to outwork the entire Pacific Basin on their way to burnout.

As for us, we men know that the workplace sucks. We're not out there hustling and *schlepping* because we enjoy it. We're out there because each male generation through recorded time has been told it's *supposed* to be out there earning the bread, sweating the sweat, bearing the load. But I have a secret: Every male I know is ready to slow down and be a kept man. I swear, on a stack of condoms.

It is up to us, gentlemen and fellow slugs. As men, we share a common bond: We know that we were born to love, screw, eat, drink and sleep. No half days at the office, no month on/month off, nothing like that. Every male in the universe was born for one thing only: to lie on a warm sand beach, sip rum out of a coconut and get a massage from the fantasy of his choice. Yes, it's true. We make terrific beach potatoes. But work? Work is for humorless drones who have never learned how to let up. Women, in other words.

A day in the life of a woman I know: up at 4:40 A.M., into jogging clothes, a five-mile run, back for cleanup, into the office by 7:15, meetings all morning, no lunch, an afternoon spent supervising a training module she helped her corporation design, straight to aerobics class at six P.M. at the fanciest health club in the city, an hour's language class at nine, then home to—oh, joy!—a TV dinner and corporate reports until one A.M. at the earliest. No weekends off for her, no vacations. And if that doesn't spook you, her four-year-old daughter is president of her preschool class. The Stepford Sex is multiplying at a phenomenal rate!

I've never had the heart (or the *energy*, men, the *energy*) to confront this woman with my views about her workaholism. But I do consider her another lost dervish on the highway of life. To me, she is the typical samurai businesswoman, a robot for pay, a microchip with curves.

There are millions of such women now, and that is a sad statistic. I couldn't compete with them, even if my career depended on it.

Men of America! As the new matriarchy descends on us even more pervasively this year, as the women in our lives try even more desperately to drag us into their workaholism, and as they pursue their own self-absorbed careers like junkies on speed, let us make the following resolutions and hold to them for all of the new year:

1. We declare 1989 the year of the sloth.
2. We will subsist on coconuts and rum.
3. We will establish a perpetual rhythm in our lives: sex and a nap, sex and a nap, sex and a nap—a minimum of three sessions per day (preferably with a partner).
4. When we are scolded by our women for our laziness, we will say to them what men throughout history have wanted to say: "Have a nice day at the office, dear. And hand me that coconut before you leave, would you? I can't reach it from the bed."

Have a happy, lethargic new year, men.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

FOR RENT: EMPTY NEST

Last night, I went to Nell's, the posh New York night spot, where I oozed and smarmed my way past many monolithic doormen and hundreds of the surging fashionable to get within ten feet of the stage. There I presumed upon the friendship of a poor girl who thought she would be having an entire chair to herself, sat on the two inches of hard wood she allotted me, waited through more than an hour of having my knees smashed and my lap sat on by strangers. And why?

So I would be there at 2:30 A.M., when Prince did an "impromptu" set after his Madison Square Garden gig, and then the next day I could call up my kid and say, "Guess what you missed, Mr. College Man, Mr. Off on Your Own, Mr. Dormitory Resident?"

I did it, too. "I hate you," he said, and I became utterly gleeful.

Last year, I kept thinking it was sort of a joke, kind of a goofy pastime, all this applying to colleges and taking S.A.T.s and filling out forms. I didn't think it would actually *come* to anything. We'd gone through lots of major changes and crises before, but we'd always lived together; that was the constant.

It wasn't until we were actually packing the rented minivan that I went mental. "You're taking your night table?" I yelled. "You're taking the clock radio, too? Put it back! You'll need it here!"

"Mom," he said slowly and patiently, "I'm going to be living up there. I won't be living here anymore. I need my things."

And so it finally sunk in. Luckily, his girlfriend was with us, or I would have tried to beat the shit out of him.

After getting him settled in his new room, after touring the campus crawling with hyped-up teenagers rocking and rolling through the quad, after picking up keys and meal cards and seeing how much fun it would all be, I went to the train station to go home. I ordered a tuna melt at the snack bar. The waitress was maternal and garrulous and made my melt with care. I knew she was worried as I ate and cried all over my chips. For just that moment, I really wanted to be the kind of person who could throw herself into the arms of a total stranger and say, "What should I do? How do I handle this one?"

Because I now can, I have been walking around my apartment naked. I have been taking two-hour baths. Because I no longer go home to find at least five teenaged boys sprawled throughout the living room, eating my dinner and watching MTV, I now spread out all over the entire sofa and watch PBS. I marvel at new miracles—the exact amount of food in the refrigerator on a given night is still there the next morning. Dirty dishes no longer multiply exponentially while I sleep. There is always enough milk.

And plenty of silence. No more Led Zeppelin. No more cracked adolescent howls. One day, the urge to speak was bursting. So I spoke. I said, "Oh, jeez, I must get to the dry cleaner." Right out loud. I looked around, all embarrassed. Nothing bad happened. "But I'm not in the fucking mood," I told the air.

Turns out all my single friends have been doing this for years. Mike gives himself pep talks in the mirror. Herb yells obscenities at the TV.

My friends have been such a help. They take me for drinks, humor me when I beg them to stay overnight, grapple me to the floor when I start chasing insanely inappropriate men. Women who have been through it before tell me that I'm normal, that they, too, were inconsolable.

Sundays I devote to major sobbing. Sunday used to be the day we would both wake up late, hurl cheerful insults at each other, go out and eat French toast and argue over which movie we might see. Now I just line up the hankies and let rip. It is hell. I hate it. I am pathetic.

I stare at photos, caress worn-out T-shirts. I dust off old memories: when he was an enormously fat baby who crawled around on the floor and sucked on bananas, getting them in his ears, between his toes, up his nose. That day he had been home from grammar school for hours, we were playing Monopoly, and he casually said, "Oh, mom, I forgot to tell you, I have head lice." The terrifying time he had blood poisoning. The time he caught the last out for the little-league championship. The time I left him alone when I shouldn't have. The time I screamed at him for no reason. The time I didn't listen when he really needed me.

The fucking guilt! When you're a young mother, your child is not the most priceless treasure in the world. Your child is just your child; each day is not precious. How are we to know that it all ends, that they go off on their own, a living history of all our slights, bad moods, pointed and pointless lusts, irrational distractions and just plain motherly cruelty? Now that I know how to do it right, I want to start over.

Last night, I saw on TV that they acquitted this witch who had smothered her newborns because she'd had *post partum* depression. I would have given $100 to have my kid there so I could have said, "That's the fucking limit!" to him, and he would have said, "Somebody should smother *her*," and we could have communed in our outrage.

I go through entire days of fury. Never before have I separated from someone without a giant fight, and I don't know how to do it. I'm just aching to punch someone in the nose.

But not him. He's doing exactly what he's supposed to. Last night on the phone, he told me he got his own "courtesy card" from the supermarket. He has his own checking account. This is big stuff.

On the train going home, after that big bout of grief, I uncovered a new feeling. One little part of my brain was actually congratulating me. "Well, that's done," the little part said. "You've got through the teething, the training, the baby sitters, the report cards, the tantrums, the baseball cards. You've cleared the hurdles, averted the perils. It's been a mighty job, but it's finished. You've raised a fine human being." I was proud. Then I felt like shit again.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My lover and I have enjoyed a loving, sensuous and progressive relationship for the past two years. While I have had a number of lovers before, no one has ever been nearly as dynamic. When we were first nurturing this affair, before we actually engaged in intercourse, we had a number of heavy-petting sessions that left us both drained and longing for more. During one particular session, my boyfriend began massaging my nipples, bringing them to swelling points. He would roll them between his teeth and tongue, nearly driving me crazy. After no more than three or four minutes of this, I felt the beginnings of the most incredible orgasm I had ever had. However, he had not even touched me below the waist. As he kept up the pace with his tongue on my nipples, the waves broke over me, as real as if he had been using his tongue on my clitoris. I even felt the contractions that come after a particularly long and intense orgasm. Needless to say, I was blown away. Nothing like that had ever happened to me, and I was overcome with tears of relief and wonder. My lover was fairly matter-of-fact about it and acted surprised that I had never experienced this. He had me hooked from that point on, and we have repeated this act on occasion. It's the same every time, though he has discovered that if he whispers "Will you come for me?" it sets me off immediately. He usually waits until he has me thoroughly worked up before he pulls that trick out of his hat. My question is, Have any of your other readers experienced this before? Could it all be in my mind, or is it possible to reach a satisfying orgasm without being manually stimulated in the clitoral area?—Miss H. L., Sarasota, Florida.

You bet. Kinsey found a woman who could reach orgasm by having her eyebrows stroked. Direct clitoral stimulation is not the only route to orgasm. The technique you describe dates back at least to the Fifties, when it was known as making out, or getting to second base. There is a direct line between the nipples and the genitals—indeed, nipple stimulation is sometimes used to bring on labor in pregnant women. As a source of pleasure, it's a great way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

I want a *really* big bottle of champagne to create excitement at a special occasion. What's the largest size, and how much does it hold?—P. T., Los Angeles, California.

Champagne is available in a range of sizes, though the larger ones are not that easy to find. In addition to the regular-size bottle—750 milliliters—there are the magnum, 1.5 liters, the equivalent of two bottles; the jeroboam, four bottles; the rehoboam, six bottles; the methuselah, eight bottles; the salmanasar, 12 bottles; the balthazar, 16 bottles; and the nebuchadnezzar, 20 bottles.

The largest bottle in which champagne is fermented is the magnum. Magnums look distinctive and there are many who feel that the wine is slightly improved by going through its fermentation and storage in the larger bottle—probably because the proportion of air to wine is less than in the regular bottle. The sizes beyond the magnum have to be filled with wine from smaller bottles, and the transfer may cause some small loss of quality because of oxidation—but it's probably insignificant. Almost certainly, any size beyond the magnum that you decide on will have to be specially ordered. Keep in mind that you'll need facilities for chilling the giant size, and you should also consider the logistics of pouring. You may require a special cradle to hold the bottle for easier handling. These problems should be discussed with your wine merchant well in advance of the time you want the bottle, so that all goes smoothly at your bash.

Sex has turned into the same old same old. Can the Advisor dig into his vast library of sex manuals and come up with some truly novel ways of making love?—T. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Lailan Young's "Love Around the World" contains the following diversions for the terminally bored. We can only warn that these variations are performed by trained professionals and should not be attempted at home: "Uplifted Woman: This love position requires four participants, though only two enjoy themselves. The woman is held high above their heads by two attendants; she curls up her legs and the man stands on a chair or stool, if necessary. [If necessary?]

"Flying Through the Air: The partners are unclothed. She sits on a swing with her thighs apart and he sits on another swing. They swing toward each other and try to connect.

"The Balancing Act: This is much favored by tea lovers. The man and the woman balance a bowl of tea on their heads and attempt union without spilling a drop."

Young also cites a trick mentioned in "The Perfumed Garden": "Women of great experience, who, lying with a man, elevate one of their feet vertically in the air, and upon that foot a lamp is set full of oil, and with the wick burning. While the man is ramming them, they keep the lamp steady and burning and the oil is not spilled."

As we understand it, that's how the Great Chicago Fire started.

What's the deal with tie tacks? I have accumulated some great tie tacks and tie bars over the years, but nobody's wearing them anymore. Is it OK to wear them? And, if so, what is their proper placement?—G. G., Parlin, New Jersey.

Maybe one day soon tie tacks will be back in vogue, but until then, put them in safe keeping. Tie bars, though also not at the height of fashion, are more acceptable. If you feel that you want to display your "collection," remember that plain and simple is best. Your tie tack or tie bar should never be so big or gaudy that it dominates your tie. As to placement, tie tacks belong in the center of the tie. Tie bars should go on the bottom half of the tie at a 45-degree angle.

I am 21 years old and my girlfriend is 22. We are both very good-looking. I am a blonde with blue eyes; she is a brunette with brown eyes. Not to blow our horns too loudly, but we could get any man we wanted. We aren't married, but we both have boyfriends. When they are working, we have a lot of free time together. We go out a lot and generally have a good time. The more I go out with her, the more I like her. My problem is that I think I've fallen in love with her. I've been having these dreams in which we are making love to each other. I wouldn't mind being a lesbian or bisexual. How do I tell her? If she had the same feelings, I would dump my boyfriend for her. I want her to love me as I do her. How should I handle this delicate situation? I want to tell her, but if I do, she may tell everybody, and I don't want anybody knowing about this. Help!—Miss L. A., Boston, Massachusetts.

We think you'd greatly benefit from reading the book "The New Our Bodies, Ourselves," written by the Boston Women's Health Book Collective and published by Simon & Schuster. It covers every aspect of female sexuality, including bisexual and lesbian feelings and activities. It also provides insightful conversations with women of every possible orientation, who discuss their feelings toward men and other women. One woman, for example, explains that she can readily identify with the notion of loving specific individuals who

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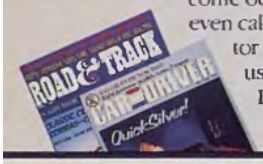

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happen to be male or female, rather than with the notion of being bisexual across the board.

If you are good friends with this woman and feel that she cares about you—at least in a nonsexual context—you may not have to fear negative repercussions as a result of telling her what and how you've been feeling. However, there is always the chance that she will shrink from the idea of any lesbian activity and feel somewhat threatened; so you should be prepared to accept rejection. You should also be ready to reassure her that you will never bring up the subject again if she's not interested in exploring the idea.

Wanting to test the new-and-improved clarity of the Super VHS video-tape format, I borrowed a prerecorded S-VHS tape from a friend for a trial run on my VHS VCR at home. Imagine my surprise when there was no discernible difference. What gives?—L. G., Dallas, Texas.

Sorry, but you can't have the best of both worlds. While the newer Super VHS VCRs will play and record your tapes in the regular VHS mode, older VCRs don't have the ability to translate the S-VHS information into anything clearer than a quality high-end video-tape recording.

A few years ago, I heard on the radio that everyone is getting taller, bigger and healthier. As I remember, the report said that both bra and cup sizes were getting larger. What is the average bra and cup size today?—S. R., Nashville, Tennessee.

According to the book "How Big Is Big?" by Dr. Zev Wanderer and Dr. David Radell, the size of the average American woman's bustline is 35.9 inches. Her bra size is a 36B.

During a recent discussion with my girlfriend of the myth of female orgasm, I stupidly made the comment that men don't always reach orgasm, either. She claimed she'd never heard that. I maintained that men sometimes have to fake it, too. The male body doesn't always respond. Booze, fatigue, repeated lovemaking, confused emotions and any number of other things can impede the normal flow of sex. "That can't be," she said. "Since men cannot always tell with women," I said, "how would you ever know?" Discussing the subject was a mistake, because her next question was "Have you?" And since we're supposed to be in an honest relationship, I confessed to the occasional counterfeit orgasm. Major freak-out resulted. She immediately thought it was all her fault: "I don't satisfy you; if I did, you would never fake it; men always reach orgasm." Apparently, a woman is all that's needed for a man to do so. If he doesn't, it is somehow her fault. Now the subject repeatedly comes up. After an evening of lovemaking, the issue strikes, and in a strange turn of stereotype, I'm the one all but being asked, "Was it good for you?" So much for communication. What can you give me to make my point more understandable and acceptable to the lady?—F. J., Atlanta, Georgia.

"The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey" found that 65 percent of our women readers had faked orgasm; some 28 percent of our male readers had done so. Etiquette, expectations, exhaustion—all contribute. We've written before that people who fake orgasm get what they deserve—fake orgasms. The first step in communication is honesty; the second is understanding. Your girlfriend must realize that you are, after all, merely human. To reassure her, you might debrief her after sex (run around the room, whooping and hollering, fanning your crotch, or dip your diminishing erection into ice water to quell the incredible heat of astonishing sex. A simple thank you will sometimes suffice). Or be up-front—if you're tired, have had too much to drink or are just not in the mood for receiving pleasure, say so. You might experiment with ways to get her off while minimizing or eliminating any concentration on your orgasm. At present, she is making a problem where there isn't one.

I am an avid amateur photographer. Recently, I was approached by a young lady who wanted me to help her put together a modeling portfolio. She wants some swimsuit shots taken on a beach. What is the best way to meter a swimsuit shot? Do you recommend using reflectors (I own a silver and a gold reflector)? What is the best time of day to shoot these photos? I own a

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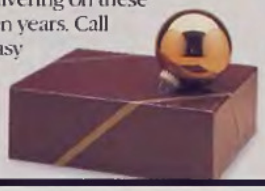

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70–210 zoom and a 135 and an 85 telephoto. Which of these lenses would work best?—J. B., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Here are some tips from our Photo Department. You should meter the skin tone of your subject with a spot meter. Use a white surface reflector for fill light. The best time to shoot is early morning or just before sunset. Our photographers have no hard-and-fast rules for lenses. The 85mm is closest to the human eye. Watch out for sand working its way into your zoom mechanics. Happy shooting. If you find a potential Playmate candidate, send your snapshots to our Photo Department.

My girlfriend and I really like to watch erotic videos, but so far, the selection has been hit and miss at the local video store. Do you have any suggestions on how to weed out the wheat from the chaff?—D. Q., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Our local erotic-film fanatic says that the best way to explore films is to follow specific directors. Yes, Virginia: Auteur *theory is alive and well, especially when it applies to tits and ass. So many of the same actors and actresses appear in porn flicks that the real novelty comes from examining the mind that puts them through their paces. Cecil Howard ("Firestorm," "Snake Eyes"), for example, is well known for creating real characters and introducing some underlying tension that shapes all the sex scenes. In "Snake Eyes," every scene is not sex as it happens to everyday people: It is the kind of sex a jealous spouse imagines that his partner is having. Alex de Renzy ("Pretty Peaches," "Babyface") is capable of taking the conventions of an X-rated movie and turning them inside out: His imagination borders on the surreal (he has filmed scenes in which partners wrap each other in cellophane—as strong an image of bondage as you'll ever see). Candida Royalle's soft-focus feminist fantasies may appeal. Henri Pachard has an East Coast sensibility toward sex, if such a thing can be said to exist. It's an interesting notion, and one that may add to your appreciation. Another suggestion: Find a copy of "The X-Rated Videotape Guide," by Robert H. Rimmer (published by Harmony Books, a division of Crown Publishers, Inc., 225 Park Avenue South, New York 10003). The book reviews some 1300 films and provides info on an additional 2840.*

Can masturbation affect the way you have intercourse? I find that I cannot ejaculate easily inside a woman. When I am alone, I can bring myself to climax, but only after fairly active masturbation. I wonder if I have conditioned myself. What do you say?—E. P., San Francisco, California.

An article in Sexuality Today *suggests that nonejaculation during intercourse can be linked to masturbation technique. According to Deena Andrews, a sex counselor, some men masturbate "stroking themselves with such fury that their hands turn into a blur! These clients appear to have numbed their penis skin, without realizing it, through overly strenuous pumping (both in speed and grip). . . . It is obvious that no vagina could compete with the intensity of their overly strenuous solo sex. After all, a man's hand is stronger and rougher than a vagina, so this could happen easily. Overly strenuous masturbators also tend to avoid using a lubricant (which means even more friction)." Andrews' Rx is simple: Use a condom that is lubricated on the inside while you masturbate, so that it slips and slides, thus simulating intercourse while reducing surface friction. If you don't reach orgasm within 15 or 20 minutes, quit and try again the next day. Don't go back to the old pattern. She also suggests exercising the pubococcygeal muscles. If you are unconsciously withholding ejaculation, those are the muscles you use. By doing as many as 100 contractions a day, you will become aware of the muscles and can take control.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Is sex important to your sense of well-being?

Oh, definitely. I don't think any of us could live without it. When I am with someone I love, it is a wonderful way to express how I feel about him. I think sex brings out my sensitivity and my sensuousness. I do make a distinction between having sex and making love. Having sex isn't crucial to my life, but making love is. Instead of telling someone how I feel, I can show him. Sex with someone special is one of the most important things to me.

Terri Lynn Doss

TERRI LYNN DOSS
JULY 1988

Do you mean does it affect the way I feel about myself? Sure, it's important. When I am with someone I love, it gives me positive energy and makes me feel happy, less insecure, aware of my feelings and of his. When I'm not in a relationship, sex isn't as important to me, because being in love is what fuels my sex drive. I want to show my love physically, as a way of bringing us closer together, when I'm in love. Sex is just a lot better when you do it with someone you love. That's all.

Kari Kennell

KARI KENNELL
FEBRUARY 1988

If I'm in a relationship, I think it's really important. It makes me feel happy and fulfilled. If I'm not seeing someone, other things fill me up, like reading and enjoying the company of friends. I focus my mind on other things. I think it's exciting to know yourself well enough to know you don't have to have sex. Otherwise, it's just compulsive behavior. Then I don't look good to myself. Of course, if I'm just horny, that can have a huge effect on my sense of well-being. Until I correct it.

Eloise Broady

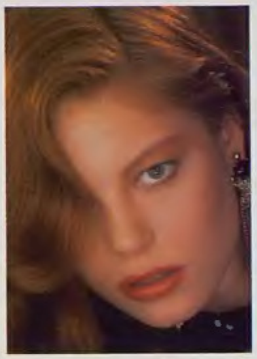
ELOISE BROADY
APRIL 1988

Funny you should ask me that. I just took a personality test and sex came up first. I joke around about sex a lot, but it is really important to my well-being. It is a release of energy, a way to communicate with my lover and a way to show him how much he means to me. On my test, a need for sex came before security, creativity and intelligence. It matters to me even if I'm not in a relationship. I get edgy without it and just the physical release gets out the tension. But I am trying to tell you it's better when you're in a relationship with someone special.

Brandi Brandt

BRANDI BRANDT
OCTOBER 1987

It used to be very important, but my reasons for having sex have changed. I used to have sex to make sure someone loved, hugged and kissed me. I was using sex as a replacement for the love I didn't feel for myself. Now I like to think about *him* when I am having sex and find my good feelings for myself from sources other than sex. I'd rather find pleasure in celebrating *him* than in celebrating the fact that he loves me and thinks I'm so terrific. I don't need sexual reassurance that way anymore. I'm more honest with myself.



Laura Richmond

LAURA RICHMOND
SEPTEMBER 1988

I'm a very, very sexual person, but that doesn't mean I need sex to validate myself as a woman. I'm very confident about who I am, so having sex doesn't affect my confidence level. Making love escalates my sense of well-being to unbelievable heights. On the other hand, just having sex does nothing for me. So I need to make love instead of having sex. Then my sense of well-being reaches the outer limits!

Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.

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Decriminalize Drugs Now

even some conservatives agree that it's not as dumb an idea as it sounds

Sometimes reason speaks through a chorus of voices. Kurt L. Schmoke, the mayor of Baltimore, told the United States Conference of Mayors that it was time to start rethinking our drug policy. In a column in *The Washington Post*, he repeated the question: "Has the time come to add America's 'war on drugs' to the long list of history's follies?

"Just as Prohibition banned something millions of people wanted, our current drug laws make it illegal to possess a commodity that is in very high demand. As a result, the price of that commodity has soared far beyond its true cost.

"This has led to enormous profits from illegal drugs and turned drug trafficking into the criminal enterprise of choice for pushers and manufacturers alike."

Schmoke was a prosecutor who, for seven years, waged the war on drugs. It is shocking to hear a veteran admit that "the emperor has no clothes. The war on drugs is being lost, notwithstanding President Reagan's recent claim that we are digging our way out. And continuing our present policy—even with more money—is unlikely to make any difference."

What is surprising is that the voices of reason span the political spectrum. Economist Milton Friedman attacked the economics of drug prohibition. Attorney Louis Nizer asked, "How about low-cost drugs for addicts?" William F. Buckley wrote several columns urging Government to legalize dope. Conservative law professor Ernest van den Haag urged the nation to "legalize those drugs we can't control." Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and writer Pete Hamill both argued for the end of drug prohibition.

Columnist William Raspberry asked, "What is the worst thing about drug abuse in America? Is it the damage done by such concomitants of drug trafficking as robbery, burglary, gangsterism and murder? Or is it the harm done by the drugs themselves?

"Both categories are serious enough. Drugs kill. They destroy minds. They stifle ambition. They account for billions of dollars in lost productivity. We are right to worry about these things.

"But I suspect that the drug-related problems we worry most about are less the result of drug abuse than of our efforts to control drugs.

"The gangsterism, the organized crime, the execution-style murders and the subversion of neighborhoods, law-enforcement officials and even governments are largely the results of the stupendous profits to be made in drug trafficking, and the profits are the direct result of efforts to stamp out the traffic.

"In other words, most of the actions we are taking because we are so worried about the impact of drug abuse not only fail to reduce the amount of drug abuse but actually exacerbate the problem."

The most eloquent argument was put forth by Ethan A. Nadelmann, a professor of politics at Princeton: "Current drug-control policies have failed, are failing and will continue to fail, in good part because they are fundamentally flawed. Many drug-control efforts are not only failing but also proving highly costly and counterproductive; indeed, many of the drug-related evils that Americans identify as part and parcel of the 'drug problem' are in fact caused by our drug prohibition policies. . . .

"When laws intended to serve a moral end inflict great damage on innocent parties, we must rethink our moral position."

The voices for legalization spoke as the Government adopted zero tolerance as its final solution and started seizing the shops, houses, cars, trucks and fishing boats of citizens suspected of drug use. In the first half of 1988, 245 of the 1099 bills before the House of Representatives dealt with the drug crisis, calling for death penalties for drug kingpins, new rights of seizure of assets and mandatory drug testing for the military, for the bureaucrats and for the common man. Those 245 bills were pieces of legislation that could have introduced new ideas in housing, job training, education, better highways and a cleaner environment.

The antidrug frenzy has been fueled by anecdotes of street crime and a few well-publicized drug deaths. The decriminalization forces have their own anecdotes. One newspaper article gives the following account of zero tolerance:

"Instead of mending nets and readying

his boat for the salmon season, fisherman Kevin Hogan spends his days gathering petitions, worrying and pondering bankruptcy.

"Hogan, 36, got a costly, firsthand look at the Federal Government's zero-tolerance antidrug program on May 11th, when Customs Service agents seized his new $140,000 fishing boat after allegedly finding 1.7 grams of marijuana in a crew member's jacket. . . .

"Customs officials acknowledge that Hogan knew nothing of the marijuana aboard his vessel, the Hold Tight, but refuse to release the boat until Hogan pays a $10,000 fine and fires the crew member, Minh Van Le, who is his nephew.

"'It's outrageous,' says Hogan. 'I haven't been charged with anything, and here they've seized my boat, my means of production.'"

When a crack addict steals your property, it's called a crime. When the Government does, it's called a policy.

The antidrug frenzy is fueled in part by a statistic engraved in stone—drugs have a social cost of 60 billion dollars (see *The Playboy Forum*, April 1987). An economist arrived at that figure from one study that stated that people who smoke marijuana once a day for 30 days tend to earn 28 percent less than non– or light marijuana smokers.

When we look at the social cost of drug prohibition, we find some startling figures. An advisory report of the Committee on Law Reform of the New York County Lawyers' Association estimates that drug prohibition causes at least 7100 deaths a year. That figure includes the 750 gang-war murders, the 3500 people who will develop AIDS because of unsterile-needle use and the addicts who die because of the poor quality of black-market drugs.

The social cost of lost productivity is equally staggering: There are 750,000 arrests per year for drug crimes, 562,500 of which are for possession. Few of those arrested can expect a career on the fast track. And there are other costs: clogged courts, misutilization of law-enforcement forces and an estimated 90 billion dollars per year spent on people in jail. None of those people are productive, unless one counts the manufacturing of license plates. The committee estimates that our economy loses 80 billion dollars a year through drug-price inflation and enforcement costs.

Drugs victimize a tiny portion of the 30,000,000-plus users; drug laws victimize all of them, as well as innocent bystanders.

Columnist Richard Cowan took on one of Reagan's most controversial policies: "In his antidrug speech, President Reagan urged, 'Please remember this when your courage is tested. You are Americans. You're the product of the freest society mankind has known. No one—ever—has the right to destroy your dreams and shatter your life.' Precisely, Mr. President, and we should remember exactly the same thing when our urine is tested. This tragicomical, degrading, dehumanizing invasion of private bodily functions is the perfect symbol of drug prohibition, the logical conclusion of the subordination of the individual to a failed policy. We are not going to be drug-free, just unfree."

The New York County Lawyers' Association noted the effect of drug laws on civil liberties: "The drug hysteria whipped up by politicians and the media has created an atmosphere in which long-cherished rights are discarded whenever drugs are concerned: urine testing, roadblocks, routine strip searches, school searches without probable cause, the good-faith exception to the exclusionary rule, preventive detention, nonjudicial forfeiture. These dangerous precedents are tolerated in the war on drugs, but they represent a permanent increase in Government power for all purposes. The tragedy is how cheaply we have sold our rights and our social values. We once had a society in which the very thought of men and women being strip searched and forced to urinate in front of witnesses was revolting. That now seems like a long time ago. And all this for a policy that simply does not work."

Civil liberties aside, we should be appalled by the inefficiency of the drug war. According to R. Richard Banks, a writer, "[In 1987], the Air Force spent $45,600,000 to catch planes used to smuggle drugs into the country. That $45,600,000 resulted in two drug busts. Two. The Navy spent $37,400,000 and seized 20 drug-carrying vessels." The military makes lousy narcs.

William F. Buckley noted that the introduction of the military into the prohibition effort has practical problems. "One such was stated by a commentator who said, 'We will wait for the first time an American dentist flying his little plane back from a weekend's fishing in Key West is shot down by the Air Force.' That will reintroduce us to reality."

Without question, some drugs are very dangerous and others are dangerous for some. Most of the decriminalization proponents have tried to put illegal drugs into perspective by comparing the annual mortality figures of marijuana, cocaine and heroin (3652) with those of alcohol and cigarettes (100,000 and 320,000, respectively) and the mortality rates of illegal drugs with those of legal drugs (heart medication, for example, kills 125,000 people a year).

One of the failures of people's imagination is their inability to imagine a society in which recreational drugs are decriminalized, inexpensive, of good quality and available through some sort of regulated system. Foes of decriminalization say that a greater availability of drugs will result in increased use—and cause a public-health crisis. The New York County Lawyers' Association calculates that "a fivefold increase in drug use under decriminalization [from an estimated 30,000,000 to 150,000,000 users] would not increase the current number of drug-overdose deaths. Furthermore, it would take a 2200 percent increase in legal-drug use to produce as many deaths as prohibition—through murder, AIDS

and poisoned drugs—is already causing."

Historians say we have only to look at history to see what will happen. Edward Becher points out that drugs were available in the 19th Century and were not a menace. And Prohibition, the original experiment that failed, pertained to alcohol—not drugs. Stanton Peele notes, "For most of human history, even under conditions of ready access to the most potent of drugs, people and societies have regulated their drug use without requiring massive education, legal and interdiction campaigns."

Ethan Nadelmann, in his argument for legalization, points out that "it is important to stress what legalization is not. It is not a capitulation to the drug dealers—but rather a means to put them out of business. It is not an endorsement of drug use—but rather a recognition of the rights of adult Americans to make their own choices free of the fear of criminal sanctions. It is not a repudiation of the 'Just say no' approach—but rather an appeal to government to provide assistance and positive inducements, not criminal penalties and more repressive measures, in support of that approach. It is not even a call for the elimination of the criminal-justice system from drug regulation—but rather a proposal for the redirection of its efforts and attention.

"There is no question that legalization is a risky policy, since it may lead to an increase in the number of people who abuse drugs. But that is a risk, not a certainty. At the same time, current drug-control policies are failing and new proposals promise only to be costlier and more repressive. We know that repealing the drug-prohibition laws would eliminate or greatly reduce many of the ills that people commonly identify as part and parcel of the 'drug problem.' Yet legalization is repeatedly and vociferously dismissed without any attempt to evaluate it openly and objectively. The past 20 years have demonstrated that a drug policy shaped by exaggerated rhetoric designed to arouse fear has only led to our current disaster. Unless we are willing to honestly evaluate our options, including various legalization strategies, we will run a still greater risk: We may never find the best solution for our drug problems."

"Civil liberties aside, we should be appalled by the inefficiency of the drug war."

For 20 years, *Playboy* has argued for a rational approach to drug abuse. We have fought against the Prohibition model. We have been pacifists in the war on drugs. We have acted as educators—trying to provide hard and fast information on drugs and their consequences—so that those who choose to use drugs could do so with informed choice. We recognize the courage of these voices of reason. Now we can only hope that someone listens.

WANT TO TAKE RISKS? IT SHOULD BE YOUR CHOICE

another reason to decriminalize drugs

By Loren Siegel

In 1859, John Stuart Mill wrote the essay "On Liberty," in which he offered the following advice: "The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. . . . Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign." Mill's theory of individual autonomy is relevant today as we debate whether or not the Government should decriminalize drugs.

Americans are schizophrenic in the way they view certain substances. In the United States, we can drink ethyl alcohol, smoke cigarettes, hang glide or become obese without fear of criminal sanctions. But since 1914, when the Harrison Act—which criminalized the use of opiates—was enacted, certain substances have been selectively subjected to criminal sanctions. Does the selectivity make sense? Let's take a look at the facts:

• Approximately 100,000,000 Americans drink alcoholic beverages. Ten million to 12,000,000 of them are alcoholics; 100,000 people die each year from alcohol-related diseases.

• About 60,000,000 Americans smoke; smoking causes 320,000 deaths each year.

Compare those statistics with the facts about illegal drugs:

• Approximately 20,000,000 Americans use marijuana regularly. Its long-term side effects are unknown, but no one has died from marijuana use alone.

• About 500,000 Americans are heroin addicts. Its most serious side effect is that it is addictive. Heavy, prolonged use does not produce serious physical deterioration. Heroin addicts suffer more from the fact that the substance they crave is illegal—thus making it expensive to buy and criminal to use—than from the drug itself.

• Approximately 500,000 to 750,000 people use cocaine on a daily basis. Cocaine is addictive and can have serious physical consequences. But it should be noted that many cocaine addicts are crack addicts—and crack was developed as a result of the criminal laws that made it imperative for suppliers to invent cheaper, more easily transportable forms of cocaine.

The combined death rate for alcohol and tobacco use is 420,000 per year. The number of deaths attributed to all illegal drugs is 3652 per year. Using alcohol and tobacco is legal; using marijuana, heroin and cocaine is illegal. And the penalty for using these drugs can be fines or incarceration—penalties too harsh for marijuana users and too inhumane for heroin and crack addicts.

Illicit drugs should be decriminalized for the reasons enumerated in "The War on Drugs" and because it would reduce the problem to its most essential components: individual autonomy and individual health. We must try to prevent the addiction from occurring (by education) and try to help those already addicted when we can (by rehabilitation). Our present solution of punishing the afflicted is helping no one.

Loren Siegel is special assistant to the executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

READER

CHILD PORNOGRAPHY

As members of the Southern California Child Exploitation Task Force, we feel compelled to respond to Lawrence A. Stanley's "The Child-Pornography Myth" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). The article is factually inaccurate in several respects and misrepresents the scope of the child-pornography and -exploitation problem, law-enforcement efforts to deal with it and the purposes of the child-pornography legislation.

Stanley neglected to contact any member of our task force, the longest-existing task force in the United States and one that has prosecuted all the child-pornography and Federal child-abuse cases in the Central District of California during the past ten years. Our task force has prosecuted more cases than any other district and consists of representatives of the U.S. Postal Inspection Service, the U.S. Customs Service, the Los Angeles Police Department's Sexually Exploited Child Unit, the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office, the FBI and the U.S. Attorney's office in Los Angeles. Members include Kenneth Elsesser, postal inspector (not an FBI agent as indicated in the article), Joyce Karlin, Assistant U.S. Attorney (and the prosecutor in the Catherine Wilson case), and William Dworin, Los Angeles police detective, all nationally recognized experts in the field of child exploitation.

The premise of Stanley's report appears to be that significant law-enforcement effort in the area of child exploitation is not warranted because there is not widespread commercial distribution of child pornography in the United States. That premise is dangerously inaccurate. The threat imposed on our children has little to do with the extremely limited commercial aspect of the child-pornography business.

We readily agree that we have successfully minimized the problem of *commercial* production and distribution in the United States. That does not, however, solve the extent of the problem in this country.

Stanley's article ignores what child pornography is. It has nothing to do with pornography or the First Amendment or *Playboy*-type material. Rather, it consists of pictures of children being raped, sodomized and orally copulated by adults and other children. These are not drawings or cartoons but real photographs of real children. Stanley overlooks the fact that you cannot have such material without the actual victimization of children. Each picture necessarily means another victim.

Stanley suggests that the only child pornography is the Government's child pornography. The Government has never created any child pornography or any victims. The creators range from amateur photographers who photograph their own molestations or those of other child molesters to professionals who photograph molestations for commercial distribution. Homegrown child pornography is no less damaging to the victim than are commercially produced photographs.

What happens to noncommercially produced child pornography? First, it is used by the molester to help him relive his fantasies and build a collection that he can share with other child molesters as a means of acceptance and proof of his sexual involvement with children. Second, it is used to lower children's inhibitions by showing them that other children engage in such acts, thereby encouraging them to engage in similar acts. Third, it is shared among pedophiles. A pedophile, from a law-enforcement perspective, is an individual with a sexual preference for children. A pedophile is not necessarily a child molester, nor is a child molester necessarily a pedophile. A molester is a pedophile only if he acts out of a sexual love for children.

The only consumers of child pornography are pedophiles. Unlike the readers of *Playboy*, who cover a wide spectrum, the consumers of child pornography are limited to pedophiles. Al-

FOR THE RECORD

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MEET THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

"A warning needs to be issued to those institutional representatives of organized religion who still claim the power to define morality. The church must abandon its irrelevant ethical judgments that arise from realities that no longer exist and enter the arenas where life is lived, where people are hurt, where love is experienced, where ideals are compromised, where people awaken from their dreams, and be a part of the debate that will separate the ethics of life from the ethics of death. The prohibitions of the past have been abandoned, not because people are evil 'secular modernists' but because life has changed and those prohibitions are simply no longer appropriate. . . .

"The time has come for the church, if it wishes to have any credibility as a relevant institution, to look at the issues of single people, divorcing people, postmarried people and gay and lesbian people from a point of view removed from the patriarchal patterns of the past and to help these people find a path that leads to life-affirming holiness. Is it too much to think that those gifts might come from the church? I think not."

—from *Living in Sin? A Bishop Rethinks Human Sexuality*, by John Shelby Spong, Episcopal bishop of Newark

RESPONSE

though that may seem like a gross generalization, nonpedophiles are repulsed by the sight of a three-year-old child orally copulating a grown male.

According to Stanley, there is "a small, essentially insignificant group [of consumers of child pornography], by some estimates as few as 5000, in Europe and in America." Understandably, the author has failed to identify any source for that statement, as that figure is inconsistent with what those of us who work in this field have learned over the past several years. Catherine Wilson, for example, operated out of her basement in Hancock Park in Los Angeles, and she alone had more than 5000 active, repeat customers of child pornography. Numerous pedophiles have been identified who did not appear on her list. According to the U.S. Customs Service, a conservative estimate of the number of pedophiles in the United States is 15,000. It is impossible to accurately determine the number, because pedophiles do everything possible to avoid detection.

How would the public have us investigate those cases? According to Stanley, the Government entraps victims. Not only have the courts decided that it does not entrap people, the judges have decided that it serves a valuable public service. No law-enforcement agency has ever sent unsolicited child pornography to anyone. Nor has anyone been targeted who was not viewed as a pedophile with an interest in child pornography.

What types of cases have we investigated and prosecuted? We have frequently gone into homes with search warrants for child pornography and discovered children living in the home who have been molested by the target of our child-pornography investigation. We have also discovered photographs of the pedophiles molesting children. In other cases, we have found convicted child molesters as well as individuals who were providing children to molesters. One of the men prosecuted, who had 50,000 photographs of noncommercial child pornography in a storage locker, admitted molesting several hundred children following his release from a state hospital for a child-molestation conviction. He even maintained a ledger listing those molestations.

In another case, a convicted child molester who was the subject of one of our investigations was found, after he had ordered materials, to have homemade child pornography in his house—including a video tape depicting him molesting a child who was clearly under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

The article cites a few cases in which individuals who claimed neither to be sexually active with children nor to possess child pornography were the subjects of search and arrest warrants after they ordered child pornography from undercover Government agents. While Government operations occasionally identify individuals who are not suitable for prosecution, those cases are the exception, not the rule. Moreover, the risks inherent in ignoring the potential hazards to children by individuals who have come to our attention demand that we conduct a thorough investigation in every case.

A companion article suggests that the Government's actions drove individuals to suicide. Such an accusation is unfounded and irresponsible. As you well

know, once an individual has been publicly charged with a crime, or a search warrant has been executed, the press has access to this information. In fact, the press demands access to such information. It is not the Government's fault, nor will it accept responsibility for the fact that the press publicly identifies individuals who have been arrested but not yet convicted of a crime. That happens not only in child-pornography cases but in all cases. Those individuals are then held up to ridicule in some cases and shame in most cases, and some cannot cope with that. The sad result is that occasionally, those people take their own lives. The other side of this coin is, however, that the public benefits from learning that specific individuals may pose a threat to children, particularly when they are free on bail. Many we prosecute actively seek employment and charity work, which puts them in contact with children. Parents have the right to know that they may be putting their children in a dangerous situation. For example, the man who had a ledger of his child molestations taught swimming and tennis to youngsters, some of whom became his victims.

It is well recognized that child abuse is a problem that is plaguing our nation. Child pornography is one aspect of child abuse. *Playboy* should encourage us for our efforts to combat the problem of child pornography.

Joyce Karlin, Chief
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United States Attorney's Office
Los Angeles, California

Monica Bachner
Assistant United States Attorney
Major Narcotics Section
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Kelley M. S. Wilson, Special Agent
United States Customs Service

William Dworin, Detective
Los Angeles Police Department

Kenneth A. Elsesser, Postal Inspector
United States Postal Inspection
Department Service

Joseph L. Schouten, Postal Inspector
United States Postal Inspection
Department Service

Lawrence A. Stanley, New York attorney and author of "The Child-Pornography Myth," responds:

It is hardly surprising that members of the Southern California Child Exploitation Task Force portray their law-enforcement efforts with such self-righteous rhetoric—they need to sensationalize the child-pornography issue in order to excuse the Government's misguided sting operations and justify serious violations of our constitutional rights.

The task force claims that "child pornography" has nothing to do with the First Amendment or Playboy*-type material. Wrong. Under Federal law, a child is anyone under the age of 18. Traci Lords, as many readers of* Playboy *are aware, was one such child. She began her career at the age of 16 by lying about her age. She appeared in* Penthouse *and in dozens of adult films before anyone discovered she was a minor. Lords's agent and the producers of her film, "Those Young Girls," are being prosecuted by the Justice Department for "child exploitation." The task force and other prosecution teams throughout the United States are also prosecuting a number of individuals for selling the adult films in which she appeared ("U.S. vs. Kantor, et*

al."). Meanwhile, Lords has never complained to anyone about the films in which she willingly participated and for which she was handsomely paid.

J. Spencer Letts, the Federal judge who issued the lower-court opinion in the "Kantor" case, evidently disagrees with the task force that "child pornography" has "nothing to do with the First Amendment." Judge Letts stated in his opinion: "As the specified age is progressively raised, there comes a point at which the prohibition against employing underage performers becomes a transparent means for prohibiting the performance itself. That point is reached when the affected performers are sufficiently 'adult,' so as to be no longer the legitimate subjects of protection of 'children.' Congress does not have the right under the First Amendment to prohibit altogether the filming of sexually explicit conduct. . . . Congress, in the interest of the protection of 'children,' can prohibit the use only of those who truly are children in such performances. In this court's view, the societal interest in protecting 16- and 17-year-old 'children' begins to be strained."

It is doubtful that the task force can seriously argue that all the consumers of materials depicting Lords and other young adults are pedophiles. On the contrary, according to every scientific study regarding age preferences of pedophiles that I have reviewed and according to a number of experts in the fields of psychiatry and psychology who were consulted in connection with my research, the materials in which Lords appeared would be of little or no interest to pedophiles. Nor would the image of a three-year-old be of interest (as the task force indicates), for research shows that pedophiles are interested in children from the ages of six to 14. This is not to excuse the pedophile's attraction to a child of any age but rather to show how the task force misuses facts.

Psychologists and psychiatrists have also disagreed with the task force's characterization of the consumers of child pornography. In Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *Dr. Manuel Cepeda, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of South Alabama College of Medicine, offers another explanation of why an individual might order or view child pornography: "The choice of sexually arousing material is idiosyncratic. . . . Each individual is forming a unique set of experiences and associated mental images or fantasies [in childhood] that may be retained as sexually stimulating material for future use during adult sexual behavior. Child pornography may be used to represent or enhance these early images. . . . [Thus], it is possible that most use of child pornography is not associated with a psychological disorder."*

Typically, the task force misrepresents its discovery of truly abusive situations in child-pornography cases. Although it claims that it "frequently" discovers individuals who are actually abusing children or photographing molestations, it carefully avoids providing any numbers—primarily because such cases are so rare. In Project Looking Glass and Operation Borderline, which comprise approximately one third of all cases involving child pornography, each defendant was charged with the mere receipt of a magazine or video tape supplied by and, in some cases, compiled and published (definable as "production" under Federal law) by the United States Government. Even by the U.S. Postal Service's most optimistic estimate, 30 percent of the defendants were alleged to have been involved in some other activities involving children. A grand total of 60 individuals nationwide who were involved in some sort of sexual activity with children were

discovered in two massive operations that solicited thousands of targeted individuals and lasted more than a year. But an examination of a number of sting-operation cases in which "more" was alleged reveals such claims to be more prosecutorial posturing than fact. When arrests are made, fantasy drawings, fictional writings and scrapbook collages are commonly among the kinds of items likely to be cited as evidence of actual molestations.

The task force's claim that it has never sent unsolicited child pornography to suspects is disingenuous. Under such undercover names as William J. Ward, Paul Davis and Jack Roose, the task force has sent unsolicited erotic materials depicting nude and seminude children to at least three people in its attempt to meet "like-minded" individuals. Only one of the three people responded, and he was subsequently arrested for exchanging child pornography but was acquitted after it was revealed that he was a bona fide sex researcher. There are, in all likelihood, similar cases. For instance, one agent is believed to have operated under the name Steve O'Brien and to have sent unsolicited Polaroid photographs to another individual, claiming those photographs to be of his "young friends." The pictures were copies taken from a child-pornography magazine from the early Seventies.

The task force's estimate of Catherine Wilson's activities is similarly misleading. Where did it obtain its figure of "5000 active, repeat customers of child pornography"? That conflicts with Kenneth Elsesser's own assessment of Wilson's customer list in his testimony before the Meese commission. According to Elsesser (a cosignatory of the task-force letter), Wilson was primarily a distributor of "straight heterosexual" pornography during the early and mid-Seventies, who branched out into bestiality and child pornography in the late Seventies or early Eighties. When she was arrested in 1981, law-enforcement officials did not seize a list of 5000 child-porn consumers but rather 5000 mailing labels containing the names of all of Wilson's customers, of whatever persuasion. They also seized a customer list containing the names of an unspecified number of individuals who had previously purchased child pornography from her. (Remember that, according to Elsesser, Wilson's operation accounted for 80 percent of all child-pornography distribution in the United States.) The specter of the 5000 active, repeat customers cited by the task force in its letter is merely a rhetorical device useful in inflating numbers.

The numbers game is an easy one to play—but whether the number of potential buyers of child porn from Uncle Sam is 5000 or 15,000, the task force misses the essential points of the article: First, that child-porn "sting" operations in which the Government is the producer and seller of child pornography do very little to protect children; and second, that even if the results achieved by such sting operations were substantial rather than as meager as they are, the ends do not necessarily justify any means. The myth of child pornography and the law-enforcement efforts directed at it conveniently avoids the painful reality that the most serious incidents of child abuse—physical, sexual and emotional—occur largely within the family and are symptomatic of its breakdown; moreover, these cases are perpetrated not by those few individuals whose sexual fantasies are focused on children but by otherwise "normal" men and women.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NO LIE

How many people lie to get laid? A California researcher, in a study of 422 unmarried college students with sexual experience, found that 35 percent of the men and ten percent of the women admitted that they had told a lie to get someone to

sleep with them. Conclusion: Asking partners about their drug use and sexual past is not as effective a precaution against acquiring AIDS or a venereal disease as is using condoms.

RX.: MARIJUANA

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*For more than 16 years, the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration has beaten back efforts by the courts, the medical community and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws to allow the use of pot for medical purposes. Now, even its own chief administrative-law judge contradicts the DEA's position that pot should remain ranked with heroin as medically useless and, therefore, illegal. Judge Francis L. Young has issued 68 pages of findings and recommendations that describe marijuana, in its natural form, as "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man." The decision notes that it "can be safely used within a supervised routine of medical care." The recommendations are not binding on the DEA, but they remove the last technicality against rescheduling marijuana as a Class II drug, recognized for its medical usefulness.*

POLYGRAPH PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The bad news for the polygraph industry and the good news for almost everyone else is a new Federal law prohibiting employers from requiring that employees or prospective employees take lie-detector tests. Although polygraph tests have been used for more than 40 years—and will still be used by the Government—their reliability has always been questionable. One labor attorney sees the new law as "the death knell for the polygraph."*

A SENTENCE — LITERALLY

ATLANTIC CITY—*A municipal judge delivered a blow that could cripple prostitution in Atlantic City—or improve its intellectual quality. The judge gave a veteran prostitute the opportunity to reduce her 30-day jail sentence by writing an essay. Subject: how to stamp out sex for pay. Her sentence will be reduced by one day for every 200 words she writes. The hooker's attorney, with his own grammatical problems, said, "To you and I and other literate people, it seems easy, but for her, it's quite a burden."*

AIDS ROUNDUP

• *A study reported in the* Journal of the American Medical Association *found that men who refuse to be tested for AIDS are five times more likely to have the virus than are men who submit to the test. Investigators determined the HIV status of patients who refused to take the AIDS test by analyzing blood that had been drawn for a syphilis test.*

• *The District of Columbia is anonymously testing 20,000 newborn infants and 10,000 clinic patients as part of a Federally financed program to track the spread of the disease.*

• *Psychiatrists report that an increasing number of mental patients who are not at risk for contracting AIDS nevertheless have delusions that they suffer from the disease, apparently caused in part by guilt associated with past behavior.*

• *The chairman of the Illinois State Medical Society's committee on AIDS resigned to protest the organization's support of a new law permitting doctors to secretly perform AIDS tests on patients who are receiving other medical treatment.*

• *A nationwide study of 1829 female prostitutes found that only 12 percent tested positive for AIDS antibodies—and most of them were intravenous-drug users. And in New York, a study of 627 customers of prostitutes found that only three AIDS-positive cases were traced to sex with prostitutes.*

THE HOLE STORY

In urban areas, ozone is produced largely by auto exhaust, and in rural areas, primarily by lightning. With this knowledge, a California research team exposed latex condoms to both smoggy weather and monsoon conditions and discovered that after a few days of exposure, the ozone ate holes in the rubber. Americans aren't at risk from damaged condoms, because their product comes wrapped, but Third World countries' condoms are shipped and stored without wrappers and—not coincidentally—have a high failure rate.

IMPRISONED FOR PREGNANCY

A Washington, D.C., woman is in jail because she is pregnant. The woman originally received probation for passing bad checks, but when the judge discovered that

she had tested positive for cocaine and that she was pregnant, he sentenced her to jail in order to protect the fetus. Using the judge's reasoning, a pregnant woman who has committed a misdemeanor could, conceivably, also be jailed for smoking cigarettes or drinking alcohol—activities that, like cocaine use, can result in premature birth and low birth weight.

THE HUGH M. HEFNER

FIRST AMENDMENT AWARDS

Although the First Amendment has been part of the Constitution since 1791, it was not truly part of the American experience until this century. In 1920, a scholar preparing a book on freedom of speech would have had about 20 Supreme Court cases to ponder. In 1949, he would have had about 100 cases; in 1974, more than 400. Jamie Kalven, in his introduction to *A Worthy Tradition: Freedom of Speech in America* (Harper & Row), concludes that freedom of speech is an adventure that is unfolding in our lifetime; the court cases reflect "the law working itself pure."

What we can't tell from these statistics is that the heroes of the grand tradition of freedom of speech are not always lawyers and judges—and that not every First Amendment battle is fought in court.

Ten years ago, the Playboy Foundation under the direction of Christie Hefner established the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards to honor individuals who have made significant contributions to the protection and enhancement of First Amendment rights. The Foundation wanted to celebrate the men and women who had given, in Karl Llewellyn's words, "living body, toughness and inspiration to . . . what is now the worthiest tradition in American law, the tradition of freedom of speech, press and political action."

The judges for this year's awards were: Anthony Lewis, syndicated columnist for *The New York Times*; Charlayne Hunter-Gault, New York–based national correspondent for *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*; Steven Pico, First Amendment advocate/lecturer and past award winner; and Thomas Wicker, political columnist for *The New York Times*. Co-chairs for the award are: Christie Hefner, President and Chief Operating Officer, Playboy Enterprises, Inc.; Stanley Sheinbaum, immediate past chair, A.C.L.U. Foundation of Southern California; and Burton Joseph, chair, the Playboy Foundation.

BOOK PUBLISHING

Jamie Kalven, editor of *A Worthy Tradition*, is this year's winner. Harry Kalven, Jr., Jamie's father, was among the country's "most perceptive First Amendment commentators, known for his insights into the law and for the grace with which he expressed them." When he died in 1974, he was at work on this book. Jamie spent more than a decade completing his father's manuscript. His contributions to this critical examination of the American tradition of free speech, from which come the statistics quoted above, earned him a First Amendment award.

EDUCATION

Herbert Foerstel, head of the branch libraries at the University of Maryland, received an award for resisting FBI intrusions into libraries. Under its so-called Library Awareness Program, the FBI sought to have librarians report suspicious patrons, especially those with foreign accents or names, who might be collecting information for the Soviet Union. The program, which Foerstel successfully battled, was in direct violation of American Library Association's library code of ethics and of the library confidentiality laws of 37 states.

> **"Freedom of speech is an adventure that is unfolding in our lifetime."**

PRINT JOURNALISM

David G. Arnett, a student at Tulsa Junior College, was honored for his efforts to defend the right to a free press. After being removed from the editorship of the campus newspaper, the *Horizon*, for defying an administration ban on publication of editorials, Arnett founded the *Independent Student News*, which, with the help of donations, is now distributed on five northern Oklahoma campuses—a considerably wider readership than the 200 journalism students to whom Tulsa Junior College officials had limited distribution of the *Horizon*. It was that limitation that Arnett had protested in the offending editorial.

INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE

The First Amendment guarantees the right to criticize—it does not provide the courage to do so. Roy Woodruff is a former director of the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory and head of the nuclear-weapons-development program, which included the X-ray-laser project. In theory, the laser weapon could channel the power of an exploding nuclear device into multiple beams that would destroy enemy targets. In 1983, after Reagan's famous Star Wars speech, scientists questioned whether or not this weapon could be developed and, if so, whether or not it would work. Edward Teller, cofounder of Livermore and father of the H-bomb, lobbied enthusiastically for it, even going so far as to state that the development of the X-ray laser was a reason for delaying agreement at the Geneva arms talks. Information that did not support Star Wars was suppressed. As head of the project, Woodruff knew how misleading Teller's position was. Rather than participate in selling Star Wars to the Administration and Congress, he resigned.

LAW

Rex Armstrong, attorney and volunteer counsel to the American Civil Liberties Union of Oregon, has successfully argued a number of cases on behalf of free expression. In one such instance, he convinced the Oregon Supreme Court that the state could not impose zoning restrictions on bookstores and theaters based on the content of the materials offered by those establishments (a position more protective of civil liberties than those expressed in several U.S. Supreme Court decisions).

GOVERNMENT

Convincing the Government that the public has the right to know requires skill and perseverance. Eric Robert Glitzenstein, staff attorney with the Public Citizen Litigation Group in Washington, D.C., has worked for five years to ensure public access to the workings of Government. He has won victories giving citizens access to the records of former Presidents, and prisoners the right to obtain copies of their pre-sentence reports.

In addition to our respect and gratitude, each winner received a plaque and a $3000 award at a ceremony at Playboy Mansion West in November. The First Amendment is best exemplified in practice.

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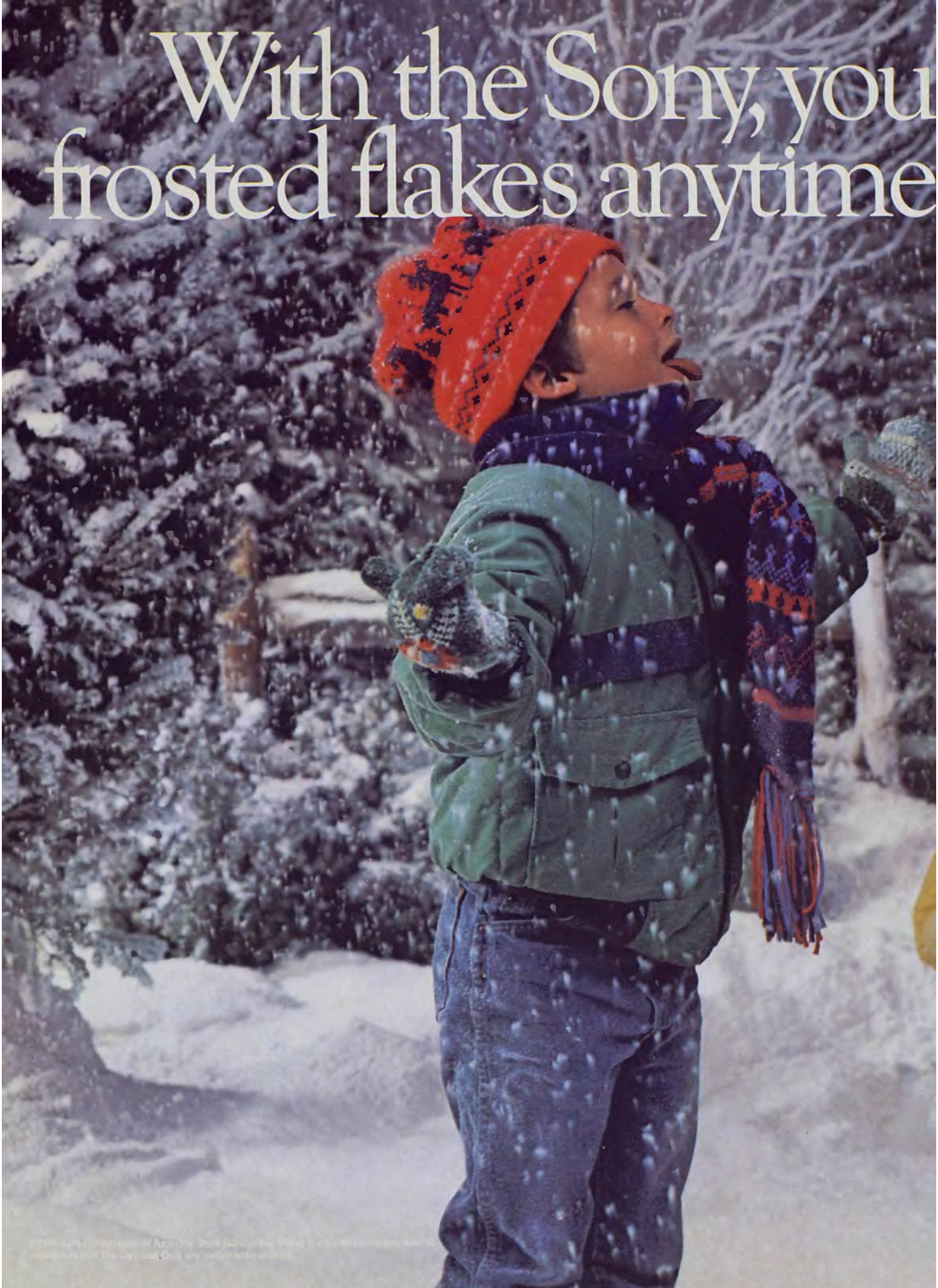
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT DE NIRO

a tooth-pulling, reluctant but revealing conversation with the fiercely private person considered by many to be the best actor of his generation

Outside his bungalow at the Château Marmont, two state-of-the-art exercise machines—one for the legs, the other for the arms—are about to be picked up by the company that delivered them to Robert De Niro during his stay in Los Angeles. Inside, his trunks are packed and he is eager to return to New York, the only city in which he feels comfortable enough to call it home, the city whose rhythms he understands and one that has served as a backdrop for so many of his films—"Taxi Driver," "New York, New York," "Once upon a Time in America," "Falling in Love." The country's most respected actor is going home.

Some say De Niro is the individual who has taken the torch from Marlon Brando and run the farthest with it; Elia Kazan, who directed Brando as well as James Dean, said De Niro was the hardest-working actor he'd ever met; John Hancock, who directed him in "Bang the Drum Slowly," compared him to Alec Guinness; Liza Minnelli, his co-star in "New York, New York," tagged him "the greatest actor around today." Yet despite the superlatives, De Niro can also be maddening. His penchant for indecision and perfection of craft has driven make-up artists, directors and screenwriters to muttering obscenities. It is that very perfectionism that makes De Niro as enigmatic as he is gifted: "I like Bob," Francis Ford Coppola said after directing him in "The Godfather, Part II." "I just don't know if he likes himself."

De Niro was born in Greenwich Village on August 17, 1943; his parents, both artists, separated when he was two. While his father, also named Robert, traveled to Europe to paint, the young De Niro lived in an apartment on West 14th Street with his mother, Virginia Admiral, who supported them by running a typing service. It was in a public school production of "The Wizard of Oz" that audiences caught the ten-year-old De Niro in his first role: the Cowardly Lion. Soon after, he enrolled in the dramatic workshop at the New School for Social Research for a summer. So shy he could scarcely stand up in front of strangers, he set aside his acting ambitions and joined a New York street gang.

At 16, he dropped out of school and returned to acting class, this time studying with Stella Adler, the woman credited with teaching Brando. Actress Sally Kirkland, a friend of De Niro's during those early years, remembers him going to auditions with a portfolio of pictures of himself in various disguises, just "to prove to casting directors he wasn't an ethnic." Gradually, he began appearing in plays and low-budget films.

In 1963, he auditioned for Brian De Palma's "The Wedding Party" and impressed the young director with his chameleonlike ability to transform himself into the character. He got the part, for which he was paid $50, and went on to do two other De Palma films, "Greetings," a film about a draft dodger, in 1968 and "Hi, Mom!" in 1970.

That same year, he appeared as one of Ma Barker's bad boys in "Bloody Mama," starring Shelley Winters. Then Al Pacino dropped out of "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight" to do "The Godfather" and De Niro took over his part in the comedy. That appearance, like his next three in "Jennifer on My Mind," "Born to Win" and "Sam's Song," wasn't memorable, but a young director named Martin Scorsese had seen something in De Niro's intensity and asked him to appear in a film he was about to make called "Mean Streets." De Niro thought Scorsese, whom he vaguely knew from their childhood days, understood film making, so he took the part, made it his own and ran away with the picture. But it was his performance that same year—as a terminally ill catcher in the baseball film "Bang the Drum Slowly"—that many would consider De Niro's breakthrough role.

In 1974, Coppola chose De Niro to portray the young Vito Corleone in "The Godfather, Part II." Brando had created the role of the aging don in the original "Godfather," and

"There's a certain awkward period—even I get to the point where I have to say to myself, 'Gee, why don't I just do the fucking thing?' instead of being worried about trying to solve every problem, superanalyzing."

"I'm feeling angry about this. I'm being pressured into doing an interview, and I resent that. I don't like the feeling. Why should I have to put myself in a position that makes me feel this way? Why bother?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTA INTRATER

"I got this image of ['Taxi Driver's'] Travis as a crab. To prepare for that, I swam around under water and looked at the sea life. I've used a cat, a wolf, a rabbit, a snake, an owl. Certain animals give you certain feelings."

few moviegoers who saw both Brando's and De Niro's performances could have said which was stronger. Both won Oscars—Brando for Best Actor of 1972 and De Niro for Best Supporting Actor of 1974.

Bernardo Bertolucci was the next director to tap De Niro's talents, this time for his lavish, flawed epic "1900." It was after that exhausting shoot that De Niro made his second and, perhaps, most controversial picture with Scorsese: "Taxi Driver." Based on Paul Schrader's script about a tormented and violent New York City hackie named Travis Bickle, the 1976 film became a De Niro tour de force. It also caused an uproar five years later, when the defense team for John Hinckley, Jr., said the Bickle character had inspired him to shoot President Ronald Reagan and three others outside a hotel in Washington, D.C. Hinckley did it, they said, to get the attention of "Taxi Driver" co-star Jodie Foster, with whom he was obsessed; he'd seen the film 15 times.

In 1976, De Niro married a beautiful black actress, Diahnne Abbott, and adopted her eight-year-old daughter from a previous marriage. He and Diahnne also had a son, Raphael, in 1977. While Abbott would eventually appear in a number of De Niro's films (most notably, as his reluctant girlfriend in Scorsese's "The King of Comedy"), the marriage didn't last. They were recently divorced.

After friction with the movie's director, Mike Nichols, De Niro was fired from his next film, "Bogart Slept Here." Nor were his next two efforts—Kazan's "The Last Tycoon," based on the life of Wunderkind *producer Irving Thalberg, and Scorsese's musical "New York, New York"—commercial or critical successes.*

Controversy also surrounded De Niro's next movie, Michael Cimino's 1978 Vietnam-war story, "The Deer Hunter," shot in Pennsylvania and Thailand. Even though it was hailed as a masterpiece, it has never been shown on network TV, for fear that its scene in which POWs play Russian roulette would inspire youngsters to repeat the deadly game.

De Niro won his second Oscar, for best actor, for his 1980 portrayal of fighter Jake La Motta in his next Scorsese film, "Raging Bull." Bringing to the screen a performance of equal parts of explosiveness and vulgarity, De Niro was reported to be characteristically obsessed with his role, befriending the real-life La Motta and gaining 60 pounds to resemble the bulky fighter in the film's later sequences.

All of his subsequent performances have been studied as serious efforts, whether or not the films themselves were well received. Those roles are stunningly varied: the troubled priest in conflict with his brother (Robert Duvall) in "True Confessions"; Rupert Pupkin, the desperate, manic stand-up comic who kidnaps talk-show host Jerry Lewis in "The King of Comedy"; a Jewish Mobster in Sergio Leone's gangster epic "Once upon a Time in America"; a married man having an affair with Meryl Streep in the quiet, warmly romantic "Falling in Love"; a cameo as a wacky terrorist in Terry Gilliam's brilliantly futuristic "Brazil"; a murderer turned Jesuit priest in Roland Joffé's "The Mission"; the Devil in Alan Parker's "Angel Heart"; and gang lord Al Capone—a ten-minute appearance for which he was paid $2,000,000—in De Palma's "The Untouchables."

In 1986, De Niro appeared in the off-Broadway play "Cuba and His Teddy Bear." Then came last summer's sleeper, Martin Brest's hilarious "Midnight Run," a film Universal Pictures considered—after all this time—De Niro's commercial breakthrough.

De Niro is almost as famous for his silence as he is for his movie roles. He has thrown a Garbolike cloak of mystery around himself, leaving gossip columnists a diet of hearsay. He apparently looks on interviews as a form of torture. So rather than feed the rumor mill, De Niro chooses to work: By the time "Midnight Run" was enjoying its success, he had already completed another film, "Jacknife," dealing with the stress syndrome of returning Vietnam vets, and was shooting "Letters"—formerly titled "Union Street"—with Jane Fonda, whose anti-Vietnam-war activities overshadowed the making of the movie itself.

To talk with this most extraordinary actor for the 35th Anniversary Issue, Playboy *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *on his trail. The assignment seemed fitting, since it was Grobel who interviewed Marlon Brando for* Playboy*'s 25th Anniversary Issue. Grobel's report:*

"I've got to go."

"When I learned that De Niro was actually willing to meet with me, I found it hard to believe. I had been trying for years to interview him, unsuccessfully. When I finally went to see De Niro at the Château Marmont in Hollywood, I found a nervous, edgy, thin, small-boned man who answered his own door and couldn't sit still for more than a few minutes at a time. He wore a beard, as in 'Angel Heart,' and talked in half sentences when he spoke at all, leaving me with the uneasy feeling that it just might be impossible to expect to get anything quoteworthy out of him. After half an hour, he said he'd call me to arrange our first session, and he did, two days later.

" 'We'd never really said we'd start here,' he said. 'Maybe we should start in New York. It's something that may take a year or two, y'know?' But I managed to persuade him to begin in L.A., where we talked for an hour and I worried that little actually was said. For De Niro, however, it was a breakthrough. He thought we had talked up a storm and he joked about our prevailing on Playboy *to send us to China to continue our talks.*

"A few months later, I flew to New York to meet with him in my suite at the Drake Hotel. The beard was gone, but the restlessness wasn't. Always aware of the tape recorder, he was constantly reaching to turn it off when he wanted to say something off the record. When I suggested he just say, 'Off the record,' rather than turn off the machine, he said, 'If I don't turn it off, I may say it's off the record, but it's still on your tape. So it's on, not off.'

"After eight sessions over a period of seven months—waiting for De Niro's calls, waiting for him to arrive late and knowing that he would leave early—I began to understand that it wasn't just me he was juggling around; it was his life. Every day, weekends included, De Niro lives a moment-to-moment existence, balancing his time among his children, his friends, his associates, his lovers and himself. Like mercury, he slips right through your fingers; you can't grasp him, can't hold on to him. Try to shake his hand and it's limp. Try to look him in the eyes and they're darting around. Corner him and he sidesteps you; pin him down and he outfoxes you. Ask him about his childhood, his parents, his interracial marriage and he's ducking out the door. Robert De Niro, it finally occurred to me, is the real-life White Rabbit, always on the move, always checking his watch, always late for a very important date.

"For a guy who arrived a long time ago, you'd think someone would have told him he doesn't have to look at his watch all the time. Because time stopped for De Niro a dozen years ago. He can be as late as he wants. Everybody will wait for Bobby."

PLAYBOY: After so many years of trying to see you, it's hard to believe that we're actually here.

DE NIRO: OK, that was a good conversation. We'll pick it up next time. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Seriously, this is your first in-depth interview, but lately, there have been a couple of cracks in your wall of silence. You even spent a few minutes on the *Today* show. Are we seeing a new Robert De Niro? Should we look for you next on *The Tonight Show*?

DE NIRO: No. I like Johnny Carson, but I wouldn't do his show. It's not my energy; it's another type of energy. He realizes that.

PLAYBOY: Do print interviews interest you? Do you read them?

DE NIRO: I read them. I read two of yours, with Pacino and Brando. I'd like to read them again; I just don't have the time. [*Quickly glances at his watch*]

PLAYBOY: OK. Is the question you get asked most often the one about your weight? How you managed to put on 60 pounds for your role in *Raging Bull*?

DE NIRO: Yeah, that's been asked a lot.

PLAYBOY: Let's get it out of the way first: How *did* you do it? And how did you feel?

DE NIRO: All right. At first it was fun. I ate ice cream and everything I wanted—it's like part of the fantasy that one has about eating *everything*. I took a tour through France, from Paris to the Riviera, stayed in inns and ate. And for two weeks I was miserable, because as good as the food was, it's rich—you could eat only one big meal a

day and then lie there, digesting it. But I'll never, ever eat like that again—it gets boring, it's tiring and I did it in a fast way. I was uncomfortable, I couldn't see my shoes or bend over. My feet hurt because of the extra weight. I was breathing heavily. I felt terrible. After 15, 20 pounds, it was hard work. I had to get up early to eat a full breakfast and digest that in order to eat a full lunch and digest that in order to eat a full dinner. And lots of Di-Gel or Tums.

PLAYBOY: The next question has to be: *Why* did you do it?

DE NIRO: The transformation, to me, was interesting. I didn't want to do it with just make-up. I wanted to really do it so you could *see* his stomach. So I thought, Let me try this as an experiment. I said, "Shut down the production." Marty and I planned it. There was something about Jake—he was a young fighter and then he let himself go and it was so sad, in a way. To see that deterioration and to capture it on film was really interesting to me.

PLAYBOY: Were you just as interested in getting the weight *off* afterward?

DE NIRO: Oh, yeah, I was sick of the weight; I just wanted to get it off. But I couldn't go back to eating the way I normally did, because I would then feel sick. I had to let myself down gradually.

PLAYBOY: *Raging Bull* wasn't a commercial success, in spite of the Oscars you and the picture received. Did that surprise you?

DE NIRO: No, I didn't expect it would be. We just did the movie the way we wanted to do it and that was it. Of course, you always want people to see it and hope that it will be OK, but it's more important to do movies that have a meaning and some relevance 50 years from now. I'd rather be part of a movie like that than of a movie that's not gonna be around. Certain types of films—I won't even say which ones; you know which ones—are recognized for other things. . . .

PLAYBOY: *Rocky* sorts of movies?

DE NIRO: You said it; I'm not gonna say it. [*Checks watch again*]

PLAYBOY: Jake La Motta was almost 60 when you made *Raging Bull*. Did you go into the ring with him to learn how he fought?

DE NIRO: Sometimes I would spar with him. He knew the language so well that you'd be making a mistake not keeping your guard up. He was a tough guy.

PLAYBOY: La Motta paid you a big compliment: He said he would have ranked you in the top-20 middleweights of all time. Could he have taken you out with one punch?

DE NIRO: If it came to a real fight, of course he could; no question about it. The only thing would be the age difference; but even with that, he's still so *skilled* as a fighter.

PLAYBOY: As a kid growing up in Manhattan, you were pretty skilled, too. Didn't you once belong to a street gang?

DE NIRO: That's a whole other thing to talk about, not here. No big deal.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't your nickname Bobby Milk?

DE NIRO: That was one of a few I had.

PLAYBOY: What were the others?

DE NIRO: I don't want to get into that.

PLAYBOY: Why Milk?

DE NIRO: Maybe because I drank milk. I don't want to go too much into that.

PLAYBOY: We don't have to go too much, but maybe just enough to get some idea of where you came from.

DE NIRO: Listen. . . . [*Reaches over, turns off tape recorder, talks about the pressures on actors to do interviews*]

PLAYBOY: We'll keep things general, then. What kind of kid were you—introverted, extroverted, shy, loud?

DE NIRO: It's hard to talk about yourself, about what kind of kid you were, and so on. So I don't feel that disposed to it.

PLAYBOY: Why is it hard?

DE NIRO: It just is. That's why I don't do interviews. I think it's self-evident. I know people who don't want to talk about things in their life. It's a personal thing and it's really nobody's business.

PLAYBOY: Is your past something you've decided to shut out? Was it a happy past or an unhappy past?

DE NIRO: No, it's not that. It's. . . . [*Turns off recorder, and begins to explain why he doesn't want to talk about his childhood, becomes*

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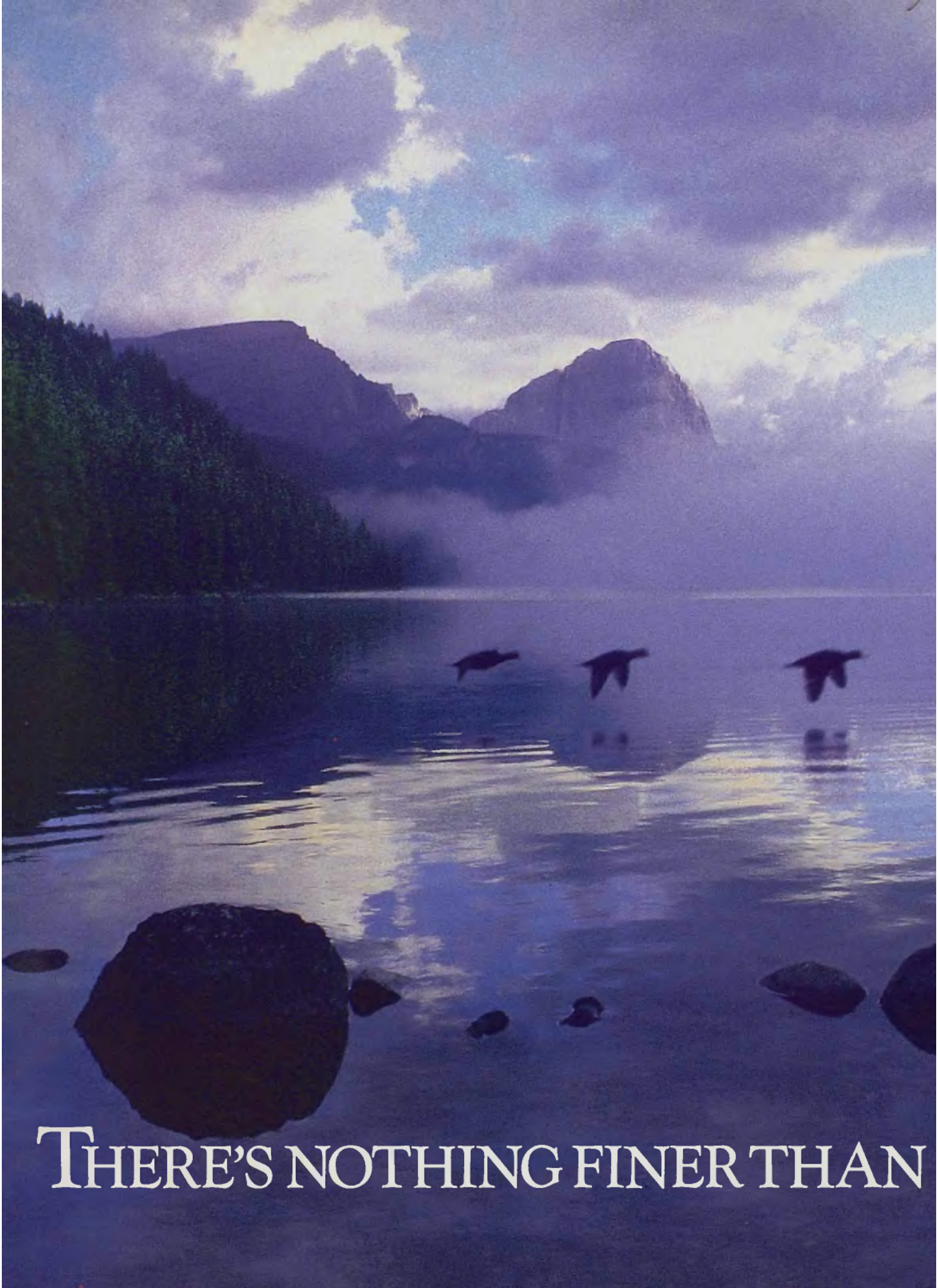
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emotional, angry] This has nothing to do with you, it's just that I'm feeling angry about this. I'm being pressured into doing an interview, and I resent that. I don't like the feeling. Why should I have to put myself in a position that makes me feel this way? I know the studios think it's important for a movie—that's their job. Everyone's got his job to do, so they all make like it's important to do these interviews, when it's not. I know it's not. So why bother?

PLAYBOY: So, you had an unhappy childhood?

[*De Niro is not amused. Pacing the floor now, he calms down when room service brings the coffee he ordered.*]

PLAYBOY: Why turn off the tape recorder to say you don't want to talk about your childhood? Why not just *talk* about why you don't want to?

DE NIRO: I don't want to look like I'm complaining. I'll just say this: I'm not good at editing how I feel. And those personal things that I feel—like maybe who I would talk to in the past or something—are not something that I care to let anybody know about. That's my own personal thing.

PLAYBOY: Then why not talk about your need for privacy? Brando felt the same way and was articulate about it, saying he wouldn't hang his private laundry out in public. How about you? What are the demands of fame and success?

DE NIRO: I can't even make a clear statement about that; there's no clear-cut rule about it. My only rule is if I'm in discomfort, if I'm not feeling right about it, I back off and don't even subject myself to it.

PLAYBOY: Then we'll move on: Your film with Jane Fonda, *Letters*, produced headlines such as "ANGRY WAR VETS TRY JANE FONDA FOR TREASON," referring to her trip to Hanoi in 1972. She then met with some of the vets and apologized. Did you get involved in the politics of the film?

DE NIRO: A little bit. Some vets sent me literature on Agent Orange and I said I would do something. And then Jane asked me to help raise money for the victims of Agent Orange, something they don't get much of. I hope that her having interaction with the vets will bring about better feelings and a better understanding.

PLAYBOY: How strong an actress is Fonda?

[*De Niro turns off the tape recorder to ask what we mean by strong, then says he doesn't know her well enough to answer.*]

PLAYBOY: You also talked with vets about your role in *Jacknife*, the film you made with Ed Harris, which deals with the effects the Vietnam war still has on those who were part of it. Did you hear a lot of horror stories?

DE NIRO: I heard a lot of horror stories, yeah. *Jacknife* is about the post-Vietnam stress syndrome, the trauma of two veterans who have unresolved feelings about each other and a third friend who died in the war. We've all heard stories of the negative feedback felt by returning vets, but it was brought home to me more by talking with some of them and watching documentaries and interviews with guys who hide in the woods in the Northwest and can't really deal with things. They're afraid of themselves, being around people. That made a big impression on me. Coming back, they felt a real rejection. They were really *persona non grata*.

PLAYBOY: A number of your films—from *Greetings* to *The Deer Hunter* to *Jacknife*—have dealt with Vietnam. How politically aware were you of the Vietnam war?

DE NIRO: I was aware. I thought that the war was wrong. What bothered me was that people who went to war became victims of it; they were used for the whims of others. I didn't think that the policy makers had the smarts. I didn't respect their decisions or what they were doing. And it was a right of many people to feel, "Why should I go and get involved with something that's unclear—and pay for it with my life?" It takes people like that to make changes.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to beat the draft?

DE NIRO: That's an area I don't want to talk about. [*Looks at watch*]

PLAYBOY: All right, then, let's jump to the future: There's a project called *Stolen Flower*, which you want to direct.

DE NIRO: It's about a girl who's kidnaped. We're working on the script and it's going through a lot of changes, so I don't

like to talk much about it—that's a kind of superstition: Talk about it, then nothing happens. It's bad luck to say too much. Jinx it.

PLAYBOY: So you're superstitious?

DE NIRO: Sometimes I'm very superstitious; other times, I think it's all bullshit. A black cat walks by and I say, "What's going to happen?" Other times, I just don't care.

PLAYBOY: Would you live in an apartment number 13?

DE NIRO: I might not. Unless it was a nice apartment and I got a good deal. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Well, Bob, where do we go from here? You don't want to talk about your past; you don't want to jinx your future and you're not real nuts about discussing the present.

DE NIRO: [*Turns off tape recorder, complains about having to do this interview*] Are you going to show this to me?

PLAYBOY: No.

DE NIRO: I ask because someone told me that sometimes you get to see it.

PLAYBOY: It's OK to ask. But it doesn't help the integrity of this interview if you get to see your answers and then edit your own copy. Then it really isn't journalism anymore, it's promotion.

DE NIRO: I can understand. I know it's a form of censorship and that's not good, and I know it takes away from what you're doing—I know all that. But, on the other hand, if I could look at it, see if anything that I said I would feel very uncomfortable about, you know, then. . . . Now I have to edit my own thoughts. There's a lot of things I'd like to say, but I don't feel I am very clear in my thinking right now, so it comes out wishy-washy. "I don't think this, I don't think that"—it's boring; who cares? And why come off that way? I think, in time, down the line, maybe when I'm old, looking back, it will all make sense; I'll be able to say something. Right now, I can't say anything. There are real times and places for everything, and when it's not the right time, it's upsetting.

PLAYBOY: It's tough on us, too. We're prepared, we're waiting for you to do this, we have a lot of questions to ask, yet we don't want to upset you or get you angry, as you were before.

DE NIRO: I never got angry.

PLAYBOY: You certainly did when we asked you about your childhood, unless we read you wrong. Right now, it's hard. Talking in these spurts, it's tough.

DE NIRO: Yeah. It's a tough one.

PLAYBOY: Look, let's concentrate on your movies for a while. How did you meet Martin Scorsese?

DE NIRO: I met him at a mutual friend's house about 16 years ago, before he did *Mean Streets*. I'd seen *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* and I liked it a lot. I knew him off and on when I was a kid. Then he asked me if I wanted to be in *Mean Streets*. He offered me the part.

PLAYBOY: Johnny Boy?

DE NIRO: Yeah. It's like *Rashomon*—everybody has a different way of telling it—but my recollection is that Marty offered me a choice of any of the four parts, except Harvey Keitel's part, Charlie. At the time, I felt like I should be asking for the lead. There was a self-worth side of me; I had done a lead in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*—which was a total disaster—and I felt like this was a step down. I was thinking, I want to work with Marty, but I'm going to hold out for the lead.

Then I ran into Harvey Keitel in the street. He said, "I think you should do that part." I said, "I know, but, to be honest about it, I think I should have the part you have." I said it in such a way that he wasn't offended by it; I was just being straight about it. He said, "Well, I think you would do very well with Johnny Boy." I couldn't see it. But finally, I mulled it over and decided I'd do it.

PLAYBOY: It wound up being an explosive performance. Were you happy with it?

DE NIRO: It was OK. When you're working on a movie, you never really get a full satisfaction, it's always anticlimactic. You're too connected to it to really be objective. Ten years later, I can look at it with a little distance and say, "Yeah, that wasn't bad."

PLAYBOY: Francis Ford Coppola saw your *Mean Streets* performance, and you wound up playing the young Vito Corleone in his *Godfather II*. How intimidating was it playing the young Brando?

DE NIRO: I wasn't intimidated. I just looked

at it like a mathematical problem: Brando had already established the character, so I just figured out how to *connect* to what he had done. We videoed scenes from the movie with a little camera, and I'd play those back, look at them and see what I could do to connect it all.

PLAYBOY: You both used a mouthpiece. Did you use the same dentist?

DE NIRO: I went to Brando's dentist, Dr. Dwork. He made up a smaller piece, because my character was younger.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn Sicilian?

DE NIRO: Yeah, I learned the dialect. There are lots of dialects in Sicily. I worked with a Sicilian guy in California.

PLAYBOY: And what did you learn from Coppola?

DE NIRO: He leaves you alone. He helps you in certain areas where you're having trouble. Makes it comfortable for you.

PLAYBOY: Is that the highest praise you can give a director—he leaves you alone?

DE NIRO: A director has to leave you alone and trust you. One thing about Francis, he casts people you wouldn't think would be good or right for the part and they turn out to be very good. I admire that.

You've also got to develop a relationship with a director, so you can trust each other, so you can talk about the problems. Directors can't be condescending or patronizing to actors. Actors want to be helped, guided, given a lot of support.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think you could have worked with Hitchcock, who said actors should be treated like cattle?

DE NIRO: I don't know. I'm not sure I *couldn't* have given Hitchcock what he wanted, as long as he treated me with respect. If he was going to be an asshole, like I heard about Otto Preminger, who wants to work with somebody like that?

Sometimes actors want to know certain things before they feel comfortable. Actors ask a lot of questions. So it's not right when a director says, "Just *do* the fucker," without taking the moment to try and work with you. Some directors enjoy pulling you through, and others are more bored with it, they don't have the patience.

But then there's a certain awkward period—even *I* get to a point where I say, "Gee, why don't I just *do* the fucking thing?" instead of being worried about trying to solve every problem, superanalyzing.

PLAYBOY: After *Godfather II*, Coppola said, "I like Bob. I just don't know if he likes himself."

DE NIRO: [*Pauses*] That's an interesting thing to say. Sometimes I do wish I was a little happier about certain things. But I'm also—talking about superstition, something goes up, it has to go down—I'm also being careful about what I do. Where or when I would get down, I'm not sure. I'm superstitious in that sense. Francis is a liver, he's more expansive, so I can see him saying that about someone like me. I like that.

PLAYBOY: *Do* you like yourself?

DE NIRO: Certain times. Sometimes I'm unhappy about things.

PLAYBOY: Your next important role was in *Taxi Driver*—a picture smaller in scope but larger in controversy. Before we ask you about it, we should mention that Ulu Grosbard, your *Falling in Love* director, once warned a writer never to mention *Taxi Driver* in front of you. Is it that upsetting?

DE NIRO: No. I don't know why Ulu would say that. Maybe he had a reason that I'm not thinking of now.

PLAYBOY: OK, then, how did you prepare for Travis Bickle?

DE NIRO: Well, I *killed* a few people. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Any other preparation?

DE NIRO: Well, I got this image of Travis as a crab. To prepare for that, I swam around under water and looked at the sea life. [*Almost laughs*] I don't know, I just had that image of him. You know how a crab sort of walks sideways and has a gawky, awkward movement?

PLAYBOY: Not straightforward?

DE NIRO: No, not devious in that sense. Crabs are very straightforward, but straightforward to them is going to the left and to the right. They turn sideways; that's the way they're built.

PLAYBOY: Do you often use animal imagery to get a character?

DE NIRO: Sometimes. I've used a cat, a wolf, a rabbit, a snake, an owl. Certain animals give you certain feelings. I can use the image, take one little thing from that, and it can help me do something. Take a different slant to how you can approach a character, give you an idea, a different rhythm.

PLAYBOY: Screenwriter Paul Schrader said the schizophrenic quality you gave Travis Bickle was not in his *Taxi Driver* script.

DE NIRO: Which part of Travis' nature is he talking about being schizophrenic?

PLAYBOY: His general nature. Maybe you don't agree with Schrader.

DE NIRO: He was definitely unbalanced; but schizophrenic . . . I don't know. I'd have an idea about something, talk to Marty about it, try different things. As an actor, you kid around and do something and the director will say, "Yes, do that," and you'll say, "It's too much." But later, you can tone it down, shape it, guide it. There were things that I did in *Taxi Driver* that seemed right. We tried them.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that the famous "You talkin' to *me*?" scene in front of the mirror was an outtake? Unplanned?

DE NIRO: No, it wasn't an outtake. Part of it was improvised.

PLAYBOY: In 1981, John Hinckley, Jr., shot President Reagan in Washington, D.C. The similarities between Hinckley's story and *Taxi Driver* were striking enough to revive the theory that violent films breed real-life violence. Did that controversy affect you?

DE NIRO: No. Well, it did in a sense. But people are gonna do what they're gonna do. Anything can affect anybody that way if they're predisposed to it. It's a complicated thing that, to this day, I don't really understand. Whether it was because he was obsessed with Jodie Foster or because he identified with the character, I don't know. But to hang it all on that makes no sense.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any fear of someone's going after you like that?

DE NIRO: I don't worry about it too much. It could happen with anybody, it takes only one person. People are obsessive about getting hold of me sometimes, but what can you do? But if you *do* try it, you better make sure you do it right, because if I have anything left. . . .

PLAYBOY: Let's move to a film called *Bogart Slept Here*. You had a disastrous encounter with the director, Mike Nichols. He fired you, then left the film himself. It eventually became *The Goodbye Girl*, and Richard Dreyfuss won an Oscar for the lead role. What happened?

DE NIRO: It didn't work, just didn't work out.

PLAYBOY: Nichols said that you were undirectable.

DE NIRO: He fired me. Then they tried not to pay me.

PLAYBOY: Did they succeed?

DE NIRO: No, they didn't succeed.

PLAYBOY: Why did he fire you?

DE NIRO: Because he felt it wasn't right. [*Turns off tape recorder, discusses Nichols' personality and his regret over having gotten involved with him*]

PLAYBOY: Was *The Goodbye Girl* anything like *Bogart Slept Here*?

DE NIRO: It was different.

PLAYBOY: There's an eyewitness who said that during *Bogart Slept Here*, he saw you, Marsha Mason and Nichols in the studio commissary having lunch. You were bent over your food as Nichols pointed his finger at you, telling you what comedy was. Mason supposedly kicked you under the table and whispered that you should show more respect to Nichols. You looked up, said you had to go, left the table, walked out the door, went to the airport and flew to New York.

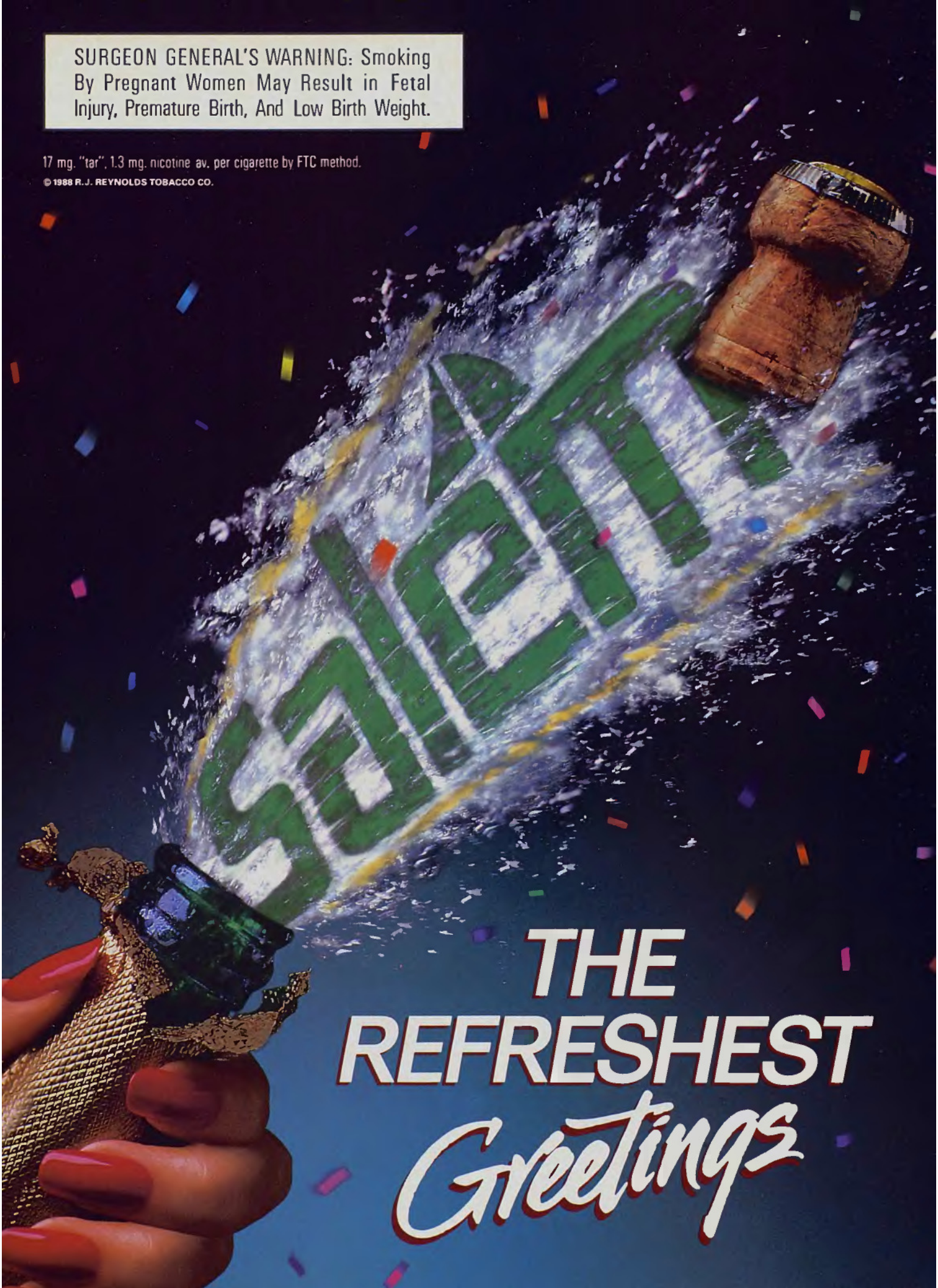
DE NIRO: Who told you that, the *Enquirer*? People tell such fantastic stories, I'm always amazed. But it always comes back to you—on the street, through the street—and never the way it really was.

PLAYBOY: It's not exactly a scandal. Is the story a myth?

DE NIRO: People think what they want, so what the hell's the difference? Those who know don't say; those who say don't know. If I hear something that's negative about myself, I say, "Look, if I heard this about somebody else, would I really give a shit?" The bottom line is, So what?

Anyway, I had the good fortune of going from a very negative situation there to a great situation with [director Elia] Kazan in *The Last Tycoon*. It was like going from the darkest depths to light and inspiration; from black to white; from total angst to being with Kazan and Sam Spiegel. It was a whole other thing. Kazan's a great director. Very simple, too.

PLAYBOY: But Spiegel, who produced such pictures as *On the Waterfront* and *Lawrence*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of Arabia, was reputed to be tightfisted.

DE NIRO: Yeah, Sam pulled one on me. He tried to finagle paying me what he said he would. It was very simple. I don't understand why people do that. He was famous for it. And yet he had good taste and he was funny.

PLAYBOY: Did he pay you the full amount?

DE NIRO: Yeah. I still walked away from him, though. In the make-up trailer one night when we were shooting, Sam came over and said, "Bobby . . ." and I said, "Sam, you didn't do what you were supposed to do." "Well . . ." he said, and I just walked away from him.

But I liked him.

PLAYBOY: It's said that the one thing you don't excel in is playing aristocratic characters, such as Thalberg in *Tycoon*. Was that a tough characterization for you?

DE NIRO: I suppose. It depends. You wouldn't use me in certain parts.

PLAYBOY: So you admit that you have weaknesses?

DE NIRO: Of course. But I'm not going to talk about them.

PLAYBOY: No surprise there. Could you play a woman, as Dustin Hoffman did in *Tootsie*? Or an Asian, as Brando did in *The Teahouse of the August Moon*?

DE NIRO: I've played Cuban, Hispanic, Russian—but part of me feels that people who play a certain descent should *be* of that descent when possible.

PLAYBOY: How valid was saxophonist Georgie Auld's critique of your learning to play the sax when he was your music advisor for *New York, New York*? He said that while you had the externals, you were like a robot at times, you didn't have the inside stuff. Did you believe that you had it?

DE NIRO: You always feel like you could've done it better. If I'd had my way, I would've been *creating* material during the playing, instead of *re*-creating the illusion of what was being played. I can finger and breathe the way it's supposed to be done—with his phrasing—but I can't do it as well as he does. It's like mouthing a song to playback.

But to be able to do it authoritatively, it's not easy. I may have been stiff at times, but I tried to be the best I could. That's why I worked so hard.

PLAYBOY: Auld said he came to resent your obsession with learning the sax for the movie; he said you were relentless.

DE NIRO: I *did* spend a lot of time—I wanted to know how to do it phonetically. It's how I learned it. It's like someone who knows how to talk but can't read or write; that's what I was doing. I was intent on being able to control it and master it so I wasn't looking like I didn't know what I was doing. That was important.

PLAYBOY: Are you your harshest critic?

DE NIRO: Pretty much.

PLAYBOY: Do you still play the sax?

DE NIRO: No; I wish I did. I have it. I always want to go back to it, and I will sometime, because it's a beautiful instrument. I had fun doing it and I have so much of the skill left that I just have to learn the other parts.

PLAYBOY: Can you compare musical phrasing to an actor's rhythm and phrasing?

DE NIRO: There are a lot of similarities. Like actors working together—you have to jibe together, play off one another, have the same kind of tempo; your rhythms may be different, but somehow, you pick up from the other one, you're not at odds. It's important that actors have some kind of connection. It *is* like a musical thing.

Words can become ping-pong games. You take off from the other person. Cultures do that, communicating with one another. That's how you can tell one culture from another. It's the same with actors; that is, if you're fortunate enough to work with someone you can play off of. When I did *True Confessions* with Bobby Duvall, we didn't have to talk that much, we just did the work. Just like two musicians. A pianist with a saxophone player. They play off each other.

PLAYBOY: You told Liza Minnelli while you were doing *New York, New York* that you didn't mind being a bastard as long as you were an interesting bastard. Is that true?

DE NIRO: What I might have meant is that if somebody has some quirks or wrinkles in his character or personality, then people can identify with him, because that's what life is. I've always been interested in people seeing parts of themselves in something I do, as opposed to just seeing something that they'd like to be.

PLAYBOY: How much of *New York, New York* was improvised?

DE NIRO: I'd say 30 to 40 percent.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a bit.

DE NIRO: Well, we worked on it very hard. When I say improvise, we had to work on it before we shot it to get it down. You have to have a format, a shape, a structure.

PLAYBOY: Some of that improvisation landed you in an emergency room.

DE NIRO: Yeah. I was in a car, hitting the roof. I thought it would be funny to show, out of complete rage, an insane absurdity, where you get so nutty that you become funny, hopping mad. I saw that the roof of the car was low and I hit it with my head, then I hit it with my hand. I felt that I might have fractured something, so I went to the infirmary to have it checked.

PLAYBOY: *New York, New York* didn't do very well at the box office. Can you tell when a film is good? For instance, crew members working on *The Deer Hunter* said that it wasn't going to be a good picture. Does anybody really know?

DE NIRO: I always felt that *The Deer Hunter* was going to be a good movie; otherwise, I wouldn't have done it. It had its flaws, but there was something very special about it.

It was in the wake of *Apocalypse Now*, so everybody who was going to Thailand was worrying about that. They heard about the monsoons and the jungle and being forced to shut down the filming. Subconsciously, it affected people. I know it did me. I said, "I'm going to get stuck there." It was the rainy season, we were going to be there for three months—around Bangkok, the River Kwai—and we did have some pretty hairy moments in the shooting.

PLAYBOY: Like having to drop from a helicopter into the River Kwai?

DE NIRO: A few times. We spent a month in that river, shooting all the prison stuff.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you narrowly escape death when the helicopter came into contact with the bridge?

DE NIRO: The helicopter pilot didn't want to go too low, because there were rocks on two sides and a narrow passage where the water rushed through. The runners underneath the helicopter caught under the bridge's cable and, without knowing it, the pilot lifted the whole bridge and twisted it around while John Savage and I were hanging from it. It was dangerous. I looked down and shouted "Drop!" and we just dropped. We came up out of the water and saw one of the stunt guys standing on the bridge and lifting the cable off the runner of the helicopter. I thought that was it.

PLAYBOY: You thought you would die?

DE NIRO: Yeah. I thought the helicopter would drop down on us. That happens in movies; you have to be very, very careful. Nobody plans an accident, and the thing is, sometimes the stunts don't even look like anything on film. Or the shot isn't even used. You could die doing one of those stunts, and when people look at it, they don't even know how dangerous it was.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the occasional brush with death, did you have any hesitations about *The Deer Hunter*?

DE NIRO: No. The only thing that I felt was that the Russian-roulette stuff with the Viet Cong shouldn't have been played for money. To play for money in Saigon is one thing, but out in the field, the stakes should have been something else. The money sort of cheapened their reason for being out there. They were fighting for what they believed was right. While we were shooting the scene, I said to Mike Cimino, "The money thing there is not right. It should be for their idea, what they believe in. And it would be stronger, more powerful, more accurate than money."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever say that that was your best performance up to that time?

DE NIRO: I never said that. I never said that about any movie. [*Stands to leave*] Well, I'd say we've accomplished quite a bit.

PLAYBOY: *The Deer Hunter* has never been shown on network TV, and when it is shown on independent stations, there are often deaths caused by Russian roulette—an estimated 28 people killed themselves, according to one finding. Can movies kill?

DE NIRO: [*Sitting down again*] I don't know. I heard that, too. Again, can you tie it to the film? Did they need *The Deer Hunter* to set that off? I know one thing if I know anything: Those people who shot themselves or others would be predisposed to finding another outlet if they hadn't found it in that film.

PLAYBOY: When you were in Thailand, did you smoke opium?

DE NIRO: Yeah, I did that in upper Thailand. I can't remember how I felt.

PLAYBOY: During the Sixties, were you involved much in that lifestyle?

DE NIRO: Not too much. I was sympathetic, but I wasn't an activist in any sense.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever take LSD?

DE NIRO: No.

PLAYBOY: Your name was linked with drugs in *Wired*, Bob Woodward's book about John Belushi. In the book, Woodward says you had used cocaine with Belushi and were with him the night before he was found dead. How did you feel——

[*De Niro turns off the tape recorder, communicates that he hasn't read the book, doesn't know what it says, doesn't want to know and doesn't want to talk about it.*]

PLAYBOY: We just want to straighten out what has already been published. For the record.

DE NIRO: I'd rather not. I think it's exploiting something that shouldn't be talked about.

PLAYBOY: You've never talked about it. We're not trying to exploit, just to clarify.

DE NIRO: If you say you don't want to exploit it, I think it's something you shouldn't talk about. Maybe later in life I'll talk about it, in a book or something, if I ever even do that. But it's not something I want to talk about now. It's horrible enough what happened to him.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered writing a book?

DE NIRO: I don't know about that. [*Very definitely wants to leave*]

PLAYBOY: We can understand your reluctance to talk about this, but——

DE NIRO: You just got to. For the record. Yeah?

PLAYBOY: Woodward claimed that there was a scene in a movie Belushi wanted to make that called for him to shoot up heroin. He supposedly went to you to ask you about it, and you thought it was a good idea for him to do it. Any truth to that?

DE NIRO: I would never tell anybody to take heroin—or any drug—to see what it's like. Especially heroin. I would never, ever, ever. I don't know where they got that idea. Those are the kind of things that people hear and they get retold.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about Belushi?

DE NIRO: He was great. Great. I admired him so much and I'm so sad, to say the least. Such a wasted situation. Terrible.

PLAYBOY: Were you close friends?

DE NIRO: We weren't. We knew each other, respected and liked each other. It wasn't that we hung out so much. People thought we did, but we didn't. His friends were [Dan] Aykroyd and others. Although there were times we spent together.

PLAYBOY: Is it wrong to make a film about his life?

DE NIRO: Look, they can do it. I would never say it's wrong. I don't know what it's about or what the slant is. But I find it hard to believe. Maybe it's a very positive film.

PLAYBOY: Could they feature you in it without your permission?

DE NIRO: I don't know about that. If there was something that I felt was wrong, I might do something about it. People prey on other people; they have no respect. [*Looks at his watch, says he has to go*]

PLAYBOY: OK, let's change the subject. Scorsese said there was no one who could surprise him on the screen as you can. Who surprises *you*?

DE NIRO: Comedians I love, like Belushi, Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd. They're all terrific. They surprise me. They do some crazy stuff.

PLAYBOY: Moving back to *Raging Bull*, Molly Haskell said that La Motta was the meanest, most mystifying, unmotivated antihero ever to grace the screen.

DE NIRO: Sometimes the movie critic is not sympathetic enough. I never felt that La Motta was an extremely evil person, but these people who don't know enough about him see enough to know that they don't like him. It's like anything. You learn about the Russians, you hear they're the Evil Empire, but then you go there and see that they're people. And that they're terrified of the Americans.

PLAYBOY: Still, with La Motta, even at the end, he's spilling a drink over a politician's wife, he's crude, barbaric. There isn't too much to like about him. It's a brutal portrait, yet audiences are won over by it. Why do you suppose that is?

DE NIRO: I don't know. There's a certain redemption there, in his relationship with the brother and what they've done to each other. A lot of people go through those experiences. That's nothing compared to the horrible, unmentionable things we read about in the paper every day that people do to others. So unbelievably monstrous. *Raging Bull* is like a little domestic spat compared to what people can really do to one another.

PLAYBOY: It's more than a spat when Jake nearly kills his brother and his wife with his fists.

DE NIRO: He thinks the brother is screwing his wife—that's a betrayal. He lives in a more violent, primitive world.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk much with Jake about that incident?

DE NIRO: I tried to ask him every kind of question, but it's hard to get somebody to be straight and honest about himself, because he is not even sure himself. Eventually, it's up to you to say, "OK, we've got what we can. Now make the movie."

PLAYBOY: Sort of like what we're up against with you.

DE NIRO: *Exactly.* That's why I'd rather not do interviews! I'm only going to say *some* things. I'm not going to go into my life—that would be ridiculous. What am I going to open up and reveal myself for? Impart certain wisdom in a certain way and you make your own deductions out of that.

PLAYBOY: Well, you've talked about wanting to do movies that are seen in 50 years. But what you say about yourself and your movies may become key reference points. If all that's available is books full of speculations and misquotes, you won't be fairly represented. Wouldn't you like to know more about Kean or Shakespeare?

DE NIRO: You didn't *read* the *Playboy Interview* with Shakespeare?

PLAYBOY: You know what we're saying. You don't have to do a lot of interviews, but since you are doing this one, at least it could be an answer to the lies and rumors.

DE NIRO: There's a time and place for it. What you're doing is good, that I see——

PLAYBOY: Hold the compliments; we have a way to go yet. Getting back to La Motta, he thought he was a pretty bad guy and that you helped him change his opinion of himself. What did you tell him?

DE NIRO: I just kept repeating in his ear, "You're not so bad, you're not so bad." [*Laughs*] People did not like him. Jake had done some low-life things that were supposed to be bad, but I felt that the drama in his life—with the brother and all that stuff—was real. He had to face a lot of problems, problems that a lot of people faced coming out of the Sixties and Seventies—when you weren't supposed to be feeling jealous or obsessive about someone, and then you realized, "Wait a minute, it *is* a natural feeling, so why fight it?" Not that you should nourish those feelings, but there was a very primitive, basic way of showing them. The guy was a fighter—you go from here to there, you don't circumvent. He had a real direct way of dealing with things.

PLAYBOY: During the making of the movie, did you ever reflect on why men become boxers?

DE NIRO: I did. Some of it may be from abuse as a child. Then they have a lot of street fights and they're good at them and they're smart enough to capitalize on them by getting into fighting.

PLAYBOY: Do you admire Mike Tyson?

DE NIRO: He's a great fighter. I just hope that he's born in the right time so he can find opponents. He could be unlucky, born in the wrong time, literally.

PLAYBOY: What about all the turmoil in his life?

DE NIRO: It's good that his money is being looked after.

PLAYBOY: Are you in control of your finances?

DE NIRO: I don't even have a quarter in my pocket. You got any money you can lend me? [*Opens a small fancy jar of strawberry preserves that came with his toast and coffee, notices a small indentation in the jam*] This is what they send! I always send it back when somebody else has used it. I got that the other day on the plane. It's like at boy-scout camp—after you've finished eating, they say, "Hand back everything." What wasn't eaten was put back.

PLAYBOY: You were a boy scout?

DE NIRO: Once. Anything you didn't eat they took back and re-served. I was about ten or 11.

PLAYBOY: Hard to picture De Niro as a boy scout.

DE NIRO: Don't picture me; I wasn't in it too

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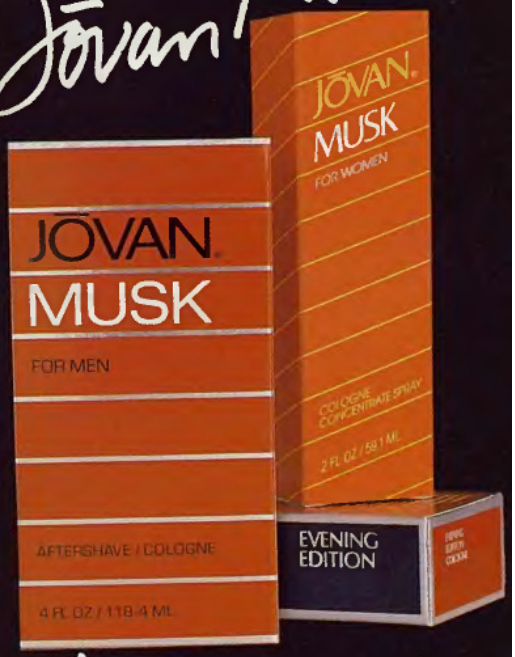

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long. It was just a camp I went to for a short period of time.

PLAYBOY: When you were growing up, what movies and which actors caught your attention?

DE NIRO: *A Streetcar Named Desire, On the Waterfront, East of Eden*, the Kazan films, *A Place in the Sun, Splendor in the Grass*—the ending was so good. Dean was terrific. Brando, Montgomery Clift, Geraldine Page, Kim Stanley, Spencer Tracy—he didn't vary a lot, but he had a great sense of truth. And Walter Huston—he was great in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.

PLAYBOY: What about Bogart in that film?

DE NIRO: That's another kind of thing. Walter Huston was the one who was spectacular. Bogart was something else. [*Turns off tape. He is not crazy about Bogart.*]

PLAYBOY: Why go off the record about an actor who died more than 30 years ago?

DE NIRO: I don't like saying anything bad about actors.

PLAYBOY: OK, then, let's go back 30 years to *your* childhood. Legend has it that you played the Cowardly Lion in a school production of *The Wizard of Oz* and that's what made you want to be an actor.

DE NIRO: I was ten when I did that and I was very nervous. It was very exciting. I was a kid.

PLAYBOY: Were you in a lot of school plays?

DE NIRO: No. My mother did some work—typing and proofreading manuscripts—for Maria Ley Piscator, the wife of Erwin Piscator, who founded the Dramatic Workshop. She knew I wanted to go to acting school, so in exchange for my mother's work, I began going on Saturdays. It was the biggest acting school in the city at that time. Stella Adler taught there.

PLAYBOY: Was acting class easy for you?

DE NIRO: They had so many students in the class, it was hard to get up; you had to try to overcome that. An actor is sensitive as it is—shy—and the whole point of your doing this is that you want to express yourself. There's a kind of thread there as to why people become actors, and if you're intimidated by the situation and not encouraged, it's not helpful.

PLAYBOY: How did Stella Adler, who also taught Marlon Brando, help you overcome your shyness as a teenager?

DE NIRO: Stella Adler had a very good script-breakdown-and-analysis class that no one else was teaching. A lot of people I know took the class; it was just a way of making people aware of character, style, period, and so on. People could sit down in a classroom as opposed to having to get up and demonstrate it.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn a lot from it?

DE NIRO: Oh, yeah. In fact, that's a class I'd want to take again. It taught me that if you have a very balanced script, you can *take* from the script without putting anything into something that isn't there. That's what she would call fictionalizing—which is not real, there's no substance to it, it's not concrete. [*Turns off the tape recorder and makes a funny observation about his former teacher.*]

PLAYBOY: Why give us the setup, then turn the tape recorder off for the punch lines?

DE NIRO: I don't want to say something against anyone. That bothers people. I don't like it when someone says something negative about *me*.

PLAYBOY: It was funny, not negative, but we'll let it pass.

Stella Adler's father, Lou Adler, once told Brando that actors should never give 100 percent, they should always give a little less than they have. Can you relate to that?

DE NIRO: You can't give what you don't have or what you're not able to give. Once you give up more than what you have, you're lying, you're forcing something. You have to trust yourself and do it as simply as you can. Don't try to bring something that's not there. Some actors do a lot more, and right away, you see it; you see they're trying very hard and it's not credible. Simple is hard.

PLAYBOY: Bruce Willis, who knew we were talking with you, had one question for you about just that: He wanted to know how you keep it fresh and simple.

DE NIRO: When I'm working, I believe in rhythms of things. One thing complements another; it's a complete arc—a beginning, a middle and an end that comes about nicely. Make the point and move on.

PLAYBOY: And what about the transition *within* a character, such as your murderer turned Jesuit priest in *The Mission*——

DE NIRO: That anybody could do anything, that there are all kinds of contradictions in life—that's not a problem. It's like the prostitute who becomes a nun.

PLAYBOY: Interesting analogy. You once said that you wanted to feel that you've earned the right to play a character. What did you mean?

DE NIRO: To have done enough research on the character to feel that you have the right to play that character the way you see it—bringing what you've experienced, what you've learned, making it your own.

An actor hears these words all the time: "Make it your own, make it your own." Stella Adler would say, "Your talent lies in your choice." It's one thing to know that, it sounds great; it's another thing to really *feel* it. And then you have the right to do it.

PLAYBOY: You've been known to go pretty far in making characters your own. For example, early in your career, you appeared as one of Shelley Winters' boys in *Bloody Mama*, when, according to Winters, you lay in an open grave after your character was dead, even though you couldn't be seen on camera. Why go so far?

DE NIRO: What happened was, people broke for lunch and I was just lying in that state without getting up. It seemed like an easy thing to do and I wanted to help the actors, because once they saw me like that, they were forced to deal with it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever surprised yourself when you've been working?

DE NIRO: Sometimes, and that's a good

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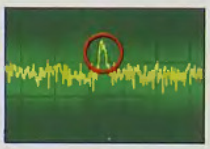

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feeling. When you get that, you've got to really ride with it. Sometimes, when I do something that I think is really funny, I break up and start laughing, because it feels so good. Then I get so mad at myself for breaking up, because the rhythm felt so right—I was right there—and if I'd held out just a little longer and not broken up, I wouldn't have ruined the take. That happened during *Midnight Run*, between me and Charles Grodin. I knew it was perfect, just perfect.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first experience before the cameras?

DE NIRO: There was some little thing I did that I don't know whatever happened to. Some walk-on for an independent film: I walked in and ordered a drink at a bar.

I remember a bunch of other young actors hanging around, moaning and bitching, all made up, with pieces of tissue in their collars; it was the kind of thing you always hear about actors—where they're just silly or vain, complaining back and forth, walking around primping, not wanting to get the make-up on their shirts.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't exactly feel as if you had found a home.

DE NIRO: No, I didn't want to be around those people at all. I just walked in and walked out. I *was* nervous, though, just to say the line "Gimme a drink." It makes me think of that joke: "Hark! I hear the cannon roar!" You know that joke?

PLAYBOY: No.

DE NIRO: I'm surprised you never heard it; it's a famous actor's joke.

This guy hasn't acted in about 15 years, because he always forgets his lines, so finally he has to give it up. He's working in a gas station and gets a phone call from someone saying that they want him for a Shakespearean play—all he has to do is say, "Hark! I hear the cannon roar!" He says, "Well, God, I don't know." The director says, "Look, it'll be OK. You'll get paid and everything." So he says, "OK, I'll do it." The play has five acts and he has to go on in the third act and say, "Hark! I hear the cannon roar!" That's all he has to do. So he rehearses it when he's in his apartment: "Hark! I hear the cannon roar! *Hark!* I hear the cannon roar! Hark! I hear the *cannon* roar!" Every variation, every possible emphasis. They're into rehearsal, and he's got it written on his mirror: "Hark! I hear the cannon roar! Hark! I hear the cannon roar! Hark! I hear the cannon roar!" And so on. Finally, comes opening night, first act, no problem. Second act, things go fine. Audience applauds. Stage manager says, "You have five minutes for the third act." He tells him to get backstage. His time comes, he runs out, muttering to himself, "Hark! I hear the cannon roar! Hark! I hear the cannon roar! Hark! I hear the cannon roar!" And as he runs out, he hears a big brrrooooom!! Turns around and says, "What the *fuck* was that?"

PLAYBOY: We knew if you gave this enough time, you'd loosen up.

Moving on: In 1981, you and Harvey Keitel were put up against a wall in Rome as the police aimed machine guns at you, then threw you into jail. Want to explain?

DE NIRO: We weren't thrown into jail. The *paparazzi* in Italy are the worst. They're so bad, you have to laugh at them. They were chasing us in a cab and we couldn't get away from them. It was then that I learned something: It's hard to escape, especially in Rome, where people drive up one-way streets the wrong way and don't care about lights. Finally, the police came by and the cabdriver told them to stop those people behind us, that they had been following us. Then we made a U-turn and drove away. A couple of minutes later, the cops were behind us with their sirens and lights going. They stopped us, got us out, they had machine guns on us, put us up against the wall, and the *paparazzi* were right behind them, taking pictures of the whole thing. So I said to them, "You got what you want, right?" Then the chief of police came over to me and said, "I take all the cameras; put them over there. Don't worry, no problem." And I said, "Yeah, this I'll believe." They took us to the station. They didn't put us in jail, we just sat around and talked. One or two of the cops were so stupid and belligerent, saying, "Ah, so you were in this movie, acting like a bully," talking about *Taxi Driver*. They finally let us go.

In the station, we were arguing with the *paparazzi*, saying they had no right to bother us. They were saying they had a right to take a picture. Those guys were actually arguing that—they're the slimiest people who ever lived.

PLAYBOY: Did the pictures ever appear in the newspapers?

DE NIRO: Yeah, two days later, in a London paper. There we were, up against the wall. And the cop had told me no problem. The *paparazzi* know every angle. They show you a phony roll of film and pocket the real one; it's an art with them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could ever play a *paparazzo*?

DE NIRO: I thought of it. See, it's one thing to take pictures. I say, "Go ahead, take." But in Italy, they don't know when to stop. They have no respect. No respect. You feel battered. You say, "Boys, enough." But it's an incessant barrage of flashbulbs. They're just vultures.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gotten violent with a photographer?

DE NIRO: A couple of times. I took a camera away from one. It's a very distressing feeling. They're like jackals, they prey on you. It makes you feel very bad about people. Can't they find a better occupation? It's fascinating to me to think what would make people want to do that for a living.

PLAYBOY: Compare autograph hounds and groupies—which you studied for *King of Comedy*—with *paparazzi*.

DE NIRO: Some of the people I used to run into before I did *King of Comedy* I used in the film. It was funny. I'd see them and say, "Wait, give me your name, we'll call you." These people are fascinated with celebrities, famous people. Some of them who do that when they're younger become professional photographers or gossip columnists when they're older.

Sometimes there's an anger or rage or hostility there. Like in the scene with Jerry Lewis, when the woman says, "Jerry, can you just say hello to my son on the phone?" He tries to say no and she says, "You should get cancer!" That was from an actual story that he had told us. He was about to go on in Las Vegas and a woman was at a pay phone and asked him that, and he said, "I'm going on, I can't." So she turned a whole different color, did an about-face and said that to him, which is sort of funny, in a way, but still. . . .

PLAYBOY: There's a story that you got Lewis angry for a scene by saying anti-Semitic things to him, just to push his buttons.

DE NIRO: I don't know if I said anything anti-Semitic. I might have said something to really bust his balls.

PLAYBOY: Lewis also supposedly invited you to dinner once, but you didn't want to go, because you didn't think he would invite Rupert Pupkin to dinner.

DE NIRO: It would make sense not to have dinner with the kind of intensity and relationship we'd built—which you don't want to soften.

PLAYBOY: Did you like Rupert Pupkin?

DE NIRO: I had fun doing him. I always had a spindly image of him with those white shoes, like a cartoon. I can't explain; it's an image I had in my head.

PLAYBOY: An animal image?

DE NIRO: He was some kind of bird. Gawky. A bird whose neck goes out as he walks.

PLAYBOY: A chicken?

DE NIRO: A chicken! Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Did you want Meryl Streep for Masha, the role Sandra Bernhard played?

DE NIRO: They asked Meryl, yeah. I thought she'd be terrific, because she is very funny. She's wonderful and she does funny stuff like pratfalls. She's got a great sense of humor. In fact, later on, when we were doing *Falling in Love*, we used to make fun of the script—well, not make fun of it, but read it in a different way, soap-opera it up.

Anyway, Meryl went up and talked with Marty, but she wasn't interested, wasn't disposed to it. And Sandra was terrific.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps Sandra worked so well partly because she was a complete unknown. It seems that with you, Brando and Pacino, your best films are often ones in which your co-stars aren't as well known as you are. Do you have any thoughts on that?

DE NIRO: I could say what I think it is. I *know* what it is, but it's something I should talk about later in life, not now. [*Gives a look: Enough, already! Wants to go*]

PLAYBOY: A number of your films have been severely edited because the studios thought they weren't working. *Once upon a Time in America* was shown in two versions, because the flashbacks in the longer one seemed too confusing for U.S. audiences

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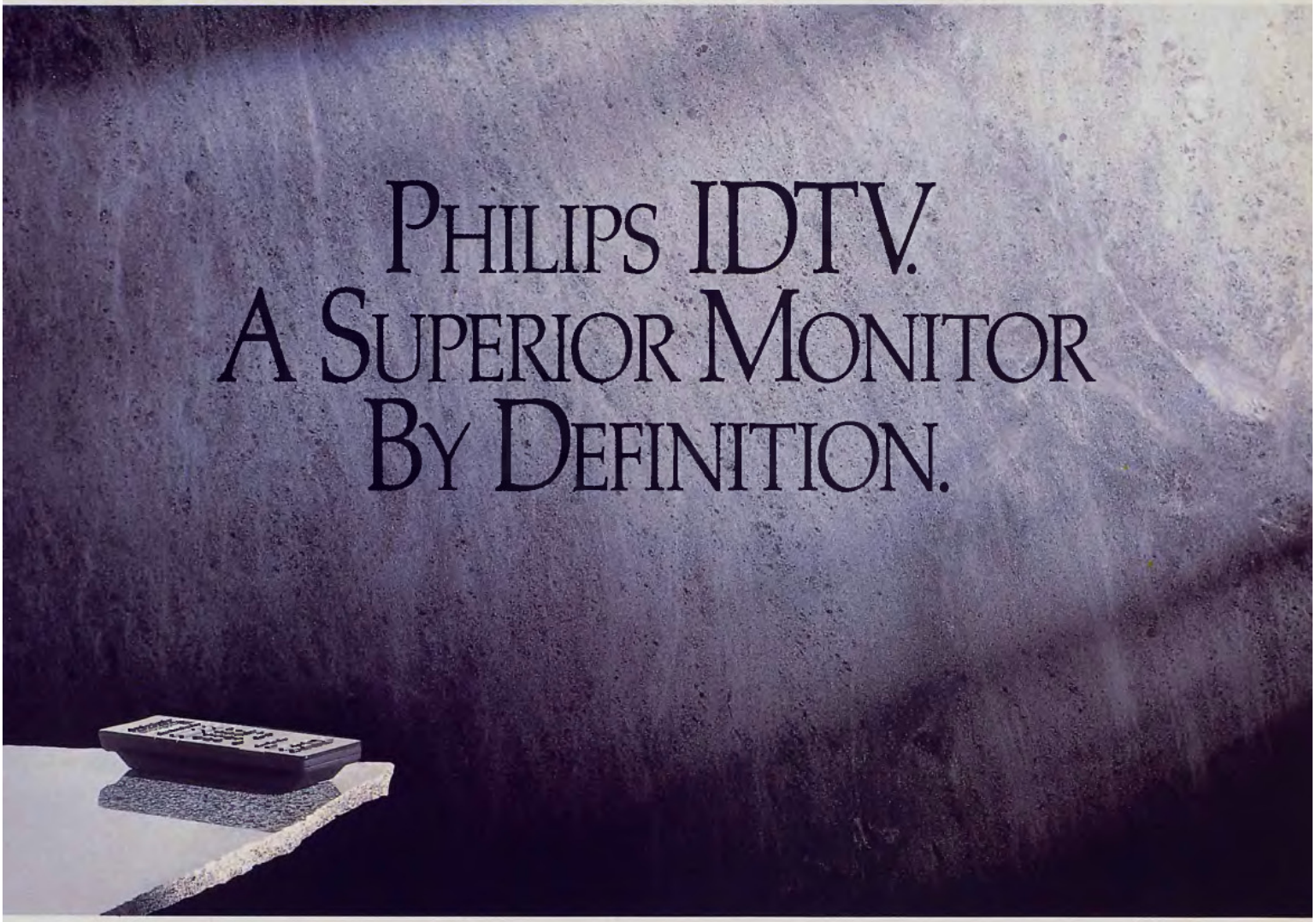

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and it was changed accordingly.

DE NIRO: They tried to make it a linear picture, which never worked. I don't understand why [director] Sergio [Leone] didn't come back to the U.S. and deal with it, confront them, fight for it, say, "Listen, this is the way it has to be. I'll give you this, but I want to take that." That's really what you have to do. It's like having a child: You don't want somebody to come in and fool with it.

PLAYBOY: Some consider the film almost a Jewish version of *The Godfather*.

DE NIRO: It might have been. It was about gangsters and it was a saga. Sergio told me the story in two installments over seven hours.

PLAYBOY: He got *you* to sit still for seven hours?

DE NIRO: I sat and listened through a translator. He told the story almost shot by shot, with the flashbacks, and it was beautiful. I said, "This is something that I'd like to be part of."

PLAYBOY: What did you know about Jewish gangsters before you made the film?

DE NIRO: This and that. I talked with a lot of people and got a picture of it. I realized there were a lot more Jewish gangsters than we'd heard of. We hear the names Legs Diamond and Bugsy Siegel, but there's actually a long list of Jewish gangsters—as many famous Jewish gangsters as there are Italian.

PLAYBOY: Leone felt that the director came first, before the writer. Do you agree?

DE NIRO: In movies, it's basically true. The director has to construct the house. He's the architect and he also has to be the builder. He has to realize it in real terms, to make it exist. But if you follow a blueprint literally, it's impossible—you're not allowing for weather, you're not allowing for a tilt in the earth. So you have to compensate for all those things. Otherwise, you're not allowing it to live and breathe on its journey. If it's too locked in by the writer, it's impossible. You have to have that freedom. You have to be able to make adjustments.

PLAYBOY: You taught Leone a lesson in collaboration: He said that for the first time, he had to follow an actor's ideas without destroying his own. How much of a collaboration was it?

DE NIRO: We had a good understanding. For a director, he gave me a lot of freedom, in his own way. Sometimes I would say something like, "You can't have this kind of telephone booth in America at that time," and he'd listen to what I thought.

But ultimately, he had his own vision of America, and there are certain things that were off, that were askew. It all added up eventually and the American audience started getting a little glassy-eyed and lost interest. That was one concern of mine: that it was going to have an alien feeling, even though it was supposed to be shot in America. A lay audience can't put their finger on it, but they know something is not right and that distances them from it.

PLAYBOY: How did Leone work differently from other directors?

DE NIRO: European or Italian directors sometimes tell you how to do it. They say, "You go over there and you do this or that." American actors don't like that, they want to find it for themselves, they don't want to be told where to go.

But Sergio was very smart and clever and respectful enough not to do that in my case. As I got to know him better, I could see he had a style in his head and began to realize what kind of movie he was making, so I'd ask him to demonstrate a way, a movement, a reaction—because he had the style. Nobody knew it better than he did.

PLAYBOY: When Leone was asked to compare you with his spaghetti Western star, Clint Eastwood, he said you didn't belong in the same profession with Eastwood. He said you put on a personality the way someone else might put on a coat—naturally and with elegance. He said you were an actor, Eastwood was a star; you suffered, Eastwood yawned.

DE NIRO: You can't ask me a question about *that*, because I'm not going to say anything. [*Turns off tape recorder, looks at his watch*]

PLAYBOY: Leone said that actors are like children: trusting, narcissistic, capricious. Do you agree with that?

DE NIRO: That could be true in some situations. When I work with a director, it does become sort of a parental thing. But at the same time, it's an equal, collaborative effort. You respect them and you're loyal. I don't like to waste time bickering, arguing, playing games. It's a waste of energy and it takes too long to make a movie.

PLAYBOY: Is it that way with you often: arguing, bickering, no respect?

DE NIRO: No, not at all. I avoid it, I know who I work with, try to get a feeling about their work, who they are, and I'll trust somebody more because of what he gives, even if there are things he's done that I'm not too crazy about. I'll think, This time is really the one that they're gonna do it. I always want to think that it's going to be their moment of greatness and I'm going to be part of it. And that I like.

PLAYBOY: Is *Once upon a Time in America* one of those films that will be remembered in 50 years?

DE NIRO: I don't know. It's the kind of movie that maybe I'll look at one day and say, "Well, it wasn't bad."

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that way about *Brazil*?

DE NIRO: I liked the script and I wanted to be part of it. *That* will be remembered in years to come, no matter what you think of it. It's a movie from someplace—something that's said in [director] Terry Gilliam's own eccentric way, something that I responded to.

PLAYBOY: Your part as a manic heating engineer was a small role. You and Jack Nicholson seem to be the only major stars who will take such parts without worrying about losing your big-star appeal.

DE NIRO: I'll do a cameo if I like it and I don't have to carry the whole movie. I can concentrate on just that, it's more fun and I don't have the pressure.

PLAYBOY: Is that what interested you about playing Louis Cyphre, the Devil, in Alan Parker's *Angel Heart*?

DE NIRO: I just wanted to do it; it was more like an exercise. I thought it would be fun and I wouldn't have to carry the whole movie. I liked [director] Alan Parker. He offered me the other part, but I felt there was something wrong with the script.

PLAYBOY: You're not alone. John Huston thought the first four fifths of *Angel Heart* was one of the best films he had ever seen but that it fell apart in the end.

DE NIRO: That's what I felt. There was a very, very strong texture to it—what you hoped for—but if some things aren't there structurally, they've got to be worked out. It has to have a certain kind of payoff that comes together, and if it's not there, it's not easy to come up with an idea to fix it.

PLAYBOY: Then there was your ten-minute portrayal of Al Capone in *The Untouchables*. You had a certain fascination with that role, didn't you?

DE NIRO: He's a bigger-than-life character and I liked the way it was written in the film. I had told Brian De Palma that I would consider doing Capone if it was ever written right. I'd seen it done other times and I didn't particularly care for the way it was done.

PLAYBOY: You didn't like Paul Muni's original *Scarface*?

DE NIRO: I thought it was awful. He's the biggest ham. It was so hammy. You could see he was possibly a great stage actor, but a lot of his movies were over the top. Like *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*.

PLAYBOY: What about Pacino's *Scarface*?

DE NIRO: Well, that's a different thing. In fact, I wanted to do a remake of *Scarface* with Marty, then Pacino told me that he was thinking of doing it. I said to him, "If you don't do it, I'm gonna do it." But I would have done it the way it was written, not the way they did it.

PLAYBOY: Bob Hoskins was signed to play Capone, but you took over the role instead. What happened?

DE NIRO: I felt I had gone through a lot of aggravation, too, so that as long as they had paid him and it hadn't gone too far, I felt it was OK to take the role.

PLAYBOY: How much weight did you put on for Capone?

DE NIRO: Twenty-three to 25 pounds. I couldn't gain any more weight, like the other time. I would never do that again.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any animal in mind for him?

DE NIRO: [David] Mamet wrote him so well—the rhythm was so strong and consistent—that a lot of it was already there in the writing. For me, the most important physical thing was my face. I could always put a body suit on, but I didn't want to put appliances on my face, taking six hours to put them on and just look funny. I wanted

(concluded on page 326)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

His footsteps are the ones other men follow. His tastes are the ones other men acquire, his women the ones other men desire. Much about him has changed during *Playboy*'s 35 years: his clothes, his hair, his cars—accessories all. One thing, though, has remained the same through four decades: The man's style is born of a love for the best things in life.

THE FIFTIES

WITH AN ASSIST FROM MARILYN MONROE, A HOT NEW MAGAZINE MELTS "THE IKE AGE"

IN THE AUTUMN of 1953, at a card table in his living room, a skinny guy in khaki slacks, sweat socks and penny loafers put together a new magazine for men. He called it *Stag Party*, then changed his mind at the last minute and decided to call it *Playboy*. The rest, as they say, is history.

The new magazines began piling up on newsstands all over the country—and disappeared again, almost as quickly. A blonde young star named Marilyn Monroe was on the cover, waving hello beside a headline promising that inside you'd find a copy of Marilyn's "famous nude." Till then, if magazines ever featured any hint of nudity, the girls were either performing a tribal dance or whacking volleyballs in Sweden. Marilyn looked like a real live girl, the kind that could live next door. If you were *real* lucky.

It was a magazine whose time had come. *Esquire* had toned down its racy ways, and the rest of the men's monthlies were celebrating the exploits of *macho* males who preferred wrestling alligators in the great outdoors to sparring with a female companion in their own apartment. Guns were in; girls were out.

Not at *Playboy*. In the introduction to the first issue, Hefner compared the importance of his magazine's debut to the recent publication of the Kinsey report. The sexual revolution was being born, and if Kinsey was its researcher, Hefner would be its pamphleteer. And nothing would ever be quite the same again.

"Hefner's genius," said Dr. Paul Gebhard of the Kinsey Institute, "was to associate sex with upward mobility." The magazine was designed from the outset as a handbook for the young urban male—with lifestyle features on fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and jazz: *The Basic Bar*, *The Compleat Sports Car Stable* and the quintessential *Playboy Bed*, an extravagant playpen whose many uses even included sleeping.

The magazine in those early days was crude but vital, flawed by amateurish blunders but also full of freshness and wide-eyed enthusiasm. There was a go-to-hell zaniness about it, a healthy disregard for the tides of fashion.

Fine fiction and savvy humor were important ingredients from the beginning, with science fiction such as Ray Bradbury's now-classic thriller *Fahrenheit 451*—a powerful indictment of censorship set in the dark future, when all books are burned—and satire such as Shepherd Mead's best-selling *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, a spoof of the gray-flannel mind-set of the Fifties. He later transformed that idea into a delightful *Playboy* series called *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*.

Walter S. Tevis' *The Hustler*, which we published in January 1957, would make it to the screen—and into American mythology—as the story of a hot-shot young pool player who had the *chutzpah* to think he could ace the champ. And George Langelaan contributed an s-f masterpiece called *The Fly*, which created quite a buzz in two popular film versions.

At a time when most magazine art was representational and predictable, *Playboy* graphics were an inspired innovation that influenced the direction of commercial illustration; and *Playboy* cartoonists Jack Cole, Jules Feiffer and Gahan Wilson were second to none.

Then, in 1956, a young genius named Shel Silverstein walked in off the street with a sheaf of drawings. He would later travel the world as *Playboy*'s Innocent Abroad, armed with nothing but his wits and a sketch pad, keeping a cartoon diary of his misadventures from Tokyo to Moscow.

But let's not kid ourselves: The primary appeal of *Playboy* has always been its Playmates, and we wouldn't have it any other way. Before *Playboy*, the tradition in pinup photography was stylized and impersonal, but the Playmates were presented like, well, like real live girls. When we introduced Janet Pilgrim, our own Subscription Manager, as our first girl-next-door centerfold, she caused a sensation. Reappearing in subsequent issues throughout the decade, Janet joined the ranks of celebrity sex stars uncovered by the magazine in the Fifties: Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Brigitte Bardot, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren, Anita Ekberg and June "the Bosom" Wilkinson. Ah, yes, we remember them well.

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR **MEN**

50c

FIRST TIME
in any magazine
FULL COLOR
the famous
MARILYN MONROE NUDE

VIP ON SEX

1st ISSUE

THE FLY *fiction* By George Langelaan

if she looked upon the horror any longer, she would scream for the rest of her life

TELEPHONES AND TELEPHONE BELLS have always made me uneasy. The worst is when the telephone rings in the dead of night. By the time I manage to grab the receiver, I am outwardly calm, but I get back to a more normal state only when I recognize the voice at the other end and when I know what is wanted of me.

This effort at dominating a purely animal reaction and fear had become so effective that when my sister-in-law called me at two in the morning, asking me to come over, but first to warn the police that she had just killed my brother, I spoke to her quietly.

"Did you say that Andre is at the factory?"

"Yes . . . under the steam hammer."

"Under the what?"

"The steam hammer! But don't ask so many questions. Please come quickly, François! Please understand that I'm afraid . . . that my nerves won't stand it much longer!"

I had just managed to pull on my trousers, wriggle into a sweater and grab a hat and coat, when a black Citroën, headlights blazing, pulled up at the door.

"I assume you have a night watchman at your factory, Monsieur Delambre. Has he called you?" asked Commissaire Charas, letting in the clutch as I sat down beside him and slammed the door of the car.

"No, he hasn't. Though of course my brother could have entered the factory through his laboratory, where he often works late at night . . . all night sometimes."

"Is Professor Delambre's work connected with your business?"

"No, my brother is, or was, doing research work for the Ministère de l'Air. As he wanted to be away from Paris and yet within reach of where skilled workmen could fix up or make gadgets big and small for his experiments, I offered him one of the old workshops of the factory and he came to live in the first house built by our grandfather on the top of the hill at the back of the factory."

"Yes, I see. Did he talk about his work? What sort of research work?"

"He rarely talked about it, you know; I suppose the Air Ministry could tell you. I only know that he was about to carry out a number of experiments he had been preparing for some months, something to do with the disintegration of matter, he told me."

•

It was far less horrid than I had expected. Although I had never seen my brother drunk, he looked just as if he were sleeping off a terrific binge, flat on his stomach across the narrow line on which the white-hot slabs of metal were rolled up to the hammer. I saw at a glance that his head and arm could only be a flattened mess, but that seemed quite impossible; it looked as if he had somehow pushed his head and arm right into the metallic mass of the hammer.

Having talked to his colleagues, the Commissaire turned towards me:

"How can we raise the hammer, Monsieur Delambre?"

"I'll raise it for you."

"Would you like us to get one of your men over?"

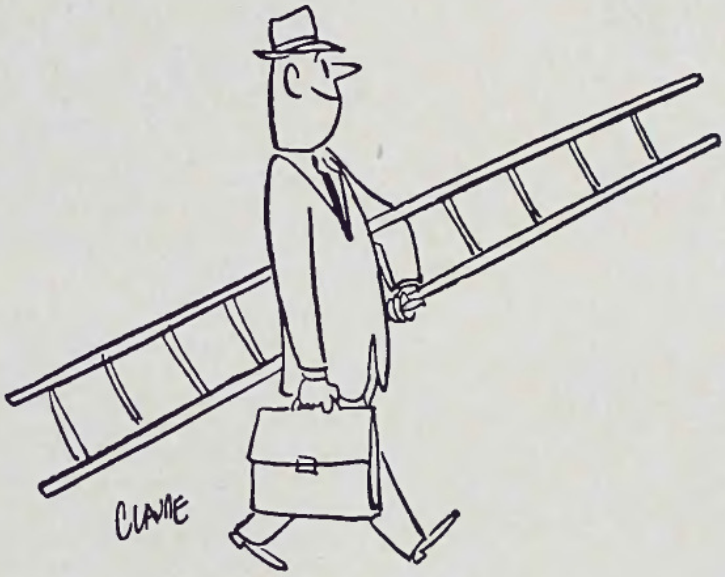
"No, I'll be all right. Look, here is the switchboard. It was originally a steam hammer, but everything is worked electrically here now. Look, Commissaire, the hammer has been set at fifty tons and its impact at zero."

"Perhaps it was set that way last night when work stopped?"

"Certainly not. The drop is never set at zero, Monsieur le Commissaire."

"I see. Can it be raised gently?"

"No. The speed of the upstroke cannot be regulated. But in any case, it is not very fast when the hammer is set for single strokes." *(continued on page 307)*



HOW TO APPLY FOR A JOB By SHEPHERD MEAD

LET US ASSUME you are young, healthy, clear-eyed and eager, anxious to rise quickly to the top of the business world.

You can!

If you have intelligence and ability, so much the better. But remember that thousands have reached the top without them. You, too, can be among the lucky few.

Just memorize these simple rules.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT COMPANY

Make sure *your* company fits these easy requirements:

1. *It must be BIG*, the bigger the better. It should be big enough so that nobody knows *exactly* what anyone else is doing.

2. *Beware of "Service" Companies.* Be sure yours is a company that *makes* something, and that somebody else has to make it. Any company with a factory will do. Beware of organizations offering personal services, whether they be law offices, advertising agencies or animal hospitals. They will give you few opportunities to relax or to plan your future.

DON'T BE A SPECIALIST

If you have a special knack, such as drawing or writing, forget it. You don't want to wind up behind a filing case drawing or writing!

It is the ability to Get Along and to Get Contacts that will drive you ahead. Be an "all-around" man of no special ability and you will rise to the top.

HOW TO GET THE INTERVIEW

The first step is to get the appointment. A friend's recommendation is helpful, or a letter stating useful experience. But if you have no useful friends or any related experience, don't be discouraged!

Use an Idea. For Dad, a bright, chatty "come-on" letter and a snappy photo were enough. Not so today. Your prospect throws away a basketful of them every day. Your presentation will have to stand out. Be original! Be dramatic!

Think how *you* would feel if you were a personnel man and a quartet arrived, singing a clever set of lyrics like "He's a Big Man, Rivers!" to the tune of *Old Man River*. Or, "The Smith, a Mighty Man Is He."

Remember this: It's easy to drop a letter in the wastebasket, but it's hard to overlook a piece of artillery or a Shetland pony. *(concluded on page 268)*

the first of a series of articles on how to succeed in business without really trying

"I ain't got no bod-eee. . . ."

THE SIGN ON THE WALL seemed to quaver under a film of sliding warm water. Eckels felt his eyelids blink over his stare, and the sign burned in this momentary darkness:

TIME SAFARI, INC.
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST.
YOU NAME THE ANIMAL.
WE TAKE YOU THERE.
YOU SHOOT IT.

A warm phlegm gathered in Eckels' throat; he swallowed and pushed it down. The muscles around his mouth formed a smile as he put his hand slowly out upon the air, and in that hand waved a check for $10,000 to the man behind the desk.

"Does this safari guarantee I come back alive?"

"We guarantee nothing," said the official, "except dinosaurs." He turned. "This is Mr. Travis, your Safari Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to shoot. If he says no shooting, no shooting. If you disobey instructions, there's a stiff penalty of another ten thousand dollars, plus possible government action, on your return."

Eckels glanced across the vast office at a mass and tangle, a snaking and humming of wires and steel boxes, at an aurora that flickered now orange, now silver, now blue. There was a sound like a gigantic bonfire burning all of Time, all the years and all the parchment calendars, all the hours piled high and set aflame.

"Hell and damn," Eckels breathed, the light of the Machine on his thin face. "A real Time Machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think. If the election had gone badly yesterday, I might be here now running away from the results. Thank God Keith won. He'll make a fine President of the United States."

(continued on page 311)

Out of the mist, 100 yards away, came *Tyrannosaurus rex*. "Jesus God," whispered Eckels.

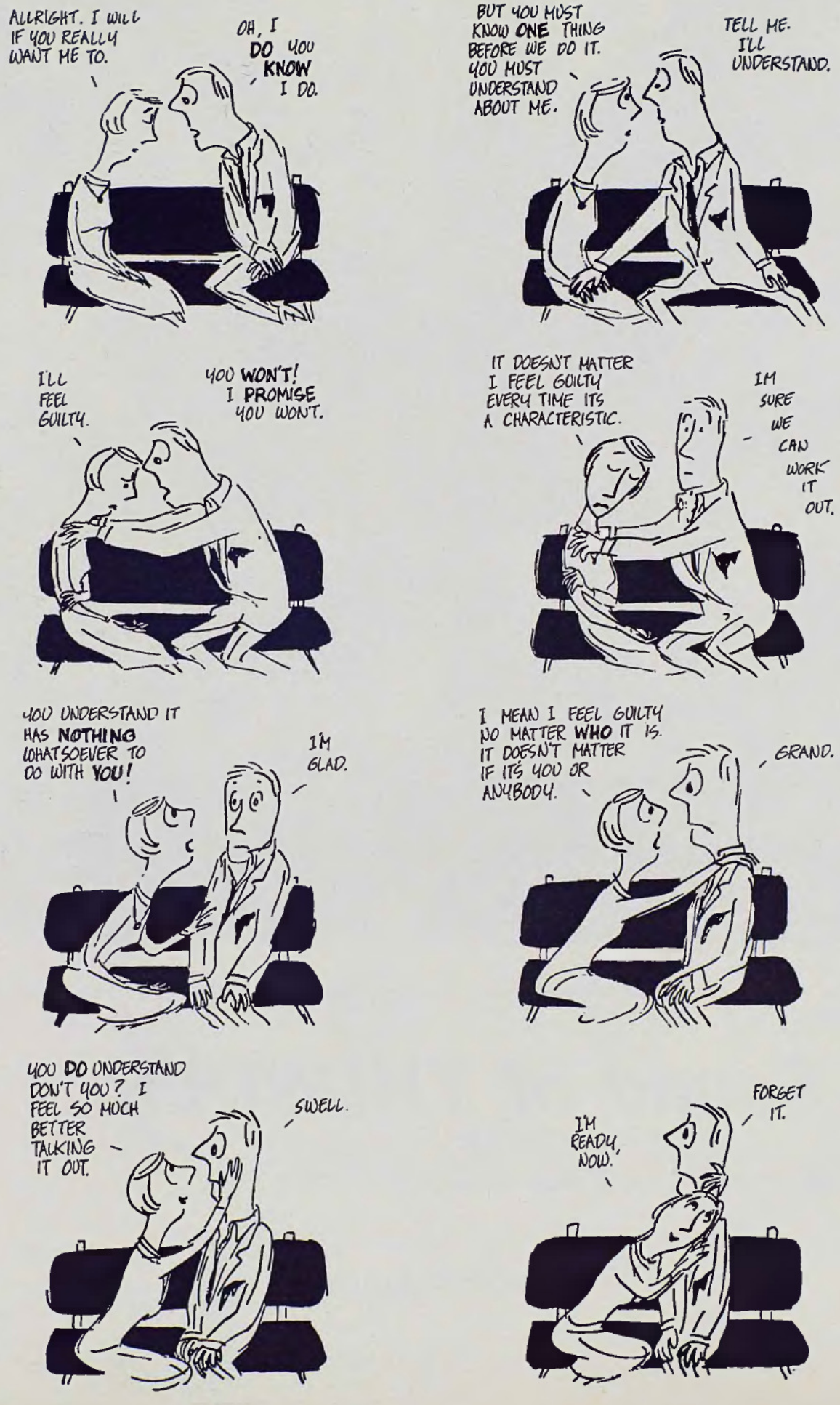
A Sound of THUNDER

one of the greatest science-fiction thrillers ever written

By RAY BRADBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

The Seduction by JULES FEIFFER



THE ORIGINS OF THE BEAT GENERATION

opinion **By JACK KEROUAC**

out of king kong

and krazy kat

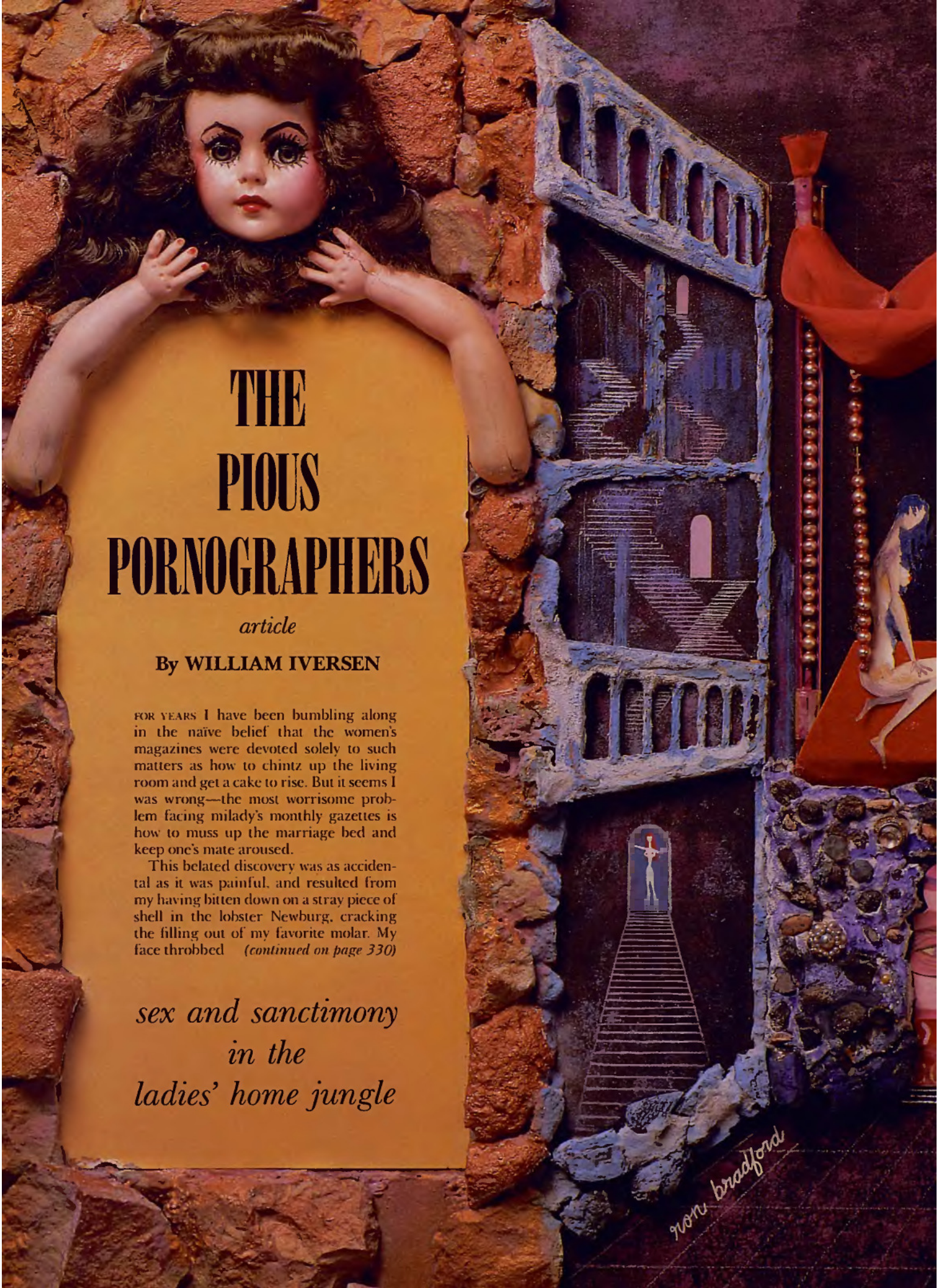
and old american whoopee

THIS ARTICLE necessarily'll have to be about myself. I'm going all out.

That nutty picture of me on the cover of *On the Road* results from the fact that I had just gotten down from a high mountain where I'd been for two months completely alone and usually I was in the habit of combing my hair of course because you have to get rides on the highway and all that and you usually want girls to look at you as though you were a man and not a wild beast but my poet friend Gregory Corso opened his shirt and took out a silver crucifix that was hanging from a chain and said "Wear this and wear it outside your shirt and don't comb your hair!" so I spent several days around San Francisco going around with him and others like that, to parties, arties, parts, jam sessions, bars, poetry readings, churches, walking talking poetry in the streets, walking talking God in the streets (and at one point a strange gang of hoodlums got mad and said "What right does he got to wear that?" and my own gang of musicians and poets told them to cool it) and finally on the third day *Mademoiselle* magazine wanted to take pictures of us all so I posed just like that, wild hair, crucifix and all, with Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg and Phil Whalen, and the only publication which later did not erase the crucifix from my breast (from that plaid sleeveless cotton shirt front) was *The New York Times*, therefore *The New York Times* is as beat as I am, and I'm glad I've got a friend.

That wild eager picture of me on the cover of *On the Road* where I look so Beat goes back much further than 1948 when John Clellon Holmes (author of *Go* and *The Horn*) and I were sitting around trying to think up the meaning of the Lost Generation and the subsequent Existentialism and I said "You know, this is really a beat generation" and he leapt up and said "That's it, that's right!" It goes back to the 1880s when my grandfather Jean-Baptiste Kerouac used to go out on the porch in big thunderstorms and swing his kerosene lamp at the lightning and yell "Go ahead, go, if you're more powerful than I am strike me and put the light out!" while the mother and children cowered in the kitchen. And the light never went out.

The Beat Generation goes back to the wild parties *(continued on page 346)*



THE PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS

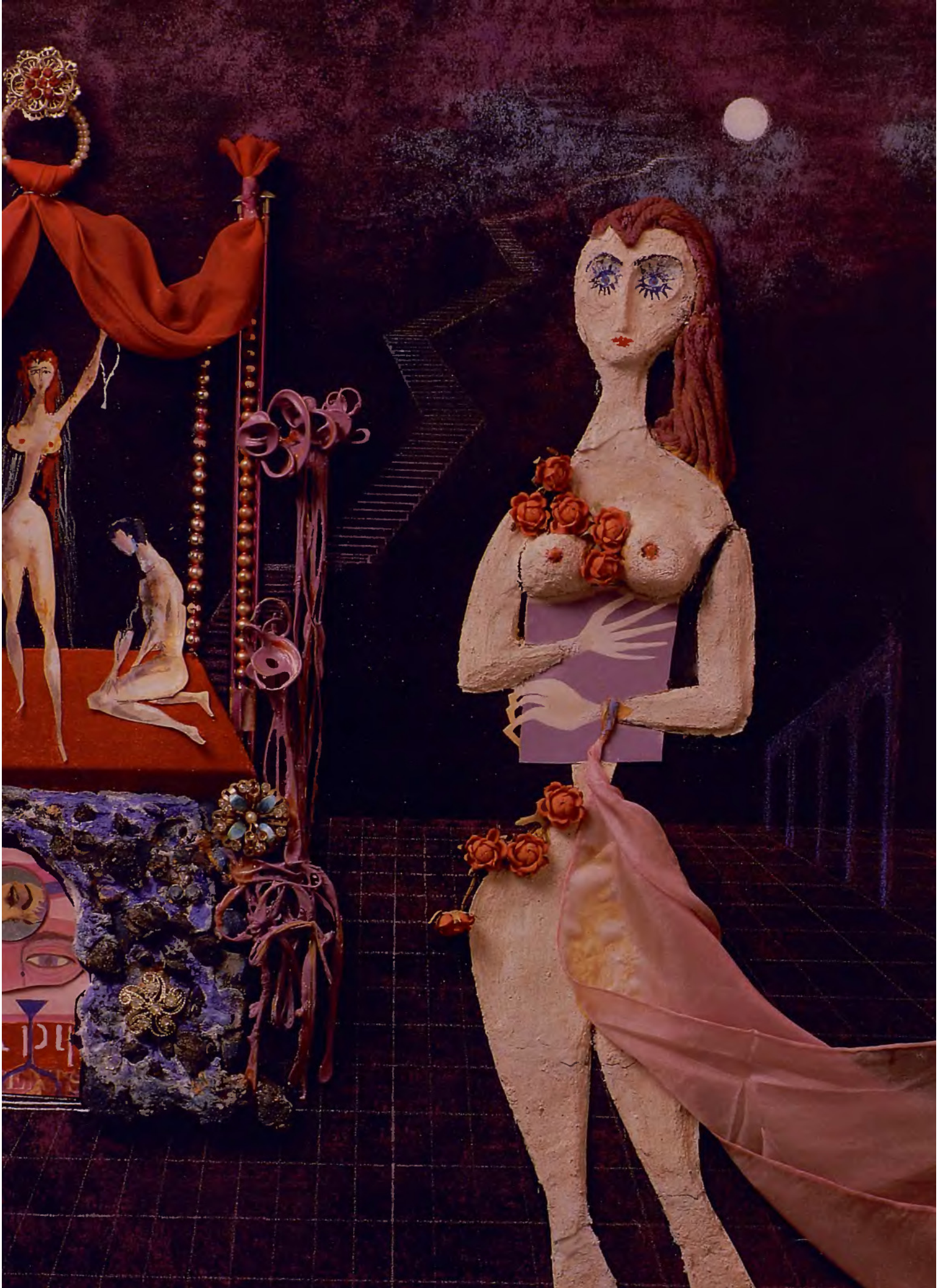
article

By WILLIAM IVERSEN

FOR YEARS I have been bumbling along in the naïve belief that the women's magazines were devoted solely to such matters as how to chintz up the living room and get a cake to rise. But it seems I was wrong—the most worrisome problem facing milady's monthly gazettes is how to muss up the marriage bed and keep one's mate aroused.

This belated discovery was as accidental as it was painful, and resulted from my having bitten down on a stray piece of shell in the lobster Newburg, cracking the filling out of my favorite molar. My face throbbed *(continued on page 330)*

sex and sanctimony in the ladies' home jungle



JAGUAR XK140MC

"I haven't made up my mind about him. He's either a perfect gentleman or he's terribly run-down."

MERCEDES-BENZ 300SL

"You can come up if you like—what more have I got to lose?"

ARNOLT-BRISTOL

"I'm tired of sneaking around like this. Just what does your husband have against me, anyway?!"

PORSCHE SPEEDSTER

"Don't worry, Mrs. Higgins—I'll have your daughter in bed before midnight."

REBEL WITH A CAUSTIC CAUSE

entertainment **By LARRY SIEGEL**

THE LEAN YOUNG man in ivy stepped into the spotlight on the small stage of The Cloister in Chicago. "We have a celebrity with us in the audience this evening," he said. "Sitting ringside is the star of the show that opens here two weeks from tonight. The management is sparing no expense in bringing him to you. Let's have a big hand for the lovable *Adolf Hitler*."

Most of the audience realized with these opening lines that this was no ordinary club comic and that they were in for a very unusual evening's entertainment. If any question remained, the first sketch answered it.

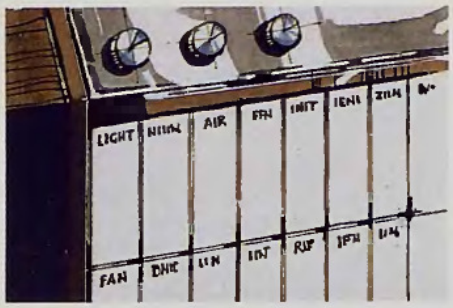
"I'd like to take you now to the headquarters of Religions, Incorporated," he said, "where the Dodge-Plymouth dealers of America have just held their annual raffle and given away a new 1959 church. Seated around the table are the religious leaders of the country, including Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, Father Divine, Danny Thomas, Jane Russell. . . . The chairman speaks: 'Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, this year we've got a tie-in with Oldsmobile. Now, I realize that you can't get out there on the pulpit and hard-sell Oldsmobiles. But I was thinking, why couldn't you, every now and then, throw in a few little lines like, *Drive the car that He*

(concluded on page 340)

sick comic lenny bruce
milks and mulcts
the sacred cows

THE PLAYBOY BED

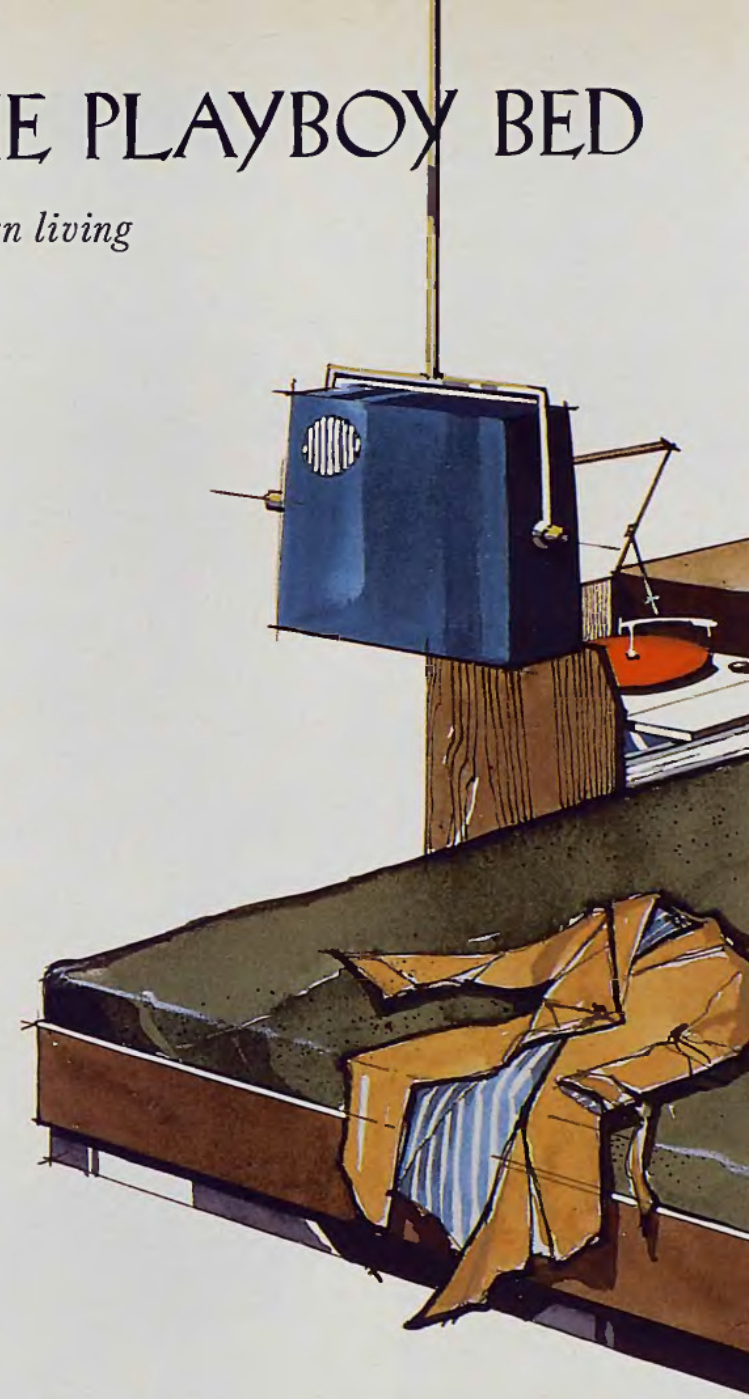
modern living



Touch-type electronic switch panel affords from-the-bed control of the entire apartment, opening or closing of windows and drapes, on-off controls for temperature and lighting, etc.

Reversible back rest pulls out on center-mounted slides and can lock in selected positions. One side is oiled walnut, the other is comfortably upholstered for sit-up lounging.

Upholstered pull-out armrest provides luxury lounging, wells for drinking glasses, ashtray, cigarette lighter and humidor, level Formica surface for cocktail shaker, snacks and such.



DESIGNED BY JAMES E. TUCKER—RENDERINGS BY HUMEN TAN

PLAYBOY CONTENDS THAT A GENTLEMAN'S BED is much, much more than a place to placidly assume a supine position. It is, or should be, a major furnishing in any well-appointed bachelor's diggings, a sumptuous haven in which the gentleman can take his ease, with eyes open or closed, yet not be completely cut off from the niceties and conveniences of apartment living. In addition to the solid comfort of the bed itself, he should have finger-tip control of what goes on, and off, in his pad, plus a convenient, functional setup for assuaging his basic entertainment and gustatorial needs.

The box spring and mattress area of the *Playboy* bed is six feet wide, seven feet long, in an oiled-walnut frame. Surveying your bedroom realm from 16 inches above the floor, you have a wide choice of diversions and controls.

The handsome headboard (96" long, 18" deep, 52" high) houses matched stereo speakers at both ends. It has a bookcase within easy reach, for *Playboy*, Proust or *Punch*. An executive-style telephone—the Speakerphone—is judiciously tucked into the center of the headboard. Flanking the phone is an automatic clock-timer that gently awakens you in the morning and starts your coffee perking. A 22" expanse of open shelf space permits you to conduct your own exhibition of *objets d'art*. Light from the reading lamps can be beamed so that either side of the bed may remain in undisturbed darkness at any time.

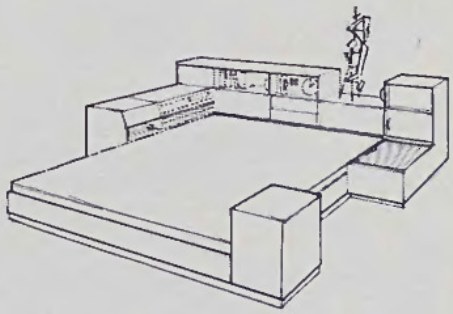
Directly above the armrest, an automatic on-off (voice activated) dictating machine takes care of your off-hours inspiration.

designed for luxurious lounging and sleeping

At the right edge of the bed, a custom refrigerator awaits your midnight prowls, with a roll-top chest beneath it for additional snack supplies. Opposite the food corner is a bar at the foot of the bed, equipped with sliding Formica top and a hinged drop-front maple block that serves as counter and cutting board. The television set, suspended from the ceiling on a polished-brass tube and operated by remote control, is poised in air above the foot of the bed.

The left side of the bed houses the stereo control center that is ready to bring Basie or Brahms to life at your bidding. Beneath the stereo center is a master switch panel that takes care of everything, right from the cozy comfort of your own bed; there's even a master switch for all the lights in the apartment and one that slowly dims the lights in the bedroom.

Once your bed is assembled and rewardingly placed in your bachelor bedroom, it will shame all other beds, those naïvely constructed for sleep alone.



Buttoned up, the *Playboy* bed is a handsome dais providing all that's needed to make the bedroom serve as a second living room when your pad's thrown open for a party.

"It's your turn, Shirley—I took care of the rent this month."

"He's not the marrying kind—he's already married."

"Fred drank me under the table, and that's where I met Charlie."

"Certainly I got the part—I even got a part for you."

humor

Playboy is proud to publish a truly important contribution to the understanding of the human mind

AVOIDISM

By ROGER PRICE

AVOIDISM IS a new, optimistic philosophy designed to save modern man from himself. The principle of Avoidism is simple. An Avoidist simply avoids things.

He avoids because nonavoiding leads to Involvement, and all of man's troubles grow out of Involvement.

Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am."

The Avoidist says, "I won't, therefore I ain't gonna."

WHY AVOIDISM?

Every methodology of ethical conduct or philosophy that man has so far evolved to guide his living and his thinking has proved to be based on the same major fallacy. Namely, the idea that man must "do something."

It is this peculiar notion that has kept everything all loused up.

AVOIDISM, THE ARGUMENT FOR

Contemporary man is admittedly headed for Nowhere. This situation has occurred because man suffers from a compulsion to prove to himself that he is a unique and superior being; i.e., he works to make money so that he can buy things his neighbors don't have; he wears purple underwear to prove that he is sexy, etc., etc.

Naturally, such attempts can lead only from anxiety, through frustration, to Neurosis. (This is the second-best sentence in the article.)

And it's all unnecessary.

Avoidism tells us that man is perfectly all right as he is. Man is already superior by virtue of his belonging to the species *Homo sapiens.**

Think how superior you are to a cherrystone clam.

Think how much *more* superior you are to the clam than the most important man who ever lived is superior to you.

MOST IMPORTANT MAN WHO EVER LIVED
(*Check one*)

1. Julius Caesar
2. Albert Einstein
3. Plato
4. Roger Price
5. Napoleon Bonaparte
6. Pablo Picasso
7. Jefferson Davis

You will see that the difference between you and any of the above is very slight. Now let us look at the difference between man and the clam. In order to arrive at a scientific estimate of the contrast, I recently compared my brother Clarence and an exceptionally fine specimen of Long Island clam. I conducted an exhaustive series of tests, and I append here a table showing the results, which even exceeded my hopeful expectations:

Subject	Clarence	Clam
Motor Ability	+ 12	+ 18
Sense of Humor	+ 40	+ 30
I.Q.	+ 97	+121
Physical Attractiveness	+ 3	+ 2
Ability to Remain Under Water	− 53	+705
Neatness	− 60	+ 60
Taste with Horseradish	+ 60	+ 60
Ability to Keep Mouth Shut	+227	− 55
Honesty	− 91	+ 33
Ping-Pong	+300	−300
Sex Activity	− 4	+ 1
Political Influence	− 15	−705
TOTALS: Clarence:	Plus (+)	516
Clam:	Minus (−)	30

These tests proved Clarence's superiority over the clam beyond question.**

It is clear now that *any* man is infinitely more superior to a clam than any other man is superior to him! Think this over for a while.

Once this conspicuous comparison is sufficiently impressed upon your mind, it will satisfy your ego, and there will be no need for you to try to prove that you are a superior being or a member of

**If you do not belong, write me at once, including name, address and color of eyes and hair.*

***One uninvited observer, a Dr. Carl Gassoway, claimed that the differential in Clarence's favor was due entirely to the inclusion of ping-pong in the test, which he said was unfair. This is destructive thinking. I think this man should be put away somewhere.*

a superior group.

Avoidism is anti-individualist and anti-collectivist.

Avoidism is pro-*you*!

(You may be interested in knowing that, shortly before this issue went to press, the editor and I were annoyed constantly by the clam that I had used in the intelligence tests with my brother Clarence. This clam, although he lost fairly, had adopted a very unsportsmanlike attitude and had become quite a sorehead. He had, we soon discovered, been taking ping-pong lessons from a professional player and kept demanding that he be given a chance to take the tests over again. He kept bothering us and complaining and causing trouble, until we were forced to take drastic measures. We hired an assassin and instructed him to arm himself with a jar of horseradish and a fork. I think we shall hear no more from this bad loser.)

THE ARGUMENT AGAINST

Many reactionary, energetic, ambitious types will tell you that Avoidists are nothing but slobs.

ANSWER TO THE ARGUMENT AGAINST

This is true.

HOW TO BECOME AN AVOIDIST

Avoiding will not be as easy as it first seems, and the eager beginner will do well to master the fundamentals thoroughly before taking any further steps. Here are a few basic exercises illustrating the technique of Avoiding that may be practiced by the novice:

Drawing (A) in Figure I shows the Basic Avoidist Position. Drawings (B) and (C) show two interesting variations. Practice these positions several hours a day until you have mastered them. Do not be impatient. Remember, "Easily learned, easily forgotten." Practice, practice, practice these positions until they are second nature to you. The New Avoidist should spend at least a year on the Basic Positions. Then, and not before, he may go on to the Advanced Avoidist Position (Figure II).

CONVERSATIONAL AVOIDING

Because of the volume of talk that constantly floods civilization, the New Avoidist will sometimes be trapped into listening to what is being said to him. The following rule should be obeyed at all times:

The Only Thing an Avoidist Ever Listens to Is Nothing.

Frequently, though, you will find it necessary to take certain steps to make sure that there is nothing for you not to listen to (this sentence must be read twice before it makes any sense). Hence, Avoidist Conversation.

Avoidist Conversation should be employed immediately when anyone inclines his torso toward you, the danger increasing in direct proportion to the square of the angle of inclination (Figure III).

Whenever this sort of danger threatens (or any other time you feel like it), you may Avoid by employing Seven Tested Remarks of such extreme dullness that the Avoidee will experience a partial paralysis lasting approximately four minutes, while trying to think up an answer. These remarks are:

1. A girl I used to go with when I was in high school just got a job with the telephone company.
2. I got this suit three years ago in Pittsburgh for $50.
3. I went to bed real early last night, but I didn't get to sleep until after midnight.
4. I didn't hardly have anything to eat for lunch today, just a salad and some pie and coffee.
5. My little boy will be eight years old next month. You oughta hear him talk.
6. I sure wish I'd kept up with my piano lessons when I was a kid.
7. I can take better pictures with a little Brownie box camera than I can with those real expensive ones.

HISTORY OF AVOIDISM

The true Father of Modern Avoidism was Clayton Slope. Clayton Slope was my step-uncle-in-law on my mother's side of the family. The first time I ever saw him, he was sitting in a rocker on the back porch of his sister-in-law's house in Charleston, West Virginia. He had been sitting in the rocker for 22 months without moving. (True, he had rocked once, but inadvertently, as the result of a slight gastric upset.)

There was something about his weak, watery stare, the shifty set of his tiny chin, the way his small shoulders slumped forward, almost touching

(concluded on page 302)

FIGURE I: Approved Methods of Avoiding

(A) Avoidist Avoiding Reading Story in *Saturday Evening Post*

(B) Avoidist Avoiding Answering Doorbell

(C) Avoidist Avoiding Women (NOTE: *This technique hasn't quite been perfected yet.)*

FIGURE II: Advanced Position (Not for beginners)

FIGURE III: Non-Avoidist Conversationalist

FIGURE IV: Clayton as a Child

FIGURE V: Clayton's Feet

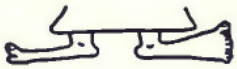


FIGURE VI: Avoidist Position (Slope's Stoop)

"Sherwood Forest . . . Robin Hood speaking."

COLOR WOODCUT BY RICHARD TYLER

THE HUSTLER

fiction **By WALTER S. TEVIS**

all games are dangerous when the stakes are high

THEY TOOK SAM out of the office, through the long passageway, and up to the big metal doors. The doors opened, slowly, and they stepped out.

The sunlight was exquisite; warm on Sam's face. The air was clear and still. A few birds were circling in the sky. There was a gravel path, a road, and then, grass. Sam drew a deep breath. He could see as far as the horizon.

A guard drove up in a gray station wagon. He opened the door and Sam got in, whistling softly to himself. They drove off, down the gravel path. Sam did not turn around to look at the prison walls; he kept his eyes on the grass that stretched ahead of them, and on the road through the grass.

When the guard stopped to let him off in Richmond, he said, "A word of advice, Willis."

"Advice?" Sam smiled at the guard.

"That's right. You got a habit of getting in trouble, Willis. That's why they didn't parole you, made you serve full time, because of that habit."

"That's what the man told me," Sam said. "So?"

"So stay out of poolrooms. You're smart. You can earn a living."

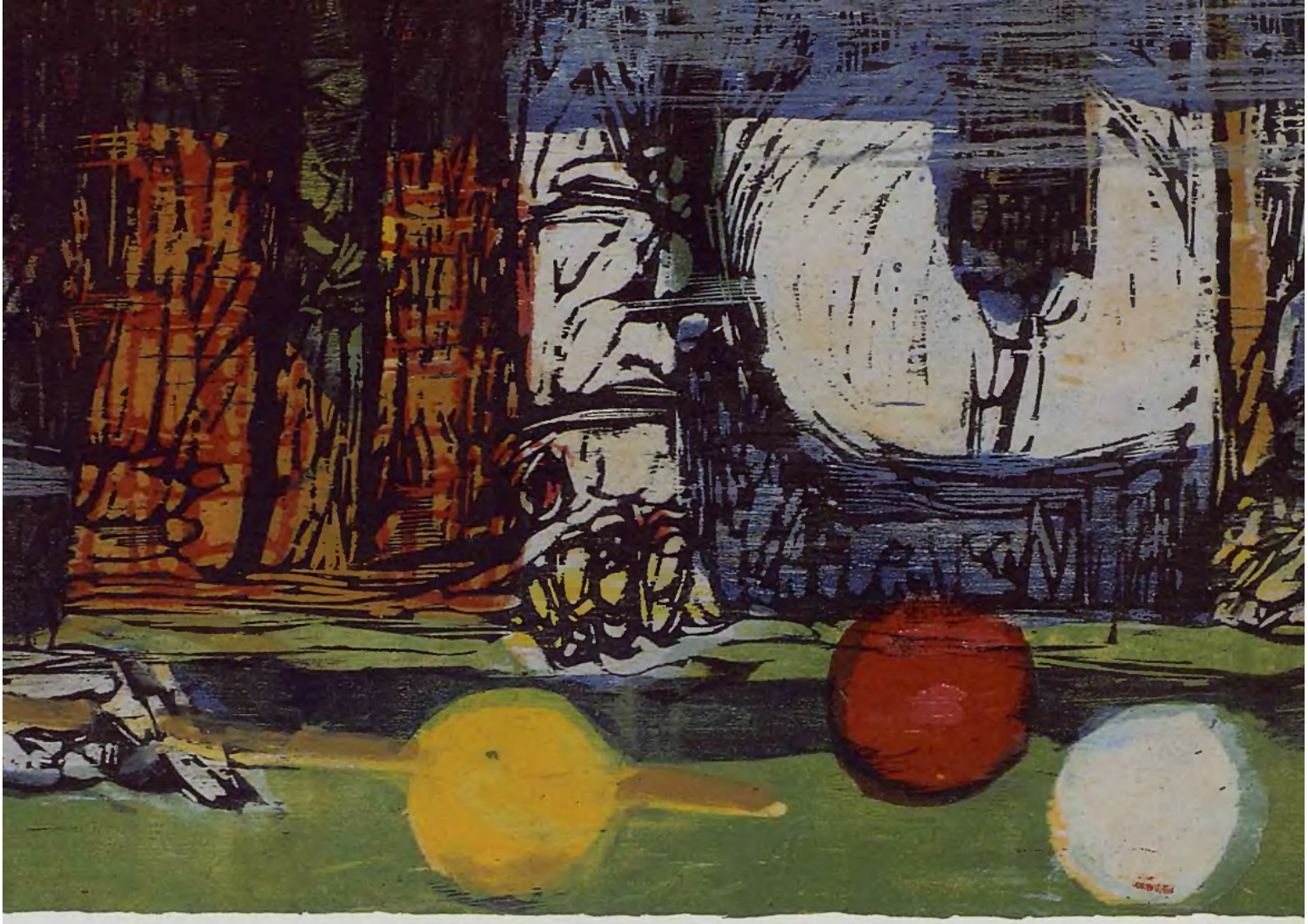
Sam started climbing out of the station wagon. "Sure," he said. He got out, slammed the door, and the guard drove away.

It was still early and the town was nearly empty. Sam walked around, up and down different streets, for about an hour, looking at houses and stores, smiling at the people he saw, whistling or humming little tunes to himself.

In his right hand, he was carrying his little round tubular leather case, carrying it by the brass handle on the side. It was about 30 inches long, the case, and about as big around as a man's forearm.

At ten o'clock, he went to the bank and drew out the $600 he had deposited there under the name of George Graves. Only it was $680; it had gathered that much interest.

Then he went to a clothing store and



bought a sporty tan coat, a pair of brown slacks, brown suede shoes and a bright-green sport shirt. In the store's dressing room, he put the new outfit on, leaving the prison-issued suit and shoes on the floor. Then he bought two extra sets of underwear and socks, paid and left.

About a block up the street, there was a clean-looking beauty parlor. He walked in and told the lady who seemed to be in charge, "I'm an actor. I have to play a part in Chicago tonight that requires red hair." He smiled at her. "Can you fix me up?"

The lady was all efficiency. "Certainly," she said. "If you'll just step back to a booth, we'll pick out a shade."

A half hour later, he was a redhead. In two hours, he was on board a plane for Chicago, with a little less than $600 in his pocket and one piece of luggage. He still had the underwear and socks in a paper sack.

In Chicago, he took a $14-a-night room in the best hotel he could find. The room was big, and pleasant. It looked and smelled clean.

He sat down on the side of the bed and opened his little leather case at the top. The two-piece billiard cue inside was intact. He took it out and screwed the brass joint together, pleased that it still fit perfectly. Then he checked the butt for tightness. The weight was still firm and solid. The tip was good, its shape had held up; and the cue's balance and stroke seemed easy, familiar, almost as though he still played with it every day.

He checked himself in the mirror. They had done a perfect job on his hair; and its brightness against the green and brown of his new clothes gave him the sporty, race-track sort of look he had always avoided before. His once ruddy complexion was very pale. Not a pool player in town should be able to recognize him; he could hardly recognize himself.

If all went well, he would be out of Chicago for good in a few days; and no one would know for a long time that Big Sam Willis had even played there. Six years on a manslaughter charge could have its advantages.

In the morning, he had to walk around town for a while before he found a pool-room of the kind he wanted. It was a few blocks off the Loop, small; and from the outside, it seemed to be fairly clean and quiet.

Inside, there was a short-order and beer counter up front. In back, there were four tables; Sam could see them through the door in the partition that separated the lunchroom from the pool-room proper. There was no one in the place except for the tall blond boy behind the counter.

Sam asked the boy if he could practice.

"Sure." The boy's voice was friendly. "But it'll cost you a dollar an hour."

"Fair enough." He gave the boy a five-dollar bill. "Let me know when this is used up."

The boy raised his eyebrows and took the money.

In the back room, Sam selected the best 20-ounce cue he could find in the wall rack, one with an ivory point and a tight butt, chalked the tip and broke the rack of balls *(continued on page 297)*

WOMEN OF THE FIFTIES

MARILYN MONROE *The* milestone of 1953, per *Life's 150 Years of Photography*: "*Playboy* debuts with an *au naturel* Marilyn Monroe as its Sweetheart of the Month and promises 'a beautiful, full-color, unpinned pinup in each new issue.'" We kept our promise.

JANET PILGRIM Our first girl-next-door Playmate, she changed the direction of pinup photography, enabling unknown beauties to vie successfully with established sex stars—most of whom at the time were foreign—for the attention of the American male.

VIKKI DOUGAN Many papers cropped this photo of "The Back" when it flashed across the wires in 1957. Not *Playboy*. "I'm not busty," said Vikki, "so what's a girl to do?"

BRIGITTE BARDOT Her very initials were magical, BB signifying the ultimate French sex kitten. Six *Playboy* pictorials span two decades (right: a December 1959 shot).

JUNE WILKINSON After the 1958 feature in which we dubbed her "The Bosom," June landed in Hollywood and stole the show at a publicists' Ballyhoo Ball.

JOYCE NIZZARI Miss December 1958, Joyce was one of the early Playboy Club Bunnies before hanging up her tail and wedding actor Jack (*Combat*) Hogan.

TINA LOUISE Seeking a goddess to rival Bardot, Hollywood came up with Tina (left). In April 1959, *Playboy* editors observed, in the era's alliterative style, "Tinseltown titans think they may have found just the thing in titian-tressed Tina Louise."

ELSA SORENSEN Pop vocalist Guy Mitchell accompanied the Danish beauty above on a grocery-shopping spree for her September 1956 Playmate story. They made another trip—down the aisle—together, but the marriage foundered.

ELLEN STRATTON A legal secretary when chosen as Miss December 1959, Ellen became our first Playmate of the Year in 1960. She was a Bunny and a New York model, too.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA Back in September 1954, this Italian star was relatively unknown to U.S. audiences. A *Playboy* pictorial featuring this and other shots from *Beauties of the Night* remedied that.

ANITA EKBERG In *Playboy*'s August 1956 issue, this photo of the Swedish star was discreetly cropped. It would be more than a decade before full frontal nudity became acceptable in U.S. media.

DIANA DORS An April 1956 *Playboy* feature introduced to the American public "the Marilyn Monroe of Great Britain," who had understandably changed her name from Diana Fluck.

BETTIE PAGE Her many fan magazines have brought Miss January 1955 an immense cult following; she also inspired rocker Chris Spedding's New Wave song *Hey Miss Betty*.

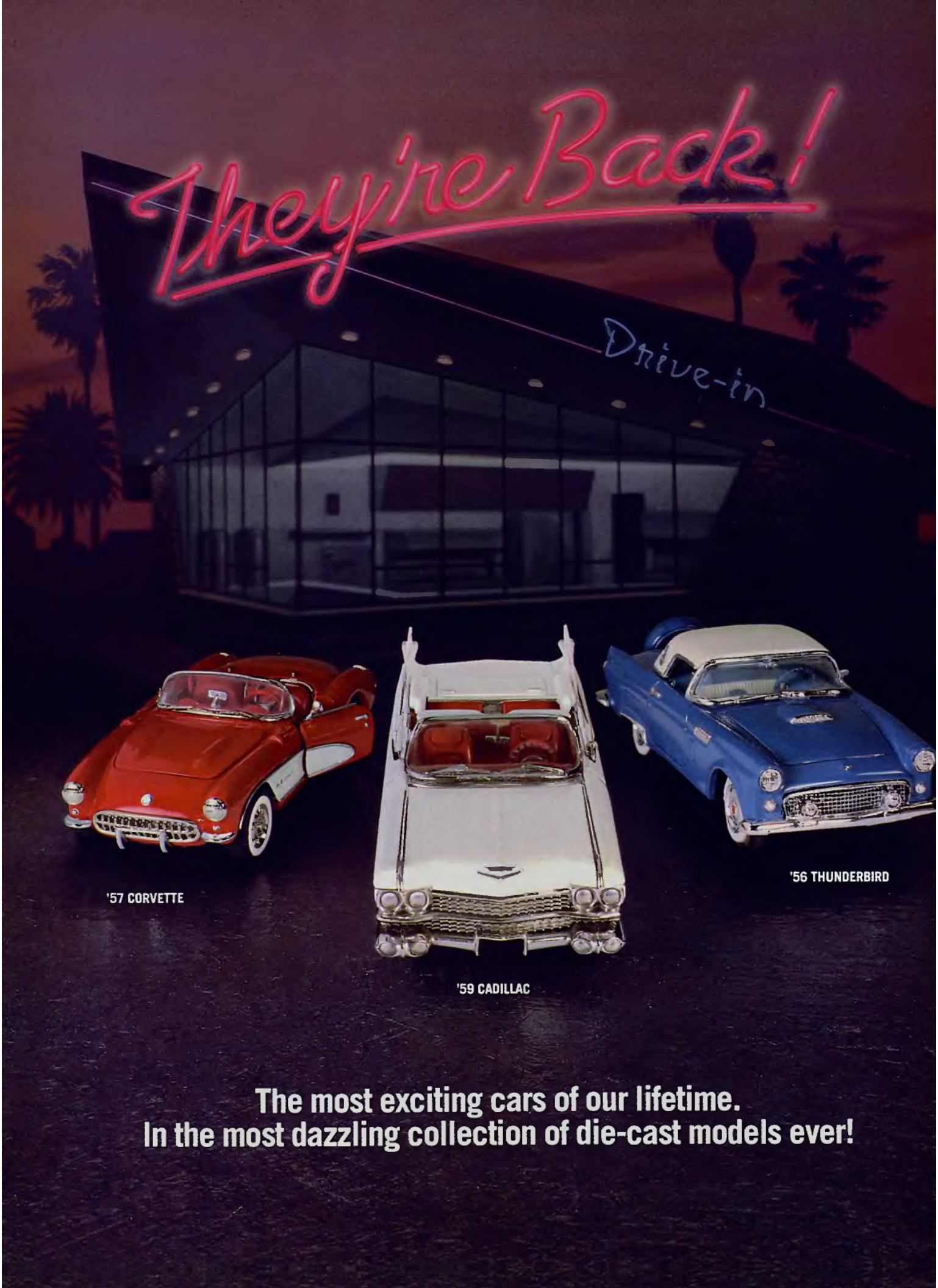
SOPHIA LOREN A treat for her U.S. admirers in the November 1957 *Playboy*: a scene from the vintage Italian film *Era Lui, Si, Si*, revealing more of her charms than they'd seen previously.

LISA WINTERS Almost too shy to pose, Miss December 1956—in a precursor of the Data Sheet?—did divulge measurements (35-23-35) and a partiality to Poe, Hemingway and Kipling.

LOREN VS. MANSFIELD "Feud for thought, in the Hollywood tradition" the editors labeled the account that accompanies this celebrated photo in our November 1957 issue. Seated at Romanoff's, a decorous Sophia looks askance at Jayne as the latter inhales herself out of her dress.

ELIZABETH ANN ROBERTS Her mother applauded her becoming Miss January 1958, but a Chicago cop busted both Mom and Hefner on charges (later dropped) that the *Schoolmate Playmate* was underage.

JAYNE MANSFIELD Before becoming Miss February 1955, she was an unknown Texas actress. In a curious irony, the Fifties' most famous Playmates—Mansfield and Monroe—died tragically in the Sixties.



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THE SIXTIES

MAKING LOVE, NOT WAR, ON THE FRONT LINES OF A STORMY SOCIAL REVOLUTION

WHAT CAN YOU SAY about that decade of decades—the incomparable Sixties? A generation later, we're still trying to sort it out. It was a decade that began with a freshening of the winds. After the stifling Fifties, change was in the air. Ike was still President, but there was an election nearing, and a handsome, vigorous young man stood poised to win the hearts and minds of the American public. His name was Bond—James Bond.

When our popular new President, John F. Kennedy, said that his favorite spy writer was Ian Fleming, 007 became a national phenomenon. That came as no surprise to us: We had already introduced him to our readers with a story in our March 1960 issue. Bond was our kind of guy: exciting job, got the girls, knew how to dress, licensed to kill—what else could you want? So we published a *lot* of Bond over the next few years: four serialized novels, several pictorials of James Bond's girls, even a flinty interview with Sean Connery himself. We'd have interviewed M if we could have found him.

Fleming was only one of the names on a Sixties fiction roster that read like the guest list for an international awards banquet: reigning giants such as Carl Sandburg, Henry Miller, Nelson Algren, Lawrence Durrell and Vladimir Nabokov and the cream of a new generation: Philip Roth, John Cheever, Truman Capote and John Updike. On the lighter side of the table sat Woody Allen, Jonathan Winters, Mort Sahl and Mike Nichols, and—not so lightly—Lenny Bruce wrote his autobiography for us: *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People.*

In 1962, our Editor-Publisher had a few words of his own to say. Sitting down to write an editorial condemning society's uptight sexual attitudes, Hefner found himself warming to the subject. Twenty-five installments and 150,000 words later, *The Playboy Philosophy* had touched off a moral debate that raged from campus to pulpit.

With the debut of the *Playboy Interview* feature that same year, the magazine began generating—and attracting—heat across a spectrum of social issues: most dramatically by airing the race struggle in *Interviews* with George Wallace and George Lincoln Rockwell, Malcolm X and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. (the last three conducted by a young free-lancer named Alex Haley, who would later become the *subject* of an *Interview* after his monumental best seller, *Roots*).

As the clamor of social protest and political dissent grew louder, *Playboy* spoke up and sounded off: Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas decried abuses to the environment; Ralph Nader argued for consumer protection; Senator Stephen Young called for curbs on the CIA; Senator William Fulbright appealed for a reordering of our national priorities.

It was on the issue of Vietnam that we spoke out most loudly—with essays and reportage by Kenneth Tynan, Nat Hentoff and John Kenneth Galbraith that reflected the public's own antiwar views and, increasingly, those of our Servicemen in Southeast Asia.

But *Playboy* was already the unofficial magazine of the war. As *The Washington Post* observed, *Playboy* was to Vietnam what *Stars and Stripes* was to World War Two. Barracks from Saigon to the Mekong Delta were plastered with Playmate centerfolds—including that of 1965 Playmate of the Year, Jo Collins. When a young second lieutenant stationed in Bien Hoa sent us a poignant letter asking for a Playmate to deliver his lifetime subscription to him in person, we sent "GI Jo."

We kept the hearth warm at home with pictorials of the Sixties screen queens: Catherine Deneuve, Mamie Van Doren, Kim Novak, Ursula Andress (photographed by husband John Derek), Sharon Tate (lensed by husband Roman Polanski) and the empress herself, Elizabeth Taylor, in a peekaboo scene from the blockbuster bomb of the decade, *Cleopatra.*

All in all, from Camelot to Aquarius, it was a decade that gave *Playboy* the chance to demonstrate the wisdom of that Sixties rallying cry: Make love, not war.

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

british agent james bond

takes a trip to chagrin with a brute, a blonde and death

THE HILDEBRAND RARITY

a new novelette **By IAN FLEMING**

THE STING RAY WAS ABOUT SIX FEET from wing tip to wing tip and perhaps ten feet long from the blunt wedge of its nose to the end of its deadly tail. It was dark gray with that violet tinge that is so often a danger signal in the underwater world. When it rose up from the pale, golden sand and swam, it was as if a black towel were being waved through the water.

It was ten o'clock in the morning of a day in April and the lagoon, Belle Anse, near the southernmost tip of Mahé, the largest island in the Seychelles group, was glassy calm. James Bond swam lazily on, keeping the sting ray just in sight. Bond had a Champion harpoon gun with double rubbers. The harpoon was tipped with a needle-sharp trident—a short-range weapon but the best for reef work. Bond pushed up the safety and moved slowly forward, his fins pulsing softly just below the surface so as to make no sound. There was a tiny movement in the sand. Two minute fountains of sand were dancing above the nostrillike holes of the spiracles. Behind the holes was the slight swelling of the thing's body. That was the target. An inch behind the holes. Bond estimated the possible upward lash of the tail and slowly pulled the trigger.

Below him the sand erupted and for an anxious moment Bond could see nothing. Then the harpoon line came taut and the ray showed, pulling away from him while its tail, in reflex aggression, lashed again and again over the body. At the base of the tail Bond could see the jagged poison spines standing up from the trunk. This tail was the old slave-drivers' whip of the Indian Ocean. Today it is illegal even to possess one in the Seychelles, but they are handed down in the families for use on faithless wives and if the word goes around that this or that woman "*a cu la crapule*," the Provencal name for the sting ray, it is as good as saying that that woman will not be about again for at least a week. Bond swam round and ahead of the ray, pulling it after him toward the shore.

A short, fat white man in khaki shirt and trousers came out from under the palm trees and walked toward Bond through the scattering of sea grape and sun-dried wrack above high-water mark. When he was near enough, Fidele Barbey, the youngest of the innumerable Barbeys who own nearly everything in the Seychelles, stood looking down at the ray. "That's a good one. Lucky you hit the right spot or he'd have towed you over the reef. But come on. I've got to get you back to Victoria. Something's come up. Something good."

On their way down the coast road in the station wagon Fidele said, "Ever hear of an American called Milton Krest? Well, apparently he owns the Krest hotels and a thing called the Krest Foundation. One thing I can tell you for sure. He owns the finest damned yacht in the Indian Ocean. Put in yesterday. The Wavekrest. Nearly two hundred tons. Everything in her from a beautiful wife down to a big transistor gramophone on gimbals so the waves won't jerk the needle."

"What's it got to do with you—or me, for that matter?"

"Just this, my friend. We are going to spend a few days sailing with Mr. Krest—and Mrs. Krest, the beautiful Mrs. Krest. I have agreed to take the ship to Chagrin—the island off the African Banks. This man Krest wants

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN PHILLIPS

to go there. He's collecting marine specimens, something to do with his foundation, and there's some blasted little fish that's supposed to exist only around Chagrin Island."

"Sounds fun. Where do I come in?"

"I knew you were bored and that you'd got a week before you sail, so I said that you were the local underwater ace and that you'd find the fish if it was there."

•

The gleaming white yacht lay half a mile out in the roadstead. They took a pirogue with an outboard motor across the glassy bay and through the opening in the reef. The Wavekrest was not beautiful—the breadth of the beam and cluttered superstructure stunted her lines—but Bond could see at once that she was a real ship, built to cruise the world and not just the Florida Keys. She seemed deserted, but as they came alongside, two smart-looking sailors in white shorts and singlets appeared and stood by the ladder with boat hooks ready to fend the shabby pirogue off the yacht's gleaming paint. They took the two bags and one of them slid back an aluminum hatch and gestured for them to go down. A breath of what seemed to Bond to be almost freezing air struck him as he went down the few steps into the lounge.

The lounge was empty. It was not a cabin. It was a room of solid richness and comfort with nothing to associate it with the interior of a ship. The windows behind the half-closed Venetian blinds were full size as were the deep armchairs round the low central table. The carpet was the deepest pile in pale blue. The walls were paneled in a silvery wood and the ceiling was off-white. There was a desk with the usual writing materials and a telephone. Next to the big gramophone was a sideboard laden with drinks. Above the sideboard was what looked like an extremely good Renoir.

"What did I tell you, James?"

Bond shook his head admiringly. "This is certainly the way to treat the sea—as if it damned well didn't exist." He breathed in deeply. "What a relief to get a mouthful of fresh air. I'd almost forgotten what it tastes like."

"It's the stuff outside that's fresh, feller. This is canned." Mr. Milton Krest had come quietly into the room and was standing looking at them. He was a tough, leathery man in his early 50s. He looked hard and fit and the faded blue jeans, military-cut shirt and wide leather belt suggested that he made a fetish of doing so—looking tough. The pale brown eyes in the weather-beaten face were slightly hooded and their gaze was sleepy and contemptuous. The mouth had a downward twist that might be humorous or disdainful, probably the latter, and the words he had tossed into the room, innocuous in themselves except for the patronizing "feller," had been tossed like small change to a couple of coolies. To Bond the oddest thing about Mr. Krest was his voice. It was a soft, most attractive lisping through the teeth. It was exactly the voice of the late Humphrey Bogart. Bond ran his eyes down the man. He thought: This man likes to be thought a Hemingway hero. I'm not going to like him.

Mr. Krest came across the carpet and held out his hand. "You Bond? Glad to have you aboard, sir."

Bond was expecting the bone-crushing grip and parried with stiffened muscles.

"Free-diving or aqualung?"

"Free, and I don't go deep. It's only a hobby."

"Whaddaya do the rest of the time?"

"Civil servant."

Mr. Krest gave a short, barking laugh. "Civility and servitude. You English make the best goddamn butlers and valets in the world. I reckon we're likely to get along fine. Civil servants are just what I like to have around me."

The click of the deck hatch sliding back saved Bond's temper. Mr. Krest was swept from his mind as a naked, sunburned girl came down the steps into the saloon. No, she wasn't quite naked after all, but the pale brown satin scraps of bikini were designed to make one think she was.

"'Lo, treasure. Where have you been hiding? Long time no see. Meet Mr. Barbey and Mr. Bond, the fellers who are coming along." Mr. Krest raised a hand in the direction of the girl. "Fellers, this is Mrs. Krest. The fifth Mrs. Krest. And just in case anybody should get any ideas, she loves Mr. Krest. Don't you, treasure?"

"Oh, don't be silly, Milt, you know I do." Mrs. Krest smiled prettily. "How do you do, Mr. Barbey. And Mr. Bond. It's nice to have you with us. What about a drink?"

"Now just a minute, treas. Suppose you let me fix things aboard my own ship, eh?" Mr. Krest's voice was pleasant.

The woman blushed. "Oh, yes, Milt."

"OK, then, just so we know who's skipper aboard the good ship Wavekrest." The amused smile embraced them all. "Now, then, Mr. Barbey. What's your first name, by the way? Fidele, eh? That's quite a name. Old Faithful." Mr. Krest chuckled bonhomously. "Well, now, Fido, how's about you and me go up on the bridge and get this little old skiff moving, eh? And Mr. Bond. First name? James, eh? Well, Jim, what say you practice a bit of that civility and servitude on Mrs. Krest. Call her Liz, by the way. Help her fix the canapés and so on for drinks before lunch. OK? Move, Fido." He sprang boyishly up the steps.

When the hatch closed, Bond let out a deep breath. Mrs. Krest said apologetically, "Please don't mind. It's just his sense of humor. He likes to see if he can rile people. But it's really all in fun."

Bond smiled reassuringly. How often did she have to make this speech? He said, "How long have you been married?"

"Two years. I was working as a receptionist in one of his hotels. He owns the Krest group, you know. It was wonderful. Like a fairy story. I still have to pinch myself sometimes to make sure I'm not dreaming. This, for instance," she waved a hand, "and he's terribly good to me. Always giving me presents."

There came a deep rumble from below deck amidships. "There. We're off. Why don't you watch us leave harbor from the afterdeck and I'll join you in a minute. This way." She moved past him and slid open a door. "As a matter of fact, if you're sensible, you'll stake a claim to this for the nights. There are plenty of cushions and the cabins get a bit stuffy in spite of the air conditioning."

Bond thanked her and walked out and shut the door behind him. It was a big well deck with hemp flooring and a cream-colored semicircular foam-rubber settee in the stern. Rattan chairs were scattered about and there was a serving bar in one corner. It crossed Bond's mind that Mr. Krest might be a heavy drinker. Was it his imagination, or was Mrs. Krest terrified of him? No doubt she had to pay heavily for her "fairy story."

"Well, feller. Taking it easy?" Mr. Krest was standing on the boat deck looking into the well. "Care to look over the ship?"

Bond followed Mr. Krest down the narrow passage that ran the length of the ship and for half an hour made appropriate comments on what was certainly the finest and most luxuriously designed yacht he had ever seen. In every detail, the margin was for extra comfort. Even the crew's bath and shower was full size and the stainless-steel galley, or kitchen as Mr. Krest called it, was as big as the Krest stateroom. Mr. Krest opened the door of the latter without knocking. Liz Krest was at the dressing table. "Why, treasure," said Mr. Krest in his soft voice. "Puttin' on a little extra ritz for Jim, eh?"

"I'm sorry, Milt. I was just coming. A zipper got stuck." The girl hurriedly picked up a compact and made for the door. She gave them both a nervous half-smile and went out.

"Vermont birch paneling, Corning glass lamps, Mexican tuft rugs. That sailing ship picture's a genuine Montague Dawson, by the way. . . ." Mr. Krest's catalog ran smoothly on. But Bond was looking at something that hung down almost out of sight by the bedside table on what was obviously Mr. Krest's side of the huge double bed. It was a thin whip about three feet long with a leather-thonged handle. It was the tail of a sting ray.

Casually, Bond walked over to the side of the bed and picked it up. He ran a

(continued on page 321)

"It's not for nothing that you are called 'Ivan the Terrible'!"

A TESTAMENT OF HOPE

in his final published statement, the fallen civil rights leader points the way out of america's racial turmoil into the promised land of true equality

By DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

WHENEVER I AM ASKED my opinion of the current state of the civil rights movement, I am forced to pause; it is not easy to describe a crisis so profound that it has caused the most powerful nation in the world to stagger in confusion and bewilderment. Today's problems are so acute because the tragic evasions and defaults of several centuries have accumulated to disaster proportions. The luxury of a leisurely approach to urgent solutions—the ease of gradualism—was forfeited by ignoring the issues for too long. The nation waited until the black man was explosive with fury before stirring itself even to partial concern. Confronted now with the interrelated problems of war, inflation, urban decay, white backlash and a climate of violence, it is now *forced* to address itself to race relations and poverty, and it is tragically unprepared. What might once have been a series of separate problems now merge into a social crisis of almost stupefying complexity.

I am not sad that black Americans are rebelling; this was not only inevitable but eminently desirable. Without this magnificent ferment among Negroes, the old evasions and procrastinations would have continued indefinitely. Black men have slammed the door shut on a past of deadening passivity. Except for the Reconstruction years, they have never in their long history on American soil struggled with such creativity and courage for their freedom. These are our bright years of emergence; though they are painful ones, they cannot be avoided.

These words may have an unexpectedly optimistic ring at a time when pessimism is the prevailing mood. People are often surprised to learn that I am an optimist. But I am profoundly secure in my knowledge that God loves us; He has not worked out a design for our failure. Man has the capacity to do right as well as wrong, and his history is a path upward, not downward. While it is a bitter fact that in America in 1968, I am denied equality solely because I am black, yet I am not a chattel slave. Millions of people have fought thousands of battles to enlarge my freedom; restricted as it still is, progress has been made. This is why I remain an optimist, though I am also a realist about the barriers before us. Why is the issue of equality still so far from solution in America, a nation that professes itself to be democratic, inventive, hospitable to new ideas, rich, productive and awesomely powerful? The problem is so tenacious because, despite its virtues and attributes, America is deeply racist and its democracy is flawed both economically and socially. All too many Americans believe justice will unfold painlessly or that its absence for black people will be tolerated tranquilly.

Justice for black people will not flow into society merely from court decisions nor from fountains of political oratory. Nor will a few token changes quell all the tempestuous yearnings of millions of disadvantaged black people. White America must recognize that justice for black people cannot be achieved without radical changes in the structure of our society. The comfortable, the entrenched, the privileged cannot continue to tremble at the prospect of change in the *status quo*.

Stephen Vincent Benét had a message for both white and black Americans in the title of a story, *Freedom Is a Hard Bought Thing*. When millions of people have been cheated for centuries, restitution is a costly process. Inferior education, poor housing, unemployment, inadequate health care—each is a bitter component of the oppression that has been our heritage. Each will require billions of dollars to correct. Justice so long deferred has accumulated interest and its cost for this society will be substantial in financial as well as human terms. This fact has not been fully grasped, because most of the gains of the past decade were obtained at bargain rates. The desegregation of public facilities cost nothing; neither did the election and appointment of a few black public officials.

Millions of Americans are coming to see that we are fighting an immoral war that costs nearly 30 billion dollars a year, that we are perpetuating racism, that we are tolerating almost 40,000,000 poor during an overflowing material abundance. Yet they remain helpless to end the war, to feed the hungry, to make brotherhood a reality; this has to shake our faith in ourselves. If we look honestly at the realities of our national life, it is clear that we are not marching forward; we are groping and stumbling; we are divided and confused. Our moral values and our spiritual confidence sink, even as our material wealth ascends. In these trying circumstances, the black revolution is much more than a

ILLUSTRATION BY SHELLY CANTON

struggle for the rights of Negroes. It is forcing America to face all its interrelated flaws—racism, poverty, militarism and materialism. It is exposing evils that are rooted deeply in the whole structure of our society. It reveals systemic rather than superficial flaws and suggests that radical reconstruction of society itself is the real issue to be faced.

It is time that we stopped our blithe lip service to the guarantees of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. These fine sentiments are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, but that document was always a declaration of intent rather than of reality. There were slaves when it was written; there were still slaves when it was adopted; and to this day, black Americans have not life, liberty nor the privilege of pursuing happiness, and millions of poor white Americans are in economic bondage that is scarcely less oppressive. Americans who genuinely treasure our national ideals, who know they are still elusive dreams for all too many, should welcome the stirring of Negro demands. They are shattering the complacency that allowed a multitude of social evils to accumulate. Negro agitation is requiring America to re-examine its comforting myths and may yet catalyze the drastic reforms that will save us from social catastrophe.

In indicting white America for its ingrained and tenacious racism, I am using the term "white" to describe the majority, not *all* who are white.

Yet the largest part of white America is still poisoned by racism, which is as native to our soil as pine trees, sagebrush and buffalo grass. Equally native to us is the concept that gross exploitation of the Negro is acceptable, if not commendable. Many whites who concede that Negroes should have equal access to public facilities and the untrammeled right to vote cannot understand that we do not intend to remain in the basement of the economic structure; they cannot understand why a porter or a housemaid would dare dream of a day when his work will be more useful, more remunerative and a pathway to rising opportunity. This incomprehension is a heavy burden in our efforts to win white allies for the long struggle.

In society at large, abrasion between the races is now more evident—but the hostility was always there. Relations today are different only in the sense that Negroes are expressing the feelings that were so long muted. The constructive achievements of the decade 1955 to 1965 deceived us. Everyone underestimated the amount of violence and rage Negroes were suppressing and the vast amount of bigotry the white majority was disguising. All-black organizations are a reflection of that alienation—but they are only a contemporary way station on the road to freedom. They are a product of this period of identity crisis and directionless confusion. As the human rights movement becomes more confident and aggressive, more nonviolently active, many of these emotional and intellectual problems will be resolved in the heat of battle, and we will not ask what is our neighbor's color but whether he is a brother in the pursuit of racial justice. For much of the fervent idealism of the white liberals has been supplemented recently by a dispassionate recognition of some of the cold realities of the struggle for that justice.

One of the most basic of these realities was pointed out by the President's Riot Commission, which observed that the nature of the American economy in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries made it possible for the European immigrants of that time to escape from poverty. It was an economy that had room for—even a great need for—unskilled manual labor. But the American economy today is radically different. There are fewer and fewer jobs for the culturally and educationally deprived; thus does present-day poverty feed upon and perpetuate itself. The Negro today cannot escape from his ghetto in the way that Irish, Italian, Jewish and Polish immigrants escaped from their ghettos 50 years ago. New methods of escape must be found. And one of these roads to escape will be a more equitable sharing of political power between Negroes and whites. Integration is meaningless without the sharing of power. When I speak of integration, I don't mean a romantic mixing of colors, I mean a real sharing of power and responsibility. We will eventually achieve this, but it is going to be much more difficult for us than for any other minority. After all, no other minority has been so constantly, brutally and deliberately exploited. But because of this very exploitation, Negroes bring a special spiritual and moral contribution to American life—a contribution without which America could not survive.

The implications of true racial integration are more than just national in scope. I don't believe we can have world peace until America has an "integrated" foreign policy. Our disastrous experiences in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic have been, in one sense, a result of racist decision making. Men of the white West, whether or not they like it, have grown up in a racist culture, and their thinking is colored by that fact. They have been fed on a false mythology and tradition that blinds them to the aspirations and talents of other men. They don't really respect anyone who is not white. But we simply cannot have peace in the world without mutual respect. I honestly feel that a man without racial blinders—or, even better, a man with personal experience of racial discrimination—would be in a much better position to make policy decisions and to conduct negotiations with the underprivileged and emerging nations of the world (or even with Castro, for that matter) than would an Eisenhower or a Dulles.

This is what we mean when we talk about redeeming the soul of America. Let me make it clear that I don't think white men have a monopoly on sin or greed. But I think there has been a kind of collective experience—a kind of shared misery in the black community—that makes it a little harder for us to exploit other people.

Although American Negroes could, if they were in decision-making positions, give aid and encouragement to the underprivileged and disenfranchised people in other lands, I don't think it can work the other way around. I don't think the nonwhites in other parts of the world can really be of any concrete help to us, given their own problems of development and self-determination. In fact, American Negroes have greater collective buying power than Canada, greater than all four of the Scandinavian countries combined. American Negroes have greater economic potential than most of the nations—perhaps even more than *all* of the nations—of Africa. We don't *need* to look for help from some power outside the boundaries of our country, except in the sense of sympathy and identification. Our challenge, rather, is to organize the power we already have in our midst.

A primary weapon in the fight for social justice will be the cumulative political power of the Negro. I can foresee the Negro vote becoming consistently the decisive vote in national elections. It is already decisive in states that have large numbers of electoral votes. Even today, the Negroes in New York City strongly influence how New York State will go in national elections, and the Negroes of Chicago have a similar leverage in Illinois. Negroes are even the decisive balance of power in the elections in Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. So the party and the candidate that get the support of the Negro voter in national elections have a very definite edge, and we intend to use this fact to win advances in the struggle for human rights.

The election of Negro mayors, such as Richard Hatcher of Gary, in some of the nation's larger cities has also had a tremendous psychological impact upon the Negro. It has shown him that he has the potential to participate in the determination of his own destiny—and that of society. We will see more Negro mayors in major cities in the next ten years, but this is not the ultimate answer. Mayors are relatively impotent figures in the scheme of national politics. The

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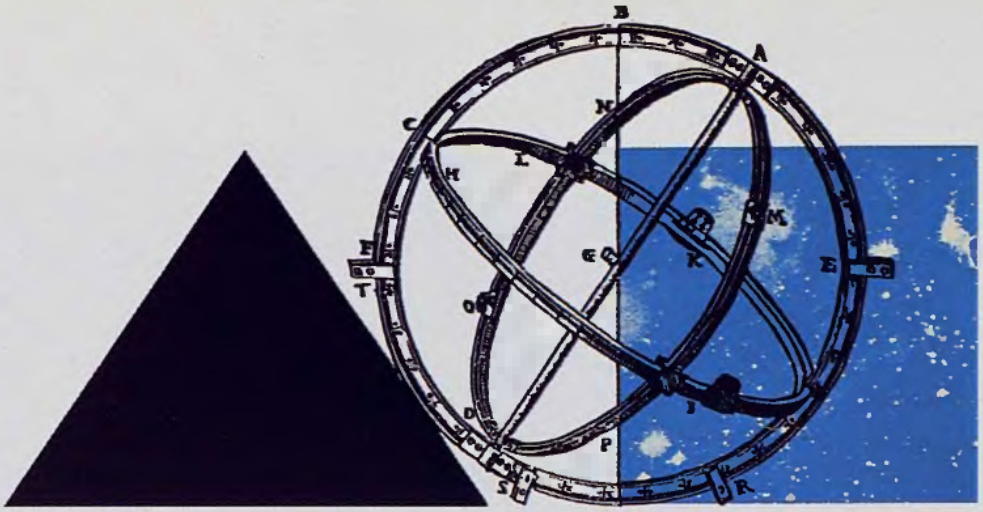


THE HAZARDS OF PROPHECY

AN ARRESTING INQUIRY INTO THE LIMITS OF THE POSSIBLE: FAILURES OF NERVE AND FAILURES OF IMAGINATION

ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

With monotonous regularity, apparently competent men have laid down the law about what is technically possible or impossible—and have been proved utterly wrong, sometimes while the ink was scarcely dry from their pens. On careful analysis, it appears that these debacles fall into two classes, which I will call Failures of Nerve and Failures of Imagination.

The Failure of Nerve seems to be the more common; it occurs when even given all the relevant facts, the would-be prophet cannot see that they point to an inescapable conclusion. Some of these failures are so ludicrous as to be almost unbelievable.

When the first locomotives were being built, critics gravely asserted that suffocation lay in wait for anyone who reached the awful speed of 30 miles an hour. Only 80 years ago, the idea of the domestic electric light was pooh-poohed by all the experts. When gas securities nose-dived in 1878 because Thomas Edison announced that he was working on the incandescent lamp, the British Parliament set up a committee to look into the matter. The distinguished witnesses reported, to the relief of the gas companies, that Edison's ideas were "good enough for our transatlantic friends . . . but unworthy of the attention of practical or scientific men."

The most famous Failures of Nerve have occurred in the fields of aero- and astronautics. At the beginning of the 20th Century, scientists were almost unanimous in declaring that heavier-than-air flight was impossible, and that anyone who attempted to build airplanes was a fool.

Closer to the present, when the existence of the 200-mile-range V-2 was disclosed, there was considerable speculation about intercontinental missiles. This was firmly squashed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, the civilian general of the U.S. scientific war effort, in evidence before a Senate Committee on December 3, 1945. Listen:

"The people who have been writing these things that annoy me have been talking about a 3000-mile high-angle rocket shot from one continent to another, carrying an atomic bomb and so directed as to be a precise weapon which would land exactly on a certain target, such as a city.

"I say, technically, I don't think anyone in the world knows how to do such a thing, and I feel confident that it will not be done for a very long period of time to come. . . . I wish the American public would leave that out of their thinking."

The outcome was the greatest Failure of Nerve in all history. Faced with the same facts, American and Russian technology took two separate roads. The Russians, faced with the need for a 200-ton rocket, went ahead and built it. By the time it was perfected, it was no longer required for intercontinental rocketry; but with it they won the race into space.

Of the many lessons to be drawn from this slice of recent history, the one that I wish to emphasize is this: Anything that is theoretically possible will be achieved, no matter what the technical difficulties, if it is desired greatly enough.

The second kind of prophetic failure is less blameworthy. Failure of Imagination arises when all the available facts are appreciated *and* marshaled correctly—but when the really vital facts are still undiscovered, and the possibility of their existence is not admitted.

One celebrated Failure of Imagination was that persisted in by Lord Rutherford, who laid bare the internal structure of the atom. Rutherford made fun of those who predicted that we should be *(continued on page 342)*

"I think your father likes me, Ralph."

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

candid conversations with cuba's revolutionary leader, comedy's wackiest improviser and the founding father of black power

FIDEL CASTRO

PLAYBOY: When you came to power in 1959, did you think that Cuba and the U.S. were going to get along better than they actually have?

CASTRO: Yes, that was one of my illusions. At that time, we believed that the revolutionary program could be carried out with a great degree of comprehension on the part of the people of the United States. We believed that because it was just, it would be accepted. True, we didn't think about the Government of the United States. We thought about the *people* of the United States, that in some way their opinion would influence the decisions of the Government. What we didn't see clearly was that the North American interests affected by the revolution possessed the means to bring about a change of public opinion in the United States and to distort everything that was happening in Cuba and present it to the U.S. public in the worst form.

PLAYBOY: Were you personally a Communist when you seized power in 1959?

CASTRO: It is possible that I appeared less radical than *(concluded on page 262)*

ROBERT COHEN

"The United States represents the most reactionary ideas in the world. Especially its self-appointed role of world gendarme, its desire to impose the government system it thinks other peoples should have."

MEL BROOKS

PLAYBOY: Mel, we'd like to ask you——

BROOKS: Who's *we*? I see one person in the room. Not counting me.

PLAYBOY: By "we" we mean *Playboy*.

BROOKS: In other words, you're asking questions for the entire sexually liberated *Playboy* organization?

PLAYBOY: Mel, can we begin now?

BROOKS: Fine, do you gavotte?

PLAYBOY: Let's sit this one out. You've recently completed a series of radio commercials as Ballantine Beer's "2500-year-old Brewmaster." It's a character quite similar to your famous 2000-year-old man, in that once again you jog satirically through the pages of history. But the big difference is: Now you're peddling beer. Why did you sell out to Madison Avenue, like they say?

BROOKS: I decided that I had given enough of myself to mankind. After all, my definitive 12-volume series on enlightened penology was completed; my staff and I had UNESCO running in apple-pie order; and of course I had just come up with the vaccine to wipe out cystic fibrosis. *(concluded on page 266)*

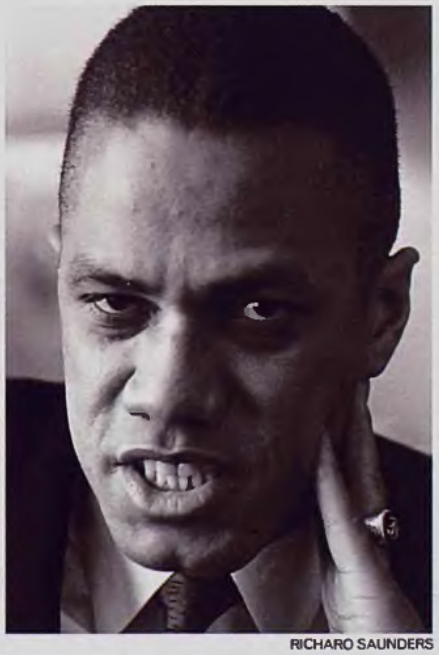
MARVIN KONER

"The trouble with Playmates is that they're too openly sexy. I've been taught since I was a kid that sex is filthy and forbidden, and I think it should be. The filthier and more forbidden it is, the more exciting it is."

MALCOLM X

PLAYBOY: What is the ambition of the Black Muslims?

MALCOLM X: Freedom, justice and equality are our principal ambitions. And to faithfully serve and follow the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is the guiding goal of every Muslim. Mr. Muhammad teaches us the knowledge of our own selves, and of our own people. He cleans us up—morally, mentally and spiritually—and he reforms us of the vices that have blinded us here in the Western society. He stops black men from getting drunk, stops their dope addiction if they had it, stops nicotine, gambling, stealing, lying, cheating, fornication, adultery, prostitution, juvenile delinquency. I think of this whenever somebody talks about someone investigating us. Why investigate the Honorable Elijah Muhammad? They should subsidize him. He's cleaning up the mess that white men have made. He's saving the Government millions of dollars, taking black men off welfare, showing them how to do something for themselves. And Mr. Muhammad teaches us love for *(concluded on page 296)*



RICHARD SAUNDERS

"I read everything I could put my hands on in the prison library. I found out that either the history-whitening process had left out great things that black men had done or the great black men had gotten whitened."

THE ORIENT EXPRESS

mystery, legend and intrigue still ride that crack continental train

PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG

travel **By WILLIAM SANSOM** "I WAS SITTING . . . in the outer seat of a table for four in the Pullman dining car of the Orient Express. On a curve just outside Munich, owing to a rail's being out of place, our carriage suddenly leaned over hard to the left and I was forced violently against my companion. When the carriage righted itself, I found that an Austrian couple had both fallen over, making a complete somersault. The lady's head *(concluded on page 146)*

"My alimony check is in the usual place, I suppose."

TEEVEE JEEBIES

new dialog for the late late show

satire **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

"No fair hitting a girl!!"

"A lot of cowboys grow attached to their horses, but let's face it—you're involved!"

"Honest, Fran, I was just reaching for the grapefruit."

"Did you ever see an old lady bounce like that before?!"

"Hello, Mom? This is Ernie. I just decided to call and wish you a happy birthday . . . !"

"Look, it shouldn't be so difficult to remember: The back of your collar goes down and the back of your hat goes up!"

MY WAR WITH THE MACHINES

humor By WOODY ALLEN *how to get the lower hand when dealing with cybernetic superiors*

YEARS AGO I went to Hollywood looking for a job. Actually, I had seen an ad in *The New York Times* that said, "Boy wanted, part time, to direct *Cleopatra*." So I went out to the Coast and while I was there, I went to this big party. I took a producer's very unattractive daughter, but I was social climbing. She was a really bad-looking girl. Facially, she resembled Louis Armstrong's voice. And while I was at the party, I met a very big Hollywood producer who spoke to me about a job. At that time, they wanted to make an elaborate CinemaScope musical comedy based on the Dewey decimal system, and they wanted me to punch it up. I had worked as a writer in New York. I had written a TV show called *Surprise Divorce*. We used to take a happily married couple out of the audience every week and divorce them on television. Anyhow, I got the job.

So I go out to the producer's office in Burbank, and I walk into his building, and I get into the elevator, and there's nobody in the elevator. No people. No buttons on the wall. No elevator operator. Nothing. And I hear a voice say, "Kindly call out your floors, please." And I look around, and there's nothing. And I hear it again. "Kindly call out your floors, please." Now, I'm a great panicker. In the event of any type of emergency, I lose control of the sphincter muscle. Anyway, I hear this voice, and I look on the wall and it's printed: "This elevator runs on a sonic principle. Please state your floor and the elevator will take you there."

So I said, "Three, please."

And the doors close. And the elevator starts going up to three. And on the way up, I felt very self-conscious, because I speak with a slight New York accent; and the elevator spoke quite well. And I get off, and as I'm walking down the hall, I thought I heard the elevator make a remark. So I turn quickly, but the doors are shut and it's gone down. I didn't want to get involved with an elevator anyway—not in Hollywood.

But here's the paranoid part of the story. I have never had good relations with mechanical objects. Anything I can't reason with or kiss or fondle, I get into trouble with. I have a clock that runs counterclockwise, and my toaster shakes my toast from side to side and burns it, and I hate my shower. My shower hated me first, but then it got to be a thing of counterhostility. If I'm taking a shower and someone in America uses their water, that's it for me! I leap from the tub with a red streak down my back. I paid $150 for a tape recorder, and as I talk into it, it goes, "I know, I know!"

I have a Polaroid camera; it started putting out pictures in two minutes. Then it started putting out pictures in five minutes. Finally, I got a little note that said, "Come in tomorrow for them!" So be nice to your camera.

I have a suntan lamp. As I sit under it, it rains on me.

All right, one night some years ago, I was home alone. I called a meeting of my possessions. I got everything I owned—my toaster, my clock, my blender—into the living room. They had never been in the living room before. I spoke to them. I spoke to each appliance. I said, "I know what's going on, and cut it out!" I was brilliant. You would've loved me. I opened with a joke, and then I moved on and made each point.

I was very firm. Then I put them back where they belonged. And I felt good. Strong. Two days later, I'm watching my portable television set—Dr. Joyce Brothers—when suddenly the picture begins to jump up and down. All right, I always talk before I hit. I went up to the set and I said, "I thought we had discussed this." But the set kept going up and down, up and down, so I hit it! I felt good hitting it! And I beat the hell out of it! I kicked in the screen. I ripped off the knobs. I tore off the antenna. (That appeared in a dream three nights later.) And I felt fabulous. Very Hemingway. I destroyed the machine. Man triumphs.

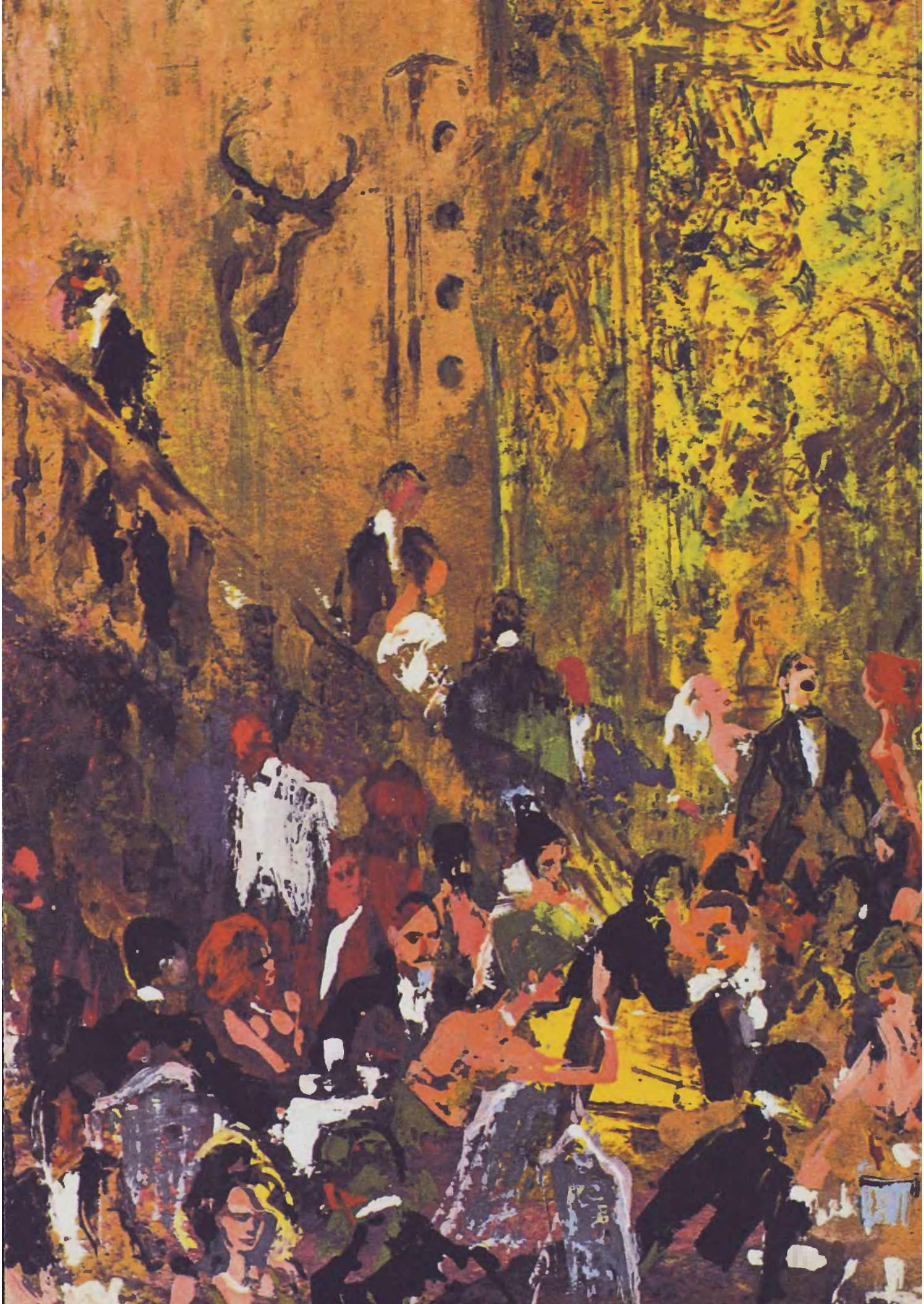
Two days later, I go to my dentist. I had gone to my dentist, but I had a very deep cavity and he had sent me to a chiropodist, and I'm in a building in midtown Manhattan, and they have those sonic elevators. So I get in, and I hear a voice say, "Kindly call out your floors, please." And now I'm hip because I was to the Coast, and I say, "Sixteen, please." On the way up, it says to me, "Are you the guy that hit the television set!?"

Then it took me up and down fast between floors and it threw me out in the basement and it yelled out something that was anti-Semitic.

And the upshot of the whole story is, that day I called my parents, and my mother tells me my father was fired. My father, who worked 12 years for the same firm, was fired. He was replaced with a tiny gadget that does everything my father does, only much better. The depressing thing is, my mother ran out and bought one.

STU GROSS

Vargas



LeRoy Neiman

man at his leisure

leroy neiman limns the sophisticated frenetics of gotham's in-est discothèques

DISCOTHÈQUES, in the past few years, have become the delight of New York's international jet set. Le Club (left), most exclusive of these pulsating pleasure domes, was the first "pure" (records-only) *discothèque* in Manhattan. It still flourishes in the smart East 50s, under the guidance of publisher–social arbiter Igor Cassini. *Playboy* artist LeRoy Neiman was impressed with the Old World flavor of Le Club. "It suffuses the whole atmosphere," Neiman said. "The joys of the dance are celebrated in a 16th Century Flemish tapestry of heroic proportions. Opposite it, over the hearth, is a full-length portrait from the Louis XVI era. Looking down on the fruggers is a set of regal deer heads, surrounded by antique hunting horns and firearms. The only overtly modern furnishings are the vertical speakers flanking the tapestry. The members, all socialites and celebrities, dress with studied formality." Of course, there are *discothèques* that are more accessible to Manhattanites with a contemporary terpsichorean bent. Sybil Burton's Arthur remains *de rigueur* on the disco circuit. Ondine—which, like Arthur, has a live-music policy—appeals to the madly Mod set, while the Andy Warhol spirit of the East Village is vested in The Dom. And ebullient teeny-boppers of all ages are their own best entertainment at The Scene, Downtown, Trude Heller's or Cheetah. Says Neiman, "Whatever their differences, all of these clubs manifest a common spirit. The people who frequent them are out for wiggy kicks, and they're full of adrenaline—but they go about it with style and aplomb. The male *discothèquenician* has become much more fastidious about his appearance since the antediluvian Peppermint Lounge phase of the rock revolution. Clothes may not make the man, but apparently they help make the woman; and today's young blade tends to be as modest about his out-of-sight Mod outfit as a peacock is about its plumage."

Newest of New York's "in" *discothèques* is Yellowfingers (above), which boosts a wall-sized mirror to satisfy its style-conscious patrons. The club is a chic showcase for high-fashion models, who boogaloo nightly in bell-bottoms or mid-thigh miniskirts (top), their eyes hidden by space-age sun visors. The music at Yellowfingers flows overhead, loud, but not so loud as to hinder friendly discourse (right). Reports Neiman, "Dancing in these *discothèques* is no longer simply dancing. There is improvisation, but the emphasis is on mannerism. The object is to look aware—not to get hung up on feeling the music but to concentrate on feeling your own presence. In the 'now' crowd's discos, the 'I's' have it."

THE ORIENT EXPRESS

(continued from page 137)

"After 1800 miles, five religions, seven borders and God knows how many peaked caps, there is more."

had got underneath our table and her legs were upright in the air. While the other ladies in the carriage screamed with laughter and the men endeavored to keep grave faces, I grappled with the difficult task of holding the inverted lady's petticoats together and at the same time freeing her head from the table legs.

"Three days later, in Vienna, I received a pressing invitation from the archduchess, asking me to call at her house at the hour of afternoon coffee. When I went into the room, the archduchess got up from her chair and came forward to meet me, telling her guests, who were chiefly ladies, 'This is my English friend, who saved my life, and has seen more of me than my husband himself.'"

Thus wrote the good Colonel Crompton in his *Reminiscences* of golden days long before the Kaiser came to mess up Europe. But with the years, with changes of economics and society, the long, luxurious snake has played the chameleon. In fact and fiction, it pops up decade after decade, according to the virtuosity of its storyteller, either glaring with gas and pearls or fulminating with electricity and spies. Those 1800 miles of track between Paris and Istanbul are like flypaper to the romantic traveler.

So now let us see what it is like to travel on the famous train today.

At 11:30 on either of only two scheduled nights a week, passengers for Istanbul and stations en route begin to gather at the *Gare de Lyon* in Paris for the moment of departure, 23 hours, 50 minutes. Along the Direct Orient platform, one searches for the one sleeping coach that bears the word ISTANBUL. As the hand of the electric clock whips round like a cane to 11:50, somebody peeps a little whistle and imperceptibly, most casually for such a long journey, the great train slides off.

"*Bonne nuit*," says the keeper. "I'll call you tomorrow at Lausanne." The door closes and that's that. Beds already made up, two to a compartment; chromium fittings everywhere. Everything opening and shutting into everything else, in a fine essay of compactness.

So to sleep, with the wheels beneath playing something like the opening of Beethoven's *Fifth* over and over again. A useful lullaby. Before you can say "*E pericoloso sporgesi*," the long night is gone, and there is a tap on the door and the words "Lausanne, monsieur."

Up with the washbasin, off with the pajama top. Up with the blind. Down with the blind. Forgot we were in Lausanne station, with a line of gray Swiss commuters staring straight in the window.

Now through green valleys lush with vine and orchard, high mountain walls going straight up to either side. The fast gray rivers of Switzerland flow backward past us, a smart new Swiss ordinary ticket collector flows forward in his pressed dark-gray uniform. Looking up at the snow-capped monsters above, one of the English says placidly, "I wonder if we're in Switzerland yet."

Then, in a blaze of color—Maggiore, Italy. It looks like heaven. Why on earth go on all that way to the wretched Orient? Wide blue waters, distant mountains, little red-roofed lakeside towns, islands, the first flowering of the palm alongside a cool pleasantry of darker firs. The station at Stresa is covered with roses and hydrangeas—difficult, indeed, not to fling oneself off. Better just lower the sun blind and taste the noonday shade.

We now approach Trieste and soon afterward the Yugoslav frontier—which is, though, no Iron Curtain but, as it were, Tito's Venetian blind. Early morning and over the broad brown Danube to Belgrade—or BEOGRAD, as in Cyrillic letters the battered old station-building pediment declares. An hour's wait and we descend to look for breakfast in the station buffet. Immediate impression of the people is of a fresh, bourgeois lot: gone the elegance, the fleshpot look of the West. Little, if any, lipstick on women's faces, and men in unpressed suits and with, it seems, very wiry hair disinclined to lie down.

Off we glide through the modern suburbs of Belgrade, glance a moment at a rust-brown river and one high baroque-towered church, and then away south and east on parallels now with Genoa and Warsaw. It was along another river, south of here, that the conductors of this anecdotal train at one time had instructions to lower the blinds to save the passengers' blushes, as the local ladies had a habit of enjoying the river quite naked.

Sofia greets us somewhere around six, and with an instant air of gaiety. A bright evening crowd welcomes the train. Kisses, yelps, hoots, laughter everywhere, several girls with bouquets to greet descending passengers—we are suddenly like an evening ship coming into an island port. And there is, indeed, an essence of the island in Sofia's position. Nobody had ever told me that this city is situated in a basin prettily surrounded with mountains, some of them snow-capped, and just the right distance away.

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For the first time, we are awakened in the night. At some ungodly time, we touch Pythion, on the Greek outward border, and a soft-voiced gentleman without a uniform pokes his head in and takes away the passports. Back to sleep, but another call in an hour's time. The passports back, and out of the window a suddenly different scene: the red flag of Turkey, with its white crescent and star, and, sure enough, the penciling of a minaret.

And now a big moment—the reedy rural end of an inlet from the Sea of Marmara. The sea, the sea! And at last the broken towers and walls of old Byzantium. We are into Istanbul: and literally what that word means—"into the city." Immense gray mosques, many domed, like giant schools of stone bubbles, show themselves to the left; then the venerable high dome and yellow walls of St. Sophia; and rounding the point, the great Seraglio of the Grand Turk, fortress of felicity and murderous intrigue, its kitchens for 10,000 people fretting the sky with chimneys, and a huge buzzard slowly wheeling above the surrounding trees. On the right-hand southern coast, Asia ten minutes away.

Sirkeci station, the terminus. And out into a milling, sweating, battering crowd that declaims that Asia has come to Europe: no need for geographical niceties about the Bosporus neatly dividing two continents. And into a taxi and across the Golden Horn to your hotel—and what? Lashings of Circassian chicken? Grilled swordfish? The sweetmeat called Lady's Navel? Or true navel—for, as once the dervishes whirled, now hired navels from all over the Near East rotate each night in a hundred *danses de ventre* in the night clubs.

After 1800 miles, five religions, seven borders, three literations and God knows how many peaked caps, there is all this offered to the person of him described now on his Turkish return bulletin as "Sansom Bey." Yet there is always more to be found. Thus, not only bare dancers but dancing bears, trapped in local forests. And an island of peace an hour away—Büyük, where only horse traffic is allowed and the horses must wear silent rubber shoes. And, in season and beyond belief, wrestling matches between camels. And, in any season on the chance menu, a foodstuff called *amanex*. Amanex? Ham and eggs. No end to the subtle tricks of the wily Turk. The journey was worth it. It would have been madness to descend at Maggiore.

WANDA HICKEY'S NIGHT OF GOLDEN MEMORIES

humor

BY JEAN SHEPHERD

in which the proust of the indiana plains recalls a heart-rending celebration of that most american of adolescent rituals, the junior prom

"PUBERTY RITES in the more primitive tribal societies are almost invariably painful and traumatic experiences."

I half dozed in front of my TV set as the speaker droned on in his high, nasal voice. One night a week, as a form of masochistic self-discipline, I sentence myself to a minimum of three hours viewing educational television.

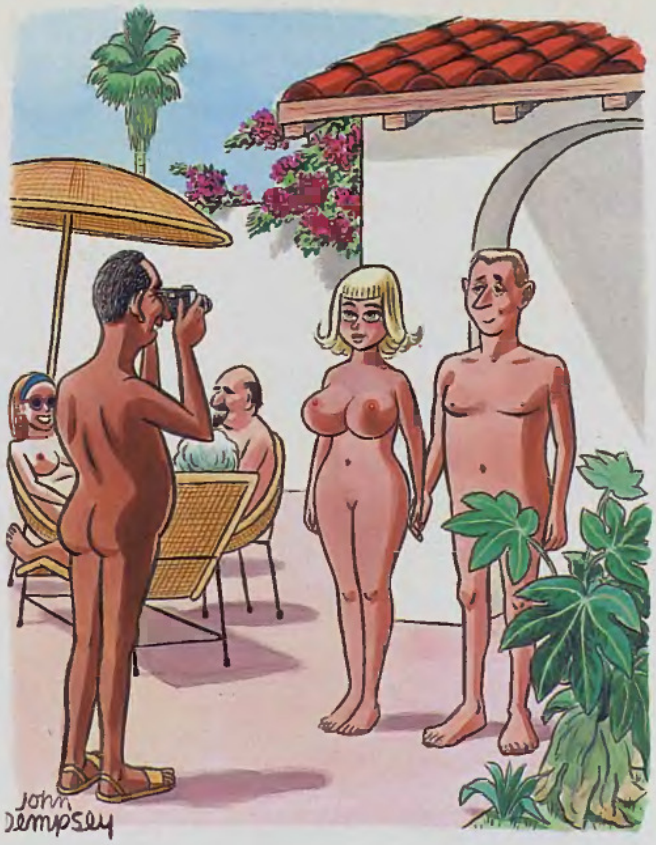
"A classic example is the Ugga Buggah tribe of lower Micronesia," the speaker continued, tapping a pointer on the map behind him.

A shot of an Ugga Buggah teenager appeared on the screen, eyes rolling in misery, face bathed in sweat. I leaned forward. His expression was strangely familiar.

"When an Ugga Buggah reaches puberty, the rites are rigorous and unvarying for both sexes. Difficult dances are performed and the candidate for adulthood must drink sickening ritual libations during the postdance banquet. You will also notice that his costume is as uncomfortable as it is decorative.

"Of course, we in more sophisticated societies no *(continued on page 334)*

"I hate interrupting your yoga exercises, Miss Higgins, but you're wanted on the phone."



"Look natural . . . !"

"Either of you gentlemen care for something to nibble on?"

". . . And so you see, Mr. Shaw, if everybody went without clothes, there simply wouldn't be any more wars!"

HOW I WOULD START AGAIN TODAY

INDUSTRY'S ELYSIAN FIELDS—CURRENT AND FUTURE—AWAIT THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A CAREER OR LAUNCH A BUSINESS OF HIS OWN

ARTICLE **BY J. PAUL GETTY**

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I was interviewed by a correspondent for a European business publication. After asking a great many questions about my business career, he paused, shook his head sadly and declared, "It is a pity your countrymen of today do not enjoy the same opportunities to achieve success as were present when you started in business."

I'm afraid I reacted rather violently, for, as I told the journalist, there is more opportunity for the beginner in business today than ever before in our history. A fabulous business landscape spreads literally into infinity before the eyes of the imaginative beginner. It is a landscape rich in opportunity—richer by far than even those that unfolded during the golden eras of the Industrial Revolution, the American expansion and the postwar boom.

The important thing is that the surface has barely been scratched. The biggest leaps forward—U.S. free-enterprise style, I hasten to make clear, and *not* the Red Chinese variety—and the most tempting plums lie ahead.

Since the over-all business trend is *up*, with burgeoning populations, enlightened economic policies and other factors pointing to continuing expansion and growth, there is a fine future for the tyro in most areas. However, the ambitious beginner is especially likely to achieve success along two different but interconnected avenues. Both are equally broad, challenging and open—and equally liable to be paved with gold.

The first avenue to success for the beginner is offered by those older—what might be called traditional—industries that are undergoing, or that will soon undergo, revolutionary changes that will completely transform their character. An example that comes immediately to mind is the transportation industry. The revolution in transportation has been under way for thousands of years, but since the turn of the century, its pace has been accelerated at a fantastic rate. Supertankers, jet aircraft, "ground-effect machines"—like the "hovercraft" and "aircars"—hydrofoil vessels and superspeed monorails are already with us. So are giant pipelines that carry petroleum products, wood pulp, coal slurry, sulphur, sugar cane and many other fluids and semisolids. And then, of course, there is space travel. . . .

But, even as his imagination boggles at the picture of the transportation industry of the near future, the imaginative young businessman can readily grasp the potentials and possibilities offered by this revolution in moving things and people. It doesn't matter how he wants to get in on the ground floor—by offering his talents as an executive or by supplying his capital as an investor.

The materials industries provide another example of an area of business and industrial activity that is in the process of metamorphosis. Dr. Lee DuBridge has coined the expression "molecular engineering" to describe the technology of changing the characteristics of materials. Tremendous strides have already been made in this direction. Unnumbered new synthetics, alloys and combinations of materials have appeared on the market for use in everything from children's clothing to space rockets.

"It is hard to think of an industrial or consumer product that will not be made stronger, lighter, cheaper, more attractive or more durable by taking advantage of new materials," James R. Bright wrote in a recent *Harvard Business Review* article.

There are many other traditional industries that are undergoing top-to-bottom transformations. In general, what applies to the two examples I have cited—transportation and materials—applies to these as well. The period of transition, in which the old is phased out and the new is phased in, is an ideal time for the beginner. Acquainted with the old, but not hidebound by it, he is also fresh and adaptable enough to grasp the new and to make the most of the changing developments around him.

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Now I would like to discuss the second avenue to success that, I believe, offers particular promise to the beginner. It is represented by the completely new industries that have recently emerged—and will continue to emerge in large numbers in the future—as a result of major scientific and technological breakthroughs.

Energy is one of the most important of these areas. At present, oil, coal, gas and hydroelectric power are still the world's principal energy sources, *(concluded on page 280)*

ada

fiction By VLADIMIR NABOKOV

ardor at ardis: hot summer, a country estate—and suddenly the arcane alchemy of love burst into flame, kindled by the fire that blazed in the night

WAS SHE REALLY PRETTY, at 12? Did he want—would he ever want—to caress her, to really caress her? Her black hair cascaded over one clavicle and the gesture she made of shaking it back and the dimple on her pale cheek were revelations with an element of immediate recognition about them. Her pallor shone, her blackness blazed. The pleated skirts she liked were becomingly short. Even her bare limbs were so free from suntan that one's gaze, stroking her white shins and forearms, could follow upon them the regular slants of fine dark hairs, the silks of her girlhood. The iridal dark brown of her serious eyes had the enigmatic opacity of an Oriental hypnotist's look (in a magazine's back-page advertisement) and seemed to be placed higher than usual, so that between their lower rim and the moist lower lid a cradle crescent of white remained when she stared straight at you. Her long eyelashes seemed blackened and, in fact, were. Her features were saved from elfin prettiness by the thickish shape of her parched lips. Her plain Irish nose was Van's in miniature. Her teeth were fairly white but not very even.

Her poor pretty hands—one could not help cooing with pity over them—rosy in comparison with the translucent skin of the arm, rosier even than the elbow that seemed to be blushing for the state of her nails: She bit them so thoroughly that all vestige of free margin was replaced by a groove cutting into the flesh with the tightness of wire and lending an additional spatule of length to her naked finger tips. Later, when he was so fond of kissing her cold hands, she would clench them, allowing his lips nothing but knuckle, but he would fiercely pry her hand open to get at those flat blind little cushions. (But, oh, my, oh, the long, languid, rose-and-silver, painted and pointed, delicately stinging onyxes of her adolescent and adult years!)

What Van experienced in those first strange days when she showed him the house—and those nooks in it where they were to make love so soon—combined elements of ravishment and exasperation. Ravishment—because of her pale, voluptuous, impermissible skin, her hair, her legs, her angular movements, her gazelle-grass odor, the sudden black stare of her wide-set eyes, the rustic nudity under her dress; exasperation—because between him, an awkward schoolboy of genius, and that precocious, affected, impenetrable child there extended a void of light and a veil of shade that no force could overcome and pierce. He swore wretchedly in the hopelessness of his bed as he focused his swollen senses on the glimpse of her he had engulfed when, on their second excursion to the top of the house, she had mounted a captain's trunk to unhasp a sort of illuminator through which one acceded to the roof (even the dog had once gone there), and a bracket or something wrenched up her skirt and he saw—as one sees some sickening miracle in a Biblical fable or a moth's shocking metamorphosis—that the child was darkly flossed. He noticed that she seemed to have noticed that he had or might have noticed (what he not only noticed but retained with tender terror until he freed himself of that *(continued on page 164)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT ANOREW PARKER

an imaginary menagerie
for children of all ages

SILVERSTEIN'S ZOO

PROLOGUE

Now the Bears and the Bees and the Chimpanzees
Are creatures with which we're familiar.
But what do we know of the Humplebacked Mo,
Or the ring-tailed breckspeckled Hillyar?
Or the tongue-twisted rubber-necked Bylliar?
Or the Gorp-eating Kallikozilliar?

satire **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

SOFT-SHELLED PHIZZINT

THE CONSIDERATE
SOFT-SHELLED PHIZZINT

You'll never know an animal
more considerate of human feelings
than the Soft-Shelled Phizzint.
Someone has mistaken this one
for a pincushion
and he's too polite to say he isn't.

GRAVEYARK

THE GRAVEYARK

See the Graveyark in his cage,
His claws are sharp, his teeth are double.
Thank heaven he's locked up safe inside,
Or we'd all be in terrible trouble!

FLYING FESTOON

THE FLYING FESTOON AND I

I am going to ride on the Flying Festoon,
I'll jump on his back and I'll whistle a tune,
And we'll fly to the outermost tip of the moon,
The Flying Festoon and I.

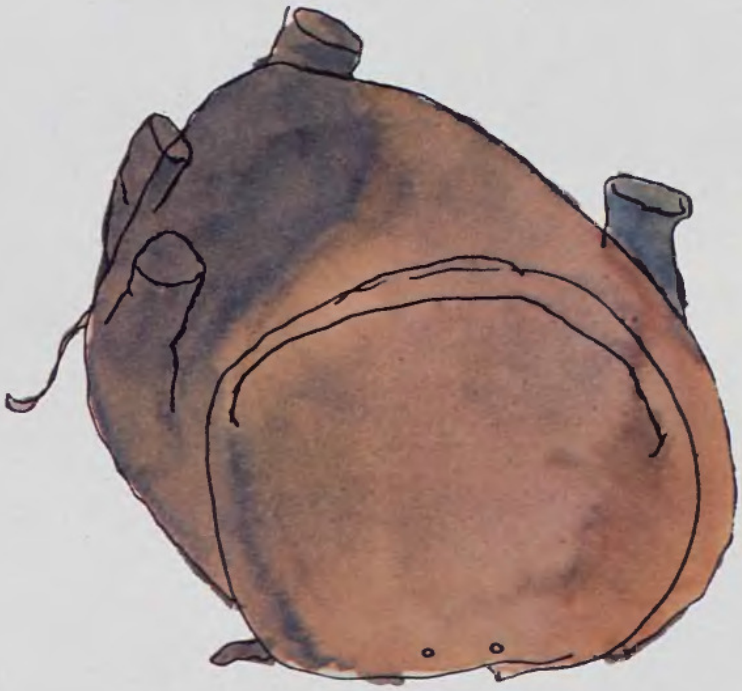
Oh, I'm taking some crackers, a ball and a prune,
And we're leaving this evening precisely at noon,
For I'm going to fly with the Flying Festoon,
Just as soon as he learns how to fly.

LONG-

NECKED

PREPOSTEROUS

TWENTY-EIGHT-TON GHELI



THE GHELI

See the twenty-eight-ton Gheli.
He'd love for you to scratch his belly.

MAN-EATING FULLIT

DONALD

This is Donald,
A Long-Necked Preposterous,
Looking around for a female
Long-Necked Preposterous.
But there aren't any.

THE TAIL OF THE FULLIT

This is the tail of the
Man-Eating Fullit.
Let's not pull it.

WOMEN OF THE SIXTIES

DONNA MICHELLE Miss December 1963, then 1964 Playmate of the Year, Donna was one of our most popular Playmates and the first recipient of a Playmate Pink convertible—a custom Ford Mustang. Films, TV, summer stock and a photography career ensued.

PETER SELLERS No, he wasn't a woman of the Sixties, but this consummate character actor nonetheless became one of our favorite pictorial stars via his spoofs of such screen luminaries as Rudolph Valentino in *Sellers Mimes the Movie Lovers* (April 1964).

MAMIE VAN DOREN It's easy to see why *Playboy* showcased Van Doren twice in the same year (1964). Still, this blonde bombshell never ignited as did Monroe and Mansfield.

CYNTHIA MYERS *Wholly Toledo!* the editors titled the story of Ohio's bounteously endowed Miss December 1968, who'd predicted at 15 that she'd be a Playmate.

KIM NOVAK In *At Home with Kim* (February 1965), the accomplished actress explains why she deserted Chicago and Bel Air for the seclusion of Big Sur, California: "It's the haven I've always wanted." Readers found this the picture they'd always wanted.

THE NUDE LOOK When we invented some see-through styles for a July 1960 parody, we thought we were kidding. Then Rudi Gernreich's topless swimsuit heralded a real *Nude Look* feature (November 1965).

CAROL DODA From 1964 to 1985, this siliconed pioneer (showcased in *The New Barbary Coast*, April 1965) danced topless at San Francisco's Condor Club. An era ended last January: The Condor clothed its girls.

CARROLL BAKER *Baker in the Boudoir* (December 1964) quotes Carroll on nudity: "I see nothing extraordinary about removing my clothes for the camera." Two decades later (*Ironweed*), she remains striking.

CATHERINE DENEUVE Her first *Playboy* exposure, as one of *Europe's New Sex Sirens* (September 1963), was followed by October 1965's *France's Deneuve Wave*, shot during the filming of *Repulsion*, when she was 21.

ARLENE DAHL "Moviedom's most ravishing redhead" *Playboy* dubs her in *Elegant Dahl* (December 1962). This versatile lady has been a model, an actress, an author—and mother of Eighties hunk Lorenzo Lamas.

CHRISTA SPECK First a bank secretary, then a Playboy Club Bunny, Christa quickened heartbeats as Miss September 1961 and, the following April, as Playmate of the Year. Subsequently, she wed puppeteer Marty Krofft.

JO COLLINS By the Sixties, *Playboy*'s Playmates had surpassed movie stars as GIs' favorite pinups; 1965 Playmate of the Year Jo (near right), visited troops in Vietnam.

STELLA STEVENS Miss January 1960 was in mid–Playmate shooting when she got a call offering the role of Appassionata von Climax in *Li'l Abner*. The rest is history.

PAULA KELLY These multiple images of the taxi-dancing star of *Sweet Charity* mark the first appearance of pubic hair on *Playboy*'s pages (August 1969).

SHARON TATE Director Roman Polanski took this and other shots of the star of his horror-movie spoof, *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, for *Playboy*'s March 1967 issue. They wed in 1968, with a gala reception at the London Playboy Club, but their happiness was cut short by the insanity of the Manson family murders in 1969.

WOODY ALLEN "Entertainment for men" often means entertainment by men—notably, Woody Allen, whose February 1969 send-up *Shindai!*, with model Bettina Brenna, is one of his ten *Playboy* contributions.

JUNE COCHRAN A beauty-contest winner from Indiana, this Hoosier hot-shot graces *Playboy*'s December 1962 gatefold. She triumphed again in competition for the title of Playmate of the Year 1963.

JOAN COLLINS She looks oddly demure in this 1969 feature on then-husband Anthony Newley's film *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* (Playmate Connie Kreski is Mercy).

URSULA ANDRESS A perennial favorite, and the first of three wives John Derek has photographed for the magazine, Ursula made her *Playboy* pictorial debut with *SHE Is Ursula Andress*, published in June 1965.

ada *(continued from page 150)*

"Their first free and frantic caresses had been preceded by a brief period of strange craftiness."

vision—much later—and in strange ways), and an odd, dull, arrogant look passed across her face: Her sunken cheeks and fat pale lips moved as if she were chewing something, and she emitted a yelp of joyless laughter when he, big Van, slipped on a tile after wriggling in his turn through the skylight. And in the sudden sun, he realized that until then, he, small Van, had been a blind virgin, since haste, dust and dusk had obscured the mousy charms of his first harlot, so often possessed.

His sentimental education now went on fast. Next morning, he happened to catch sight of her washing her face and arms over an old-fashioned basin on a rococo stand, her hair knotted on the top of her head, her nightgown twisted around her waist like a clumsy corolla out of which issued her slim back, rib-shaded on the near side. A fat snake of porcelain curled around the basin, and as both the reptile and he stopped to watch Eve and the soft woggle of her bud breasts in profile, a big mulberry-colored cake of soap slithered out of her hand, and her black-socked foot hooked the door shut with a bang that was more the echo of the soap's crashing against the marble board than a sign of pudic displeasure.

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Their first free and frantic caresses had been preceded by a brief period of strange craftiness, of cringing stealth. The masked offender was Van, but Ada's passive acceptance of the poor boy's behavior seemed tacitly to acknowledge its disreputable and even monstrous nature. A few weeks later, both were to regard that phase of his courtship with amused condescension; at the time, however, its implicit cowardice puzzled her and distressed him—mainly because he was keenly conscious of her being puzzled.

Although Van had never had the occasion to witness anything close to virginal revolt on the part of Ada—not an easily frightened or overfastidious little girl, he could rely on two or three dreadful dreams to imagine her, in real, or at least responsible, life, recoiling with a wild look as she left his lust in the lurch to summon her governess or mother, or a gigantic footman (not existing in the house but killable in the dream—punchable with sharp-ringed knuckles, puncturable like a bladder of blood), after which he knew he would be expelled from Ardis—but even if he were to will himself to mock that image so as to blast it out of all consciousness, he could not feel proud of his conduct: In those actual undercover dealings of his with Ada, by doing what he did and the way he did it, with that unpublished relish, he seemed to himself to be either taking advantage of her innocence or else inducing her to conceal from him, the concealer, her awareness of what he concealed.

After the first contact, so light, so mute, between his soft lips and her softer skin had been established—high up in that dappled tree, with only that stray *ardilla* daintily leavesdropping—nothing seemed changed in one sense, all was lost in another. Such contacts evolve their own texture; a tactile sensation is a blind spot; we touch in silhouette.

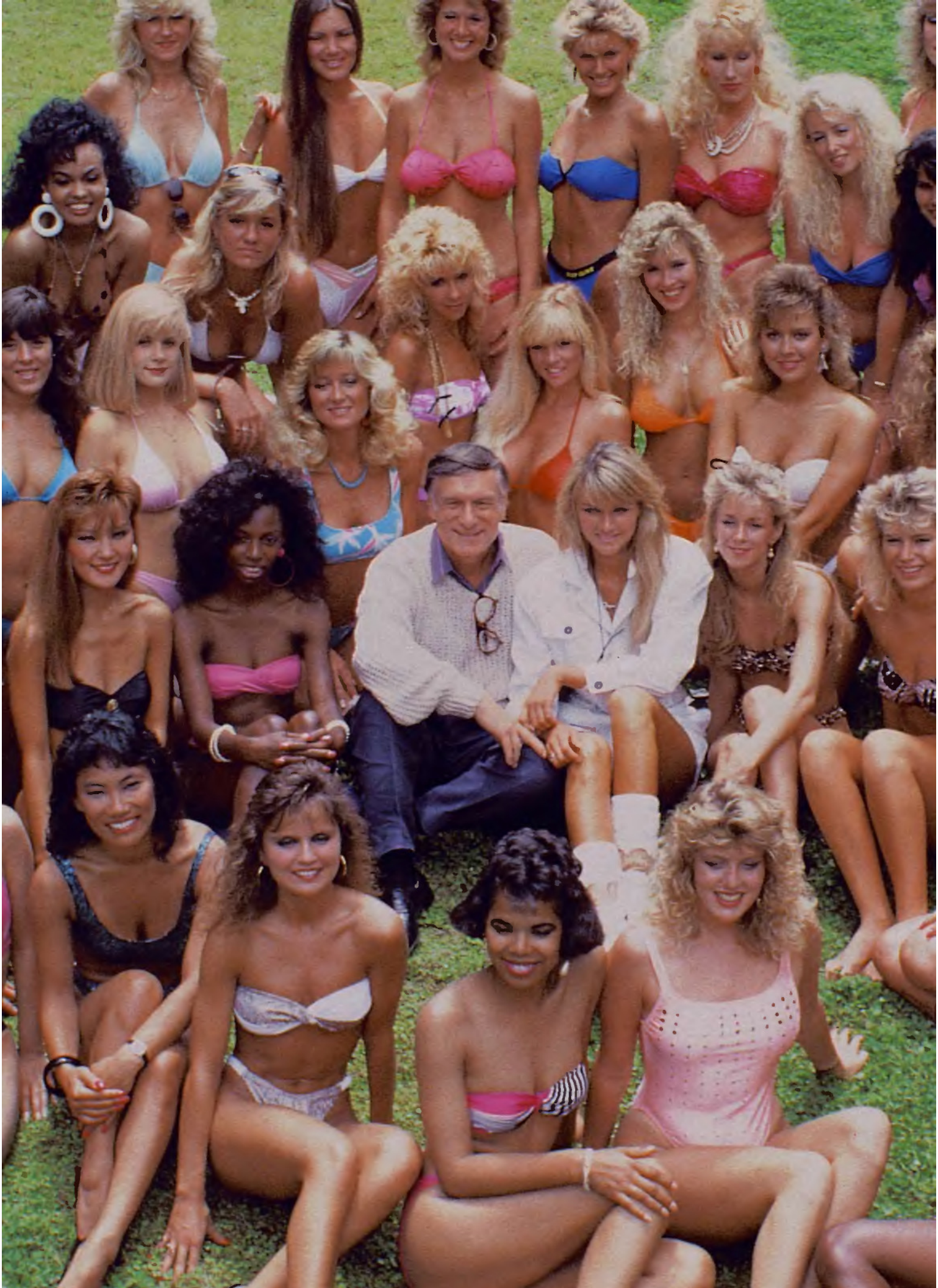
He could not say afterward, when discussing with her that rather pathetic nastiness, whether he really feared that his *avournine* might react with an outburst of real or well-feigned resentment to a stark display of desire, or whether a glum, cunning approach was dictated to him by considerations of pity and decency toward a chaste child, whose charm was too compelling not to be tasted in secret and too sacred to be openly violated: But something went wrong—that much was clear. The vague commonplaces of vague modesty so dreadfully in vogue 80 years ago, the unsufferable banalities of shy wooing buried in old romances as arch as Arcady, those moods, those modes, lurked, no doubt, behind the hush of his ambuscades and that of her toleration. No record has remained of the exact summer day when his wary and elaborate coddlings began; but simultaneously with her sensing that at certain moments he stood indecently close behind her, with his burning breath and gliding lips, she was aware that those silent, exotic approximations must have started long ago in some indefinite and infinite past and could no longer be stopped by her, without her acknowledging a tacit acceptance of their routine repetition in that past.

On those relentlessly hot July afternoons, Ada liked to sit on a cool piano stool of ivoried wood at a white-oilcloth'd table in the sunny music room, her favorite botanical atlas open before her, and copy out in color on creamy paper some singular flower. She might choose, for instance, an insect-mimicking orchid, which she would proceed to enlarge with remarkable skill. Or else she combined one species with another (unrecorded but possible), introducing odd little changes and twists that seemed almost morbid in so young a girl so nakedly dressed. The long beam slanting in from the French window glowed in the faceted tumbler, in the tinted water and on the tin of the paintbox—and while she delicately painted an eyespot or the lobes of a lip, rapturous concentration caused the tip of her tongue to curl at the corner of her mouth; and as the sun looked on, the fantastic, black-blue-brown-haired child seemed in her turn to mimic the mirror-of-Venus blossom. Her flimsy, loose frock happened to be so deeply cut out behind that whenever she concaved her back while moving her prominent scapulae to and fro and tilting her head—as with air-poised brush she surveyed her damp achievement, or with the outside of her left wrist wiped a strand of hair off her temple—Van, who had drawn up to her seat as close as he dared, could see down her sleek ensellure as far as her coccyx and inhale the warmth of her entire body. His heart thumping, one miserable hand deep in his trouser pocket—where he kept a purse with half a dozen ten-dollar gold pieces to disguise his state—he bent over her, as she bent over her work. Very lightly, he let his parched lips travel down her warm hair and hot nape. It was the sweetest, the strongest, the most mysterious sensation that the boy had ever experienced; nothing in his sordid venery of the past winter could duplicate that downy tenderness, that despair of desire. He would have lingered forever on the little middle knob of rounded delight on the back of her neck, had she kept it inclined forever—and had the unfortunate fellow been able to endure much longer the ecstasy of its touch under his wax-still mouth without rubbing against her with mad abandon. The vivid crimsoning of an exposed ear and the gradual torpor invading her paintbrush were the only signs—fearful signs—of her feeling the increased pressure of his caress. Silently, he would slink away to his room, lock the door, grasp a towel, uncover himself and call forth the image he had just left behind, an image still as safe and bright as a hand-cupped flame—carried into the dark, only to be got rid of there with savage zeal; after which, drained for a while, with shaky loins and weak calves, Van would return to the purity of the sun-suffused room, where a little girl, now glistening with sweat, was still painting her flower: the marvelous flower that simulated a bright moth that in turn simulated a scarab.

If the relief, any relief, of a lad's ardor had been Van's sole concern; if, in other words, no love had been involved, our young friend might have put up—for one casual summer—with the nastiness and ambiguity of his behavior. But since Van loved Ada, that complicated

(continued on page 263)

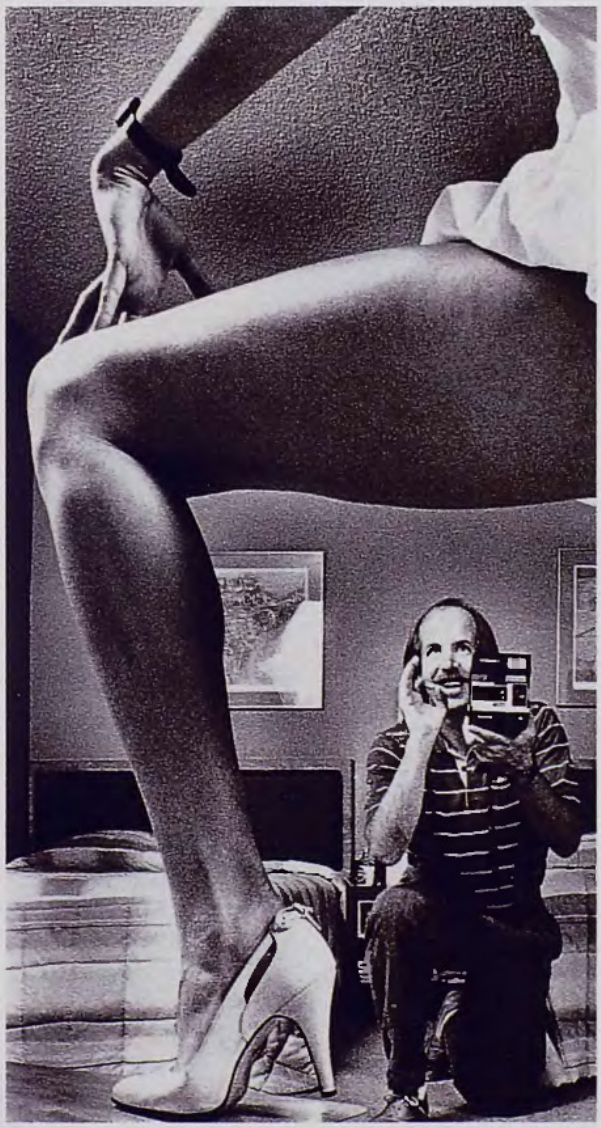
"Please, Chief—let me frisk just <u>one</u>?!"



· THE GREAT 35TH · ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE HUNT

three and a half decades ago, we began with marilyn monroe. last year, we searched for her successor

FROM DAWN to dusk and coast to coast, we staged a transcontinental romance with thousands of beautiful women. In Tampa's Bay Harbor Inn, Detroit's Omni, New York's Doral Tuscany, the Union Square in San Francisco, the Delta Place in Vancouver and Hyatt Regencies from sea to sea, phones rang, cameras clicked and women undressed for photographers Kerry Morris, Pompeo Posar, David Mecey and David Chan. The Hunt for *Playboy*'s 35th Anniversary Playmate was on. Husbands and boyfriends, barred from the scene sublime, stewed in hotel bars many floors below. "Some of the boyfriends were cranking a few drinks," said Miss September 1978, Rosanne Katon, who joined the Hunt's staff in New York. As their men fidgeted downstairs, the hopeful prey of the Playmate Hunt posed and dreamed other dreams. "I've dreamed of being in *Playboy* since I was a baby sitter," said Vancouver's Valerie Gulyban. "I wouldn't take my clothes off for any other magazine," said Clearwater, Florida's, Pam Ward. Perhaps Terry VanWinkle of Lenexa, Kansas, put it best: "I have fantasized about *Playboy* since my teens. I think every girl wonders, dreams and wishes she could be in *Playboy* just once—it's as much an American institution as baseball and Mom's apple pie!" The Hunt attracted women from all 50 states and a sizable fraction of the rest of the globe. There were 17 flight attendants, 16 nurses, 15 strippers, two nannies and a beekeeper. There were doctors, cops, a mortician, a psychic and a cowgirl. From Honolulu came Honey Bruce Friedman, Lenny Bruce's widow. There was a minister, a witch and an acrobat. Four thousand, three hundred and two women later, we had our 35th Anniversary Playmate. You will find her lurking modestly in the next few pages. Good hunting and Happy Anniversary.



In Phoenix, Contributing Photographer Kerry Morris slaves over his work (above). "Doing fine, excellent, hold it there," he says. "Turn your hips a little bit. Arch the back. Pretend you have a string attached to your tailbone." Budding models all over Arizona now walk around with invisible strings tied to their hips. On the facing page, Hef and his first lady, Miss January 1988, Kimberley Conrad, encourage a bevy of 35th Anniversary hopefuls at their home base, Playboy Mansion West.

X-ray technician Lisa Luehmann (left) af Granite City, Illinois, is "a simple tomboy raised on my daddy's grain farm." Wild about sweet corn, she is equally crazy far loving, dark-haired men. San Clemente, Califarnia's, Simone Howe (below left), whose mom, Carol Eden, was Miss December 1960, will soon became our first second-generation Playmate. Renée Tenison (below) warks in a deli in Boise and may never run short of male customers who open conversations by ordering "you on rye." A receptianist at Kent State University, Jennifer Jackson (right) dreams af lounging on the beach in Hawaii or the Bahamas—and paying off her student loan. Her other dream, looking glamarous in *Playboy*—is realized here. Jadi Del Ponte af Littleton, Colorado (right, below), heard we were going to Denver and jumped at the chance to strike a few sultry poses for Kerry Morris.

Kelly girl Laurie Wood (far left) probably types more words per minute than Kim Basinger, whom she strongly resembles. The felicitously named, and endowed, Tawnni Cable (near left) manages Scruples night club in Honolulu. A fiscal conservative, Tawnni plans to put her *Playboy* modeling fee "in a money-market account, until the stock market stabilizes." Future Playmate Monique Noel (opposite, below left) is a "showbiz type" who has appeared on *Entertainment Tonight* and in a movie, *What Price Victory?*, with Mac Davis. Monique looks forward to centerfolding "because *Playboy* brings to life beautiful women and their bods!" Bespectacled Shannon De Shay (opposite, below right) works in an Arlington, Texas, pawnshop. Shannon says she never thought she was sexy until she posed for *Playboy*. A few minutes before the camera changed her mind.

Waitress Deandra Sisco (top right) serves longhorn steaks to the hungry men of Roswell, Georgia, and plans a career as an artist. As Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar's model, Deandra says, "I was nervous at first. The professionalism with which everything was handled put my mind at ease." Equally at ease is Katharine Gorzel (above), an ex-cheerleader for the ex–St. Louis football Cardinals, who calls posing for *Playboy* "a dream come true." At right, Contributing Photographer David Chan looks over the results of a 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt session. A refreshingly down-to-earth jet setter, Chan fled his posh suite in Toronto's Sutton Place Hotel for the Spartan accommodations of our Sutton Place headquarters. "This is where I shower," he told a reporter. "That other stuff is too fancy." Except for the women he photographs, Chan likes things plain.

Erika Eleniak (above), a Califarnian af Russian extraction, has an intriguing family life. "My mother dates my fiancé's father," she says. "If they get married, I'll be engaged to my stepbrather." Michelle Mizla (belaw) wants ta be the first waman on her Pittsburgh block to be a Playmate. The phata at right marks the realizatian of a "secret fantasy" far Petra Verkaik, who is a custamer-service representative for a California manufacturer.

Arkansas men fall for Autumn Person of Homer (left), who "always thought the women in *Playboy* were much more beautiful than I." Now she's one of them. Elizabeth Giordano (above) of Agoura, Californio, says, "Being a Playmate would be one of the most flattering compliments I could get." We find it hard to believe, but "In high school, I didn't know what boys were," soys Paris-trained foshion model Fawno MacLoren (below).

Kelly Womock of Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey (left), "would love to take up photography!" During our Playmate Hunt, she made Pasar glad that he already had. Austin's Tina Beckrath (below) is an incendiary blonde from the Southwest Conference. At bottom left, Pasar, a 28-year *Playboy* veteran and perhaps the best known of the magazine's beauty hunters, gives Detroit's Christina Hutchison a tip on how best to suggest her allure. His studio in the Omni Hotel was, for one weekend, the most beautiful spot in Motown. "We don't have a formula, like for a new car. We don't say, 'Next year, all models will have an air bag or something,'" Pasar says in what the *Detroit Free Press* described as his "heavy Italian accent." As insiders know, Pompeo's speech is elegantly Continental, but his camera never fails to alight on the all-American girl.

Speaking of Italian, that's Amore—Gianna Amore—at the upper left of the facing page. A Palm Bay, Florida, secretary, Gianna consulted her mom before posing. "She said, 'Nude? I'd never do it,'" Gianna recalls. "Then she said, 'Maybe if I looked like you, I would.' Thanks, Mom!" Joanna London (above right, facing page) is a hypnotherapist who mesmerizes the men of Valencia, California. Minnesotan Lynn Marie (near right) wanted to be "the girl next door who *Playboy* makes a real woman." Truth to tell, Lynn didn't need us for that. Westland, Michigan's, Susan Farhat posed "as a joke—I didn't expect anything to come of it—and now here I am, very surprised." Photographer Chan was not surprised. Like the rest of our Hunt team, he knew that every beautiful girl next door had a chance to be *Playboy*'s 35th Anniversary Playmate.

PLAYBOY'S 35TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE

presenting fawna maclaren, the ex–skinny girl, now voluptuous jet-set winner of the greatest hunt ever

A "BEAN-POLE wallflower" at Beverly Hills High, a too-tall sock-hop reject, she thought she was ugly. Her high school date total was zero. Then came breasts, cheekbones and a trip to France, where she was discovered by *Elle*, the Parisian fashion magazine. A few months later, strolling the Champs Élysées, she saw *Elle* on a newsstand. "I looked at the cover and thought, That girl's pretty," she says. "Then I thought, Wait a minute, that girl's me!" Was that the moment she knew she was beautiful? "No," says Fawna MacLaren. "This is."

"I believe in lust at first sight," says Fawna, who to our eyes is the living proof of her thesis. "I don't usually make the first move, but when the chemistry is right, I can be aggressive."

In Paris, Fawna acquired a taste for the bubbly, which she still pronounces the French way, cham-pahnye, and a résumé that turned Europe's top models *vertes* with envy. She worked in France, Italy, Germany, Senegal, Tunisia, Morocco and Martinique. Last year, she came home to L.A. and, as befits a jet setter, fell in with a fast crowd. Her new beau is Jan Nielsen. His big sister, Brigitte, acts. Yes, *that* Brigitte Nielsen. Fawna and Brigitte, a couple of tall girls sitting around talking one night, became fast friends. "She treats me like a sister," says Fawna. "Plus—and this is a big plus—I get to borrow her clothes. I'm going to spend some of my $35,000 on Rodeo Drive. I owe Brigitte a few outfits."

"Some people in the States make a big deal of nudity. In Europe, they think that's weird—they look at our movies and think we must like violence better than sex. On balance, I guess I prefer the European style."

"My deepest, darkest vice? I'm a video-game junkie. I have Pac-Mania elbow. My all-time record is 253,000. If you see my initials, F.A.M., on a Pac-Mania machine's fame board in Westwood, you'll know I was there."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

As our 35th Anniversary Playmate, Fawna receives a check for $35,000. That portion not slated for shopping or interest gathering—"Most of it will go straight to the bank," she says—will pay for acting lessons. Fawna wants to follow Brigitte into movies and is already fielding offers from Hollywood. Still, she says, the money and the chance to repay Brigitte are far from her mind as Fawna MacLaren, ex-wallflower, ponders her role as *Playboy*'s 35th Anniversary Playmate. "Posing for these pictures, I tried very hard to be pretty. This is such an honor—I tried to do justice to it," she says. "Being in front of this camera was a thrill. I thought, This is my moment. When I saw my face on the cover of *Elle*, I guess then I thought, I must look OK. But I never really felt sexy before this. And let me tell you, sexy—that's truly a great feeling."

"If there's one thing I'd say to the girl I was, and to every girl who thinks she's ugly, it's this: Let yourself evolve. The best thing about adolescence is that, one day, it ends."

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Franz
WIEN
Shawna MacFarlane

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: FAWNA MACLAREN

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 122 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 12·18·65 BIRTHPLACE: SANTA MONICA, CA.

AMBITIONS: TO REPRESENT PLAYBOY AS WELL AS I CAN, TO DEVELOP MY CRAFT AS AN ACTRESS & WIN AN ACADEMY AWARD!

TURN-ONS: A GREAT DINNER - CHAMPAGNE, CAVIAR, OYSTERS - HOME FOR SOME TV & LOVEMAKING THAT LASTS ALL NIGHT!!

TURN-OFFS: HOUSEWORK, MEN WHO THINK THEIR HONEY IS SEXY, RUNNING LATE, STANDING IN LINE, TAXIS.

APHRODISIACS: OYSTERS, MORE OYSTERS & CRISTAL CHAMPAGNE.

MY LINGERIE DRAWER: BLACK-LACE PANTIES, PINK GARTER BELTS, SHEER STOCKINGS, DIOR BRAS & LOVE LETTERS.

ROLE MODELS: CHER, FOR HER COOL; MARILYN MONROE, FOR HER SENSUOUSNESS; DR. RUTH, FOR HER HEIGHT.

FAVORITE SPORTS: SKIING, AEROBICS, DANCING, BACHANIA & LOVE.

FREUDIAN DREAM: IN PARADISE, WHERE WAITERS ATTEND MY EVERY NEED, I ORDER A TALL, HANDSOME MAN & . . . WE WAKE UP TOGETHER.

CELEBRATING MOM'S BIRTHDAY WITH LITTLE SISTER & ME AT 17 YEARS!

ONE OF MY EUROPEAN MAGAZINE COVERS AT 21 YRS!

ME ON MY NEW JEEP AT 19 YRS. OLD.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Leaving the poker party late, as usual, two friends compared notes. "I can never fool my wife," the first complained. "I turn off the car's engine and coast into the garage, take off my shoes, sneak upstairs and undress in the bathroom, but she always wakes up and yells like crazy about my being late."

"You just have the wrong technique," the friend advised. "I roar into the garage, honk the horn a couple of times, slam the front door, stomp up the stairs, pat my wife on the ass and say, 'How about it, beautiful?' She always pretends she's asleep."

After rushing into a drugstore, the nervous youth was obviously embarrassed when a prim, middle-aged woman asked if she could serve him.

"N-no," he stammered, "I'd rather see the druggist."

"I'm the druggist," she responded cheerfully. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh . . . well, uh, it's nothing important," he said, and turned to leave.

"Young man," said the woman, "my sister and I have been running this drugstore for nearly thirty years. There is nothing you can tell us that will embarrass us."

"Well, all right," he said. "I have this awful sexual hunger that nothing will appease. No matter how many times I make love, I still want to make love again. Is there anything you can give me for it?"

"Just a moment," said the little lady, "I'll have to discuss this with my sister."

A few minutes later, she returned. "The best we can offer," she said, "is two hundred dollars a week and a half interest in the business."

But, officer," protested the young man in the parked car, "we were only necking."

"OK," said the cop, "then put your neck back in your pants and get out of here."

Awakening the morning after the orgy, the god of war was stretching sleepily when he noticed a lovely Valkyrie standing in the doorway.

"Good morning," he said, "I'm Thor."

"*You're* thor?" she replied. "*I'm* tho thor I can hardly pith."

For five consecutive nights, the regular at the bar witnessed a repeated phenomenon: Attractive girls, alone or in groups of two or three, would wander in and soon be picked up by a funny-looking customer sitting in a corner booth. "I can't understand it," the man grumbled to the bartender after the sixth such incident. "I don't see how that guy does it."

"Me neither, Mac," said the sympathetic barkeep. "I've been watching him for weeks. He's certainly not handsome, he's a lousy dresser and he hardly ever says a word. In fact, he just sits there, licking his eyebrows."

The dazzling young thing was strolling down the street in skintight hip huggers when a curious bachelor approached and said, "Excuse me, miss, but how does anyone get into those pants?"

"Well," she replied demurely, "you can start by buying me a drink."

After trying to fix a flat tire during a raging blizzard, the young man jumped back into the car with his date and began rubbing his nearly frozen hands. "Let me warm them for you," she offered, placing his hands between her thighs.

When his fingers had thawed out, the chap rushed back to continue working on the tire, but he returned again, complaining that his hands were numb with cold. As he reached under her skirt, she slid forward and whispered ecstatically, "Darling, aren't your ears cold, too?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *transvestite* as a fellow who likes to eat, drink and be Mary.

While attending confession, the first of three roommates admitted to the priest that she had let a man fondle her breasts. The priest told her to wash them with holy water.

The second roomie confessed that she had touched a man's sexual organ. The priest told her to wash her hands with holy water.

The two girls were busy washing at the font when their friend joined them. "Move over, girls," she said. "I have to gargle."

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. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Well, it looks suspicious as hell to me!"

THE SEVENTIES

COVERING THE BIG STORIES: VIETNAM, WATERGATE, LUST IN JIMMY CARTER'S HEART

As decades go, the Seventies don't get much respect. They were a comedown from the Sixties. Apart from Vietnam and Watergate, what *was* there to the Seventies besides glitter and gas lines? Well, at *Playboy*, it seemed an exhilarating time—full of drama, upheaval and good conversation (much of it on tape).

As 1970 dawned, the country was at war with itself over Vietnam, and *Playboy* reflected both the tension in the country and the need to escape from it. In the January issue of that watershed year, George McGovern and Cesar Chavez, among others, pleaded to *Bring Us Together*, two Supreme Court Justices wrote about rebellion and theologian Harvey Cox wrote *For Christ's Sake*, a passionate essay on Jesus as a joyous revolutionary, illustrated with a haunting portrait of a laughing Christ.

Over there, in Southeast Asia, *Playboy* continued to be—as it was in the Sixties—a kind of U.S.O.-with-a-centerfold for the troops. The articles undoubtedly had an effect on how the men felt about the war, but the magazine also reminded them of what they were fighting for back at home. To judge by the Miss Junes and Miss Octobers hanging on barracks walls, it sure wasn't just mom and apple pie.

In those early years of the decade, there were streaks of light through the war clouds. One was Barbi Benton, a pretty lady who caught the eye of a highly placed *Playboy* executive. Another sparkler was the Germaine Greer *Interview*, in which the raunchy feminist gave *Playboy* hell, caught some in return, and everyone learned something. And in 1974, good ol' boy Larry L. King wrote an article called *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. We hear he made enough off that property to pen up his own place.

By the time the bitter conflict in Vietnam was finally reduced to a single chopper lifting off a rooftop in Saigon, America was caught up in another drama: Watergate. Early on, before all the dirty linen came out of the hamper, *Playboy* ran a spoof, *The Watergate Tapes*, whose absurd premise was that President Nixon might have—come on!—bugged his own office. A year later, *Playboy* published the Watergate story in earnest: Woodward and Bernstein's *All the President's Men*, which made headlines and gave the magazine's readers a ringside seat for the most stirring political story of the decade.

The first postwar book to really sear the national conscience about Vietnam was Ron Kovic's magnificent memoir, *Born on the Fourth of July*, which *Playboy* excerpted in July 1976. But the moment *Playboy*—and perhaps its readers—will remember best from the Seventies is the *Interview* in which Presidential candidate Jimmy Carter confessed that he had "lusted" in his heart. That remark became a major campaign issue—and that issue of *Playboy* became a collector's item, disappearing within days from every newsstand in the world.

By the last half of the Seventies, lust had surfaced as a national pastime—or at least a media obsession—when journalists began venturing into the steamier regions of rampant sexual freedom that seemed to be cropping up from coast to coast. Reporting for *Playboy*, Dan Greenburg held tight to his pencil at a touchy-feely group-sex-and-granola commune in the mountains near Malibu, and our own Playboy Advisor, James Petersen, took his tape recorder to Plato's Retreat, a hard-core meat-and-potatoes sex palace on New York's West Side, and found the place full of *other* reporters gleaning firsthand research.

It was during this glitzy period—the disco days—that *Playboy* interviewed dancer-of-the-decade John Travolta, the entire *Saturday Night Live* gang and the sharp-tongued Barbra Streisand, who also agreed to pose for the cover in her shorts. Finally, in 1978, taking note of *Playboy*'s 25th Anniversary in its usual low-key manner, the magazine held a huge party at the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles and hailed the successful conclusion of the Great Playmate Hunt for the most bountiful, beautiful girl in the world. After scouring every hamlet in the 50 states and the Northwest Territories, we found her: not only the perfect face, the perfect figure, the perfect personality but the perfect name—so help us—Candy Loving. After that, the rest of the decade was an anticlimax.

article By CARL BERNSTEIN and BOB WOODWARD

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

JUNE 17, 1972. Nine o'clock Saturday morning. Early for the telephone. Bob Woodward fumbled for the receiver and snapped awake. The city editor of *The Washington Post* was on the line. Five men had been arrested earlier that morning in a burglary at Democratic headquarters, carrying photographic equipment and electronic gear. Could he come in?

Woodward left his apartment in downtown Washington and walked the six blocks to the *Post*. He checked in with the city editor and learned with surprise that the burglars had not broken into the small local Democratic Party office but the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in the Watergate office-apartment-hotel complex.

As Woodward began making phone calls, he noticed that Carl Bernstein, one of the paper's two Virginia political reporters, was working on the burglary story, too.

Oh, God, not Bernstein, Woodward thought, recalling several office rumors about Bernstein's ability to push his way—and his by-line—onto a good story.

Bernstein was a college dropout. He had started as a copyboy at the Washington *Evening Star* when he was 16, became a full-time reporter at 19 and had worked at the *Post* since 1966. He occasionally did an investigative series and had covered both the courts and city hall. But he preferred doing long discursive articles about the capital's people and neighborhoods.

That morning, Bernstein had made copies of notes from reporters at the scene, then told the city editor that he would do some more checking around. The city editor shrugged acceptance and Bernstein began calling everybody he could reach at the Watergate—desk clerks, bellmen, maids, waiters in the restaurant.

Between calls, Bernstein looked across the newsroom to Woodward's desk about 20 feet away. He could see that Woodward was also working on the story.

That figured, Bernstein thought. Woodward was a prima donna who played heavily at office politics. Bernstein thought his rapid rise at the *Post* had had less to do with ability than with his establishment credentials: Yale, Navy Officers Corps, lawns, staterooms and grass tennis courts. (He'd even been invited to Presidential aide John Ehrlichman's tennis party at Camp David but hadn't been able to attend.)

They had never worked on a story together. Woodward was 29, Bernstein 28.

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The *Post*'s first Watergate story described an elaborate attempt by five burglars to bug the Democratic headquarters. The next day, June 18, the reporters wrote that one of the five burglars was James McCord, security coordinator for the Committee for the Re-election of the President. Attorney General John Mitchell issued a statement denying that McCord was acting under instructions from him or from any other senior official at CRP.

After midnight, Woodward received a call at home from Eugene Bachinski, the *Post*'s regular night police reporter.

Bachinski had something from one of his police sources. Two address books, belonging to two of five men arrested inside the Watergate, contained the name and phone number of E. Howard Hunt, with the small notations "W. House" and "W. H."

At the office the next day, Woodward called an old friend and sometime source who worked for the Federal Government. The friend said hurriedly that the break-in case was going to "heat up," but he couldn't explain and hung up.

Woodward picked up the telephone and dialed 456-1414—the White House. He asked for Howard Hunt. The switchboard operator rang an extension. There was no answer.

"There is one other place he might be," the operator said. "In Mr. Colson's office." Charles W. Colson was President Nixon's special counsel and "hatchet man."

"Mr. Hunt is not here now," Colson's secretary told Woodward, and gave him the number of a Washington public-relations firm, Robert R. Mullen & Company, where she said Hunt worked as a writer.

Woodward called the Mullen public-relations firm and asked for Howard Hunt. On reaching

they were nixon's palace guard—hard-working, loyal, self-righteous—and very nearly all-powerful

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him, Woodward asked Hunt why his name was in the address books of two of the men arrested at the Watergate.

"Good God!" Hunt said. Then he quickly added, "In view that the matter is under adjudication, I have no comment," and slammed down the phone.

The story, on June 20, was headlined, "WHITE HOUSE CONSULTANT TIED TO BUGGING FIGURE."

That morning at the Florida White House in Key Biscayne, Presidential press secretary Ronald L. Ziegler briefly answered a question about the break-in at the Watergate by observing: "Certain elements may try to stretch this beyond what it is." Ziegler described the incident as "a third-rate burglary attempt" not worthy of further White House comment.

•

Bernstein meanwhile set out to learn what he could about Colson. He called a former official of the Nixon Administration who he thought might be able to supply some helpful biographical data. Instead of biography, the man told Bernstein: "Whoever was responsible for the Watergate break-in would have to be somebody who doesn't know about politics but thought he did. I suppose that's why Colson's name comes up. . . . Anybody who knew anything wouldn't be looking over there for real political information. They'd be looking for something else . . . scandal, gossip."

The man knew the inner workings of the White House, of which Bernstein and Woodward were almost totally ignorant, and, better yet, he maintained extensive contacts with his former colleagues.

Bernstein asked if he thought there were any possibility that the President's campaign committee or—even less likely—the White House would sponsor such a stupid mission as the Watergate raid. Bernstein waited to be told no.

"I know the President well enough to know if he needed something like this done, it certainly wouldn't be a shoddy job," said the former official. But it was not inconceivable that the President would want his campaign aides to have every piece of political intelligence and gossip available. "There was always a great preoccupation at the White House with all this intelligence nonsense," he said. "Some of those people are dumb enough to think there would be something there."

This picture of the White House was in sharp contrast to the smooth, well-oiled machine Bernstein was accustomed to reading about in the newspapers: those careful, disciplined, look-alike guards to the palace who were invariably referred to as "the President's men."

•

On the evening of September 14, Bernstein knocked at the front door of a small tract house in a Washington suburb. The owner of the house was a woman who worked for Maurice Stans, the finance chairman for CRP. "She knows a lot," he had been told.

A woman opened the door and let Bernstein in. "You don't want me, you want my sister," she said. Her sister came into the room. He had expected a typical bookkeeper, a woman in her 50s, probably gray; but she was much younger.

"Oh, my God," she said, "you're from *The Washington Post*. You'll have to go, I'm sorry."

Bernstein tried to hold his ground. He had the feeling he was either going out the door any minute or staying till she had told the whole story.

Her hands were shaking. She looked at her sister, who shrugged her shoulders noncommittally. Bernstein decided to take a chance. He took a notebook and pencil from his inner breast pocket. The bookkeeper stared at him. She was not going to say anything that they probably didn't know already, Bernstein told her, and absolutely nothing would go into the paper that couldn't be verified elsewhere.

"There are a lot of things that are wrong and a lot of things that are bad at the committee," the bookkeeper said. "I was called by the grand jury very early, but nobody knew what questions to ask. People had already lied to them." The bookkeeper had worked for Hugh Sloan, the treasurer for CRP. "Sloan is the sacrificial lamb. His wife was going to leave him if he didn't stand up and do what was right. He left CRP because he saw it and didn't want any part of it."

How much money was paid out?

"A lot."

More than half a million?

"You've had it in print."

Finally it clicked. Sometimes he could be incredibly slow, Bernstein thought to himself. It was a slush fund of cash kept in Stans's safe.

(On Saturday, August 26, four days after the President was renominated in Miami, Woodward received a Government Accounting Office report that listed 11 "apparent and possible violations" of the new campaign-contributions law and referred the matter to the Justice Department for possible prosecution. It also stated that Maurice Stans maintained a secret slush fund in his office totaling at least $350,000.)

Hugh Sloan knew the whole story, too, she said. He had handed out the money.

•

Two days later, Bernstein called Sloan at his McLean, Virgina, home. Sloan said he had to clean up the house before his in-laws arrived, but if the reporters could get to McLean quickly, they could stop by for a few minutes.

Sloan was dressed in sports clothes and, except for the broom he was holding in his hand, he still looked like the Princeton undergraduate he once had been. He introduced himself to Woodward, who immediately volunteered to help clean up the house. Sloan declined the offer and served coffee.

Bernstein and Sloan discussed an allegation that Mitchell almost certainly knew of the cash outlays from the secret fund. Was he one of those authorized to approve disbursements?

"Obviously," Sloan said. There were five people with authorizing authority over the fund, and Mitchell was one of them. Stans was another.

How had it worked? How had Mitchell exercised his authority over the fund? By voucher?

Bernstein and Woodward avoided looking at each other. While Attorney General of the United States, John Mitchell had authorized the expenditure of campaign funds for apparently illegal activities against the political opposition.

•

It was past noon when the reporters got to the office. They met with executive editor Ben Bradlee, managing editor Howard Simons, metropolitan editor Harry Rosenfeld and city editor Barry Sussman in Bradlee's office, a comfortable carpeted room with a picture window looking out into the newsroom.

"Listen, fellas," said Bradlee, "are you certain on Mitchell?" A pause. "Absolutely certain?" He stared at each of the reporters as they nodded. "Can you write it now?"

They said they could.

Bradlee stood up. "Well, then, let's do it."

And, he presumed aloud, the reporters realized the implications of such a story, that Mitchell was not someone to be trifled with, that now they were playing real hardball? Bradlee was not interrogating them. He was administering an oath.

They nodded, aware that they were about to take the biggest step yet.

Writing the story took surprisingly little time. It moved from Bernstein's typewriter to Woodward's, then to Rosenfeld and Sussman and finally to Bradlee and Simons. Only minor changes were made. By six P.M., it was in the composing room:

> John N. Mitchell, while serving as U.S. Attorney General, personally controlled a secret Republican fund that was used to gather information about the Democrats, according to sources involved in the Watergate investigation.
>
> Beginning in the spring of 1971, almost a year before he left the

(continued on page 315)

"All I sell is cheeseburgers, but I sell a lot of cheeseburgers."

BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

memoir **By RON KOVIC** *an ex–marine sergeant brings you as close to the searing horror that was vietnam as you're likely to get*

THE BLOOD is still rolling off my flak jacket from the hole in my shoulder and there are bullets cracking into the sand all around me. I keep trying to move my legs, but I cannot feel them.

"Oh, get me out of here, get me out of here, please, someone help me! Oh, help me, please help me. Oh, God, oh, Jesus!"

I try to breathe, but it is difficult. I have to get out of this place, make it out of here somehow.

Someone shouts from my left now, screaming for me to get up. Again and again he screams, but I am trapped in the sand.

"Is there a corpsman?" I cry. "Can you get a corpsman?"

There is a loud crack and I hear him begin to sob. "They've shot my fucking finger off! Let's go, Sarge! Let's get outa here!"

"I can't move," I gasp. "I can't move my legs! I can't feel anything!"

I watch him go running back to the tree line.

"Sarge, are you all right?" Someone else is calling to me now and I try to turn around. Again there is the sudden crack of a bullet and a boy's voice crying. "Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus Christ!" I hear his body fall in back of me.

I think he must be dead, but I feel nothing for him, I just want to live. I feel nothing.

And now I hear another man coming up from behind, trying to save

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG WRAY

me. "Get outa here!" I scream. "Get the fuck outa here!"

A tall black man with long skinny arms and enormous hands picks me up and throws me over his shoulder as bullets begin cracking over our heads like strings of firecrackers. Again and again they crack as the sky swirls around us like a cyclone. "Motherfuckers, motherfuckers!" he screams. And the rounds keep cracking and the sky and the sun on my face and my body all gone, all twisted up, gangling like a puppet's, diving again and again into the sand, up and down, rolling and cursing, gasping for breath. "Goddamn, goddamn motherfuckers!"

And finally I am dragged into a hole in the sand with the bottom of my body that can no longer feel twisted and bent underneath me. The black man runs from the hole without ever saying a thing. The only thing I can think of, the only thing that crosses my mind, is living.

Men are screaming all around me. "Oh, God, get me out of here!" "Please help!" they scream. Oh, Jesus, like little children now, not like Marines, not like the posters, not like that day in the high school, this is for real.

"Mother!" screams a man without a face.

"Oh, I don't want to die!" screams a young boy cupping his intestines with his hands. "Oh, please, oh, no, oh, God, oh, help! Mother!" he screams again.

•

We are moving slowly through the water, the amtrac (amphibious tractor) rocking back and forth. We cannot be brave anymore; there is no reason. It means nothing now. We hold on to ourselves, to things around us, to memories, to thoughts, to dreams. I breathe slowly, desperately trying to stay awake.

The steel trap door of the amtrac is opening. I see faces. Corpsmen, I think. Others, curious, looking in at us. Air, fresh, I feel, I smell. They are carrying me out now. Over wounded bodies, past wounded screams. I'm in a helicopter now, lofting above the battalion area. I'm leaving the war. I'm going to live, I am still breathing, I keep thinking over and over, I'm going to live and get out of here.

They are shoving needles and tubes into my arms. Now we are being packed into planes and as each hour passes, I begin to believe that I am going to live. I begin to realize more and more as I watch the other wounded packed around me on shelves that I am going to live.

The journey seems to take a very long time, but soon we are at the place where the wounded are sent.

"What's your name?" the voice shouts.

"Wh-wh-what?" I say.

"What's your name?" the voice says again.

"K-K-Kovic," I say.

"No!" says the voice. "I want your name, rank and Service number, date of birth, the name of your father and mother."

"Kovic. Sergeant. Two-oh-three-oh-two-six-one, uh, when are you going to——"

"Date of birth!" the voice shouts.

"July fourth, nineteen forty-six. I was born on the Fourth of July. I can't feel——"

"What outfit did you come from?"

"What's going on? When are you going to operate?" I say.

"The doctors will operate," he says. "Don't worry," he says confidently. "They are very busy and there are many wounded, but they will take care of you soon."

He continues to stand almost at attention in front of me with a long clipboard in his hand, jotting down all the information he can. I cannot understand why they are taking so long to operate. There is something very wrong with me, I think, and they must operate as quickly as possible. The man with the clipboard walks out.

I am taken to a long room where there are many doctors and nurses. They move quickly around me. They are acting very competent. "You will be fine," says one nurse calmly.

"Breathe deeply into the mask," the doctor says.

"Are you going to operate?" I ask.

"Yes. Now breathe deeply into the mask." As the darkness of the mask slowly covers my face, I pray with all my being that I will live through this operation and see the light of day once again. I want to live so much. And even before I go to sleep, with the blackness still swirling around my head and the numbness of sleep, I begin to fight as I have never fought before in my life.

I awake to the screams of other men around me. I have made it. I think that maybe the wound is my punishment for killing the corporal and the children. That now everything is OK and the score is evened up. And now I am packed in this place with the others who have been wounded like myself, strapped onto a strange circular bed. I feel tubes going into my nose and hear the clanking, pumping sound of a machine. I still cannot feel any of my body, but I know I am alive. I feel a terrible pain in my chest. My body is so cold. It has never been this weak. It feels so tired and out of touch, so lost and in pain. I can still barely breathe. I look around me, at people moving in shadows of numbness.

I can hear a radio. It is the Armed Forces radio. There is a young kid with half his head blown away. They have brought him in and put him right next to me. He has thick bandages wrapped all around his head till I can hardly see his face at all. He is like a vegetable—a 19-year-old vegetable, thrashing his arms back and forth, babbling and pissing in his clean white sheets.

There is a general walking down the aisles now, going to each bed. A skinny private with a Polaroid camera follows directly behind him. The general is dressed in an immaculate uniform with shiny shoes. "Good afternoon, Marine," the general says. "In the name of the President of the United States and the United States Marine Corps, I am proud to present you with the Purple Heart," the general says. Just then, the skinny man with the Polaroid camera jumps up, flashing a picture of the wounded man. "And a picture to send home to your folks."

He comes up to my bed and says exactly the same thing he said to all the rest. The skinny man jumps up, snapping a picture of the general handing the Purple Heart to me. "And here," says the general, "here is a picture to send home to your folks." The general makes a sharp left face. He is marching to the bed next to me, where the 19-year-old kid is still pissing in his pants, babbling like a little baby.

"In the name of the President of the United States," the general says. The kid is screaming now, almost tearing the bandages off his head, exposing the parts of his brains that are still left. The general does not finish what he is saying. He stares at the 19-year-old for what seems a long time. He sharply marches to the next bed.

•

All his life he'd wanted to be a winner. It was always so important to win, to be the very best. But now it all seemed different. All the hopes about being the best Marine, winning all those medals. They all seemed crushed now, they were gone forever. Like the man he had just killed with one shot, all these things had disappeared and he knew, he was certain, they would never come back again. Even working in the food store that summer before he went to the war now seemed like a real nice thing. It seemed like so much nicer a thing than what was happening to him now, all the faces, the torn green fatigues, and just below his foot was the guy with a gaping hole through his throat.

The amtrac was heading back to the thick barbed wire where the battalion lived and everyone around him was quiet. There was no question in his mind they all knew what had happened—that he had just pulled the little metal trigger and put a slug through the corporal's neck. He was very nervous and his finger, the one that had pulled the trigger, was sort of scratching his leg now.

When they got back to the battalion area, he gave a quick report to a young lieutenant in the major's bunker. "They were attacking," he said, looking at the

(continued on page 283)

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

renouncing the image of jesus as a melancholy ascetic, a progressive theologian calls out for his resurrection as a joyous revolutionary

opinion **By HARVEY COX** A YULETIDE TOAST! Lift the brimming beaker to the much-maligned and badly misunderstood figure in Christmas lore, Ebenezer Scrooge. A heavy too long in hearthside morality tales, Ebenezer deserves an immediate rehabilitation, if only for one reason: His classic two-word description of Christmas is so elegant, so succinct and so true that saying anything more seems almost redundant. "Christmas? Bah, humbug!"

Christmas *is* humbug in the precise dictionary sense; i.e., "a fraud or imposition, sham, trickery, deception or swindle." Christmas is all these things and more. Oh, I'm not denying there are some good things about it. The whole season exudes a funny magic that gets to almost everyone in some way. But this happens *despite* what we've done to Christmas, not because *(continued on page 314)*

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED BERGER

article

By LARRY L. KING

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

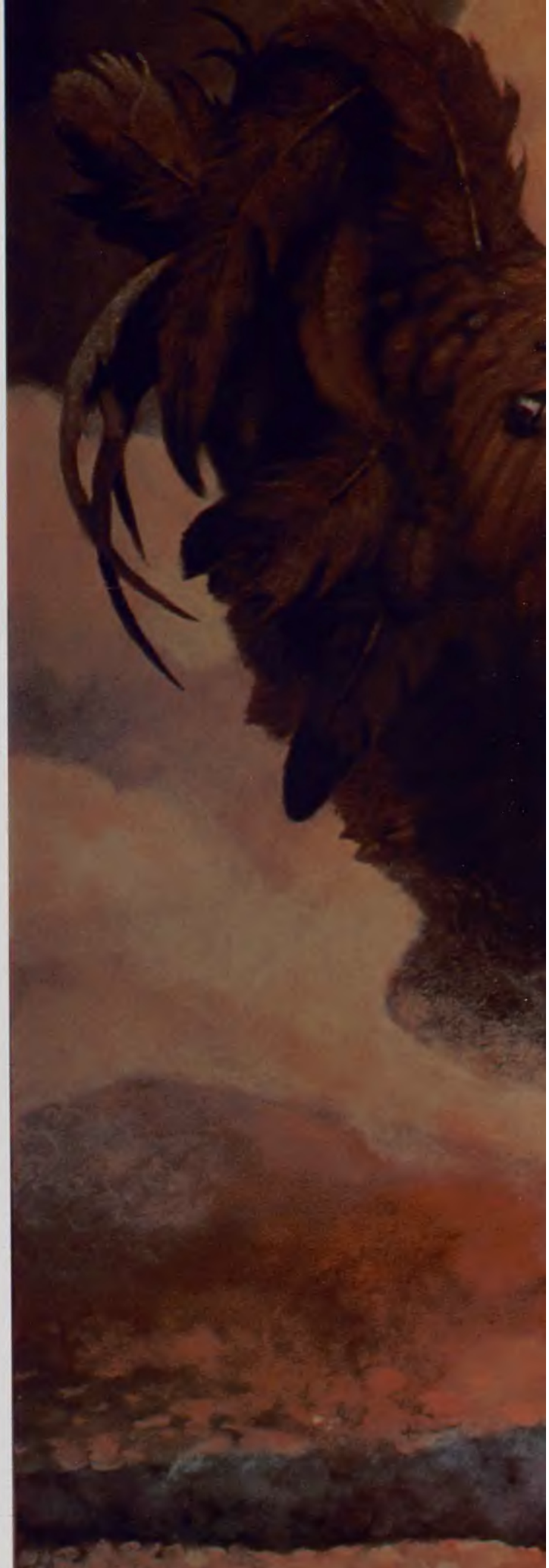
when a true son of texas discovers they've closed down "the chicken farm," he takes his business to the free-lancers. man's got to do what a man's got to do

IT WAS AS NICE a little whorehouse as you ever saw. It sat in a green Texas glade, white-shuttered and tidy, surrounded by leafy oak trees and a few slim renegade pines and the kind of pure clean air the menthol-cigarette people advertise.

Way back yonder, during the Hoover Depression, they raised chickens out there. Money was hard to come by; every jack rabbit had three families chasing it with the stewpot in mind. Back then, in rural Texas, people said things like, "You can hear everthang in these woods but meat afryin' and coins aclankin'." No matter where a boy itched and no matter how high his fevers, it wasn't easy to come up with three dollars, even in exchange for a girl's sweetest gift. And so the girls began accepting poultry in trade. That's how the place got its name, and if you grew up most anywhere in Texas, you knew at an early age what the Chicken Farm sold other than pullets. (Generations since mine have called it the Chicken *Ranch*. I won't argue the point.)

You might have originally thought it a honeymoon cottage. Except that as you came closer on the winding dirt road that skittered into the woods off the Austin-to-Houston highway on the southeastern outskirts of La Grange, near the BAD CURVE sign, you would have noticed that it was too sprawling and too jerry-built: running off on odd tangents, owning more sides and nooks and crannies than the Pentagon. Then there were all those casement-window air conditioners—15 or 20 of 'em, Miss Edna wanting her girls to work in comfort.

Since the 1890s, at least, the Chicken Farm had been one of the better pleasure palaces in all Texas. Miss Edna,



PAINTING BY BRAD HOLLAND

like Miss Jessie before her, didn't cotton to hard-drinking rowdies. Should you come in bawling profanities or grabbing tits, Miss Edna would employ the telephone. And before you could say double-dip-blankety-blank obscenity, old Sheriff T. J. Flournoy would materialize to suggest a choice between overnight lodgings in Fayette County's crossbar hotel and your rapid cooperative leave-taking. Yes, neighbors, it was as cozy and comfortable as a family reunion, though many times more profitable. Then, one sad day last summer, the professional meddlers and candy-assed politicians closed 'er down.

Man, listen: The Chicken Farm was gooder than grass and better than rain. Registered with the county clerk as Edna's Ranch Boarding House, it paid double its weight in taxes and led the community in charitable gifts. It plowed a goodly percentage of its earnings back into local shops to the glee of hairdressers, car dealers and notions-counter attendants. It was a good citizen, protected and appreciated, its indiscretions winked at. When Miss Jessie died, her obituary identified her as "a local businesswoman." Yeah, they had 'em a real bird's nest on the ground out there. Then along came Marvin Zindler.

Marvin Zindler was a deputy sheriff in Houston, enforcing consumer-protection laws, until they fired him. Not for inefficiency or malfeasance—Lord, no! Marvin wore more guns, handcuffs, buckles and badges than a troop of Texas Rangers; he brought more folks to court than did bankruptcy proceedings. Marvin got fired for being "controversial"—which meant that he couldn't, or wouldn't, make those fine distinctions required of successful politicians. After all, Marvin's boss was dependent on public favor. Nosir, the law was *the law* to Marvin. Anyhow, they fired Marvin. Who landed on his feet as a television newsman for Houston's channel 13.

Marvin approached news gathering with the same zeal he'd brought to badge toting. So Marvin began telling folks out in TV land how a whorehouse was running wide open down the road at La Grange, which was news to Yankee tourists and to all Texans taking their suppers in high chairs. Even though people yawned, Marvin stayed on the case; you might have thought murder was involved. Soon he repeatedly hinted at "organized-crime" influences at the Chicken Farm.

One day in late July, Marvin Zindler drove to La Grange and accosted Sheriff Flournoy with cameras, microphones and embarrassing questions. The old sheriff made it perfectly clear he was not real proud to see Marvin. Later, the sheriff—a very lean and mean 70-year-old, indeed—would say he hadn't realized the microphone was live when he chewed on Marvin for meddling in Fayette County affairs; perhaps that explains why the old man peppered his lecture with so many hells and goddamns and shits. Marvin Zindler drove home and displayed the cussing sheriff on television.

Then Marvin called on State Attorney General John Hill and Governor Dolph Briscoe: "How come yawl have failed to close the La Grange sin shop down?" Those good politicians harrumphed and declared their official astonishment that Texas had a whorehouse in it. Governor Briscoe issued a solemn statement saying that organized crime was a terrible thing, against the American grain, and since it might possibly be sprouting out at the Chicken Farm, he would call on local authorities to shutter that sinful place. *Me, too,* said Attorney General Hill. Veteran legislators, many of whom could have driven to the Chicken Farm without headlights even in a midnight rainstorm, expressed concern that Texans might be openly permitted loveless fucks outside the home.

Old Sheriff Flournoy was incensed: "If the governor wants Miss Edna closed, all he's gotta do is make one phone call and I'll do it." The sheriff may be old and country, but his shit detector tells him when grander men are pissing on his feet and telling him it's rain. The governor didn't have to bother with the telephone charade. Soon after the story hit the national news wires, Johnny Carson was cracking simpering jokes about it and every idle journalist with a pen was en route to La Grange. They found the Chicken Farm locked and shuttered, a big CLOSED sign advertising a new purity. Miss Edna and her girls had fled to parts unknown, leaving behind a town full of riled people.

•

Sheriff Flournoy was extracting his long legs from the patrol car, with maybe nothing more on his mind than a plate of Cottonwood Inn barbecue, when this fat bearded journalist shoved a hand in his face and began singing his credentials. Startled, the old lawman recoiled as if he'd spotted a pink snake; for a moment it seemed he might tuck his legs back in and drive away.

But after a slight hesitation he came out, unwinding in full coil to about six feet, five inches. Given the tall-crowned cowboy hat, he appeared to register nearer to seven feet, three and some-odd. The fat bearded journalist sensed that the old sheriff may have done plumb et his fill of outsiders asking picky questions; he was real real polite and friendly, grinning until his jawbone ached, and careful to let all the old native nasal notes ring, in saying he sure would admire to talk a little bit about the Chicken Farm situation, and would the sheriff give him a few minutes?

The old sheriff's face reddened alarmingly. He said, "*Naw!* I'm tard a talkin' to you sons a bitches. My town's gettin' a black eye. All the TVs and newspapers—hell, *all* the mediums—they've flat lied. Been misquotin' our local people. Makin' 'em look bad."

Had the sheriff himself been misquoted?

"You goddamned right."

To what extent?

"About half of it was goddamn lies."

Well, sheriff, which half?

The sheriff put a hard eye on the visitor. The visiting journalist recognized bedrock character and righteous anger, knowing, instinctively, that T. J. Flournoy was the type of man described years ago by his father: "*Son, you got to learn that some folks won't do to fart with.*"

Had the sheriff . . . uh, you know . . . received any, er—ah—*gratuities* for services to Miss Edna?

The sheriff put a hand on his gun butt—*Oh, Jesus!*—and fired twin bursts of pure ol' mad out of his cold blue eyes. "Listen, boy, that place has been open since before I was borned and never hurt a soul. Them girls are clean, they got regular inspections, and we didn't allow rough stuff. Now, after all this notoriety, this little town's gettin' a bad name it don't deserve. The mediums, the shitasses, they been printin' all kinds of crap."

Had the sheriff talked to Governor Briscoe or to the attorney general?

"Naw. No reason to. The place is closed."

Would it stay closed?

"It's closed *now*, ain't it?"

Yes. Right. And, uh, what was the prevailing community sentiment about the Chicken Farm's future?

"I ain't answering no more questions," the old sheriff said, stomping his cigarette butt with a booted heel. At the door to the restaurant, he turned and paused to stare his tormentor out of sight.

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Buddy Zapalac, ordering another beer, recalled the Chicken Farm of his youth. He is a gleeful 50ish, of iron-gray hair, a stubby heavyweight's torso and a blue-ribbon grin. You see him and you like him.

"In the Thirties," Buddy said, "they had a big parlor with a jukebox, see, that they used to break the ice. You could ask a girl to dance, or she'd ask you. And pretty soon, why, you could git a little business on. Three dollars' worth." He laughed in memory of those good old days when Roosevelt pussy had been cheaper than Nixon chicken.

"You couldn't get any exotic extras. Miss Jessie—she ran the farm back then—she didn't believe in perversions. They had wall mirrors in the parlor, see, where the girls could sit in chairs and

(concluded on page 274)

"I turn <u>you</u> on. I turn everybody on!"

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Sexual Perversity in

A HOT NEW AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT SHOWS HOW A COFFEE-SHOP PICKUP CAN TURN INTO A KINKY STRAFING RUN

DANNY SHAPIRO *and* BERNIE LITKO *are seated at a singles bar.*

DANNY: So how'd you do last night?

BERNIE: Are you kidding me?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: Are you fucking kidding me?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: Are you pulling my leg?

DANNY: So?

BERNIE: So tits out to here so.

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: Twenty, a couple years old.

DANNY: You gotta be fooling.

BERNIE: Nope.

DANNY: You devil.

BERNIE: You think she hadn't been around?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: She hadn't gone the route?

DANNY: She knew the route, huh?

BERNIE: Are you fucking kidding me?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: She *wrote* the route.

DANNY: No shit, around 20, huh?

BERNIE: Nineteen, 20.

DANNY: You're talking about a girl.

BERNIE: Damn right.

DANNY: You're telling me about some underage stuff.

BERNIE: She don't gotta be but 18.

DANNY: Was she?

BERNIE: Shit, yes.

DANNY: Then OK.

BERNIE: She made 18 easy.

DANNY: Well, then.

BERNIE: Had to punch in at 20, 25 easy.

DANNY: Then you got no problem.

BERNIE: I know I got no problem.

DANNY: So tell me.

BERNIE: So OK, so where am I?

DANNY: When?

(continued on page 328)

Chicago

from the play by
DAVID MAMET

"First of all, you must learn to be preoccupied with sex!"

"Of course there's someone else!"

"Is it just me, or have you sensed a pagan revival in this country recently?"

"You've had enough."

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

candid conversations with the duke of wayne, a funny girl with a serious voice and a candidate with one last thing he'd like to say

JOHN WAYNE

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the state of the motion-picture business today?

WAYNE: I'm glad I won't be around much longer to see what they do with it. The men who control the big studios today are stock manipulators and bankers. They know nothing about our business. They're in it for the buck. The only thing they can do is say, "Jeez, that picture with what's-her-name running around the park naked made money, so let's make another one. If that's what they want, let's give it to them." Some of these guys remind me of high-class whores. Look at 20th Century Fox, where they're making movies like *Myra Breckinridge*. As much as I couldn't stand some of the old-time moguls—especially Harry Cohn—these men took an interest in the future of their business. They had integrity. There was a stretch when they realized that they'd made a hero out of the goddamn gangster heavy in crime movies, that they were doing a discredit to our country. So the moguls voluntarily took it upon themselves to stop making gangster pictures. *(concluded on page 278)*

JACK HAMILTON

"We can't all of a sudden get down on our knees and turn everything over to the leadership of the blacks. I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility."

BARBRA STREISAND

PLAYBOY: Since you seem bent on setting the record straight, let's discuss the strong criticism you've received about your reputation for being difficult and the obsession you seem to have for taking control of whatever projects you are involved with.

STREISAND: OK, but first let's clarify the word control, because it has negative implications. Let's just say when I use the word control, I mean artistic responsibility. If you mean that I am completely dedicated and care deeply about carrying out a total vision of a project—yes, that's true. I'm interested in all aspects of my work, down to the copy on the radio commercials. It all fascinates me.

PLAYBOY: We'll ask the question in a blunter way: Why do you think you have a reputation as a bitch?

STREISAND: It's a very male-chauvinist word, bitch. I resent it deeply. It's an unkind, mean word. It implies uncalled-for anger. A person who's bitchy would seem to be mean for no reason. I am not a mean person. I don't like meanness in anyone around *(concluded on page 273)*

STEVE SCHAPIRO

"I never thought about the women's movement while I was moving as a woman. I didn't realize that I was fighting this battle all the time. Actually, I believe women are superior to men. I don't think we're equal."

JIMMY CARTER

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the media in general and about the job they do in covering the election issues?

CARTER: Issues? The local media are interested, all right, but the national news media have absolutely no interest in issues *at all*. Sometimes we freeze out the national media so we can open up press conferences to local people. At least we get questions from them—on timber management, on health care, on education. But the traveling press have zero interest in any issue unless it's a matter of making a mistake. What they're looking for is a 47-second argument between me and another candidate or something like that. There's nobody in the back of this plane who would ask an issue question unless he thought he could trick me into some crazy statement.

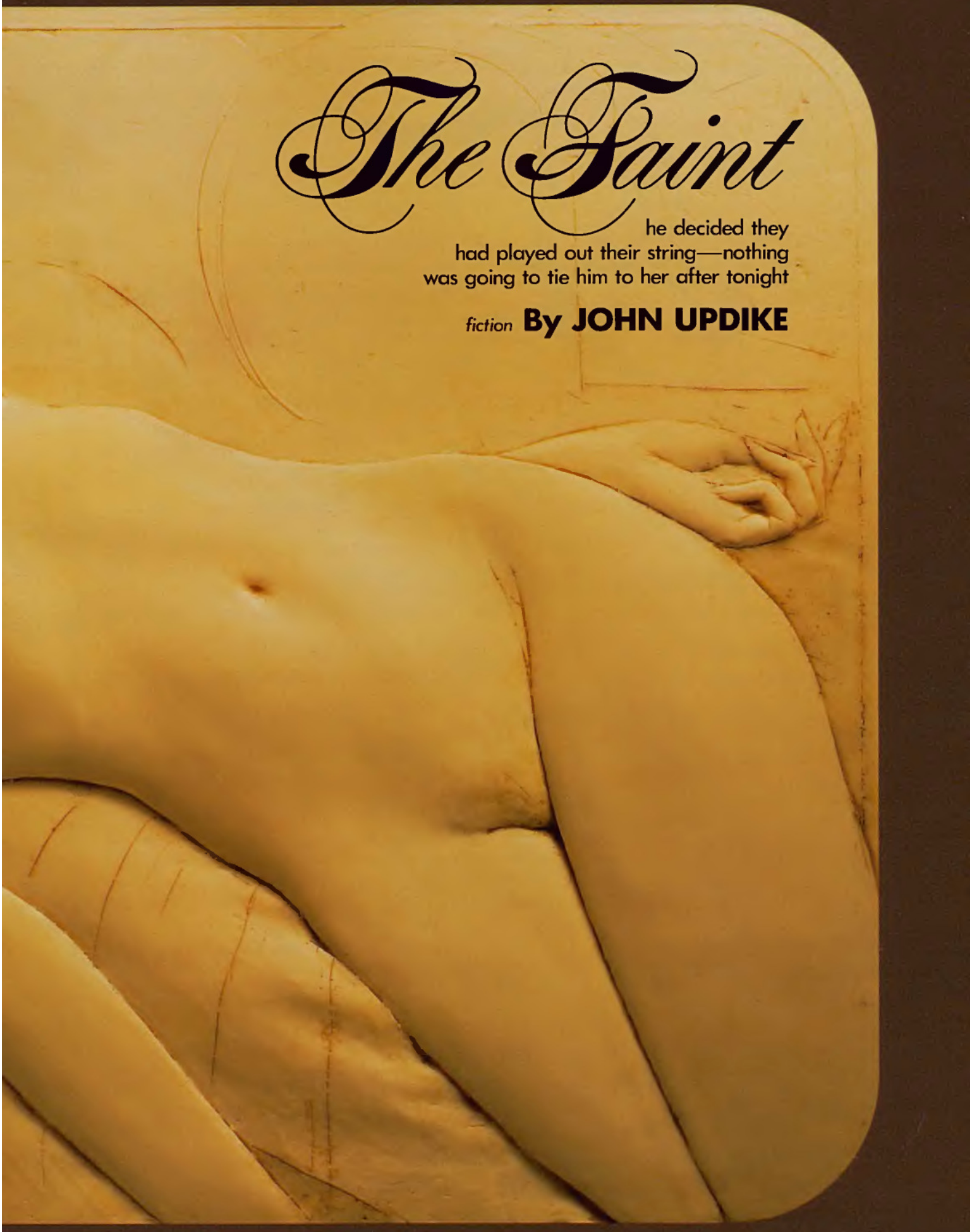
PLAYBOY: Both the press *and* the public seem to have made an issue out of your Baptist beliefs. Why do you think this has happened?

CARTER: I'm not unique. There are a lot of people in this country who have the same religious *(concluded on page 345)*

KEN HAWKINS

"I'm human and I'm tempted. I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. This is something that God recognizes I will do, and God forgives me for it."

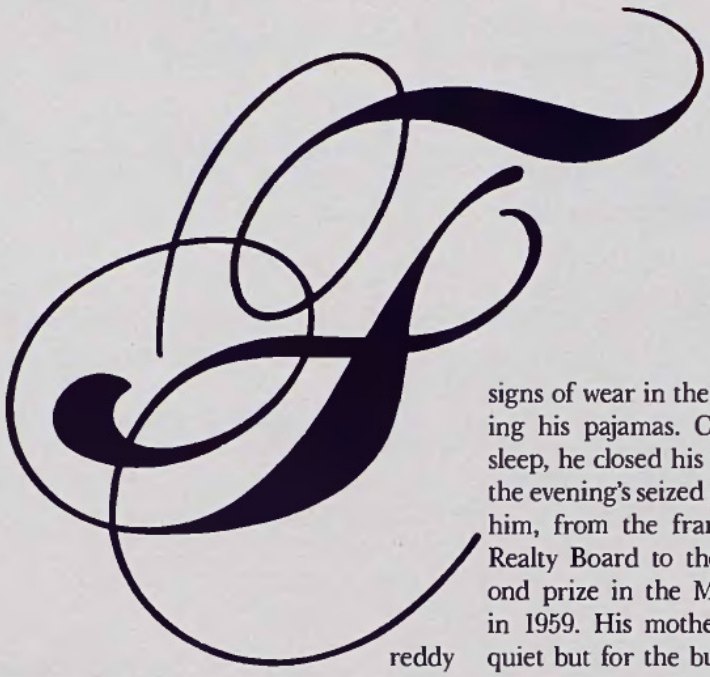
GALLO



The Saint

he decided they had played out their string—nothing was going to tie him to her after tonight

fiction **By JOHN UPDIKE**



reddy Python was a well-known developer around Boston, always putting together real-estate packages that, though they seldom came to anything, somehow kept him in sports cars, tailored suits and attractive women. He lived with his mother and a Filipino servant in a choice slice of house on the good side of Beacon Hill. His first and only marriage had ended quickly, without children. In the decade since, he had almost forgotten this wife; she was the most distant figure in a long line of women he had escorted and seduced, enjoyed spats and vacations with, got sunburned and frostbitten with, loved and forgotten each in her turn. In his memory, the succession was clamorous and indignant, like the Complaints line in a department store, with a few conspicuously silent, sullen sufferers hoping to make their case that way. Freddy had finessed them all: the weeper, the screamer, the tedious reasoner, the holder of heated silences. At the end of a date, however fraught, he would skillfully sail his Porsche through the bright morass of Park Square and the erratic rapids of Charles Street traffic, tack uphill into his narrow alley and nose the car to safety in its space below his mother's window. He would let himself in softly and ascend the carpeted stairs to his bedroom, a vast master bedroom that floated, all puffs and pillows and matching satin, like a dulcet blimp above the contagion of the city and its dreams. The Filipino would have turned his coverlet down. His mother would have left him a note, saying, "The mayor called" or "Don't forget your lecithin." Freddy would undress, checking his gym-hardened body for signs of wear in the full-length mirror before unfolding his pajamas. Composing his pajamaed self for sleep, he closed his eyes and folded his mind around the evening's seized pleasures. His trophies were about him, from the framed citation of the Charlestown Realty Board to the plated statuette signifying second prize in the Malden Teens Tennis Competition in 1959. His mother was below him. The Hill was quiet but for the burst of a muffler or the scampering footsteps of a mugging. Corinna (or whoever) was alone in her (rumpled) bed. Freddy was alone in his. What a life.

Corinna. Perhaps they had played out their string. He was of two minds about her, and she was of two minds about everything. A tallish, staring blonde of at least 25, with an ass like two moons, she looked good with Freddy in public, yet she avoided going out. She said she hated crowds. He would appear at her apartment in flared chalk stripes and polished Guccis and find her in the bathtub, drugged by the steam. Around midnight, he would manage to organize her into walking over to Boylston Street for a cheeseburger. Or they would wind up sharing a sweet-and-sour-chicken TV dinner by the fireplace—she had no wood, so they set a reluctant blaze of rolled-up newspapers kept compact with rubber bands—while old jazz singles tumbled from WGBH on the bookshelf. She took dictation all day and after work seemed to need to express herself, to rotate languidly through her two rooms, shedding clothes and emptying ashtrays in a kind of monolog of slow motion, developing her own space. Freddy tossed the theater tickets they didn't use into the greasy blue flames and announced, "There's twenty-two bucks up the chimney."

"Did you really want to go? Wasn't this nicer? Just us?"

"We can be just us any time. We can only see *The Belle of Amherst* this week."

"Freddy, you really *did* want to go. I'm sorry, I was just so tired, I still *(continued on page 276)*

"Could you put your clothes on, ma'am? You're scaring the horses!"

WOMEN OF THE SEVENTIES

BARBI BENTON She met Hef in 1968 on the set of his *Playboy After Dark* TV show; they had their first date that very night. Soon his main squeeze—their relationship was to span eight years—she was formally introduced to readers in *Barbi Doll* (March 1970).

RAQUEL WELCH In the text accompanying December 1979's photographic tribute to *Raquel*, Buck Henry compares this cultural icon to the fabled Helen of Troy. *Playboy*'s editors, in a more contemporary mood, simply label her "America's premiere sex symbol."

MARGOT KIDDER We could publish her pictures—"Prettiest ever taken of me," she said—if she could write the accompanying text. The felicitous results (left) are in our March 1975 issue.

SARAH MILES Her love scenes with Kris Kristofferson sear the screen in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*—not to mention *Playboy*'s July 1976 pages, with even hotter outtakes.

BARBARA BACH We've prided ourselves in uncovering the coming attractions of James Bond films, such as Bach, who stars in *Bonded Barbara* (June 1977) and in *The Spy Who Loved Me*.

VERUSCHKA Franco Rubartelli shot unforgettable pictures of this hot model, a.k.a. Countess Vera Gottlieb von Lehndorff, for the *Playboy* pictorial *Stalking the Wild Veruschka* (January 1971, above).

LINDA LOVELACE She has since eaten her words, but for April 1973's *Say "Ahl,"* porn's champion sword swallower (right) told a *Playboy* staffer that *"Deep Throat* was really just me, acting naturally."

DEBRA JO FONDREN With her silken blonde tresses, she could have starred in a movie version of *Rapunzel*; instead, this comely Texan became Miss September 1977 and 1978's Playmate of the Year.

MARILYN CHAMBERS Lovelace's rival as porn queen of the Seventies, the star of *Behind the Green Door* (and former Ivory Snow soapbox model) comes clean (below) in *Sex, Soap and Success* (April 1974).

LINDA EVANS The second of John Derek's wives to be caught by his camera for *Playboy*, Linda was considering abandoning TV at the time she posed for *Blooming Beauty* (July 1971). *Dynasty* fans are glad she didn't.

CANDY LOVING Our Silver Anniversary Playmate was given the run of Chicago's Playboy Mansion—including the famous round bed—for August 1979's *Another Loving Look*, a memorable sequel to her January gatefold.

ELKE SOMMER Another husbandly tribute to a photogenic actress/wife: *Elke* (September 1970, near right), with pictures and text by Joe Hyams. As readers will soon releam, Sommer still wears her summers well.

CLAUDIA JENNINGS Miss November 1969 and the 1970 Playmate of the Year, Claudia (far right) enjoyed a flourishing film career as "Queen of the B's"—cut tragically short by a fatal auto accident in 1979.

POWER
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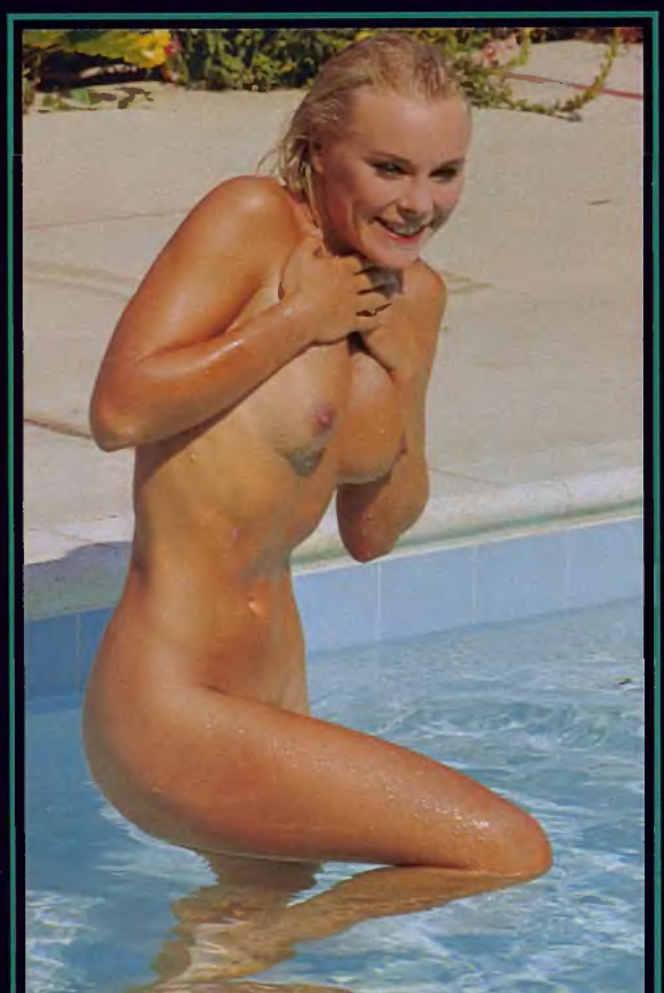
ADVENT
PROJECTOR

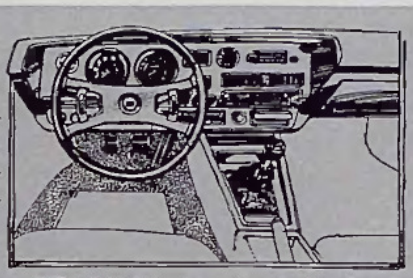


LIV LINDELAND Readers and editors fell for Liv—whose name means "life" in her native Norwegian—crowning her Playmate of the Year in 1972. She's best known for her January 1971 gatefold (below), first to reveal pubic hair.

PATTI MCGUIRE Miss November 1976 adorns the cover of the issue that features Jimmy Carter's notorious "lust in the heart" *Playboy Interview*. Patti, who became 1977's Playmate of the Year, is married to tennis champ Jimmy Connors.

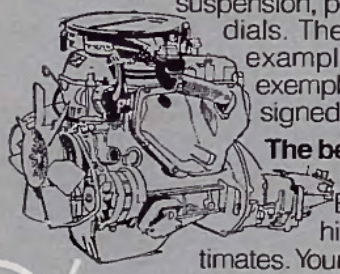
DOROTHY STRATTEN A decade after Claudia Jennings' reign, 1980's Playmate of the Year (Miss August 1979) also met an untimely demise. Her murder by a jealous husband (subject of the film *Star 80*) scrawled "the end" on her Hollywood career.

TEN YEARS RUNNING...



The new Toyota Celica. It's here now. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel refineents have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The Celica GT Liftback (pictured), GT and ST Sport Coupes.

A beautiful car and a fine machine. The GT Liftback aerodynamics have contributed to increased interior room (4" at shoulders), stability, acceleration and efficiency. The handling formula includes MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, and steel belted radials. The Celica's cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. And comfort is exemplified by the reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support.



THE 1980's CELICA

The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers traditional Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 32 highway, 20 city. These California EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. On a Celica GT Liftback options are for personal taste, not necessity. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's today.

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THE EIGHTIES

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES AT *PLAYBOY* AS SEXUAL POLITICS TAKE A SHARP RIGHT TURN

"May you live in interesting times," goes the old Chinese curse. Well, things got real interesting for *Playboy* in the Eighties. Americans were being held hostage by the ayatollah, interest rates were high and we had a President who carried his own luggage. What's worse, no one had yet had the decency to put disco out of its misery. When Reagan was elected, those of us who disagreed with his politics thought, At least he'll lay off *Playboy*; he wants government off the people's backs. But nooooooooooo. Instead, we got more self-righteous finger wagging than in any decade since the Fifties. And Lord, those TV evangelists. . . .

We lobbed a warning at our readers as early as 1980 with *Heavenly Hosts*, a viewer's guide to television preachers, and *The Astonishing Wrongs of the New Moral Right*. Later on in the decade, we would publish James Baldwin's powerful memoir of evangelism, *To Crush the Serpent*, which was nominated for a National Magazine Award. (And in 1985 we'd *win* one for the general excellence of our fiction.)

In December 1980, in one of those moments of uncanny timing that seem a heritage of *Playboy* journalism, John Lennon's last interview was on the stands the night he was killed. "What does it mean," he had said to us, speaking of King and Gandhi, "when you're such a pacifist, you get shot?"

In a decade of media fixation on celebrities, *People* magazine, *Entertainment Tonight*, Phil and Oprah were in a feeding frenzy. Did *Playboy* lower itself to join in? You bet we did—but while everybody else was trying to catch celebrities with their hair down, our hunch was that you'd enjoy seeing them with their clothes off. So, as a public service, we offered exclusive uncoverage of the perfect-ten Bo Derek, the still-sultry Joan Collins, the ripe Vikki LaMotta, that all-American letter turner, Vanna White, the fundamental Jessica Hahn (before and after) and a young Madonna hot enough to make you understand why Sean Penn punched out photographers.

In the spirit of equal time for men, we photographed Steve Martin in a diaper for the cover of our New Year's issue in January 1980, and in the *Playboy Interview* solicited his insights into dealing with this confusing decade: When in doubt, he advised, get silly. Make that *very* silly. We also sat down with Bill Cosby and asked him to explain how the Huxtables had managed to become white America's favorite family. And long before it turned up on TV and movie screens, Patricia Hearst told us the story of her improbable transformation from heiress to terrorist to middle-class housewife. Before he was discovered by ABC, we sent Ron Reagan off on assignment to such exotic foreign capitals as Moscow and San Francisco.

For those who like their celebrities in smaller portions, we began serving a regular snack called *20 Questions*. And a couple of up-front columns have made real waves with readers. For a decade in which the sexes seem to be going through an agonizing reappraisal of their identities and interrelationships, we posed the paradox: If we're equal, how come we're not the same? And offered Asa Baber and Cynthia Heimel space to reflect on the answer every month. Since there are many magazines that wouldn't consider themselves fully dressed without a *Men* or a *Women* column anymore, immodesty compels us to admit that *Playboy* was among the first.

We had a couple of, ah, interesting moments in 1986 after Attorney General Meese sent a pornography commission on tour. It got poor reviews and closed out of town. For a while, though, there seemed to be a TV evangelist on every channel. Well, we came through those moments better than ever. Now the commission is history; the Attorney General is gone, under a cloud; the TV evangelists have been canceled; and even the amiable President who so affected this decade is headed for the ranch.

But to us, it was like a whiff of war paint. We had already swapped our staples for a sleeker look and redesigned the inside of the magazine to keep pace with the times.

It's the new us.

Or is it? Here we are, at the end of the Eighties, talking back to the prudes, publishing good writers, chasing the bad guys, looking for pretty girls. Seems like old times.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOANN OALEY

TOURIST TRADE
when they spent the night together,
more than the earth moved

fiction **By ROBERT SILVERBERG**

THE CENTAURAN, seeing the red carnation in Eitel's lapel, lifted his arm in a gesture like the extending of a telescopic tube, and the woman smiled. It was an amazing smile and it caught Eitel a little off guard, because for an instant, it made him wish that the Centauran were back on Centaurus and this woman were sitting here alone. He shook the thought off. He was here to do a deal, not to get into entanglements.

"Hans Eitel, of Zurich," he said.

"I am Anakhistos," said the Centauran. His voice was like something out of a synthesizer, which perhaps it was, and his face was utterly opaque, a flat, motionless mask. For vision, he had a single bright strip of receptors an inch wide around his forehead; for air intake, he had little vents on his cheeks; and for eating, he had a three-sided oral slot, like the swinging top of a trash basket. "We are very happied you ha·e

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

come," he said. "This is Agila."

Eitel allowed himself to look straight at her. It was dazzling but painful, a little like staring into the sun. Her hair was red and thick, her eyes were emerald and very far apart, her lips were full, her teeth were bright. She was wearing a vaguely futuristic metal-mesh sheath, green, supple, clinging. What she looked like was something that belonged on a 3-D billboard, one of those unreal, idealized women who turn up in the ads for cognac or skiing holidays in Gstaad. There was something a little freakish about such excessive beauty. A professional, he decided.

To the Centauran he said, "This is a great pleasure for me. To meet a collector of your stature, to know that I will be able to be of assistance——"

"And a pleasure also for ourself. You are greatly recommended to me. You are called knowledgeable, discreet——"

"The traditions of our family. I was bred to my métier."

"We are drinking mint tea," the woman said. "Will you drink mint tea with us?" Her voice was warm, deep, unfamiliar. Swedish? Did they have redheads in Sweden?

The waiter poured the tea in the traditional way, cascading it down into the glass from three feet up. Eitel repressed a shudder. He admired the elaborate Moroccan cuisine, but the tea appalled him: hypersaccharine stuff—instant diabetes.

She took a long pull of her mint tea, letting the syrupy stuff slide down her throat like motor oil. Then she wriggled her shoulders in a curious way. Eitel saw flesh shift interestingly beneath the metal mesh. Surely she was professional. *Surely*. He found himself speculating on whether or not there could be anything sexual going on between these two. He doubted that it was possible, but you never could tell. More likely, though, she was merely one of the stellar pieces in Anakhistos' collection of the high-quality Earthesque: an object, an artifact. Eitel wondered how Anakhistos had managed to find her so fast. Was there some service that supplied visiting aliens with the finest of escorts, at the finest of prices?

He was picking up an aroma from her now, not unpleasant but very strange: caviar and cumin? Sturgeon poached in Chartreuse?

She signaled to the waiter for yet another tea. To Eitel she said, "The problem of the export certificates—do you think it is going to get worse?"

That was unexpected and admirable, he thought. Discover what your client's concerns are, make them your own.

He said, "It is a great difficulty, is it not?"

"I think of little else," said the Centauran, leaping in as if he had been waiting for Agila to provide the cue. "To me it is an abomination. These restrictions on removing works of art from your planet, these humiliating inspections, this agitation, this outcry for even tighter limitations—what will it come to?"

Soothingly, Eitel said, "You must try to understand the nature of the panic. We are a small, backward world that has lived in isolation until just a few years ago. Suddenly, we have stumbled into contact with the great galactic civilizations. You come among us, you are fascinated by us and by our artifacts, you wish to collect our things. But we can hardly supply the entire civilized universe. There are only a few Leonardos, a few Vermeers; and there are so many of you. So there is fear that you will sweep upon us with your immense wealth, with your vast numbers, with your hunger for our art, and buy everything of value that we have ever produced and carry it off to places a hundred light-years away. So these laws are being passed."

"But I am not here to plunder! I am here to make legitimate purchase!"

"I understand completely," Eitel said. He risked putting his hand gently, compassionately, on the Centauran's arm. Some of the E.T.s resented any intimate contact of this sort with Earthfolk. But apparently the Centauran didn't mind. The alien's rubbery skin felt soft and smooth, like the finest condom imaginable.

"Do you dance?" Agila said suddenly.

He looked toward the dance floor. The Rigelians were lurching around in a preposterously ponderous way, like dancing bears. Some Arcturans were on the dance floor, too, and a few Procyonites, bouncing up and down like bundles of shiny metal rods, and a Steropid doing an eerie *pas seul* in dreamy circles.

"Yes, of course," he said, startled.

"Please dance with me?"

He glanced uneasily toward the Centauran, who nodded benignly. She smiled and said, "Anakhistos does not dance. But I would like to. Would you oblige me?"

Eitel took her hand and led her out onto the floor. Once they were dancing, he was able to regain his calm. He moved easily and well. Some of the E.T.s were openly watching them—they had such *curiosity* about humans sometimes—but the staring didn't bother him. He found himself registering the pressure of her thighs against his thighs, her firm, heavy breasts against his chest.

He said, "Agila is an interesting name. Israeli, is it?"

"No," she said.

The way she said it, serenely and very finally, left him without room to maneuver. He was full of questions—who was she, how had she hooked up with the Centauran, what was her deal, how well did she think Eitel's own deal with the Centauran was likely to go? But that one cool syllable seemed to have slammed a curtain down. He concentrated on dancing instead. She was supple, responsive, skillful. And yet, the way she danced was as strange as everything else about her: She moved almost as if her feet were some inches off the floor. Odd. And her voice—an accent, but what kind? He had been everywhere, and nothing in his experience matched her way of speaking, a certain liquidity in the vowels, a certain resonance in the phrasing, as though she were hearing echoes as she spoke. She had to be something truly exotic—a Finn, a Bulgar, and even those did not seem exotic enough. Albanian? Lithuanian?

Most perplexing of all was her aroma. Eitel was gifted with a sense of smell worthy of a perfumer, and he heeded a woman's fragrance the way more ordinary men studied the curves of hip or bosom or thigh. Out of the pores and the axillae and the orifices came the truths of the body, he believed, the deepest, the most trustworthy, the most exciting communications; he studied them with rabbinical fervor and the most minute scientific zeal. But he had never smelled anything like this, a juxtaposition of incongruous spices, a totally baffling mix of flavors. Some amazing new perfume?

And then he understood. He realized now that the answer, impossible and implausible and terrifying, had been beckoning to him all evening and that he could no longer go on rejecting it, impossible or not. And in the moment of accepting it, he heard a sound within himself much like that of a wind beginning to rise.

Eitel began to tremble. He had never felt himself so totally defenseless before.

He said, "It's amazing how human you seem to be."

"*Seem* to be?"

"Outwardly identical in every way. I didn't think it was possible for life forms of such a degree of similarity to evolve on different worlds."

"It isn't," she said.

"You're not from Earth, though."

She was smiling. She seemed almost pleased, he thought, that he had seen through her masquerade.

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"Centauran."

Eitel closed his eyes a moment. The wind was a gale within him; he swayed and struggled to keep his balance. He was starting to feel as though he were conducting this conversation from a point somewhere behind his own right ear. "But Centaurans look like——"

"Like Anakhistos? Of course we do, when we are at home. But I am not at home now."

"I don't understand."

"This is my traveling body," she said.

(continued on page 286)

"It's a beautiful honeymoon, dear, but I still miss my vibrator."

REMEMBERING • TENNESSEE •

a close friend reads the man between the playwright's lines

memoir by

TRUMAN CAPOTE

"TENNESSEE WILLIAMS DEAD AT 71"

SO ANNOUNCED the headline on the front page of *The New York Times*. He had strangled, it turned out, while using a plastic bottle cap to take barbiturates; incredibly, the cap had popped down his throat and choked him to death. All of this had happened at the Elysée, a curious little hotel located in the East 50s. Actually, Tennessee had an apartment in New York. But when he was in the city, he always stayed at the Elysée. The apartment, a small jumble of sparsely furnished rooms "conveniently" located on West 42nd Street, was reserved for the entertainment of kind strangers.

It was a strange end for a man obsessed with a rather poetic concept of death. Even as a young man, he was convinced that the next day would be his last. The only serious quarrel we ever had involved his hypochondriac sensitivity to this subject. At the time, he had a play in rehearsal: *Summer and Smoke*. We were having dinner together, and to amuse him (I thought), I began to tell him stories I had heard from members of the cast about the play's director, a woman from Texas. It seemed that at every rehearsal, she would assemble the cast and tell them what an effort they must make, how hard they must work, "because this flower of genius is Tenn's last. He is dying. Yes, he is a dying man with only months to live. He told me so himself. Of course, he's always claiming to be dying. But this time, I'm afraid it's true. Even his agent believes it."

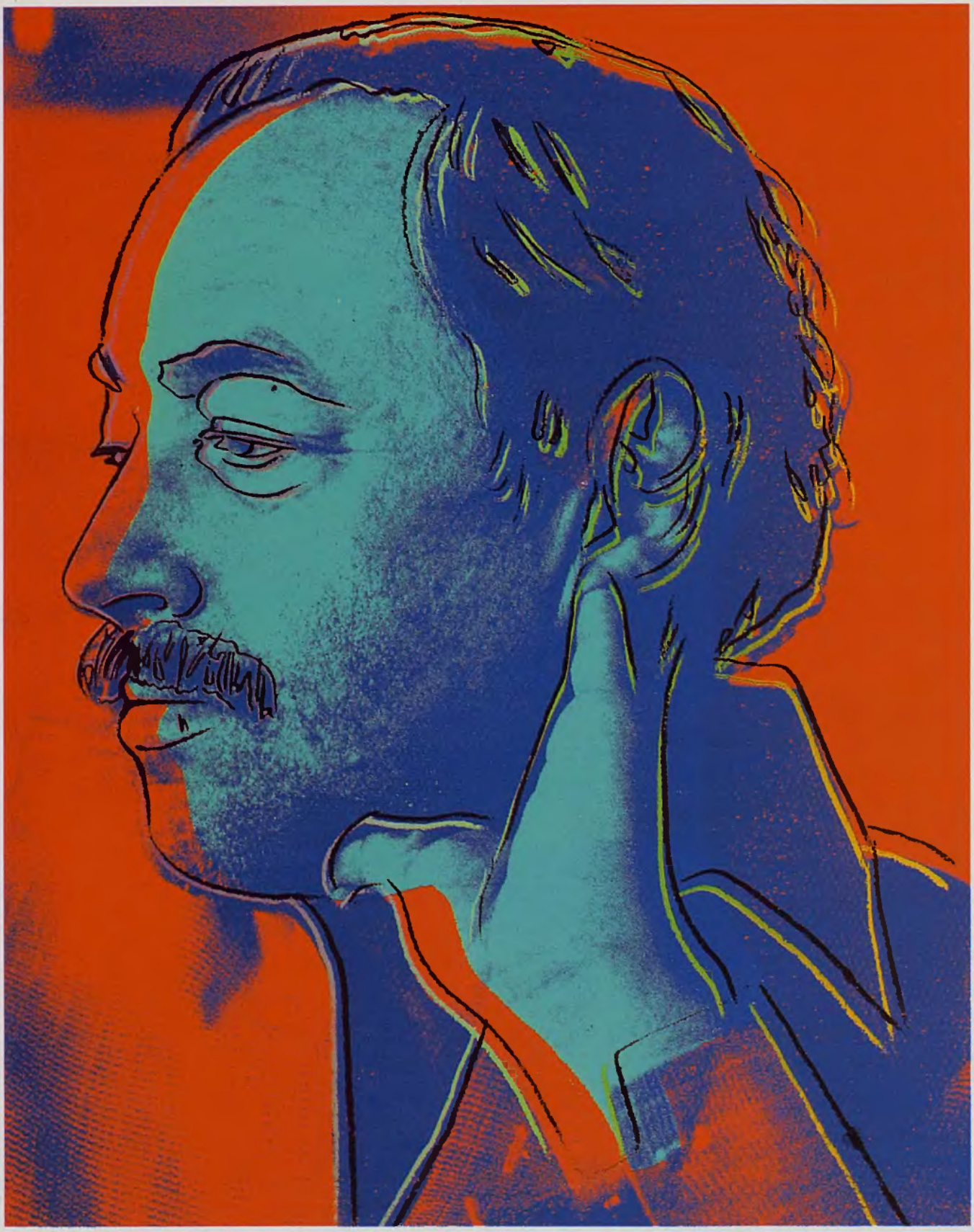
Far from amusing my old friend, the anecdote enraged him. First he broke glasses and plates, then he turned over the entire table and stalked out of the restaurant, leaving me amazed—and also to pay for the destruction.

•

I was 16 years old when I met him. He was 13 years older than I was, a waiter at the Greenwich Village Café and a would-be playwright. We became great friends—it was really a sort of intellectual friendship, though people inevitably thought otherwise. In those early days, he used to give me all of his short, one-act plays to read, and we would act them out together. Gradually, over the years, we built up *The Glass Menagerie*. I would play the daughter.

With his tendency toward around-the-clock sex and gin and general carousing, Tennessee, who was not a born survivor, probably would *(concluded on page 282)*

PAINTING BY ANDY WARHOL



Andy Warhol

humor **By BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE

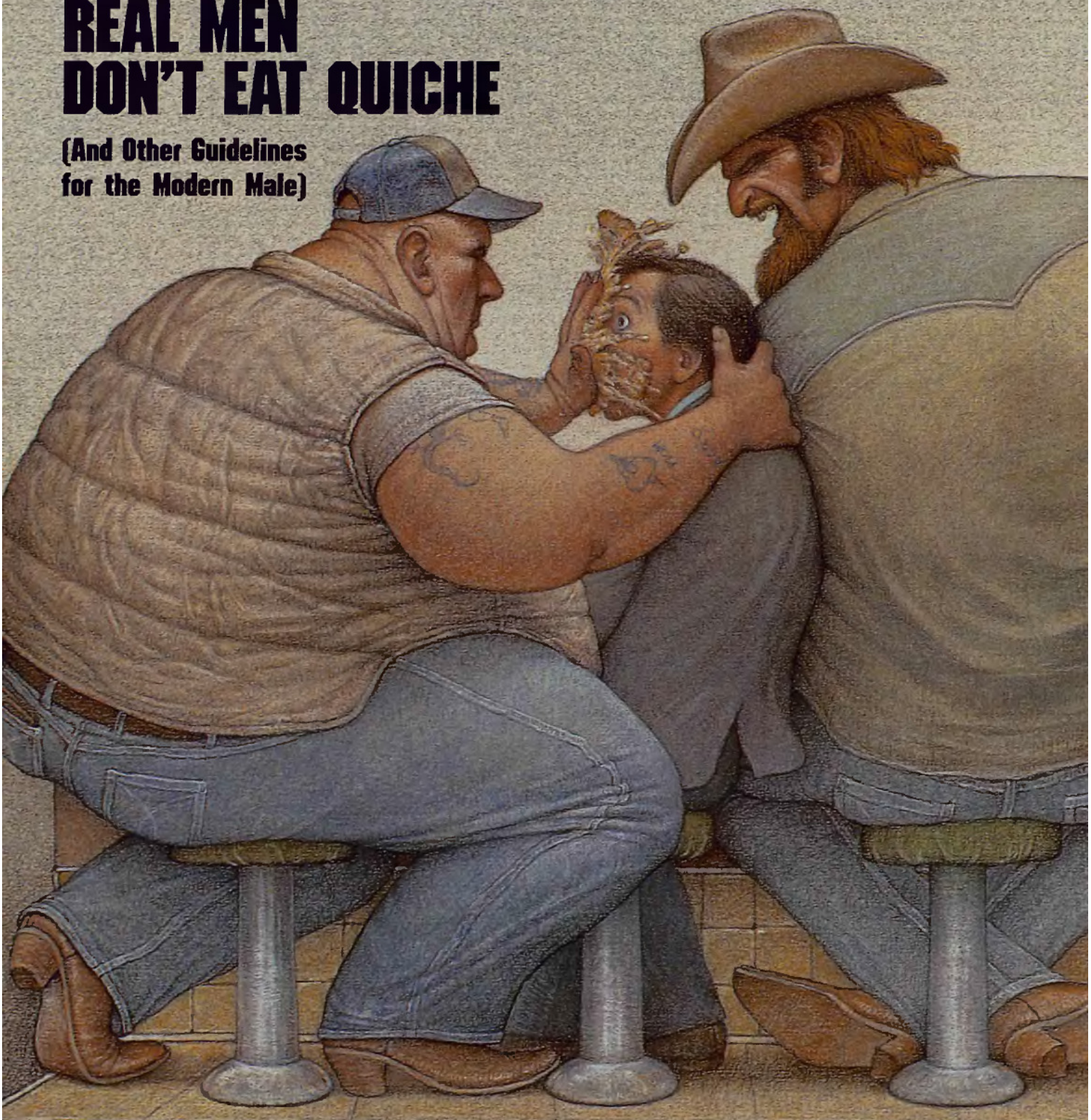
(And Other Guidelines for the Modern Male)

"REAL MEN don't each quiche," said Flex Crush, ordering a breakfast of steak, prime rib, six eggs and a loaf of toast.

We were sitting in the professional-drivers' section of an all-night truckers' pit stop somewhere west of Tulsa on I-44. Flex, a 225-pound nuclear-waste driver, was pensive:

"American men are all mixed up today," he began, pausing to dab a cleaning rag at the 12-gauge shotgun broken open over his knees. "There was a time when this was a nation of Ernest Hemingways. *Real Men.* The kind of guys who could defoliate an entire forest to make a breakfast fire—and then wipe out an endangered species while hunting for lunch. But not anymore. We've become a nation of wimps. Pansies. Alan Alda types who cook and clean and 'relate' to their wives. Phil Donahue clones who are 'sensitive' and 'vulnerable' and 'understanding' of their children. And where's it gotten us? I'll tell you where. The Japanese make better cars. The Israelis, better soldiers. The Irish, better violence. And the rest of the world is using our embassies for target practice."

The entire restaurant was mesmerized. It was so quiet you could hear the day's fresh-caught fish thawing in



the freezer.

"I'm convinced things were better in the old days," Flex continued. "Men were Men. Women were sex objects. And the rest of the world understood: One false move and we'd nuke 'em."

While his desire to return to the days of "Me Tarzan, you Jane" may be somewhat impractical, Flex does raise some important questions:

How—in a world in which you're expected to be sensitive, sympathetic and split half the household chores—do you remain a Real Man? Is there a way to accept the concept of the female orgasm and still command the respect of your foreign-auto mechanic?

It made us think. And in order to help the *Playboy* reader through these emotionally troubled times, we herewith offer a guide to treading the social tightrope that has come to be the special hell of the modern Real Man.

CHAPTER ONE

Defining the Modern Real Man

In the old days, it was easy to be a Real Man: All you had to do was cheat at poker, steal land from Indians, abuse women and find someplace to dump the toxic waste.

Today, men everywhere are under siege. Women are taking our jobs. Robots are replacing us on G.M.

in this feminist-infested, designer-dominated, more-sensitive-than-thou world, the time has come to draw the line

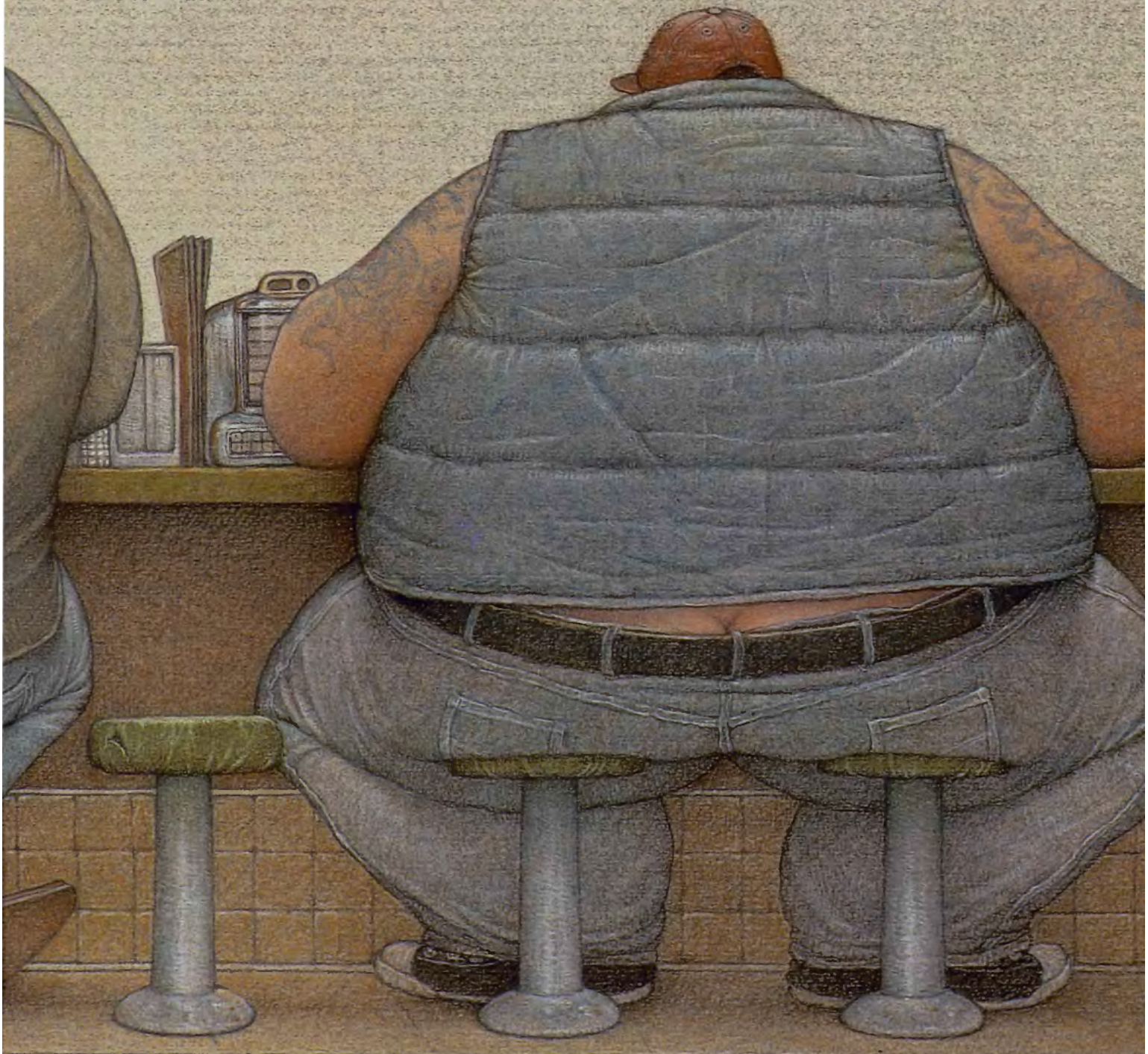


ILLUSTRATION BY TOM INGHAM

assembly lines. And formerly innocent pastimes such as barroom brawling, waging war and whale hunting are no longer smiled upon by polite society.

So what, then, makes someone a Real Man today?

The answer is simple.

A Real Man today is someone who can triumph over the challenges of modern society.

Real Men, for example, don't buy flight insurance.

Real Men aren't afraid to leave home without the American Express Card.

Real Men don't count on the United Nations ("After 36 years, all it's proved capable of doing is producing a nice Christmas card").

Real Men are secure enough to admit they buy *Playboy* for more than the articles.

Basically, today's Real Man is unaffected by fads or fashion. In short, there's one phrase that sums up his existence: Real Men don't eat quiche.

CHAPTER TWO

Who's Who Among Real Men

Essentially, the world can be divided into two categories of men: those who eat quiche and those who don't.

Jimmy Carter, for example, eats quiche. George Bush doesn't.

Elvis Presley was a Real Man; so was Anwar Sadat. John Chancellor, Curt Gowdy, Pelé, George Harrison and Harry Reasoner are Real Men.

Morley Safer probably eats quiche; ditto for Chevy Chase, Howard Baker, Geraldo Rivera, Tom Snyder and Wayne Newton. Paul McCartney eats quiche; no one is sure about Burt Reynolds.

James Caan is a Real Man, and so are Robert Duvall and Jack Nicholson. Carol Burnett is a Real Man for taking on the *National Enquirer*.

Robert Redford is too sensitive to be a Real Man; Alan Alda and Phil Donahue are terminally sincere quiche eaters. You can forget Halston—Real Men have two names. And Dick Cavett is eliminated simply because Real Men don't begin three out of four sentences with the phrase "When Woody and I. . . ."

REAL MAN QUIZ NUMBER ONE

Q. How many Real Men does it take to change a light bulb?

A. None. Real Men aren't afraid of the dark.

CHAPTER THREE

The Real Man's Credo

Among Real Men, there has always been one simple rule: Never settle with words what you can accomplish with a flame thrower.

(Given today's violent climate, however, it's always best to defer to lunatics wielding howitzers, tanks, handguns or 2000-pound portable radios. It's a simple fact of life that no matter how tough and strong you are, it all means nothing if you're not alive to show it. This is an example of the modern Real Man's newfound intelligence—otherwise known as survival of the smartest.)

CHAPTER FOUR

The Real Man Vocabulary

Real Men do not "relate" to anything. They do not have "meaningful dialogs." They do not talk about "personal space," "vibes," "karma," "bummers" or "shared experiences."

A Real Man cannot be "hung up" on anything. He doesn't care where somebody's "coming from"; he's not "into" anything and finds nothing "far out," "cosmic," "super" or "heavy."

And, most important, Real Men do not talk like Alexander Haig. When a simple yes or no answer is required, you will not hear one of these:

"Well, according to our latest reports, at this point in time, within the usual parameters, answerwise, I'd have to respond with a definite guarded affirmative: The odds are good that I had quiche for dinner last night." Among Real Men, this is called "bullshit."

CHAPTER FIVE

The Modern Real Man on Wheels

Remember when being a Real Man meant flying down the highway at 100 mph stone-drunk, with one hand on a 17-year-old blonde and the other wrapped around a bottle of Schlitz?

Fortunately, some things never change—and the automobile remains the sacred shrine of Real Men everywhere.

What do Real Men drive?

It's simple: Chryslers—massive, hulking, gas-guzzling Chryslers. Indy 500 specials. With four-barrel carburetors, automatic transmissions and 5,000,000 cubic inches under the hood.

Real Men, after all, are realistic:

How are you ever going to lose a state trooper in a Honda?

REAL MAN QUIZ NUMBER TWO

Q. How many Real Men does it take to cross a river?

A. It takes 5000: 4999 to build the suspension bridge and one to drive across in a tractor trailer.

CHAPTER SIX

Great Moments in Real Man Literature

"'Strike a match,' I said to Tex. . . . I put the unburned outside of my left forearm directly over the flame."

—G. GORDON LIDDY
in his autobiography, *Will*

CHAPTER SEVEN

Great Moments in Real Man History

1440 B.C. Moses parts the Red Sea.

62 B.C. Roman government completes highway system and issues first road map for summer vacationers. Real Men promptly start tradition of ignoring the map and refusing to make bathroom stops. A Roman gladiator on holiday explains to his son: "Real Men can hold their urine."

1162 Genghis Khan develops role of Genghis Khan for Charles Bronson.

1484 Leonardo invents the tank.

1533 Henry VIII divorces Catherine of Aragon and marries Anne Boleyn; introduces concept of disposable wives.

1618 Thirty Years' War begins.

1762 First poker game.

1773 Boston Tea Party. Real Men throw tea into harbor, demanding black coffee.

1866 Jack Daniel's introduced.

1880 Dodge City, Kansas: first use of phrase "This town isn't big enough for both of us."

1923 Chuck Yeager born.

1930 Clarence Birdseye introduces frozen food.

1933 Prohibition repealed.

June 6, 1944 156,000 Real Men storm French beaches at Normandy.

1946 First bikini appears on same beaches.

1948 Invention of the chain saw.

1955 *The Honeymooners* airs.

1962 First pop-top beer can.

1964 The Pontiac GTO is introduced.

1967 Super Bowl I.

1974 Ali beats Foreman in Zaire.

1979 Lee Marvin wins palimony case brought by Michelle Triola.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Sex, Romance and the Modern Real Man

Today's Real Man is charming, enlightened, kind and understanding—at least until he knows a woman long enough to take her for granted (say, three weeks).

A few other notes:

1. Real Men don't like to "do it" on the first date. It makes them feel cheap.

2. Real Men are no longer looking for a girl just like Mom—because Mom had no idea about S/M, bondage or the more interesting uses for a video camera.

3. Real Men offer to provide birth control.

4. Real Men have actually learned to enjoy it on the bottom.

5. Real Men are quieter than most Real Women.

6. Real Men still ask if it was good.

7. Real Men still send flowers the next day.

What the old-style Real Man looked for in a woman: Trust funds. Big breasts.

What today's Real Man looks for in a woman: Personality, intelligence, kindness, a sense of humor, a good job, a good

(concluded on page 327)

"Chemical spill? What chemical spill? Anybody here know anything about a chemical spill?"

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

he lies between ilsa's silky thighs and wonders what it will cost him

fiction By ROBERT COOVER

It is dark in Rick's apartment. Black-leader dark, heavy and abstract, silent but for a faint hoarse crackle like a voiceless plaint and brief as sleep. Then Rick opens the door and the light from the hall scissors in like a bellboy to open up space, deposit surfaces (there is a figure in the room), harbinger event (it is Ilsa). Rick follows, too preoccupied to notice: His café is closed, people have been shot, he has troubles. But then, with a stroke, he lights a small lamp (such a glow! The shadows retreat, *everything* retreats: Where are the walls?), and there she is, facing him, holding open the drapery at the far window like the front of a nightgown, the light flickering upon her white but determined face like static. Rick pauses for a moment in astonishment. Ilsa lets the drapery and its implications drop, takes a step forward into the strangely fretted light, her eyes searching his.

"How did you get in?" he asks, though this is probably not the question on his mind.

"The stairs from the street."

This answer seems to please him. He knows how vulnerable he is; after all, it's the way he lives—his doors are open, his head is bare, his tuxedo jacket is snowy white—that's not important. What matters is that by *(continued on page 290)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF GOLD

"Miss Reynolds, I'm afraid the patient's Blue Cross doesn't cover <u>that</u>."

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

candid conversations with tv's towering dad, the most influential songwriter of his generation and his wife, and a captivating heiress

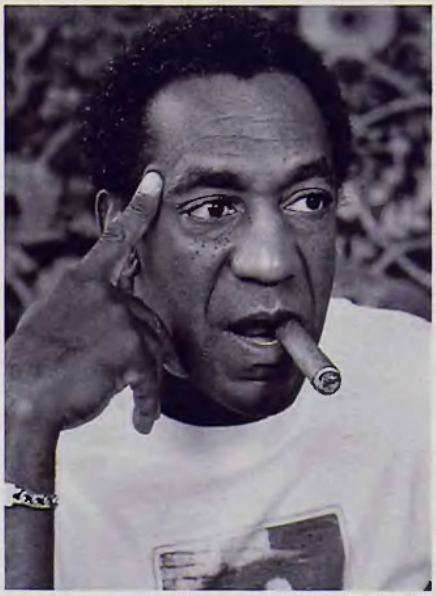
BILL COSBY

PLAYBOY: What does it feel like to be an American institution?

COSBY: Well, except for the fact that I was 16 pounds lighter 16 years ago, it feels good. It's *been* good. I remember 1969 very well. Couple of things have happened since. [*Grins through cigar smoke*] Right about then, I had four albums in the top ten at the same time, and I don't think even Elvis Presley ever did that. Now, that was a high. Winning the Emmys was a high, then going on to do my TV specials. . . . I'll tell you, when I was growing up in a lower-economic neighborhood in Philadelphia, these were things I thought happened only to people on the radio.

PLAYBOY: For readers who may not know that there was such a thing as life before television, what do you mean by that?

COSBY: Oh, old radio programs, like *The Lux Radio Theater*. The announcer would say, "There goes Humphrey Bogart" or "Sitting next to me is Edward G. Robinson." I'd picture those guys in my mind—I'm sure they weren't there—but that's how some *(concluded on page 301)*



HOWARD BINGHAM

"I wanted to talk to husbands and put a few messages out every now and then. Fathering a child isn't about being a macho *man, and if you think it is, you're making a terrible mistake. It's about becoming a parent."*

JOHN LENNON/ YOKO ONO

PLAYBOY: The word is out: John Lennon and Yoko Ono are back in the studio, recording again for the first time since 1975, when they vanished from public view. Let's start with you, John. What have you been doing?

LENNON: I've been baking bread and looking after the baby.

PLAYBOY: Why did you become a househusband?

LENNON: There were many reasons. I had been under obligation or contract from the time I was 22 until well into my 30s. After all those years, it was all I knew. I wasn't free. I was boxed in. My contract was the physical manifestation of being in prison. It was more important to face myself and face that reality than to continue a life of rock and roll—and to go up and down with the whims of either your own performance or the public's opinion of you. Rock and roll was not fun anymore. I chose not to take the standard options in my *(concluded on page 270)*

TOM ZUK

LENNON: *"Everyone talks about a good thing coming to an end, as if life was over. But I'll be 40 when this interview comes out. Elton John, Bob Dylan—we're all relatively young people. The game isn't over yet."*

PATRICIA HEARST

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to that night of February 4, 1974. You and Steven [Weed, her boyfriend at the time] were in your Berkeley apartment when there was a knock on the door. The next thing you know, you're being carried outside, screaming, and thrown into the trunk of a car. What was going through your mind?

HEARST: I just remember screaming my head off as loud as I could. I wanted the whole world to hear. It's really hard to describe sheer terror. You just don't comprehend being kidnaped unless it happens to you. I don't believe there's anything quite like it. I just remember feeling cold, numb and scared.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever find it darkly humorous that Steven was shouting, "Take anything you want," to them and——

HEARST: Yes, of course. Right. "Gee, thanks, we'll take her." That's probably why I said, "No, no, not me." [*Laughs*] Take the stereo!

PLAYBOY: You were taken to an apartment in San Francisco and kept blindfolded in a small closet *(continued on page 302)*

LARRY L. LOGAN

"It would have been crazy not *to have joined [the Symbionese Liberation Army]. They would have killed me. It would take more guts to say, 'Never, I'd rather die.' I'm sorry, I'm a coward. I didn't want to die."*

THE SUNKEN WOMAN

he watched her that evening as closely as he dared, and he thought that he might fall in love with her

fiction

By JOYCE CAROL OATES

SHE HAD BEEN FAMOUS as Lisel—simply "Lisel"—for a period of about 18 months. And then her fame had been primarily a downtown phenomenon: She had done some modeling, she had been interviewed, she had been featured in a number of Myron Falk's "experimental" films. Beyond Manhattan, it was doubtful that anyone had ever heard of her—or that her name was remembered for more than those quick 18 months.

Still, to be "famous" even on those terms—to have been simply Lisel for those months——

Constantine, who knew better, whose entire career (as a playwright, a poet, a critic, a hopeful man of letters) was predicated on his knowing better, nevertheless felt the power of her queer near-mute impassivity. The first time he saw her, at a crowded party in Myron Falk's studio-loft, he had been much taken; and he hadn't even known her name at that time; in fact, she had had no name. She wasn't Lisel yet—she was simply another of Falk's freaks, a discovery he had made off the street (in Lisel's case, it had been Seventh Avenue down around Houston—and although one of the nastier tales made her out to have been soliciting, her activity had really been quite innocent: She had been lost). There was the sweet-faced and highly verbose homosexual dancer Gary; the 6'5" giantess Martha Blount, with her gift for improvised comedy; the street kid Win (who, like Lisel, had drifted to New York from the Midwest but seemed the very quintessence of the Village—and who, like Lisel, had come close to killing himself with drugs): These "stars," these "names," were all discoveries of Myron Falk's. He attracted them. He collected them. They were his "chicks." He did not enlist them for his films so much as he improvised films to contain them. Working *(continued on page 318)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

memoir By CAMERON CROWE

In the fall of 1979, the author returned to a high school he had attended briefly some years back. He registered as a student under an assumed name with the cooperation of the principal, who was the only one to know the secret. Because of his youthful appearance, he was never under suspicion and was able to mingle freely in the classrooms, the schoolyard, the students' homes and the fast-food parlors that were the focus of the lives of the kids in a typical town in California. The author has changed the name of the school, its location and the names of the students and teachers with whom he lived. The events and the dialog, however, are real.

MR. HAND

Stacy Hamilton took her seat in U.S. history on the first day of school. The third and final attendance bell rang.

The teacher came barreling down the aisle, then made a double-speed step to the green metal front door of the U.S. history bungalow. He kicked the door shut and *locked* it with the dead bolt. The windows rattled in their frames. This man knew how to take the front of a classroom.

"*Aloha*," he said. "The name is Mr. Hand."

There was a lasting silence. He wrote his name on the blackboard. Every letter was a small explosion of chalk.

"I have but one question for you on our first morning together," the man said. "Can you attend my class?"

He scanned the classroom full of curious sophomores, all of them with

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELDS

being the true story of a year in high school reported by a writer in student disguise. rah!

roughly the same look on their faces—there goes another summer.

"*Pakalo?*" It was Hawaiian for "Do you understand?"

Mr. Hand let his students take a good long look at him. In high school, where such crucial matters as confidence and social status can shift daily, there is one thing a student can depend on. Most people in high school look like their names. Mr. Hand was a perfect example. He had a porous, oblong face, just like a thumbprint. His stiff black hair rose up off his forehead like that of a late-night-television evangelist. Even at eight in the morning, his yellow Van Heusen shirt was soaked at the armpits.

And he was not Hawaiian.

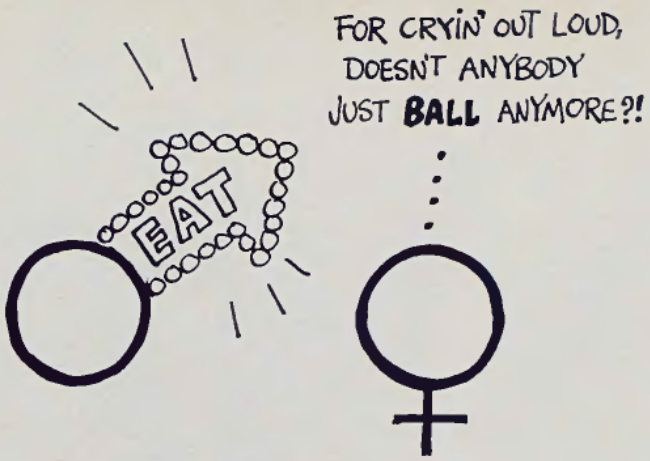
The strange saga of Mr. Hand had been passed down to Stacy by her older brother Brad. Arnold Hand, Ridgemont's U.S. history instructor, was one of *those* teachers. His was a special brand of eccentricity, the kind preserved only through California state seniority laws. Mr. Hand had been at Ridgemont High for years, waging his highly theatrical battle against what he saw as the greatest threat to the youth of this land—truancy.

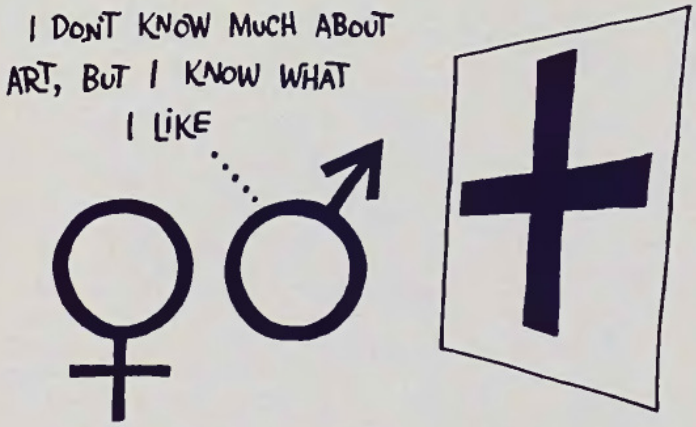
Mr. Hand's other favorite activity was hailing the virtues of the three-bell system. At Ridgemont, the short first bell meant a student had three minutes to prepare for the end of the class. The long second bell dismissed the class. Then there were exactly seven minutes—and Mr. Hand claimed that he *personally* fought the Education Center for those seven minutes—before the third and *last* attendance *(continued on page 304)*

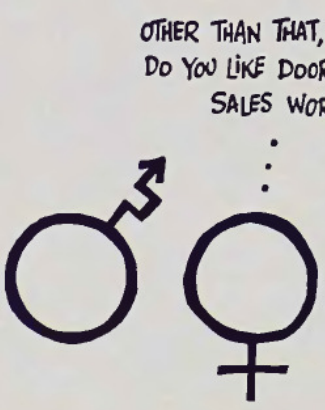
SYMBOLIC SEX

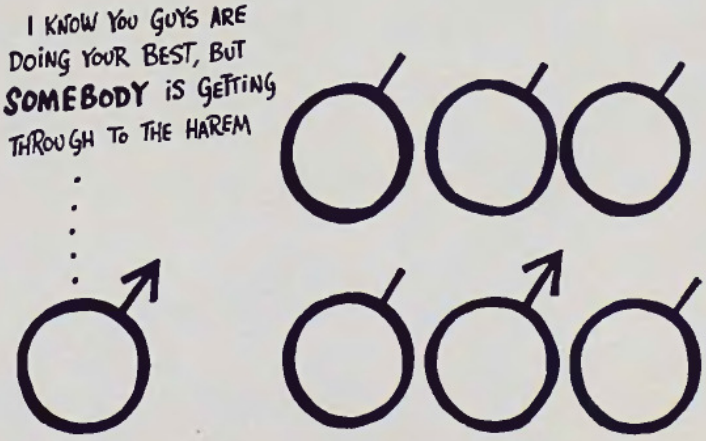
a sprightly probing of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS









"I'm not screwing my secretary, darling. This is my new boss, and she's screwing me!"

HOW I INVENTED PLAYBOY

there are two sides to every story—even ours

humor **BY BUCK HENRY**

LATE ONE NIGHT in Greenwich Village, early in the Fifties, there was a scratching at my door. When I opened it, a bedraggled, sodden man fell into my apartment babbling incoherently about needing money for a magazine. I thought, of course, that he wanted to buy *Time* or *Newsweek* to catch up on the news. Since that seemed like a nice thing for a man who was so down and out to want to do, I gave him 50 cents for a magazine. Apparently, it was that 50 cents that started what became this extraordinary empire.

You can see why it's difficult for me to discuss *Playboy* objectively. It's not so much what *Playboy* has meant in my life as the part I've played in *its* life. I think if Hef—or "Ner," as he is known to his closest friends—were to list the ten or 12 people who were most fundamental to the building of his empire, I'd be up there in the top two or three. He's had a lot of free—or at least cheap—advice from many people, but I've been the one who tried to give him a Zen sense of what to do in every area. He was always calling, asking for advice. I'd be in Paris at a gala party filled with movie stars and I'd get an emergency call from you-know-who, saying, "I'm stuck. What's my next move?" Often, one or two words, such as "Ace bandage" or "Reddi-Wip," were all that he needed. Sometimes, it took hours of soothing advice.

The Rabbit Head logo was not a suggestion I expected him to take seriously. It was a kind of joke. I had said something like, "If you're going to produce a fantasy for boys and girls to make them behave like rabbits, you may as well print it on lettuce." Clearly, he was in a nonmetaphorical mood and took me literally.

As for the centerfold, I didn't say, "Look, why don't you put a foldout picture of a naked lady in the middle of the magazine?" What I did say—kiddingly, of course—was, "If you want to sell the magazine, deliver it to the reader's door. And have a naked lady jump out." It was a whimsical notion; but, as usual, he took the idea seriously and ran with it.

I've also given him advice of a more personal nature. About 25 years ago, he was having trouble finding clothes that fit. He has a very odd build for a man and needs extra freedom to move his arms and smoke his pipe. I said, "Hef, you know what the Chinese do?" He didn't know. He didn't know about China. I said, "They wear pajamas. They don't bother with all that stuff." Need I say more? I've probably saved him $60,000 in clothing bills.

I remember dark, rainy evenings talking with Hef. I'd rattle off names. "Are you familiar with Jorge Luis Borges?" He didn't know who that was, so I'd tell him. "Do you know about Malcolm X? Have you heard of Lord Bertrand Russell? Jean-Paul Sartre? Timothy Leary?" I tried to give him a sense of what people were looking for in literature, politics and philosophy.

I hope you understand that none of this in the slightest degree means I think that Playboy owes me anything materially, though I will say that people in similar situations have been well compensated. I read about a guy who invented a ratchet for Sears. He got a $1,000,000 judgment and is going for more. A ratchet is just a tool. That's hardly the unique and incalculable measure of the given idea—a couple of cogent, well-meant phrases that become 100 bound editions of an eagerly collected magazine and the awards and riches that follow.

I've given Hef so much, in fact, that it would probably be difficult for him to know where to begin to repay me. For instance, there's the story I told him about something that had happened to me. I had come upon a bizarre accident in the middle of the road late one night. A truck driver had crashed into a limousine, and the results were devastating—parts of the truck driver ended up in the back seat of the limousine with parts of what we later found out was the captain of an industrial empire. You couldn't tell one part from the other—they were just mangled men. If someone could find a way to bring the truck driver and the millionaire together in life, before death consigned them to that generalized country we will all visit someday, that person would be doing something truly meaningful.

Hef was always taken by that story, and I like to think he was slightly inspired by it. And that's why we now have the truck driver barreling along the road reading a story by Jorge Luis Borges and the multimillionaire in the back seat of his limo, looking at those centerfolds and gently touching his pants.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE WILLARDSON

WOMEN OF THE EIGHTIES

VANNA WHITE The letter-perfect lady from *Wheel of Fortune* may represent the typical star of the Eighties: more celebrity than Hollywood heroine. See-through-lingerie pictures for which she posed in her pre-*Wheel* days make our May 1987 issue a collector's item.

MADONNA Like Vanna, and like Marilyn Monroe before either of them, Madonna Louise Ciccone modeled with little or nothing on in precelebrity days. The Material Girl posed for art photographers and students; this shot introduces *Sex Stars of 1985* (December).

MARIEL HEMINGWAY Already an established actress, she wanted the role of Dorothy Stratten in *Star 80* so badly, she had her breasts augmented. A January 1984 pictorial covers the film.

VIKKI LA MOTTA She was 51 when she posed for our November 1981 issue, and Vikki (left), stunning ex of boxer Jake, buried the canard that *Playboy* wouldn't feature "older women."

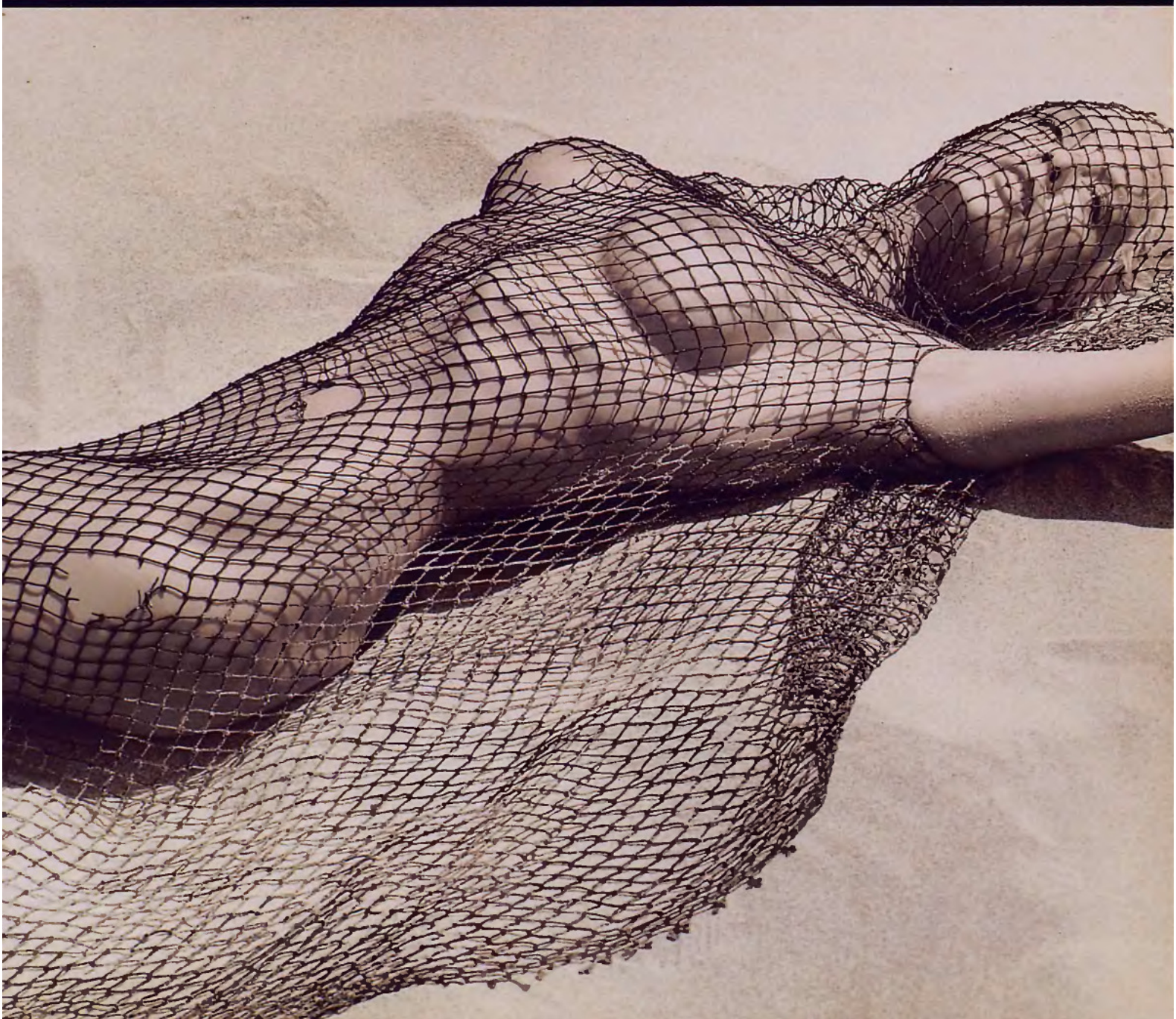
SHANNON TWEED The first of three Canadian-bred beauties to capture the boss's heart, Shannon became Miss November 1981 and 1982's Playmate of the Year. Her relationship with Hefner ended amicably when she decided to pursue an acting career; for some time, she has been the leading lady of Kiss's Gene Simmons, and the two are expecting a baby. This January 1983 shot is by veteran Hollywood glamor photographer Hurrell.

VALERIE PERRINE Unknown when she made her film (and *Playboy*) bow with *Slaughterhouse-Five*, this ex–Vegas showgirl has gone on to a Cannes Best Actress win and more pictorials: near right, *Viva Valerie!* (August 1981).

TANYA ROBERTS The last of *Charlie's Angels*, Tanya succeeded Farrah Fawcett and Shelley Hack in the hot TV series. *Playboy* readers can see a lot more of her in a feature about her movie *The Beastmaster* (October 1982).

JOAN COLLINS Seemingly shed of her inhibitions, not to mention that sheet she clutched in her 1969 appearance, Joan swats a triple in our December 1983 issue. She's on the cover, in *Sex Stars of 1983* and in her own pictorial with studies by Mario Casilli and (here) Hurrell.

BRIGITTE NIELSEN In Manhattan to shoot her first *Playboy* pictorial in 1985, she wangled Sylvester Stallone's attention by sending him her photo. By the time Herb Ritts focused his camera on Gitte for her third *Playboy* gig (December 1987), she and Sly had wed and split.



ELLEN STOHL Paralyzed in an auto accident, this plucky coed crusades for the rights of the disabled. Her July 1987 pictorial (above) drew wide acclaim.

BARBARA SCHANTZ The Springfield, Ohio, policewoman below posed for *Beauty & the Badge* (May 1982), which inspired a TV movie, *Policewoman Centerfold*.

KIMBERLEY CONRAD *O Canada*, we titled the January 1988 Playmate story of another north-of-the-border beauty; she was born in Alabama but called Vancouver her home. Kimberley turned out to be even more special than we'd realized; she's soon to become Mrs. Hugh M. Hefner.

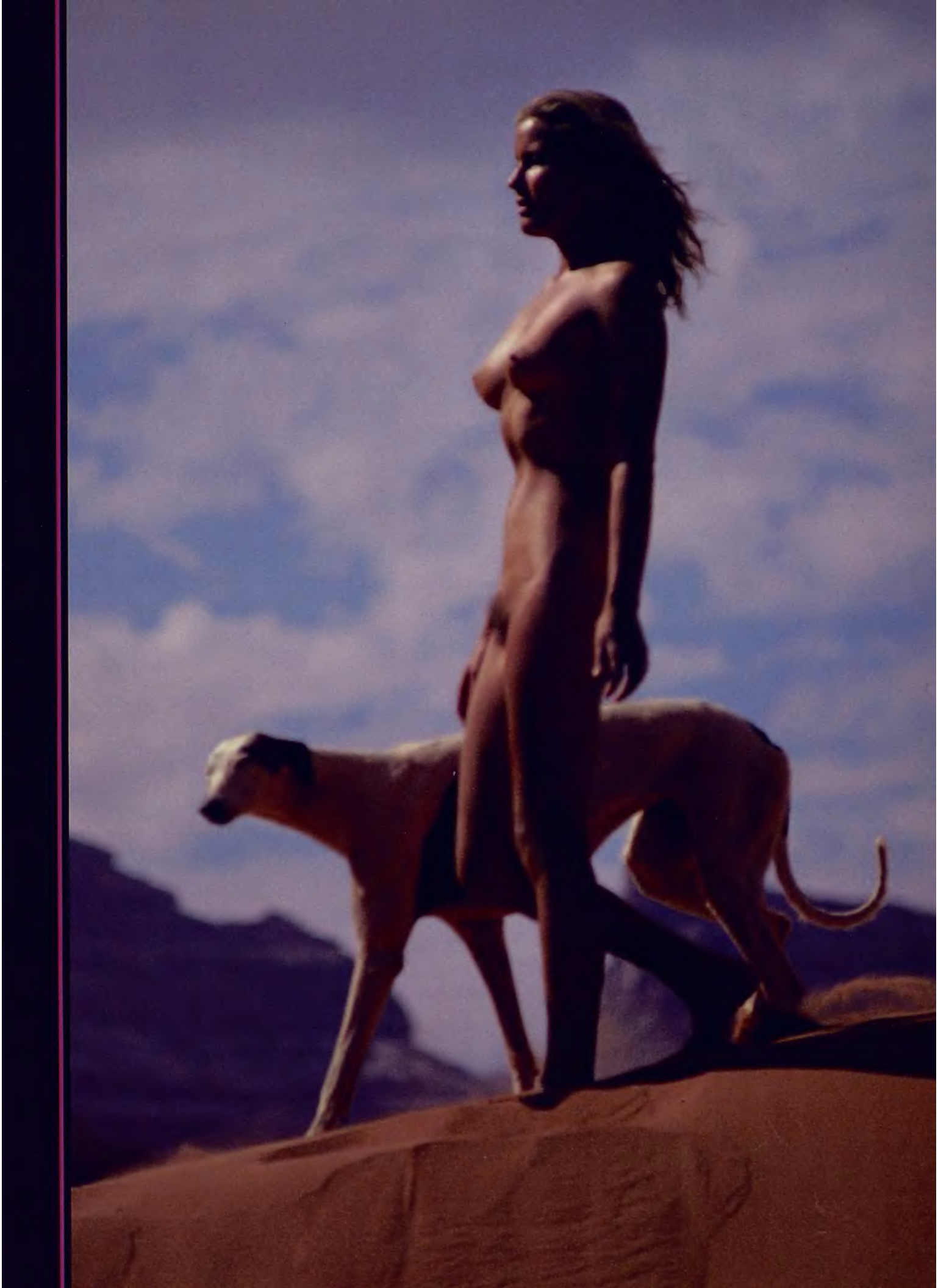
ROXANNE PULITZER After coming out on the short end of a sensational society divorce trial, she told—and revealed (above)—all for *Playboy* in June 1985. More recently, she has written a book, *The Prize Pulitzer.*

PENNY BAKER *Lucky Penny,* our 30th Anniversary Playmate (below) was a New York model when she won our Great Playmate Hunt. Among her subsequent film credits: *Million Dollar Mystery* and *The Men's Club.*

KATHY SHOWER Both mother and gatefold girl, Miss May 1985 was a popular choice as 1986 Playmate of the Year; her two daughters attended the announcement party. Meanwhile, her movie career is thriving.

TERRY MOORE Her secret marriage to Howard Hughes had taken place 35 years earlier, but not until 1983 did heirs to the billionaire's estate admit her claim. Then *The Merriest Widow* posed for us (August 1984).

BO DEREK Yet another of John Derek's brides, Bo blew moviegoers away in the title role of *"10,"* which made her the pre-eminent sex symbol of the early Eighties. Here's a shot from the first of her four *Playboy* pictorials.



VANITY What is it about singers with single names? She may not collect the megabucks Madonna does, but Vanity makes an awesome impact on LP, video or screen (her *Action Jackson* debut coincided with these April 1988 *Playboy* photos).

JESSICA HAHN The former church secretary, who tells her story of abuse by fallen televangelist Jim Bakker in *Playboy*'s November 1987 issue, treated herself to some bodily improvements, showcased in *Jessica: A New Life* (September 1988).

KIM BASINGER We know a winner when we see one. So, in predicting stardom for Kim, did actor Sean Connery, writer George Plimpton and director Bob Fosse, whose lavish praises of this talented blonde accompany *Betting on Kim* (February 1983).

It's better than a partridge. And you don't need a pear tree.

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BOOKS

(continued from page 37)

categories—in fact, two of them are comic books. ***Uncle Scrooge McDuck: His Life & Times*** (Celestial Arts), written and drawn by Carl Barks, is a remarkable combination of history, art, economic satire and memoir. Several inventive *Uncle Scrooge* comic-book stories from the early Fifties to the present are elucidated by their creator in a gorgeous full-color volume. In Japan, *geki-ga*, or adult comic books, often sell more than half a million copies, and ***Japan, Inc.*** (University of California), by Shotaro Ishinomori, is one of the most popular. This is a relatively sophisticated introduction to Japanese economics, in 313 pages of jazzy comic panels.

Oversized picture books do a particularly good job of showing us large foreign places, and ***The Contemporary Atlas of China*** (Houghton Mifflin), while not a conventional travelog, delivers an impressive look into a still-mysterious country. This authoritative reference book is crammed with maps and charts and data, but it also contains readable, well-illustrated essays on topics that range from religion to food to politics. ***New York: Culture Capital of the World 1940–1965*** (Rizzoli), edited by Leonard Wallock, captures the intellectual ferment and creative passion that poured out of New York City in a 25-year burst. The staggering array of talent surveyed easily fills this exciting volume and gives you a delicious slice of the Big Apple at its ripest.

Finally, Hollywood chronicler Anne Edwards has conjured a biographical epic titled ***The DeMilles: An American Family*** (Abrams). Beginning with his 19th Century forebears and moving quickly to Cecil B.'s 70 movies, with special attention to *The Ten Commandments* and his other Biblical extravaganzas, Edwards tells the story of a multigenerational showbiz family. Other members of the clan, such as Cecil's niece Agnes, the legendary dancer and choreographer, add unusual depth to this generously illustrated family album. And that's the finishing touch on the holiday book line-up, so "Ready when you are, S.C.!"

BOOK BAG

Fast Copy (Simon & Schuster), by Dan Jenkins: Our man Jenkins spins quite a yarn about football (what else?), murder, romance and the newspaper bidness.

Monte Carlo Chase (Van Der Marck), by LeRoy Neiman: Ninety-six pages of paintings and text as artist turns author in a fictional pursuit through Monaco. Clear off the coffee table: This one's a keeper.

The Fox That Got Away (Lyle Stuart), by Stephen M. Silverman: This could be the sequel to *The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Instead, it's the account of the last days of the Zanuck dynasty at 20th Century Fox. Rome was tamer.

SPORTS

(continued from page 47)

hats, and, by and large, they've honored the most deserving teams. And so what if we continue to have seasons when two, three, even four schools lay claim to the mythical national championship? All we're talking about is a few extra bumper stickers.

When it comes to college-football polls, I happen to be a scholar, which stems from being a lifelong fan of college football, the game that makes people go crazier than any other.

The first ratings system was invented by a man named Frank Dickinson, an economics professor at the University of Illinois, back in the mid-Twenties. He devised a mathematical formula for selecting the nation's top teams. In 1929, a market researcher named Dick Dunkel in Springfield, Ohio, came up with another formula, and in 1932, a geologist in New Orleans named Paul Williamson came up with yet another. The rankings of these men were syndicated in newspapers across the country and accepted as law by the fans. This is where polls came from.

Today, of course, there are more polls than you can shake a jockstrap at. Every publication except *Rod & Gun* seems to be naming a national champion. *I* could name a national champion if I wanted to put out my own pamphlet. Fortunately, you don't need to pay any attention to most of the polls. The N.C.A.A., right for once, recognizes only those national champions that have been selected by a grand total of eight reputable selectors since ratings systems began back in the Twenties.

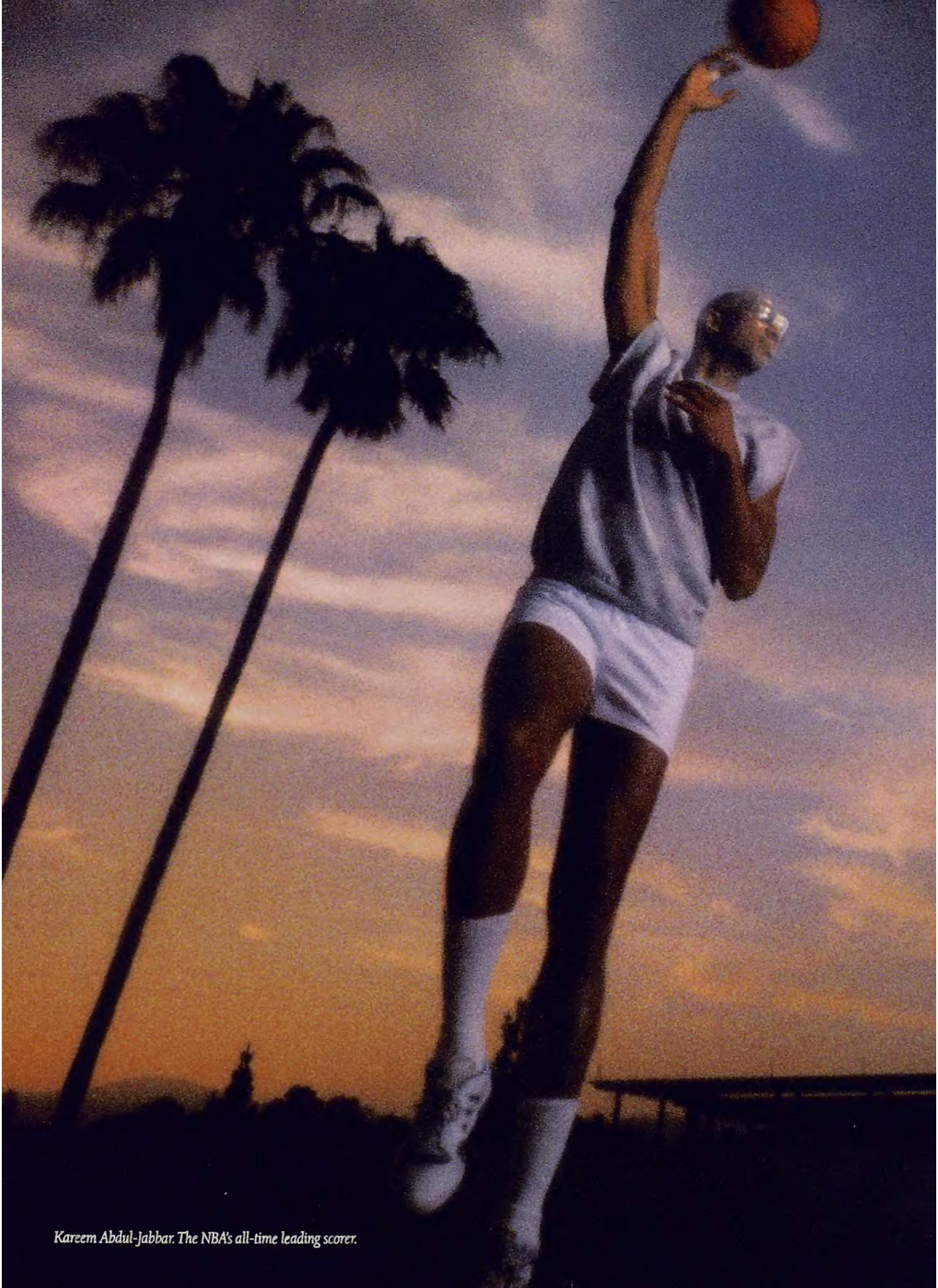
Those authorities are the Dickinson System (1924–1940); the Dunkel Index (1929–1987); the Williamson Rankings (1932–1963); the Associated Press (1936–1987); the Helms Athletic Foundation (1942–1982, with predated selections for earlier years); the United Press International (1950–1987); the Football Writers Association of America (1954–1987); and the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame (1959–1987).

This seemed like a good time to get them all under one roof. That chart on the opening page displays the only recognized national champions of college football, as chosen by the leading authorities.

Play as many games with the chart as you like, but here are a few facts: In the long history of polls, only 38 schools have won any kind of national championship and only 22 schools have won two or more. Notre Dame leads with 14, USC has 11 and Oklahoma and Alabama have ten each. Among coaches, OU's Barry Switzer has tied Bear Bryant with seven and looks like a lock to move ahead of the Bear before he's done.

As for those years when there is more than one claimant, everybody would do well to remember the words of Bryant, who once said to me, "All you need to win is one, then your fans can play like they won 'em all."

"With whom am I having this meaningful relationship?"



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CASTRO (continued from page 135)

"It's true, everything that we say about the United States refers essentially to the worst aspects."

I really was at that time. It is also possible that I was more radical than even I myself knew. Nobody can say that he reaches certain political conclusions except through a process. Nobody reaches those convictions in a day, often not in a year. Long before I became a Marxist, I began to think of different forms of the organization of production and of property, although in a completely idealistic way, without any scientific basis. You might say that I had begun to transform myself into a kind of utopian Socialist. At that time I had not read the *Communist Manifesto*. I had read hardly anything by Karl Marx. This was when I was a student in the second or third year of law. Later on, I did read the *Manifesto*, and it made a deep impression on me; for the first time I saw a historical, systematic explanation of the problem, phrased in a very militant way that captivated me completely.

When Batista's *coup d'état* took place, everything changed radically. My idea then became not to organize a movement but to try to unite all the different forces against Batista. I intended to participate in that struggle simply as one more soldier. I began to organize the first action cells, hoping to work alongside those leaders of the party who might be ready to fulfill the elemental duty of fighting against Batista.

We had no money. But I said to my associates that we didn't have to import weapons from the outside, that our weapons were here, well oiled and cared for—in the stockades of Batista. It was to get hold of some of those weapons that we attacked the Moncada Barracks.

PLAYBOY: What was your political stance at that time?

CASTRO: My political ideas then were expressed in my speech "History Will Absolve Me" to the court during our trial after the Moncada attack. Even then I analyzed the class composition of our society, the need to mobilize the workers, the farmers, the unemployed, the teachers, the intellectual workers and the small proprietors against the Batista regime. Even then I proposed a program of planned development for our economy, utilizing all the resources of the country to promote its economic development. My Moncada speech was the seed of all the things that were done later on. It could be called Marxist if you wish, but probably a true Marxist would have said that it was not. Unquestionably, though, it was an advanced revolutionary program. And that program was openly proclaimed.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you admit that many of those middle- and upper-class Cubans who followed you because they believed in your program for five elections later had the right to feel deceived?

CASTRO: I told no lies in the Moncada speech. That was how we thought at the moment; those were the honest goals we set ourselves. But we have since gone beyond that program and are carrying out a much more profound revolution.

PLAYBOY: In the five years since you announced the true nature of the revolution and began to institute its sweeping social changes, several hundred thousand Cubans have renounced their country and fled to the United States. If the revolution is really for the good of the people, how do you account for this mass exodus?

CASTRO: There were many different reasons. Many of those who emigrated were declassed. *Lumpen* elements who had lived from gambling, prostitution, drug traffic and other illicit activities before the revolution. They have gone with their vices to Miami and other cities in the United States, because they couldn't adapt themselves to a society that has eradicated those social ills. Before the revolution, many stringent requirements were imposed on people applying for emigration to the United States; but after the revolution, even such unsavory parasites as these were admitted for the asking. All they had to do was say they were against communism.

It is our thesis that no revolutionary movement, no guerrilla movement that is supported by the peasant population can be defeated—unless, of course, the revolutionary leaders commit very grave errors.

At the present time, the major concern of the United States seems to be to find a way by which revolutions outside of the United States can be avoided. Unquestionably, the United States today represents the most reactionary ideas in the world. And I think that they cause grave danger both to the world and to the people of the United States themselves.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "reactionary ideas"?

CASTRO: I mean especially its self-appointed role of world gendarme, its desire to impose outside its frontiers the kind of government system it thinks other states and other peoples should have. The fact that the United States was itself at one time in the revolutionary avant-garde and had established the best and the most advanced political institutions of its time is one of the historical factors that greatly contributed to the eminence and development of that country.

PLAYBOY: To what extent does the curriculum in Cuban schools include political indoctrination?

CASTRO: What you call political indoctrination would perhaps be more correctly called social education; after all, our children are being educated to live in a Communist society. From an early age, they must be discouraged from every egotistical feeling in the enjoyment of material things, such as the sense of individual property, and be encouraged toward the greatest possible common effort and the spirit of cooperation.

PLAYBOY: Could an author who wrote a novel that contained counterrevolutionary sentiments get it published in Cuba?

CASTRO: At present, no. The day will come when all the paper and printing resources will be available; that is, when such a book would not be published to the detriment of a textbook or of a book having universal value in world literature. One will then be able to argue whatever one wishes about any theme. I am a partisan of the widest possible discussion in the intellectual realm. Why? Because I believe in the free man.

PLAYBOY: Why isn't such an atmosphere possible at the present time?

CASTRO: It would be an illusion to think it was. First, on account of the economic problems involved, and second, because of the struggle in which we are engaged.

PLAYBOY: Is it also in the name of that "struggle" that the Cuban press writes so one-sidedly about the United States?

CASTRO: I'm not going to tell you that we don't do that. It's true, everything that we say about the United States refers essentially to the worst aspects, and it is very rare that things in any way favorable to the United States will be published here. We simply have a similar attitude to the attitude of your country toward Cuba. The only difference is that we do not write falsehoods about the United States. I emphasize the worst things, we omit things that could be viewed as positive, but we do not invent any lies.

PLAYBOY: What role do you yourself expect to play in the government of the future, once the party is fully established and the constitution is in effect?

CASTRO: I think that for a few more years I will figure as the leader of the party. If I were to say that I didn't want that, people would think I was crazy. I believe that all of us ought to retire relatively young.

But perhaps I will fall into the habit that comes to all of us, of thinking that the younger generation is bungling everything. That is a mania characteristic of all old people—but I'm going to try to remain alert against it.

—January 1967, interviewed by Lee Lockwood

 (continued from page 164)

release could not be an end in itself; or, rather, it was only a dead end, because unshared; because horribly hidden; because not liable to melt into any subsequent phase of incomparably greater rapture that, like a misty summit beyond the fierce mountain pass, promised to be the true pinnacle of his perilous relationship with Ada. During that midsummer week or fortnight, notwithstanding those daily butterfly kisses on that hair, on that neck, Van felt even farther removed from her than he had been on the eve of the day when his mouth had accidentally come into contact with an inch of her skin hardly perceived by him sensually in the maze of the shattal tree.

But nature is motion and growth. One afternoon, he came up behind her in the music room more noiselessly than ever before, because he happened to be barefooted—and, turning her head, little Ada shut her eyes and pressed her lips to his in a fresh-rose kiss that entranced and baffled Van.

"Now run along," she said, "quick, quick, I'm busy," and as he lagged like an idiot, she anointed his flushed forehead with her paintbrush in the semblance of an ancient Estotian "sign of the cross." "I have to finish this," she added, pointing with her violet-purple-soaked thin brush at a blend of *Ophrys scolopax* and *Ophrys veenae*, "and in a minute we must go down, because Marina wants Kim to take our picture—holding hands and grinning" (grinning, and then turning back to her hideous flower).

•

That night, because of the bothersome blink of remote sheet lightning through the black hearts of his sleeping arbor, Van had abandoned his two tulip trees and gone to bed in his room. The tumult in the house and the maid's shriek interrupted a rare, brilliant, dramatic dream, whose subject he was unable to recollect later, although he still held it in a saved jewel box. As usual, he slept naked, and wavered now between pulling on a pair of shorts or draping himself in his tartan lap robe. He chose the second course, rattled a matchbox, lit his bedside candle and swept out of his room, ready to save Ada and all her larvae. The corridor was dark; somewhere the dachshund was barking ecstatically. Van gleaned from subsiding cries that the so-called "baronial barn," a huge beloved structure three miles away, was on fire. Fifty cows would have been without hay and Larivière without her morning coffee cream, had it happened later in the season. Van felt slighted. They've all gone and left me behind, as old Firs mumbles at the end of *The Cherry Orchard* (Marina was an adequate Mme. Ranevskaya).

With the tartan toga around him, he accompanied his black double down the accessory spiral stairs leading to the library. Placing a bare knee on the shaggy divan under the window, Van drew back the heavy red curtains.

As two last retainers, the cook and the night watchman, scurried across the lawn toward a horseless trap or break that stood beckoning them with erected thills (or was it a rickshaw? Uncle Dan once had a Japanese valet), Van was delighted and shocked to distinguish, right there in the inky shrubbery, Ada in her long nightgown passing by with a lighted candle in one hand and a shoe in the other as if stealing after the belated ignicolists. It was only her reflection in the glass. She dropped the found shoe in a wastepaper basket and joined Van on the divan.

"Can one see anything, oh, can one see?" the dark-haired child kept repeating, and a hundred barns blazed in her amber-black eyes, as she beamed and peered in blissful curiosity. Van relieved her of her candlestick, placing it near his own longer one on the window ledge. "You are naked, you are dreadfully indecent," she observed without looking and without any emphasis or reproof, whereupon he cloaked himself tighter, Ramses the Scotsman, as she knelt beside him. For a moment they both contemplated the romantic night piece framed in the window. He had started to stroke her, shivering, staring ahead, following with a blind man's hand the dip of her spine through the batiste.

"Look, gypsies," she whispered, pointing at three shadowy forms—two men, one with a ladder, and a child or dwarf—circumspectly moving across the gray lawn. They saw the candlelit window and decamped, the smaller one walking *à reculons*, as if taking pictures.

"I stayed home on purpose, because I hoped you would, too—it was a contrived coincidence," she said, or said later she'd said—while he continued to fondle the flow of her hair and to massage and rumple her nightdress, not daring yet to go under and up, daring, however, to mold her nates until, with a little hiss, she sat down on his hand and her heels, as the burning castle of cards collapsed. She turned to him and next moment he was kissing her bare shoulder and pushing against her.

Van could not decide whether she really was utterly ignorant and as pure as the night sky—now drained of its fire color—or whether total experience advised her to indulge in a cold game. It did not really matter.

Wait, not right now, he replied in a half-muffled mutter.

She insisted: Iwannask, Iwannano——

He caressed and parted with his fleshy folds, *parties très charnues*, in the case of our passionate siblings, her lank loose, nearly lumbus-length (when she threw back her head as now) black silks as he tried to get at her bed-warm splenius.

"I wannask," she repeated as he greedily reached his hot pale goal.

"I want to ask you," she said quite distinctly, but also quite beside herself

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because his ramping palm had now worked its way through at the armpit, and his thumb on a nipplet made her palate tingle: ringing for the maid in Georgian novels—inconceivable without the presence of *elettricità*—"to ask you. . . ."

"Ask," cried Van, "but don't spoil everything" (such as feeding upon you, writhing against you).

"Well, why," she asked (demanded, challenged, one flame crepitated, one cushion was on the floor), "why do you get so fat and hard there when you——"

"Get where? When I what?"

In order to explain, tactfully, tactually, she belly-danced against him, still more or less kneeling, her long hair getting in the way, one eye staring into his ear (their reciprocal positions had become rather muddled by then).

"Repeat!" he cried as if she were far away, a reflection in a dark window.

"You will show me at once," said Ada firmly.

He discarded his makeshift kilt, and her tone of voice changed immediately.

"Oh, dear," she said as one child to another. "It's all skinned and raw. Does it hurt? Does it hurt horribly?"

"Touch it quick," he implored.

"Van, poor Van," she went on in the narrow voice the sweet girl used when speaking to cats, caterpillars, pupating puppies. "Yes, I'm sure, it smarts, would it help if I'd touch, are you sure?"

"You bet," said Van, "*on n'est pas bête à ce point*" ("there are limits to stupidity," colloquial and rude).

"Relief map," said the primrose prig, "the rivers of Africa." Her index traced the blue Nile down into its jungle and traveled up again. "Now what's this? The cap of the Red Bolete is not half as plushy. In fact" (positively chattering), "I'm reminded of geranium or, rather, pelargonium bloom."

"God, we all are," said Van.

"Oh, I like this texture, Van, I like it! Really I do!"

"Squeeze, you goose, can't you see I'm dying."

But our young botanist had not the faintest idea how to handle the thing properly—and Van, now *in extremis*, driving it roughly against the hem of her nightdress, could not help groaning as he dissolved in a puddle of pleasure.

She looked down in dismay.

"Not what you think," remarked Van calmly. "This is *not* number one. Actually, it's as clean as grass sap. Well, now the Nile is settled stop Stanley."

Van stretched himself naked in the now motionless candlelight.

"Let us sleep here," he said. "They won't be back before dawn relights Uncle's cigar."

"My nightie is *trempée*," she whispered.

"Take it off; this plaid sleeps two."

"Don't look, Van."

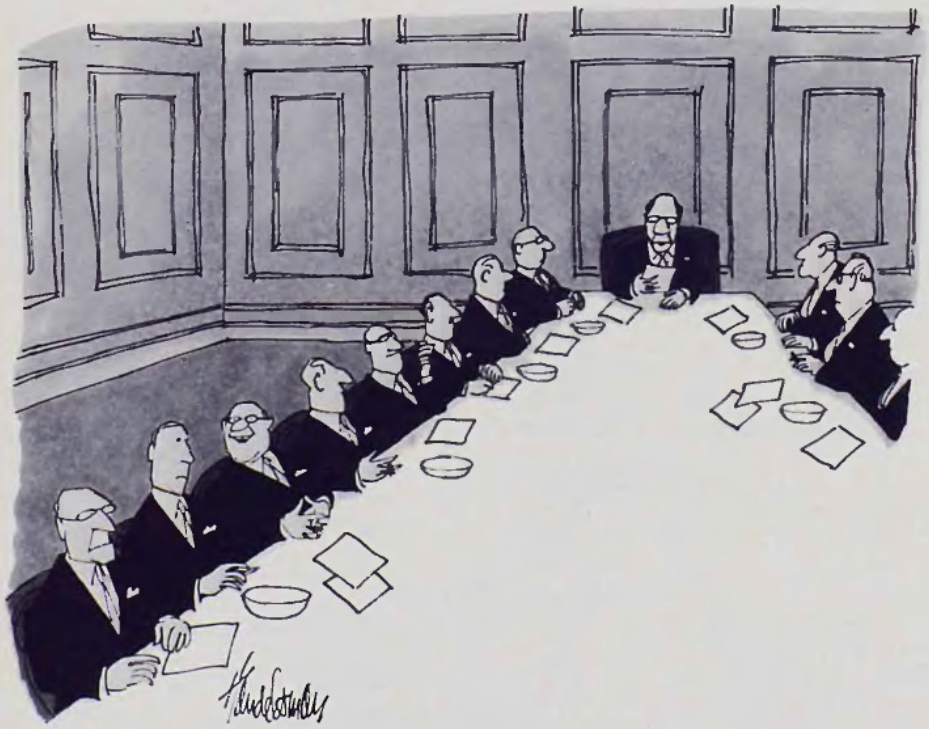
"That's not fair," he said and helped her to slip it up and over her hair-shaking head. She was shaded with a mere touch of coal at the mystery point of her chalk-white body. A bad boil had left a pink scar between two ribs. He kissed it and lay back on his clasped hands. She was inspecting from above his tanned body the ant caravan to the oasis of the navel; he was decidedly hirsute for so young a boy. Her young round breasts were just above his face. It is, however, true that Van was not unaware of a glass box of Turkish Traumatis on a console too far to be reached with an indolent stretch. The tall clock struck an anonymous quarter and Ada was presently watching, cheek on fist, the impressive, though oddly morose, stirrings, steady clockwise launch and ponderous upswing of virile revival.

But the shag of the couch was as tickly as the star-dusted sky. Before anything new happened, Ada went on all fours to rearrange the lap robe and cushions. Native girl imitating rabbit. He groped for and cupped her hot little slew from behind, then frantically scrambled into a boy's sand-castle-molding position; but she turned over, naïvely ready to embrace him the way Juliet is recommended to receive her Romeo. She was right. For the first time in their love story, the blessing, the genius of lyrical speech descended upon the rough lad, he murmured and moaned, kissing her face with voluble tenderness, crying out in three languages—the three greatest in all the world—pet words upon which a dictionary of secret diminutives was to be based and go through many revisions till the definitive edition of 1967. When he grew too loud, she shushed, shushingly breathing into his mouth, and now her four limbs were frankly around him as if she had been lovemaking for years in all our dreams—but impatient young passion (brimming like Van's overflowing bath while he is reworking this, a crotchety gray old word man on the edge of a hotel bed) did not survive the first few blind thrusts; it burst at the lip of the orchid, and a bluebird uttered a warning warble, and the lights were now stealing back under a rugged dawn, the firefly signals were circumscribing the reservoir, the dots of the carriage lamps became stars, wheels rasped on the gravel, all the dogs returned well pleased with the night treat, the cook's niece Blanche jumped out of a pumpkin-hued police van in her stockinged feet (long, long after midnight, alas)—and our two naked children, grabbing lap robe and nightdress and giving the couch a parting pat, pattered back with their candlesticks to their innocent bedrooms.

•

"And do you remember," said gray-mustached Van as he took a Cannabina cigarette from the bedside table and rattled a yellow-blue matchbox, "how reckless we were, and how Larivière stopped snoring but a moment later went on shaking the house, and how cold the iron steps were, and how disconcerted I was—by your—how shall I put it?—lack of restraint?"

"Idiot," said Ada, from the wall side, without turning her head.



"Megadeaths! Man, this company has come a long way from typewriter spools."

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BROOKS

(continued from page 135)

So I felt I could afford to allow myself a few monetary indulgences.

PLAYBOY: Why Madison Avenue?

BROOKS: Frankly, they made me the best offer.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the other offers you received?

BROOKS: Well, Fifth Avenue offered me $4000 a week, Lexington Avenue offered me $3500, and the Bowery's offer was insulting.

PLAYBOY: Why Ballantine Beer?

BROOKS: They gave me carte blanche. I had complete script approval. Although, truthfully, we never used scripts. My interviewer, Dick Cavett, and I started with a premise and then winged it. We made all kinds of tapes, but they used only the ones that we liked.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy working with Cavett as much as you do with Carl Reiner on your 2000-year-old-man records?

BROOKS: They're completely different types. Dick is a bright, young, incredibly gentile person, and the juxtaposition of texture—the gentile alongside the Jew—is very effective. *Farshtey?* By the way, I'm spectacularly Jewish.

PLAYBOY: We would never have guessed it.

BROOKS: *Vraiment?*

PLAYBOY: Why are so many top comedians and comedy writers Jewish?

BROOKS: When the tall, blond Teutons have been nipping at your heels for thousands of years, you find it enervating to keep wailing. So you make jokes. If your enemy is laughing, how can he bludgeon you to death?

PLAYBOY: Mel, you're co-creator of *Get Smart*. Since it violates every standard of tested TV comedy—a bumbling antihero, far-out satire, and so on—why is it so successful?

BROOKS: I'd say because of a bumbling antihero, far-out satire, and so on.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "and so on"?

BROOKS: What do *you* mean by "and so on"?

PLAYBOY: Well, we meant that the public could identify with, and yet feel superior to, a nitwit like Maxwell Smart.

BROOKS: That's what *I* meant.

PLAYBOY: How does a clod like Smart differ from the bird-brained protagonists in situation comedies such as *Ozzie and Harriet*?

BROOKS: Guys like Ozzie Nelson are lovable boobs. There's nothing lovable about Don Adams' Max Smart. He's a dangerously earnest nitwit who deals in monumental goofs. He doesn't trip over skates; he loses whole *countries* to the Communists.

PLAYBOY: And standard situation comedies, on the other hand, deal with dull people in petty situations?

BROOKS: Right. And in their supposedly true-to-life little episodes, they avoid anything approaching reality. For years I've always wanted to see an honest family TV series—maybe something called *Half of Father Knows Best*. The other half of him was paralyzed by a stroke in 1942 when he suspected we might lose the war.

PLAYBOY: Living in New York, with a hit TV show being filmed on the Coast, you must be doing a lot of traveling.

BROOKS: I spend a lot of time in L.A. on business, but I also travel for pleasure. I just got back from Europe.

PLAYBOY: How did you like it?

BROOKS: I love it. Europe is very near and dear to my heart. Would you like to see a picture of it?

PLAYBOY: You carry a picture of Europe?

BROOKS: Sure, right here in my wallet. Here it is.

PLAYBOY: It's very nice.

BROOKS: Of course, Europe was a lot younger then. It's really not a very good picture. Europe looks much better in person.

PLAYBOY: It's a fine-looking continent.

BROOKS: It gives me a good deal of pleasure, but it's always fighting, fighting. I tell you, I'll be so happy when it finally settles down and gets married.

PLAYBOY: So will we. Mel, most celebrities are asked questions like, "Where do you get your ideas?"; "Are you as funny off stage as you are on?" and so on. What question, asked of you by the public, bugs you the most?

BROOKS: The one you just asked.

PLAYBOY: Any others?

BROOKS: "How's your beautiful wife?"

PLAYBOY: How do you answer it?

BROOKS: I say, "Haven't you heard? Her nose fell off."

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Anne Bancroft, is certainly beautiful, and a very talented actress as well. She's also very successful. Tell us frankly, Mel, is she making more money than you?

BROOKS: Right at this moment she is. She's not sitting for free interviews.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be a director?

BROOKS: I'd love to be one. I think I'd be a great comedy director. As a matter of fact, I have just finished a screenplay called *Marriage Is a Dirty, Rotten Fraud*. I'd like very much to direct it.

PLAYBOY: Is it based on your own personal experience?

BROOKS: No, it's based on a very important conversation I overheard once while waiting for a bus at the Dixie Hotel terminal.

PLAYBOY: What are the chances of a studio assigning you to direct it?

BROOKS: Very, very good. Well, let me amend that slightly: None.

PLAYBOY: What else are you working on?

BROOKS: *Springtime for Hitler.*

PLAYBOY: You're putting us on.

BROOKS: No, it's the God's honest truth. It's going to be a play within a play, or a play within a film—I haven't decided yet. It's a romp with Adolf and Eva at Berchtesgaden. There was a whole nice side of Hitler. He was a good dancer—no one knows that. He loved a parakeet named Bob—no one knows that either. It's all brought out in the play.

PLAYBOY: Enough of Hitler. Tell us how "The Mel Brooks Story" began.

BROOKS: I was the baby in the family. My job was to keep everybody amused and happy, and I was always content to be the family clown.

PLAYBOY: What did you think you'd be when you grew older?

BROOKS: Tall.

PLAYBOY: You didn't make it, did you?

BROOKS: What do you mean? I'm five-seven. My three brothers are all shorter than I am. At family reunions they call me "Stretch."

PLAYBOY: What was the first funny thing you ever said?

BROOKS: "Lieutenant Faversham's attentions to my wife were of such a nature I was forced to deal him a lesson in manners."

PLAYBOY: That's pretty funny. Do you recall to whom you said that?

BROOKS: Very vividly. It was an elderly Jewish woman carrying an oilcloth shopping bag on the Brighton Beach Express.

PLAYBOY: What was her reaction to the remark?

BROOKS: She immediately got up and gave me her seat.

Say, who's that guy that just walked into the room with a camera?

PLAYBOY: That's one of our photographers. He's going to take a few shots of you to run with the interview.

BROOKS: Should I undress?

PLAYBOY: It's not for the gatefold, Mel. You'll be shot fully dressed. But while we're on the subject, do you think there's a sexual revolution going on in this country?

BROOKS: Yes, I do think there's a sexual revolution going on, and I think that with our current foreign policy, we'll probably be sending troops in there any minute to break it up.

PLAYBOY: In where?

BROOKS: How do I know? We always send in troops when there's a revolution.

PLAYBOY: We hate to get personal, but, speaking of sex, why haven't you asked us to introduce you to a Playmate or a Bunny?

BROOKS: Three reasons: It would be impolite; it would be beneath my dignity; and besides, I'm a fag. Anyway, the trouble with Playmates and Bunnies is that they're too openly sexy and clean-cut. I've been taught ever since I was a kid that sex is filthy and forbidden, and that's the way I think it *should* be. The filthier and more forbidden it is, the more exciting it is.

PLAYBOY: By those criteria, can you give us an example of someone you consider sexy?

BROOKS: To me *anyone* is sexy if they're not obvious about it. A 71-year-old man in a fur collar and spats could be enormously sexy under the right circumstances.

PLAYBOY: What would be the right circumstances?

BROOKS: Well, if you're in the moonlight, if you're by a lazy lagoon—and if you're a 71-year-old *woman* in a fur collar and spats.

—October 1966, interviewed by Larry Siegel

VANTAGE

ULTRA LIGHTS

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ULTRA TASTE PERFORMANCE IN AN ULTRA LIGHT

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HOW TO APPLY

(continued from page 96)

"The impression you must convey is that you don't really need this job—the job needs you."

Think up one yourself. The surface has barely been scratched.

Warning: Avoid Sentimentality. A lock of your hair, a photo of you as a tiny tot or a baby shoe may force a tear, but it will not get you a job.

REFERENCES

Always include references in your presentation. If few people will speak well of you, list uncles or cousins with different surnames.

A good trick is to list a recently deceased tycoon, scratching his name off lightly.

"Poor Bunny," you will say later in the interview, "I'll take his name off my new résumé."

SEIZE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES

Suppose, for example, you happen to run into the head of a large corporation:

"Oops, sorry, Mr. Biggley, didn't mean to knock you down!"

"You blasted idiot!"

"I was just coming to ask you for a job, sir——"

"Damn it, you imbecile, what do you think we have a personnel man for?"

Seize your opportunity! Go to the personnel man:

"I was speaking to J. B. Biggley only this morning."

"Biggley *himself*?"

"Oh, yes. Just happened to run into him."

"Well, well, Mr. uh——"

"Finch. Pierrepont Finch."

"Well, this may be over my level, Mr. Finch. Perhaps you ought to see Mr. Bratt."

And so, in one way or another, you will have stormed the gates and the company of your choice will be quick to grant you that important interview.

HOW TO DRESS

The impression you must convey is that you don't really *need* this job—the job needs *you*. Dress with this in mind.

The note is one of studied carelessness. Borrow any old suit from a comparatively shapeless friend, remove the padding and roll about in it on a clean level surface.

"I call it 'fire!'"

Accessories should be kept in the same minor key. A black knit tie is good for creating the feeling that you don't really give a damn. Wear shoes of the same pair. No good being *too* relaxed.

A WORD TO WOMEN

It must be remembered that the well-bred girl is always fully clothed in the office. The broken shoulder strap, the deeply split skirt and the bare midriff are *de trop* in most businesses. The bright girl soon learns that these devices are not only in bad taste but are *not* necessary.

It is not skin area but *contour* that counts.

A few simple experiments with sweaters, jerseys and a slightly smaller dress size will bring pleasing and surprising results. One young lady who made a careful study of contour planning found that results were little short of breath-taking. The male workers were stimulated and encouraged, and although production dropped slightly, it was *more* than made up for in greatly improved *esprit de corps*.

The fact that your contour-enhancing attire may seem sexy should not disturb you. Sex will be furthest from the male interviewer's thoughts! He will be thinking of your mind. However, he will have learned in the School of Hard Knocks that good minds are most often found in good bodies, and that beauty and brains only too often go hand in hand!

"WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"

If you are leaving a job, or if you have a job and are seeking a better one, you may be asked, "Why did you leave?" or "Why do you want to leave?"

Even if you were fired and thrown bodily out the door, remember this: *Don't be bitter*. This would mark you as a sorehead or a difficult personality.

Remember these phrases:

"They're a grand bunch of people."

Or:

"They were mighty happy years, mighty."

Since this will not answer your interviewer's question, he may repeat, "Well, then, why did (do) you want to leave?"

Tread carefully here! The impression you want to convey is that you can get along with *anyone*, no matter how difficult. Imply that you, somehow, were *above* them.

"I felt that I had outgrown them," is useful.

Or:

"Let's face it. They're not up to *you* people."

Or:

"Well, it's an *old* outfit. I want to work with *young* men." (*If the interviewer is young.*)

Or (*if he is old*):

"Somehow they seem a bit callow. I want a shop with *experience*!"

After a few such interviews, you will be hired quickly. You will then have your foot on the first rung of the ladder.

C...A...N...O...E... CANOE?
The cologne for men.
The message is clear.
90°
CANOE
EAU DE COLOGNE
Dana
Dana
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LENNON/ONO

(continued from page 237)

business—going to Vegas and singing your great hits, if you're lucky, or going to hell, which is where Elvis went.

PLAYBOY: Why are you returning to the studio and public life?

LENNON: You breathe in and you breathe out. We feel like doing it and we have something to say. Also, Yoko and I attempted a few times to make music together, but that was a long time ago and people still had the idea that the Beatles were some kind of sacred thing that shouldn't step outside its circle. It was hard for us to work together then. We think either people have forgotten or they have grown up by now, so we can make a second foray into that place where she and I are together, making music—simply that. It's not like I'm some wondrous, mystic prince from the rock-and-roll world dabbling in strange music with this exotic, Oriental dragon lady.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about all the negative press that's been directed through the years at Yoko.

LENNON: We are both sensitive people and we were hurt a lot by it. I mean, we couldn't understand it. When you're in love, when somebody says something like, "How can you be with that woman?" you say, "What do you mean? I am with this goddess of love, the fulfillment of my whole life. Why are you saying this?" Our love helped us survive it, but some of it was pretty violent. There were a few times when we nearly went under, but we managed to survive and here we are. [*Looks upward*] Thank you, thank you, thank you.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound like a teacher-pupil relationship.

LENNON: It *is* a teacher-pupil relationship. That's what people don't understand. She's the teacher and I'm the pupil. I'm the famous one, the one who's supposed to know everything, but she's my teacher. She's taught me everything I fucking know. She was there when I was nowhere, when I was the nowhere man.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, how do you feel about being John's teacher?

ONO: Well, he had a lot of experience before he met me, the kind of experience I never had, so I learned a lot from him, too. It's both ways. Maybe it's that I have strength, a feminine strength.

PLAYBOY: But what about the charge that John Lennon is under Yoko's spell, under her control?

LENNON: Well, that's rubbish, you know. Nobody controls me. I'm uncontrollable. The only one who controls me is me, and that's just barely possible.

PLAYBOY: Still, many people believe it.

LENNON: Listen, if somebody's gonna impress me, whether it be a Maharishi or a Yoko Ono, there comes a point when the emperor has no clothes. There comes a point when I will see. So for all you folks out there who think that I'm having the wool pulled over my eyes, well, that's an insult to me. Not that you think less of Yoko, because that's *your* problem. What I think of her is what counts! Because—fuck you, brother and sister—you don't know what's happening. I'm not here for you. I'm here for me and her and the baby!

ONO: Of course, it's a total insult to *me*——

LENNON: Well, you're always insulted, my dear wife. It's natural——

ONO: Why should I bother to control anybody?

LENNON: She doesn't need me.

ONO: I have my own life, you know.

LENNON: She doesn't need a Beatle. Who needs a Beatle?

ONO: Do people think I'm that much of a con? John lasted two months with the Maharishi. Two months. I must be the biggest con in the world, because I've been with him 13 years.

LENNON: But people do say that.

PLAYBOY: That's our point. Why?

LENNON: They want to hold on to something they never had in the first place. Anybody who claims to have some interest in me as an individual artist or even as part of the Beatles has absolutely misunderstood everything I ever said if they can't see why I'm with Yoko. And if they can't see that, they don't see anything. They're just jacking off to—it could be anybody. Mick Jagger or somebody else. Let them go jack off to Mick Jagger, OK?

PLAYBOY: He'll appreciate that.

LENNON: I absolutely don't need it. Let them chase Wings. Just forget about me. If that's what you want, go after Paul or Mick. I ain't here for that. If that's not apparent in my past, I'm saying it in black and green, next to all the tits and asses on page 196. Go play with the other boys. Go play with the Rolling Wings.

PLAYBOY: Do you——

LENNON: No, wait a minute. Let's stay with this a second; sometimes I can't let go of it. [*He is on his feet, climbing up the refrigerator.*] Nobody ever said *anything* about Paul's having a spell on me or my having one on Paul! They never thought *that* was abnormal in those days, two guys together, or four guys together! Why didn't they ever say, "How come those guys don't split up? I mean, what's going *on* backstage? *What is this Paul and John business?* How can they be together so long?" We spent more time together in the early days than John and Yoko: the four of us sleeping in the same room, practically in the same bed, in the same truck, living together night and day, eating, *shitting* and *pissing* together! All right? Doing *everything* together! Nobody said a damn thing about being under a spell. Maybe they said we were under the spell of Brian Epstein or George Martin [the Beatles' first manager and producer, respectively].

PLAYBOY: John, how critical are you of the Beatles' music today?

LENNON: When I was a Beatle, I thought we were the best fucking group in the goddamned world. And believing that is what made us what we were.

But you play me those tracks today and I want to remake every damn one of them. There's not a single one. . . . I heard *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* on the radio last night. It's *abysmal*, you know. The track is just *terrible*. I mean, it's great, but it wasn't made right, know what I mean? But that's the artistic trip, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: It seems as if you're trying to say to the world, "We were just a good band making some good music," while a lot of the rest of the world is saying, "It wasn't just some good music, it was the *best*."

LENNON: Well, if it was the best, so what?

PLAYBOY: So——

LENNON: *It can never be again!* Everyone always talks about a good thing coming to an end, as if life was over. But I'll be 40 when this interview comes out. Paul is 38. Elton John, Bob Dylan—we're all relatively young people. The game isn't over yet.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the work you and Paul did together. Generally speaking, what did each of you contribute to the Lennon-McCartney songwriting team?

LENNON: Well, you could say that he provided a lightness, an optimism, while I would always go for the sadness, the discords, a certain bluesy edge. There was a period when I thought I didn't write melodies, that Paul wrote those and I just wrote straight, shouting rock and roll. But, of course, when I think of some of my own songs—*In My Life*—or some of the early stuff—*This Boy*—I was writing melody with the best of them. Paul had a lot of training, could play a lot of instruments. I'd be the one to figure out where to go with a song—a story that Paul would start. In a lot of the songs, my stuff is the "middle eight," the bridge.

PLAYBOY: For example?

LENNON: Take *Michelle*. Paul and I were staying somewhere, and he walked in and hummed the first few bars, with the words, you know [*sings verse of "Michelle"*], and he says, "Where do I go from here?" I'd been listening to blues singer Nina Simone, who did something like "I love *you*!" in one of her songs and that made me think of the middle eight for *Michelle* [*sings*]: "I *love* you, I *love* you, I *l-o-ove* you. . . ."

PLAYBOY: What was the difference in terms of lyrics?

LENNON: I always had an easier time with lyrics, though Paul is quite a capable lyricist who doesn't think he is. So he doesn't go for it. Rather than face the problem, he would avoid it. *Hey, Jude* is a damn good set of lyrics. I made no contribution there.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of a lyric you and Paul worked on together?

LENNON: In *We Can Work It Out*, Paul did the first half, I did the middle eight. But you've got Paul writing, "We can work it out/We can work it out"—real optimistic, y'know, and me, impatient: "Life is very short and there's no time/For fussing and fighting, my friend. . . ."

—January 1981, interviewed by David Sheff

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A Christmas Fable

Once upon a time, there was a worker who was very loyal. Everyone thought he deserved a . Except the jealous vice president. He was spreading rumors that the worker bee's career was on the . When the worker bee's wife, a very sharp , got wind of this she decided to throw a Christmas Ball. She invited all the big , even that who was plotting to her husband. But she knew how to fix his . On the day of the party, everyone arrived dressed to the . At just the right moment, the hostess proposed a special Christmas with a very special spirit. "May everyone get what they fairly deserve," she proclaimed. With that, her husband turned into the top . The vice president was exposed as a . And life for all was a .

MORAL:

On Christmas Day, if you've been loyal you must remember to toast with .

Crown Royal

Image Adapted: E. Seagram & Sons, New York, NY. Blended Canadian Whisky. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof)

STREISAND

(continued from page 205)

me. Maybe I'm rude without being aware of it—that's possible.

PLAYBOY: So why do you suppose you have that reputation? Why are so many people saying those kinds of things about you?

STREISAND: I think it makes good copy. Bad news sells more magazines and newspapers, and the public sees what the editor wants it to see. *The New York Times* did three separate stories on me that were all favorable. They were never printed. I was told they were too nice—not spicy enough—puff pieces. Bad press also acts as an equalizer: "She's got fame and fortune, God forbid she should be nice, too."

PLAYBOY: Why do critics seem to write about you so emotionally?

STREISAND: I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine. I don't have time to worry about those things. Maybe it's because I'm not easily accessible. Maybe it's because they're prejudiced against ex-hairdressers. But with all the important things going on in the world, who really cares? In the final analysis, what I can't understand is, why don't we nurture our artists? Protect them? Support them? Encourage them? Why is it necessary to be so vicious?

PLAYBOY: Which is easier for you, singing or acting?

STREISAND: Singing is easier. A song is only three minutes long. If you have a good voice, a good instrument, you're halfway home. Three quarters of the way home. Acting is indefinable. It's different. It's also less impressive, unless you have a crying scene or a very dramatic moment. When you sing a song, the sheer musicality of the experience can move people; they don't even have to hear the lyric.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to your own albums?

STREISAND: Never, ever, ever. And don't play one around me.

PLAYBOY: Really? Why?

STREISAND: I can't stand to hear them.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STREISAND: Because I put so much into them when I'm making them: the choice of songs, working on the arrangements, the cover, the copy, the editing. It's like cooking a meal: You don't want to eat it afterward.

PLAYBOY: What about when friends are over and they say, "Come on, Barbra, sing *People* . . ."?

STREISAND: I'm totally embarrassed and shy about singing in front of people. To sing in a room where my friends are—I'll tell you what happens: I feel them listening so hard, I feel my power, and it frightens me. Somehow, in a big place, when the lights are on you and it's total blackness out there, you're singing alone, it seems like it's the place to do it, to do the thing I do. But I no more could sing a song in a room with my friends than jump off a bridge.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult singing for Presidents, as you did for Kennedy and Johnson?

STREISAND: I sang for Kennedy because I loved him. I remember meeting him—it was so incredible; he actually *glowed*! But when I sang at Johnson's Inauguration, it was the most depressing evening I ever had. Kennedy was dead and this man was there and it was just awful.

PLAYBOY: What is it, do you think, that makes your voice so special?

STREISAND: My deviated septum. If I ever had my nose fixed, it would ruin my career.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider having it fixed?

STREISAND: In my earlier periods, when I would have liked to look like Catherine Deneuve, I considered having my nose fixed. But I didn't trust anyone enough to fix it. If I could do it myself with a mirror, I would straighten my nose and take off that little piece of cartilage from the tip. . . . See, I wouldn't do it conventionally.

PLAYBOY: A lot of plastic surgeons must have resented your rise to fame.

STREISAND: Yeah, made business bad.

PLAYBOY: Are you temperamental?

STREISAND: You would be amazed. [*Laughs*] If you're talking about truly talented people, usually there is no false temperament. Tension is high on sets. You're priming your inner life to be reviewed in front of this camera. All sorts of things are happening—people are yelling, laughing, grips upstairs are just idly reading a newspaper, the lights keep burning out, somebody has to go to the bathroom—while you're, like, in gear. You're very easily set off. You're an emotional charge. Whether you believe it or not, I am not a temperamental person. I constantly am around people who are temperamental—that means they get crazy for the moment, they're going to walk off, and then they calm down and come back. I never do that, I never walk off. I keep my calm. I don't operate that way, with temperament.

PLAYBOY: In *A Star Is Born*, you seemed to be defining aggression in the sense that feminists have been using it. Are you, in fact, a feminist?

STREISAND: It's funny. I never thought about the women's movement while I was moving as a woman. I didn't even realize that I was fighting this battle all the time. I just took it very personally; I didn't even separate it from the fact that I was a woman having a hard time in a male society. Then they started to burn the bras and I thought it was ridiculous, although I now understand it in the whole picture of revolution—one has to go to these crazy extremes to come back to the middle. Actually, I believe women are superior to men. I don't even think we're equal.

But what interested me most about *A Star Is Born* was the woman issue. In the old version, the characters never fought or disagreed; the female character was willing to give up her career for her man; she used his name at the end. I wouldn't do that. I don't think women should do that. I was interested in being more sexually aggressive in this film—a different character than I've ever played before. I wanted to portray her as taking what she wants, something that's a big thing for women today, especially sexually. So many women you hear about never have orgasms. It's a matter of taking for your own pleasure. In our first love scene in *Star*, I wanted to be a sort of Clint Eastwood—you know, the guy always takes his belt off. That's why I have her being on top. Why should a man always be the one shown opening his pants?

PLAYBOY: What's your definition of the word fame?

STREISAND: Not being left alone.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you might have had nightmares about the public and its perception of Barbra Streisand.

STREISAND: Oh, yeah. My biggest nightmare is that I'm driving alone in a car and I get sick and have to go to the hospital. I'd say, "Please, help me," and the people would say, "Hey, you look like. . . ." And I'm dying while they're talking and wondering whether I'm Barbra Streisand.

PLAYBOY: Does aging bother you?

STREISAND: No. I mean, I don't like the idea of having a big double chin or anything, but I don't care about lines, wrinkles or playing the parts. I want to be able to control my body—that's my goal—so it doesn't control me.

PLAYBOY: When *does* your body control you?

STREISAND: When I get really frightened, I literally pee in my pants.

PLAYBOY: Does that still happen?

STREISAND: Yeah. The last time it happened was when I got caught in Customs. I didn't report a pair of boots I'd bought, and the guy went through my purse and found the slip for the boots. I couldn't believe it. I was dumb enough to have the receipt in my bag and he found it and said, "What's this?" I peed in my pants.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

STREISAND: How old was I? It was last year, what are you talking about? By the way, I claim everything now, even a pack of Japanese gum.

PLAYBOY: How would you summarize the Barbra Streisand behind all the conflicting images?

STREISAND: I am very flawed, very imperfect. I am my own worst critic. I put far more demands on myself than I do on anyone else. As strong as my will can be at times, I can be easily swayed by the last person I talk to. I operate on instinct, and when my instinct says go, I go like a horse with blinders on, like a Taurus bull who sees red. But I can also be as wishy-washy as the next guy. When my vision's not clear about something, I can be queen of the definite maybe. I am a mass of contradictions. I am constantly changing, so that by the time this interview appears, I shall be in a different place.

—October 1977, interviewed by Lawrence Grobel

BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE (continued from page 200)

"The topper was a salty-sounding young woman: 'I think we ought to have a studhouse for the women.'"

flash their wares. But if Miss Jessie caught 'em flashing a little more than she thought was ladylike, she'd raise nine kinds of hell.

"Miss Edna, who was thirty or forty years younger, was a little more modern. I've heard you could get anything you'd pay for: ten bucks for straight, fifteen for half-and-half, twenty-five, I believe, for pure French. I understand each girl kept half of her earnings and donated the rest to the house. And the house paid room and board."

Buddy Zapalac owns the biweekly *La Grange Journal*. When the Chicken Farm got busted, he said he intended to lend editorial support to the farm.

Over Cottonwood Inn beer he admitted: "I didn't do it. Lost too many of my supporters. Businessmen, even a couple of preachers, told me in private they'd back me up. But people in a little town can't stand much heat."

•

Lloyd Kolbe. Lean. Well barbered. On the rise. Mid-to-late 30s. Quick to smile even when his eyes retain calculations in judging the moment's worth or risk. The quintessential Young Businessman: no bullshit, what with children to educate and two cars to feed and status to climb.

"I'm a native," Kolbe said, drumming fingers on a polished desktop. "I grew up knowing the Chicken Farm was out there—no, I don't remember how early, it seems I just *always* knew. As kids, we joked about it, though it didn't preoccupy us; didn't mark us, didn't make any grand impression. You noticed as you grew up that adults didn't joke about it. Outsiders, speakers at the chamber-of-commerce banquet, and so on, *they* joked about it. Local people, you actually didn't hear them mention it until the big bust.

"My own children, I've watched and listened to see what effect the Chicken Farm might have on them. And I can't see that it's had any. They accept it, as I did—it's just there, it has nothing to do with them or their lives. We talked about it one night right after the bust.

"The thing I hate is that La Grange is now known nationwide as a whore town. And we're better people than that."

After the bust, Kolbe proposed that three each pro– and anti–Chicken Farmers debate on his radio station: "But it fell flat. People who privately favored it simply refused to go public. We settled for two programs where people called in. They could identify themselves or not. Most didn't. And those who did, well, yeah, I've erased their names from the tapes. I don't want to take advantage of people."

Many invoked the Bible. Others awarded brimstone to Marvin Zindler and Governor Briscoe. The majority cited the town's prosperity and cleanliness in objecting to publicity "recognizing us for just one thing." The topper was a salty-sounding young woman: "I'm one hundred percent for the Chicken Farm. And I think we ought to have a studhouse for the women."

Lloyd Kolbe shut off the tape, laughing: "Boy, we sure 'nuff had some phone calls requesting *that* lady's name."

•

An old friend—a lawyer who daily sees the seamy side in trade—shook his head at the Chicken Farm's fate. "I went over there back in my law school days," he said, "and it was so goddamned proper I felt out of place. It was just too damned *wholesome* for somebody with a hard pecker hunting raunchy sin and eager to whip up his old Baptist guilts! And right over here"—he jerked a thumb—"just a few blocks from the capitol building, there's a place where fags in drag will take you upstairs and do anything for money that you can get done in Tangier. And even with all the fine amateur stuff floating around—on capitol hill, at the university, all the hippie girls, divorcees and horny wives—you can buy a woman, if you insist on paying, of any color or creed. You've just got to know the right little ol' crummy hotels or motels.

"Probably the girls who tour the regular Texas circuit *are* owned by some syndicate. Anybody capable of reading knows that organized crime profits down here, but I'll be goddamned if I can see any Godfather tracks around La Grange. A guy who knows Marvin Zindler tells me that Marvin *really believes* that organized-crime horseshit with respect to the Chicken Farm—but, he says, Marvin's idea of organized crime is two nigger pimps hauling four or five gals from town to town between beating on them with coat hangers. And it looks as if our fearless governor has the same notion of it."

•

I woke up in my Austin motel room to Second Coming headlines: In Houston, an hour's swift drive down the road from the Chicken Farm, had been discovered three monsters who routinely forced young boys into homosexual acts, tortured and abused them until the mind refuses to think anymore of their probable final horrors, and then shot or strangled them to death. Twenty-seven bodies would be discovered; with each new find, people argued in bars over whether the total represented a new national mass-murder record.

The remainder of the newspaper told of Watergate figures who resent investigations, of illegal Cambodian bombings, of five Austin kids busted for pot, of shortages and inflation and many balloons gone pop. I gazed out the motel window, toward the capitol dome taking the morning's sun, and thought of Charles Whitman, Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby; soon, softly, I began semisinging the song they taught me in first grade, back in Putnam, all those eons and other lives ago:

"Texas, our Texas! All hail the mighty state!
Texas, our Texas! So wonderful, so great!
Boldest and grandest, withstanding ev'ry test;
O empire wide and glorious, you stand supremely blest. . . ."

"I say, that is good!"

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The Faint (continued from page 208)

"Corinna, clad in only an apron, bent low over him, her breasts half lit by the flickering fire."

haven't recovered from that all-male *As You Like It.*"

"You loved *Equus.*"

"I didn't love it, I just loved the way it was only two acts."

"You said you liked the horses' heads."

In mock consolation, Corinna, clad in only an apron, bent low over him, her breasts half lit by the same firelight that was flickering in the empty compartments of the tin-foil tray of their TV dinner. "I *did* like the horses' heads, Freddy. And the way they made the stage spin to show neurosis. I'll go. Let's go tomorrow night. Can you get tickets again? I'll pay this time."

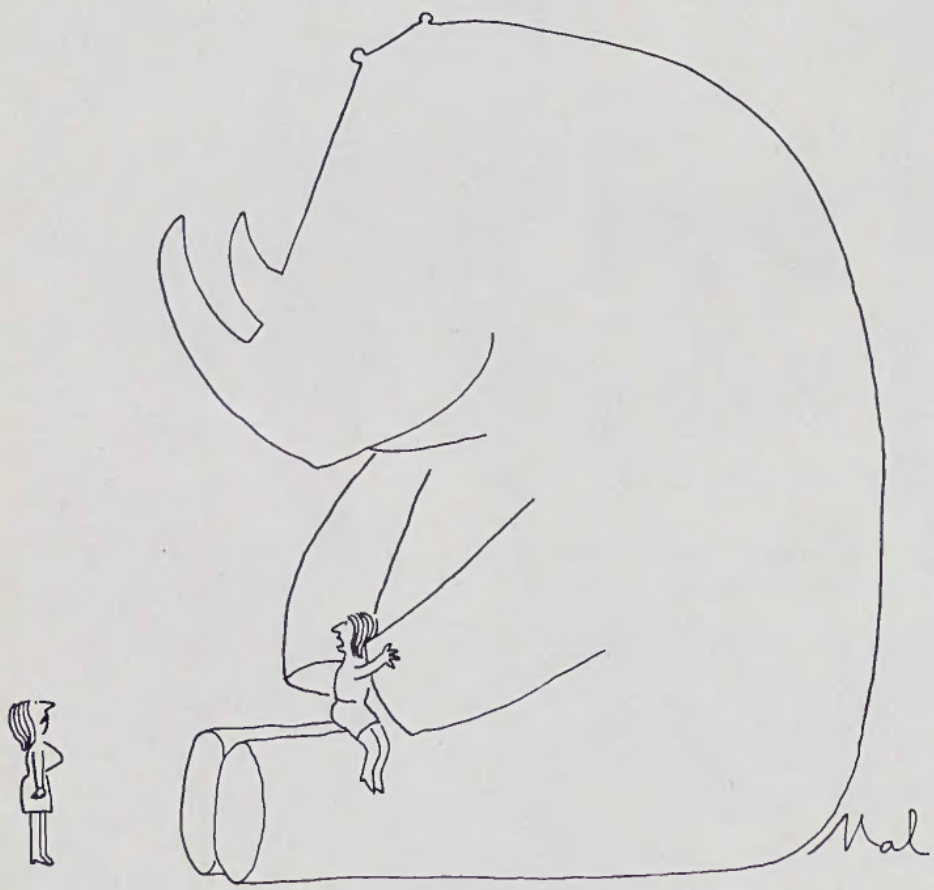
Actually, Freddy had not planned to see her tomorrow night. These evenings of a fresh shirt and his suit getting out of press for nothing were getting on his nerves. There was a Japanese girl, an assistant to a landscape designer he would be seeing at conference tomorrow, who had given him the eye at the last conference, though it was hard to tell with those eyes, those opaque little pools of racial ambition, noncommittal as camera apertures. Still, he had planned to leave things open. Yet if he said no, Corinna would think he didn't have the pull to come up with the tickets. "OK," Freddy said. "But tell me you mean it. Otherwise, I'll wear the denim suit and a turtleneck."

•

At least, when he arrived, she was out of the tub. But she didn't know what to wear. It was a warm spring night, windy, ideal for walking to a cheeseburger, but unsettling otherwise. She padded back and forth from the living room to the bedroom, saying, "I hate my clothes." She showed him a wool dress that was too wintry and a cotton that was too summery. Everything was like that, nothing was right and never had been, she hated to shop; if she bought something, she hated it; and if she didn't, she hated herself. When she was a little girl, her mother used to dress her up in these frilly tight party dresses and she'd take the neck in her two hands and rip it right down the middle, *brrruup!* Her tongue was darting about like a rabbit in the headlights; her wheels were spinning. As a boy, Freddy had had a blue Lionel model train that he loved. The locomotive sometimes would leave the track, and when he picked it up, it was surprisingly heavy and would give a tingle of excited heat to his hand; and when he set it back on the track, its wheels would spin and the armature of its heart would whir, the electrical connection made with magical suddenness. Corinna could be like that.

From the extreme reaches of her closet she produced a dress of silvery-blue, patterned abstractly in white, with a high Chinese-style neck. The Oriental touch chimed with the Japanese girl on Freddy's mind. More than once, in conference today, she had referred, with an opaque glance at Freddy, to her husband, who appeared to be an architect. No commission for him, if that was her thought. On all sides, Freddy was betrayed by hidden loyalties. First the Irish politicians, now the Japanese professionals. Corinna held the dress up against herself. The slim sheath cut of it made her look surprisingly tall. As firmly as, years ago, he had set the agitated little Lionel back on its track, Freddy told her to wear that dress. He was tired of babying her. He had had it.

He told her, "You've made us too late to look for a taxi, we'll have to walk." Spatterings of forsythia glowed in the brownstone churchyards of the Back Bay, and spots of daffodils behind the Public Garden fence. The dress's narrow skirt chopped her normally long stride to a hurried clatter. Fragrances of bloom, of car exhaust, of drained wine bottles were in the warm wind of Park Square. The Colonial Theater lobby was deserted. They took their seats in the dark, disrupting the row. By stage light, Freddy noticed a glisten of sweat on Corinna's upper lip; he touched the silken sleeve of her dress and she pulled her arm away. Gradually, the play absorbed his attention. The brave little female figure, alone on a stage that represented a spinster's house in Amherst, chatted with invisible presences, recited Emily Dickinson's poetry and called out through a phantom window to the audience. With her dark hair and plaintive, strained voice, she reminded Freddy of someone, someone very distant yet very familiar. It came to him: his wife. Loretta, too, had parted her hair severely in the middle, brushed at her hips to smooth away agitation, called out in a voice of cracked, retracted melody, laughed as if to hint at an inner soreness, been shyly stagy, had a pointed chin, had even written poetry, come to think of it. She inhabited an empty house, however, nowhere outside of Freddy's skull, for she had briskly remarried and borne two children; but this is how he saw her, breathing an aura of desertion, twitchily strumming the filaments of an irrecoverable loss. As the



"My parents would die if they knew I was involved with a rhinoceros."

playwright's design proceeded to suggest that Emily Dickinson had triumphed in her loneliness, perversely choosing it, the parallel possibility unpleasantly dawned that he, Freddy, had not so much left Loretta as she had rejected him. *Him.*

The curtain came down; the lights went up. Corinna's face looked round as a moon, though pink, and broadly smiling. "Is it really only two acts? Isn't it stifling in here?" she asked.

"I hadn't noticed."

"You seem so preoccupied. Sad. What are you thinking about?"

The blue of the dress as it enclosed her throat brought out the blue of her eyes startlingly; it thrilled him like a spurt of ice water to realize he must dump her. Nothing to lose through the truth, then. "My first wife," he answered.

"Your only wife, as I understand it," Corinna said. "Let's get up."

He took her into the lobby and bought her a cone of orangeade. Even in this crush, he imagined, she was being admired—her rosy high color, her cool blue stare as she sucked at the straw. Her cheeks dented in, draining the last. The warning bell rang. As they shuffled toward their aisle, she placed her hand heavily on his forearm. "Freddy. I'm going to faint."

"Faint?" It seemed a concept wildly out of fashion, like bastardy or family prayers. "Why would you do that?"

"I feel vomity," she said, staring ahead. Her rosy face had gone waxen. The crow's-feet at the corners of her eyes had smoothed away, he noticed. The weight of her hand on his arm slippingly intensified and he put his arm around her waist to hold her upright. Her legs seemed to be abdicating responsibility for her body.

"You really want to do this?" he asked, and in the silence of her response, the calm of disaster descended upon him. She mustn't fall to the floor here, to be trampled by Italian leather. He spotted a sign that spelled LADIES at the corner of the lobby, past some pilasters. "Hold tight," he muttered. Corinna was still conscious but leaning against him like a flying buttress. He pulled her toward the archway; there was no door to push through, just some astonished faces to brush aside. A female attendant the size and age of Freddy's mother, and with the same hobbling thrust, strode forward indignantly. "She's fainting," Freddy called to her, and the indignation on the old lady's face hesitantly dissolved. Corinna's weight went altogether dead, a silken ton of blood.

"Poor thing," the attendant said, and bent to share Freddy's responsibility.

In less than a second, he had appraised his surroundings. That pink door must lead to the toilets. There was no plumbing in sight, just mirrors and dollops of gilt, as if squeezed from a giant icing tube. So this was a ladies' lounge. Everywhere there were places to sit, for ladies to be faint upon, chairs and sofas. The room, emptying as the second warning bell sounded, still held women, perhaps a dozen; they formed an audience as Freddy and the motherly attendant lowered Corinna's utterly limp and ponderous body onto the nearest receptacle, a chaise longue covered with blue stripes that complemented the skyey pallors of her dress.

She was out cold, and looked lovely. Displayed thus on the dainty chaise, her long legs trailing to the floor, she had grown huge in unconsciousness. Bent above her, Freddy felt himself engorged by pride. She was his, his, with her wide hips tugging the dress into horizontal wrinkles and her hands flopped palm up at the end of arms longer than swans' necks and her oblivious face impassive and wide as that of a Mayan idol. Only he, in the audience gathered around her body, knew her name; it, and all of the trivial facts with which she might have described herself, had sunk into the depths of her sudden, majestic abdication. He was one of these details and he, too, with his money and his mother and his cunning, his maddening resistance to marriage, had sunk with them, without a trace; he had ceased to grieve her, he was lost within her, as within the universe. How big she was, his doll! How beautiful and mysterious! The inside of his chest felt crammed, scraped, distended. In panic, he wanted to call her back into being, from behind her face, this untouchable mask with a strand of disarrayed hair pasted to one cheek, lest it find peace too blissful and begin to decompose. He was inside her, somehow, every detail of him down to his mediocre record at Colgate and his father's humiliating shoe store. He wanted to see her lips move, her eyelids flutter. He wanted to be allowed to put their lives back on the track.

The attendant thrust some smelling salts under Corinna's nose. The rapt face grimaced and then, in an instant, beaded all over with sweat. The watching women greeted this prodigy with murmurs, and Freddy, as somehow its father, took their applause as a compliment to himself. Exercising his prerogatives, he bent a shade closer, and Corinna's nostrils perceptibly narrowed. The ammonium carbonate was reapplied, and this time her soul pushed through the maze of her physiology and popped her eyes open. "Oh" was her single word. Her eyes in fright searched all their faces until they found his, and closed. Her hand, however, lingered to brush aside the strand now tickling her cheek. In ten minutes, she was ready to walk out into the air.

The second act, he supposed, would have been much like the first.

She said it was the dress; that dress made her feel, the cut of it and fabric both, closed in, which is why she had put it, though she knew it was flattering, at the back of her closet.

They were married in the open, on a site where some slums had been cleared as part of one of Freddy's packages.

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WAYNE

(continued from page 205)

No censorship from the outside. They were responsible to the public. But today's executives don't give a damn. In their efforts to grab the box office that these sex pictures are attracting, they're producing garbage. They're taking advantage of the fact that nobody wants to be called a bluenose. I'm quite sure that within two or three years, Americans will be completely fed up with these perverted films.

PLAYBOY: What kind of films do you consider perverted?

WAYNE: Oh, *Easy Rider*, *Midnight Cowboy*—that kind of thing. Wouldn't you say that the wonderful love of those two men in *Midnight Cowboy*, a story about two fags, qualifies? But don't get me wrong. As far as a man and a woman is concerned, I'm awfully happy there's a thing called sex. It's an extra something God gave us. I see no reason why it shouldn't be in pictures. Healthy, lusty sex is wonderful.

PLAYBOY: How graphically do you think it should be depicted on the screen?

WAYNE: When you get hairy, sweaty bodies in the foreground, it becomes distasteful, unless you use a pretty heavy gauze. When you think of the wonderful picture fare we've had through the years and realize we've come to this shit, it's disgusting.

PLAYBOY: Isn't your kind of screen rebellion very different from that of today's young people?

WAYNE: Sure. Mine is a personal rebellion against the monotony of life, against the status quo. The rebellion in these kids—especially in the SDSers and those groups—seems to be a kind of dissension by rote.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

WAYNE: Just this: The articulate liberal group has caused certain things in our country, and I wonder how long the young people who read *Playboy* are going to allow those things to go on. George Putnam, the Los Angeles news analyst, put it quite succinctly when he said, "What kind of a nation is it that fails to understand that freedom of speech and assembly are one thing, and anarchy and treason are quite another, that allows known Communists to serve as teachers to pervert the loyalties and ideals of our kids, filling them with fear and doubt and hate and downgrading patriotism and all our heroes of the past?"

PLAYBOY: You blame all this on liberals?

WAYNE: Well, the liberals seem to be quite willing to have Communists teach their kids in school. I don't want somebody like Angela Davis inculcating an enemy doctrine in my kid's minds.

PLAYBOY: Angela Davis claims that those who would revoke her teaching credentials on ideological grounds are actually discriminating against her because she's black. Do you think that's true?

WAYNE: With a lot of blacks, there's quite a bit of resentment along with their dissent, and possibly rightfully so. But we can't all of a sudden get down on our knees and turn everything over to the leadership of the blacks. I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility. I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgment to irresponsible people.

PLAYBOY: Let's change the subject. For years American Indians have played an important—if subordinate—role in your Westerns. Do you feel empathy with them?

WAYNE: I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them, if that's what you're asking. Our so-called stealing of this country from them was just a matter of survival. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Weren't the Indians—by virtue of prior possession—the rightful owners of the land?

WAYNE: Look, I'm sure there have been inequalities. If those inequalities are presently affecting any of the Indians now alive, they have a right to a court hearing. But what happened 100 years ago in our country can't be blamed on us today. What happened between their forefathers and our forefathers is so far back—right, wrong or indifferent—that I don't see why we owe them anything. I don't know why the Government should give them something that it wouldn't give me. You can't whine and bellyache 'cause somebody else got a good break and you didn't, like these Indians are. We'll *all* be on a reservation soon if the socialists keep subsidizing groups like them with our tax money.

PLAYBOY: In your distaste for socialism, aren't you overlooking the fact that many worthwhile and necessary Government services—such as Social Security and Medicare—derived from essentially socialistic programs evolved during the Thirties?

WAYNE: I know all about that. In the late Twenties, when I was a sophomore at USC, I was a socialist myself—but not when I left. The average college kid idealistically wishes everybody could have ice cream and cake for every meal. But as he gets older and gives more thought to his and his fellow man's responsibilities, he finds that it can't work out that way—that some people just won't carry their load. I'd like to know why well-educated idiots keep apologizing for lazy and complaining people who think the world owes them a living.

When I went to USC, if anybody had gone into the president's office and shit in his wastepaper basket and used the dirt to write vulgar words on the wall, not only the football team but the average kid on campus would have gone to work on the guy. There doesn't seem to be respect for authority anymore.

PLAYBOY: What makes you, at the age of 63, feel qualified to comment on the fears and motivations of the younger generation?

WAYNE: I've experienced a lot of the same things that kids today are going through, and I think many of them admire me because I haven't been afraid to say that I drink a little whiskey, that I've done a lot of things wrong in my life, that I'm as imperfect as they all are. Christ, I don't claim to have the answers, but I feel compelled to bring up the fact that under the guise of doing good, these kids are causing a hell of a lot of irreparable damage, and they're starting something they're not gonna be able to finish. Every bit of rampant anarchy has provoked more from somebody else. And when they start shooting policemen, the time has come to start knocking them off, as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's a credibility gap between the way the Vietnam war has been reported and the way it's being fought?

WAYNE: It's obvious to me, because I've been there. And you'll find that the young veterans who come back from Vietnam have a lot to say that the media haven't told us—even about our allies. These young men know what they're talking about, because they own a piece of that war, and you should ask the man who owns one.

PLAYBOY: Many of those young men who "own a piece of that war" never wanted to go to Vietnam. And the majority of the American people, according to every poll, think we never should have intervened in the first place. What's the justification for the Vietnam war?

WAYNE: I honestly believe that there's as much need for us to help the Vietnamese as there was to help the Jews in Germany. The only difference is that we haven't had any leadership in this war. All the liberal Senators have stuck their noses in this, and it's out of their bailiwick. They've already put far too many barriers in the way of the military. Our lack of leadership has gone so far that now no one man can come in, face the issue and tell people that we ought to be in an all-out war.

PLAYBOY: Why do you favor an all-out war?

WAYNE: I figure if we're going to send even one man to die, we ought to be in an all-out conflict. If you fight, you fight to win. I don't advocate an all-out war if it isn't necessary. All I know is that we as a country should be backing up whatever the proposition is that we sent one man to die for.

PLAYBOY: What legacy do you hope to leave behind?

WAYNE: Well, you're going to think I'm being corny, but this is how I really feel: I hope my family and my friends will be able to say that I was an honest, kind and fairly decent man.

—May 1971, interviewed by Richard Warren Lewis

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Is 2 months' salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?

 (continued from page 149)

"Computer development will make all that is familiar as antiquated as the hand-operated adding machine."

though the picture began to change when the development of the A-bomb opened the door to the utilization of atomic power.

The potentials of nuclear energy are fairly well known. There are already nuclear reactors producing power for peaceful purposes; there can be no doubt that we shall see a progressively wider application of this energy source in the years ahead. Only a short time ago, newspapers reported that, at least in theory, every home in the nation could one day be heated by nuclear-fueled heating systems. RCA's David Sarnoff says: "I do not hesitate to forecast that atomic batteries will be commonplace long before 1980."

Withal, the new energy industries will offer the beginning businessman myriad opportunities for resounding success. And do not think for a moment that these will be limited to technicians. As just one off-the-cuff observation—which should serve to spark the imagination—think of what will happen when the atomic battery is perfected and placed on the market. Fortunes will be made by the individuals and companies who plan and implement the programs to convince an understandably atom-shy public that the new product will not make a Hiroshima out of Hartford or Hoboken.

Electronics—although it has taken astounding giant steps in recent years—is also still in its infancy. Here is another new industry that will continue renewing itself during the career span of any young man now embarking on business life. There are no bounds to the uses to which electronic equipment might be put. Computer development will make all that is familiar now seem as antiquated as the hand-operated adding machine.

I could go on indefinitely, listing the electronic marvels that are even now under development—and some of which might well be on the market by the time this article sees print, such is the awesome speed of our progress. However, to extend the list would be unnecessary. The fledgling businessman worth the name will see the fantastic promise of electronics. The beginner can get his big chance in research, development, production, sales and distribution or servicing—in any phase of the mushrooming industry.

The space industries have awesome potential. True, they are now working almost exclusively on Government contracts—and they may well continue to do so, for the capital expenditures needed seem far beyond the capacity of any private company or even any private consortium. However, the companies that produce the equipment for the space program are largely private firms, operating under the free-enterprise system, and all signs indicate they will continue to do so.

For the beginner in the space industries, the stars are the limit. The human animal being what he is, he will not rest but will continue to move ahead, from one unknown to another. It is no more possible to reverse or halt man's exploration of space than it was to halt the global exploration that began in the 15th Century.

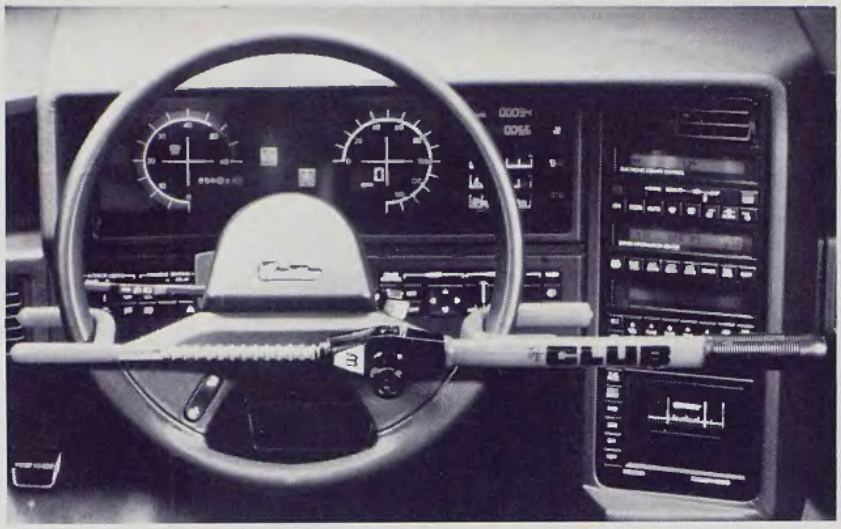
I have not covered all the new industries. Lasers, ultrasonics, pantography, thermionics, the retardation/prevention of organic deterioration (irradiation, freezing, dehydration) are only some of the many areas that space limitations prevent me from discussing. However, if I were starting out on my business career today, I would certainly make a careful assessment of the possibilities offered by each of the industries and fields I have mentioned—as well, I might suggest, as those I have omitted.

To the man who feels himself qualified to go into business for himself, I say, "Start now!" There is no time like the present to get in on the ground floor and take full advantage of the rising trend and of the new and unprecedented opportunities that present themselves in dozens of fields. Large fortunes will be made in the next two decades by men who are beginners today. The most exciting and promising golden age in the world's history lies before us.

Starting your business career now?

If you are, I envy your chances. I wish I could take them for you. It would be fun to do it all over again!

"As I understand it, there's a merry-go-round upstairs."



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"I think of the good times, the funny times. He was a person who, despite his pain, never stopped laughing."

not have lasted beyond the age of 40 if it hadn't been for Frank Merlo. Frank was a sailor, a wartime discovery of mine. Some five years after I met him, and when he was no longer involved with the Navy, Tennessee saw us lunching in a cozy Italian restaurant. I never saw him so excited, either before or since. He deserted his own luncheon companion—his agent, Audrey Wood—and swiftly, without any invitation, sat himself at our table. After I had introduced him to my friend, not two minutes passed before he said, "Could you have dinner with me tonight?"

The invitation clearly did not include me. But Frank was embarrassed; he didn't know what to say. I answered for him: "Yes," I said, "of course he'd like to have dinner with you."

So he did. They were together for 14 years, and those were the happiest years of Tennessee's life. Frank was like a husband, a lover, a business agent to him. He also had a great gift for parties, which suited Tennessee just fine. When Yukio Mishima, the brilliant Japanese writer—the one who formed an army and confronted the Japanese military commander and ended up committing hara-kiri—when he came to New York in 1952, Tennessee told Frank that he wanted to throw a party in Mishima's honor. So Frank rounded up every geisha girl between New York and San Francisco, but he didn't stop at that. *Then* he outfitted about 100 drag geishas. It was the most fantastic party I'd ever seen in my entire life. And Tennessee dressed up as a great geisha dame and they drove through the park all night till dawn, drinking champagne. This was Mishima's first taste of life in the Western world, and he said, "I'm *never* going back to Japan!"

When Frank died of cancer in 1962, Tennessee died a little, too. I remember all too well the last hours of Frank's life. He lived then in a New York hospital room, where crowds of friends drifted in and out. Finally, a stern doctor ordered the room rid of all visitors, including Tennessee. But he refused to leave. He knelt by the narrow bed and clutched Frank's hand, pressing it against his cheek.

Nevertheless, the doctor told him he must go. But suddenly Frank whispered, "No. Let him stay. It can't do me any harm."

The doctor sighed and left them alone.

Tennessee was never the same after that. He had always drunk a good deal, but he started combining drugs and alcohol. He was also meeting some very strange people. I think he lived the last two decades of his life alone—with the ghost of Frank.

•

But now when I remember Tennessee, I think of the good times, the funny times. He was a person who, despite his inner sadness, never stopped laughing. He had a remarkable laugh. It wasn't coarse or vulgar or even especially loud. It just had an amazing sort of throaty Mississippi-riverman ring to it. You could always tell when he had walked into the room, no matter how many people were there.

As for his sense of humor, normally it was pretty raucous. But when he got into a fury, he seemed to swing between two things: either very sick humor—laughing nonstop during those five-martini lunches of his—or deep bitterness, about himself, about his father, about his family. His father never understood him, his family seemed to blame *him* for his sister's insanity and Tennessee himself—well, I think he thought he was not very sane. You could see all of this in his eyes, which had a changing in them, like a Ferris wheel of merriment and bitterness.

This isn't to say that he wasn't fun to be with. We used to go to the movies together, and I guess I've been thrown out of more moviehouses with him than with anybody else in my life. He would always start reciting lines, making fun, doing Joan Crawford. Before long, the manager would come down and tell us to get out.

My funniest memory, though, is of four or five years ago, when I was staying with Tennessee in Key West. We were in a terrifically crowded bar—there were probably 300 people in it, both gays and straights. A husband and wife were sitting at a table in the corner, and they were both quite drunk. She had on slacks and a halter top, and she approached our table and held out an eyebrow pencil. She wanted me to autograph her belly button.

I just laughed and said, "Oh, no. Leave me alone."

"How can you be so cruel?" Tennessee said to me, and, as everybody in the place watched, he took the eyebrow pencil and wrote *my* name around her navel. When she got back to her table, her husband was furious. Before we knew it, he had grabbed the eyebrow pencil out of her hand and walked over to where we were sitting, whereupon he unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock and said—to me—"Since you're autographing everything today, would you mind autographing *mine*?"

I had never heard a place with 300 people in it get that quiet. I didn't know what to say—I just looked at him.

Then Tennessee reached up and took the eyebrow pencil out of the stranger's hand. "I don't know that there's room for Truman to autograph it," he said, giving me a wink, "but I'll initial it."

It brought down the house.

•

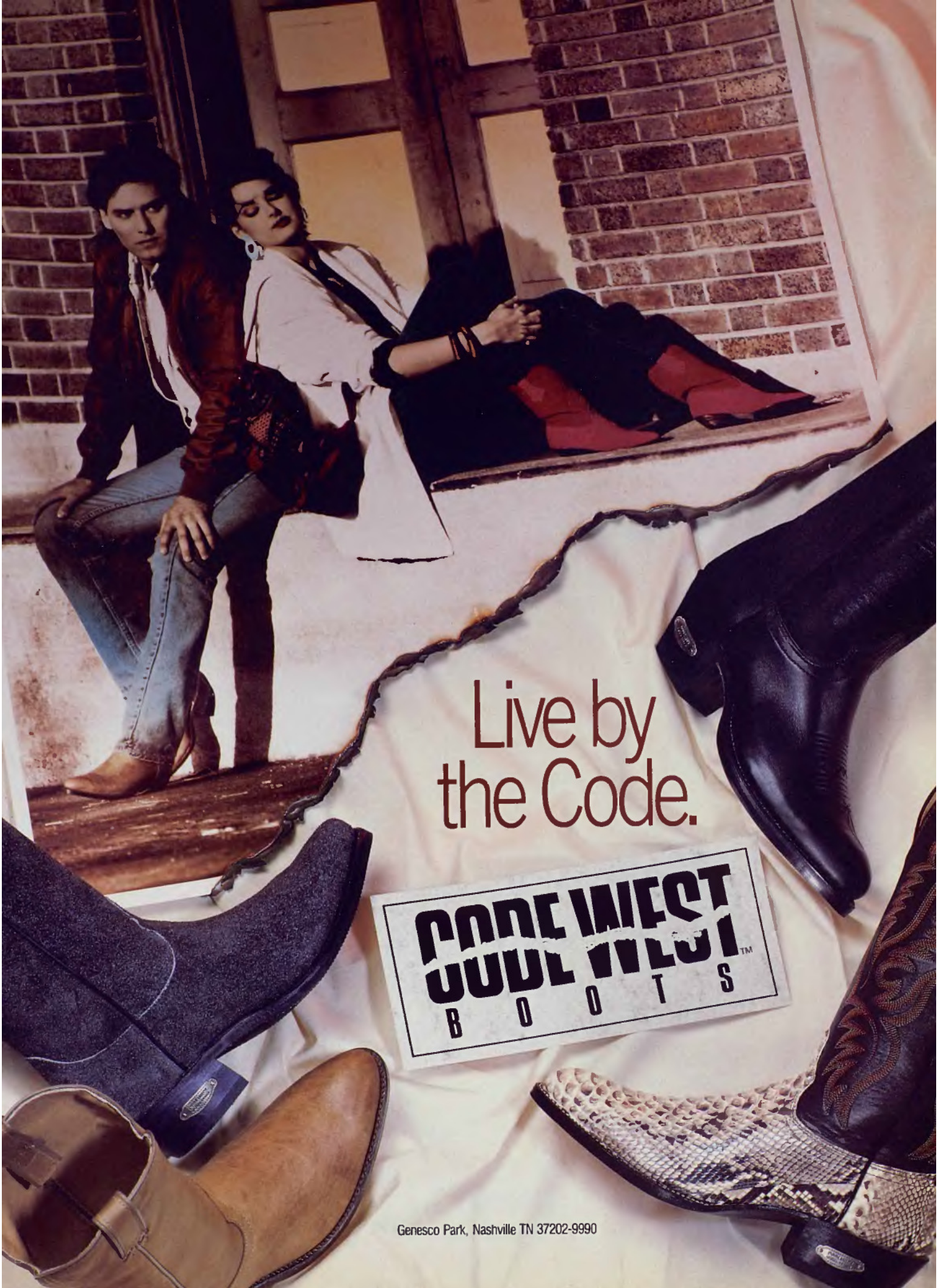
The last time I saw him was a few weeks before he died. We had dinner together at a very private little place called Le Club, and Tennessee was fine physically, but sad. He said he had no friends anymore, that I was one of the few people left in his life who really knew him. He wished we could be close the way we were in the old days.

And as he talked and the fireplace blazed, I thought, Yes, I *did* know him. And I remembered a night many years before when I first realized that was true.

The year was 1947, and the opening night of *A Streetcar Named Desire* was a hauntingly dazzling event. As the lights dimmed on the final scene and Blanche DuBois, reaching out in darkness for the guiding hands of a nurse and a doctor, whispered, "Whoever you are—I have always depended on the kindness of strangers," a thrilling silence immobilized the audience. Terror and beauty had stopped their hearts. Even long after the curtain had descended, the hush continued. Then it was as if a cascade of balloons had exploded. The magnificent applause, the momentous rising of the audience to its feet, was as sudden and as breath-taking as a cyclone.

The stars, Jessica Tandy and Marlon Brando, took 16 curtain calls before the "Author! Author!" demands were met. He was reluctant to be led on stage, this young Mr. Williams. He blushed as though it were the first time he had ever been kissed, and by strangers, at that. Certainly, he had not splurged on the evening (he had an overpowering fear of money, one so severe that even an occasion such as this could not make him succumb to thoughts of a new suit), so he was dressed in dark blue that many a subway seat had shined; and his tie had become loosened; and one of the buttons on his shirt was dangling. But he was beguiling: short but trim, sturdy, healthy colored. He held up two smallish plowman's hands and quietened the ecstasy long enough to say, "Thank you. Thank you very, very, very . . ." in a voice as sluggish and Southern as the Mississippi if the river were polluted with gin. What he felt, one felt, was joy, not happiness; joy is cocaine brief, but happiness has at least a little longer-lasting languor.

Tennessee was an unhappy man, even when he was smiling the most, laughing his loudest. And the truth was, at least to me, that Blanche and her creator were interchangeable; they shared the same sensitivity, the same insecurity, the same wistful lust. And suddenly, as one was thinking that and was watching his bows to the deafening clamor, he seemed to recede on the stage, to fade through the curtains—led by the same doctor who had guided Blanche DuBois toward undesirable shadows.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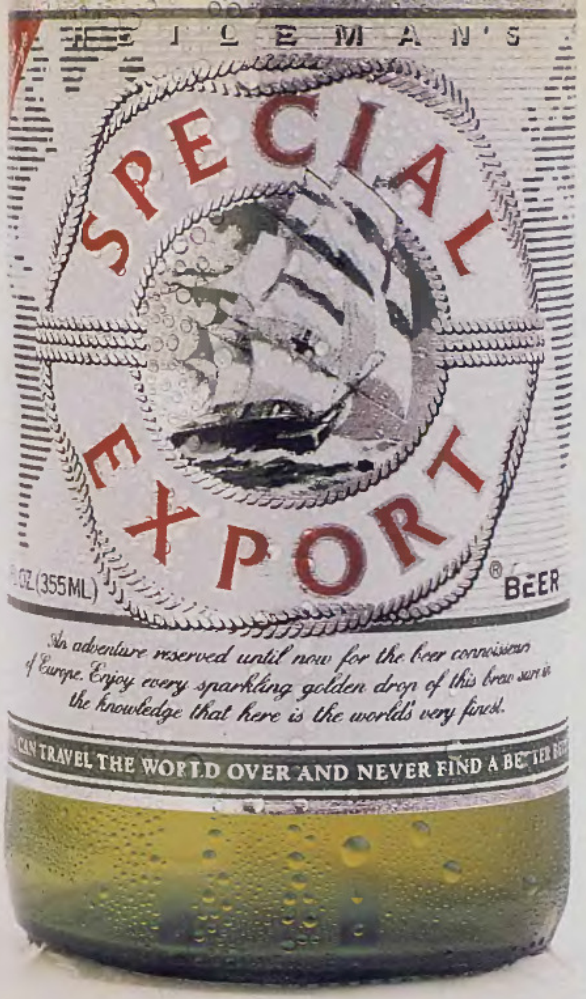

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"I just want you to know, Major. I think I was the one who killed the corporal. I think it was me."

lieutenant's face, "and we moved backward."

"You retreated," the lieutenant said.

"Yes, we retreated and he got shot. He lived a little while, but then he died. He died there in the sand and we called for help. And then we put him in the amtrac. He must have run away when they started firing. It was dark and I couldn't tell."

"OK," said the young-looking lieutenant. "Come back again in the morning and we can go over it again. Too bad about. . . ."

"Yeah," he said.

He was almost crying now as he turned and walked out of the big command bunker. There was sand all over the place outside and a cold monsoon wind was blowing. He looked out into the darkness and heard the waves of the China Sea breaking softly far away.

I killed him, he kept repeating over and over to himself.

He's dead, he thought.

Gripping his rifle, holding the trigger, he went through the whole thing again and again, tapping, touching the trigger lightly each time he saw the corporal from Georgia running toward him just as he had out there in the sand when everything seemed so crazy and frightening. Each time he felt his heart racing as the three cracks went off and the dark figure slumped to the sand in front of him.

Slowly he turned the rifle around and pointed the barrel toward his head. Oh, Jesus God Almighty, he thought. *Why?* Why? Why? He began to cry, slowly at first. *Why?* I'm going to kill myself, he thought. I'm going to pull this trigger. He was going mad. One minute he wanted to pull the trigger and the next he was feeling the strange power of a man who had just killed someone.

He laid the weapon down by the side of his rack and crawled in with his clothing still on. I killed him, he kept thinking, and when I wake up tomorrow, it will still be the same.

He opened his eyes slowly as the light came into the tent like a bright triangle. They were all starting to stir, the other men, starting to get up. And then he remembered again what had happened.

He went back to the big sandbagged bunker to see the major.

"That was a pretty rough night, Sergeant," the major said, looking up from the green-plastic maps on his desk.

"Yes, sir," he said. "It was pretty bad."

"Ran into a lot of them, didn't you?" the major said, almost smiling.

"Yes, we sure did. I mean, they just sort of popped up on us and started firing."

The major looked down at the maps again and frowned slightly. "What happened out there?" he said.

"There were a bunch of shots," he said carefully. "Everybody was shooting; it was a bad fire fight." He paused. "It was pretty bad and then Corporal was shot. He was shot and he fell down in front of us and a couple of the men ran out to get him. They pulled him back in. I think the others were still firing. The corpsman tried to help . . . the corporal was shot in the neck . . . the corpsman tried to help. . . ."

It was becoming very difficult for him to talk now. "Major," he said, "I think I might have . . . killed the corporal."

"I don't think so," said the major quickly.

"It was very confusing. It was hard to tell what was happening."

"Yes, I know," said the major. "Sometimes it gets very hard out there. I was out a couple of weeks ago and sometimes it's very hard to tell what's happening."

He stared down at the floor of the bunker until he could make himself say it again. He wasn't quite sure the major had heard him the first time.

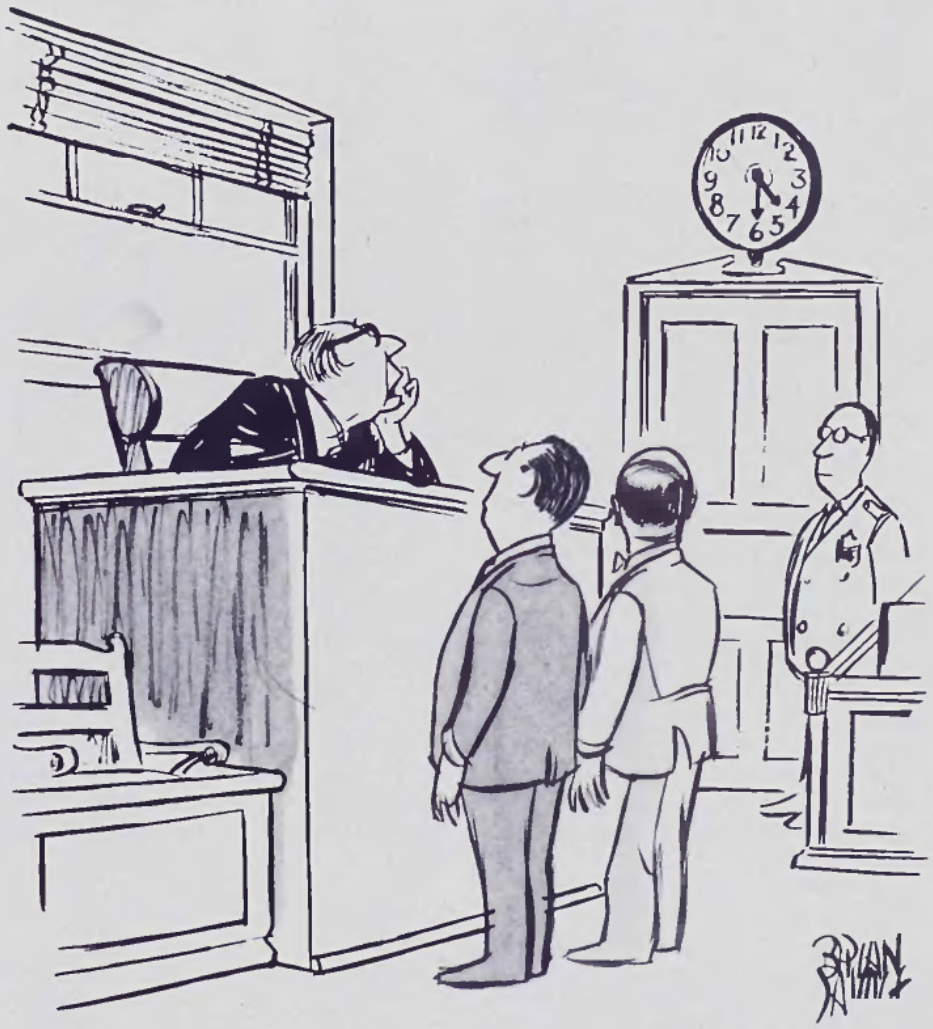
"But I just want you to know, Major. I think I was the one who killed him. I think it might have been me."

There, he had said it. And now he was walking away.

For some reason, he was feeling a lot better. He had told the major everything and the major hadn't believed it. It was like going to confession when he was a kid and the priest saying everything was OK.

•

It was his friend the major who gave him his second chance. He called him into the command bunker one day and told him he wanted him to become the leader of his new scout team. Here was his chance, he



"The court sentences you to, oh, four-and-a-half years."

thought, to make everything good again. This young, strong Marine was getting a second crack at becoming a hero. Here was his chance, he thought over and over.

He went out on patrol with the others the night of the ambush at exactly eight o'clock. One by one the scouts moved slowly past the thick barbed wire and began to walk along the bank of the river, heading toward the graveyard where the ambush would be set up. There was a rice paddy on the edge of the graveyard. No one said a word as they walked through it and he thought he could hear voices from the village. He could smell the familiar smoke from the fires in the huts and he knew that the people who went out fishing each day must have come home. He remembered how difficult it had been when he had first come to the war to tell the villagers from the enemy and sometimes it had seemed easier to hate all of them, but he had always tried very hard not to.

They were on the rice dike that bordered the graveyard. The voices from the huts nearby seemed quite loud. The lieutenant had sent one of the men, Molina, on across the rice dikes, almost to the edge of the village. The cold rain was coming down very hard.

He could see him waving his arms excitedly, trying to tell the lieutenant something. Stumbling over the dikes, almost crawling, Molina came back toward the lieutenant. He saw him whisper something in his ear. And now the lieutenant turned and looked at him.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Be quiet," whispered the lieutenant sharply, grabbing his arm, almost throwing him into the paddy. He began talking very quickly and much louder than he should have. "I think we found them. I think we found them," he repeated, almost shouting.

He didn't know what the lieutenant meant. "What?" he said.

"The sappers, the sappers! Let's go!" The lieutenant was taking over now. He seemed very sure of himself; he was acting very confident. "Let's go, goddamn it!"

He clicked his rifle off safety and got his men up quickly, urging them forward, following the lieutenant and Molina toward the edge of the village. They ran through the paddy, splashing like a family of ducks. This time he hoped and prayed it would be the real enemy. He would be ready for them this time.

He saw a light, a fire, he thought, flickering in the distance, off to the right of the village, with little dark figures that seemed to be moving behind it. He could not tell how far away they were from there. It was hard to tell distance in the dark.

The lieutenant moved next to him. "You see?" he whispered. "Look," he said, very keyed up now. "They've got rifles. Can you see the rifles? Can you see them?" the lieutenant asked him.

He looked very hard through the rain.

"Can you see them?"

"Yes, I see them. I see them," he said. He was very sure.

The lieutenant put his arm around him and whispered in his ear. "Tell them down at the end to give me an illumination. I want this whole place lit up like a fucking Christmas tree."

Turning quickly to the man on his right, he told him what the lieutenant had said. He told him to pass the instructions all the way to the end of the line, where a flare would be fired just above the small fire near the village. He felt the whole line tense, then heard the *wooooorshh* of the flare cracking overhead in a tremendous ball of sputtering light, turning night into day, arching over their heads toward the small fire that he now saw was burning inside an open hut.

Suddenly, someone was firing from the end of the line, and now all the men in the line opened up, roaring their weapons like thunder, pulling their triggers again and again without even thinking, emptying everything they had into the hut in a tremendous stream of bright-orange tracers that crisscrossed in the night.

The flare arched its last sputtering bits into the village and it became dark, and all he could see were the bright-orange embers from the fire that had gone out.

And he could hear them.

There were voices screaming.

"What happened? Goddamn it, what happened?" yelled the lieutenant.

The voices were screaming from inside the hut.

"Who gave the order to fire? I wanna know who gave the order to fire."

"We better get a killer team out there," he heard Molina say.

"All right, all right. Sergeant," the lieutenant said to him, "get out there with Molina and tell me how many we got."

He got to his feet and quickly got five of the men together, leading them over the dike and through the water to the hut from where the screams were still coming.

Molina turned the beam of his flashlight into the hut. "Oh, God," he said. "Oh, Jesus Christ." He started to cry. "We just shot up a bunch of kids!"

The floor of the small hut was covered with them, screaming and thrashing their arms back and forth, lying in pools of blood, crying wildly, screaming again and again. They were shot in the face, in the chest, in the legs, moaning and crying.

"Oh, Jesus!" he cried.

He could hear the lieutenant shouting at them, wanting to know how many they had killed.

"What's happening? What's going on up there?" The lieutenant was getting impatient now.

Molina shouted for the lieutenant to come quickly. "You better get up here. There's a lot of wounded people up here."

He heard a small girl moaning now. She was shot through the stomach and bleeding from the rear end. All he could see now was blood everywhere and he heard their screams with his heart racing like it had never raced before. He felt crazy and weak as he stood there staring at them with the rest of the men, staring down onto the floor as if it were a nightmare, as if it were some kind of dream and it really wasn't happening. He knelt down in the midst of the screaming bodies and began bandaging them.

The lieutenant had just come up with the others.

"Help me!" he screamed. "Somebody help!"

"Well, goddamn it, Sergeant! What's the matter? How many did we kill?"

"They're children!" he screamed at the lieutenant.

"Children and old men!" cried Molina.

"Where are their rifles?" The lieutenant asked.

"There aren't any rifles," he said.

"Well, help him, then!" screamed the lieutenant to the rest of the men. The men stood in the entrance to the hut, but they would not move. "Help him, help him. I'm ordering you to help him!"

The men were not moving and some of them were crying now, dropping their rifles and sitting down on the wet ground. They were weeping now, with their hands against their faces. "Oh, Jesus, oh, God, forgive us."

"Forgive us for what we've done!" he heard Molina cry.

"You men! You men have got to start listening to me. You gotta stop crying like babies and start acting like Marines!" The lieutenant was shoving the men, pleading with them to move. "You're men, not babies. It's all a mistake. It wasn't your fault. They got in the way. Don't you understand?—they got in the goddamn way!"

And when it was all over and all the wounded had been taken away, he helped the lieutenant move the men back on patrol. They walked away from the hut in the rain. And now he felt his body go numb and heavy, feeling awful and sick inside, like the night the corporal had died, as they moved along in the dark and the rain behind the lieutenant toward the graveyard.

•

They were ten men armed to the teeth, walking in a sweeping line toward the village. It was beautiful, just like the movies.

I had started walking toward the village when the first bullet hit me. There was a sound like firecrackers going off all around my feet. Then a real loud crack and my leg went numb below the knee. I looked down at my foot and there was blood at the back of it. The bullet had gone through the front and blown out nearly the whole of my heel.

I had been shot. The war had finally caught up with my body. I felt good inside. Finally, the war was with me and I had been shot by the enemy. I was getting out of the war and I was going to be a hero.

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Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.

In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive, scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponimetrically".

The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

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TOURIST TRADE *(continued from page 226)*

"They had given her a navel, pubic hair, erectile nipples. Unreal, Eitel thought, but magnificent."

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

"Tell me: When was it that you first saw through my disguise?"

"I felt right away that something was wrong. But it wasn't until a moment ago that I figured it out."

"No one else has guessed, I think. It is an extremely excellent Earth body, would you not say?"

"Extremely," Eitel said.

"After each trip I always regret, at first, returning to my real body. This one seems quite genuine to me by now. You like it very much, yes?"

"Yes," Eitel said helplessly.

•

Eitel withdrew four paintings and an Olmec jade statuette from the false compartment of his suitcase. The paintings were all unframed, small, genuine and unimportant. After a moment, he selected *The Madonna of the Palms* from the atelier of Lorenzo Bellini: plainly apprentice work but enchanting, serene, pure, not bad, easily a $20,000 painting. He slipped it into a carrying case, put the others back—all but the statuette, which he fondled for a moment and put down on the dresser, in front of the mirror, as though setting up a little shrine. To beauty, he thought. He started to put it away and changed his mind. It looked so lovely there that he decided to take his chances. Taking your chances, he thought, is sometimes good for the health.

•

Seeing Agila standing in the doorway of her hotel room, Eitel was startled again by the impact of her presence, the overwhelming physical power of her beauty. Eitel looked from Agila to Anakhistos, who sat oddly folded, like a giant umbrella. That's what she really is, Eitel thought. She's Mrs. Anakhistos from Centaurus, and her skin is like rubber and her mouth is a hinged slot and this body that she happens to be wearing right now was made in a laboratory. And yet, and yet, and yet . . . the wind was roaring; he was tossing wildly about——

What the hell is happening to me?

"Show us what you have for us," Anakhistos said.

Eitel slipped the little painting from its case. His hands were shaking ever so slightly. In the closeness of the room, he picked up two strong fragrances, something dry and musty coming from Anakhistos and the strange, irresistible mixtures of incongruous spices that Agila's synthetic body emanated.

"*The Madonna of the Palms*, Lorenzo Bellini, Venice, fifteen ninety-seven," Eitel said. "Very fine work."

"Bellini is extremely famous, I know."

"The famous ones are Giovanni and Gentile. This is Giovanni's grandson. He's just as good but not well known. I couldn't possibly get you paintings by Giovanni or Gentile. No one on Earth could."

"This is quite fine," said Anakhistos. "True Renaissance beauty. And very Earthesque. Of course it is genuine?"

Eitel said stiffly, "Only a fool would try to sell a fake to a connoisseur such as yourself. But it would be easy enough for us to arrange a spectroscopic analysis in Casablanca if——"

"Ah, no, no, no, I meant no suspicioning of your reputation. You are impeccable. We unquestion the genuinity. But what is done about the export certificate?"

"Easy. I have a document that says this is a recent copy, done by a student in Paris. They are not applying chemical tests of age to the paintings, not yet. You will be able to take the painting from Earth with such a certificate."

"And the price?" said Anakhistos.

Eitel took a deep breath. It was meant to steady him, but it dizzied him instead, for it filled his lungs with Agila.

He said, "If the deal is straight cash, the price is four million dollars."

"And otherwise?" Agila asked.

"I'd prefer to talk to you about that alone," he said to her.

"Whatever you want to say, you can say in front of Anakhistos. We are absolute mates. We have complete trust."

"I'd still prefer to speak more privately."

She shrugged. "All right. The balcony."

Outside, where the sweetness of night-blooming flowers filled the air, her fragrance was less overpowering. It made no difference. Looking straight at her only with difficulty, he said, "If I can spend the rest of this night making love to you, the price will be three million."

"This is a joke?"

"In fact, no. Not at all."

"It is worth a million dollars to have sexual contact with me?"

Eitel imagined how his father would have answered that question, his grandfather, his great-grandfather. Their accumulated wisdom pressed on him like a hump. To hell with them, he thought.

He said, listening in wonder to his own words, "Yes. It is."

"You know that this body is not my real body?"

"I know."

She smiled quickly, on-off. "I see. Well, let us confer with Anakhistos."

•

When they were in Eitel's room, Agila said, "First, I would please like to have some mint tea, yes? It is my addiction, you know. My aphrodisiac."

Sizzling impatience seared Eitel's soul. God only knew how long it might take room service to fetch a pot of tea at this hour, and at $1,000,000 a night, he preferred not to waste even a minute. But there was no way to refuse. He could not allow himself to seem like some panting schoolboy.

"Of course," he said.

The waiter—a boy in native costume, sleepy, openly envious of Eitel for having a woman like Agila in his room—took forever to set up the glasses and pour the tea, an infinitely slow process of raising the pot, aiming, letting the thick tea trickle down through the air. But at last he left. Agila drank greedily and beckoned to Eitel to have some also. He smiled and shook his head.

She said, "But you must. I love it so—you must share it. It is a ritual of love between us, eh?"

He did not choose to make an issue of it. A glass of mint tea must not get in the way, not now.

"To us," she said, and touched her glass to his.

He managed to drink a little. It was like pure liquid sugar. She had a second glass and then, maddeningly, a third. He pretended to sip at his. Then, at last, she touched her hand to a clasp on her shoulder and her metal-mesh sheath fell away.

They had done their research properly in the body-making labs of Centaurus. She was flawless, sheer fantasy: heavy breasts that defied gravity; slender waist; hips that would drive a Moroccan camel driver berserk; buttocks like pale hemispheres. They had given her a navel, pubic hair, erectile nipples, dimples here and there, the hint of blue veins in her thighs. Unreal, yes, Eitel thought, but magnificent.

"It is my fifth traveling body," she said. "I have been Arcturan, Steropid, Denebian, Mizarian—and each time it has been hard, hard, hard! After the transfer is done, there is a long training period, and it is always very difficult. But one learns. A moment comes when the body feels natural and true. I will miss this one very much."

"So will I," Eitel said.

Quickly he undressed. She came to him, touched her lips lightly to his, grazed his chest with her nipples.

"And now you give me a gift," she said.

"What?"

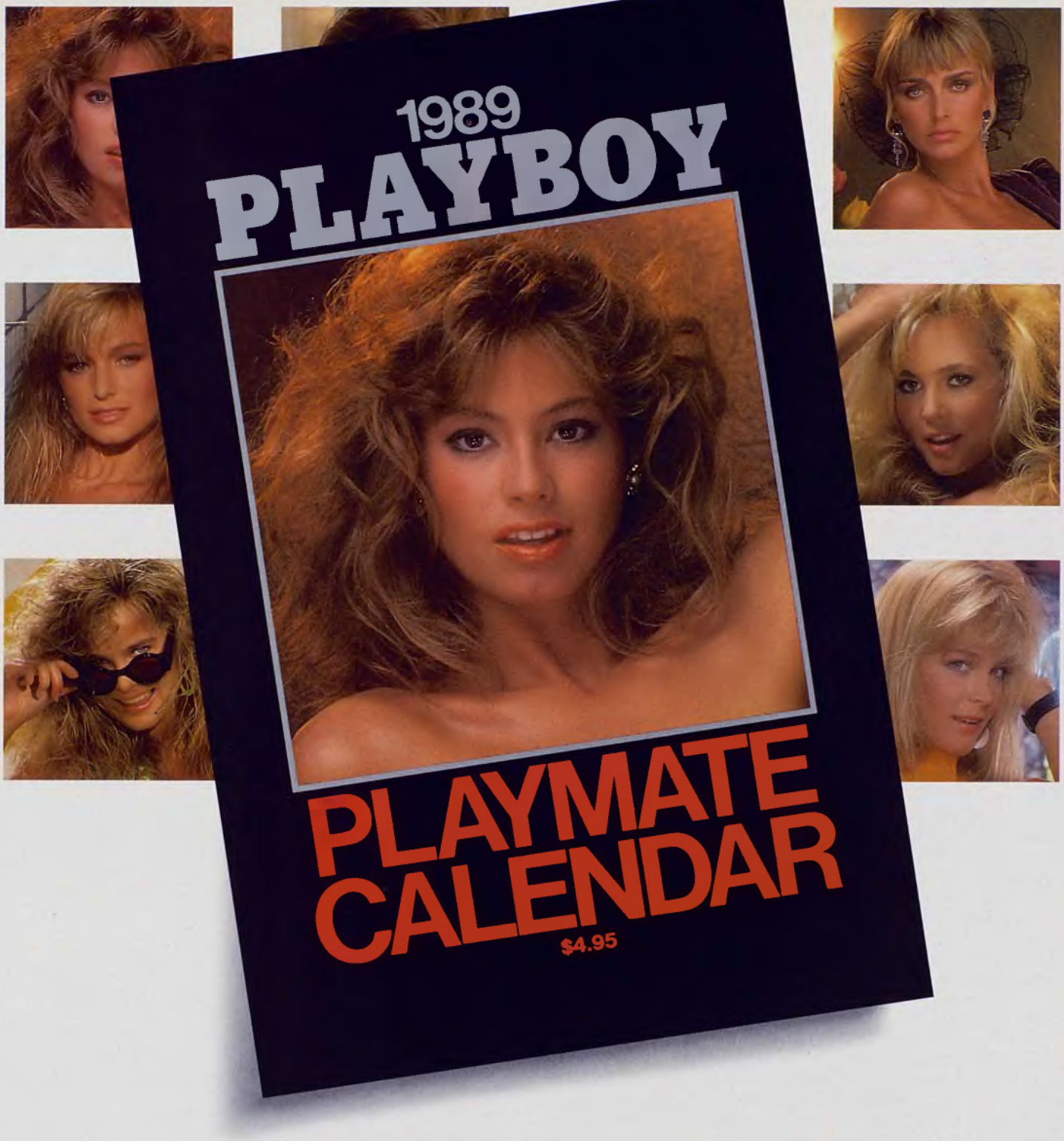
"It is the custom before making love. An exchange of gifts." She took from between her breasts the pendant she was wearing, a bright crystal carved in disturbing alien swirls. "This is for you. And for me——"

Oh, God in heaven, he thought. No!

Her hand closed over the Olmec jade figurine that still was sitting on the dresser.

"This," she said.

It sickened him. That little statuette was $80,000 on the international antiquities market, maybe $1,000,000 or $2,000,000 to the right E.T. buyer. A gift? A love



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token? He saw the gleam in her eye and knew he was trapped. Refuse, and everything else might be lost. He dare not show any trace of pettiness. Yes. So be it. Let her have the damned thing. We are being romantic tonight. We are making grand gestures. We are not going to behave like a *petit bourgeois* Swiss art peddler. Eitel took a deep breath.

"My pleasure," he said magnificently.

•

He was an experienced and expert lover; supreme beauty always inspired the best in him, and pride alone made him want to send her back to Centaurus with incandescent memories of the erotic arts of Earth. His performance that night—and performance was the only word he could apply to it—might well have been the finest of his life.

With the lips and tongue, first. Everywhere. With the fingers, slowly, patiently, searching for the little secret key places, the unexpected triggering points. With the breath against the skin, and the fingernails, ever so lightly, and the eyelashes and even the newly sprouting stubble of the cheek. These were all things that Eitel loved doing, not merely for the effects they produced in his bed partners but because they were delightful in and of themselves; yet he had never done them with greater dedication and skill.

And now, he thought, perhaps she will show me some of *her* skills.

But she lay there like a wax doll. Occasionally she stirred; occasionally she moved her hips a little. When he went into her, he found her warm and moist—why had they built that capacity in? Eitel wondered—but he felt no response from her, none at all.

He went on working at it, knowing he would not get it. But then, to his surprise, something actually seemed to be happening. Her face grew flushed and her eyes narrowed and took on a new gleam and her breath began to come in harsh little bursts and her breasts heaved and her nipples grew hard. All the signs, yes: Eitel had seen them so many times, and they had never been more welcome than at this moment. He knew what to do. The unslackening rhythm now, the steady building of tension, carrying her onward, steadily higher, leading her toward that magical moment of overload when the watchful conscious mind at last surrenders to the surging deeper forces. Yes. Yes. The valiant Earthman giving his all for the sake of transgalactic passion, laboring like a galley slave to show the star-woman what the communion of the sexes is all about.

She seemed almost there. Some panting now, even a little gasping. Eitel smiled in pleasant self-congratulation. Swiss precision, he thought: Never underestimate it.

And then, somehow, she managed to slip free of him, between one thrust and the next, and she rolled to the side, so that he collapsed in amazement into the pillow as she left the bed. He sat up and looked at her, stunned, gaping, numbed.

"Excuse me," she said, in the most casual way. "I thought I'd have a little more tea. Shall I get some for you?"

Eitel could barely speak. "No," he said hoarsely.

She poured herself a glass, drank, grimaced. "It doesn't taste as good as when it's warm," she said, returning to the bed. "Well, shall we go on?" she asked.

Silently, he reached for her. Somehow he was able to start again. But this time, a distance of 1000 light-years seemed to separate him from her. There was no rekindling that brief flame, and after a few moments he gave up. He felt himself forever shut away from the inwardness of her, as Earth is shut away from the stars. Cold, weary, more furious with himself than with her, he let himself come. He kept his eyes open as long as he could, staring icily into hers, but the sensations were unexpectedly powerful, and in the end, he sank down against her breasts, clinging to her as the impact thundered through him.

In that bleak moment came a surprise. For as he shook and quivered in the force of that dismal ejaculation, something opened between them—a barrier, a gate—and the hotel melted and disappeared and he saw himself in the midst of a bizarre landscape. The sky was a rich golden green; the sun was deep green and hot; the trees and plants and flowers were like nothing he had ever seen on Earth. The air was heavy, aromatic and of a piercing flavor that stung his nostrils. Flying creatures that were not birds soared unhurriedly overhead, and some iridescent beasts that looked like red-velvet pillows mounted on tripods were grazing on the lower branches of furry-limbed trees. On the horizon Eitel saw three jagged naked mountains of some yellow-brown stone that gleamed like polished metal in the sunlight. He trembled. Wonder and awe engulfed his spirit. This is a park, he realized, the most beautiful park in the world. But this is not *this* world. He found a little path that led over a gentle hill, and when he came to the far side, he looked down to see Centaurans strolling two by two, hand in hand, through an elegant garden.

Oh, my God, Eitel thought. Oh, my God in heaven!

Then it all began to fade, growing thin, turning to something no more substantial than smoke, and in a moment more, it was all gone. He lay still, breathing raggedly, by her side, watching her breasts slowly rise and fall.

He lifted his head. She was studying him. "You liked that?"

"Liked what?"

"What you saw."

"So you know?"

She seemed surprised. "Of course! You thought it was an accident? It was my gift for you."

"Ah." The picture postcard of the home world, bestowed on the earnest native for his diligent services. "It was extraordinary. I've never seen anything so beautiful."

"It is very beautiful, yes," she said complacently. Then, smiling, "That was interesting, what you did there at the end, when you were breathing so hard. Can you do that again?" she asked, as though he had executed an intricate juggling maneuver.

Bleakly, he shook his head and turned away. He could not bear to look into those magnificent eyes any longer. Somehow—he would never have any way of knowing when it had happened, except that it was somewhere between "Can you do that again?" and the dawn—he fell asleep. She was shaking him gently awake then. The light of a brilliant morning came bursting through the fragile old silken draperies.

"I am leaving now," she whispered. "But I wish to thank you. It has been a night I shall never forget."

"Nor I," said Eitel.

"To experience the reality of Earthian ways at such close range—with such intimacy, such immediacy——"

"Yes. Of course. It must have been extraordinary for you."

"If ever you come to Centaurus——"

"Certainly. I'll look you up."

She kissed him lightly, tip of nose, forehead, lips. Then she walked toward the door. With her hand on the knob, she turned and said, "Oh, one little thing that may amuse you. I meant to tell you last night. We don't have that kind of thing on our world, you know—that concept of owning one's mate's body. And in any case, Anakhistos is not male and I am not female, not exactly. We mate, but our sex distinctions are not so well defined as that. It is with us more like the way it is with your oysters, I think. So it is not quite right to say that Anakhistos is my husband or that I am his wife. I thought you would like to know." She blew him a kiss. "It has been very lovely," she said. "Goodbye."

•

When she was gone, he went to the window and stared into the garden for a long while without looking at anything in particular. He felt weary and burned out, and there was a taste of straw in his mouth. After a time, he turned away.

His hands felt cold; his fingers were quivering a little. He became aware that he wanted more than anything else to see those things again.

He wondered what it was like to go to bed with a Vegan or an Arcturan or a Steropid. God in heaven! Could he do it? Yes, he told himself, thinking of green suns and the unforgettable fragrance of that alien air. Yes. Yes. Of course he could. Of course.

There was a sudden strange sweetness in his mouth. He realized that he had taken a deep gulp of the mint tea without paying attention to what he was doing. Eitel smiled. It hadn't made him sick, had it? Had it? He took another swig. Then, in a slow, determined way, he finished the rest of it and went outside to look for a cab.

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YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS *(continued from page 234)*

"One of his hands is already down between her legs, the other pulling a breast out of its brassiere."

such a reply, a kind of destiny is being fulfilled. Sam has a song about it. "I told you this morning you'd come around," Rick says, curling his lips as if to advertise his appetite for punishment, "but this is a little ahead of schedule." She faces him squarely, broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped, a sash around her waist like a gun belt, something shiny in her tensed left hand. He raises both of his own, as if to show they are empty: "Well, won't you sit down?"

His offer, whether in mockery or no, releases her. Her shoulders dip in relief, her breasts, she sweeps forward (it is only a small purse she is carrying: a toothbrush, perhaps, cosmetics, her hotel key), her face softening: "Richard!" He starts back in alarm, hands moving to his hips. "I had to see you!"

She takes a deep breath, presses her lips together and, clutching her tiny purse with both hands, wheels about to pursue him: "Richard!" This has worked before, it works again; he turns to face her new approach: "We luffed each other once. . . ." Her voice catches in her throat, tears come to her eyes. She is beautiful there in the slatted shadows, her hair loosening around her ears, eyes glittering, throat bare and vulnerable in the open V-neck of her ruffled blouse. She's a good dresser. Even that little purse she squeezes: so like the other one, so lovely, hidden away. She shakes her head slightly in wistful appeal: "If those days meant . . . anything at all to you. . . ."

"I wouldn't bring up Paris if I were you," he says stonily. "It's poor salesmanship."

She gasps (*she* didn't bring it up: Is he a madman?), tosses her head back: "Please! Please listen to me!" She closes her eyes, her lower lip pushed forward as though bruised. "If you knew what really happened; if you only knew the truth!"

He stands over this display, as impassive as a Moorish executioner (That's it! He's turning into one of these bloody Arabs, she thinks). "I wouldn't believe you, no matter what you told me," he says. In Ethiopia, after an attempt on the life of an Italian officer, he saw 1600 Ethiopians get rounded up one night and shot in reprisal. Many were friends of his—or clients, anyway. But somehow her deceit is worse. "You'd say anything now to get what you want." Again he turns his back on her, strides away.

He turns toward her but pulls up short, squints: She has drawn a revolver on him. So much for toothbrushes and hotel keys. "All right. I tried to reason with you. I tried effrything. Now I want those letters." Distantly, a melodic line suggests a fight for love and glory, an ironic case of do or die. "Get them for me."

"I don't have to." He touches his jacket. "I got 'em right here."

"Put them on the table."

He smiles and shakes his head. "No." Smoke curls up from the cigarette he is holding at his side, like the steam that enveloped the five-o'clock train to Marseilles. Her eyes fill with tears. Even as she presses on ("For the last time . . . !"), she knows that no is final. There is, behind his ironic smile, a profound sadness, the fatalistic survivor's wistful acknowledgment that, in the end, the fundamental things apply. Time, going by, leaves nothing behind, not even moments like this. "If Victor Laszlo and the cause mean so much to you," he says, taunting her with her own uncertainties, "you won't stop at anything. . . ."

He seems almost to recede. The cigarette disappears, the smoke. His sorrow gives way to something not unlike eagerness. "All right, I'll make it easier for you," he says and walks toward her. "Go ahead and shoot. You'll be doing me a favor."

She seems taken aback, her eyes damp, her lips swollen and parted. Light licks at her face. He gazes steadily at her from his superior moral position, smoke drifting up from his hand once more, his white tuxedo pressed against the revolver barrel. Her eyes close as the gun lowers, and she gasps his name: "Richard!" It is like an invocation. Or a profession of faith. "I tried to stay away," she sighs. She opens her eyes, peers up at him in abject surrender. A tear moves slowly down her cheek toward the corner of her mouth, like secret writing. "I thought I would neffer see you again . . . that you were out off my life. . . ." She blinks, cries out faintly—"Oh!"—and (he seems moved at last, his mask of disdain falling away like perspiration) turns away, her head wrenched to one side as though in pain.

Stricken with concern, or what looks like concern, he steps up behind her, clasping her breasts with both hands, nuzzling in her hair. "The day you left Paris . . . !" she sobs, though she seems unsure of herself. One of his hands is already down between her legs, the other inside her blouse, pulling a breast out of its brassiere cup. "If you only knew . . . what I. . . ." He is moaning, licking at one ear, the hand between her legs nearly lifting her off the floor, his pelvis bumping at her buttocks. "Is this . . . right?" she gasps.

"I—I don't know!" he groans, massaging her breast, the nipple between two fingers. "I can't think!"

"But . . . you *must* think!" she cries, squirming her hips. Tears are streaming down her cheeks now. "For . . . for. . . ."

"What?" he gasps, tearing her blouse open, pulling on her breast as though to drag it over her shoulder where he might kiss it. Or eat it: He seems ravenous.

"I . . . I can't remember!" she sobs. She reaches behind to jerk at his fly (what else is she to do, for the love of Jesus?), then rips away her sash, unfastens her skirt, her fingers trembling.

"Holy shit!" he wheezes, pushing his hand inside her girdle as her skirt falls. His cheeks, too, are wet with tears. "*Ilsa!*"

"*Richard!*"

They fall to the floor, grabbing and pulling at each other's clothing. He's trying to get her bra off, which is tangled up now with her blouse; she's struggling with his belt, yanking at his black pants, wrenching them open. Buttons fly, straps pop; there's the soft, unfocused rip of silk, the jingle of

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buckles and falling coins, grunts, gasps, whimpers of desire. He strips the tangled skein of underthings away (all these straps and stays—how does she get in and out of this crazy elastic?); she works his pants down past his bucking hips, fumbles with his shoes. *"Your elbow!"*

"Mmmff!"

"Ah!"

She pulls his pants and boxer shorts off, crawls round and (he strokes her shimmering buttocks, swept by the light from the airport tower, watching her full breasts sway above him; it's all happening so fast, he'd like to slow it down, repeat some of the better bits—that view of her rippling haunches on her hands and knees just now, for example: like a 22, his lucky number—but there's a great urgency on them, they can't wait) straddles him, easing him into her like a train being guided into a station. *"I luff you, Richard!"* she declares breathlessly, though she seems to be speaking, eyes squeezed shut and breasts heaving, not to him but to the ceiling, if there is one up there. His eyes, too, are closed now, his hands gripping her soft hips, pulling her down, his breath coming in short, anguished snorts, his face puffy and damp with tears. There is, as always, something deeply wounded and vulnerable about the expression on his battered face, framed there against his Persian carpet: Rick Blaine, a man annealed by loneliness and betrayal, but flawed—hopelessly, it seems—by hope itself. He is, in the tragic sense, a true revolutionary: His gaping mouth bespeaks this, the spittle in the corners of his lips, his eyes, open now and staring into some infinite distance not unlike the future, his knitted brow. He heaves upward, impaling her to the very core: *"Oh, Gott!"* she screams, her back arching, mouth agape as though to commence *La Marseillaise*.

Now, for a moment, they pause, feeling themselves thus conjoined, his organ luxuriating in the warm tub of her vagina, her enflamed womb closing around his pulsing penis like a mother embracing a lost child. "If you only knew . . ." she seems to say, though perhaps she has said this before and only now it can be heard. He fondles her breasts; she rips his shirt open, strokes his chest, leans forward to kiss his lips, his nipples. This is not Victor inside her, with his long, thin rapier, all too rare in its embarrassed visits; this is not Yvonne, with her cunning professional muscles, her hollow airy hole. This is love in all its clammy mystery, the ultimate connection, the squishy rub of truth, flesh as a self-consuming message. This is necessity, as in woman needs man and man must have his mate. Even their identities seem to be dissolving; they have to whisper each other's names from time to time as though in recitative struggle against some ultimate enchantment from which there may be no return. Then, slowly, she begins to wriggle her hips above him, he to meet her gentle undulations with counterthrusts of his own. They hug each other close, panting, her breasts smashed against him, moving only from the waist down. She slides her thighs between his and squeezes his penis between them, as though to conceal it there, an underground member on the run, wounded but unbowed. He lifts his stockinged feet and plants them behind her knees as though in stirrups, her buttocks above pinching and opening, pinching and opening like a suction pump. And it is true about her vaunted radiance: She seems almost to glow from within, her flexing cheeks haloed in their own dazzling luster.

"It feels so good, Richard! In there. . . . I've been so—*ah!*—so lonely!"

"Yeah, me, too, kid. *Ngh!* Don't talk!"

She slips her thighs back over his and draws them up beside his waist like a child curling around her Teddy bear, knees against his ribs, her fanny gently bobbing on its pike like a mind caressing a cherished memory. He lies there passively for a moment, stretched out, eyes closed, accepting this warm rhythmical ablution as one might accept a nanny's teasing bath, a mother's care (a care, he's often said, denied him), in all its delicious innocence—or seemingly so: In fact, his whole body is faintly atremble, as though, with great difficulty, shedding the last of its pride and bitterness, its isolate neutrality. Then, slowly, his own hips begin to rock convulsively under hers, his knees to rise in involuntary surrender. She tongues his ear, her buttocks thumping more vigorously now, kisses his throat, his nose, his scarred lip, then rears up, arching her back, tossing her head back (her hair is looser now, wilder; a flush has crept into the distinctive pallor of her cheeks and throat, and what was before a fierce determination is now raw intensity, what vulnerability now a slack-jawed abandon), plunging him in more deeply than ever, his own buttocks bouncing up off the floor as though trying to take off like the next flight to Lisbon—*"Gott in Himmel, this is fonn!"* she cries. She reaches behind her back to clutch his testicles, he clasps her hand in both of his, his thighs spread, she falls forward, they roll over, he's pounding away now from above (he lacks her famous radiance; if anything, his buttocks seem to suck in light, drawing a nostalgic murkiness around them like night fog, signaling a fundamental distance between them, and an irresistible attraction), she's clawing at his back under the white jacket, at his hips, his thighs, her voracious nether mouth leaping up at him from below and sliding back, over and over, like a frantic greased-pole climber. Faster and faster they slap their bodies together, submitting to this fierce rhythm as though to simplify themselves, emitting grunts and whinnies and helpless little farts, no longer Rick Blaine and Ilsa Lund but some nameless conjunction somewhere between them, time, space, being itself getting redefined by the rapidly narrowing focus of their incandescent passion; then, suddenly, Rick rears back, his face seeming to puff out like a gourd, Ilsa cries out and kicks upward, crossing her ankles over Rick's clenched buttocks; for a moment they seem almost to float, suspended, unloosed from the earth's gravity, and then—*whumpf!*—they hit the floor again, their bodies continuing to hammer together, though less regularly, plunging, twitching, prolonging this exclamatory dialog, drawing it out even as the intensity diminishes, even as it becomes more a declaration than a demand, more an inquiry than a declaration. Ilsa's feet uncross, slide slowly to the floor. "Fooff . . . *Gott!*" They lie there, cheek to cheek, clutching each other tightly, gasping for breath, their thighs quivering with the last involuntary spasms, the echoey reverberations, deep in their loins, of pleasure's fading blasts.

"Jesus," Rick wheezes, "I've been saving that one for a goddamn year and a half!"

"It was the best fokk I ever have had," Ilsa replies with a tremulous sigh and kisses his ear, runs her fingers in his hair. He starts to roll off her, but she clasps him closely: "No . . . wait!" A deeper, thicker pleasure, not so ecstatic yet somehow more moving, seems to well up from far inside her to embrace the swollen visitor snuggled moistly in her womb, once a familiar friend, a comrade loved and trusted, now almost a stranger, like one resurrected from the dead.

"Ah!" he gasps. God, it's almost like she's milking it! Then she lets go, surrounding him spongily with a kind of warm, wet, pulsating gratitude. "Ah. . . ."

He lies there between Ilsa's damp, silky thighs, feeling his weight thicken, his mind soften and spread. His will drains away as if it were some kind of morbid affection, lethargy overtaking him like an invading army. Even his jaw goes slack, his fingers (three sprawl idly on a dark-tipped breast) limp. He wears his snowy-white tuxedo jacket still, his shiny black socks, which, together with the parentheses of Ilsa's white thighs, make his melancholy buttocks—beaten in childhood, lashed at sea, run lean in union skirmishes, sunburned in Ethiopia and shot at in Spain—look gloomier than ever, swarthy and self-pitying, agape now with a kind of heroic sadness. A violent tenderness. These buttocks are, it could be said, what the pose of isolation looks like at its best: proud, bitter, mournful and, as the prefect of police might have put it, tremendously attractive. Although his penis has slipped out of its vaginal pocket to lie limply like a fat little toe against her pursing lips, she clasps him close still, clinging to something she cannot quite define, something like a spacious dream of freedom, or a monastery garden, or the discovery of electricity. "Do you have a gramophone on, Richard?"

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"What?" Her question has startled him. His haunches snap shut, his head rears up; snorting, he seems to be reaching for the letters of transit. "Ah . . . no. . . ." He relaxes again, letting his weight fall back, though sliding one thigh over hers now, stretching his arms out as though to unkink them, turning his face away. His scrotum bulges up on her thigh like an emblem of his serenity and generosity, all too often concealed, much as an authentic decency might shine through a mask of cynicism and despair. He takes a deep breath. (A kiss is still a kiss is what the music is insinuating. A sigh. . . .) "That's probably Sam. . . ."

A faint, sad smile seems to be playing at the corners of her lips. "Say it once, Richard. . . ."

"What?" She's smiling sweetly, but is that a tear in her eye?

"For old times' sake. Say it. . . ."

"Ah." Yes, he'd forgotten. He's out of practice. He grunts, runs his hand down her damp cheek and behind her ear. "Here's lookin' at you, kid. . . ."

She fits two cigarettes in her lips, lights them both (there's a bit of fumbling with the lighter; she's not very mechanical) and, gazing soulfully at Rick, passes him one of them. He grins. "Hey, where'd you learn that, kid?" She shrugs enigmatically.

"Is this how you, uh, imagined things turning out tonight?" he asks around the butt, smoke curling out of his nose like thought's reek. Her cheeks seem to pop alight like his CAFÉ AMERICAIN sign each time the airport beacon sweeps past, shifting slightly like a sequence of film frames. Time itself may be like that, he knows, not a ceaseless flow but a rapid series of electrical leaps across tiny gaps between discontinuous bits. It's what he likes to call his link-and-claw theory of time, though of course the theory is not his. . . .

"It may not be perfect, Richard, but it is better than if I haff shot you, isn't it?"

"No, I meant. . . ." Well, let it be. She's right; it beats eating a goddamn bullet. In fact, it beats anything he can imagine. He puts out his cigarette, tosses it aside, wraps his arms around her thighs and pulls her buttocks (he is still thinking about time as a pulsing sequence of film frames and not so much about the frames, their useless dated content, as about the gaps between: infinitesimally small when looked at two-dimensionally, yet in their third dimension as deep and mysterious as the cosmos) toward his face, pressing against them like a child trying to see through a foggy window. He kisses and nibbles at each cheek (and what if one were to slip *between* two of those frames, he wonders?), runs his tongue into (where would he be then?) her anus, kneading the flesh on her pubic knoll between his fingers all the while like little lumps of stiff taffy.

"Oh, Richard, I don't know what's right any longer." She lifts one thigh in front of his face as though to erase his dark imaginings. He strokes it, thinking, Well, what the hell; it probably doesn't amount to a hill of beans, anyway. "Do you think I can haff another drink now?"

"Sure, kid. Why not?" The cork pops, champagne spews out over the tabletop, some of it getting into the glasses. This seems to suggest somehow a revelation. Or another memory. The tune, as though released, rides up once more around them. "*Gott*, Richard," she sighs. "That music is getting on my nerfs!"

"Yeah, I know."

"Time. Is it going by? Like the song is saying?"

He looks up, startled. "That's funny; I was just——"

"What time do you haff, Richard?"

He sets the bottle down, glances at his empty wrist. "I dunno. My watch must have got torn off when we. . . ."

"Mine is gone, too."

They stare at each other a moment, Rick scowling slightly in the old style, Ilsa's lips parted as though saying "story" or "glory."

"I would not haff come if I had known. . . ." She releases her shoulders, picks up her ruffled blouse (the buttons are gone), pulls it on like a wrap. As the beacon wheels by, the room seems to expand with light, as though it were breathing. "Do you see my skirt? It was here, but—is it getting dark or something?"

"I mean, of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the. . . ." He pauses, looks up. "What did you say?"

"I said, is it——"

"Yeah, I know. . . ."

He sees she is trembling, and a tear slides down her nose, or seems to, it's hard to tell. He feels like he's going blind. "Listen. Maybe if we started over. . . ."

"I'm too tired, Richard. . . ."

"No, I mean, go back to where you came in, see—the letters of transit and all that. Maybe we made some kinda mistake, I dunno, like when I put my hands on your jugs or something, and if——"

"A mistake? You think putting your hands on my yugs was a mistake?"

"Don't get offended, sweetheart, I only meant——"

"Maybe my bringing my yugs *here* tonight was a mistake! Maybe my not shooting the *trigger* was a mistake!"

"No, wait a minute! Maybe you're right! Maybe going back isn't the right idea. . . ."

"Richard?"

"Instead, maybe we gotta think ahead. . . ."

"Richard, it's a crazy world. . . ."

"Now, what was I—— Right! You're telling a story, so, uh, I'll say. . . ."

"But wherever you are. . . ."

"*And then*—— Yeah, that's good. It's almost like I'm remembering this. You've stopped, see, but I want you to go on; I want you to keep spilling what's on your mind, I'm filling in all the blanks. . . ."

"Whatever happens. . . ."

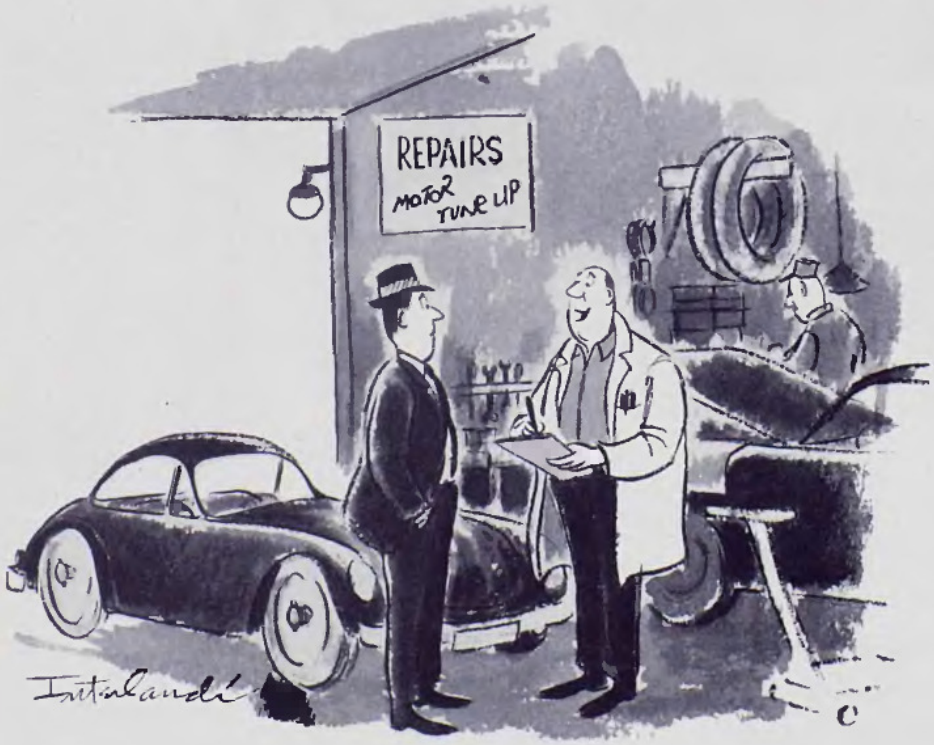
"So I say: *And then?* C'mon, kid, can you hear me? Remember all those people downstairs! They're depending on us! Just think it—if you think it, you'll do it! *And then?*"

"I want you to know. . . ."

"*And then?* Ilsa? Oh, shit; Ilsa? Where are you? And then?"

"I luff you. . . ."

"And then? Ilsa? And then?"



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MALCOLM X

(continued from page 135)

our own kind. The white man has taught the black people in this country to hate themselves as inferior, to hate each other, to be divided against each other. Messenger Muhammad restores our love for our own kind, which enables us to work together in unity and harmony.

PLAYBOY: How do you justify the announcement you made last year that Allah had brought you "the good news" that 120 white Atlantans had just been killed in an air crash en route to America from Paris?

MALCOLM X: Sir, as I see the law of justice, it says as you sow, so shall you reap. The white man has reveled as the rope snapped black men's necks. He has reveled around the lynching fire. It's only right for the black man's true God, Allah, to defend us—and for us to be joyous because our God manifests his ability to inflict pain on our enemy. We Muslims believe that the white race, which is guilty of having oppressed and exploited and enslaved our people here in America, should and will be the victims of God's divine wrath.

PLAYBOY: Do you admire and respect any other American Negro leaders—Martin Luther King, for example?

MALCOLM X: I am a Muslim, sir. Muslims can see only one leader who has the qualifications necessary to unite all elements of black people in America. This is the Honorable Elijah Muhammad.

PLAYBOY: Many white religious leaders have also gone on record against the Black Muslims. Writing in the official NAACP magazine, a Catholic priest described you as "a fascist-minded hate group," and B'nai B'rith has accused you of being not only anti-Christian but anti-Semitic. Do you consider this true?

MALCOLM X: Let me say just a word about the Jew and the black man. The Jew is always anxious to *advise* the black man. But they never advise him how to solve his problem the way the Jews solved their problem. The Jew never went sitting-in and crawling-in and sliding-in and freedom-riding, like he teaches and helps Negroes to do. The Jews stood up, and stood together, and they used their ultimate power, the economic weapon. That's exactly what the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is trying to teach black men to do. The Jews pooled their money and *bought* the hotels that barred them. They bought Atlantic City and Miami Beach and anything else they wanted. Who owns Hollywood? Who runs the garment industry, the largest industry in New York City? But the Jew that's advising the Negro joins the NAACP, CORE, the Urban League and others. With money donations, the Jew gains control, then he sends the black man doing all this wading-in, boring-in, even burying-in—everything but buying-in.

PLAYBOY: Then you consider it impossible for the white man to be anything but an exploiter and a hypocrite in his relations with the Negro?

MALCOLM X: White people are born devils by nature. They don't become so by deeds. If you never put popcorn in a skillet, it would still be popcorn. Put the heat to it, it will pop.

PLAYBOY: You say that white men are devils by nature. Was Christ a devil?

MALCOLM X: Christ wasn't white. Christ was a black man.

PLAYBOY: On what Scripture do you base this assertion?

MALCOLM X: Sir, Billy Graham has made the same statement in public. Why not ask *him* what Scripture he found it in? Only the poor, brainwashed American Negro has been made to believe that Christ was white. After becoming a Muslim in prison, I read almost everything I could put my hands on in the prison library. I found out that the history-whitening process either had left out great things that black men had done, or the great black men had gotten whitened.

PLAYBOY: Would you list a few of these men?

MALCOLM X: Well, Hannibal, the most successful general that ever lived, was a black man. Beethoven's father was one of the blackamoors that hired themselves out in Europe as professional soldiers. Haydn, Beethoven's teacher, was of African descent. Columbus, the discoverer of America was a half-black man. Whole black empires, like the Moorish, have been whitened to hide the fact that a great black empire had conquered a white empire even before America was discovered.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe white people are genetically inferior to black people?

MALCOLM X: Thoughtful white people *know* they are inferior to black people. Anyone who has studied the genetic phase of biology knows that white is considered recessive and black is considered dominant. When you want strong coffee, you ask for black coffee. If you want it light, you want it weak, integrated with white milk. Just like these Negroes who weaken themselves and their race by this integrating and intermixing with whites. If you want bread with no nutritional value, you ask for white bread. All the good that was in it has been bleached out of it, and it will constipate you. If you want pure flour, you ask for dark flour, whole-wheat flour. If you want pure sugar, you want dark sugar.

PLAYBOY: If all whites are devilish by nature, do you view all black men—with the exception of their non-Muslim leaders—as fundamentally angelic?

MALCOLM X: No, there is plenty wrong with Negroes. They have no society. They're robots, automatons. No minds of their own. I hate to say that about us, but it's the truth. They are a black body with a white brain. Like the monster Frankenstein. The top part is your bourgeois Negro. He's your integrator. He's not interested in his poor black brothers. This class to us are the fence-sitters. They have one eye on the white man and the other eye on the Muslims. They'll jump whichever way they see the wind blowing.

Then there's the middle class of the Negro masses, the ones not in the ghetto, who realize that life is a struggle. They're ready to take some stand against everything that's against them. At the bottom of the social heap is the black man in the big-city ghetto. He lives night and day with the rats and cockroaches and drowns himself with alcohol and anesthetizes himself with dope, to try and forget where and what he is. That Negro has given up all hope. He's the hardest one for us to reach, because he's the deepest in the mud. But when you get him, you've got the best kind of Muslim. Because he makes the most drastic change. He's the most fearless. He will stand the longest. He has nothing to lose, even his life, because he didn't have that in the first place. I look upon myself, sir, as a prime example of this category—and as graphic an example as you could find of the salvation of the black man.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything then, in your opinion, that could be done—by either whites or blacks—to expedite the social and economic progress of the Negro?

MALCOLM X: First of all, the white man must finally realize that *he's* the one who has committed the crimes that have produced the miserable condition that our people are in. Mr. Elijah Muhammad is warning this generation of white people that they, too, are also facing a time of harvest in which they will have to pay for the crime committed when their grandfathers made slaves out of us.

But there *is* something the white man can do to avert this fate. He must atone—and this can only be done by allowing black men, those who choose, to leave this land of bondage and go to a land of our own. But if he doesn't want a mass movement of our people away from this house of bondage, then he should separate this country. He should give us several states here on American soil, where those of us who wish to can go and set up our own government, our own economic system, our own civilization. Since we have given over 300 years of our slave labor to the white man's America, helped to build it up for him, it's only right that white America should give us everything *we* need in finance and materials for the next 25 years, until our own nation is able to stand on its feet. In the white world there has been nothing but slavery, suffering, death and colonialism. In the black world of tomorrow, there will be *true* freedom, justice and equality for all. And that day is coming—sooner than you think.

PLAYBOY: If Muslims ultimately gain control as you predict, do you plan to bestow "*true* freedom" on white people?

MALCOLM X: It's not a case of what would we do, it's a case of what would God do with whites. What does a judge do with the guilty? Either the guilty atone, or God executes judgment.

—May 1963, interviewed by Alex Haley

THE HUSTLER

(continued from page 113)

on what seemed to be the best of the four tables.

He tried to break safe, a straight pool break, where you drive the two bottom corner balls to the cushions and back into the stack where they came from, making the cue ball go two rails and return to the top of the table, killing itself on the cushion. The break didn't work, however; the rack of balls spread wide, five of them came out into the table and the cue ball stopped in the middle. It would have left an opponent wide open for a big run. Sam shuddered.

He pocketed the 15 balls, missing only once—a long shot that had to be cut thin into a far corner—and he felt better, making balls. He had little confidence on the hard ones, he was awkward; but he still knew the game, he knew how to break up little clusters of balls on one shot so that he could pocket them on the next. He knew how to play position with very little English on the cue, by shooting "natural" shots, and letting the speed of the cue ball do the work. He could still figure the spread, plan out his shots in advance from the positions of the balls on the table, and he knew what to shoot at first.

He kept shooting for about three hours. Several times, other players came in and played for a while, but none of them paid any attention to him, and none of them stayed long.

The place was empty again and Sam was practicing cutting balls down the rail, working on his cue ball and on his speed, when he looked up and saw the boy who ran the place coming back. He was carrying a plate with a hamburger in one hand and two bottles of beer in the other.

"Hungry?" He set the sandwich down on the arm of a chair. "Or thirsty, maybe?"

Sam looked at his watch. It was 1:30. "Come to think of it," he said, "I am." He went to the chair, picked up the hamburger and sat down.

"Have a beer," the boy said, affably.

Sam took it and drank from the bottle. It tasted delicious. "What do I owe you?" he said, and took a bite out of the hamburger.

"The burger's thirty cents," the boy said. "The beer's on the house."

"Thanks," Sam said, chewing. "How do I rate?"

"You're a good customer," the boy said. "Easy on the equipment, cash in advance, and I don't even have to rack the balls for you."

"Thanks." Sam was silent for a minute, eating.

The boy was drinking the other beer. Abruptly, he set the bottle down. "You on the hustle?" he said.

"Do I look like a hustler?"

"You practice like one."

Sam sipped his beer quietly for a minute, looking over the top of the bottle, once, at the boy. Then he said, "I might be looking around." He set the empty

Opponents on the playing fields of autumn, NFL quarterbacks Boomer Esiason of the Cincinnati Bengals and Frank Reich of the Buffalo Bills are of one mind about comfortable, good-looking Dingo Boots. When the cleats come off, the Dingos go on.

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bottle down on the wooden chair arm. "I'll be back tomorrow; we can talk about it then. There might be something in it for you, if you help me out."

"Sure, mister," the boy said. "You pretty good?"

"I think so," Sam said. Then, when the boy got up to leave, he added, "Don't try to finger me for anybody. It won't do you any good."

"I won't." The boy went back up front.

Sam practiced, working mainly on his stroke and his position, for three more hours. When he finished, his arm was sore and his feet were tired; but he felt better. His stroke was beginning to work for him, he was getting smooth, making balls regularly, playing good position. Once, when he was running balls continuously, racking 14 and one, he ran 47 without missing.

The next morning, after a long night's rest, he was even better. He ran more than 90 balls one time, missing, finally, on a difficult rail shot.

The boy came back at one o'clock, bringing a ham sandwich this time and two beers. "Here you go," he said. "Time to make a break."

Sam thanked him, laid his cue stick on the table and sat down.

"My name's Barney," the boy said.

"George Graves." Sam held out his hand, and the boy shook it. "Just," he smiled inwardly at the thought, "call me Red."

"You *are* good," Barney said. "I watched you a couple of times."

"I know." Sam took a drink from the beer bottle. "I'm looking for a straight pool game."

"I figured that, Mr. Graves. You won't find one here, though. Up at Bennington's, they play straight pool."

Sam had heard of Bennington's. They said it was a hustler's room, a big-money place.

"You know who plays pool there, Barney?" he said.

"Sure. Bill Peyton, he plays there. And Shufala Kid, Louisville Fats, Johnny Vargas, Henry Keller, a little guy they call 'The Policeman.' . . ."

Henry Keller was the only familiar name; Sam had played him once, in Atlantic City, maybe 14 years ago. But that had been even before the big days of Sam's reputation, before he had got so good that he had to trick hustlers into playing him. That was a long time ago. And then there was the red hair; he ought to be able to get by.

"Which one's got money," he asked, "and plays straight pool?"

"Well," Barney looked doubtful, "I think Louisville Fats carries a big roll. He's one of the old Prohibition boys; they say he keeps an army of hoods working for him. He plays straights. But he's good. And he doesn't like being hustled."

"This Fats. Does he bet big?"

"Yep, he bets big. Big as you want." Barney smiled. "But I tell you he's mighty good."

"Rack the balls," Sam said, and smiled back. "I'll show you something."

Barney racked. Sam broke them wide open and started running. He went through the rack, then another, another and another. Barney was counting the balls, racking them for him each time. When he got to 80, Sam said, "Now I'll bank a few." He banked seven, knocking them off the rails, across and into the pockets. When he missed the eighth, he said, "What do you think?"

"You'll do," Barney said. He laughed. "Fats is good; but you might take him."

"I'll take him," Sam said. "You lead me to him. Tomorrow night you get somebody to work for you. We're going up to Bennington's."

"Fair enough, Mr. Graves," Barney said. He was grinning. "We'll have a beer on that."

•

Louisville Fats must have weighed 300 pounds. His face seemed to be bloated around the eyes like the face of an Eskimo, so that he was always squinting. His arms, hanging from the short sleeves of his white-silk shirt, were pink and doughlike. Sam noticed his hands; they were soft-looking, white and delicate. He wore three rings, one with a diamond. He had on dark green, wide suspenders.

When Barney introduced him, Fats said, "How are you, George?" but didn't offer his hand. Sam noticed that his eyes, almost buried beneath the face, seemed to shift from side to side, so that he seemed not really to be looking at anything.

"I'm fine," Sam said. Then, after a pause, "I've heard a lot about you."

"I got a reputation?" Fats's voice was flat, disinterested. "Then I must be pretty good, maybe?"

"I suppose so," Sam said, trying to watch the eyes.

"You a good pool player, George?" The eyes flickered, scanning Sam's face.

"Fair. I like playing. Straight pool."

"Oh." Fats grinned, abruptly, coldly. "That's my game, too, George." He slapped Barney on the back. The boy pulled away, slightly, from him. "You pick good, Barney. He plays my game. You can finger for me, sometime, if you want."

"Sure," Barney said. He looked nervous.

"One thing." Fats was still grinning. "You play for money, George? I mean, you gamble?"

"When the bet's right."

"What you think is a right bet, George?"

"Fifty dollars."

Fats grinned even more broadly, but his eyes still kept shifting. "Now that's close, George," he said. "You play for a hundred and we play a few."

"Fair enough," Sam said, as calmly as he could.

"Let's go upstairs. It's quieter."

"Fine. I'll take my boy if you don't mind. He can rack the balls."

Fats looked at Barney. "You level with that rack, Barney? I mean, you rack the balls tight for Fats?"

"Sure," Barney said, "I wouldn't try to cross you up."

"You know better than that, Barney. OK."

They walked up the back stairs to the third floor. There was a small, bare-walled room, well lighted, with chairs lined up against the walls. The chairs were high ones, the type used for watching pool games. There was no one else in the room.

They uncovered the table, and Barney racked the balls. Sam lost the toss and broke, making it safe, but not too safe. He undershot, purposely, and left the cue ball almost a foot away from the end rail.

They played around, shooting safe, for a while. Then Fats pulled a hard one off the edge of the rack, ran 35 and played him safe. Sam jockeyed with him, figuring to lose for a while, only wanting the money to hold out until he had the table down pat, until he had the other man's game figured, until he was ready to raise the bet.

He lost three in a row before he won one. He wasn't playing his best game; but that meant little, since Fats was probably pulling his punches, too, trying to take him for as much as possible. After he won his first game, he let himself go a little and made a few tricky ones. Once he knifed a ball thin into the side pocket and went two cushions for a breakup; but Fats didn't even seem to notice.

Neither of them tried to run more than 40 at a turn. It would have looked like a game between only fair players, except that neither of them missed very often. In a tight spot, they didn't try anything fancy, just shot a safe and let the other man figure it out. Sam played safe on some shots that he was sure he could make; he didn't want to show his hand. Not yet. They kept playing and, after a while, Sam started winning more often.

After about three hours, he was five games ahead and shooting better all the time. Then, when he won still another game, Sam said, "You're losing money, Fats. Maybe we should quit." He looked at Barney and winked. Barney gave him a puzzled, worried look.

"Quit? You think we should quit?" Fats took a big silk handkerchief from his side pocket and wiped his face. "How much money you won, George?" he said.

"That last makes six hundred." He felt, suddenly, a little tense. It was coming. The big push.

"Suppose we play for six hundred, George." He put the handkerchief back in his pocket. "Then we see who quits."

"Fine." He felt really nervous now, but he knew he would get over it. Nervousness didn't count. At $600 a game, he would be in clover and in San Francisco in two days. If he didn't lose.

Barney racked the balls and Sam broke. He took the break slowly, putting to use his practice of three days and his experience of 27 years. The balls broke perfectly,

reracking the original triangle, and the cue ball skidded to a stop right on the end cushion.

"You shoot pretty good," Fats said, looking at the safe table that Sam had left him. But he played safe, barely tipping the cue ball off one of the balls down at the foot of the table and returning back to the end rail.

Sam tried to return the safe by repeating the same thing; but the cue ball caught the object ball too thick and he brought out a shot, a long one, for Fats. Fats stepped up, shot the ball in, played position and ran out the rest of the rack. Then he ran out another rack and Sam sat down to watch; there was nothing he could do now. Fats ran 78 points and then, seeing a difficult shot, played him safe.

Sam had been afraid that something like that might happen. He tried to fight his way out of the game but couldn't seem to get into the clear long enough for a good run. Fats beat him badly—125 to 30—and he had to give back the $600 from his pocket. It hurt.

What hurt even worse was that he knew he had less than $600 left of his own money.

"Now we see who quits." Fats stuffed the money in his hip pocket. "You want to play for another six hundred?"

"I'm still holding my stick," Sam said. He tried not to think about that "army of hoods" that Barney had told him about.

Sam stepped up to the table and broke. His hand shook a little; but the break was a perfect one.

In the middle of the game Fats missed an easy shot, leaving Sam a dead setup. Sam ran 53 and out. He won. It was as easy as that. He was $600 ahead again and feeling better.

Then something unlucky happened. Downstairs they must have closed up, because six men came up during the next game and sat around the table. Five of them Sam had never seen, but one of them was Henry Keller. Henry was drunk now, evidently, and he didn't seem to be paying much attention to what was going on; but Sam didn't like it. He didn't like Keller, and he didn't like having a man who knew who he was around him. It was too much like that other time. That time in Richmond when Bernie James had come after him with a bottle. That fight had cost him six years. He didn't like it. It was getting time to wind things up here, time to be cutting out. If he could win two more games quick, he would have enough to set him up hustling on the West Coast. And on the West Coast, there weren't any Henry Kellers who knew that Big Sam Willis was once the best straight-pool shot in the game.

After Sam had won the game by a close score, Fats looked at his fingernails and said, "George, you're a hustler. You shoot better straights than anybody in Chicago shoots. Except me."

This was the time, the time to make it quick and neat, the time to push as hard as he could. He caught his breath, held steady and said, "You've got it wrong, Fats. I'm better than you are. I'll play you for all of it. The whole twelve hundred."

It was very quiet in the room. Then Fats said, "George, I like that kind of talk." He started chalking his cue. "We play twelve hundred."

Barney racked the balls and Fats broke them. They both played safe, very safe, back and forth, keeping the cue ball on the rail, not leaving a shot for the other man. It was nerve-racking. Over and over.

Then Sam missed. Missed the edge of the rack, coming at it from an outside angle. His cue ball bounced off the rail and into the rack of balls, spreading them wide, leaving Fats at least five shots. Sam didn't sit down. He just stood and watched Fats come up and start his run. He ran the balls, broke on the 15th and ran another rack, 28 points. And he was just getting started. He had his rack break set up perfectly for the next shot.

Then, as Fats began chalking up, preparing to shoot, Henry Keller stood up from his seat and pointed his finger at Sam.

He was drunk; but he spoke clearly and loudly. "You're Big Sam Willis," he said. "You're the World's Champion." He sat back in his chair, heavily. "You got red hair, but you're Big Sam." He sat silent, half slumped in the big chair, for a moment, his eyes glassy and red at the corners. Then he closed his eyes and said, "There's nobody beats Big Sam, Fats. Nobody *never*."

The room was quiet for what seemed to be a very long while. Sam noticed how thick the tobacco smoke had become in the air; motionless, it was like a heavy brown mist, and over the table, it was like a cloud. The faces of the men in the chairs were impassive; all of them, except Henry, watching him.

Fats turned to him. For once, his eyes were not shifting from side to side. He looked Sam in the face and said, in a voice that was flat and almost a whisper, "You Big Sam Willis, George?"

"That's right, Fats."

"You must be pretty smart, Sam," Fats said, "to play a trick like that. To make a sucker out of me."

"Maybe." His chest and stomach felt very tight. It was like when Bernie James had caught him at the same game, except without the red hair. Bernie hadn't said anything, though; he had just picked up a bottle.

But, then, Bernie James was dead now. Sam wondered, momentarily, if Fats had ever heard about that.

Suddenly, Fats split the silence, laughing. The sound of his laughing filled the room, he threw his head back and laughed; and the men in the chairs looked at him, astonished, hearing the laughter. "Big Sam," he said, "you're a hustler. You put on a great act; and fool me good. A great act." He slapped Sam on the back. "I think the joke's on me."

It was hard to believe. But Fats could afford the money, and Sam knew that Fats knew who would be the best if it came to muscle. And there was no certainty whose side the other men were on.

Fats shot, ran a few more balls, and then missed.

When Sam stepped up to shoot, he said, "Go ahead, Big Sam, and shoot your best. You don't have to act now. I'm quitting you anyway after this one."

The funny thing was that Sam had been shooting his best for the past five or six games—or thought he had—but when he stepped up to the table this time, he was different. Maybe it was Fats or Keller, something made him feel as he hadn't felt for a long time. It was like being the old Big

"It's an obscene phone call."

Sam, back before he had quit playing the tournaments and exhibitions, the Big Sam who could run 125 when he was hot and the money was up. His stroke was smooth, steady, accurate, like a balanced precision instrument moving on well-oiled bearings. He shot easily, calmly, clicking the shots off in his mind and then pocketing them on the table, watching everything on the green, forgetting himself, forgetting even the money, just dropping the balls into the pockets, one after another.

He did it. He ran the game. 125 points, 125 shots without missing. When he finished, Fats took $1200 from his still-big roll and counted it out, slowly, to him. He said, "You're the best I've ever seen, Big Sam." Then he covered the table with the oilcloth cover.

After Sam had dropped Barney off, he had the cab take him by his hotel and let him off at a little all-night lunchroom. He ordered bacon and eggs, over light, and talked with the waitress while she fried them. The place seemed strange, gay almost; his nerves felt electric, and there was a pleasant fuzziness in his head, a dim, insistent ringing sound coming from far off. He tried to think for a moment; tried to think whether he should go to the airport now without even going back to the hotel, now that he had made out so well, had made out better, even, than he had planned to be able to do in a week. But there was the waitress and then the food; and when he put a quarter in the jukebox, he couldn't hear the ringing in his ears anymore. This was no time for plane trips; it was a time for talk and music, time for the sense of triumph, the sense of being alive and having money again, and then time for sleep. He was in a chromium and plastic booth in the lunchroom and he leaned back against the padded plastic back rest and felt an abrupt, deep, gratifying sense of fatigue, loosening his muscles and killing, finally, the tension that had ridden him like a fury for the past three days. There would be plane flights enough tomorrow. Now he needed rest. It was a long way to San Francisco.

The bed at his hotel was impeccably made; the pale-blue spread seemed drum tight, but soft and round at the edges and corners. He didn't even take off his shoes.

When he awoke, he awoke suddenly. The skin at the back of his neck was itching, sticky with sweat from where the collar of his shirt had been pressed, tight, against it. His mouth was dry and his feet felt swollen, stuffed, in his shoes. The room was as quiet as death. Outside the window, a car's tires groaned gently, rounding a corner, then were still.

He pulled the chain on the lamp by the bed and the light came on. Squinting, he stood up and realized that his legs were aching. The room seemed too big, too bright. He stumbled into the bathroom and threw handfuls of cold water on his face and neck. Then he dried off with a towel and looked in the mirror. Startled, he let go of the towel momentarily; the red hair had caught him off guard; and with the eyes now swollen, the lips pale, it was not his face at all. He finished drying quickly, ran his comb through his hair, straightened out his shirt and slacks hurriedly. The startling strangeness of his own face had crystallized the dim, half-conscious feeling that had awakened him, the feeling that something was wrong. The hotel room, himself, Chicago; they were all wrong. He should not be here, not now; he should be on the West Coast, in San Francisco.

He looked at his watch. Four o'clock. He had slept three hours. He did not feel tired, not now, although his bones ached and there was sand under his eyelids. He could sleep, if he had to, on the plane. But the important thing, now, was getting on the plane, clearing out, moving West. He had slept with his cue, in its case, on the bed. He took it and left the room.

The lobby, too, seemed too bright and too empty. But when he had paid his bill and gone out to the street, the relative darkness seemed worse. He began to walk down the street hastily, looking for a cab stand. His own footsteps echoed around him as he walked. There seemed to be no cabs anywhere on the street. He began walking faster. The back of his neck was sweating again. It was a very hot night; the air felt heavy against his skin. There were no cabs.

And then, when he heard the slow, dense hum of a heavy car moving down the street in his direction, heard it from several blocks away and turned his head to see it and to see that there was no cab light on it, he knew—abruptly and lucidly, as some men at some certain times know these things—what was happening.

He began to run; but he did not know where to run. He turned a corner while he was still two blocks ahead of the car and when he could feel its lights, palpably, on the back of his neck and tried to hide in a doorway, flattening himself out against the door. Then, when he saw the lights of the car as it began its turn around the corner, he realized that the doorway was too shallow, that the lights would pick him out. Something in him wanted to scream. He pushed himself from his place, stumbled down the street, visualizing in his mind a place, some sort of a place between buildings where he could hide completely and where the car could never follow him. But the buildings were all together, with no space at all between them; and when he saw that this was so, he also saw at the same instant that the car lights were flooding him. And then he heard the car stop. There was nothing more to do. He turned around and looked at the car, blinking.

Two men had got out of the back seat; there were two more in front. He could see none of their faces but was relieved that he could not, could not see the one face that would be bloated like an Eskimo's and with eyes like slits.

The men were holding the door open for him.

"Well," he said. "Hello, boys," and climbed into the back seat. His little leather case was still in his right hand. He gripped it tightly. It was all he had.

"I've been ready for over an hour—you might at least try to be on time for our first date."

COSBY

(continued from page 237)

of all *this* feels. I know the TV series has changed things for me, but up until it hit, I'd been very successful.

I consider myself a master of stand-up comedy, and I still really enjoy performing. I think even my commercials have been excellent, because I've done them only for products I believe in. But more than anything, I know how happy I am at home. My wife, Camille, and I are enjoying each other more and more, mostly because in the past eight or nine years, I've given up all of myself to her. I'm no longer holding anything back.

PLAYBOY: What part of you were you holding back?

COSBY: The part of me that was devoting more thought to my work than to my wife. That's a very selfish thing to do, and I think there are people who'll tell you quite openly that if they had to choose between their mate and their work, they'd choose their work. Well, eight or nine years ago, I realized that that was just silly, so I began releasing myself from my work—I'm not just talking about time now—and coming more and more together with my wife. And what happened was that I found myself falling deeper in love with her.

So it's just pure and good with us. The children—some have their problems, but we're able to work with them and talk with them, and they try. Can't ask for more. So you're looking at someone who was a very, very happy man before this series hit.

PLAYBOY: Despite all this success since we last spoke, there must have been moments that weren't as upbeat as all that. Wasn't there a time when Bill Cosby was in danger of going out of style?

COSBY: Oh, there was a point where the career—the performance, or comedy, career—began to have trouble. In the early Seventies, when the younger culture went into a kind of LSD period, a lot of legitimate showbiz people—Bill Cosby, Harry Belafonte, Andy Williams, even Johnny Mathis—began to feel like tumbleweed rolling through the back of the theaters. The economy was in a dip, our fans were becoming parents, the time seemed wrong. It was tough for a lot of us. I went to Las Vegas, worked Vegas. I worked conventions, one-nighters. . . .

PLAYBOY: But you were still a young man then, in your mid-30s.

COSBY: Yeah, but I was *talking* old. I was talking to audiences about my marriage, my kids—I was out of Fat Albert by then. I really didn't want to do "I'm a child" anymore; I was more interested in the behavior of a parent toward a child.

PLAYBOY: And the times finally caught up with you. It's being said that *The Cosby Show* may turn out to be the kind of comedic landmark that *All in the Family* was, so let's spend some time on it. Few industry insiders expected it to survive its first season, let alone become the most popular series on television. Have you been surprised by the show's success?

COSBY: Yes, it's gone way past what I expected. I decided I wanted to do a TV show that all my children could watch without my wife and I worrying about how it would affect them. I'd heard a lot of people say, "I don't want to let my children watch television," and I was feeling the same way. The situation comedies all seemed to get their laughs by using euphemisms for sexual parts of the body—lots of jokes about boobs and butts. The language was getting tougher, the women were stripping down faster, and if you had a five-year-old daughter, she was watching men shooting bullets and drawing blood.

PLAYBOY: Who decided that Cliff Huxtable would be an obstetrician?

COSBY: I did. I wanted to be able to talk to women who were about to give birth and make them feel comfortable. I also wanted to talk to their husbands and put a few messages out every now and then.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

COSBY: That fathering a child isn't about being a *macho* man, and if you think it is, you're making a terrible mistake. It's about becoming a parent.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've succeeded in putting out those messages?

COSBY: Oh, sure. In one episode last season, a new husband comes into Cliff's office and says, "I'm the man, the head of the household. Women should be kept barefoot and pregnant." Cliff tells the guy that being a parent has nothing to do with that kind of concept of manhood. And he really straightens him out by telling him that neither he nor his wife will be in charge of the house—their children will.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any pressure about maintaining your top ranking?

COSBY: The pressure in television is to stay in the top 20. You fight to stay alive each week, and you do a lot of hoping. And meanwhile, you've got a show to put together and then perform, and en route to doing that, you watch the numbers. It's almost as if each week, you're a person looking back to see how you lived. You know, right now, it may look like I'm the boss, but the ratings dictate who's the boss, and when the numbers drop, you get a visit from the network SS men.

PLAYBOY: Who are those horrible people and what tortures do they inflict?

COSBY: Well, they're executives who seem to get younger and younger every year, and they say things like, "We think you ought to try to do it *our* way," which is not what you want to do. I've been there before. If and when the rating erosion occurs, you weigh what they say, and if it's worth anything, you try to comply. This is a very cold business, and if you don't look at it that way, you can get hurt.

PLAYBOY: People often compare your comedy work with Richard Pryor's and Eddie Murphy's. What's most obvious is the difference between their use of profanity and your avoidance of it. Has that been a calculated decision on your part?

COSBY: No, it's just that I've never been comfortable with profanity. During the early Seventies, there was a time when I used profanity on stage for about six months. I was trying to get the audience to understand the language between a father and a son, and it involved a lot of cursing. I did a bit that showed my father cursing me and I found that the audience . . . just was *not ready* for me to curse on stage. So I cut it out, and I had to find another way of doing that piece without using curse words.

Now, I happen to think that Richard's way of using four-letter words and 12-letter curse words has nothing to do with Eddie Murphy's way of using 77-letter curse words.

PLAYBOY: You seem ambivalent in your feelings toward Eddie Murphy. What do you think of the choices he's made?

COSBY: Listen, Eddie Murphy is a young man who is extremely, extremely intelligent. In terms of performing and self-editing, Eddie Murphy has made a choice. He knows what's right, he knows what's wrong, he knows what will upset people and what will not upset people. He has decided he'll say what he wants to say, and if it upsets some people, fine—but he's going to say it, anyway. The question, perhaps, then comes down to this: Is Eddie Murphy, with his street language, harmful?

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when Murphy impersonated you on *Saturday Night Live* as a kind of pompous, cigar-waving Bob Hope figure?

COSBY: I didn't mind it. I think there are always these positions younger people take, coming into a field, looking at older people and thinking, Hey, you're not that good; I can be better. That's how you get pupils to surpass their teachers.

PLAYBOY: So, overall, you like Murphy's brand of humor.

COSBY: I like his movies—his *movies*. They make me laugh.

PLAYBOY: You've become almost a national father figure—which means that the media will continue to ask you a lot of daddy questions. Do you have any parting advice on that topic?

COSBY: I'm doing a book on being a father. It'll be out around Father's Day.

PLAYBOY: You've already discussed the subject with us, and the book wouldn't preclude some remarks from you on the subject, would it?

COSBY: It might. The publishers have paid me an awful lot of money. And since this is only one brain I've got. . . .

PLAYBOY: Come on, Bill. This is the *Playboy Interview*—some of our readers are fathers, and even more are moving into that time of life.

COSBY: Yeah, I think that the subjects we've talked about are interesting—especially for *Playboy*—because what you have here is a guy saying that he's given all of himself to his wife and children. I think that may turn some lights on.

—December 1985, interviewed by Lawrence Linderman

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AVOIDISM

(continued from page 110)

across his narrow chest, that fascinated me. Here, at last, I felt, was a happy man. At the time, I didn't know it, but Clayton Slope was a man who *lived* Avoidism. In addition to the physical advantages mentioned above, he had developed the limp, repulsive handshake to a point of perfection seldom reached by any of us today. He had a clever trick of saying any conceivable sentence so that it sounded like "I had one grunch but the eggplant over there."

He was the most avoidable man I ever saw.

This is his story.

Clayton Slope was destined to become an Avoidist. (He was an 11 months' baby.) As he grew older, Clayton became a shy, timid introvert. He was frightened of everything, and everybody always picked on him. He grew up with his back to the wall. (See Figure IV.)

Clayton's early life was filled with confusion. For one thing, people used to make fun of him because of his feet. He thought this was unnecessary and uncalled for, because, as you can see, his feet were perfectly normal. He had ten toes, like anyone else. (See Figure V.)

In consequence of this, at a very early age, Clayton began to reject his environment. And vice versa. He began to formulate, unconsciously, the principles of Avoidism.

Clayton began to avoid making good grades in school. This was easy. He simply avoided going to school at all. His family tried to interest him in studies, and one time they hired a tutor, and Clayton started to learn how to write. However, it took the tutor eight months to teach him how to make a period, and he finally gave up in disgust.

By the time he was 18 years old, Clayton had developed a primitive Avoidist Position (still used by some of the older members) that he assumed during all of his waking hours (Figure VI).

This position worked fine and kept Clayton from having to talk to a lot of people, but it worried his parents, and they took him to a doctor, who found that there was a physical reason for this position of Clayton's. The doctor found that Clayton had a very weak spine and a heavy beard.

Today Clayton Slope is a complete Avoidist. He is still sitting on the back porch in his rocker, not watching the world go by, a man with no worries, no cares, no problems, no troubles, no nothin'. A Happy Man.

And the sooner more of us get in that position, the sooner we'll have a little peace and quiet.

HEARST

(continued from page 237)

for 57 days, with the radio turned up loud to keep you from overhearing them and a foul-smelling mattress on the floor. Other than staying alive, did anything seem very important to you?

HEARST: It seemed important to try and understand what they were talking about. They thought I was so stupid and bourgeois and horrible that, if I could understand what they were saying and spit it back at them, it would make it easier to get along with them. So that was important.

PLAYBOY: Was that when they were calling you Marie Antoinette?

HEARST: That's how they felt about me: that I was just so oblivious to everything; that by my lifestyle I was saying, "Let them eat cake." My lifestyle! I was just some dumb kid going to college!

PLAYBOY: So you didn't see your kidnaping as a political act?

HEARST: I don't think it's a very political act to kidnap somebody's daughter instead of her father, whom they could just as easily have kidnaped at that point. But [*sarcastically*] they were afraid to go kidnap the great big man, so they went after a little bitty girl.

PLAYBOY: At the beginning, did you see them as crazies or as revolutionaries?

HEARST: At first, I thought they were just absolutely insane, and that in itself was frightening. Later, I stopped viewing them as being insane and decided they had some kind of purpose. But their purpose was really very confused. You just have no idea how *creepy* they were!

PLAYBOY: During the first days, did you think you'd probably be rescued?

HEARST: For a long time, I really thought I *would* be rescued—you know, a tunnel up through the floor or some *Mission: Impossible* type of rescue. But at the point where Cinque [Donald DeFreeze] came to the closet and gave me my ultimatum—"Fight or die"—I started thinking I wouldn't be rescued for quite some time.

PLAYBOY: Were you pretending when you said you wanted to join the S.L.A. or did you really want to join?

HEARST: It was a conscious act. I didn't have to pretend desperately to want them to say, "Yeah, you can join." The appropriate S.L.A. line on my conversion was that my parents had been horrible and they were so decadent and I was being rescued from this terrible bourgeois life that I was leading and aren't I the lucky one to have been chosen by them? That was the approved story: my terrible mother and fascist father . . . and if you believe this, maybe we can interest you in some swampland in Florida. But people *did* believe it!

PLAYBOY: Do you feel it took guts to join the S.L.A.?

HEARST: No. It would have been crazy *not* to have joined, because they would have just killed me. It would take much more guts to say, "Never, I'd rather die." I'm sorry, I'm a

coward. I didn't want to die.

PLAYBOY: When you became Tania, you must know that it captured the imagination of a lot of people.

HEARST: Maybe *you* liked it.

PLAYBOY: Well, she was a symbol of defiance, antagonism, liveliness, antiestablishment at a time when *many* people were feeling that way.

HEARST: It amazes me to sit here and hear you say that it was a lively image. It was a terribly *violent* image. It was the result of a violent kidnaping. For you to say it's a lively, antiestablishment image . . . Tania never really existed except as a fantasy for most people. She existed as a propaganda tool for the S.L.A. She was created by them and she lived as long as they could keep her living.

PLAYBOY: So you see her in the third person?

HEARST: Yeah, I do. I look at her and think, Gosh, how maddening that they could get me to do that! And it upsets me; or I'll just laugh, depending on my mood. But it's a *terrible* thing to think that people can do that to you.

PLAYBOY: If it ever did happen again—if a van stopped in front of you and someone with a gun said get in—would you react differently, having gone through what you've gone through?

HEARST: I wouldn't get in the van. Forget it. I'd rather be dead. At this point, I've got to assume I would not live through another experience like I went through. [*Angrily, referring to the earlier exchange*] You have a really odd idea about the S.L.A.! Like other people, you have this romantic notion of what they are like, that it was all one great adventure! You lived it vicariously and it's just too exciting for you and you can hardly control yourself, and it's so disturbing to find out that I don't even think Tania lived except in people's imaginations like yours—and she *still* lives in yours!

PLAYBOY: You're getting mad—is that a hint of the angry Tania the rest of us saw, and you say never existed?

HEARST: There's *no* part of Tania that you saw except what the S.L.A. invented. *That's* what you saw. It was a total invention. And while you saw a photograph of this person with the machine gun, the rest of the time what you didn't see was me sort of being weepy and meek and not strong or angry at all. Listen to the tapes again; I don't think they're that tough and angry. I'm reading a script. Shoot, I can do that. They were rehearsed!

PLAYBOY: *Were* you brainwashed?

HEARST: Yeah, if that's what you call the process that happened. Coercively persuaded, brainwashed . . . yeah, I was! By brainwashed, I mean I was incapable of making rational decisions on my own. I was not in control of myself, in spite of the fact that you probably could have come in and seen me and talked to me and said, "Wow, she seems OK, just got some crazy ideas." But I didn't start *out* with crazy ideas.

PLAYBOY: Did you start out by thinking you were fooling them into thinking you believed as they did?

HEARST: Sure. I thought for a long time that I was fooling them and leading them on, but somewhere along the line I got lost. I got confused and lost and caught up with what they were doing. I lost complete touch with reality. My reality became their reality.

PLAYBOY: But you *knew* you were robbing a bank. You *knew* you were firing an automatic weapon. You *knew* you were making a tape. It wasn't like you were in a fog.

HEARST: Oh, no, it wasn't like I was in a fog and didn't know what was happening. At the same time, mentally and emotionally, I was not fully in control of myself.

PLAYBOY: But you felt that you must stay alive above all else, even if it meant killing other people——

HEARST: Not in my mind! Not in my mind! If they said, "Shoot this person," I don't believe I could have done that. It never came up.

PLAYBOY: It came close, though.

HEARST: When did it come close?

PLAYBOY: At Mel's [a diner].

HEARST: It didn't come close at Mel's.

PLAYBOY: You shot above people and below them.

HEARST: That's right.

PLAYBOY: That's close, Patty.

HEARST: There was never a thought of kill or be killed, though. Never!

PLAYBOY: The astonishment in a lot of people's minds is that you never once made an attempt to escape during that missing year. You never even *thought* about it. Didn't you ever wonder about your parents, your sisters and your friends? Didn't you even consider calling to say you were still alive?

HEARST: When I did have a thought like that, I would just put it out of my mind. That was a bad thought to have. And I actively kept myself from thinking bad thoughts. I shouldn't even be considering it. As far as escaping goes, in my mind, it would have been like saying, "Now I'll commit suicide." Because I really thought I was going to be killed any second by the police. *There was no escape!*

PLAYBOY: Why did so many people get angry at you?

HEARST: I think I was very much a distraction from what was going on in Washington. At the time, there was Watergate and we were losing a President quickly. That's another reason why people got so emotional and angry about me. They felt betrayed by the Government, by the President—and here *I* was, sticking my tongue out at them. It was just too much. I was a target for a lot of people who were still mad at their kids who were hippies in the Sixties. I came to symbolize a youth rebellion that I wasn't even a part of! [*Laughs*]

—March 1982, interviewed by Lawrence Grobel

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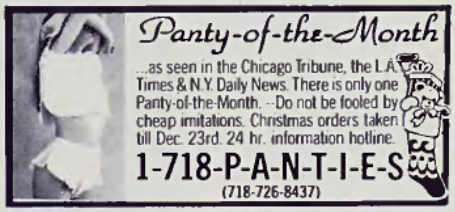

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FAST TIMES

(continued from page 241)

"Every school morning, Spicoli awoke before dawn, smoked three bowls of marijuana and surfed."

bell. If you did not have the ability to obey the three-bell system, Mr. Hand would say, then it was *aloha* time for you. You simply would not function in life.

"And functioning in life," Mr. Hand said grandly on that first morning, "is the hidden postulate of education."

At the age of 58, Mr. Hand had no intention of leaving Ridgemont. Why, in the past ten years, he had just begun to hit his stride. He had found one man, *that one man* who embodied all the proper authority and power to exist "in the jungle." It didn't bother him that his role model happened to be none other than Steve McGarrett, the humorless chief detective of *Hawaii Five-O*.

First-year U.S. history students, sensing something slightly odd about the man, would inch up to Mr. Hand a few days into the semester. "Mr. Hand," they would ask timidly, "how come you act like that guy on *Hawaii Five-O*?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

It was, of course, much too obvious for his considerable pride to admit. But Mr. Hand pursued his students as tirelessly as McGarrett pursued his weekly criminals, with cast-iron emotions and a paucity of words. Substitute truancy for drug traffic, missed tests for robbery, U.S. history for Hawaii, and you had a class with Mr. Hand. Little by little, his protean personality had been taken over by McGarrett. He became possessed by *Five-O*. He even got out of his Oldsmobile sedan in the mornings at full stand, whipping his head both ways, like McGarrett.

"History," Mr. Hand had barked on that first morning, "U.S. or otherwise, has proved one thing to us. Man does not do anything that is not for his own good. It is for your own good that you attend my class. And if you can't make it . . . I can make *you*."

An impatient knock began at the front door of the bungalow, but Mr. Hand ignored it.

"There will be tests in this class," he said immediately. "We have a twenty-question quiz every Friday. It will cover all the material we've dealt with during the week. There will be no make-up exams. You can see it's important that you have your *Land of Truth and Liberty* textbook by Wednesday at the *latest*."

The knock continued.

"Your grade in this class is the average of all your quizzes, plus the mid-term and the final, which counts for one third."

The door knocker now sounded a lazy calypso beat. No one dared mention it.

"Also. There will be no *eating* in this class. I want you to get used to doing *your* business on *your* time. That's one demand I make. You do your business on your time, and I do my business on my time. I don't like staying after class with you on detention. That's *my* time. Just like you wouldn't want me to come to your house some evening and discuss U.S. history with you on *your* time. *Pakalo?*"

Mr. Hand finally turned, as if he had just noticed the sound at the door, and began to approach the green metal barrier between him and his mystery truant. He opened the door only an inch.

"Yes?"

"Yeah," said the student, a surfer. "I'm registered for this class."

"*Really?*" Mr. Hand appeared enthralled.

"Yeah," said the student, holding his all-important red add card up to the crack in the door. "This is U.S. history, right? I saw the globe in the window."

Jeff Spicoli, a Ridgemont legend since third grade, lounged against the doorframe. His long dirty-blond hair was parted exactly in the middle. He spoke thickly, like molasses pouring from a jar. Most every school morning, Spicoli awoke before dawn, smoked three bowls of marijuana from a small steel bong, put on his wet suit and surfed before school. He was never at school on Fridays, and on Mondays only when he could handle it. He leaned a little into the room, red eyes glistening. His long hair was still wet, dampening the back of his white peasant shirt.

"May I come in?"

"Oh, *please*," replied Mr. Hand. "I get so *lonely* when that third attendance bell rings and I don't see all my *kids* here."

The surfer laughed—he was the only one—and handed over his red add card. "Sorry I'm late. This new schedule is totally confusing."

Mr. Hand read the card aloud with utter fascination in his voice. "Mr. *Spicoli?*"

"Yes, sir. That's the name they gave me."

Mr. Hand slowly tore the red add card into little pieces, effectively destroying the very existence of Jeffrey Spicoli, 15, in the Redondo school system. Mr. Hand sprinkled the little pieces over his wastebasket.

It took a moment for the words to work their way out of Spicoli's mouth.

"You *dick*."

Mr. Hand cocked his head. He appeared poised on the edge of incredible violence. There was a sudden silence while the class wondered exactly what he might do to the surfer. Deck him? Throw him out of Ridgemont? Shoot him at sunrise?

But Mr. Hand simply turned away from Spicoli as if the kid had just ceased to exist. Small potatoes. Mr. Hand simply continued with his first-day lecture.

"I've taken the trouble," he said, "to print up a complete schedule of class quizzes and the chapters they cover. Please pass them to all the desks behind you."

Spicoli remained at the front of the class, his face flushed, still trying to sort out what had happened. Mr. Hand coolly counted out stacks of his purple mimeographed assignment sheets. After a time, Spicoli fished a few bits of his red add card out of the wastebasket and huffed out of the room.

"So," said Mr. Hand just before the last bell, "let's recap. First test on Friday. Be there. *Aloha*."

A BITCHIN' DREAM

Jeff Spicoli had been having a dream. A totally bitchin' dream.

He had been standing in a deep, dark void. Then he detected a sliver of light in the distance. A cold hand pushed him toward the light. He was being led to something *important*. That much he knew.

As Spicoli drew closer, the curtains suddenly opened and a floodlit vision was revealed to him. It was a wildly cheering studio audience—for him!—and there, applauding from his *Tonight Show* desk, was *Johnny Carson*.

Because it was the right thing to do, and because it was a dream, anyway, Spicoli gave the band a signal and launched into a cocktail rendition of AC/DC's *Highway to Hell*. When it was over, he took a seat next to Carson.

"How are ya?" said Johnny, lightly touching Spicoli's arm.

"Bitchin', Johnny. Nice to be here. I feel great."

"I was going to say," said Carson, "your eyes look a little *red*."

"I've been *swimming*, Johnny."

The audience laughed. It was a famous Spicoli line.

"Swimming? In the winter?"

"Yes," said Spicoli, "and may a swimming beaver make love to your masticating *sister*."

That broke Johnny up. Spicoli recrossed his legs and smiled serenely. "Seriously, Johnny, business is good. I was thinking about picking up some hash this weekend, maybe go up to the mountains."

"I want to talk a little bit about school," said Carson.

"*School*." Spicoli sighed. "School is no problem. All you have to do is go, to get the grades. And if you know anything, all you have to do is go *half the time*."

"How often do *you* go?"

"I don't go at all," said Spicoli.

The audience howled again. He is Carson's favorite guest.

"I hear you brought a film clip with you," said Carson. "Do you want to set it up for us?"

"Well, it pretty much speaks for itself," said Spicoli. "Freddie, you want to run with it?"

The film clip begins. It is a mammoth

wave cresting against the blue sky.

"Johnny," continued Spicoli, "this is the action down at Sunset Cliffs at about six in the morning."

"Amazing."

A tiny figure appears in the foot of the wave.

"That's me," said Spicoli.

The audience gasped.

"You're not going to *ride* that wave, are you, Jeff?"

"You got it," said Spicoli.

He catches the perfect wave and it hurtles him through a turquoise tube of water.

"What's going through your mind right here, Jeff? The danger of it all?"

"Johnny," said Spicoli, "I'm thinking here that I only have about four good hours of surfing left before all those little clowns from Paul Revere Junior High start showing up with their *boogie boards*."

The audience howled once again, and then Spicoli's brother—that little fucker—woke him up.

BLOW-JOB LESSONS

A new girl from Phoenix, Arizona, had transferred into Stacy's child-development class. She looked a little scared standing at the front of the class. When Mrs. Melon placed her at Stacy's table, Stacy decided to make friends with her.

Her name was Laurie Beckman. She was a doctor's daughter. She wanted to raise horses. She was a friendly girl, if a little shy, and she wore braces.

Stacy had introduced her to Linda Barrett and the three had taken to eating lunch together. It wasn't long before Laurie realized what a gold mine of sexual expertise was sitting before her every lunch period. Within two weeks, she was already into the hard stuff.

"Did you see that movie *Carrie*?" asked Laurie. "Do you know when John Travolta gets that girl to give him a blow job?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Do *you* do that?"

Stacy looked at Linda.

"Of course," said Linda. "Don't you know how?"

"No. Not really." Pause. "They don't talk about it in sex ed."

"It's no big deal," said Linda. "Bring a banana to lunch tomorrow and I'll show you."

•

The next day, Laurie brought a banana to school. The three girls sat down together on the very outskirts of lunch court. Linda peeled the banana and handed it back to Laurie.

"Now, what you've got to do," she instructed, "is treat it firmly but carefully. Move up and down and hold it at the bottom."

"When am I supposed to do this?"

"Do it now."

"Give it a try," said Stacy, in fine deputy form.

Laurie looked casually to the right, then to the left. Then she mouthed the banana.

"Is that right?" she asked.

Her braces had created wide divots down the sides of the banana.

"You should try to be a *little* more careful," said Linda. She watched as Laurie tried again, with similar results.

"I have a question," said Laurie. "What happens?"

"What do you mean?"

"What happens . . . I mean, I've never asked anyone about this—right?—and . . . and don't laugh at me, OK . . . ?"

"Just *say* it, Laurie."

"OK, like when a guy has an orgasm. . . ." Laurie sighed heavily. "You know . . . I've always wondered . . . *how much comes out?*"

Linda leaned forward and stared Laurie in both eyes. "Quarts."

"*Quarts?*" Laurie's eyes popped.

Stacy slugged Linda. "Don't do that to her."

"OK . . . not that much," said Linda. "You shouldn't worry about it. Really."

Laurie looked relieved as she stared down at the peeled banana still in her hand.

A LATE-NIGHT PHONE CONVERSATION

"There's one thing you didn't tell me about guys," said Stacy. "You didn't tell me that they can be so nice, so great . . . but then you sleep with them and they start acting like they're about *five years old*."

"You're right," said Linda. "I didn't tell you about that."

ALOHA, MR. HAND

It was nearly the end of the line. The awards were about to be announced, mimeographed caps-and-gowns information had gone out to the seniors along with Grad Nite tickets. The annuals were almost ready. Spicoli was counting the hours.

Since Spicoli was a sophomore, an underclassman, there weren't many graduation functions he could attend. Tonight was one of the few, and he wasn't about to miss it. It was the Ditch Day party, the evening blowout of the day that underclassmen secretly selected toward the end of the year to ditch en masse. Spicoli hadn't been at school all day, and now he was just about ready to leave the house for the party out in Del Mar. He hadn't eaten all day. He wanted the full effect of the hallucinogenic mushrooms he'd procured just for the poor man's Grad Nite—Ditch Night.

Spicoli had taken just a little bit of one mushroom, just to check the potency. He could feel it coming on now as he sat in his room surrounded by his harem of naked women and surf posters. It was just a slight buzz, like a few hits off the bong. Spicoli knew they were good mushrooms. But if he didn't leave soon, he might be too high to drive before he reached the party. One had to *craft* his buzz, Spicoli was fond of saying.

Downstairs, the doorbell rang. There

was an unusual commotion in the living room.

"Who is it, Mom?"

"You've got company, Jeffrey! He's coming up the stairs right now. I can't stop him!"

There was a brief knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and Spicoli stood in stoned shock. There before him was The Man.

"Mr. . . . Mr. Hand."

"That's right, Jeff. Mind if I come in? Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Spicoli," Mr. Hand called back down the stairs. He took off his suit jacket and laid it on the chair. "Were you going somewhere tonight, Jeff?"

"Ditch Night! I've gotta go to Ditch Night!"

"I'm afraid we've got some things to discuss, Jeff."

There were some things you just didn't see very often, Spicoli was thinking. You didn't see black surfers, for example. And you didn't see Baja Riders for less than $20 a pair. And you *sure* didn't see Mr. Fucking Hand sitting in your *room*.

"Did I do something, Mr. Hand?"

Mr. Hand opened his briefcase and began taking out lecture notes. He laid them out for himself on Spicoli's desk. "Are you going to be sitting there?"

"I don't know. I guess so."

"Fine. You sit right there on your bed. I'll use the chair here." Mr. Hand stopped to stare down last month's Playmate. "Tonight is a special night, Jeff. As I explained to your parents just a moment ago, and to you many times since the very beginning of the year, I don't like to spend my time waiting for students in detention. I'd rather be preparing the lesson.

"According to my calculations, Mr. Spicoli, you wasted a total of eight hours of my time this year. And rest assured that is a kind estimate.

"But now, Spicoli, comes a rare moment for me. Now I have the unique pleasure of squaring our accounts. Tonight, you and I are going to talk in great detail about the David Amendment. . . . Now, if you can turn to chapter forty-seven of *Land of Truth and Liberty*. . . ."

"Would you like an iced tea, Mr. Hand?" Mrs. Spicoli called through the door.

Jeff was still orienting himself to what was happening. Was he too high? Was this real? He was not going to Ditch Night. That was it. He was going to stay in his room tonight with Mr. Hand . . . to talk about the David Amendment.

"I'd love some iced tea," said Mr. Hand. "Whenever you get the time. . . ."

Now, Mr. Hand had said they'd be there all night, but at 7:45 he wound up with the battle of Saratoga and started packing up.

"Is that it?"

"I think I've made my point with you, Jeff."

"You mean I can go to Ditch Night after all?"

"I don't care what you do with your time, Mr. Spicoli."

Spicoli jumped up and reached to shake Mr. Hand's hand.

"Hey, Mr. Hand," said Spicoli, "can I ask you a question?"

"What's that?"

"Do you have a guy like me every year? A guy to . . . I don't know, make a show of. Teach the other kids lessons and stuff?"

Mr. Hand finished packing and looked at the surfer who'd hounded him all year long. "Well," he said, "why don't you come back next year and find out?"

"No way," said Spicoli. "I'm not going to be like those guys who come back and hang around your classroom. I'm not even coming over to your side of the building. When I pass, I'm *outa* there."

"*If* you pass."

Spicoli was taken aback. *Not pass?* No thumbing up the Coast, meeting ladies and going to Hawaii for the dyno lobster season? Summer school? "Not passing?" he said.

Mr. Hand broke into the nearest thing to a grin, for him. It wasn't much, of course, but it was noticeable to Jeff. His lips crinkled at the ends. That was plenty for Mr. Hand.

"Don't worry, Spicoli," said Mr. Hand. "You'll probably squeak by."

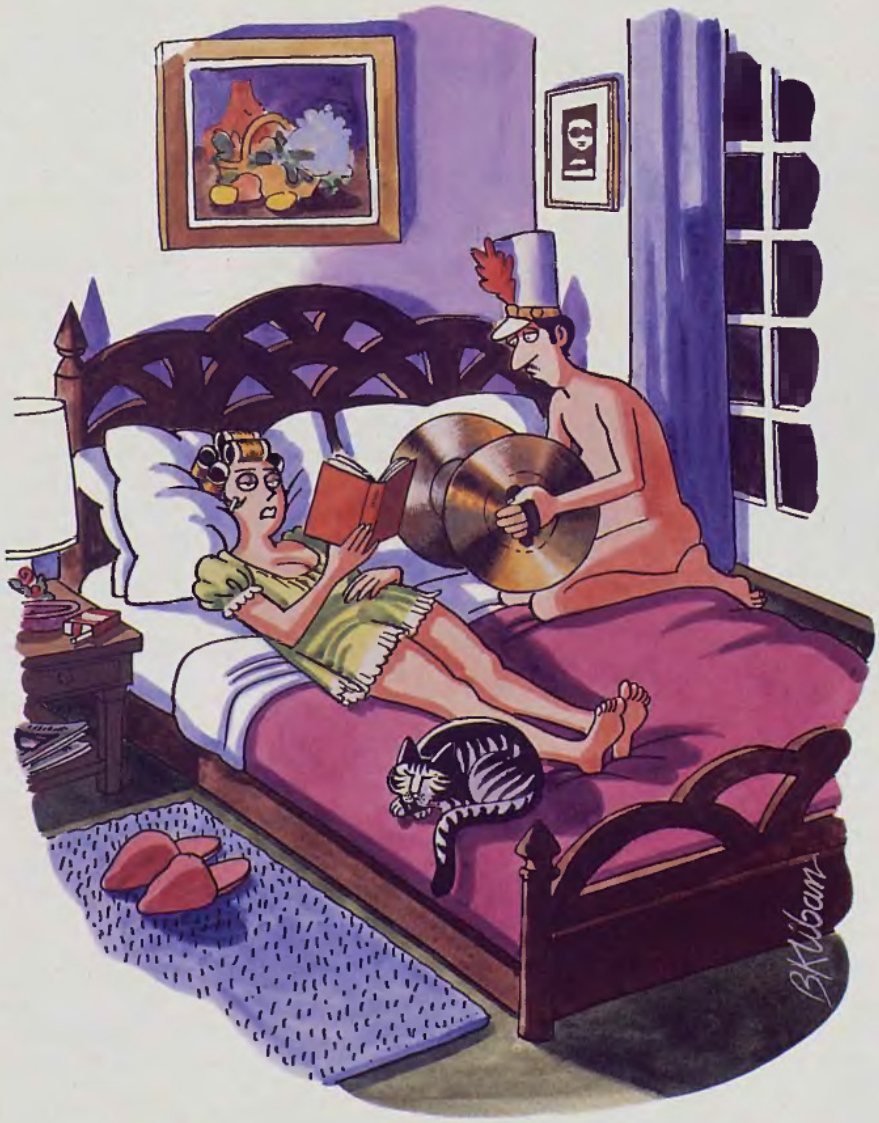
"All right!"

"*Aloha*, Spicoli."

"*Aloha*, Mr. Hand."

Mr. Hand descended the stairway of the Spicoli home, went out the door and on to his car, which he had parked just around the corner—*always use the element of surprise*. Mr. Hand knew one day next year he would look to that green metal door and it would be Spicoli standing there. He'd act like he had a million other things to do, and then he'd probably stay all day. All his boys came back sooner or later.

Mr. Hand drove back to his small apartment in Richards Bay to turn on his television and catch the evening's *Five-O* rerun.



"Not tonight, dear. . . I have a headache."

THE FLY

(continued from page 95)

"Right. Will you show me what to do? It won't be very nice to watch, you know."

"No, no, Monsieur le Commissaire. I'll be all right."

"All set?" asked the Commissaire of the others. "All right then, Monsieur Delambre. Whenever you like."

Watching my brother's back, I slowly but firmly pushed the upstroke button.

The unusual silence of the factory was broken by the sigh of compressed air rushing into the cylinders, a sigh that always makes me think of a giant taking a deep breath before solemnly socking another giant, and the steel mass of the hammer shuddered and then rose swiftly. I also heard the sucking sound as it left the metal base and thought I was going to panic when I saw Andre's body heave forward as a sickly gush of blood poured all over the ghastly mess bared by the hammer.

"No danger of it coming down again, Monsieur Delambre?"

"No, none whatever," I mumbled as I threw the safety switch and, turning around, I was violently sick in front of a young green-faced policeman.

•

After only a very few days in prison, Helene had been transferred to a nearby asylum, one of the three in France where insane criminals are taken care of. My nephew Henri, a boy of six, the very image of his father, was entrusted to me, and eventually, all legal arrangements were made for me to become his guardian.

We were never able to obtain any information from my sister-in-law, who seemed to have become utterly indifferent. She rarely answered my questions and hardly ever those of the Commissaire. She spent a lot of her time sewing, but her favorite pastime seemed to be catching flies, which she invariably released unharmed after having examined them carefully.

Helene had only one fit of raving—more like a nervous breakdown than a fit said the doctor who had administered morphia to quieten her—the day she saw a nurse swatting flies.

The day after Helene's one and only fit, Commissaire Charas came to see me.

"I have a strange feeling that there lies the key to the whole business, Monsieur Delambre," he said. "Do you know if your brother ever experimented with flies?"

"I really don't know, but I shouldn't think so. Have you asked the Air Ministry people? They knew all about the work."

"Yes, and they laughed at me."

"I can understand that."

"You are very fortunate to understand anything, Monsieur Delambre. I do not . . . but I hope to some day."

•

"Tell me, Uncle, do flies live a long time?"

We were just finishing our lunch and, following an established tradition between us, I was just pouring some wine into Henri's glass for him to dip a biscuit in.

Had Henri not been staring at his glass gradually being filled to the brim, something in my look might have frightened him.

"I don't know, Henri. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have again seen the fly that *Maman* was looking for."

"I did not know that your mother was looking for a fly."

"Yes, she was. It has grown quite a lot, but I recognized it all right."

"Where did you see this fly, Henri, and . . . how did you recognize it?"

"This morning on your desk, Uncle François. Its head is white instead of black, and it has a funny sort of leg."

Feeling more and more like Commissaire Charas but trying to look unconcerned, I went on:

"And when did you see this fly for the first time?"

"The day that Papa went away. I had caught it, but *Maman* made me let it go. And then, she wanted me to find it again. She'd changed her mind." And shrugging his shoulders just as my brother used to, he added, "You know what women are."

"I think that fly must have died long ago, and you must be mistaken, Henri," I said, getting up and walking to the door.

But as soon as I was out of the dining room, I ran up the stairs to my study. There was no fly anywhere to be seen.

•

Having finally decided not to tell Charas about my nephew's innocent revelations, I thought I myself would try to question Helene.

She seemed to have been expecting my visit for she came into the parlor almost as soon as I had made myself known to the matron and been allowed inside.

"François, I want to ask you something," said Helene after a while.

"Anything I can do for you, Helene?"

"No, just something I want to know. Do flies live very long?"

Watching her carefully, I replied:

"I don't really know, Helene; but the fly you were looking for was in my study this morning."

"François . . . did you kill it?" she whispered, her eyes searching every inch of my face.

"No."

"You have it then. . . . You have it on you! Give it to me!" she almost shouted, touching me with both her hands, and I knew that had she felt strong enough, she would have tried to search me.

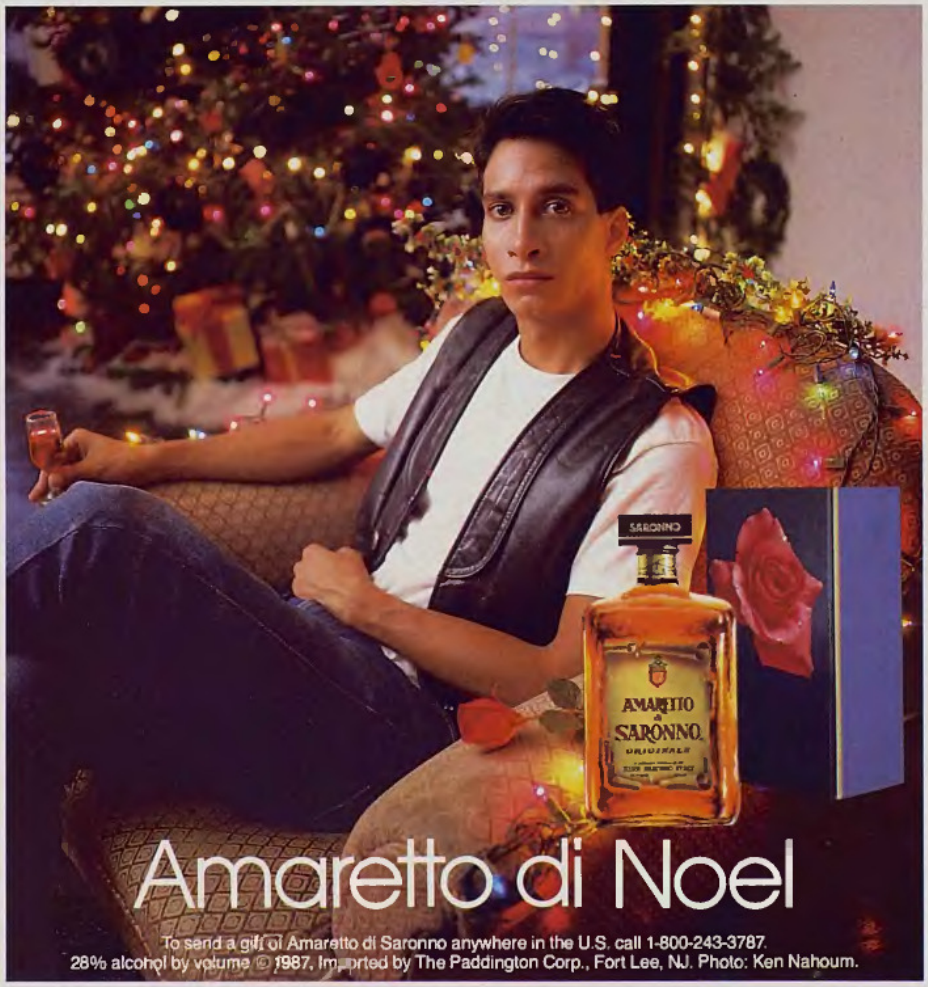
"No, Helene, I haven't got it."

"But you know now. . . . You have guessed, haven't you?"

"No, Helene. I only know one thing, and that is that you are not insane. But I must and will know how and why my brother died, Helene."

"All right."

Leaving me at the door of the parlor,



Helene ran upstairs to her room. In less than a minute, she was back with a large brown envelope.

"Listen, François; you are not nearly as bright as was your poor brother, but you are not unintelligent. All I ask is that you read this alone. After that, you may do as you wish."

•

It was only on reaching home, as I walked from the garage to the house, that I read the inscription on the envelope:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
(Probably Commissaire Charas)

Slitting open Helene's fat envelope, I extracted a thick wad of closely written pages. I read the following lines neatly centered in the middle of the top page:

This is not a confession, because, although I killed my husband, I am not a murderess. I simply and very faithfully carried out his last wish by crushing his head and right arm under the steam hammer of his brother's factory.

I turned the page and started reading.

•

For very nearly a year before his death (*the manuscript began*), my husband had told me of some of his experiments. He knew full well that his colleagues of the Air Ministry would have forbidden some of them as too dangerous, but he was keen on obtaining positive results before reporting his discovery.

Whereas only sound and pictures had been, so far, transmitted through space by radio and television, Andre claimed to have discovered a way of transmitting matter. Matter, any solid object, placed in his "transmitter" was instantly disintegrated and reintegrated in a special receiving set.

"It is possible, Helene, because the atoms that go to make up matter are not close together like the bricks of a wall. They are separated by relative immensities of space."

"Andre! You tried that experiment with Dandelo, didn't you?"

"Yes. How did you know?" he answered sheepishly. "He disintegrated perfectly, but he never reappeared in the receiving set."

"Oh, Andre! What became of him then?"

"Nothing . . . there is just no more Dandelo; only the dispersed atoms of a cat wandering, God knows where, in the universe."

Dandelo was a small white cat the cook had found one morning in the garden and which we had promptly adopted. Now I knew how it had disappeared and was quite angry about the whole thing, but my husband was so miserable over it all that I said nothing.

•

One morning, Andre did not show up for lunch. I sent the maid down with a tray, but she brought it back with a note she had found pinned outside the laboratory door: "Do not disturb me, I am working."

He did occasionally pin such notes on his door and, though I noticed it, I paid no particular attention to the unusually large handwriting of his note.

It was just after that, as I was drinking my coffee, that Henri came bouncing into the room to say that he had caught a funny fly, and would I like to see it. Refusing even to look at his closed fist, I ordered him to release it immediately.

"But, *Maman*, it has a funny white head!"

Marching the boy over to the open window, I told him to release the fly immediately, which he did.

At dinnertime that evening, Andre had still not shown up and, a little worried, I ran down to the laboratory and knocked.

He did not answer my knock, but I heard him moving around and a moment later, he slipped a note under the door. It was typewritten:

HELENE, I AM HAVING TROUBLE. PUT THE BOY TO BED AND COME BACK IN AN HOUR'S TIME. A.

Frightened, I knocked and called, but Andre did not seem to pay any attention and, reassured by the familiar noise of his typewriter, I went back to the house.

Having put Henri to bed, I returned to the laboratory where I found another note slipped under the door. My hand shook as I picked it up, because I knew by then that something must be wrong. I read:

HELENE. FIRST OF ALL, I COUNT ON YOU NOT TO LOSE YOUR NERVE OR DO ANYTHING RASH, BECAUSE YOU ALONE CAN HELP ME. I HAVE HAD A SERIOUS ACCIDENT. I AM NOT IN ANY PARTICULAR DANGER FOR THE TIME BEING, THOUGH IT IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH. IT IS USELESS CALLING TO ME OR SAYING ANYTHING. I CANNOT ANSWER. I CANNOT SPEAK. I WANT YOU TO DO EXACTLY AND VERY CAREFULLY ALL THAT I ASK. AFTER HAVING KNOCKED THREE TIMES TO SHOW THAT YOU UNDERSTAND AND AGREE, FETCH ME A BOWL OF MILK LACED WITH RUM. I HAVE HAD NOTHING ALL DAY AND CAN DO WITH IT.

Shaking with fear, not knowing what to think and repressing a curious desire to call Andre and bang away until he opened, I knocked three times as requested and ran to fetch what he wanted.

In five minutes I was back. Another note had been slipped under the door:

HELENE, FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY. WHEN YOU KNOCK, I'LL OPEN THE DOOR. YOU ARE TO WALK OVER TO MY DESK AND PUT DOWN THE BOWL OF MILK. YOU WILL THEN GO INTO THE OTHER ROOM WHERE THE RECEIVER IS. LOOK CAREFULLY AND TRY TO FIND A FLY THAT OUGHT TO BE THERE.

BEFORE YOU COME IN, YOU MUST PROMISE TO OBEY ME IMPLICITLY. DO NOT LOOK AT ME AND REMEMBER THAT TALKING IS QUITE USELESS. I CANNOT ANSWER. KNOCK AGAIN THREE TIMES AND THAT WILL MEAN I HAVE YOUR PROMISE. MY LIFE DEPENDS ON THE HELP YOU CAN GIVE ME.

I had to wait a while to pull myself together, and then I knocked three times.

I heard Andre shuffling behind the door, then his hand fumbling with the lock, and the door opened.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that he was standing behind the door, but without looking round, I carried the bowl of milk to his desk. He was evidently watching me and I must at all costs appear calm and collected.

"*Cheri*, you can count on me," I said gently, and, putting the bowl down under his desk lamp, I walked into the next room where all the lights were blazing.

Papers were scattered in every direction, a whole row of test tubes lay smashed in a corner, chairs and stools were upset and one of the window curtains hung half torn from its bent rod. In a large enamel basin on the floor, a heap of burned documents was still smoldering.

I heard Andre shuffling around in the next room, and then a strange gurgling and sucking as though he had trouble in drinking his milk.

"Andre, there is no fly here. Can you give me any sort of indication that might help? If you can't speak, rap . . . once for yes, twice for no."

I had tried to control my voice and speak as though perfectly calm, but I had to choke down a sob of desperation when he rapped twice for no.

"May I come to you, Andre? I don't know what can have happened, but whatever it is, I'll be courageous, dear."

After a moment of silent hesitation, he tapped once on his desk.

At the door, I stopped aghast at the sight of Andre standing with his head and shoulders covered by the brown velvet cloth he had taken from a table by his desk. Suppressing a laugh that might easily have turned to sobbing, I said:

"Andre, we'll search thoroughly tomorrow, by daylight. Why don't you go to bed? I'll lead you to the guest room if you like and won't let anyone else see you."

Twice he rapped "no" sharply. I did not know what to do. And then I told him:

"Henri caught a fly this morning that he wanted to show me, but I made him release it. Could it have been the one you are looking for? I didn't see it, but the boy said its head was white."

Andre emitted a strange metallic sigh, and I just had time to bite my fingers fiercely in order not to scream. He had let his right arm drop, and instead of his long-fingered muscular hand, a gray stick with little buds on it like the branch of a tree hung out of his sleeve almost to his knee.

"Andre, *mon cheri*, tell me what happened. I might be of more help to you if I knew. Andre . . . oh, it's terrible!" I sobbed, unable to control myself.

Having rapped once for yes, he pointed to the door with his left hand.

I stepped out and sank down crying as he locked the door behind me. He was typing again and I waited. He shuffled to the door and slid a sheet of paper under it.

HELENE, COME BACK IN THE MORNING. I MUST THINK AND WILL HAVE TYPED OUT AN EXPLANATION FOR YOU. TAKE ONE OF MY SLEEPING TABLETS AND GO STRAIGHT TO BED. I NEED YOU FRESH AND STRONG TOMORROW.

"Do you want anything for the night, Andre?" I shouted through the door.

He knocked twice for no, and a little later, I heard the typewriter again.

•

The sun full on my face woke me up with a start. I had set the alarm clock for five but had not heard it, probably because of the sleeping tablet. I had indeed slept like a log, without a dream. Now I was back in my living nightmare and, crying like a child, I sprang out of bed. It was seven!

Rushing into the kitchen, without a word for the startled servants, I prepared a trayload of coffee, bread and butter, with which I ran to the laboratory.

Andre opened the door as soon as I knocked and closed it again as I carried the tray to his desk. His head was still covered, but I saw from his crumpled suit and his open camp bed that he must have at least tried to rest.

On his desk lay a typewritten sheet for me, which I picked up. Andre opened the other door, and taking this to mean that he wanted to be left alone, I walked into the next room. He pushed the door to and I heard him pouring the coffee as I read:

I "TRANSMITTED" MYSELF SUCCESSFULLY THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST DURING A SECOND EXPERIMENT YESTERDAY. A FLY THAT I DID NOT SEE MUST HAVE GOT INTO THE "DISINTEGRATOR." MY ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND THAT FLY AND GO THROUGH AGAIN WITH IT. PLEASE SEARCH FOR IT CAREFULLY, SINCE, IF IT IS NOT FOUND, I SHALL HAVE TO FIND A WAY OF PUTTING AN END TO THIS.

Pulling myself together, I said:

"Andre, may I come in?"

He opened the door.

"Andre, don't be annoyed; please be calm. I won't do anything without first consulting you, but you must rely on me, have faith in me and let me help you as best I can. Are you terribly disfigured, dear? Can't you let me see your face? I won't be afraid. . . . I am your wife, you know."

But my husband rapped a decisive "no" and pointed to the door.

"All right. I am going to search for the fly now, but promise me you won't do anything foolish; promise you won't do anything rash or dangerous without first letting me know all about it!"

He extended his left hand, and I knew I had his promise.

By nightfall we had still not found the fly. At dinnertime, as I prepared Andre's tray, I broke down and sobbed in the kitchen in front of the silent servants. My maid thought that I had had a row with my husband, probably about the mislaid fly, but I learned later that the cook was already quite sure that I was out of my mind.

All my nervousness had disappeared as Andre let me in and, after putting the tray of food down on his desk, I went into the other room, as agreed.

"The first thing I want to know," I said as he closed the door behind me, "is what happened exactly. Can you please tell me?"

I waited patiently while he typed an answer, which he pushed under the door.

I WOULD RATHER NOT TELL YOU. I MUST DESTROY MYSELF IN SUCH A WAY THAT NONE CAN POSSIBLY KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME. I AM ALREADY NO LONGER A MAN. AS TO MY BRAIN OR INTELLIGENCE, IT MAY DISAPPEAR AT ANY MOMENT.

"Well, do you think that if you went through again a second time, you might come out the right way?"

I HAVE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT. AND THAT WAS WHY I NEEDED THE FLY. IT HAS GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH ME. THERE IS NO HOPE OTHERWISE. I HAVE TRIED SEVEN TIMES ALREADY.

"Try all the same, Andre. You never know!"

The answer gave me a flutter of hope, because no woman has ever understood, or will ever understand, how a man about to die can possibly consider anything funny.

I DEEPLY ADMIRE YOUR DELICIOUS FEMININE LOGIC. HOWEVER, JUST TO GIVE YOU PLEASURE, PROBABLY THE VERY LAST I SHALL EVER BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU, I WILL TRY ONCE MORE. IF YOU CANNOT FIND THE DARK GLASSES, TURN YOUR BACK TO THE MACHINE AND PRESS YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR EYES. LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU ARE READY.

"Ready, Andre!" I shouted without even looking for the glasses and following his instructions.

I turned around as the cabin door opened.

His head and shoulders still covered with the brown velvet carpet, Andre was gingerly stepping out of it.

"How do you feel, Andre?" I asked, touching his arm.

He tried to step away from me and caught his foot in one of the stools that I had not troubled to pick up. He made a violent effort to regain his balance, and the velvet carpet slowly slid off his shoulders and head as he fell heavily backward.

The horror was too much for me, too unexpected. As a matter of fact, I am sure that, even had I known, the horror impact could hardly have been less powerful. Trying to push both hands into my mouth to stifle my screams and although my fingers were bleeding, I screamed again and again. I could not take my eyes off him, I could not close them, and yet I knew that if I looked at the horror much longer, I would go on screaming for the rest of my life.

Until I am totally extinct, nothing can, nothing will ever make me forget that dreadful white hairy head with its low flat skull and its two pointed ears. Pink and moist, the nose was also that of a cat, a huge cat. But the eyes! Or rather, where the eyes should have been were two brown bumps the size of saucers. Instead of a mouth, animal or human, was a long hairy vertical slit from which hung a black quivering trunk that widened at the end, trumpetlike, and from which saliva dripped.

I must have fainted, because I found myself flat on my stomach on the cold cement

floor of the laboratory, staring at the closed door behind which I could hear the noise of Andre's typewriter.

The noise of the typewriter suddenly stopped and I felt I was going to scream again as something touched the door and a sheet of paper slid from under it.

Shivering with fear and disgust, I crawled over to where I could read it without touching it:

NOW YOU UNDERSTAND. THAT LAST EXPERIMENT WAS A NEW DISASTER, MY POOR HELENE. I SUPPOSE YOU RECOGNIZED PART OF DANDELO'S HEAD. WHEN I WENT INTO THE DISINTEGRATOR JUST NOW, MY HEAD WAS ONLY THAT OF A FLY. I NOW ONLY HAVE ITS EYES AND MOUTH LEFT. THE REST HAS BEEN REPLACED BY PARTS OF THE CAT'S HEAD. POOR DANDELO WHOSE ATOMS HAD NEVER COME TOGETHER. YOU SEE NOW THAT THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE POSSIBLE SOLUTION. I MUST DISAPPEAR. KNOCK ON THE DOOR WHEN YOU ARE READY AND I SHALL EXPLAIN WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

My head on fire but shivering with cold, like an automaton, I followed him into the silent factory. In my hand was a full page of explanations: what I had to know about the steam hammer.

Without stopping or looking back, he pointed to the switchboard that controlled the steam hammer as he passed it. I went no farther and watched him come to a halt before the terrible instrument.

He knelt down, carefully wrapped the carpet round his head and then stretched out flat on the ground.

Without hesitating, my eyes on the long still body, I firmly pushed the stroke button right in. The great metallic mass seemed to drop slowly. It was not so much the resounding clang of the hammer that made me jump as the sharp cracking that I had distinctly heard at the same time. My hus . . . the thing's body shook a second and then lay still.

It was then I noticed that he had forgotten to put his right arm, his fly-leg, under the hammer. The police would never understand, but the scientists would, and they must not! That had been Andre's last wish, also!

I had to do it and quickly, too; the night watchman must have heard the hammer and would be round any moment. I pushed the other button and the hammer slowly rose. Seeing but trying not to look, I ran up, leaned down, lifted and moved forward the right arm, which seemed terribly light. Back at the switchboard, again I pushed the red button, and down came the hammer a second time.

You know the rest and can now do whatever you think right.

So ended Helene's manuscript.

•

The following day, I telephoned Commissaire Charas to invite him to dinner.

"*Merci*," he said as I handed him a glass of Pernod into which he tipped a few drops of water, watching it turn the golden amber liquid to pale-blue milk.

"You heard about my poor sister-in-law?"

"Yes, shortly after you telephoned me this morning. I am sorry, but perhaps it was all for the best."

"I suppose it was suicide."

"Without a doubt. Cyanide the doctors say quite rightly; I found a second tablet in the unstitched hem of her dress."

"I would like to show you a very curious document, Charas."

Without a word, he took the wad of sheets Helene had given me the day before and settled down to read them.

"What do you think of it all?" I asked some 20 minutes later as he carefully folded Helene's manuscript and put it into the fire.

Charas watched the flames licking the envelope from which wisps of gray smoke were escaping, and it was only when it burst into flames that he said, slowly raising his eyes to mine:

"I think it proves very definitely that Madame Delambre was quite insane."

For a long time, we watched the fire eating up Helene's "confession."

"A funny thing happened to me this morning, Charas. I went to the cemetery, where my brother is buried. It was quite empty and I was alone."

"Not quite, Monsieur Delambre. I was there, but I did not want to disturb you."

"Then you saw me. . . ."

"Yes. I saw you bury a matchbox."

"Do you know what was in it?"

"A fly, I suppose."

"Yes. I had found it early this morning, caught in a spider's web in the garden."

"Was it dead?"

"No, not quite. I . . . crushed it . . . between two stones. Its head was . . . white . . . all white."

"But it's not as if we were stealing the song, Charlie. We just borrow the tune and add our own original lyrics. Now in the first line, instead of 'O say can you see,' we put . . ."

Sound of THUNDER *(continued from page 98)*

"'Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. For any reason! And don't shoot any animal we don't OK.'"

"Yes," said the man behind the desk. "We're lucky. If Deutscher had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of dictatorship. There's an anti-everything man for you, a militarist, anti-Christ, antihuman, anti-intellectual. People called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Deutscher became President they wanted to go live in 1492. Of course it's not our business to conduct Escapes, but to form Safaris. Anyway, Keith's President. All you got to worry about is——"

"Shooting my dinosaur," Eckels finished.

"A *Tyrannosaurus rex*. The Thunder Lizard, the damnedest monster in history. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry."

Eckels flushed. "Trying to scare me!"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going who'll panic at the first shot. Six Safari leaders were killed last year, and a dozen hunters. Your personal check's still there. Tear it up."

Eckels looked at the check for a long time. His fingers twitched.

"Good luck," said the man behind the desk. "Mr. Travis, he's all yours."

They moved silently across the room, taking their guns with them, toward the Machine, toward the silver metal and the roaring light.

•

First a day and then a night and then a day and then a night, then it was day-night-day-night-day. A week, a month, a year, a decade! A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1999! 1957! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their oxygen helmets and tested the intercoms.

Eckels swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arms and he looked down and found his hands tight on the new rifle. There were four other men in the Machine. Travis, the Safari Leader, his assistant, Lesperance, and two other hunters, Billings and Kramer. They looked at one another, and the years blazed around them.

The Machine slowed; its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped.

The sun stopped in the sky.

The fog that had enveloped the Machine blew away and they were in an old time, a very old time indeed, three hunters and two Safari Heads with their blue-metal guns across their knees.

"That"—Travis pointed—"is the jungle of sixty million two thousand and fifty-five years before President Keith."

He indicated a metal path that struck off into green wilderness, over steaming swamp, among giant ferns and palms.

"And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Safari for your use. It floats six inches above the earth. Doesn't touch so much as one grass blade, flower or tree. It's an antigravity metal. Its purpose is to keep you from touching this world of the past in any way. Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat. *Don't go off.* For *any* reason! And don't shoot any animal we don't OK."

"Why?" asked Eckels.

"All right," Travis continued, "say we accidentally kill one mouse here. That means all the future families of this one particular mouse are destroyed, right?"

"Right."

"And all the families of the families of that one mouse! With a stamp of your foot, you annihilate one, then a dozen, then a thousand, a million, a *billion* possible mice!"

"So they're dead," said Eckels. "So what?"

"So what?" Travis snorted quietly. "Well, what about the foxes that'll need those mice to survive? For want of ten mice, a fox dies. For want of ten foxes, a lion starves. For want of a lion, all manner of insects, vultures, infinite billions of life forms are thrown into chaos and destruction. Eventually, it all boils down to this: Fifty-nine million years later, a cave man, one of a dozen on the *entire world*, goes hunting wild boar or saber-toothed tiger for food. But you, friend, have *stepped* on all the tigers in that region. By stepping on *one* single mouse. So the cave man starves. And the cave man, please note, is not just *any* expendable man, no! He is an *entire future nation.*

"I see," said Eckels. "Then it wouldn't pay for us even to touch the grass?"

"Correct. Crushing certain plants could add up infinitesimally. This Machine, this Path, your clothing and bodies, were sterilized, as you know, before the journey. We wear these oxygen helmets so we can't introduce our bacteria into an ancient atmosphere."

"How do we know which animals to shoot?"

"They're marked with red paint," said Travis. "Today, before our journey, we sent Lesperance here back with the Machine. He came to this particular era and followed certain animals."

"Studying them?"

"Right," said Lesperance. "I track them through their entire existence, noting which of them lives longest. Very few. How many times they mate. Not often. Life's short. When I find one that's going to die when a tree falls on him, or one that drowns in a tar pit, I note the exact hour, minute and second. I shoot a paint bomb. It leaves a red patch on his hide. We can't miss it. Then I correlate our arrival in the Past so that we meet the Monster not more than two minutes before he would have died anyway. This way, we kill only animals with no future, that are never going to mate again. You see how *careful* we are?"

They were ready to leave the Machine.

The jungle was high and the jungle was broad and the jungle was the entire world forever and forever. Sounds like music and sounds like flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with cavernous gray wings, gigantic bats out of a delirium and a night fever. Eckels, balanced on the Path, aimed his rifle playfully.

"Stop that!" said Travis. "Don't even aim for fun, damn it!"

Eckels flushed. "Where's our *Tyrannosaurus*?"

Lesperance checked his wrist watch. "Up ahead. We'll bisect his trail in sixty seconds. Look for the red paint, for Christ's sake. Don't shoot till we give the word. Stay on the Path. *Stay on the Path!*"

They moved forward in the wind of morning.

"Safety catches off, everyone!" ordered Travis. "You, first shot, Eckels. Second, Billings. Third, Kramer."

"I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but Jesus, this *is it*," said Eckels. "I'm shaking like a kid."

"Ah," said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. "Ahead," he whispered. "In the mist. There he is. There's His Royal Majesty now."

•

The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs and sighs.

Suddenly, it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, 100 yards away, came *Tyrannosaurus rex.*

"Jesus God," whispered Eckels.

"Shh!"

It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered 30 feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, 1000 pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body, those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands that might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its

eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight. It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit arena warily, its beautifully reptile hands feeling the air.

"My God!" Eckels twitched his mouth.

The Thunder Lizard raised itself. Its armored flesh glittered like 1000 green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

"Get me out of here," said Eckels.

"Don't run," said Lesperance. "Turn around. Hide in the Machine."

"Yes." Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

"Eckels!"

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

"Not *that* way!"

The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered 100 yards in four seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

Eckels walked blindly to the edge of the Path, his gun limp in his arms, stepped off the Path and walked, not knowing it, into the jungle. His feet sank into green moss. His legs moved him, and he felt alone and remote from the events behind.

The rifles cracked again. Their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great lever of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweler's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes leveled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black irises.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, *Tyrannosaurus* fell. Thundering, it clutched trees, pulled them with it. It wrenched and tore the metal Path. The men flung themselves back and away. The body hit, ten tons of cold flesh and stone. The guns fired. The Monster lashed its armored tail, twitched its snake jaws and lay still. A fount of blood spurted from its throat. Somewhere inside, a sac of fluids burst. Sickening gushes drenched the hunters. They stood, red and glistening.

The thunder faded.

The jungle was silent. After the avalanche, a green peace. After the nightmare, morning.

Billings and Kramer sat on the pathway and threw up. Travis and Lesperance stood with smoking rifles, cursing steadily.

In the Time Machine, on his face, Eckels lay shivering. He had found his way back to the Path, climbed into the Machine.

Travis came walking, glanced at Eckels, took cotton gauze from a metal box and returned to the others, who were sitting on the Path.

"Clean up."

Another cracking sound. Overhead, a gigantic tree branch broke from its heavy mooring, fell. It crashed upon the dead beast with finality.

"There." Lesperance checked his watch. "Right on time. That's the giant tree that was scheduled to fall and kill this animal originally." He glanced at the two hunters. "You want the trophy picture?"

"What?"

"We can't take a trophy back to the Future. The body has to stay right here where it would have died originally, so the insects, birds and bacteria can get at it, as they were intended to. Everything in balance. The body stays. But we *can* take a picture of you standing near it."

The two men tried to think, but gave up, shaking their heads.

They let themselves be led along the metal Path. They sank wearily into the Machine cushions. They gazed back at the ruined Monster, the stagnating mound, where already strange reptilian birds and golden insects were busy at the steaming armor.

A sound on the floor of the Time Machine stiffened them. Eckels sat there, shivering.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

"Get up!" cried Travis.

Eckels got up.

"Go out on that Path alone," said Travis. He had his rifle pointed. "You're not coming back in the Machine. We're leaving you here!"

Lesperance seized Travis' arm. "Wait——"

"Stay out of this!" Travis shook his hand away. "This son of a bitch nearly killed us. But it isn't *that* so much. Hell, no. It's his *shoes*! Look at them! He ran off the Path. My God, that *ruins* us! Christ knows how much we'll forfeit! Tens of thousands of dollars of insurance! We guarantee no one leaves the Path. He left it."

Eckels fumbled his shirt. "I'll pay anything. A hundred thousand dollars!"

Travis glared at Eckels' checkbook and spat. "Go out there. The Monster's next to the Path. Stick your arms up to your elbows in his mouth. Then you can come back with us."

"That's unreasonable!"

"The Monster's dead, you yellow bastard. The bullets! The bullets can't be left behind. They don't belong in the Past; they might change something. Here's my knife. Dig them out!"

The jungle was alive again, full of the old tremorings and bird cries. Eckels turned slowly to regard that primeval garbage dump, that hill of nightmares and terror. After a long time, like a sleepwalker, he shuffled out along the Path.

He returned, shuddering, five minutes later, his arms soaked and red to the elbows. He held out his hands. Each held a number of steel bullets. Then he fell. He lay there where he fell, not moving.

"You didn't have to make him do that," said Lesperance.

"Didn't I? It's too early to tell." Travis nudged the still body. "He'll live. Next time he won't go hunting game like this. OK." He jerked his thumb wearily at Lesperance. "Switch on. Let's go home."

•

1492. 1776. 1812.

They cleaned their hands and faces. They changed their caking shirts and pants. Eckels was up and around again, not speaking. Travis glared at him for a full ten minutes.

1999. 2000. 2055.

The Machine stopped.

"Get out," said Travis.

The room was there as they had left it.

"OK, Eckels, get out. Don't ever come back."

Eckels could not move.

"You heard me," said Travis. "What're you *staring* at?"

Somehow, the sign had changed:

TYME SEFARI, INC.
SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST.
YU NAIM THE ANIMALL.
WEE TAEK YU THAIR.
YU SHOOT ITT.

Eckels felt himself fall into a chair. He fumbled crazily at the thick slime on his boots. He held up a clod of dirt, trembling. "No, it *can't* be. Not a *little* thing like that."

Embedded in the mud, glistening green and gold and black, was a butterfly, very beautiful and very dead.

"Not a little thing like *that*! Not a butterfly," cried Eckels.

His face was cold. His mouth trembled, asking: "Who—who won the Presidential election yesterday?"

The man behind the desk laughed. "You joking? You know damn well. Deutscher, of course! Who else? Not that damn weakling Keith. We got an iron man now, a man with guts, by God!" The official stopped. "What's wrong?"

Eckels moaned. He dropped to his knees. He scrabbled at the golden butterfly with shaking fingers. "Can't we," he pleaded to the world, to himself, to the officials, to the Machine, "can't we take it *back*, can't we *make* it alive again? Can't we start over? Can't we——"

He did not move. Eyes shut, he waited, shivering. He heard Travis breathe loud in the room; he heard Travis shift his rifle, click the catch and raise the weapon.

There was a sound of thunder.

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FOR CHRIST'S SAKE *(continued from page 197)*

"Transgression is good for the soul. And it also might lower the humbug level of Christmas."

of it. Who is responsible for ruining Christmas?

Religious people, of course, have an instant, pop-up answer to that question. Christmas was ruined by its "commercialization." By now, this argument is very familiar. Once upon a time, Christmas was a pure religious occasion, undefiled by hucksters, admen and sales campaigns. Then came the spoilers. Like King Herod's villainous soldiers, the scions of commerce debauched everything.

This account is also humbug. The stale yarn of the Christian goodies and the pagan baddies bears so little resemblance to the real history of Christmas it is surprising it has lasted as long as it has. The truth is that the last week in December, the winter solstice, was a pagan festival time before Christ was born, long before Christians decided to use it to celebrate Christ's birth. For most of Christian history, Christmas was a minor holiday. Ever since it really achieved popularity, in medieval Europe and 19th Century America, Christmas has been a mishmash of disparate ingredients: raucous feasting, churchgoing, wassailing, revelry, hymn singing and Saturnalia. It is also the day on which there occur more murders, suicides, personal assaults and psychotic breakdowns than on any other. Christmas has always been a glorious admixture of religion, paganism, hucksterism and conviviality. That is not what's wrong with it. If it were *purely* a religious occasion, it would probably be worse.

No. The blame for despoiling Christmas lies not with the hucksters, however boorish they may be. Christmas was messed up before they ever got hold of it. It was ruined not by the cannibals but by the Christians.

How have they mutilated Christianity and, in the process, reduced Christmas to humbug? In a number of ways:

1. They have tried to make the story of Jesus over into a legend about an eviscerated, bloodless ascetic and Christianity itself into a dreary life-denying philosophy of flesh-despising abstemiousness. Admittedly, this has often been a little hard to manage, in view of the Biblical portrait of Jesus. On at least two occasions, the Gospels report that his enemies rejected Jesus because he had no interest in fasting and was "a glutton and winebibber." He frequented parties, kept company with notoriously shady characters and supplied some booze when an embarrassed wedding-reception host found he was running low. I wonder who drew those countless pictures distributed by churches and Sunday schools of a pale, effete Jesus? Those pictures have done more to destroy Jesus than 100 of Herod's legions.

Someday, theologians may even have the courage to speculate openly on an aspect of Jesus' life that, until now, has remained strictly *sub rosa*: his relationship to women. If Jesus was fully man as well as fully God (which is orthodox Christian doctrine), then how did Jesus the man relate to women?

The Bible itself says nothing about the sexual aspects of Jesus' relationships. In any case, Jesus explicitly rejected the way of the anchorite or the fakir. He did not flee to the desert with John the Baptist (though he apparently toyed with the idea at one time), nor did he join the puritanical Essenes on the shores of the Dead Sea. Jesus was *not* an ascetic. And the centuries-old effort of clerics, especially celibate ones, to geld Jesus into a prissy androgyne is one of the reasons Christmas today is a bamboozle. Who wants to celebrate the birthday of a First Century teetotaling Myra Breckinridge?

2. The churches have also helped destroy Christmas by turning Christianity into a petty-rule system and picturing Jesus as a finicky moralizer who spent his life telling people what *not* to do. Jesus himself spent his life breaking most of the taboos of his era—violating the Sabbath, rapping with "impure" men and women, wandering around with no visible means of support, sharply ridiculing the righteous prudes of the day. When people did come to him with moral dilemmas, he invariably tossed the questions back at them at a deeper level. That is just what riled so many people. He made them look within and decide for themselves. And that's scary.

Most people don't like to assume the responsibility of making ethical decisions for themselves. They long desperately for someone, anyone, to do it for them: a shrink, a professor, Ann Landers. Jesus refused. He was crucified. But the churches have gladly obliged. So instead of a feast of freedom, the churches have turned Christmas into one more doleful reminder of how grievously we have all wandered astray. Perhaps the most appropriate way to mark the birthday of Christ, in his spirit, would be to pick out a particularly offensive cultural taboo (not a sexual one; that's too easy) and celebrate Christmas by transgressing it. Transgression is good for the soul. And it also might lower the humbug level of Christmas, if only by a cubit.

3. The ecclesiastical powers have also made Christmas into a flimflam by deradicalizing Jesus. This is their most astonishing example of prestidigitation. After all, this man was executed by the Roman authorities (no, Lenny, your people didn't do it; we goyim did) because they considered him to be a *political* threat. No imperial power wastes nails, boards and soldiers' time crucifying contemplatives or harmless spiritual mystics. Jesus was neither. His life and message are ill suited as material for an establishment ideology. But the elders are truly wise, and also inventive. The real miracle of transubstantiation is not that the Church turns wine into blood but that it has transformed Jesus into a cosmic Tory.

The con game continues. And until the churches forgo their hard-won seats in the halls of the establishment and loose the radical potential in Christianity, the vast majority of the world's restive and enraged poor will rightly continue to see Christmas not only as humbug but as a fir-scented opiate for the masses who are less and less willing to be drugged.

So there you have it. Christmas is a shell and the blame lies, for the most part, on those of us who call ourselves Christians. Why has it happened? Every religion has at least two sides, and Christianity is no exception. The figure of Christ has inspired an endless succession of great men. Christianity has also been used as a knout for social control, a whip to punish and impoverish. There seem to be two Christs locked in combat. The clerical Christ, the one defined by ecclesiastical authority, is usually, though not always, the oppressive one. On the other hand, the most moving and authentic depictions of Christ often come from those on the edge or completely outside ecclesiastical Christianity. The most vigorous modern retelling of Christ's life was written by Nikos Kazantzakis (*The Last Temptation of Christ*). But Kazantzakis was relentlessly attacked by the authorities of the Greek Orthodox Church and, when he died, was refused Christian burial. The reason Christmas is humbug is that the churches are jealous and anxious. They want a monopoly on the portrayal of Christ and the definition of his significance. But they no longer have it, and that is all to the good. Jesus is not the churches' property. Christmas will continue to be humbug until the churches realize that fact and loose their death grip on him.

So why can't we just do without Christmas completely? Get rid of the whole bag? It's been tried—not only by the New England Puritans but in some Communist countries. But Christmas, humbug and all, keeps creeping back. Maybe it happens because man is an incurable celebrator and also an incorrigible dreamer; and Christmas, for all its sham and fakery, grabs him at these two vital points.

In industrial societies, we tend to repress man's festive and imaginative faculties, maybe because they make man less suitable for the assembly line. All our American religions are deeply infected with the moralistic and antifestive qualities of industrial society. The truth is that in

religion, dance precedes dogma; saturnalia comes before sermon. Man is *festive*. He thrives on parties, *fiestas*, holidays, breaks in his routine, times for toasting, singing the old songs, remembering and hoping. Animals play or gambol; men celebrate. Also, man is a *fantasizer*. He keeps on dreaming of a world free of napalm and cancer and hunger, despite centuries of frustration. He won't stop hoping. The central symbols of Christmas, both pagan and Christian, speak to that unquenchable hope. So Christmas fuses Homo sapiens' tendencies to celebrate and to hope. If it were abolished, we would have to invent something else to take its place.

Just as we had gotten comfortable with the idea that religion was disappearing—on the campuses, for example—it came back in a swirl of swamis, gurus, chants, mantras, tarot cards and *I Ching*. The incense business was never better. This current revival of often bizarre religious practices may be a muted scream of protest against the calibrated conformity of industrial society; or it may be a desperate search for a sense of belonging; or it may be a simple quest for God. Whatever it is, it suggests to me that man is more essentially religious than many of us have assumed. He thirsts for mystery, meaning, community and even for some sort of ritual. Religion, Comte and Marx to the contrary, will probably not just wither away.

Neither can clerical Christianity, as it now exists, become the religion of the future. In fact, it is already slipping into the past. Christianity will find a place in the religious future of mankind only if it undergoes a reformation so fundamental and so far-reaching it will make the religious upheaval of the 16th Century seem like a monks' squabble. Even then, Christianity can never again be the single focus of faith, as it was (for Western man, at least) for nearly 1000 years. It will have to make its contribution along with the other great religious traditions of the world and along with the new symbols and rites that are bound to emerge in the future. And the contribution Christianity will bring to this emergent pluralistic faith will have to do with the man whose unknown birthday we mark on December 25 but whose story has been so grossly perverted by generations of anxious prelates and Grand or not-so-Grand Inquisitors that today we scarcely recognize him.

So I lift my flagon to old Ebenezer. He tells it like it is. But as I drink, I secretly have another toast in mind, too, a toast to Christmas. Not the humbug Christmas we Christians have foisted on the world, admittedly with a little help from our friends at Gimbels and Saks. No, I drink to Christmas as it may someday be: a *fiesta* when we celebrate earth and flesh and, in the midst of all our hang-ups and tyrannies, remind ourselves that at least once one guy lived a reckless, ecstatic and fully free life *every* day—and that maybe someday we all can.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

(continued from page 192)

Justice Department to become President Nixon's campaign manager on March 1, Mitchell personally approved withdrawals from the fund, several reliable sources have told *The Washington Post*.

That night, Bernstein dialed the number of the Essex House in New York. He asked for room 710. Mitchell answered. Bernstein recognized the voice and began scribbling notes.

BERNSTEIN (after identifying himself): Sir, I'm sorry to bother you at this hour, but we are running a story in tomorrow's paper that, in effect, says that you controlled secret funds at the committee while you were Attorney General.

MITCHELL: JEEEEEEEEESUS. You said that? What does it say?

BERNSTEIN: I'll read you the first few paragraphs. (He got as far as the third. Mitchell responded "JEEEEEEEEESUS" every few words.)

MITCHELL: All that crap, you're putting it in the paper? It's all been denied. Katie Graham's gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that's published. Good Christ! That's the most sickening thing I ever heard. [Katherine Graham is publisher of *The Washington Post*.]

BERNSTEIN: Sir, about the story——

MITCHELL: Call my law office in the morning.

He hung up.

•

During a routine telephone check with a Justice Department official, Bernstein asked if the official had ever heard of Donald Segretti, who seemed to be involved in CRP's "dirty tricks" against rival campaigns. It had been a throwaway question.

"I can't answer your question, because that's part of the investigation," the Justice official replied.

There could be no discussion of Segretti, because he was part of the Watergate investigation, right?

That was correct, but the official would not listen to any more questions about Segretti.

On Saturday, October seventh, Bernstein called again.

"No, I can't talk about him," the official said once more. "That's right, even though he's not directly linked to Watergate, to the break-in. Obviously, I came across him through the investigation. Yes, political sabotage is associated with Segretti. I've heard a term for it, 'ratfucking.' There is some very powerful information, especially if it comes out before November

seventh," the day of the election.

The official refused to say anything more.

Bernstein hit with another call.

"*Ratfucking?*" The word struck a raw nerve with a Justice Department attorney. "You can go right to the top on that one. I was shocked when I learned about it. I couldn't believe it. These are public servants? God. It's nauseating. You're talking about fellows who come from the best schools in the country. Men who run the Government!"

Bernstein wondered what "right to the top" meant. Mitchell?

"He can't say he didn't know about it, because it was strategy—basic strategy that goes all the way to the top. Higher than him, even."

Basic strategy that goes all the way to the top. The phrase unnerved Bernstein. For the first time, he considered the possibility that the President of the United States was the head ratfucker.

•

Woodward had a source in the Executive branch who had access to information at CRP as well as at the White House. His identity was unknown to anyone else. Woodward had promised he would never identify him, or his position, to anyone. Further, he had agreed never to quote the man, even as an anonymous source. Their discussions could be only to confirm information that had been obtained elsewhere and to add some perspective.

In newspaper terminology, this meant the discussions were on "deep background." Woodward explained the arrangement to managing editor Howard Simons one day. He had taken to calling the source "my friend," but Simons dubbed him "Deep Throat." The name stuck.

At first Woodward and Deep Throat talked by telephone, but as the Watergate stakes increased, Deep Throat's nervousness grew. He didn't want to talk on the telephone but said they could meet somewhere.

Deep Throat didn't want to use the phone even to set up the meetings. So when Woodward had an important inquiry to make, he would move a flowerpot with a red flag in it from its regular position at the front of his apartment balcony to a spot near the rear. During the day, Deep Throat would check to see if the pot had been moved. If it had, he and Woodward would meet that night about two A.M. in a predesignated underground garage.

If Deep Throat wanted a meeting—which was rare—there was a different procedure. Each morning, Woodward would check page 20 of his *New York Times*, delivered to his apartment house before seven A.M. If a meeting was requested, the page number would be circled and the hands of a clock indicating the time would appear in a lower corner of the page. Woodward did not know how Deep Throat got his paper.

In their meetings, Deep Throat talked about how politics had infiltrated every corner of Government—a strong-arm take-over of the agencies by the Nixon White House. Junior White House aides were giving orders to the highest levels of the bureaucracy. He had once called it the "switchblade mentality"—and had referred to the willingness of the President's men to fight dirty and for keeps, regardless of what effect the slashing might have on the Government and the nation. There was little bitterness on his part. Rather, Woodward sensed the resignation of one whose fight had been worn down in too many battles.

"Check every lead," Deep Throat advised. "It goes all over the map, and that is important. You could write stories from now until Christmas or well beyond that. . . . Not one of the games [his term for undercover operations] was free-lance. This is important. Every one was tied in."

Woodward asked about the White House.

"There were four basic personnel groupings for undercover operations," Deep Throat said. The November Group, which handled CRP's publicity, including false ads in newspapers; a convention group, which handled intelligence gathering and sabotage planning for both the Republican and the Democratic conventions; a primary group, which did the same for the primaries of both parties; and the Howard Hunt group, which was the "really heavy operations team.

"You can safely say that 50 people worked for the White House and CRP to play games and spy and sabotage and gather intelligence. Some of it is beyond belief, kicking at the opposition in every imaginable way. You know some of it."

Deep Throat confirmed items on a list of tactics that Woodward and Bernstein had heard were used against the political opposition: bugging, following people, false press leaks, fake letters, canceling campaign rallies, investigating campaign workers' private lives, planting spies, stealing documents, planting *provocateurs* in political demonstrations.

The White House had been willing to subvert—was that the right word?—the whole electoral process? Had actually gone ahead and tried to do it?

Deep Throat confirmed it all.

•

[*Editor's note: In the months ahead, the reporters, along with their peers at other news organizations, would trace the scandal to the highest levels of the Nixon Administration. In the end, a free and dogged crew of journalists was able to expose a secretive and corrupt Executive branch.*]

At nine o'clock on the night of April 30, 1973, President Nixon addressed the nation on network television. Bernstein and Woodward went into Howard Simons' office to watch the speech with him and Mrs. Graham.

"The President of the United States," the announcer said solemnly. Nixon sat at his desk, a picture of his family on one side, a bust of Abraham Lincoln on the other.

"Oh, my God," Mrs. Graham said. "This is too much."

The President began to speak: "I want to talk to you tonight from my heart. . . . There had been an effort to conceal the facts both from the public, from you, and from me. . . . I wanted to be fair. . . . The easiest course would be for me to blame those to whom I delegated the responsibility to run the campaign. But that would be a cowardly thing to do. . . . In any organization, the man at the top must bear the responsibility. That responsibility, therefore, belongs here in this office. I accept it. . . . It was the system that has brought the facts to light . . . a system that in this case has included a determined grand jury, honest prosecutors, a courageous judge, John Sirica, and a vigorous free press. . . . I must now turn my full attention—and I shall do so—once again to the larger duties of this office. I owe it to this great office that I hold, and I owe it to you—to our country. . . .

"There can be no whitewash at the White House. . . . Two wrongs do not make a right. . . . I love America. . . . God bless America and God bless each and every one of you."

•

The day after the President's April 30 speech, Bernstein was at his desk reading *The New York Times* and the Washington *Star-News*. A copy aide dropped the following U.P.I. wire copy on his desk:

> White House press secretary Ronald Ziegler publicly apologized today to *The Washington Post* and two of its reporters for his earlier criticism of their investigative reporting of the Watergate conspiracy.
>
> At the White House briefing, a reporter asked Ziegler if the White House didn't owe the *Post* an apology.
>
> "In thinking of it all at this point in time, yes," Ziegler said, "I would apologize to Mr. Woodward and Mr. Bernstein. . . . We would all have to say that mistakes were made in terms of comments. I was overenthusiastic in my comments about the *Post*, particularly if you look at them in the context of developments that have taken place. . . . When we are wrong, we are wrong, as we were in that case."
>
> As Ziegler finished, he started to say, "But——" He was cut off by a reporter who said: "Now, don't take it back, Ron."

Later, Woodward called Ziegler at the White House to thank him.

"We all have our jobs," Ziegler replied.

"For God's sake, Roderick—not on the Chippendale."

 (continued from page 238)

"Tall and near emaciated, long red hair, three-inch fingernails. This was Lisel."

quickly and with a disdain for technical proficiency (for Falk, of course, claimed to have no interest at all in commercial success), Falk and his assistants could turn out a 16-millimeter film every week—with no sound, no editing, no fussy camerawork and only the most frenetically improvised of scripts. The films were all in black and white; sometimes they were, surprisingly, very beautiful.

Lisel's first film was called *The Victim*—18 minutes of a girl's beautiful empty face while the camera moves slowly back and it becomes increasingly clear—though never graphically or visually clear—that something very strange is being done to her. Dear God, Constantine had thought, staring at that face. He had never, he liked to say, he had *never* sat through anything so excruciating.

Within a few weeks, Lisel's face was known to everyone in the city with pretensions of keeping up with avant-garde art—which is to say, many thousands. There were interviews with Falk in respectable middle-class publications. He was on television, accompanied by a mute—and starkly beautiful—"Lisel." The face was beautiful enough, but not very human; it was acclaimed as beautiful, perhaps, because it wasn't human. The sharp cheekbones and the prominent ridge of bone above the eyes . . . the unplucked eyebrows . . . the impassive, almost babyish mouth . . . the childlike gaze that absorbed everything but did not judge. This was Lisel, Falk's chick.

Later, when Falk had dropped her and Lisel was taken up (though only for a few months; she hadn't the discipline or the ambition) by a modeling agency, she had struck Constantine as far more conventionally beautiful. Tall and near emaciated, her long red hair alternately frizzed and braided and worn loose, dressed in the most fashionable of clothes, her eyes meticulously painted, her three-inch fingernails polished bronze—even her mood (bright, quick, nervous from amphetamines, but usually wordless) stylish and programed—Lisel had seemed to Constantine a creature of the media, a manufactured product. She made a great deal of money modeling for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, but even in those magazines, the emphasis (and Constantine, who studied the chic lurid tableaux with extreme interest, saw this clearly) was on her fragility, her deathly pallor, her exalted status as victim. Lisel—simply Lisel—with no last name and no history. And no future.

•

Constantine was between lovers—he self-pityingly considered himself purged of love—when he first saw Myron Falk's Lisel. She was close beside Falk, who was usually touching her; it was quite clear that she was his prize of the season, and while he was willing to exhibit her to others (and that was one of the points, surely, of the party—Lisel's "coming out" in Soho), he was not willing that anyone draw her away and speak to her in private. She looked, people thought, like a freaky daughter of his: at 5'9", taller than Myron, docile, obedient, tranquil, skinny, a high school girl to whom *things are done*—and the delicious part was, of course, that she appeared to be too young, too innocent, perhaps even too stupid, to know the names of these things, or to care greatly.

Constantine was between lovers. Although he had made up his mind—the poor man, at the age of 35, he was forever making up his mind—not to open himself again to humiliation, even to the most exciting kind of humiliation.

When he saw Lisel—who was not yet Lisel—standing with Falk that night some years ago, he had thought immediately: That one *isn't* for me—she's entirely out of reach. And the insight had warmed him, had made him feel positively cheerful.

Then, later, having seen her on film—in *The Victim*, in *Street*, in *Lisel* itself—having seen her in the company of lesser members of Falk's entourage, he had discovered himself contemplating strategies of approaching her. Not *her*—not the girl herself—but the trashy phenomenon she represented. Lisel who was only Lisel, after all; a girl who had to have come from *somewhere*, just as Myron Falk had come from a not-extraordinary background: born in Buffalo, New York—attended public schools—and then a state teachers' college in Buffalo, where he had taken art courses before transferring to a commercial art school. Constantine knew all about Falk and the rise of trash art in the Sixties and Seventies, he certainly *knew* the bankruptcy of spirit that informed all that Falk or his imitators (and he had many imitators—he has them still) attempted—and yet, still—and yet—there was this peculiar fascination—there *was* this arresting of attention by the most foolish of images: the 17-foot-high lime Popsicle Falk had fashioned out of real Popsicle sugar-ice, for example; and the most degrading of "events" (the tireless copulations of Falk's later films, which were languid and self-mocking and never *normal*—as if *normal* were a word with any significance!—the artwork, in an expensive midtown gallery, that consisted of a girl—had it been Lisel? It surely might have been Lisel—wallowing in white plasterish muck, naked, in a trough a foot or so beneath the level of the floor, a living sculpture of Falk's called *The Sunken Woman* about which innumerable jokes were made, not all of them angry or even unsympathetic). Like many writers and artists who imagine themselves experimentalists, and even among the avant-garde, Constantine Reinhart deeply resented the wildly disproportionate media attention two or three or four of his contemporaries enjoyed; he deeply resented (and was he envious as well?) Myron Falk's notoriety and the fact that Falk, after a few weeks of interest, of fairly intense interest, had seemed to forget all about Constantine Reinhart.

"The man who broke into that apartment—the man who did the beating—was he a friend of Falk's?" Constantine was to ask Lisel, as she lay shivering in his bed, in his stained cashmere robe. She did not reply; she was too exhausted even to pretend not to hear. But Constantine knew the probable answer—she did not remember.

"Was he an enemy?" Constantine asked.

And then, finally, raising his voice: "Did he have a name?"

Lisel's face tightened in sleep. She did not turn away from him, but she did not respond.

•

Later, of course, she was to become quite dangerous. But that day she had been helpless as a small child. Lying against him in the taxi, allowing him to undress her for her bath, sleeping in his bed, in his robe, for 15 hours.

Constantine stood in the doorway, watching as she slept. Her small pale face expressed more emotion in sleep than it did while she was awake. Her eyelids fluttered, her nose twitched, she appeared to be mouthing words, she squirmed and twisted beneath the covers, and kicked, and rolled her head from side to side. Yet she never woke: She slept sunken deep beneath the surface of the waves of consciousness, where no one could touch her.

How easy, Constantine thought, to become sentimental over Lisel.

Over Lisel—who felt no sentiment for herself.

She slept while Constantine watched. He might have embraced her—might have slipped beneath the covers and made love to her—certainly she would not have resisted, would probably not even have troubled to wake. They had done such things to her, such wild extravagant whimsical deadpan things, down in Myron Falk's Spring Street studio—! Some of the antics had been filmed; some had not been filmed. Constantine had heard rumors, of course. But as he watched Lisel sleep, he found it difficult to believe that she, that girl, had actually participated; he found it difficult to believe that she had been involved in violence of any kind, though he had, only a few hours previously, walked into a room in which one of her lovers lay unconscious. It was so easy to forget. To let things slip through one's mind. Lisel was

not burdened by memory, and so, perhaps, in her presence, besotted with love for her, one ought to forget everything . . . everything that was not immediately visible.

He walked quietly about the apartment. He was a bridegroom, an eager young husband. He was not in love, but the symptoms of love distracted him: an irrational fear that someone would run upstairs and pound on his door and demand that he surrender Lisel. He had no right to her, after all.

And wasn't she now wanted by the police? As a witness to an attempted murder? Or would it be called aggravated assault?

Constantine made telephone calls, speaking softly. He listened to the radio. He hurried down to the corner to buy a newspaper. But the beating on 13th Street was not very important, evidently. The victim's name was not available. And, of course, no one knew about Lisel—no one except a few people, who would never give her name to the police.

•

Lisel was sleeping. So he slipped out to do some shopping.

But even as he wheeled his cart to the cashier, Lisel, three blocks away, was stepping into her long soiled black skirt, adjusting the cheap red belt around her waist, stepping into her shoes. The heels were quite high; she sometimes staggered in them. But they gave her a startling modish look.

She found her rabbit-fur jacket in Constantine's clothes closet.

She prowled about the apartment—an apartment she had never seen before—humming under her breath. After 15 hours' sleep, she felt wonderfully refreshed. Her soul had been given back to her—she was eager to return to the street.

And so she slipped away—hurrying downstairs in her high heels—leaning on the railing. She was very weak; she hadn't eaten for two days. Her bridegroom was gaily paying for a hefty shopping bag of groceries, but Lisel hadn't any interest in food. Her eyes were slightly puffy from so many hours of sleep—it was time, it was more than time, for her to escape.

She *was* a child, Constantine told himself afterward. When his hurt wasn't so fresh. When it might even be interpreted as bemusement.

Which makes *us*—? Constantine asked.

•

Lisel disappeared from Constantine's life and he heard nothing of her for many months. Then there were rumors: She had surfaced again in the city, far downtown, as a kind of "wife" to two homosexual men, one of whom ran a fairly well-known bookstore in the Village called Peddlers.

Other rumors, from time to time, surfacing in casual conversations or relayed to him through his tight little network of friends: that Lisel had been seen once again in the company of Myron Falk, at a wild day-and-a-night-and-a-day party on Fire Island; she had been glimpsed in a limousine (though a rather second-rate sort of limousine) hurtling along lower Fifth Avenue, seated beside a person (whether male or female was unclear) in a tuxedo; she had sat for a life-drawing class at NYU but after 20 minutes rose from her seat and retired behind the screen and dressed and walked out, giving no explanation, hardly listening to the instructor's surprised questions; she had tried to commit suicide in a typically inept manner—having swallowed two dozen barbiturates, she descended into the subway to ride about but soon collapsed and was discovered and taken to a hospital far, far away in Queens. There was a rumor that she had left New York City and returned to Omaha; there was a rumor, which Constantine found dismayingly credible, that she had gone on the street again—she was living with a man, a pimp, on the Lower East Side.

•

And then one morning in midsummer, he saw in the paper a headline on page three: "MYRON FALK ATTACKED, IN CRITICAL CONDITION."

Martha Blount had had the weapon; the two others—Lisel and "Marcus"—had merely tried to hold him down. Eleven stab wounds, with an ice pick. Surprised in his studio on Spring Street. Nine-thirty at night. No warning. Falk had answered the door and three "former members of his entourage" had attacked him, throwing him to the floor. A 37-year-old woman, Martha Blount, had stabbed him repeatedly with an ice pick, and had even tried—a gesture Constantine winced at, it was so Falkish, so fey and allusive—to pierce his forehead with the point of the pick, leaning on it with both hands, throwing her considerable weight on it—! But the point slipped. And by then, Falk's terrified screams had brought help.

The next day, a follow-up story on the assault would include a quote from Martha Blount (her co-assailants having remained mute): "It was his time."

•

As the years pass, Constantine will allude to his "brief acquaintance with violence and madness," but his anecdotes (he is a consummate teller of anecdotes—sometimes he believes it is his single talent) will focus not upon Lisel Bier but upon Myron Falk. (For Falk, after all, is "famous." People are interested in Falk.) Only with very close friends will Constantine speak of Lisel, and then with an air of sardonic bemusement. Whatever became of her after Bellevue—whatever became of the three of them, those three maniacs!—is it even worth while to imagine likely fates?

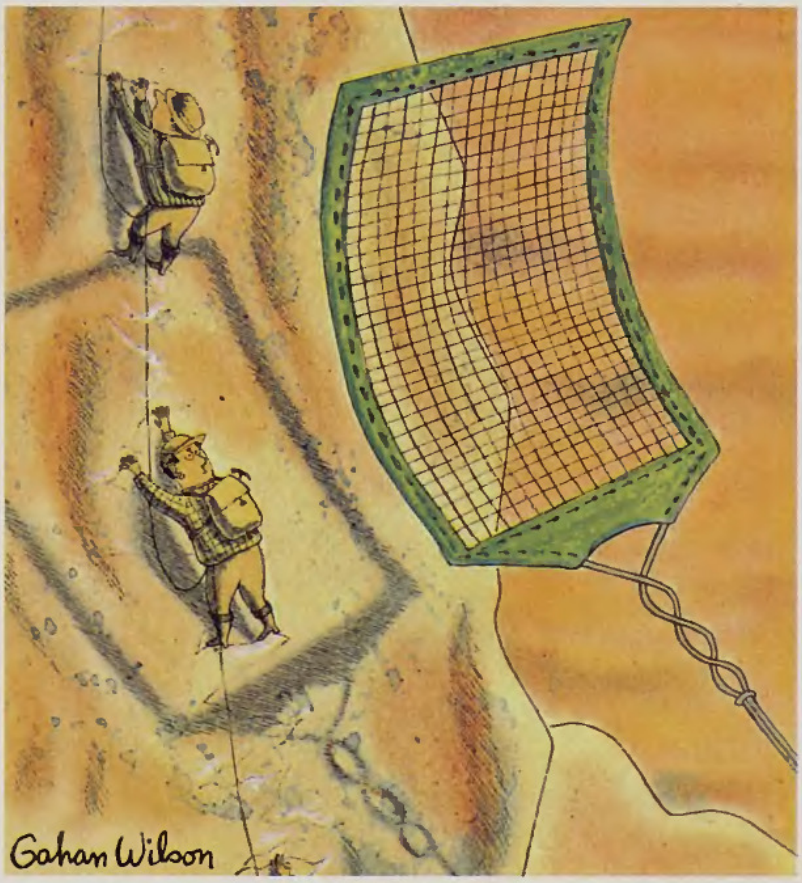
Everyone was a little crazy then, he says, alluding to that era—that span of time in his life and in the life of the city. Not everyone survived.

But you survived, Constantine—? he is asked.

Oh, yes, he says, laughing, running his hand through his hair as if embarrassed, oh, yes—in a manner of speaking.

•

One May afternoon, far uptown at West 155th Street, Constantine is threading his



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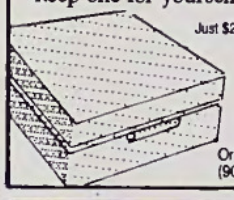

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way through an immense chattering crowd, in search of Myron Falk.

Years have passed. Myron Falk has just been inducted, along with 15 other persons (artists, composers, writers), into the American Academy-Institute. The ceremony lasted two and a half hours, and now everyone—members of the Academy-Institute and their guests and journalists and photographers and innumerable hangers-on—is crowding onto the terrace beneath the canopy, for cocktails. Constantine Reinhart, with his major work still (still!) before him, has not yet been invited to join the Academy-Institute; he is only a guest this afternoon.

However, Constantine is interested in only one thing at the present moment: hunting down Myron Falk.

Of course, there is something amusing and melancholy about Falk's induction into the academy. For it certainly means—it all but insists—that the avant-garde is dead; the outrageous "underground" art of Falk's prime is dead. Although Falk himself did not die eight years ago, a death of some kind did occur. The rebel, the bad boy, the criminal poseur, the mock dandy, the controversial Myron Falk has now become another establishment artist . . . just another aging bore. He even dresses normally now. Or almost normally. It has been years since he smeared suntan make-up on his face, or wore yellow-and-black-checked sports coats, or oxford shoes; it has been years since he released his last film—a clumsy attempt at a "real" feature film that failed to acquire national distribution, and that no one, not even the most scholarly experts of the cinema, felt obliged to see.

Constantine moves gracefully through the crowd, which consists of tight little knots of celebrities talking earnestly to one another, while others gaze upon them hopefully, or edge toward them; it is deathly to be stuck with the wrong people at such a gathering, as Constantine well knows; so he keeps in motion.

There is Myron Falk, at the very end of the bar. Half-hidden behind a small group of well-wishers whom, in ordinary circumstances, Constantine would make every effort to avoid.

But Falk has seen him approaching. And, after a moment's hesitation (is he trying to place Constantine? or does he remember him all too clearly?), he steps forward to meet him, extending his beefy hand.

Constantine congratulates him on his election. Falk shrugs and grimaces, as if embarrassed, or suspecting mockery. He cannot fail to understand the symbolic meaning of his election, but, at the same time, he cannot fail to feel pride: Now that his years of "artistic" adventuring are behind him, what can remain apart from such rewards, falling like overripe plums . . . ? One need only survive.

Finally, Constantine says, in a voice not nearly so level as he would like: "That girl—— You know—— The one who——"

Falk makes a hissing sound, as if laughing.

"Lisel," he says flatly.

"Yes—her—the one who——" Constantine murmurs.

"You know her name perfectly well, so say it," Falk says. His head is lowered; his gaze is fixed at their feet. Constantine cannot avoid looking at the scar on his forehead. A tiny purple worm that shifts and writhes, as if with the strain of Falk's thinking.

"I've been wondering—— It's been so long since—— Do you know if she's still hospitalized? Or where she is?" Constantine asks quickly.

"Still hospitalized? Of course not," Falk says. He pauses, edging still nearer to Constantine. Is it possible that he fears the autograph seekers, or is he merely toying with them? He stares at the terrace and will not raise his eyes. They are hovering a few yards away, not knowing what to do. "Lisel. You want to know about Lisel. Well, she was in Bellevue for a while, and then I arranged to have her transferred to a private hospital out on Long Island. Don't look surprised: It was only Lisel I did that for. As for the others—I didn't care whether they lived or died, whether they rotted in Bellevue or somewhere else. But Lisel was different. You and I know she was different. She spent a year out on Long Island and by then an aunt of hers had come forward, a very nice middle-aged woman who was a high school principal somewhere out in the Midwest—not Nebraska, it wasn't Nebraska—maybe Iowa—Davenport, Iowa—and my lawyer dealt with her—I talked with her only once, myself—and Lisel went out there to live and met someone and got married. And that is what happened to Lisel."

Constantine opened his mouth to protest. But it was a moment before he said, "Well—but—— Do you mean—— Lisel is *married*?"

"Married."

"But who is her husband? Who would marry her?" Constantine asks.

"Someone in Davenport, Iowa. A doctor, maybe. I don't know. The aunt told me—sent me a snapshot, even—Lisel and her husband and their baby, but I misplaced it. I forget the details."

"But who would marry *Lisel*—?" Constantine says numbly.

Falk grunts. He makes a gesture Constantine cannot interpret, and turns roughly aside, as if to greet the autograph hunters—and rebuff them at the same time.

"I don't understand," Constantine says, "I mean—you've seen a snapshot—Lisel is married and has had a baby? She's living in Iowa—she isn't dead, or hospitalized——"

Falk laughs softly, and closes his fingers over Constantine's hand as it grips his arm. He says, in a voice so low and intimate Constantine must lean forward to hear: "Yes, she escaped us after all."

 (continued from page 128)

"The girl had spent the previous day in bed. Mr. Krest had said it was a headache."

finger down its spiny gristle. It hurt his finger even to do that. He said, "Where did you pick that up? I was hunting one of these animals this morning."

"Bahrein. The Arabs use them on their wives." Mr. Krest chuckled easily. "Haven't had to use more than one stroke at a time on Liz so far. Wonderful results. We call it my Corrector."

Bond put the thing back. He looked hard at Mr. Krest and said, "Is that so? In the Seychelles, where the Creoles are pretty tough, it's illegal even to own one of those."

Mr. Krest moved toward the door. He said indifferently, "Feller, this happens to be United States territory. Let's go get ourselves something to drink."

Mr. Krest drank three double bullshots before luncheon and beer with the meal. The pale eyes darkened a little and acquired a watery glitter, but the sibilant voice remained soft and unemphatic as, with a complete monopoly of the conversation, he explained the object of the voyage. "Ya see, fellers, it's like this. In the States we have this foundation system for the lucky guys that got plenty dough and don't happen to want to pay it into Uncle Sam's Treasury. You make a foundation—like this one, the Krest Foundation—and you escape tax on it. So I put a matter of ten million dollars into the Krest Foundation and since I happen to like yachting and seeing the world, I built this yacht with two million of the money and told the Smithsonian that I would go to any part of the world and collect specimens for them. So that makes me a scientific expedition, see? For three months of every year I have a fine holiday that costs me next to nothing!" Mr. Krest looked to his guests for applause.

Fidele Barbey shook his head doubtfully. "That sounds fine, Mr. Krest. But these rare specimens. They are easy to find? The Smithsonian, it wants a giant panda, a sea shell. You can get hold of these things where they have failed?"

Mr. Krest slowly shook his head. He said sorrowfully, "Feller, you sure were born yesterday. Money, that's all it takes. You want a panda? You buy it from some goddamn zoo that can't afford central heating for its reptile house or wants to build a new block for its tigers or something. The sea shell? You find a man that's got one and you offer him so much goddamn money that even if he cries for a week he sells it to you. Pretty smart, eh, Jim?"

Bond said, "You'll probably get a medal when you get home. What about this fish?"

Mr. Krest got up from the table and rummaged in a drawer of his desk. He brought back a typewritten sheet. "Here you are." He read out: "'Hildebrand Rarity. Caught by Professor Hildebrand of the University of the Witwatersrand in a net off Chagrin Island in the Seychelles group, April 1925. The only specimen known is six inches long. The color is a bright pink with black transverse stripes. The anal, ventral and dorsal fins are pink. The tail fin is black. Eyes, large and dark blue. All fins are sharply spiked. Professor Hildebrand records that he found the specimen in three feet of water on the edge of the southwestern reef.'" Mr. Krest threw the paper down on the table. "Well, there you are, fellers. We're traveling about a thousand miles at a cost of several thousand dollars to try and find a goddamn six-inch fish. And two years ago, the revenue people had the gall to suggest that my foundation was a phony!"

Liz Krest broke in eagerly, "But that's just it, Milt, isn't it? It's really rather important to bring back plenty of specimens and things this time. Weren't those horrible tax people talking about disallowing the yacht and the expenses and so on for the last five years if we didn't show an outstanding scientific achievement?"

"Treasure." Mr. Krest's voice was soft as velvet. "You know what you just done, treas? You just earned yourself a little meeting with the Corrector this evening."

The girl's hand flew to her mouth. Her eyes widened. She said in a whisper, "Oh, no, Milt. Oh, no, please."

•

On the second day out, at dawn, they came up with Chagrin Island.

They anchored outside the reef in ten fathoms and Fidele Barbey took them through the opening in the speedboat. In every detail Chagrin was the prototype coral island. It was about 20 acres of sand and dead coral and low scrub surrounded, after 50 yards of shallow lagoon, by a necklace of reef on which the quiet, long swell broke with a soft hiss.

The glare from the white sand was dazzling and there was no shade. Mr. Krest ordered a tent to be erected and sat in it smoking a cigar while gear of various kinds was ferried ashore. Mrs. Krest swam and picked up sea shells while Bond and Fidele Barbey put on masks and, swimming in opposing directions, began systematically to comb the reef all the way round the island.

The water was so buoyant that Bond could lie face downward on the surface without moving. Idly he broke up a sea egg with the tip of his spear and watched the horde of glittering reef fish darting for the shreds of yellow flesh among the needle-sharp black spines. How infernal that if he did find the Rarity it would benefit only Mr. Krest! Should he say nothing if he found it? Rather childish, and, anyway, he was under contract, so to speak. Bond moved slowly on, his eyes automatically taking up the search again while his mind turned to considering the girl. She had spent the previous day in bed. Mr. Krest had said it was a headache. Bond put the Krests out of his mind and looked up. Fidele Barbey's snorkel was only 100 yards away. They had completed the circuit.

They came up with each other and swam to the shore and walked along the beach to the tent. Mr. Krest heard their voices and came out to meet them. "No dice, eh?" He scratched angrily at an armpit. "Goddamn sand fly bit me. This is one hell of a godawful island. Liz couldn't stand the smell. Gone back to the ship. Here, gimme one of those masks. How do you use the damn things? I guess I might as well take a peek while I'm about it."

They sat in the hot tent and ate chicken salad and drank beer and moodily watched Mr. Krest poking and peering about in the shallows. Fidele Barbey said, "It's only the poor bloody frozen Europeans that dream of coral islands."

Bond laughed. He began, "Put an advertisement in *The Times* and you'd get sackloads——" when, 50 yards away, Mr. Krest began to make frantic signals. Bond said, "Either the bastard's found it or he's trodden on a guitar fish," and picked up his mask and ran to the sea.

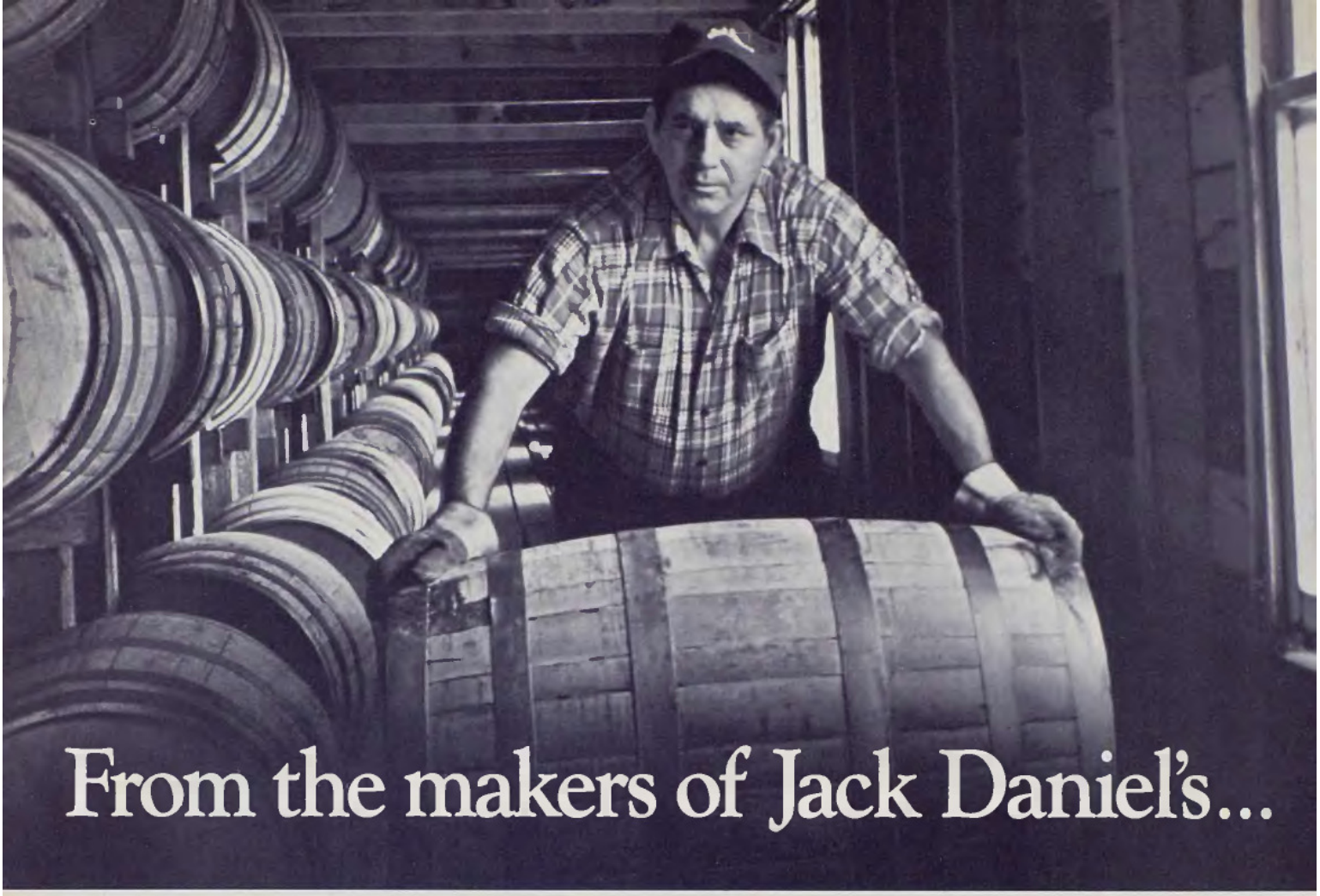
Mr. Krest was standing up to his waist among the shallow beginnings of the reef. He jabbed his finger excitedly at the surface. Bond swam softly forward. A red blur materialized through the far mist and came toward him. It circled closely beneath him as if showing itself off. The dark-blue eyes examined him without fear. The small fish busied itself rather self-consciously with some algae on the underside of a niggerhead, made a dart at a speck of something suspended in the water and then, as if leaving the stage after showing its paces, swam off back into the mist.

Mr. Krest pulled off his mask. "Goddamn, I found it!" he said reverently. "Well, goddamn, I did." He slowly followed Bond to the shore.

Fidele Barbey was waiting for them. Mr. Krest said boisterously, "Fido, I found that goddamn fish. Me—Milton Krest. Whaddaya say to that, eh, Fido?"

"That's good, Mr. Krest. That's fine. Now, how do we catch it?"

"Aha," Mr. Krest winked slowly. "I got just the ticket for that. Got it from a chemist friend of mine. Stuff called rotenone. Made from derris root. What the natives fish with in Brazil. Just pour it in the water where it'll float over what you're after and it'll get him as sure as eggs is eggs. Sort of poison. Constricts the blood vessels in their gills. Suffocates them. No effect on humans because no gills, see?" Mr. Krest turned to Bond. "Here, Jim. You go on out and keep watch. See the darned fish don't vamoose. Fido



and I'll bring the stuff out there." He pointed upcurrent from the vital area.

Bond said, "All right," and walked slowly down and into the water. He swam lazily out to where he had stood before. In a minute, as if it had a rendezvous with Bond, the Hildebrand Rarity appeared. This time it swam up quite close to his face. It looked through the glass at his eyes and then, as if disturbed by what it had seen there, darted out of range. It played around among the rocks for a while and then went off into the mist.

Slowly the little underwater world within Bond's vision began to take him for granted. A small octopus that had been camouflaged as a piece of coral revealed its presence and groped carefully down toward the sand. A blue and yellow *langouste* came a few steps out from under a rock, wondering about him. Some very small fish like minnows nibbled at his legs and toes, tickling. Bond broke a sea egg for them and they darted to the better meal. Bond lifted his head. Mr. Krest, holding the flat can, was 20 yards away.

Bond put his head down. There was the little community, everyone busied with his affairs. Soon, to get one fish that someone vaguely wanted in a museum 5000 miles away, 100, perhaps 1000 small people were going to die. When Bond gave the signal, the shadow of death would come down on the stream. How long would the poison last? How far would it travel on down the reef? Perhaps it would not be thousands but tens of thousands that would die.

Bond pulled down his mask and lay again on the surface. At once he saw the beautiful red shadow coming out of the far mists. The fish swam fast up to him as if it now took him for granted. It lay below him, looking up. Bond said into his mask, "Get away from here, damn you." He gave a sharp jab at the fish with his harpoon. The fish fled back into the mist. Bond lifted his head and angrily raised his thumb. It was a ridiculous act of sabotage of which he was already ashamed.

The stuff was creeping slowly down on the current—a shiny, spreading stain that reflected the blue sky with a metallic glint. Mr. Krest, the giant reaper, was wading down with it. "Get set, fellers," he called cheerfully.

Bond put his head back under the surface. Everything was as before in the little community. And then, with stupefying suddenness, everyone went mad. It was as if they had all been seized with St. Vitus' dance. Several fish looped the loop crazily and then fell like heavy leaves to the sand. A moray eel came slowly out of a hole in the coral, its jaws wide. It stood carefully upright on its tail and gently toppled sideways. The small *langouste* gave three kicks of its tail and turned over on its back, and the octopus let go its hold of the coral and drifted to the bottom upside down. And then, into the arena drifted the corpses from upstream—white-bellied fish, shrimps, worms, hermit crabs, spotted and green morays, *langoustes* of all sizes. As if blown by some light breeze of death, the clumsy bodies, their colors already fading, swept slowly past. A five-pound billfish struggled by with a snapping beak, fighting death. Down-reef there were splashes on the surface as still bigger fish tried to make for safety. One by one, before Bond's eyes, the sea urchins dropped off the rocks to make black inkblots on the sand.

Bond felt a touch on his shoulder. Mr. Krest's eyes were bloodshot with the sun and glare. He had put white sunburn paste on his lips. He shouted impatiently at Bond's mask, "Where in hell's our goddamn fish?"

Bond lifted his mask. "Looks as if it managed to get away just before the stuff came down. I'm still watching for it."

He didn't wait to hear Mr. Krest's reply but got his head quickly under water again. In the far mists there was a pink flash. The beautiful red and black fish seemed to pause and quiver. Then it shot straight through the water toward Bond and dived down to the sand at his feet and lay still. Bond only had to bend to pick it up. There was not even a last flap from the tail. It just filled Bond's hand, lightly pricking the palm with the spiny black dorsal fin. Bond carried it back under water so as

to preserve its colors. When he got to Mr. Krest, he said, "Here," and handed him the small fish. Then he swam toward the shore.

•

That evening, with the Wavekrest heading for home down the path of a huge yellow moon, Mr. Krest gave orders for what he called a wingding.

Mr. Krest got very drunk that night. It did not show greatly. But it showed in the things Mr. Krest said. There was a violent cruelty, a pathological desire to wound quite near the surface in the man. It looked to Bond as if, unless Mr. Krest passed out, the time was not far off when Bond would have to hit Mr. Krest just once, very hard on the jaw. Before the next jibe could be uttered, Bond had pushed his chair back and had gone out into the well deck and pulled the door shut behind him.

Ten minutes later Bond heard feet coming softly down the ladder from the boat deck. He turned. It was Liz Krest. She came over to where he was standing in the stern. She said in a strained voice, "I said I'd go to bed. But then I thought I'd come back here and see if you'd got everything you want. I'm not a very good hostess, I'm afraid. Are you sure you don't mind sleeping out here?"

"I like it. And it's rather wonderful to have all those stars to look at."

She laughed nervously. "You won't believe me, but just to talk like this for a few minutes, to have someone like you to talk to, is something I'd almost forgotten." She suddenly reached for his hand and held it hard. "I'm sorry. I just wanted to do that. Now I'll go to bed."

The soft voice came from behind them. The sibilants had slurred, but each word was carefully separated from the next. "Well, well. Whaddaya know? Necking with the underwater help!"

Mr. Krest stood framed in the hatch to the saloon. He stood with his legs apart and his arms upstretched to the lintel above his head. With the light behind him he had the silhouette of a baboon. The cold, imprisoned breath of the saloon rushed out past him and for a moment chilled the warm night air in the well deck. Mr. Krest stepped out and softly pulled the door to behind him.

Bond took a step toward him, his hands held loosely at his sides. He measured the distance to Mr. Krest's solar plexus. He said, "Don't jump to conclusions."

Mr. Krest swayed on his feet. "OK, so let's all be friends again and get some shuteye." He reached for the lintel of the hatch and turned to his wife. He lifted his free hand and slowly crooked a finger. "Move, treasure. Time for bed."

"Yes, Milt." The wide, frightened eyes turned sideways. "Good night, James." Without waiting for an answer, she ducked under Mr. Krest's arm and almost ran through the saloon.

Mr. Krest lifted a hand. "Take it easy, feller. No hard feelings, eh?"

Bond said nothing. He went on looking hard at Mr. Krest. Mr. Krest laughed uncertainly. He said, "OK, then." He stepped into the saloon and slid the door shut. Through the window, Bond watched him walk unsteadily across the saloon and turn out the lights. He went into the corridor and there was a momentary gleam from the stateroom door, then it went dark.

Bond was making a bed for himself among the piled foam-rubber cushions when he heard a single, heart-rending scream. It tore briefly into the night and was smothered. It was the girl. Bond ran through the saloon and down the passage. With his hand on the stateroom door, he stopped. He could hear her sobs and, above them, the soft, even drone of Mr. Krest's voice. He took his hand away from the latch. Hell! What was it to do with him? They were man and wife. As he was crossing the saloon, the scream, this time less piercing, rang out again. Bond cursed fluently and went out and lay down on his bed and tried to focus his mind on the soft thud of the diesels. How could a girl have so little guts? Or was it that women could take almost anything from a man?

•

An hour later Bond had reached the edge of unconsciousness when, up above him on the boat deck, Mr. Krest began to snore. He had left his cabin and had gone up to the hammock that was kept slung

for him between the speedboat and the dinghy. Now he was snoring with those deep, rattling, utterly lost snores that come from big blue sleeping pills on top of too much alcohol.

This was too damned much. Bond looked at his watch. One-thirty. He had got to his feet and was gathering up his shirt and shorts when, from up on the boat deck, there came a heavy crash. The crash was immediately followed by scrabbling sounds and a dreadful choking and gurgling. Had Mr. Krest fallen out of his hammock? Reluctantly, Bond dropped his things back on the deck and walked over and climbed the ladder. As his eyes came level with the boat deck, the choking stopped. Instead there was another, a more dreadful sound—the quick drumming of heels. Bond knew that sound. He leaped up the last steps and ran toward the figure lying spread-eagled on its back in the bright moonlight. He stopped and knelt slowly down, aghast. The horror of the strangled face was bad enough, but it was not Mr. Krest's tongue that protruded from his gaping mouth. It was the tail of a fish. The colors were pink and black. It was the Hildebrand Rarity!

The man was dead—horribly dead. When the fish had been crammed into his mouth, he must have reached up and desperately tried to tug it out. But the spines of the dorsal and anal fins had caught inside the cheeks and the spiny tips now protruded through the blood-flecked skin.

Bond slowly got to his feet. He walked over to the racks of glass specimen jars and peered under the protective awning. The plastic cover of the end jar lay on the deck beside it. Bond wiped it carefully on the tarpaulin and then, holding it by the tips of his fingernails, laid it loosely back over the mouth of the jar.

Bond looked round the deck. The snoring of the man could have been a signal for any potential murderer. There were ladders to the boat deck from both sides of the cabin deck amidships. The man at the wheel in the pilothouse forward would have heard nothing above the noise from the engine room. To pick the small fish out of its formalin bath and slip it into Mr. Krest's gaping mouth would have needed only seconds.

Bond glanced over the edge of the boat deck. Supposing the hammock had broken and Mr. Krest had fallen and rolled under the speedboat and over the edge of the upper deck, could he have reached the sea? Hardly, in this dead calm, but that was what he was going to have done.

Bond got moving. With a table knife from the saloon he carefully frayed and then broke one of the main cords of the hammock so that the hammock trailed realistically on the deck. Next, with a damp cloth, he cleaned up the specks of blood on the woodwork and the drops of formalin that led from the specimen jar. Then came the hardest part—handling the corpse. Carefully, Bond pulled it to the very edge of the deck and himself went down the ladder and, bracing himself, reached up. The corpse came down on top of him in a heavy, drunken embrace. Bond staggered under it to the low rail and eased it over. There was a last hideous glimpse of the obscenely bulging face and the protruding fishtail, a sickening fume of stale whiskey, a heavy splash and it was rolling sluggishly away in the wake.

•

The next morning there seemed to be a conspiracy to sleep late. Even Bond had not been awakened by the sun until ten o'clock. He showered in the crew's quarters and chatted with the helmsman before going below to see what had happened to Fidele Barbey. He was still in bed. He said he had a hangover. Had he been very rude to Mr. Krest? He couldn't remember much about it except that he seemed to recall Mr. Krest being very rude to him. "You remember what I said about him from the beginning, James? A grand slam redoubled in bastards. Now do you agree with me? One of these days, someone's going to shut that soft ugly mouth of his forever."

Inconclusive. Bond had fixed himself some breakfast in the galley and was eating it there when Liz Krest had come in to do the same. She was dressed in a pale blue Shantung kimono to her knees. There were dark rings under her eyes and she ate her breakfast standing. But she seemed perfectly calm and at ease. She whispered conspiratorially, "I do apologize about last night. It's only when he's had a bit too much that he gets sort of difficult. He's always sorry the next morning. You'll see."

When 11 o'clock came and neither of the other two showed any signs of, so to speak, blowing the gaff, Bond decided to force the pace. He looked very hard at Liz Krest, who was curled up in the well deck reading a magazine. He said, "By the way, where's your husband? Still sleeping it off?"

She frowned. "I suppose so. He went up to his hammock on the boat deck. I've no idea what time. I took a sleeping pill and went straight off."

Fidele Barbey had a line out for amber jack. Without looking around he said, "He's probably in the pilothouse."

Bond said, "If he's asleep on the boat deck, he'll be getting a hell of a sunburn."

Liz Krest said, "Oh, poor Milt! I hadn't thought of that. I'll go and see."

She climbed the ladder. When her head was above the level of the boat deck she stopped. She called down, anxiously, "James. He's not here. And the hammock's broken."

Bond said, "Fidele's probably right. I'll have a look forward."

He went to the pilothouse. Fritz, the mate, and the engineer were there. Bond said, "Anyone seen Mr. Krest?"

Fritz looked puzzled. "No, sir. Why? Is anything wrong?"

Bond flooded his face with anxiety. "He's not aft. Here, come on! Look round everywhere. He was sleeping on the boat deck. He's not there and his hammock's broken. He was rather the worse for wear last night. Come on! Get cracking!"

When the inevitable conclusion had been reached, Liz Krest had a short but credible fit of hysterics. Bond took her to her cabin and left her there in tears. "It's all right, Liz," he said. "You stay out of this. I'll look after everything."

"Oh, Milt! Poor darling Milt! Oh, why did this have to happen?"

Bond went out and softly shut the door.

•

The yacht rounded Cannon Point and reduced speed. Bond saw the Customs and Immigration launch move off from Long Pier to meet them. The little community would already be buzzing with news that would have quickly leaked from the radio station to the Seychelles Club.

Liz Krest turned to him. "I'm beginning to get nervous. Will you help me through the rest of this—these awful formalities and things?"

"Of course."

Fidele Barbey said, "Don't worry too much. All these people are my friends. And the Chief Justice is my uncle. We shall all have to make a statement. They'll probably have the inquest tomorrow. You'll be able to leave the day after."

"You really think so?" A dew of sweat had sprung below her eyes. "The trouble is I don't really know where to leave for or what to do next. I suppose," she hesitated, not looking at Bond, "I suppose, James, you wouldn't like to come on to Mombasa?"

Bond lit a cigarette to cover his hesitation. Four days in a beautiful yacht with this girl! But the tail of that fish sticking out of the mouth! Had she done it? Or had Fidele, who would know that his uncles and cousins on Mahé would somehow see that he came to no harm? If only one of them would make a slip. Bond said easily, "That's terribly nice of you, Liz. Of course I'd love to come."

Fidele Barbey chuckled. "Bravo, my friend. And I would love to be in your shoes, but for one thing. That damned fish. It is a great responsibility. I like to think of you both being deluged with cables from the Smithsonian about it. Don't forget that you are now both trustees of a scientific Koh-i-noor."

Bond's eyes were hard as flint as he watched the girl. Did that put the finger on *her?*

But the beautiful, candid blue eyes did not flicker. She looked up into Fidele Barbey's face and said, easily, charmingly, "That won't be a problem. I've decided to give it to the British Museum."

James Bond noticed that the sweat dew had now gathered at her temples, but, after all, it was a desperately hot evening. . . .

The thud of the engines stopped and the anchor chain roared down into the quiet bay.

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DE NIRO *(continued from page 90)*

"La Motta was tougher than Capone, without question. Capone was a politician; he had to run an empire."

to get as much weight onto my face as I could first and then make adjustments with the body suit and recede my hairline to round out the face some more. The only thing I didn't get was a recording—there's none of his voice, as far as I know. Getting the voice is *the* most difficult thing.

PLAYBOY: Who was a tougher guy—Capone or La Motta?

DE NIRO: La Motta was tougher, without question; he was a fighter. Capone might have been ruthless, but he was more of a politician, more able to deal with people; he had to run an empire. And yet he instilled a lot of fear so people wouldn't double-cross him.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of empires, you've met a number of world leaders. What was your impression of Mikhail Gorbachev?

DE NIRO: I met him at the Russian embassy in Washington. There were 80 to 100 people there. I would have liked to have said something, but I didn't.

In Russia, they get up and make toasts, get a little drunk on vodka—it's very nice and very warm, they say beautiful things, everybody brings out the best in everybody. It would have been nice to do that, but it was a more formal kind of thing. I felt like we were in school. You don't want to get up and make a schmuck of yourself, say a stupid thing. A couple of people said things—people from all walks of life, famous scientists, philosophers, writers, actors, politicians. I was listening. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Do any people give off an aura?

DE NIRO: Yeah, Presidents. It's a thing that comes with age, years of experience, that sort of situation. There are people who become so well known that they become part of another layer of your consciousness.

PLAYBOY: So whom would you be fascinated to meet. Garbo, for instance?

DE NIRO: No, but she was a wonderful actress. I'd meet her if she wanted to. [*Pauses*] I've got to go.

PLAYBOY: Do people get nervous around you when they first meet you?

DE NIRO: I don't know. Sometimes people can hide the way they are and you don't notice it. It's like with my daughter: She was always screaming, ranting and raving about this particular person, and I would tell her to shut up and stop bothering me about him. So one day, she met him and she was so cool, I couldn't believe the way she acted. But it taught me something. If I didn't know how she had acted before, I never would have known at all what was going on inside her head.

PLAYBOY: Springsteen?

DE NIRO: No.

PLAYBOY: Does your daughter live with you or her mother?

DE NIRO: My daughter lives alone. She's 20.

PLAYBOY: And who takes care of your 11-year-old son, Raphael?

DE NIRO: His mother. He might live with me. I spend a lot of time with him. I took him to New Zealand when we were shooting *Midnight Run*.

PLAYBOY: Do you let him see all of your films—*Raging Bull*, *Taxi Driver*?

DE NIRO: They see them anyway, they see them on cable. Kids have a whole other culture. He goes into a toy store and starts talking like an expert about a bunch of toys—the skate boards, the bikes, the GI Joes, the Nintendos—they know all that stuff. [*Taps watch*]

PLAYBOY: What TV series did you grow up with?

DE NIRO: I didn't like *Howdy Doody* or *Mickey Mouse*. I liked *The Three Stooges*.

PLAYBOY: Thinking that your son may read this one day, what can you say about his mother, Diahnne Abbott, that's positive?

DE NIRO: Something positive? How come you asked that question? That's OK, I'm just curious about why you asked it.

PLAYBOY: Because if we ask it any other way, you're not going to answer it.

DE NIRO: [*Laughs, nods*] What happens is that people distort things and it goes back to the kids in school and what are you gonna do? People who create those kinds of situations have no fucking shame, no guilt. I don't know what makes those people do it. Money? You can do a lot of things for money. But to feed off the worst kind of negative shit, propagate it—that's awful.

PLAYBOY: So, you were about to say about Diahnne . . . ?

[*De Niro goes to turn off the tape recorder.*]

PLAYBOY: Leave it on!

DE NIRO: No, I've got to go.

PLAYBOY: You've been going ever since you *started* this interview. Let's just finish and be done with it.

DE NIRO: Well . . . she and I are friends. . . . She's very perceptive about people . . . almost psychically perceptive . . . and a good friend. . . .

PLAYBOY: Where does she live?

DE NIRO: In New York. I really gotta go.

PLAYBOY: Hang in there, we're almost through. Weren't you once kicked out of The Beverly Hills Hotel because you sneaked in four cats?

DE NIRO: Yeah, I had cats in there and they had this policy. . . . The manager was. . . . I've heard they have hookers running all around the pool, and yet when you have cats. . . . I was told not to have cats, but I did and they locked us out. They put a padlock on the door and put the cats outside. I was furious. The manager threatened to call the police in front of me. We had to put the cats in a cat house.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing traveling with four cats?

DE NIRO: I was with my wife at the time and she had cats. We were going out there to work on a film, so I had the cats with me. It was totally uncalled for, that type of behavior. You have somebody say, "Listen, we'd like you to do something with the cats, we can't have them." But this was at night, we got home at midnight and they had locked us out. I wanted to sue—he was a pig. It looked like he enjoyed being a son of a bitch. I don't think he's there anymore.

PLAYBOY: We haven't asked you about your father, who's an established avant-garde painter. Are you two close?

DE NIRO: Yeah . . . we're close. . . . [*Looks at watch*] What else?

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you gave Francis Ford Coppola two of your father's paintings for his birthday?

DE NIRO: Yeah; he's very, very touchy about that stuff, so I have to convince him that the person I'm giving them to is worthy. It's about as nice a gift as you can give.

[*Rises to leave*]

PLAYBOY: Martin Scorsese originally wanted you for Christ in his controversial film *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Any regrets for not having done it?

DE NIRO: No.

PLAYBOY: There's talk about you and Quincy Jones codirecting a musical movie starring Whitney Houston.

DE NIRO: That's a good question. [*Turns off tape recorder. Communicates his discomfort at talking about these things; wrong mood*] I know that the Directors Guild has a problem with that. We had to go before the D.G.A. and explain our reasoning. They weren't for it, but I thought it was interesting, because then they could ask us questions that would make us think about why we wanted to do it together.

But I can't answer that now—my mind is not focused. I've really got to go. I have things I want to say to balance what I've said already, but I'm late. I'm very late. God, I'm late.

PLAYBOY: For what?

DE NIRO: Some people are coming over; I don't want to be late.

PLAYBOY: What people?

DE NIRO: Friends.

PLAYBOY: Friends will understand if you're late. You're *always* late.

DE NIRO: Not if nobody's at the door.

PLAYBOY: It seems odd: Here you are at the pinnacle of your career, yet you are always on the move; you don't seem to have control of your life.

DE NIRO: [*Practically out the door*] You're right, I should take more control of my life! I haven't any time to relax, for myself. Geez, it's already 7:15!

PLAYBOY: No, it's not. It's only seven. Why is your watch 15 minutes fast?

DE NIRO: That way I won't be late.

[*We laugh. He leaves.*]

"Q. Why did the Real Man cross the road? A. It's none of your goddamn business."

game of doubles and the ability to figure out how to take depreciation allowances on the IRS 1040 long form.

CHAPTER NINE
Real Men and Television

When Vladimir Zworykin invented television in 1923, his goal was far greater than the mere transmission of moving pictures.

He wanted to invent something that would allow Real Men to avoid having to talk to their families after dinner. In its early years, television does just that. There are countless hours of Real Man value-confirming sports, violence and homicides.

CHAPTER TEN
The Real Man Film Festival

Patton	*Taxi Driver*
Citizen Kane	*Ben-Hur*
Raging Bull	*The Warriors*
Spartacus	*Love Story*

GREAT LINES FROM
OTHER REAL MAN MOVIES

"I stick my neck out for nobody."
—HUMPHREY BOGART in *Casablanca*

"I love the smell of napalm in the morning." —ROBERT DUVALL in *Apocalypse Now*

CHAPTER 11
Four Things You Won't Find in a Real Man's Pockets

1. Lip balm
2. Breath freshener
3. Opera tickets
4. Recipes for quiche

REAL MAN QUIZ NUMBER THREE

Q. Why did the Real Man cross the road?

A. It's none of your goddamn business.

CHAPTER 12
The Real Man's Nutritional Guide

By now you're probably wondering: If a Real Man doesn't eat quiche, just what does his diet consist of? Each day, Real Men try to eat something from each of the five critical Real Man food groups:

PROTEIN
Steak
Hamburger
Cheeseburger
Bacon cheeseburger
Big Mac
Whopper
Kentucky Fried Chicken
Ham and Swiss on rye

CARBOHYDRATES
Spaghetti
Macaroni and cheese
French fries
Home fries
Hashbrowns
Potato chips
Pretzels

LIQUIDS
Beer
Gatorade
Jack Daniel's

NOURISHMENT
Ring Dings
Devil Dogs
Cheeze Whiz
Twinkies
Mallomars
Double-stuffed Oreos

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
Corn on the cob
Orange soda

CHAPTER 13
Are You Today's Real Man?

A short test for those who still aren't sure:

1. A certain low-rent Middle Eastern nation grabs 52 Americans and holds them hostage. Do you (A) negotiate, (B) nuke 'em, (C) send quiche?

2. Phil Donahue is interviewing Alan Alda on channel two; Dick Cavett is interviewing Woody Allen on channel four; Geraldo Rivera is interviewing himself on channel five; and the movie of the week on channel seven is about a blind 18-year-old rape victim who can't decide whether to have an abortion or join the women's professional-golf tour. Do you (A) go bowling, (B) smash the tube, (C) send $25 to Jerry Falwell, (D) rerun *Deep Throat* on the Betamax?

3. How many pairs of bikini underpants do you own? (A) none, (B) one (received as a gift), (C) more than one.

4. Your girlfriend announces she's having an affair with another woman. Do you (A) nuke her, (B) send quiche, (C) ask if you can watch?

5. How many women have you slept with in the past year? (A) 100–300, (B) 300–1000, (C) more than 1000?

Scoring: To be honest, the perfect score is 0; Real Men don't take quizzes in magazines.

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Sexual Perversity

(continued from page 203)

BERNIE: Last night, 2:30.

DANNY: So 2:30 you're probably over at Yak-Zies.

BERNIE: Left Yak-Zies at one.

DANNY: So you're probably over at Grunts.

BERNIE: They only got a two-o'clock license.

DANNY: So you're probably over at the Commonwealth.

BERNIE: So OK, so I'm over at the Commonwealth, in the pancake house off the lobby, and I'm working on a stack of those raisin-and-nut jobs——

DANNY: They're good.

BERNIE: And I'm reading the paper, and I'm reading, and I'm casing the pancake house, and the usual shot, am I right?

DANNY: Right.

BERNIE: So who walks in over to the cash register but this chick.

DANNY: Right.

BERNIE: Nineteen-, 20-year-old chick——

DANNY: Who we're talking about.

BERNIE: And she wants a pack of Viceroys.

DANNY: I can believe that.

BERNIE: Gets the smokes and she does this number about how she forgot her purse up in her room.

DANNY: Up in her room?

BERNIE: Yeah.

DANNY: Was she a pro?

BERNIE: At that age?

DANNY: Yeah.

BERNIE: Well, at this point, we don't know. So, anyway, I go over and ask her can I front her for the smokes, and she says she couldn't, and then she says, Well, all right, and would I like to join her in a cup of coffee.

DANNY: She asked you——

BERNIE: Yeah.

DANNY: For a cup of coffee?

BERNIE: Right.

DANNY: And all this time she was 19?

BERNIE: Nineteen, 20. So down we sit and get to talking. This, that, blah, blah, blah, and, "Come up to my room and I'll pay you back for the cigarettes."

DANNY: No.

BERNIE: Yeah.

DANNY: You're shitting me.

BERNIE: I'm telling you.

DANNY: And was she a pro?

BERNIE: So at this point, we don't know. Pro, semipro, Betty Coed from college, regular young broad, it's anybody's ball game. So, anyway, up we go. Fifth floor on the alley and it's "Sit down, you wanna drink?" "What you got?" "Bourbon." "Fine." And goddamn if she doesn't lay half a rock on me for the cigarettes.

DANNY: No.

BERNIE: Yeah.

DANNY: So this changes the complexity of things.

BERNIE: For a bit, yes. But *then* what shot

does she up and pull?

DANNY: You remind her of her ex.

BERNIE: No.

DANNY: She's never done anything like this before in her life?

BERNIE: No.

DANNY: She just got into town, and do you know where a girl like her could make a little money?

BERNIE: No.

DANNY: So I'm not going to lie to you, what shot does she pull?

BERNIE: The shot she is pulling is the following two things: A, she says, "I think I want to take a shower."

DANNY: No.

BERNIE: Yes. And, B, she says, "And then let's fuck."

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: What did I just tell you?

DANNY: She said that?

BERNIE: I hope to tell you.

DANNY: Nineteen years old?

BERNIE: Nineteen, 20.

DANNY: And was she a pro?

BERNIE: So at this point, I don't know. But I do say I'll join her in the shower, if she has no objections.

DANNY: Of course.

BERNIE: So into the old shower. And does this broad have a *body*?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: Are you kidding me?

DANNY: So tell me.

BERNIE: The *tits*——

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: The *legs*——

DANNY: The ass?

BERNIE: Are you fucking fooling me? The *ass* on this broad——

DANNY: Young ass, huh?

BERNIE: Well, yeah, young broad, young ass.

DANNY: Right.

BERNIE: And lathering her——

DANNY: Mmmmm.

BERNIE: And drop the *soap*. . . . This, that, and we get out. Toweling off, each of us in his or her full glory. So while we're toweling off, I flick the towel at her, very playfully, and by accident it catches her a good one on the ass and, *thwack*, a big red mark.

DANNY: No.

BERNIE: So I'm all sorry, and so forth. But what does this broad do but let out a squeal of pleasure and relief that would fucking kill a horse.

DANNY: Huh?

BERNIE: So what the hell, I'm liberal.

DANNY: If that's her act, that's her act.

BERNIE: Goes without saying. So I look around, figuring to follow in my footsteps, and what is handy but this little G.E. clock-radio. So I pick the mother up and heave it at her. Catches her across the shoulder blades and we've got this long welt.

DANNY: Draw blood?

BERNIE: At this point, no. So what does she do? She says, "Wait a minute," and she crawls under the bed. From under the bed she pulls this suitcase, and from out of the suitcase comes this World War Two flak suit.

DANNY: They're hard to find.

BERNIE: Zip, zip, zip, and she gets into the flak suit and we get down on the bed.

DANNY: What are you doing?

BERNIE: Fucking.

DANNY: She's in the flak suit?

BERNIE: Right.

DANNY: How do you get in?

BERNIE: How do you think I get in? She leaves the zipper open.

DANNY: That's what I thought.

BERNIE: But the shot is, while we're fucking, she wants me, every 30 seconds or so, to go *Boom* at the top of my lungs.

DANNY: At her?

BERNIE: No, just in general. So we're humping and bumping and greasing the old flak suit and every once in a while I go *Boom*, and she starts in on me. "Turn me over," she says, so I do. She's on her stomach. I'm on top——

DANNY: They got a flap in the back of the flak suit?

BERNIE: Yes. So she's on her stomach, etc. In the middle of everything, she slithers over to the side of the bed, picks up the house phone and says, "Give me room 511."

DANNY: Right.

BERNIE: "Who are you calling?" I say. "A friend," she says. So OK. They answer the phone. "Patrice," she says, "it's me. I'm up here with a friend and I could use a little help. Could you help me out?"

DANNY: Ah-ha!

BERNIE: So wait. So I don't know what the shot is. So all of a sudden, I hear coming out of the phone: "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Ka-*pow*! Ak-ak-ak-ak-ak-ak-ak. Ka-*pow*!" So fine. I'm pumping away, the chick on the other end is making airplane noises, every once in a while I go *Boom* and the broad on the bed starts going crazy. She's moaning and groaning and about to go the whole long route. Humping and bumping, and she's screaming, "Red Dog One to Red Dog Squadron" . . . all of a sudden, she screams, "Wait!" She wriggles out, leans under the bed and pulls out this five-gallon jerry can.

DANNY: Right.

BERNIE: Opens it up. . . . It's full of gasoline. So she splashes the mother all over the walls, whips a fuckin' Zippo out of the flak suit and *Whoosh*, the whole room is in flames. So the whole fuckin' joint is going up in smoke, the telephone is going "Rat-tat-tat," the broad jumps back on the bed and yells, "Now, give it to me *now*, for the love of Christ!" (*Pause*) So I look at the broad . . . and I figure . . . fuck this nonsense. I grab my clothes, I peel a sawbuck off my wad, as I make the door, I fling it at her. "For cab fare," I yell. She doesn't hear nothing. One, two, six, I'm in the hall. Struggling into my shorts and hustling for the elevator. Whole fucking hall is full of smoke; above the flames I just make out my broad—she's singing, "Off we go into the wild blue yonder"—and the elevator arrives, and the whole fucking hall is full of *firemen*. (*Pause*) Those fucking firemen make out like bandits. (*Pause*)

DANNY: Nobody does it normally anymore.

BERNIE: It's these young broads. They don't know what the fuck they want.

DANNY: You think she was a pro?

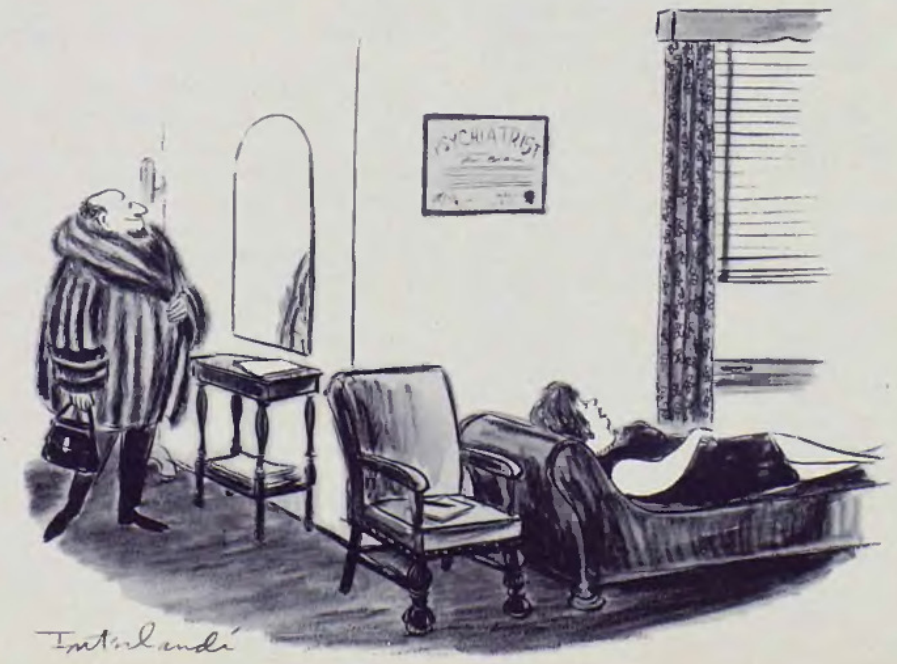
BERNIE: A pro, Dan——

DANNY: Yes.

BERNIE: Is how you think about yourself. You see my point?

DANNY: Yeah.

BERNIE: Well, all right, then. I'll tell you one thing . . . she knew all the pro moves.



Pious Pornographers *(continued from page 102)*

"I began to realize that sex wasn't exactly taboo in the ladies' magazines. In fact, they welcomed it."

like an empty oil drum in a West Indian steel band, and I sat up all night drawing what comfort I could from a beaker of lukewarm bourbon.

Sometime between midnight and dawn, I went out to the kitchen to renew the prescription and found a pile of ladies' magazines stashed away in a bottom cabinet—things that my cleaning woman had apparently salvaged from the dumb-waiter to help while away the siesta hours she spends at my apartment each week.

In my lonely agony, I leafed through an old *Redbook* on the off chance that I might find a recipe for newburg that didn't call for little pieces of sea shell, but there wasn't a recipe in the book. There was a piece on Jackie Gleason and a picture essay on *The Doctors Who Fell in Love*, but the one that made me lean against the Kelvinator and start reading was *My Husband Avoids Making Love to Me, a Young Wife's Story*, as told to Michael Drury.

"The problem in my marriage is that my husband doesn't make love to me as often as I would like," the Young Wife began, and went on to explain that she had been married for four years to an accountant named Ken, who was always bringing work home from the office: "I've cried out my need on his shoulder," she moaned, "but he only listens and pats me and does nothing. It's humiliating. Once I got so angry that I threw a hairbrush across the room at him."

I felt like throwing a hairbrush at him, too. How Ken could sit fiddling with his debits and credits while June was pawing the nap off the broadloom, I'll never know. She was only asking for a few minutes of his time—no longer than it takes the average accountant to make a simple cross entry.

"One night I said quite early in the evening that I thought I'd go to bed," she confided. "The truth was that I was exceptionally tired, but he must have taken this as a seductive hint on my part, because about nine o'clock he went down in the basement and began painting the summer furniture."

Picking up a *Ladies' Home Journal*, I found that it devoted a regular feature to matrimonial rescue work, with a special disaster squad headed by Paul Popenoe, Sc.D. "MY HUSBAND WANTED ME AND THE OTHER WOMAN, TOO. HE NEEDED US BOTH," the cover announced in a coast-to-coast whisper. "CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?" And on page 69 there was an action photo of hubby and the Other Woman locked in a stand-up embrace, while wifey peeked in at the door. *"On Thanksgiving I walked into the kitchen unexpectedly. Paul and Florence were in each other's arms,"* the caption said in horrified italics.

I began to realize that sex wasn't exactly taboo in the ladies' magazines. In fact, they almost seemed to welcome it. To fill the reader in on a marriage headed for in-law trouble, for instance, another young wife felt obliged to lay bare the secrets of her wedding day to the whole April *Journal* audience: "My bridal gown was ordered from New York . . . we had a caterer, and so on. My mother and I planned every detail—and I mean *every* detail—with infinite care. But just before we left for the church, I suddenly began to menstruate. Sheer nervousness was responsible." And, when his turn came, the lucky groom grumbled: "Susan probably told you about our honeymoon, but maybe she didn't mention that I spent a good part of our first year sleeping on the living-room sofa. Susan was terrified by the physical side of love. Whenever I would approach her, she was likely to become upset or to be so terribly tense that often the result was a nervous illness of some kind. For at least six months, outbreaks of hives kept her miserable."

Looking into the May *Journal*, I soon discovered that Susan wasn't the only woman who could take sex or leave it alone. In his monthly *Making Marriage Work* feature, Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D., quoted a couple of *wives* who would just as soon paint the porch chairs. "I couldn't ask for a better husband, but I don't like him when we have sex," one confessed. "Occasionally, I can tolerate it, and a few times I've almost enjoyed it, but usually it sickens me. I don't know how I can take it when he's home all the time."

Perhaps in the interest of restoring editorial balance, a money-problem case on page 91 was illustrated by a shot of a bathrobed brunette leaning over a bed, tugging at her husband's shoulder. *"Long ago I lost any physical appeal I ever had for Ted,"* she explained in the caption. *"It has been months since he has shared my bed. Once, although I hated myself for being so unfeminine, I stopped beside his bed. He pretended to be asleep."*

To help stem this rising tide of incompatability, which threatened to swamp the entire issue, the *Journal* called in Dr. Abraham Stone, of marriage-manual fame, to tell Joan Younger *What Wives Don't Know About Sex.*

After establishing the need for sex education, and the necessity for modern woman to shed her acquired inhibitions if she ever hoped to know the "joy of sex union," Dr. Stone and Miss Younger began to close in on the subject with a series of questions that read like an entrance exam at Honeymoon Tech.

"Q. *What are the chief differences between a woman's and a man's sexual reactions?*"

Humming a snatch of *Hello, Young Lovers*, I skipped to the next.

"Q. *There is so much talk about the 'cold woman' today. Is frigidity in women really so common?*

"A. Well, there are different categories of frigidity. There are some women who have no sex desire at all. They have no sexual appetite and no pleasure from the sex relation. They are entirely indifferent to sex and submit to their husbands merely as a duty. Such instances of complete frigidity are comparatively rare. Lesser degrees of sexual coldness are, however, more frequent. These women may become sexually aroused now and then, but the intensity of their desire is on a minor scale. Their coldness may be due to the psychological inhibitions we have already spoken about, to physiological deficiencies, or, more often, TO CONTINUED ON PAGE 126."

I leafed through to page 126 and continued reading: "They sat down on a love seat that had been pushed into a corner. They began to talk. Sally forgot where she was. She was vaguely conscious of dim figures moving thickly in the background, and. . . ."

I was vaguely conscious that I had somehow wandered into the wrong column of print. Sure enough, it was a short story called *You Must Meet Noel.* But even here love came in for a clinical treatment. Besides having a mobile nose and being "vaguely conscious of dim figures moving thickly in the background," Sally found that Noel's voice "gave her a queerly soft, clogged feeling in her chest."

As the story rode on to its inevitable clinch ending, with the sweet threat of nuptials in the offing, I wondered how Sally and Noel would make out in *their* marital relations. Would she break out in hives every time Noel approached her with "the touch, the caress, the kiss" and other "preliminary loveplay," or would she want "to continue the affectionate intimacies and caresses" to the point where Noel would end up forming a small combo to play engagements at Birdland?

Personally, I'd had all the sex I wanted for one night—but not quite enough to fill out an issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* There was still *Tell Me Doctor*, a monthly mail-order dispensary conducted by Dr. Henry B. Safford under a shingle that featured a snapshot of a Troubled Woman facing a Trusted Physician in his office. Her head was lowered as she pinched the bridge of her nose in distress. His brow was furrowed, and his right hand half extended, as though he were either trying to make a difficult point or collect an old bill. "Every month I have a good deal of pain,"

the Troubled Woman was quoted as saying. "Could that possibly have anything to do with my being unable to have a baby?"

"'I wonder if you know,' the doctor began, 'that the uterus, or womb, is an organ about three inches long, composed of smooth muscle fibers and suspended by several sets of ligaments within the cavity of the pelvis. It is shaped like a small, inverted pear, the lower third being called the *cervix*, or neck, and the more prominent part the *body*.'

"'I learned that in freshman hygiene,' remarked the young woman.

"'Excellent! What may not have been emphasized is the fact that this "pear" is not perfectly symmetrical. Even in the normal state it always has a slight forward bend.'

"'Why is this, Doctor?'

"'I can't answer that. It is simply an anatomical fact and it seems to work out pretty well in the scheme of reproduction. . . .'"

The upshot of it all was that "in a normally placed uterus, the cervix lies in contact with the seminal pool after a normal intercourse," whereas in this young lady's case it didn't. "Your uterus is acutely bent forward—so that it lies practically in the shape of a letter U on its side," the doctor told her. "In scientific terms, you have what is called *acute uterine anteflexion*."

As the rosy dawn came to kiss the kitchen window, I found myself wondering how long this sort of thing had been going on. Certainly no one could quarrel with the idea of trying to improve the nation's sexual relations, but with so much emphasis on malfunction and misery, the general effect struck me as being a trifle morbid. In not one of the back issues could I find a single case of sexual contentment or a cervix with a smile. Could it have been because there weren't any to be found? Or was it because testimonials to sexual happiness were considered indecent—possibly even lewd?

By approaching the subject with a medical license and a little black bag, there were clearly no limits to how far the ladies' books could go, and there seemed to be a strange double standard by which such "frankness" was judged. Consider, for example, what the reaction might be if a popular men's magazine were to publish the following dialog:

"I wonder if you know that the penis, or male member, is an elastic, extensible organ of variable length composed almost entirely of cavernous tissue capable of becoming turgid and hardening into a state of bonelike erection. In repose, it is shaped somewhat like a pendulant banana, the fore part of which is called the *glans*."

"I learned that in freshman hygiene," remarked the young man.

"Excellent! What may not have been emphasized is the fact that this 'banana' does not hang perfectly straight. Even in the normal state it always has a tendency to dangle a little to the left or to the right."

"Why is this, Doctor?"

"I can't answer that. It is simply an anatomical fact and it seems to work out pretty well in the scheme of reproduction. Your member, however, is not only off plumb but has an acute right hook—so that it hangs in the shape of an inverted question mark," the doctor explained, drawing a large, limp ¿ in the air. "In scientific terms, you have what is called *acute interrogatory anteflexion*."

Woozy, by this time, from the high-octane combination of anteflexion and bourbon, I bundled the whole stack back on the dumb-waiter and toddled off to bed, making certain to set the alarm so as not to miss my dental appointment on the morrow.

•

The dentist's waiting room was crowded the following morning. I squeezed in on the sofa between a teenaged girl and a white-haired grandmother type, both of whom were engrossed in magazines selected from the smorgasbord on the office table. The old girl was up to her pearl earrings in *What Kinsey Is Doing Now*, in the May *Redbook*, and the girl to my right was browsing through the Special Beautiful Women Issue of *Cosmopolitan*. Having flipped through *Have a New Figure by Summer*, which was illustrated with four-color shots of a nude with, apparently, no nipples, drying her face and knees, she turned back to the front of the book and settled down to read *Sexual Problems of Beautiful Women*—possibly against the day when the dentist would remove the braces from her teeth.

Now that I was hip to the sick, sad sex kick of the ladies' magazines, I bypassed *National Geographic* and reached for the current *Ladies' Home Journal*. A young June bride gazed hopefully from the pink-and-blue cover. Her veil and gown were as chaste and white as the bouquet she clutched to her fragile bosom. A touching and uplifting sight, one calculated to soften the heart of the sourest cynic and fill him with a warm glow of optimism and Positive Thinking. Imagine the letdown I experienced, then, upon opening the issue at random to page 109 and being bluntly asked, *Can This Marriage Be Saved?*

"'Now my second marriage is on the rocks,' 31-year-old Ivy said in a flat, dulled voice. A handsome, big-boned woman, she sat hunched in an attitude of weary despair."

And in the lower right-hand corner was a fast-lens photo of Ivy hurling a cup of coffee in her husband's face. *"Kip suspected Ivy's carelessness with the hot coffee might not have been entirely accidental,"* the caption said. *"The night before, Ivy had put her arms around him and he had rebuffed her. He had become unable to respond to her sexually."*

And there we were, back on that again. The dentist's nurse beckoned for me to come climb up into the high chair, and I put the magazine aside, resolving to continue my studies if I managed to come out alive.

Riding home on the Novocain, I picked up a copy of the June *Redbook*, understandably attracted by the question on the cover: "CAN YOU TRUST YOUR DENTIST?" But before I knew it, I was over my clavicle in a description of *The Man No Woman Can Resist*, by Laura Stewart.

"I'm happily married. I'm expecting a baby. Yet I have fallen in love with a man who is not my husband.

"I'm in love with my obstetrician!"

That just about did it, as far as I was concerned. But when the July *Redbook* came out with *The Tragedy of a Young Girl*, I wished I was back in June with Mrs. Stewart.

Here again love and pregnancy had a bizarre medical twist. Only Jackie Smith wasn't married and never got to see an obstetrician. She died as the result of a bungled abortion performed by a hospital orderly in her lover's apartment, and her dissected body was disposed of piece by piece in Manhattan's trash baskets.

•

It was in April that I came across an ad for the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the back page of the morning paper.

"Where in the world is your wife this morning?" the heading inquired. "You probably think you are 'getting out into the world' this morning. Your wife, on the other hand, is home in a walled-in world completely bounded by the kitchen range and the sink . . . but is she?

"If she is like the millions of women who will buy and read the April *Ladies' Home Journal*, you might be surprised to find her with Dorothy Thompson in Iran . . . in Long Beach, California, with a *How America Lives* family . . . trying on a flowered hat with fashion editor Wilhela Cushman . . . in Fort Worth, Texas, with a gaggle of multimultimillionaires . . . mentally sampling some recipes from China . . . or in Samoa with Margaret Mead."

Since I had already read the April *Journal*, it was with a "queerly soft, clogged feeling" in my chest that I realized she could also be mentally sampling the emotions of a young wife named Carolyn, as she "gave in" after being "terrifically stimulated" by a home wrecker named Jay, on page 54; or she could be off on the trail of a gaggle of perverts and child molesters in a story on sex offenders by Margaret Hickey.

"Maybe your own world seems a little cloistered by comparison," the ad cooed impishly.

To which I could only reply, "It sure as hell does, sister. The biggest, baddest influence in my world is a pinup picture in a certain men's magazine. They call it the Playmate of the Month!"

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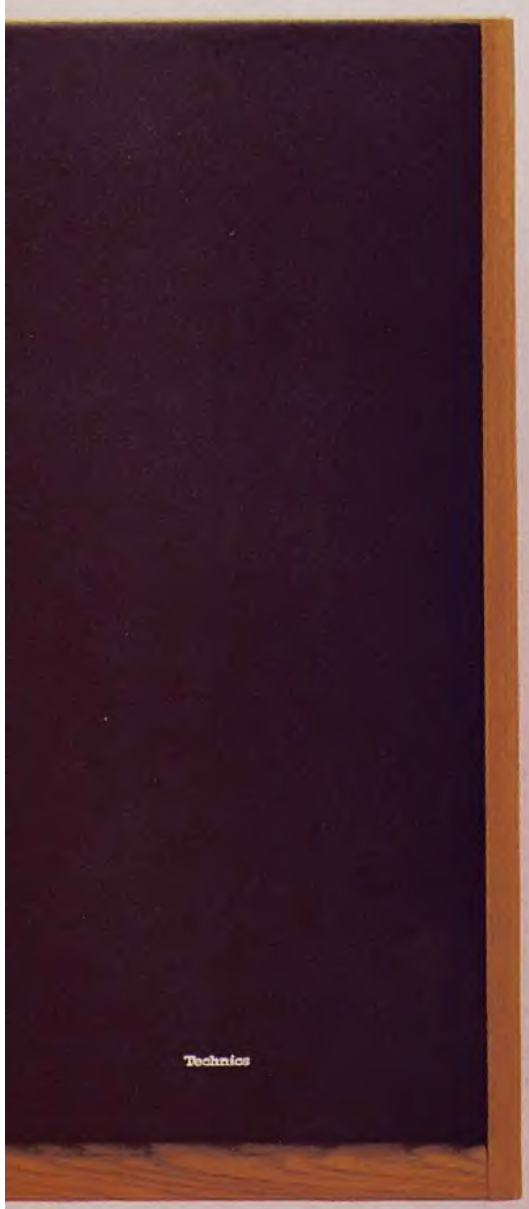

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WANDA HICKEY'S NIGHT *(continued from page 147)*

"Posing in my rented tuxedo, I noted the sparkle of my high-fashion cummerbund. What a feeling!"

longer observe these rites."

Somehow, the scene was too painful for me to continue watching. Something dark and lurking had been awakened in my breast.

"What the hell do you mean we don't observe puberty rites?" I mumbled rhetorically as I got up and switched off the set. Reaching up to the top bookshelf, I took down a leatherette-covered volume. It was my high school class yearbook with a sharply etched photographic record of a true puberty rite among the primitive tribes of northern Indiana. In the gathering gloom of my Manhattan apartment, it all came back.

•

The Junior Class is proud to invite you to the Junior Prom, to be held at the Cherrywood Country Club beginning eight P.M., June fifth. Dance to the music of Mickey Iseley and his Magic Music Makers.

Summer formal required.

The Committee

It was the first engraved invitation I had ever received. The puberty rites had begun.

That night around the supper table, the talk was of nothing else.

"Who ya gonna take?" my old man asked, getting right to the heart of the matter. Who you were taking to the prom was considered a highly significant decision, possibly affecting your whole life, which, in some tragic cases, it did.

"Oh, I don't know. I was thinking of a couple of girls," I replied in an offhand manner, as though this slight detail didn't concern me at all. My mother paused while slicing the meat loaf.

"Why not take that nice Wanda Hickey?"

"Aw, come on, Ma. This is the prom. This is important. You don't take Wanda Hickey to the *prom*."

Wanda Hickey was the only girl who I knew for an absolute fact liked me. Ever since we had been in third grade, Wanda had been hanging around the outskirts of my social circle. She laughed at my jokes and once, when we were 12, actually sent me a valentine.

"Nah, I haven't decided who I'm gonna take."

•

All week, I had been cleaning up my Ford for the big night. If there was one thing in my life that went all the way, my only true and total love, it was my Ford V8, a convertible that I had personally rebuilt at least 35 times. I had spent the past two days minutely cleaning the interior and body. Everything was set to go, except for one thing—no girl.

A feeling of helpless rage settled over me as I sprayed the lawn later that evening. I kicked absent-mindedly at a passing toad as I soaked down the dandelions.

"What are you doing?"

So deeply was I involved in self-pity that at first my mind wouldn't focus. Startled, I swung my hose around, spraying the white figure on the sidewalk ten feet away.

"I'm sorry!" I blurted out, seeing at once that I had washed down a girl dressed in white tennis clothes.

"Oh, hi, Wanda. I didn't see you there."

She dried herself with a Kleenex.

"What are you doing?" she asked again.

"I'm sprinkling the lawn." The toad hopped past, going the other way now. I squirted him out of general principles.

Wanda swung her tennis racket at a June bug that flapped by barely above stall speed. She missed. The bug soared angrily up and whirred off into the darkness.

Then it happened. Without thinking, without even a shadow of a suspicion of planning, I heard myself asking: "You going to the prom?"

For a long instant she said nothing, just swung her tennis racket at the air.

"I guess so," she finally answered, weakly.

"Wanda. Would you . . . I mean . . . would you, you see, I was thinking. . . ."

"Yes?"

Here I go, in over the horns: "Wanda, uh . . . how about . . . going to the prom with me?"

She stopped twitching her tennis racket. The crickets cheeped, the spring air was filled with the sound of singing froglets. A soft breeze carried with it the promise of a rich summer and the vibrant aromas of a nearby refinery.

She began softly, "Of course, I've had a lot of invitations, but I didn't say yes to any of them yet. I guess it would be fun to go with you," she ended lamely.

"Yeah, well, naturally, I've had four or five girls who wanted to go with me, but I figured they were mostly jerks, anyway, and . . . ah . . . I meant to ask you all along."

The die was cast. There was no turning back. It was an ironclad rule. Once a girl was asked to the prom, only a total bounder would even consider ducking out of it. There had been one or two cases in the past, but the perpetrators had become social pariahs, driven from the tribe to fend for themselves in the woods.

•

I broke the news to Schwartz the next morning, after biology. We were hurrying through the halls between classes on our way to our lockers, which were side by side on the second floor.

"Hey, Schwartz, how about double-dating for the prom?" I asked. I knew he had no car and I needed moral support, anyway.

"Who are you taking?" he asked.

"Wanda Hickey."

"Wanda Hickey!"

Schwartz was completely thrown by this bit of news. Wanda Hickey had never been what you could call a major star in our Milky Way. We walked on, saying nothing, until finally, as we opened our lockers, Schwartz said: "Well, she sure is good at algebra."

•

Saturday dawned bright and sunny, as perfect as a June day can be—in a steel-mill town. Even the blast-furnace dust that drifted aimlessly through the soft air glowed with promise. I was out early, dusting off the car. It was going to be a top-down night. If there is anything more romantic than a convertible with the top down in June going to a prom, I'd like to hear about it.

Posing in my rented tuxedo before the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, I noted the rich accent of my velvet stripes, the gleam of my pumps, the magnificent dash and sparkle of my high-fashion cummerbund. What a sight! What a feeling! This is the way life should be. This is what it's all about.

Taking my leave as Cary Grant would have done, I sauntered out the front door, turned to give my mother a jaunty wave—just in time for her to call me back to pick up Wanda's corsage, which I'd left on the front-hall table.

Slipping carefully into the front seat with the celluloid-topped box safely beside me, I leaned forward slightly, to avoid wrinkling the back of my coat, started the motor up and shoved off into the warm spring night. A soft June moon hung overhead, and the Ford purred like a kitten. When I pulled up before Wanda's house, it was lit up from top to bottom. Even before my brakes had stopped squealing, she was out on the porch, her mother fluttering about her, her father lurking in the background, beaming.

With stately tread, I moved up the walk; my pants were so tight that if I'd taken one false step, God knows what would have happened. In my sweaty, Aqua Velva–scented palm, I clutched the ritual largess in its shiny box.

Wanda wore a long turquoise taffeta

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gown, her milky skin and golden hair radiating in the glow of the porch light. This was *not* the old Wanda. For one thing, she didn't have her glasses on, and her eyes were unnaturally large and liquid, the way the true myopia victim's always are.

"Gee, thanks for the orchid," she whispered. Her voice sounded strained. In accordance with the tribal custom, she, too, was being mercilessly clamped by straps and girdles.

Her mother, an almost exact copy of Wanda, only slightly puffy here and there, said, "You'll take care of her now, won't you?"

"Now, Emily, don't start yapping," her old man muttered in the darkness. "They're not kids anymore."

They stood in the doorway as we drove off through the soft night toward Schwartz's house, our conversation stilted, our excitement almost at the boiling point. Schwartz rushed out of his house, his white coat like a ghost in the blackness, his hair agleam with Brylcreem, and surrounded by a palpable aura of Lifebuoy.

Five minutes later, his date, Clara Mae, piled into the back seat beside him, carefully holding up her daffodil-yellow skirts, her long slender neck arched. She, too, wasn't wearing her glasses. Schwartz, a good half head shorter, laughed nervously as we tooled on toward the Cherrywood Country Club. From all over town, other cars, polished and waxed, carried the rest of the junior class to their great trial by fire.

The club nestled amid the rolling hills, where the Sinclair-oil aroma was only barely detectable. Parking the car in the lot, we threaded our way through the starched and crinolined crowd—the girls' girdles creaking in unison—to the grand ballroom. Japanese lanterns danced in the breeze through the open doors to the garden, bathing the dance floor in a fairy-tale glow.

I felt tall, slim and beautiful, not realizing at the time that everybody feels that way wearing a rented white coat and black pants. I could see myself standing on a mysterious balcony, a lonely, elegant figure, looking out over the lights of some exotic city, a scene of sophisticated gaiety behind me.

Wanda and I began to maneuver around the floor. My experience in dancing had been gained almost entirely from reading Arthur Murray ads and practicing with a pillow for a partner behind the locked door of the bathroom. As we shuffled across the floor, I could see the black footprints before my eyes, marching on a white page: 1-2-3; then the white one that said, "Pause."

Back and forth, up and down, we moved metronomically. My box step was so square that I went in little right angles for weeks afterward.

During a brief intermission, Schwartz and I carried paper cups dripping syrupy punch back to the girls, who had just spent some time in the ladies' room struggling unsuccessfully to repair the damage of the first half. Then we swung back into action. They opened with *Sleepy Lagoon*. 1-2-3-pause . . . 1-2-3-pause.

•

All of a sudden, it was over. The band played *Good Night, Sweetheart* and we were out—into a driving rain. A violent cloudburst had begun just as we reached the door. My poor little car, the pride and joy of my life, was outside in the lot. With the top down.

This had never, to my knowledge, happened to Fred Astaire.

Plunging into the downpour, I sloshed through the puddles and finally reached the Ford. She must have had a foot of water in her already. Hair streaming down over my eyes, soaked to the skin and muddied to the knees, I bailed it out with a coffee can from the trunk, slid behind the wheel and pressed the automatic-top lever.

Wanda, Schwartz and Clara Mae piled in on the damp, soggy seats and we slogged intrepidly through the rain toward the Red Rooster.

A giant red neon rooster with a blue neon tail that flicked up and down in the rain set the tone for this glamorous establishment. An aura of undefined sin was always connected with the name Red Rooster. Sly winks, nudgings and adolescent cacklings about what purportedly went on at the Rooster made it the "in" spot for such a momentous revel. Its waiters were rumored really to be secret henchmen of the Mafia. But the only thing we knew for sure about the Rooster was that anybody on the far side of seven years old could procure any known drink without question.

We occupied the only remaining table. Immediately, a beady-eyed waiter sidled over and hovered like a vulture. Distributing the famous Red Rooster Ala Carte Deluxe Menu, he stood back, smirking, and waited for us to impress our dates.

"Can I bring you anything to drink, gentlemen?" he said, heavily accenting the gentlemen.

My first impulse was to order my favorite drink of the period, a bottled chocolate concoction called Kayo, the Wonder

"Uh, professor, I'd appreciate your opinion on the underpainting on this Rubens."

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Drink; but remembering that better things were expected of me on prom night, I said, in my deepest voice, "Uh . . . make mine bourbon."

All around me, the merrymaking throng was swinging into high gear. Carried away by it all, I added a phrase I had heard my old man use often: "And make it a triple." I had some vague idea that this was a brand or something.

"A *triple*? Yes, sir." His eyes snapped wide—in respect, I gathered. He knew he was in the presence of a serious drinker.

The waiter turned his gaze in Schwartz's direction. "And you, sir?"

"Make it the same." Schwartz had never been a leader.

The die was cast. Before me reposed a sparkling tumbler of beautiful amber liquid, ice cubes bobbing merrily on its surface, a swizzle stick sporting an enormous red rooster sticking out at a jaunty angle. Schwartz was similarly equipped. And the fluffy pink ladies, ordered for the girls at the waiter's suggestion, looked lovely in the reflected light of the pulsating jukebox.

I had seen my old man deal with just this sort of situation. Raising my beaded glass, I looked around at my companions and said suavely, "Well, here's mud in yer eye." Clara Mae giggled; Wanda sighed dreamily, now totally in love with this man of the world who sat across from her on this, our finest night.

"Yep," Schwartz parried wittily, hoisting his glass high and slopping a little bourbon on his pants as he did so.

Swiftly, I brought the bourbon to my lips, intending to down it in a single devil-may-care draught, the way Gary Cooper used to do in the Silver Dollar Saloon. I did, and Schwartz followed suit. Down it went—a screaming 100-proof rocket searing savagely down my gullet. For an instant, I sat stunned, unable to comprehend what had happened. Eyes watering copiously, I had a brief urge to sneeze, but my throat seemed to be paralyzed. Wanda and Clara Mae swam before my misted vision; and Schwartz seemed to have disappeared under the table. He popped up again—face beet red, eyes bugging, jaw slack, tongue lolling.

"Isn't this romantic? Isn't this the most wonderful night in all our lives? I will forever treasure the memories of this wonderful night." From far off, echoing as from some subterranean tunnel, I heard Wanda speaking.

"Another, gents?" The waiter was back, still smirking.

Schwartz nodded dumbly. I just sat there, afraid to move. An instant later, two more triple bourbons materialized in front of us.

Clara Mae raised her pink lady high and said reverently, "Let's drink to the happiest night of our lives."

There was no turning back. Another screamer rocketed down the hatch. For an instant, it seemed as though this one wasn't going to be as lethal as the first, but then the room suddenly tilted sideways. I struggled to my feet. A strange rubbery numbness had struck my extremities. I tottered from chair to chair, grasping for the wall.

Twenty seconds later, I was on my knees, gripping the bowl of the john like a life preserver in pitching seas. Schwartz, imitating me as usual, lay almost prostrate on the tiles beside me, his body racked with heaving sobs. My double bourbons came rushing out of me in a great roaring torrent, out of my mouth, my nose, my ears, my very soul. Then Schwartz opened up, and we took turns retching and shuddering. For long minutes, the two of us lay there limp and quivering, smelling to high heaven, too weak to get up. It was the absolute high point of the junior prom; the rest was anticlimax.

We returned to the table, ashen-faced and shaking. Schwartz, his coat stained and rumpled, sat zombielike across from me. The girls didn't say much. Pink ladies just aren't straight bourbon.

But our group played the scene out bravely to the end. The waiter returned as if on cue, bearing a slip of paper.

"The damages, gentlemen."

Taking $20 out of my wallet, I handed it to him with as much of a flourish as I could muster. There wouldn't have been any point in looking over the check; I wouldn't have been able to read it, anyway. In one last attempt to recoup my cosmopolitan image, I said offhandedly, "Keep the change." Wanda beamed in unconcealed ecstasy.

The drive home in the damp car was not quite the same as the one that had begun the evening so many weeks earlier. Only the girls preserved the joyousness of the occasion. Women always survive.

In a daze, I dropped off Schwartz and Clara Mae and drove in silence toward Wanda's home.

We stood on her porch for the last ritual encounter.

"This was the most wonderful, wonderful night of my whole life. I always dreamed the prom would be like this," breathed Wanda, gazing passionately up into my watering eyes.

"Me, too," was all I could manage.

I knew what was expected of me now. Her eyes closed dreamily. Swaying slightly, I leaned forward—and the faint odor of pink lady from her parted lips coiled slowly up to my nostrils. This was not in the script. I knew I had better get off that porch fast, or else. Backpedaling desperately down the stairs, I blurted, "Bye!" and—fighting down my rising gorge—clamped my mouth tight, leaped into the Ford, burned rubber and tore off into the dawn.

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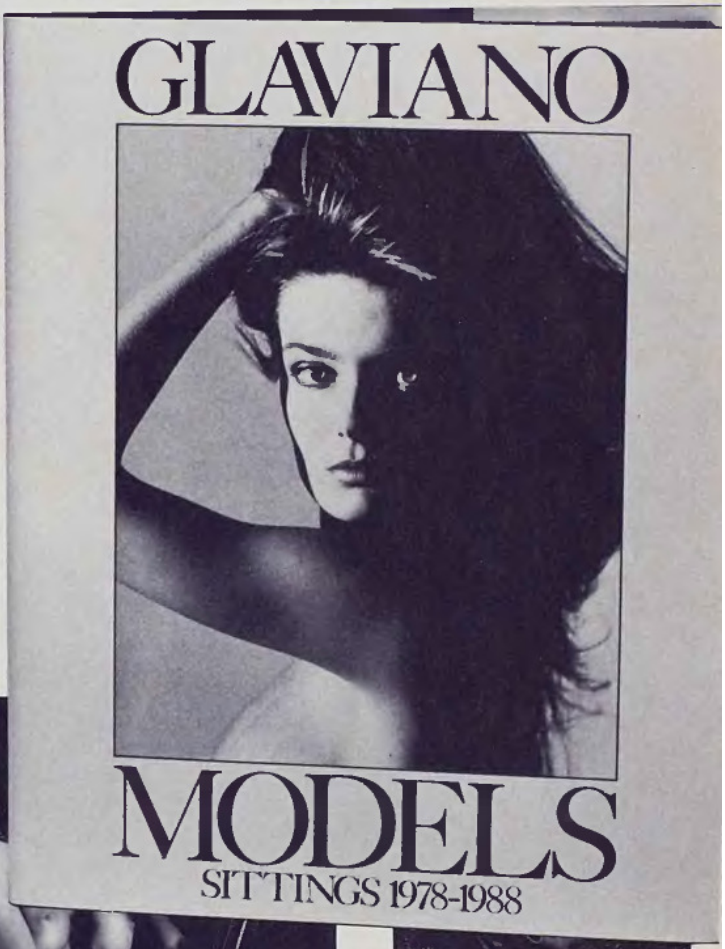

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REBEL

(continued from page 105)

drives? You know, you don't have to lay on it, just zing it in there, then jump to the Philistines or something.'"

In a single performance, comedian Lenny Bruce may find humor in such sacred and profane subjects as religion, homosexuality, funeral homes, race relations, dope addiction and matricide. ("John Graham Green is a guy who blew up a plane with 40 people and his mother," Bruce reports, "and for this the state sent him to the gas chamber. Proving that the American people have lost their sense of humor. After all, anybody who blows up a plane with 40 people and his mother can't be *all* bad.") The Bruce repertoire of "sick" monologs, gags, dramatizations and mimicry is as apt to shock and outrage as to amuse. Yet he is not really an outrageous comic. Lenny Bruce is a freewheeling iconoclast who pokes fun at some of the sickest aspects of our society.

"Remember a year or so ago," he asks, "a kid in Long Island was stuck in a well? They finally got him out, and the doctor who attended him sent his parents a bill. So dig what happens—everybody starts screaming, 'What a fink that doctor is!' You know, what right has a doctor who went to school for 12 years and spent a fortune for his education to charge us poor people for service rendered? Anyway, the whole country doesn't sleep for a week worrying about whether this crook of a doctor is going to steal a fee. In the meantime, you pick up any metropolitan paper and you see, 'Negroes can't live here, Orientals can't live there.' Always emotionalism over the wrong things.

"Anyway, so much public pressure is brought on the A.M.A. that they call in this poor doctor and they say, 'Look, you can't get paid for that job, but we'll make it up to you. We'll give you a new disease for next year. We haven't done the grippe for a while. We'll pull a switch on the grippe and give it a new working title . . . something exotic . . . uh . . . Asiatic flu. We'll call up Parke-Lily and get some new pills. For symptoms we'll try, let's see . . . nausea, headache, loss of appetite. How's that? Forget the well job and the disease is yours.'

"So the doctor is taken care of, and the country breathes easier again, because now they know that that bill won't have to be paid after all. However, there's just one thing . . . the child will have to be returned to the well."

Hollywood's puerile tolerance films bug Bruce, too: "The scene opens in a schoolyard. We see Juan Rodriguez, insecure in his torn leather jacket, with all those clean, polished Anglo-Saxon types. He speaks to the other boys and we see democracy in action on the streets of a big city: 'Leesen to me, you guys. One theeng I cannot forget ees that I am a Spanish keed. OK? Pheel here is a Jewish keed. OK? And here is a colored keed and an Irish keed and an Italian keed, and, my friends, in thees country, we all have to stick together—and beat up the Polacks!'"

Mort Sahl, whose favorite prop is a newspaper, likes to retell Lenny's reaction to the news headline "FLOOD WATERS RISE. DIKES THREATENED": "It's always the same," said Bruce. "In time of emergency, they pick on minority groups."

Like Mort's, Lenny's current night-club career began on the West Coast and he is almost unknown in the East. This is actually his second career as a performer. He got his first chance on the Godfrey Talent Scout Show, doing take-offs on Hollywood Nazi films, so popular in the Forties. From there he played the old New York Strand and similar spots. "But I bombed," he says. "I was ready for them, but they weren't ready for me." Audiences, however, are growing hipper and the "inside" comic is the order of the day in the little clubs across the country. Lenny Bruce is just a little more inside—or a little further out, depending on where you're standing—than any other comedian working today. He is an extremely sensitive performer and his audience can make or break a show. "I think most good comedians are insecure," says Lenny. "They're up there on that stage looking for acceptance and love. If I haven't managed any rapport with my listeners in the first ten minutes, I'm dead. But when I'm swinging and I feel that warmth coming up at me, I'd like to ball the whole audience."

Bruce's background could have easily been lifted verbatim from the jacket copy about the author of some current best seller. Born on Long Island, he and formal education had had it after grammar school. He worked on a farm, joined the Navy, saw action at Anzio and Salerno, came home, then worked his way to Asia and back aboard freighters. "In those days," he recalls, "my burning ambition was to write a kind of seagoing *Studs Lonigan*. I figured that with my Navy experience, I should know more four-letter words than James Farrell." But the only tangible thing he brought back from his sea service was a large tattoo on his arm that he got in Malta, though he says, "I smoked Marlboros when I was six and it grew up."

The weird Mr. Bruce is 34 and a bachelor. "I was married once, but it didn't last," he explains on the stage. "This sounds like a typical comic routine, but my marriage was broken up by my mother-in-law. One day my wife came home early from work and caught us in bed together."

Lenny usually performs in a rather quiet Brooks Brothers manner, but in his impression of Holy Roller Oral Roberts, he flails his arms, stomps his feet and waves a snake before his audience. His impersonations are excellent and always worked into the act, as when he depicts Bela Lugosi's Count Dracula and family as a group of itinerant actors between bookings ("All right, Junior, comb your face, drink your blood, bite Momma goodnight and go to bed").

Herb Caen, the San Francisco oracle, has this to say about Bruce: "They call Lenny Bruce a sick comic—and sick he is. Sick of the pretentious phoniness of a generation that makes his vicious humor meaningful. He is a rebel, but not without a cause, for there are shirts that need unstuffing, egos that need deflating and precious few people to do the sticky job with talent and style."

"School dropout, no doubt."

(continued from page 132)

necessary money to deal with urban problems must come from the Federal Government, and this money is ultimately controlled by the Congress of the United States. The success of these enlightened mayors is entirely dependent upon the financial support made available by Washington.

The past record of the Federal Government, however, has not been encouraging. No President has really done very much for the American Negro, though the past two Presidents have received much undeserved credit for helping us. This credit has accrued to Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy only because it was during their Administrations that Negroes began doing more for themselves. Kennedy didn't voluntarily submit a civil rights bill, nor did Lyndon Johnson. In fact, both told us at one time that such legislation was impossible. President Johnson did respond realistically to the signs of the times and used his skills as a legislator to get bills through Congress that other men might not have gotten through. I must point out, in all honesty, however, that President Johnson has not been nearly so diligent in *implementing* the bills he has helped shepherd through Congress.

Although the fruits of our struggle have sometimes been nothing more than bitter despair, I must admit there have been some hopeful signs, some meaningful successes. One of the most hopeful of these changes is the attitude of the Southern Negro himself. Benign acceptance of second-class citizenship has been displaced by vigorous demands for full citizenship rights and opportunities. In fact, most of our concrete accomplishments have been limited largely to the South. We have put an end to racial segregation in the South; we have brought about the beginnings of reform in the political system; and, as incongruous as it may seem, a Negro is probably safer in most Southern cities than he is in the cities of the North. We have confronted the racist policemen of the South and demanded reforms in the police departments. We have confronted the Southern racist power structure and we have elected Negro and liberal white candidates through much of the South in the past ten years. George Wallace is certainly an exception, and Lester Maddox is a sociological fossil. But despite these anachronisms, at the city and county levels, there is a new respect for black votes and black citizenship that just did not exist ten years ago. Although school integration has moved at a depressingly slow rate in the South, it *has* moved. Of far more significance is the fact that we have learned that the integration of schools does not necessarily solve the inadequacy of schools. White schools are often just about as bad as black schools, and integrated schools sometimes tend to merge the problems of the two without solving either of them.

There *are* some changes. But the changes are basically in the social and political areas; the problems we now face—providing jobs, better housing and better education for the poor throughout the country—will require money for their solution, a fact that makes those solutions all the more difficult.

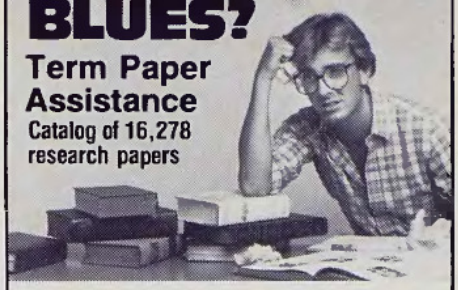
The need for solutions, meanwhile, becomes more urgent every day, because these problems are far more serious now than they were just a few years ago. Before 1964, things were getting better economically for the Negro; but after that year, things began to take a turn for the worse. In particular, automation began to cut into our jobs very badly, and this snuffed out the few sparks of hope the black people had begun to nurture.

The fact that most white people do not comprehend this situation—which prevails in the North as well as in the South—is due largely to the press, which molds the opinions of the white community. Many whites hasten to congratulate themselves on what little progress we Negroes have made. I'm sure that most whites felt that with the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, all race problems were automatically solved. Because most white people are so far removed from the life of the average Negro, there has been little to challenge this assumption. Yet Negroes continue to live with racism every day. It doesn't matter where we are individually in the scheme of things, how near we may be either to the top or to the bottom of society; the cold facts of racism slap each one of us in the face.

Solutions for these problems, urgent as they are, must be constructive and rational. Rioting and violence provide no solutions for economic problems. Much of the justification for rioting has come from the thesis—originally set forth by Franz Fanon—that violence has a certain cleansing effect. Perhaps, in a special psychological sense, he may have had a point. But we have seen a better and more constructive cleansing process in our nonviolent demonstrations. Another theory to justify violent revolution is that rioting enables Negroes to overcome their fear of the white man. But they are just as afraid of the power structure after a riot as before. I remember that was true when our staff went into Rochester, New York, after the riot of 1964. When we discussed the possibility of going down to talk with the police, the people who had been most aggressive in the violence were afraid to talk. They still had a sense of inferiority; and not until they were bolstered by the presence of our staff and given reassurance of their political power and the rightness of their cause and the justness of their grievances were they able and willing to sit down and talk to the police chief and the city manager about the conditions that had produced the riot.

As a matter of fact, I think the aura of

TERM PAPER BLUES?



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paramilitarism among the black militant groups speaks much more of fear than it does of confidence. I know, in my own experience, that I was much more afraid in Montgomery when I had a gun in my house. When I decided that, as a teacher of the philosophy of nonviolence, I couldn't keep a gun, I came face to face with the question of death and I dealt with it. And from that point on, I no longer needed a gun nor have I been afraid. Ultimately, one's sense of manhood must come from within him.

The riots in Negro ghettos have been, in one sense, merely another expression of the growing climate of violence in America. When a culture begins to feel threatened by its own inadequacies, the majority of men tend to prop themselves up by artificial means, rather than dig down deep into their spiritual and cultural wellsprings. America seems to have reached this point. Americans as a whole feel threatened by communism on one hand and, on the other, by the rising tide of aspirations among the undeveloped nations. I think most Americans know in their hearts that their country has been terribly wrong in its dealings with other peoples around the world. When Rome began to disintegrate from within, it turned to a strengthening of the military establishment, rather than to a correction of the corruption within the society. We are doing the same thing in this country and the result will probably be the same—unless, and here I admit to a bit of chauvinism, the black man in America can provide a new soul force for all Americans, a new expression of the American dream that need not be realized at the expense of other men around the world, but a dream of opportunity and life that can be shared with the rest of the world.

"What we need is a search for intelligent life on <u>this</u> planet."

HAZARDS OF PROPHECY

(continued from page 133)

able to harness the energy locked up in matter. Yet only five years after his death in 1937, the first chain reaction was started in Chicago. The wholly unexpected discovery of uranium fission had made it possible.

I have made a list of the inventions and discoveries that have been anticipated—and those that have not. All the items listed below under *The Unexpected* have already been achieved or discovered.

Listed under *The Expected*, however, are concepts that have been around for hundreds or thousands of years. Some have been achieved; others will be; others may be impossible. But which?

THE UNEXPECTED

X rays
Nuclear energy
Radio, TV
Electronics
Photography
Sound recording
Quantum mechanics
Relativity
Transistors
Masers; lasers
Superconductors; superfluids
Atomic clocks; Mössbauer Effect
Determining composition of celestial bodies
Dating the past (carbon 14, etc.)
Detecting invisible planets
The ionosphere; Van Allen belt

THE EXPECTED

Automobiles
Flying machines
Steam engines
Submarines
Spaceships
Telephones
Robots
Death rays
Transmutation
Artificial life
Immortality
Invisibility
Levitation
Teleportation
Communication with the dead
Observing the past, the future
Telepathy

The Expected includes sheer fantasy as well as serious scientific speculation, because the only way of discovering the limits of the possible is to venture a little way past them into the impossible. As a first penetration of this area, I suggest that we scrutinize the question of invisibility.

The idea of invisibility, with all the power it would bestow upon anyone who could command it, is eternally fascinating; I suspect that it is one of the commonest of private daydreams. But it is a long time since it has appeared in adult science fiction, because it is a little too naïve for this sophisticated age. It smacks of magic, which is now out of fashion.

Yet invisibility is not one of those concepts that involve an obvious violation of the laws of nature; there are plenty of objects that we know exist yet cannot see. Most gases are invisible. I have never had the privilege of looking for a large diamond in a tumbler of water, but I have searched for a contact lens in a bath.

Transparency is a most unusual property of a few exceptional substances, arising from the internal disposition of their atoms. If their atoms were arranged differently, they would no longer be transparent—and they would no longer be the same substances. You cannot take any compound at random and chemically torture it into transparency. And even if you could do so in the case of one particular compound, this would hardly help you to become an Invisible Man, for there are literally billions of unbelievably complex chemical compounds in the human body.

Moreover, the essential properties of many depend upon the fact that they are *not* transparent. If the light-sensitive chemicals at the back of the eye no longer trapped light, we should be unable to see; and if our flesh were transparent, the eye would be unable to function, since it would be flooded with radiation. You can't build a camera out of clear glass. Less obvious is the fact that the biochemical reactions upon which life depends would be thrown utterly out of balance, or would cease altogether. A man who achieved invisibility would not only be blind; he would be dead.

Many insects and land animals have developed remarkable powers of camouflage, but their disguise, being fixed, is effective only in the right surroundings. The greatest masters of deception are to be found in the sea. Flatfish and cuttlefish have an almost unbelievable control over the hues and patterns of their bodies and are able to change color within a few seconds when the need arises. A plaice lying on a checkerboard will reproduce the same pattern of squares on its upper surface, and is even reputed to make a creditable attempt at a Scots tartan.

The ability to match the scene behind you would be a kind of pseudo transparency, but it could fool only observers looking at you from a single direction. It works with the flatfish simply because it *is* flat and is trying to hide itself from predators swimming above it.

Another conceivable method of achieving invisibility is by means of vibrations. Vibrational invisibility is based on a familiar analogy: everyone knows how the blades of an electric fan vanish when the motor gets up speed. Well, suppose all the atoms of our bodies could be set vibrating or oscillating at a sufficiently high frequency.

The analogy is, of course, fallacious. We don't see *through* the fan blades, but past them; at every moment some of the background is uncovered, and at high enough speeds, persistence of vision gives us the impression that we have a continuous view. If the fan blades overlapped, they would remain opaque—no matter how fast they were spinning.

And there is another unfortunate complication. Vibration means heat—in fact it *is* heat—and our molecules and atoms are already moving as fast as we can take. Long before a man could be vibrated into invisibility, he would be cooked.

The situation does not look promising; yet now comes a surprise: perhaps we have been approaching it from the wrong angle. *Objective* invisibility may be impossible—but *subjective* invisibility is possible and has often been demonstrated.

An expert hypnotist can induce by posthypnotic suggestion what is known as a negative optical hallucination. This means that the subject will be unable to see a certain person, even if that person is standing in full view; the individual under hypnosis may eventually get hysterical if, for example, he sees what he believes are unattached articles such as a glass of champagne moving around the room—carried, of course, by the invisible person.

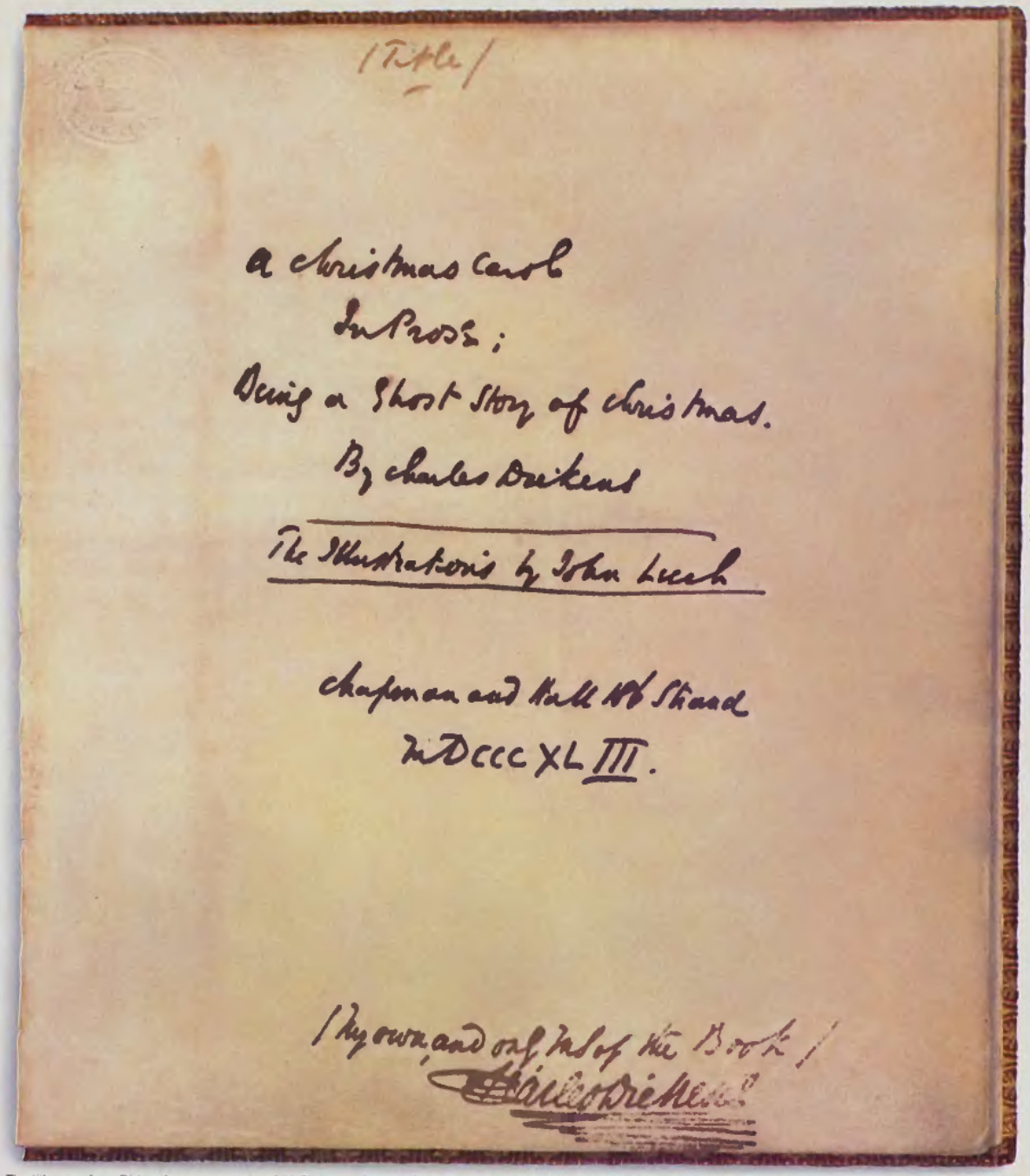
This fact is almost as amazing as genuine invisibility would be, and it suggests that a person or object might be made effectively invisible to a fairly large group of people who were quite sure that they were in full possession of their senses. I advance this idea with some diffidence; but I have a hunch that *if* invisibility is ever achieved, it will be along these lines.

And I advance, with somewhat less diffidence, the suggestion that we have here a case in which there was a splendid opportunity for a Failure of Imagination. The leap that we took at the end of our examination of objective invisibility was where the imagination might have failed; that was where the temptation was great to declare categorically, "It can't be done." To be sure, the probability is overwhelming that it never will be done, but at least I have shown one way in which it *might* be done. I can be contacted by the Nobel Prize Committee through *Playboy* magazine.

What, then, about teleportation, levitation and other items on the list of expected but heretofore unrealized accomplishments? Throughout my inquiries into the limits of the possible, I have been aware of one primary hazard: the dangers of incredulity. For, as I glance down the *Unexpected* column, I am aware of a few items that, only ten years ago, I should have thought were impossible. Even as I write these words, my body is sleeted by billions of particles that I can neither see nor sense. Some of them—unsuspected just a few years ago—are sweeping upward in a silent gale through the solid core of the Earth itself. Before such marvels, incredulity is chastened; and it would be wise to be skeptical even of skepticism.

"Anything interesting creep into your tent lately?"

Christmas past.



The title page from Dickens' own manuscript of "A Christmas Carol" (1843). Courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York (MA 97).

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CARTER

(continued from page 205)

faith. It's not a mysterious or mystical or magical thing. But for those who don't know the feeling of someone who believes in Christ, who is aware of the presence of God, there is, I presume, a quizzical attitude toward it. But it's always been something I've discussed very frankly.

PLAYBOY: Do you think liberalization of the laws over the past decade by factors as diverse as the pill and *Playboy*—an effect some people would term permissiveness—has been a harmful development?

CARTER: Liberalization of some of the laws has been good. You can't legislate morality. We tried to outlaw consumption of alcoholic beverages. We found that violation of the law led to bigger crimes and bred disrespect for the law.

PLAYBOY: You say morality can't be legislated, yet you support certain laws because they preserve old moral standards. How do you reconcile the two positions?

CARTER: I believe people should honor civil laws. If there is a conflict between God's law and civil law, we should honor God's law. But we should be willing to accept civil punishment. Most of Christ's original followers were killed because of their belief in Christ; they violated the civil law in following God's law.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it these views about what's "sinful" and what's "immoral" that contribute to the feeling that you might get a call from God, or get inspired and push the wrong button? More realistically, wouldn't we expect a puritanical tone in the White House if you were elected?

CARTER: Harry Truman was a Baptist. Some people get very abusive about the Baptist faith. If people want to know about it, they can read the New Testament. The main thing is that we don't think we're better than anyone else. We are taught not to judge other people.

PLAYBOY: You've said you'll pardon men who refused military service because of the Vietnam war but not necessarily those who deserted while they were in the Armed Forces. Is that right?

CARTER: That's right. I would not include them. Deserters ought to be handled on a separate-case basis. There's a difference to me. I was in the Navy for a long time. Somebody who goes into the military joins a kind of mutual partnership arrangement, you know what I mean? Your life depends on other people; their lives depend on you. So I don't intend to pardon the deserters. As far as the other categories of war resisters go, to me the ones who stayed in this country and let their opposition to the war be known publicly are more heroic than those who went and hid in Sweden. But I'm not capable of judging motives, so I'm just going to declare a blanket pardon.

PLAYBOY: When?

CARTER: The first week I'm in office.

PLAYBOY: In preparing for this interview, we spoke with your mother, your son Chip and your sister Gloria. We asked them what single action would most disappoint them in a Carter Presidency. They all replied that it would be if you ever sent troops to intervene in a foreign war. In fact, Miss Lillian said she would picket the White House.

CARTER: They share my views completely.

PLAYBOY: People think some of what you say makes you sound like an evangelist. And that makes it all the more confusing when they read about your hanging out with people so different from you in lifestyle and beliefs.

CARTER: Well, in the first place, I'm a human being. I'm not a packaged article that you can put in a little box and say, "Here's a Southern Baptist, an ignorant Georgia peanut farmer who doesn't have the right to enjoy music, who has no flexibility in his mind, who can't understand the sensitivities of an interpersonal relationship. He's gotta be predictable. He's gotta be for Calley and for the war. He's gotta be a liar. He's gotta be a racist."

You know, that's the sort of stereotype people tend to assume, and I hope it doesn't apply to me. I'm just a human being like everybody else. I have different interests, different understandings of the world around me, different relationships with different kinds of people.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for all the time you've given us. Incidentally, do you have any problems with appearing in *Playboy*? Do you think you'll be criticized?

CARTER: I don't object to that at all. I don't believe I'll be criticized.

[*At the final session, which took place in the living room of Carter's home in Plains, the allotted time was up. As the interviewer and the* Playboy *editor stood at the door, recording equipment in their arms, a final, seemingly casual question was tossed off. Carter then delivered a long, softly spoken monolog that grew in intensity as he made his final points. One of the journalists signaled to Carter that they were still taping, to which Carter nodded his assent.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've reassured people with this interview, people who are uneasy about your religious beliefs, who wonder if you're going to make a rigid, unbending President?

CARTER: I don't know if you've been to Sunday school here yet; some of the press has attended. I teach there about every three or four weeks. It's a good way to learn what I believe and what the Baptists believe.

One thing the Baptists believe in is complete autonomy. I don't accept any domination of my life by the Baptist Church, none. Every Baptist church is individual and autonomous. We don't accept domination of our church from the Southern Baptist Convention. The reason the Baptist Church was formed in this country was because of our belief in absolute separation of church and state.

When my sons were small, we went to church and they went, too. But when they got old enough to make their own decisions, they decided when to go and they varied in their devoutness. Amy really looks forward to going to church, because she gets to see all her cousins at Sunday school. I never knew anything except going to church. My wife and I were born and raised in innocent times. The normal thing to do was to go to church.

What Christ taught about most was pride, that one person should never think he was any better than anybody else. One of the most vivid stories Christ told in one of his parables was about two people who went into a church. One was an official of the church, a Pharisee, and he said, "Lord, I thank you that I'm not like all those other people. I keep all your commandments; I give a tenth of everything I own. I'm here to give thanks for making me more acceptable in your sight." The other guy was despised by the nation, and he went in, prostrated himself on the floor and said, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner. I'm not worthy to lift my eyes to heaven." Christ asked the disciples which of the two had justified his life. The answer was obviously the one who was humble.

I try not to commit a deliberate sin. I recognize that I'm going to do it anyhow, because I'm human and I'm tempted. And Christ set some almost impossible standards for us. Christ said, "I tell you that anyone who looks on a woman with lust has in his heart already committed adultery."

I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. This is something that God recognizes I will do—and I have done it—and God forgives me for it. But that doesn't mean that I condemn someone who not only looks on a woman with lust but who leaves his wife and shacks up with somebody out of wedlock.

Christ says, Don't consider yourself better than someone else because one guy screws a whole bunch of women while the other guy is loyal to his wife. The guy who's loyal to his wife ought not to be condescending or proud because of the relative degree of sinfulness. One thing that Paul Tillich said was that religion is a search for the truth about man's existence and his relationship with God and his fellow man; and that once you stop searching and think you've got it made—at that point, you lose your religion. Constant reassessment, searching in one's heart—it gives me confidence.

I don't inject these beliefs in my answers to your secular questions.

[*Carter clenched his fist and gestured sharply.*]

But I don't think I would *ever* take on the same frame of mind that Nixon or Johnson did—lying, cheating and distorting the truth. Not taking into consideration my hope for my strength of character, I think that my religious beliefs alone would prevent that from happening to me. I have that confidence. I hope it's justified.

—November 1976, interviewed by Robert Scheer

THE BEAT GENERATION

(continued from page 101)

my father used to have at home in the Twenties and Thirties in New England that were so fantastically loud nobody could sleep for blocks around and when the cops came they always had a drink. It goes back to the wild and raving childhood of playing the Shadow under wind-swept trees of New England's gleeful autumn, and the howl of the Moon Man on the sandbank until we caught him in a tree (he was an "older" guy of 15), the maniacal laugh of certain neighborhood madboys, the furious humor of whole gangs playing basketball till long after dark in the park, it goes back to those crazy days before World War Two when teenagers drank beer on Friday nights at Lake ballrooms and worked off their hangovers playing baseball on Saturday afternoon followed by a dive in the brook—and our fathers wore straw hats like W. C. Fields. It goes back to the completely senseless babble of the Three Stooges, the ravings of the Marx Brothers (the tenderness of Angel Harpo at harp, too).

It goes back to the inky ditties of old cartoons (Krazy Kat with the irrational brick)—to Laurel and Hardy in the Foreign Legion—to Count Dracula and his *smile* to Count Dracula shivering and hissing back before the Cross—to the Golem horrifying the persecutors of the Ghetto—to the quiet sage in a movie about India, unconcerned about the plot—to the giggling old Tao Chinaman trotting down the sidewalk of old Clark Gable Shanghai—to the holy old Arab warning the hotbloods that Ramadan is near. To Jiggs ducking before a household of furniture flying through the air, to Jiggs and the boys at the bar and the corned beef and cabbage of old wood-fence noons—to King Kong his eyes looking into the hotel window with tender huge love for Fay Wray. To the glee of America, the honesty of America, the honesty of old-time grafters in straw hats as well as the honesty of old-time waiters in line at the Brooklyn Bridge in *Winterset*, the funny spitelessness of old big-fisted America like Big Boy Williams saying "Hoo? Hee? Huh?" in a movie about Mack Trucks and sliding-door lunch carts. To Clark Gable, his certain smile, his confident leer. Like my grandfather this America was invested with wild self-believing individuality and this had begun to disappear around the end of World War Two with so many great guys dead (I can think of half a dozen from my own boyhood groups) when suddenly it began to emerge again, the hipsters began to appear gliding around saying "Crazy, man."

"Hurry up—I haven't got all night!"

When I first saw the hipsters creeping around Times Square in 1944 I didn't like them either. One of them, Huncke of Chicago, came up to me and said "Man, I'm beat." I knew right away what he meant somehow.

The hipsters, whose music was bop, they looked like criminals but they kept talking about the same things I liked, long outlines of personal experience and vision, nightlong confessions full of hope that had become illicit and repressed by war, stirrings, rumblings of a new soul (that same old human soul). And so Huncke appeared to us and said "I'm beat" with radiant light shining out of his despairing eyes . . . a word perhaps brought from some Midwest carnival or junk cafeteria. It was a new language, actually spade (Negro) jargon but you soon learned it, like "hung up" couldn't be a more economical term to mean so many things. Some of these hipsters were raving mad and talked continually. It was jazzy. Symphony Sid's all-night modern jazz and bop show was always on. By 1948 it began to take shape. That was a wild vibrating year when a group of us would walk down the street and yell hello and even stop and talk to anybody that gave us a friendly look. The hipsters had eyes. That was the year I saw Montgomery Clift, unshaven, wearing a sloppy jacket, slouching down Madison Avenue with a companion. It was the year I saw Charley "Bird" Parker strolling down Eighth Avenue in a black turtleneck sweater with Babs Gonzales and a beautiful girl.

By 1948 the hipsters, or beatsters, were divided into cool and hot. Much of the misunderstanding about hipsters and the Beat Generation in general today derives from the fact that there are two distinct styles of hipsterism: The "cool" today is your bearded laconic sage, or schlerm, before a hardly touched beer in a beatnik dive, whose speech is low and unfriendly, whose girls say nothing and wear black; the "hot" today is the crazy talkative shining eyed (often innocent and openhearted) nut who runs from bar to bar, pad to pad looking

for everybody, shouting, restless, lushy, trying to "make it" with the subterranean beatniks who ignore him. Most Beat Generation artists belong to the hot school, naturally since that hard gemlike flame needs a little heat. It was a hot hipster like myself who finally cooled it in Buddhist meditation, though when I go in a jazz joint I still feel like yelling "Blow baby blow!" to the musicians though nowadays I'd get 86ed for this.

The word beat originally meant poor, down and out, dead-beat, on the bum, sad, sleeping in subways. Now that the word is belonging officially it is being made to stretch to include people who do not sleep in subways but have a certain new gesture, or attitude, which I can only describe as a new *more*. "Beat Generation" has simply become the slogan or label for a revolution in manners in America.

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I wrote *On the Road* in three weeks in the beautiful month of May 1941 while living in the Chelsea district of Lower West Side Manhattan, on a 100-foot roll and put the Beat Generation in words in there, saying at the point where I am taking part in a wild kind of collegiate party with a bunch of kids in an abandoned miner's shack "These kids are great but where are Dean Moriarty and Carlo Marx? Oh well I guess they wouldn't belong in this gang, they're too *dark*, too strange, too subterranean and I am slowly beginning to join a new kind of *beat* generation."

Then in 1952 an article was published in *The New York Times* Sunday magazine saying, the headline, "'THIS IS A BEAT GENERATION'" (in quotes like that) and in the article it said that I had come up with the term first "when the face was harder to recognize," the face of the generation. So then the term moved a little faster. The term and the cats. Everywhere began to appear strange hepcats and even college kids went around hep and cool and using the terms I'd heard on Times Square in the early Forties, it was growing somehow. But when the publishers finally took a dare and published *On the Road* in 1957 it burst open, it mushroomed, everybody began yelling about a Beat Generation. I was being interviewed everywhere I went for "what I meant" by such a thing. People began to call themselves beatniks, beats, jazzniks, bopniks, bugniks and finally I was called the "avatar" of all this.

Yet it was as a Catholic, it was not at the insistence of any of these "niks" and certainly not with their approval either, that I went one afternoon to the church of my childhood (one of them), Ste. Jeanne d'Arc in Lowell, Mass., and suddenly with tears in my eyes and had a vision of what I must have really meant with "Beat" anyhow when I heard the holy silence in the church (I was the only one in there, it was five P.M., dogs were barking outside, children yelling, the fall leaves, the candles were flickering alone just for me), the vision of the word Beat as being to mean beatific. . . . There's the priest preaching on Sunday morning, all of a sudden through a side door of the church comes a group of Beat Generation characters in strapped raincoats like the I.R.A. coming in silently to "dig" the religion. . . . I knew it then.

But this was 1954, so then what horror I felt in 1957 and later 1958 naturally to suddenly see "Beat" being taken up by everybody, press and TV and Hollywood Borscht circuit to include the "juvenile delinquency" shot and the horrors of a mad teeming billy-club New York and L.A. and they began to call *that* Beat, *that* beatific. . . . Or, when a murder, a routine murder took place in North Beach, they labeled it a Beat Generation slaying although in my childhood I'd been famous as an eccentric in my block for stopping the younger kids from throwing rocks at the squirrels, for stopping them from frying snakes in cans or trying to blow up frogs with straws.

And so now they have beatnik routines on TV, starting with satires about girls in black and fellows in jeans with snap knives and sweat shirts and swastikas tattooed under their armpits, it will come to respectable m.c.s of spectaculars coming out nattily attired in Brooks Brothers jean-type tailoring and sweater-type pull-ons, in other words, it's a simple change in fashion and manners, just a history crust—like from the Age of Reason, from old Voltaire in a chair to romantic Chatterton in the moonlight—from Teddy Roosevelt to Scott Fitzgerald. . . . So there's nothing to get excited about. Beat comes out, actually, of old American whoopee and it will only change a few dresses and pants and make chairs useless in the living room and pretty soon we'll have Beat Secretaries of State and there will be instituted new reasons for malice and new reasons for virtue and new reasons for forgiveness. . . .

But yet, but yet, woe, woe unto those who think that the Beat Generation means crime, delinquency, immorality, amorality . . . woe unto those who attack it on the grounds that they simply don't understand history and the yearnings of human souls . . . woe unto those who don't realize that America must, will, is, changing now, for the better I say. Woe unto those who believe in the atom bomb, who believe in hating mothers and fathers, who deny the most important of the Ten Commandments, woe unto those (though) who don't believe in the unbelievable sweetness of sex love, woe unto those who are the standard-bearers of death, woe unto those who believe in conflict and horror and violence and fill our books and screens and living rooms with all that crap, woe in fact unto those who make evil movies about the Beat Generation where innocent housewives are raped by beatniks! Woe unto those who are the real dreary sinners that even God finds room to forgive . . . woe unto those who spit on the Beat Generation, the wind'll blow it back.

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GRAPEVINE

The Force Is with Her

Actress/author CARRIE FISHER has plenty to smile about, from the wonderful reviews of her first novel, *Postcards from the Edge*, to her upcoming movie *The Burbs*, co-starring superhot Tom Hanks. Two other movies await release, *Loverboy* and *Harry, This Is Sally*. Princess Leia is now firmly in earth's orbit.

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A Quick Turnover

Comedy may not always be pretty, but on a good day, it's usually funny. At the American Comedy Awards in L.A. last year, HOWIE MANDEL and LOUIE ANDERSON had one of those days. We can't speak for the lady involved, and, as you can see, she can't speak very well for herself, either!

Basic Black

We salute German rock singer AMANDA JONES. The military life never looked quite this good to us before. Amanda has appeared in music videos and was featured in the film *Der Kommisar*. Another great *Grapevine* moment to activate your fantasy life.

Dressed to Thrill

Actress SEAN YOUNG, who, you'll remember, made some serious whoopie with Kevin Costner in *No Way Out*, is back on the big screen playing James Woods's wife in *The Boost*, about life in the fast lane.

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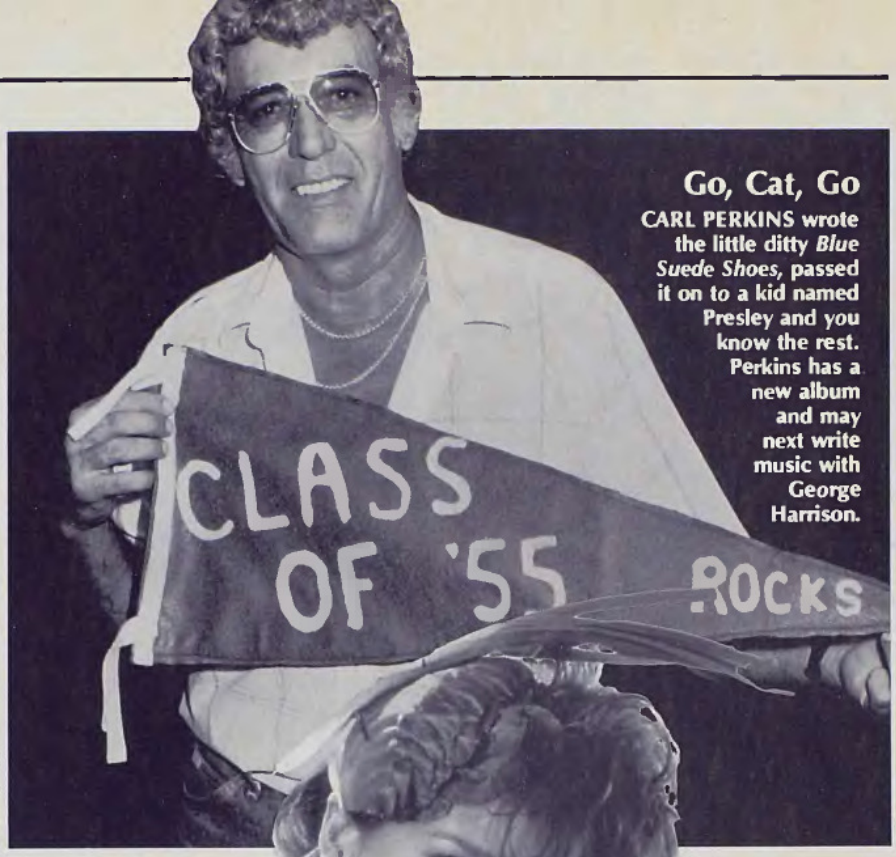

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Go, Cat, Go

CARL PERKINS wrote the little ditty *Blue Suede Shoes*, passed it on to a kid named Presley and you know the rest. Perkins has a new album and may next write music with George Harrison.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Dancin' Fools

Singer JOHNNY CLEGG (right) and his partner DUDU ZULU are two of the six-member multiracial group Savuka, taking America by storm in concert and on the LP *Shadow Man*. The band does a lot of political work while making beautiful music.

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Eat Right and Keep Fit

CAROLINE LOMAS is going to give carrots a big boost. Her other talents include an appearance in the Fabulous Thunderbirds' video and a movie called—are you ready?—*Beach Blanket Blood Sucker*. We haven't seen a review yet, but Caroline got our blood moving.

NEXT MONTH

GATEFOLD GENES

CASANOVA'S COUNSEL

ROWDY RECAP

FIFTIES NOSTALGIA

A VERY SPECIAL VALENTINE ISSUE DEDICATED TO MEN AND THE WAYS OF LOVE

"MEN'S HEARTS"—ARE GUYS GETTING A BUM RAP BY WOMEN WHO LABEL THEM INTIMACY AVOIDERS? THE ANSWER LIES IN MEN'S GUTS AND IN THEIR HEARTS—BY **MICHAEL CRICHTON**

"THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO LOSING YOUR HEAD"—HOW TO FALL IN LOVE AND *STILL* KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU. A FOOLPROOF PLAN OF ROMANTIC ATTACK BY **DENIS BOYLES**

"THAT CHEATING HEART"—EXACTLY WHAT DRAWS A MARRIED MAN TO THE OTHER WOMAN? THE ETERNAL QUEST FOR THAT NEW KICK, THAT FEELING OF TOTAL EUPHORIA? IT'S LOVE—BY **BEN STEIN**

TORCH SINGER **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** EXPLAINS WHY LOVE SONGS DON'T TELL US ABOUT LOVE AND NAMES THREE THINGS A TRUE GENTLEMAN *NEVER* DOES IN A HEARTFELT **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"LOVE'S DARK SIDE: IMPOTENCE"—IT'S THE TERROR THAT EVERY MAN HAS FACED AT ONE TIME IN HIS LIFE—ERECTION FAILURE. A REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THE VIRILITY REVOLUTION BY **JACK LANDAU**

"HOW TO SLEEP WITH WOMEN"—SPENDING THE NIGHT CAN BE MORE INTIMATE THAN SEX—*IF* YOU KNOW THE RIGHT MOVES—BY **DEANNE STILLMAN**

"CASANOVA'S GHOST"—THE SPECTER OF HISTORY'S GREATEST LOVER GIVES A CONTEMPORARY BACHELOR SHREWD SEX TIPS—FICTION BY **ASA BABER**

"HOW I KNEW I WAS IN LOVE"—OUR FAVORITE CELEBS DESCRIBE THE MAGIC MOMENT—BY **JEAN PENN; "COURTSHIPS WEIRDER THAN OURS"**—ODD RITUALS GLEANED FROM THE DUSTY TOMES OF ANTHROPOLOGY; **"THE YEAR IN SEX"**—OUR ANNUAL RECAP OF ROWDY NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD; **"HERE'S COOKING WITH YOU, KID"**—BY **HERBERT B. LIVESEY;** THE INNOCENT FIFTIES IN A LESS-THAN-INNOCENT PICTORIAL; **"HONEYMOON HOTELS"**—THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO THAT FIRST ENCHANTED EVENING—BY **D. KEITH MANO**

PLUS: BOB WOODWARD GIVES US THE SCOOP IN A NEWS-MAKING *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* CONDUCTED BY PULITZER PRIZE WINNER **J. ANTHONY LUKAS;** SECOND-GENERATION PLAYMATE; CLOTHES THAT TURN WOMEN ON, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** AND MUCH MORE

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