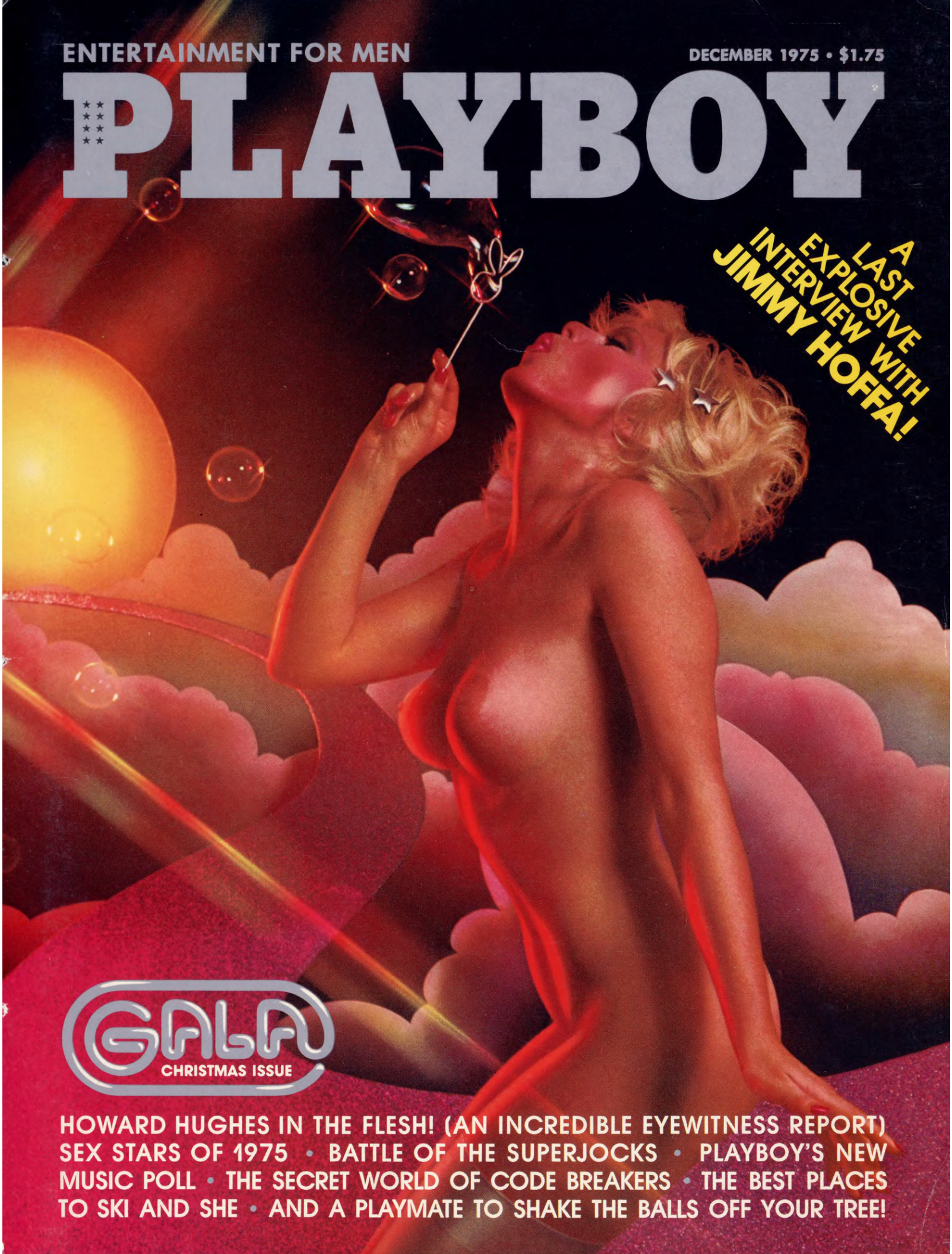
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PLAYBILL

WHEN YOU READ this month's *Playboy Interview*, it's virtually certain you'll be reading the words of a dead man. **Jimmy Hoffa** disappeared on July 30 and his family and the FBI now believe he was kidnaped and killed. **Jerry Stanecki,** an investigative reporter for Detroit's WXYZ radio station and the ABC radio network, had begun a series of intensive conversations with Hoffa this past spring. The last time they spoke was about a month before the former Teamsters chief disappeared, and Stanecki never got the chance to get back to him with follow-up questions. But what he *did* get Hoffa to talk about—violence, organized crime and the possibility of being killed—is enough to make you shiver. To update the story, Stanecki, who has broken many of the developments in the Hoffa case on the air, has augmented his interview with *"It Gets Dark Every Night"*—a reporter's sketches of the madness that surrounded the search for the missing Hoffa.

We're shedding some light on another mystery, too. Howard Hughes, everybody's favorite eccentric hermit, has been caught with his pants down—literally—in **Ron Kistler**'s hilarious *I Caught Flies for Howard Hughes*. Kistler, who signed on as driver and bodyguard in the late Fifties, spent plenty of time with the bizarre millionaire—though most of the "guarding" he did was against bugs and germs as Hughes spent months inside a bungalow, sitting nude, as he watched movies. Not because we doubted his story but because we remembered Clifford Irving's caper, we asked Kistler to take a polygraph test; he came through with flying colors. By the way, there's going to be a book-length version of Kistler's adventures in the Hughes empire published by Playboy Press next spring.

Lee Falk—author of the science-fictional *Time Is Money*—is best known as the creator of two comic strips, *Mandrake the Magician* and *The Phantom*, which are read daily by about 100,000,000 people in some 40 languages. Falk's story, which is our lead fiction this month, has been illustrated by **Fred Fredericks,** who limns the adventures of Mandrake.

The TV film rights to **Frederick Forsyth**'s *The Shepherd* have already been bought by Sir Lew Grade, the British impresario, and nobody will have to tell you why after you read this spooky tale of a lost R.A.F. pilot. We're also sure you'll enjoy **Evan Hunter**'s *Skin Flick*, about three rascals trying to make a low-budget porno movie. At presstime, Hunter was taking a break, in Switzerland, from a major project—a multigenerational novel set in the West and already slated for both publication and TV production.

To many of us, Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*—the story of a forlorn collection of mental patients in a state-run Oregon bedlam—was one of the most important books of the Sixties, and one that you just didn't want them to fuck up on the silver screen. But now somebody was trying—maybe. We were too curious to wait for the movie, so we asked **Grover Lewis** to go check it out for us while it was being shot in a genuine state-run Oregon bedlam. In *Who's the Bull Goose Loony Here?* Lewis conducts a guided tour of the crazy bins, on film and off. He's had a lot of experience at this sort of thing, having written many profiles for *Rolling Stone*, among others; but this time it got just as strange as he'll need for a while. So now he's recuperating in his sane little home town in Utah.

Let's not forget, now, that this *is* the holiday season and it's OK to have all the fun you want. You'll surely have some when you read the latest *Playboy's Christmas Cards* from our resident comic poet, **Judith Wax,** or *Dueling Jocks* brought together by superfan **William Neely,** in which top athletes rap about what it's like to compete with each other. And you better be in good health to check out *Peep Show*, an outrageously sexy pictorial contributed by Chicago photographer **Robert Keeling,** his Swiss-born partner, **François Robert,** and the

STANECKI

KISTLER

FORSYTH

HUNTER

FALK

FREDERICKS

WAX

LEWIS

NEELY

NATACHA, ROBERT, KEELING

ABBEY

HOFFMAN

KAHN

LUND

LUDVIGSEN

SCAVULLO

BILLINGS

O'CONNOR

HOLLAND

Top: ARSENAULT, MOSES, FRANTZ *Bot.:* STANDISH, POPE, PASSAVANT

latter's wife, **Natacha,** a *Parisienne* and a most accomplished photo stylist. (Not to mention, of course, a trio of completely uninhibited models.)

Edward Abbey is in love with the wilderness. He lives in it, has been a fire lookout in Glacier National Park and he's always writing about the bad guys trying to despoil the land and the good guys trying to stop them—like the heroes of *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, his novel just published by Lippincott about a gang of ecological commandos who waste bridges and what not. *The Second Rape of the West* is Abbey's all-too-factual account of how people are still digging up and otherwise ruining the landscape; the illustration, by New York artist **Martin Hoffman,** proves that you don't have to be a Westerner to get the message.

Speaking of messages, don't miss *The Code Battle*, by **David Kahn,** a scholarly fellow—he's an associate prof of journalism at NYU—and a modest one (he claims he can't even decipher his bank statements). We know, however, that he's one of the world's top authorities on codes and military intelligence. Also experts in their fields are **Morten Lund,** a contributing editor to *Ski* magazine, who put together *Playboy's Winter Guide to the Very Best in Skiing*, and **Karl Ludvigsen**—he has been associated with both *Car and Driver* and *Motor Trend*—who gives automobile *aficionados* something to purr about in *Jaguar's Big New Cat*.

The very title *Jugs* should warn you that it's a visibly gross parody of a certain book and movie that have been grossing all kinds of money. Author **Robert Billings,** a former newspaperman who's now free-lancing, claims that his tale—about a creature that smothers its prey instead of tearing it apart—"came to me whole, as if I were drowning." (If you think *Jugs* is funny, wait till Billings finishes the book he has in progress; it's a history of the Democratic Party in Cook County—which is Chicago, folks.) And you might die—laughing—from *Pssst! Feelthy Five-Liners?*, a dirty dozen limericks contributed by our *Party Jokes* Editor, **J. F. O'Connor.**

The photographs of **Francesco Scavullo** are always in vogue. In fact, not only in *Vogue* but in *Cosmopolitan*, too. He has blessed us with the visual side of **Robert L. Green**'s *Four-Star Production*, starring some famous models. That's but one visual treat in an issue that includes a pictorial preview of the film version of *Story of O*; the 12 pages of photos that accompany **Arthur Knight**'s *Sex Stars of 1975*; holiday-sized *Ribald Classic* illustrations, by **Brad Holland** (who, besides giving us those wonderful pictures every month, also draws for a host of other publications ranging from the *National Lampoon* to *The New York Times*); our annual guide to the best in Christmas gifts; plus, of course, our December Playmate, former Lake Tahoe blackjack dealer **Nancie Li Brandi.**

Also on hand is your ballot for the 1976 Playboy Music Poll, a newly evolved descendant of our Jazz & Pop Poll.

And do we need to explain a splendid seven pages called *National Pornographic?* Of course not. We hope you like our salute to an institution that has provided three generations of boys with their first look at naked female flesh, all in the name of geography—and left many of them with the impression that when naked women are all colors but white, they wear bones in their noses. Ah, science! Co-honchos and Certified Hard Breathers on the project were Assistant Articles Editor **David Standish** and Staff Writer **Laurence Gonzales**—with lots of help from Research Editor **Tom Passavant** (who found the bugs for us), Associate Art Director **Kerig Pope** (design), Chief Stylist **Janice Moses** (wigs, loincloths, stone hatchets, cold beer) and Staff Photographer **Bill Arsenault** and Associate Photographer **Bill Frantz** (motorized Nikons). Assistant Managing Editor **Barry Golson** was in on the act, too, and if you look closely, you'll see Associate Editor **Carl Snyder** as Musk, a regulation Stone Age native. We found the Brazilian jungle in a southern Michigan woods, and the shooting was more like summer camp for perverts than anything resembling work. How we sacrifice for you.

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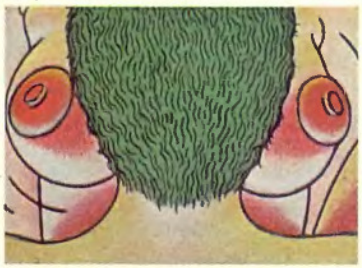

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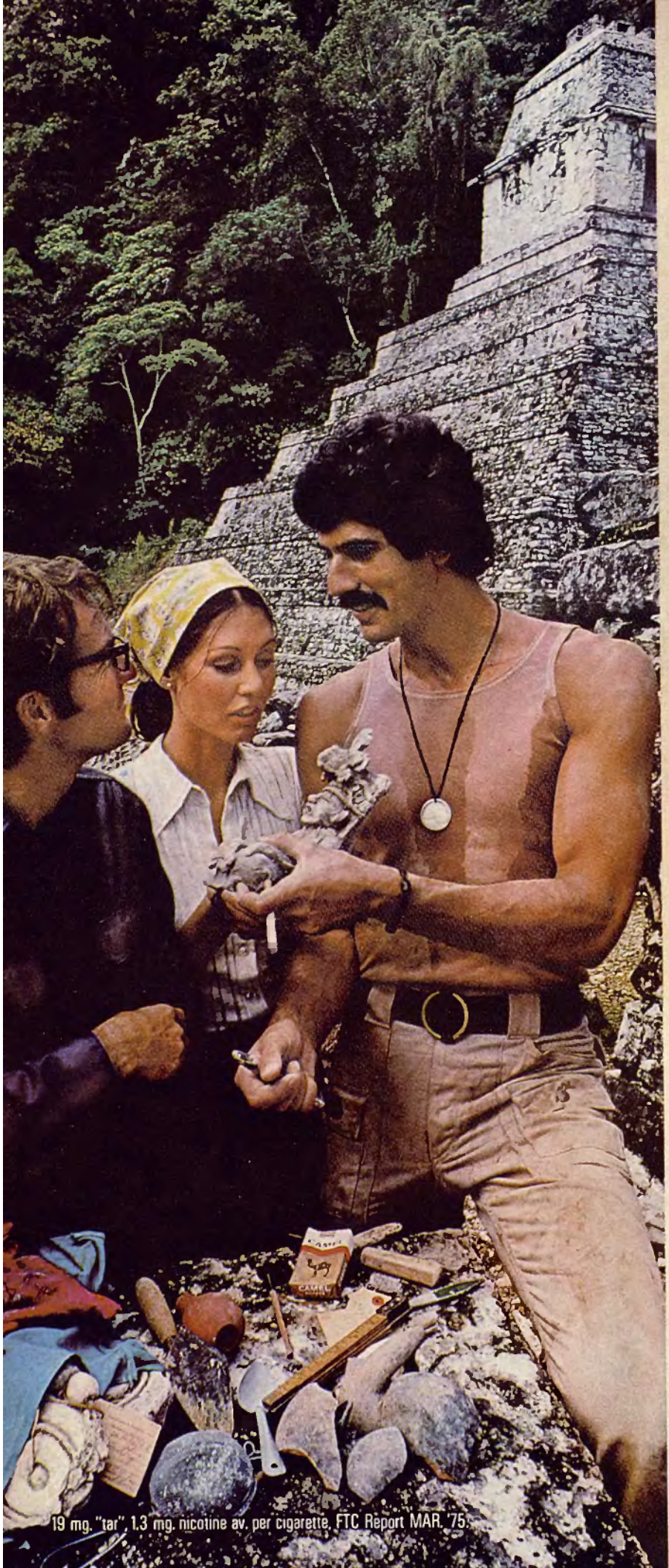

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JUDGING JONG

Thank you for the fascinating interview with Erica Jong (PLAYBOY, September). I found myself very much in tune with her views on sexual matters. Jong can provide a positive service to both males and females in our society by having us re-examine traditional values and feelings. The time has arrived for the frankness of an Erica Jong.

R. Scott Acton
Bangor, Pennsylvania

Regarding your interview with sex object Erica Jong, my only comment is that her foolish and witless sentiments prove that what women should have in their mouths are the sexual tools of men, not words. Jong's sexuality is so twisted and dead that if she were shot in her clit, she would probably scream, "You missed!" Please confine your future interviews to men, so that PLAYBOY readers can derive information and not the haphazard commentaries of rather obsolete and highly romantic feminine points of view.

Al Goldstein
Screw Magazine
New York, New York

Your interview with metaphorical aviatrix Erica Jong surely represents a journalistic nadir: seldom have I witnessed such a tedious parade of impoverished clichés, atrocious puns and simple-minded, sophomoric philosophizing. Ah, but what may one reasonably expect from a libcrated luminary who dispenses pearls of profundity, such as the following? "A really terrific poet, of course, is supposed to be able to come just writing a poem. The muse screws. . . . My head comes—in a manner of speaking." Of course. Perfectly logical, then, to write a "love poem" whose subject is "giving one's lover a blow job just before being interviewed on television," and just as appropriate to crown the collection with a vapid title like *The Long Tunnel of Wanting You*. (Did you catch the dual symbolism, class?) The truth of the matter is that Jong is nothing but a self-conscious dribbler for whom meter is something you put coins into to avoid parking tickets. What intensifies the aggravation is the fact that you've published interviews with poets of genuine merit—Robert Graves (December 1970) and James Dickey (November 1973) come to mind—and the contrast is almost painful. Jong's writing is neither graceful nor subtle nor anything other than hip in that counterculture kind of idiom that masquerades as poetry, and the woman herself comes across as an abysmally superficial, posturing dilettante who appears to care not a jot about her craft but is never at a loss for obiter-dictum banalities. The fact that she is rapidly becoming a cult figure is not in itself much of a recommendation, but it does constitute an oblique commentary on our times. Tighten your standards, gentlemen.

Charles Nowak
Yuma, Arizona

After reading your interview with Erica Jong, I realize how appropriate your zipless cover is. Undoubtedly, its designer, Tom Staebler, had Hamlet's advice to the Players in mind: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." A zipless fuck is a mindless fuck—and only a mindless fuck could celebrate it.

Ed Menkin
Syracuse, New York

Your interview with Erica Jong made me feel as though I were missing an important meaningful relationship by not being considered one of her friends who could be called in the middle of the night to talk about anything.

Barbara A. Hajjar, M.D.
Salem, New Hampshire

A breath of fresh air flows through the musty canyons of the literary world. Your interview with Erica Jong is beautifully truthful—one of your best.

Jack Spanhak
Kalamazoo, Michigan

LEARY EYED

Craig Vetter's *Bring Me the Head of Timothy Leary* (PLAYBOY, September) is an interesting story, but I'm somewhat offended by the titillation of the title, which would imply that Leary is a traitor of some sort. (Isn't the title taken from an order given by some revolutionary leader for the assassination of a former cohort?) In the long run, I don't think Leary's personal adventures are as important as his ideas and written works, which attempt to

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formulate those ideas into words. He's undoubtedly probed areas most people don't realize exist and if he is able to give us maps and guidance through the perils of inner-space journeys, we would be wise to take advantage of them.

Ken Babbs
Pleasant Hill, Oregon

Tim said somewhere (I think it was in *Jail Notes*, his best book) that Meher Baba, a cornball guru who diverted a lot of morons away from our psychedelic road show in the early days, got the kind of followers he deserved. Tim was right about this rule and it applies to him also, of course. It applies to me. It applies to Hugh Hefner and to anyone who advances a philosophy (using the term in the broadest sense) and/or sets himself up as a model for others to follow. I would add that everyone in the guru business gets not only the kinds of followers he deserves but also the kinds of allies and enemies he deserves, and Tim's greatest ally has always been American journalism, at every level and of every variety. His moralistic trendiness, his intellectual superficiality, his superstitious credulity, his Mephistophelean conceits, his science-fiction simplifications, his sentimental sloganeering, his phony egalitarianism, his evasion of every genuine philosophic distinction, his fawning sycophancy toward every celebrity who might possibly do him some good and his infantile goddess/whore ambivalence toward the female half of the human race are all general characteristics of the post–World War Two pop culture and perfectly suited to the moral, ethical and intellectual standards of American journalism and publishing. Tim was just Nixon "turned inside out." There is virtually no philosophic or moral difference between them, and the grand mythic function served by both was also the same—to "illustrate human folly," to use the fine phrase employed by Lao-tzu in a famous remark to Confucius.

Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo
Neo-American Church
North Troy, Vermont

Craig Vetter could have gotten a better picture of Tim Leary if he had talked to some of the prisoners or guards in the Nevada County Jail in California, where, from January to June of this year, Leary lived in a ten-man cell booked under the name Peter London. As a former cellmate, I can tell you that Leary is the most alive, funny, out-front guy you'd ever want to meet. Maybe that's why they had to lock him up in the first place. After London became the champion of the handball league, he taught the guys a jailhouse version of baseball using a tennis ball that was faster and more dangerous than *jai alai*. When a young prisoner started to flip out and was on the verge of getting shipped out to a state prison, London got the tank to ease up and saved the kid's ass. Then he got three guys out on modified sentences by writing letters to the judge. He wrote a 30-page writ for the three members of the bad-ass Jones family. In spite of the fact that London was finishing his third year of heavy prison time, he was the most cheerful, happy, funny dude who ever hit the lode-country slammer. The tank was a real laugh-in while he was there. Even the guards would grin when they came into the cell, and that's an accomplishment. When we asked Leary why he was locked up with a fake name, he laughed and said, "Damned if I know. Deplorable public relations, I guess. The right wing says it's protecting me from the left wing. And the left wing says I've been kidnaped by the CIA. I'm waiting for them both to realize that the war is over, so the P.O.W.s can go home."

(Name withheld by request)
Berkeley, California

COMIC RELIEF

As a longtime comic buff, I was overjoyed to see your September pictorial *Comic-Strip Capers*. It's high time someone undressed those damsels. Let's have more of them in the future.

Fred Johnson
Dallas, Texas

Why wait for the future when you can have them now? Here's one comic-stripped

heroine we couldn't fit into the feature. See if you can guess who she is.

WAR FARE

James Jones's *Evolution of a Soldier* (PLAYBOY, September) has to be one of the greatest war memoirs of all time. Jones writes with great style and insight; for me, he captured the mood of those days perfectly—from the first unsure baby steps to the demobilization in 1945. I've already placed my advance order for the book and look forward to reading it.

Lamont Frost
New York, New York

Although I am no admirer of Hitler's politics, I must disagree with your disparaging caption about his art. Hitler's paintings were competent, if academic, with a melancholy intensity reminiscent of Bernard Buffet. Not every artist shows his talent in full early in his career and we do not know what Hitler might have done with encouragement, though the later development of his work in the grander theater of global warfare and propaganda suggests that he was what we would today call a conceptual artist. For sure, he was a more competent painter than either Eisenhower or Churchill. Certainly we can all agree that the world would have been a lot better off had he not been rejected by that art school. Perhaps there is a lesson here. Who knows what agony we are saving the future by lowering college admissions standards through open enrollment today?

Jules Siegel
Littleriver, California

A salute to PLAYBOY and to James Jones for his description and philosophical reminiscences of World War Two in *The Evolution of a Soldier*. The thoughts expressed brought back many memories of that critical time in history when the world was divided into two opposing forces—those fighting to maintain freedom and those who sought to be the masters with the remainder of humanity subservient to their will and whims.

Joseph Gordon
Baltimore, Maryland

SURVIVAL TEST

Only the Strong Survive (PLAYBOY, September), by John Skow, is very interesting. For the past five years, I've managed to survive the rigors of city life—indeed, managing to survive my daily odyssey from Brooklyn to Manhattan via subway is rigorous enough—but I wonder how long I would last in the wilderness. I always thought I could survive, but after reading Skow's article, I'm not so sure I even want to try.

Harold Wilson
New York, New York

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and to John Skow for the nifty article on the Hurricane Island Outward Bound School. I should point out that one third of our students are adults, almost 40 percent of all students are women and we also run several five- and ten-day adult minicourses throughout the season. As there is no upper age limit, and we subscribe to an open-admission policy, any of you, from Hugh Hefner to all the Club Bunnies, are eligible to apply. I must warn you, however, that the ice-cream cones appearing in the article's illustration are not standard issue.

C. P. Williamson, Jr.
Hurricane Island
Outward Bound School
Rockland, Maine

Your article by John Skow, *Only the Strong Survive*, is interesting. The experiences that he had certainly are a new kind of middle-class entertainment

A great dinner, cont'd.

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and one only questions the lasting impact of such an activity and its social value. To the founder of the Outward Bound program, the late Dr. Kurt Hahn, who was headmaster of Gordonstoun School in Scotland, the entertainment form of Outward Bound today would certainly seem far from what he had envisioned. When he started the program during World War Two, it was to help boys from the slums of Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, etc., develop social awareness of the world in which they lived. Now it seems to have deteriorated into another form of summer entertainment for the affluent.

Hans K. Maeder, Ph.D.
School and College Advisory Center
New York, New York

CIA REVISITED

As a result of reading PLAYBOY*'s August interview with Philip Agee, Madame Dewi Sukarno, wife of the former Indonesian president, sent the following letter to President Ford and Senator Frank Church:*

The CIA is said to have spied on my husband, the late President Sukarno, manufactured a fake film in order to slander his good name and honor, planned an assassination attempt against him and conspired to oust him from power and estrange him from the Indonesian people by accusing him of collaborating with international communism in betrayal of Indonesian independence, which, of course, was totally absurd. My husband repeatedly informed me that he was fully aware of these immoral, illegal, subversive activities against his beloved Indonesia, his people and against him personally. Both in 1958 and in 1965, the CIA directly interfered in the internal affairs of Indonesia. In 1958, this monstrous action led to civil war. In 1965, it led to the ultimate take-over by a pro-American military regime, while hundreds of thousands of innocent peasants and loyal citizens were massacred in the name of this insane crusade against international communism. Still today, ten years later, many tens of thousands of true patriots and Sukarnoists are locked up in jails and concentration camps, being denied the simplest and most elementary human rights. American companies and aggressive foreign interests are indiscriminately plundering the natural riches of Indonesia to the advantage of the few and the disadvantage of the millions of unemployed and impoverished masses. I must now ask you, Mr. President, in the name of freedom and justice, in the name of decency in relations between states and statesmen, between powerful nations and developing lands, in the name of the Indonesian people and the Sukarno family: Did the United States of America commit these hideous crimes against Indonesia and against the founder of the nation? Will your Government be prepared to accept responsibility for these evil practices? My countrymen have the right to know the truth. It will be the painful duty for America now to reveal the CIA involvement in Indonesia and release all information and documents relevant to who really initiated the terrifying blood bath that led to the overthrow of the legal government and to the inhuman treatment of my husband during house arrest, which lasted three years, until his death. In closing, I would like to strongly appeal to you, Mr. President, to use your influence with the military regime in Djakarta to immediately free those many thousands of political prisoners, men and women, former cabinet ministers, writers and journalists, who I know are entirely innocent of the treason they have been accused of. If the United States were to be instrumental in helping to improve the fate of so many thousands of courageous compatriots, I think the entire Indonesian nation would be grateful and Indonesians would regain their confidence in America's intentions toward the Third World.

R. S. Dewi Sukarno
Paris, France

SHOW TIME

Contrary to one of your readers, we found the book *Show Me!* (*Playboy After Hours*, June) to be absolutely fantastic! We have always been very honest and open with our children regarding sex. This book, however, goes far beyond any attempt we could make verbally to describe the beauty of the human body and its capabilities. We feel sorry for the person who found your magazine sick for showing a picture from the book. Naturally, some people will find *Show Me!* offensive. But the lives of the children who have the privilege of seeing it will most likely be richer and fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald R. Jurdan
Denver, Colorado

TEXAS *VS.* OKLAHOMA

I have just finished reading Jay Cronley's article, *Win or Die* (PLAYBOY, September), about the Oklahoma-Texas football rivalry in Dallas; and if it tells the truth, I'm glad I spend Friday night in Fort Worth and Saturday afternoon on the playing field, where it's safe.

Barry Switzer, Head Coach
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma

For an Okie, Cronley writes one hell of a good story. However, Texans refer to the weekend of the Texas-Oklahoma game as the Texas-OU, *not* Oklahoma-Texas, weekend. Having been in Dallas on several Friday nights before the big game (before I had good sense), I can relate to Cronley's misadventures. In *Playbill*, you mention that Cronley doesn't exactly cotton to Texans. Well, his article *Houston* should be reprinted by the Houston Chamber of Commerce. You see, everybody who lives in the Dallas–Fort Worth area feels the same way about Houston as Cronley does. Most Texans just do not cotton to Houston. Long live Coors and Texas-OU weekends. Hook 'em Horns.

Ken Kinsey
Frost, Texas

Jay Cronley's *Win or Die* is hysterically funny. This guy writes better than Dan Jenkins. Being an Okie, an OU alum and a veteran fan of many Oklahoma-Texas games, I was reminded of some of those great weekends in Big D.

Robert Hume Brady
Hartford, Connecticut

COLLEGE HUMOR

Stop! Don't Go to College (PLAYBOY, September) is not only excellent but also accurate in every humorous detail. After returning home in 1971 from five years of college to find employment related to my major or minor impossible, I became depressed and extremely disillusioned. Then I discovered that those who never attended college had been working while I was away and were earning enviable salaries, and I was even more disenchanted. The obvious question was whether or not college had been a wise decision. After a careful evaluation, I determined it definitely was. As the feature's final picture testifies—the chicks made it *really* worth going to college.

Edward G. Ezekian
Upper Darby Township, Pennsylvania

I must take exception to your September article on college, which one of my current lovers read to me over the phone. College life, dorm life in particular, has presented me with endless challenges. Like screwing in the fifth-floor staff room of the library, for instance. Or falling out of a top bunk with an English major at Gustavus Adolphus. But, most of all, for four years I don't have to worry about work or marriage. So please quit scaring the fun-loving men away. Where else but college can an intelligent, amoral female like me find men with equal intelligence, curiosity, daring and adaptability?

Tamara Lyons
Tucson, Arizona

Stop! Don't Go to College is one of the best things I've seen in years. And high time, too. After five years of paying those bastards through the nose, where do you suppose I am? In Boston, washing dishes from nine P.M. to three in the morning for a large lobster restaurant. After all that aggravation (theses, term papers, lousy food and boring classes), I have two degrees in English literature and dishpan hands.

Larry Hognut
Boston, Massachusetts

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This is how our 500 Honda Civic Dealer locations might look from space (original satellite photo courtesy National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration).

The most important adver

A Candid Discussion of the Changing Meaning of the Automobile in America

The automobile in this country will never be the same. Say goodbye to those gas-eating giants that were once the symbol of affluence and manhood in America. That symbol is being discarded. Do not lament its passing. Today there is a new symbol: the highly-functional, good-mileage car. It is the symbol of the new American: intelligent and thoughtful of the world he inhabits.

Our car, the Honda Civic CVCC® with its remarkable Advanced Stratified Charge Engine, is one of the major forces that is helping change the automobile.

This makes us happy.

Our Goal

It is our goal to bring to the world the most practical car for the greatest number of people at the best price. We designed the Civic along these principles. So notice. Our car is shorter than most. Also notice. It is remarkably roomy and comfortable.

Efficiency is a good word for the Civic concept.

The Civic is also designed to overcome pollution. Study our CVCC® engine. It conquers excess pollution without the addition of a catalytic converter.

And because Honda is an engineering company, our cars are able to meet pollution standards while building in an outstanding combination of excellent gasoline mileage and brilliant performance.

That means the Honda Civic, known to most people as an economy car, is also a driver's car.

These features have meant unprecedented growth for the Honda Civic. When 1975 started, we were the 12th largest-selling import in the country. Today we are fourth* with almost double our sales of last year.

tisement you may ever read.

Our 500 Dealers

There is another key reason for the Civic's success: over 500 dealers coast-to-coast.

500.

In size our dealer group is large enough so that you as a Civic owner can find a Honda dealer when you need one. Yet our dealer network is small enough so that we can work with every one personally. Each dealer is hand-picked. Our parts and service programs are designed to fully equip each dealer so that owning a Civic is the pleasure it was meant to be. Look at the map above; chances are there is a dealer close to you.

Our Request

We urge you to test drive the Civic at any of our dealers. And since your opinion is the test of our dedication, we would appreciate hearing from you concerning our car and dealer organization. Please address all letters to: Cliff Schmillen, Auto Field Sales Manager, American Honda Motor Co., Inc., 100 W. Alondra Blvd., Gardena, CA 90247.

Thank you for reading this lengthy message.

*Jan.-Sept. '75.

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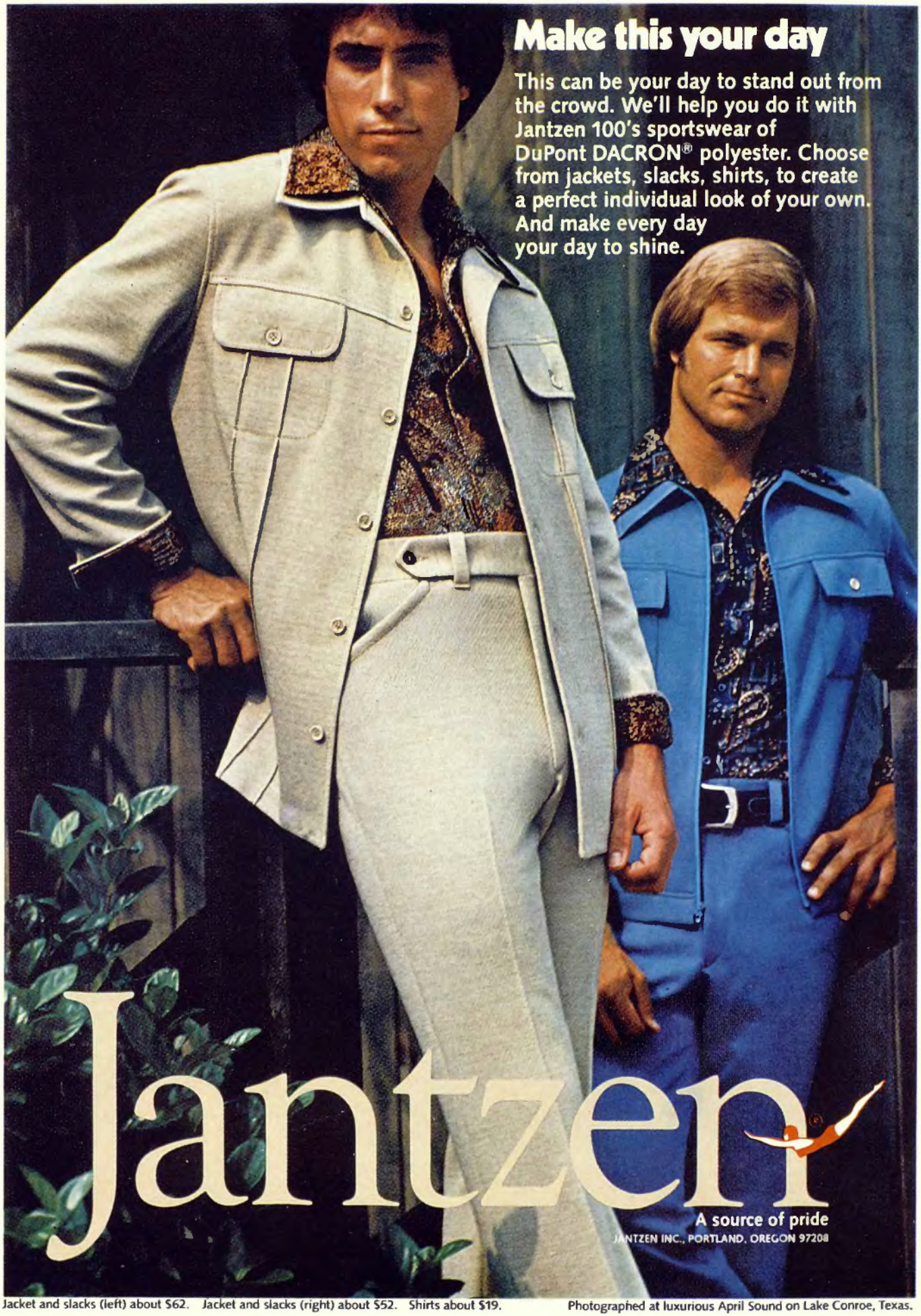
HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to.



Jacket and slacks (left) about $62. Jacket and slacks (right) about $52. Shirts about $19.

Photographed at luxurious April Sound on Lake Conroe, Texas.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Unblushing-frankness Award of the Month: to Dial Soap, whose ad for regular-sized bars promoted them in the Eugene, Oregon, *Register-Guard* as "the deodorant soap for round-the-cock protection."

•

We understand that bird-watching was classified as a "hazardous" hobby by the British medical magazine *Practitioner*, after an enthusiastic ornithologist—intent on watching a bird—was eaten by a crocodile that he failed to notice.

•

A little lower around the shaft, Marcel: A disc jockey on Grangeville, Idaho's KORT, concluding a commercial for a local hairdresser, said, "The special for this week only is a haircut, shampoo and blow job for only five-fifty."

•

According to Henry Kissinger's former maid, as quoted in the *National Enquirer*, "He would leave his clothes in a line leading to his bed; first his boxer shorts, then his socks, then his undershirt, and finally his pants." And we thought he took them off one leg at a time!

•

But it feels good when I shrug: A doctor from Montebello, California, says in *Moneysworth* that *The Man in the Glass Booth*, a movie about Nazi Germany, shows an X ray purported to be of star Maximilian Schell's shoulder that is actually an X ray of a woman's pelvic region—complete with I.U.D.

•

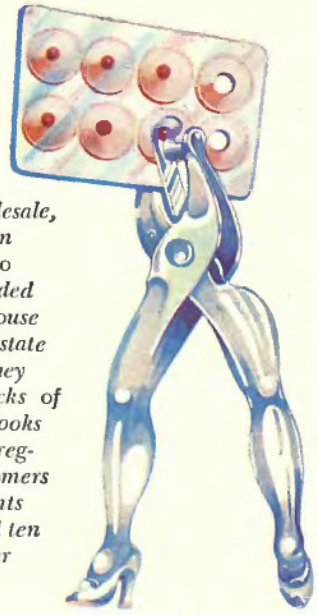
We've *heard* of people who can't tell shit from Shinola: A newly patented mouse-feeding device reported in *The New York Times* lets mice help themselves to dinner but prevents them from defecating into the food container "and thus misleading researchers."

•

Kit & Kaboodle Antiques in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, ran an ad in the *Moose Jaw Shopper*: "Wanted—Crystal Spring Ginger Beer Bottles, also Beaver Sealers." Better than setting a bear trap, we'll wager.

•

Two men were arrested when they tried to have a phony prescription filled in a drugstore in South Sound, Washington. The druggist told police he became suspicious when he found he could easily read the handwriting on the form. Police notified druggists in the area to be on the lookout for customers bearing legible prescriptions.



Can they get it wholesale, too? When Sacramento police raided a whorehouse near the state capitol, they found stacks of coupon books entitling regular customers to discounts of five and ten dollars per session.

The Washington, D. C., *Evening Star* informed viewers one evening that a *Late Show* movie would be *Maryland*, "a fairly good horse story about a woman who feels her prize horses after her husband is killed in an accident."

•

In the men's room of the British Railways passenger station at Cardiff is a coin-operated condom-dispensing machine with the following information neatly displayed in fine print: INSPECTED TO BRITISH GOVERNMENT STANDARDS. Below this legend, painstakingly scratched in the dispenser's white paint: "So was the Titanic!"

•

First-class mail: A recently issued Norwegian postage stamp depicting a pair of naked female breasts has so enraged a local postmaster that he's refused to sell the stamps, which commemorate International Women's Year, because he objects to the idea of canceling breasts.

•

The New Look of the Student Health Service, a handbook for University of Kentucky students, admonishes, "Remember: Cycles are harder to see than four-wheel vehicles. . . . At night wear reflective leg bands or clothing. Don't forget your leg bands when pedaling nude at night."

•

The classified-ad order form for a trade journal we know advises, "For assistance call Miss Smith. . . . A minimum of three insertions is recommended for best results."

•

Two bank robbers in Cincinnati were using an acetylene torch on a night-deposit box and accidentally set the bank notes inside on fire. The blaze triggered an alarm that brought firemen and police, who promptly arrested the men.

•

A "bizarre love-experiment kidnaping" of three coeds was reported in the Trenton, New Jersey, *Trentonian*. A Federal grand jury named a student as an unindicted co-conspirator and a former college professor was charged with a "five-cunt indictment."

•

This may bring back bundling: Researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have developed a new device for heating homes via solar energy. It's a plastic wall containing a layer of heat-sensitive chemicals that become opaque above a certain temperature, blocking out the sun's rays, and transparent when the house cools, to allow the sun to warm the

rooms. Only one problem: The house—bedrooms included—becomes entirely transparent on cold days.

•

When a tavern across the street from an animal clinic in Dodge City, Kansas, caught fire, firemen hooked up to a hydrant in front of the clinic. But when they turned on the water, nothing happened. The hydrant was a dummy installed by the clinic for the convenience of dog patients.

•

He chews gum and prays at the same time: Reporters who accompanied President Ford on his European tour were given background notes informing them that the Vatican City's "inhabitants are Roman Catholic."

•

An antique-car show in Fort Devens, Massachusetts, promised to be quite an event, as *The Dispatch* announced: "Even the girl scouts will get their cookies off while providing refreshments for the crowd."

•

A Grant City, California, store ad in the *Tahoe Daily Tribune* shows a pair of clutching hands over the headline "BOSTON STRANGLER CLEARANCE SALE—PRICES SO LOW YOU'LL CHOKE!"

•

Police investigating a motel burglary followed the trail to a funeral home in Fresno, California. There were two bodies at the home, one of them in a hearse, the other stretched out on a cart. Both bodies were breathing heavily. Police arrested the pair.

PEOPLE

If you search your brain for the big moments in music this year, you'll come up with a short list. Short but good. There was the Stones tour, the assault of reggae *on America, a new/old Dylan record and "Red Octopus," the Jefferson Airplane's first crack at the top of the charts in years. The people who make up the Airplane, or the Starship, as they now call themselves, have been at it a long time. In fact, it's their tenth anniversary as a band. So we sent Research Editor Barbara Nellis to visit with* **Grace Slick,** *one of rock 'n' roll's survivors.*

PLAYBOY: What's the secret of the band's longevity, which isn't exactly common in the rock biz?

SLICK: There's a bunch of them, but mainly we don't burn ourselves out on tours. And we don't have fights in this band, no throwing things or head knocking. If somebody wants to come or go or make another record or do another group, he's free to do it.

PLAYBOY: *Red Octopus* is mainly dancing music; it goes light on the politics. Was that deliberate?

SLICK: I wondered about that myself. We don't plan albums, really, but it just turned out that there are about five songwriters in the group and everybody more or less wrote love songs. Maybe everybody just felt *good* for a while.

PLAYBOY: What has the effect of Marty Balin's return to the band been on your music?

SLICK: I think it's fantastic. I've said this before and it may sound weird, but there isn't anybody I wanna see do a three-hour set with the same singer. Mick Jagger's interesting because the guy is tireless. I mean, he just leaps around all during the concert; but few people can be that interesting. I like having Marty back because it means you get a couple of different styles of singers and five styles of music from the writers. It isn't just one person. And I like singing with Marty and having a strong male voice.

PLAYBOY: What about your own situation with the band over the years? Ten years ago there was no women's movement. What has changed?

SLICK: Well, it's hard for me to talk about that kind of stuff. I was the oldest child in my family and an only kid until I was nine and my brother came along. So I got a lot of attention and my parents gave me the impression that I was a person and could do anything I wanted to do. I also got the impression that women chose to do the things they did, that they liked to stay home, otherwise they wouldn't be doing it. So when all this stuff started, it baffled me. There are a lot of women in history who did amazing things and didn't seem to have a problem. A lot of *men* do the same damn thing for 60 years and then die. I think it's a matter of individual talent or desire to do something with your life other than hanging around the house or the insurance office.

PLAYBOY: You *never* thought you were unusual?

SLICK: Not particularly. What happened was that I was living in San Francisco and I went with a friend to see the Jefferson Airplane and we thought, "Hey, that looks like fun," and we started a group. Later, the Jefferson Airplane asked me to sing with them. But it was a very casual entry, there was no plan.

PLAYBOY: You've been the only woman in a group of men for almost ten years. A lot of women didn't make it, couldn't endure the rock-'n'-roll life. What did you do to survive?

SLICK: Living with a bunch of guys—about 25 of them on the road—is just unusual. I don't see women very often and I've been living this way for so long that it seems normal to me. I think most men are better educated than women, so I find them more interesting to talk to, and I think most women feel that way. That may change. Women are learning that there are other possibilities for their lives. Also, a sense of humor and music are my two favorite things, and men are funnier—at least the guys in this group are.

PLAYBOY: Are you treated as an equal in all the group decisions?

SLICK: Yeah, as far as that goes. But they do treat me like a woman. I don't have to lug bags around and they open doors and all that old-fashioned stuff. But I am a part of the group and they are used to me. In other words, none of them are fags and I'm not a dyke. There is a definite male/female thing.

PLAYBOY: And you have no idea why you didn't succumb to the pitfalls? Like drugs?

SLICK: Well, now, I like booze, but I don't take speed or heroin or anything. That'll twist you around pretty good. I've never been into shooting up; I'd rather reach for a glass. And I think it's one of those things that either you destroy yourself because you get so wired and crazy or you destroy your relationships with other people. I'm not saying anyone's evil for doing it. I can understand it. It's a strange life when you're in a different town every day and confined to your room. The guys can move around more freely, but there is something about being Grace Slick that is outside of me. After a concert, I can't walk out of the hotel unnoticed. You get to be a prisoner in your hotel room, so I can understand why a lot of people would take drugs to rearrange their consciousness. If you take enough heroin in your hotel room, you don't give a shit where you are.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a parallel between cultural events and your music—for instance, the way *White Rabbit* became the psychedelic national anthem. Has this been conscious?

SLICK: Yes, it's true—because rock groups who write their own music tend to write about what's going on. Like in medieval times, wandering minstrels would go from

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town to town and write songs about what happened in the last town to sing in the next one. We go around and talk about what's happening and occasionally give our opinions in a song. Maybe the reason *Red Octopus* is about love is that everything else in the world is so screwed up. I think songs like *White Rabbit* did change people's consciousness about marijuana. The idea of people getting mad about something that does so little harm is really stupid. In those days, we could attack one thing at a time; now there are so *many* damn things.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to be doing ten years from now?

SLICK: I like the idea of movies—not acting, necessarily, but scriptwriting or set design. Movies have within them music, visuals, story—everything except live performances. But it will have to wait. I can't tour and make records and be available for movies at the same time.

PLAYBOY: You don't want to become an old rock-'n'-roll singer?

SLICK: I'm *already* an old rock-'n'-roll singer. I think I'm older than anyone else except Ginger Baker. That's one good thing about making music—people always like music, no matter how old you get. You can make music till you die.

PLAYBOY: Where do old rock-'n'-rollers go? To Vegas?

SLICK: You laugh, but we're thinking of playing Vegas on the next tour as a one-nighter the same way we do it everywhere else. I've never been there. I think it would be funny.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel as an old rock-'n'-roller to have a hit again?

SLICK: I think *Red Octopus* is something for people to hang on to. We've been around for a long time now. Marty came back. Other things fall apart, but here's one old thing that got back together again. I think there is something appealing about that to people.

RECORDINGS

Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, one of the giants of jazz, is gone and it's ironic that his most ambitious undertaking should get to the public after his death. ***Big Man*** (Fantasy) is a folk musical based on the legend of John Henry, with music by Cannonball and his brother Nat and lyrics by Diane Lampert and Peter Farrow, with the book by Lampert and George W. George, and it should provide a fitting memorial. The twin-LP album is filled with fascinating sounds, not the least of which is Joe Williams—in the role of John Henry—who is something else. Scrap any of your preconceived notions of Williams as a jazz singer; what you'll hear here is a *new* Joe Williams who'll knock you off your chair. Randy Crawford and Robert Guillaume are almost as effective in their roles as Carolina and Jassawa, respectively. At this writing, there are plans afoot for concert performances and a stage production. We wish *Big Man* well; it and Cannonball deserve it.

•

If ***Scott Joplin*** hasn't been thoroughly covered and recovered by now, Dick Hyman's five-LP album for RCA should really wrap it up—it's subtitled "The Complete Works for Piano" and it's that and then some. In addition to the better-known

rags, there are waltz and march sides and they come off very well. Side ten is made up of Hyman improvisations on Joplin themes. Joplin's total output was done in less than 20 years and it's pressing on to 60 years since his death, but, my, how his compositions stand the test of time. From *Original Rags*, Joplin's first, on through *Maple Leaf Rag*, his most famous, and on to the posthumously published *Reflection Rag*, Hyman, a dedicated craftsman, shows that Joplin was an American original who was far ahead of his contemporaries. The voluminous notes by jazz historian Rudi Blesh that accompany the recordings add considerably to the package.

•

We've always admired Rahsaan Roland Kirk—for his musicianship and for his fine comic raps. But not everybody likes them. Ten years ago, in Cincinnati, when a woman with white-plastic boots and a red beehive hairdo started ragging him, Kirk, who has been blind since childhood, began speculating about her evening attire. He described it so exactly that the whole bar stood up and cheered. Recently, in Hermosa Beach, near Los Angeles, Kirk sent an aggressive heckler into an epileptic fit. For real. The guy had to be carried out of the bar on a stretcher while Kirk played soothing flute music. Kirk's gifts for gab and music combine nicely on ***The Case of the 3 Sided Dream in Audio Color*** (Atlantic). The album contains two versions of *The Entertainer*, the first one so bad-ass and funky that it makes the sound track of *The Sting* seem like *Madama Butterfly*. On *Bye Bye Blackbird*, he lays aside his saxes and picks up the trumpet in a mellow tribute to Miles Davis. Also interesting are six sound collages called *Dreams*. The brief pieces depict life during World War Two: Amid the cacophony of air-raid sirens, exploding bombs, troop-train departures, church bells and a game of ping-pong rises the plaintive voice of Billie Holiday singing her heart out, but to no avail. Our favorite cut is the second of the overdubbed four-part fugues for rapping human voice called *Conversation*. It's just Kirk speaking, but the piece wonderfully blurs the lines between speech and music. On the otherwise blank side four, Kirk delivers a brief message concerning the apocalypse.

•

Enough, already. How many more times must we hear another fey, graying Englishman wax nostalgic about Memphis, Monterey, New York "town," East Virginia and all those other typically British rest stops on the musical Michelin guide? It's boring enough coming from home-grown bozos like John Denver and Barry Manilow, but from some Cockney vamp it's just too silly. What is Rod Stewart's survival secret? The aggressive rock of the Sixties scene that spawned him and the faceless Faces has faded, and Stewart's current product, ***Atlantic Crossing*** (Warner Bros.), is a mildewed *memento mori* of those debonair days when British boozers were idols. Now he's a solo "artist" with a gravel gullet that would appall any good ornithologist. Hard times have hit the record biz if this is all it can conjure up as a "new release." Maybe Stewart's got something on some A&R man. In any case, this LP is far out, which is to say, "Man, outta date, outta sync, outta touch." Too bad it's not outta sight and sound.

•

The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle made Bruce Springsteen's name a household word, if you happened to live in a house with a literate rock critic who liked narrative songwriters. Never has one album meant so much to so few. Springsteen was hailed as the new Dylan: a switchblade poet whose turf was Tenth Avenue and beyond. It was not unlike comparing *Last Exit to Brooklyn* with *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Dylan is sentimental: His songs about interpersonal relationships could happen to anyone, anywhere, even to Joan Baez. Springsteen is savage: He sets a scene in images taken from *Naked Lunch*. His heroes live off the scene, not each other. They refuse to be prettied up. And he's got one of the best bands in the business: It knows how to pump iron and kick ass, but it also knows when not to play. (That alone could

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account for the limited acceptance of *E Street*.) The songs just didn't have conventional verse-chorus-verse-chorus-bridge-chorus structure. On the new album, ***Born to Run*** (Columbia), the street narratives are backed by a fat sound, a life-line pulse that will blow the likes of *Captain Fantastic* right off the multitrack. The lyrics have been streamlined to flow with the music: You can still pick out the skyline. Springsteen's voice sounds like a pawnshop saxophone, rough, raspy, but in the right hands the perfect instrument to deliver lines like: "One soft infested summer/Me and Terry became friends/Trying in vain to breathe/The fire we was born in." This is the record that will make the singer-songwriter a star. Springsteen and coproducers Mike Appel and Jon Landau have managed a commercial package without human sacrifice.

•

After ten years and a dozen records, we are almost prepared to admit that a love for the Grateful Dead is a special taste. At times, we feel like dedicated missionaries still stuck away in a low-rent, storefront church, despite endless proselytizing. Why don't their records sell millions? What's wrong with all you sinners?

These apostolic outcries are inspired by the latest in the Dead's series of excellent albums, ***Blues for Allah*** (Grateful Dead). Side

one is top-quality Grateful Dead rock 'n' roll. Jerry Garcia is the best instrumentalist to come out of the Sixties rock explosion. He describes himself as a music junkie who just wants to play all the time. It shows. His long, liquid, improvisational lines just keep rolling along, and the rest of the band is right with him. They used to call the Dead's music acid rock, a phrase that most people associate with dissonance and fuzzy tone, but the most acidy thing about the Dead is the nervous, bubbling energy of its rhythms. It's an

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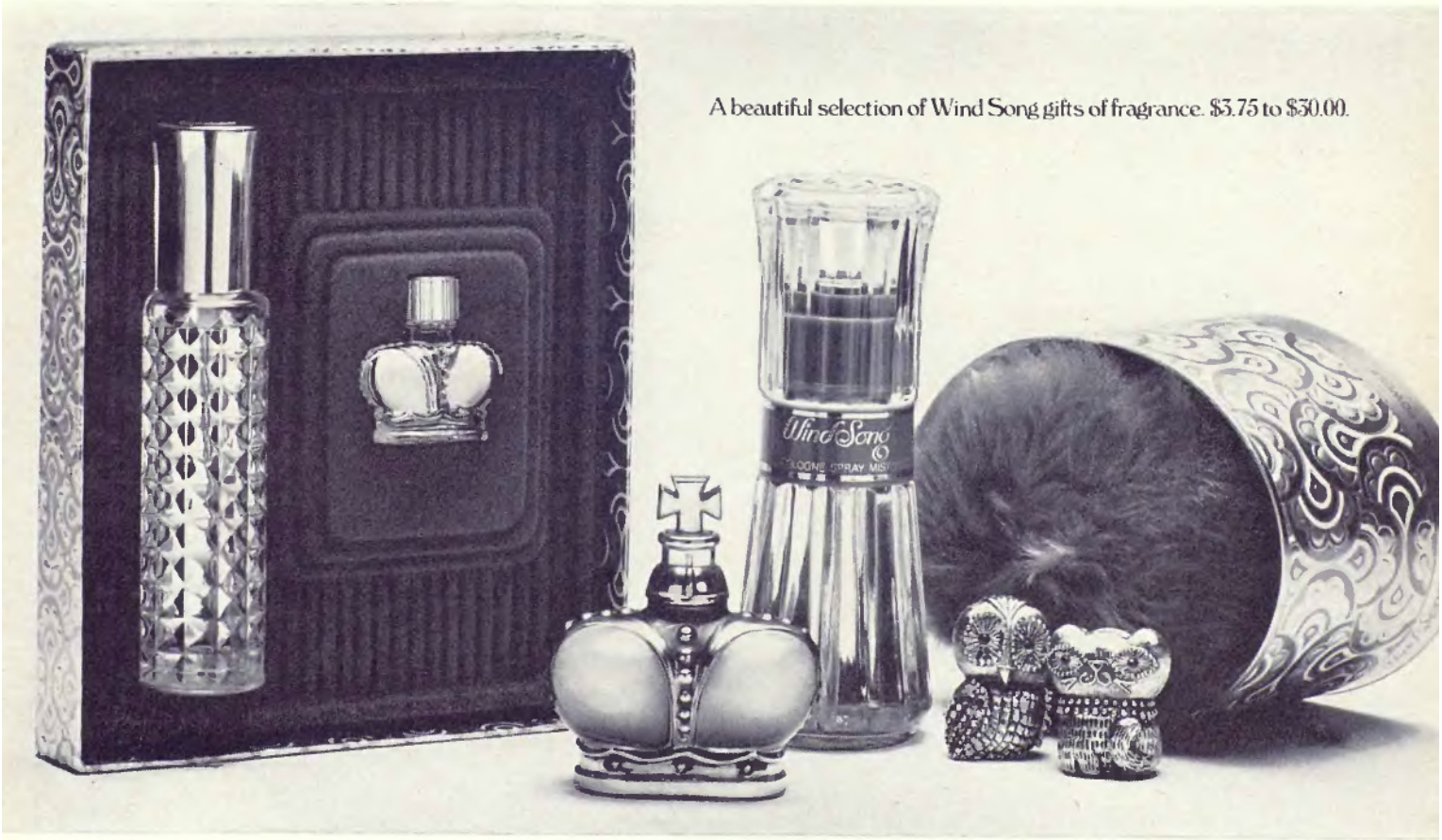

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energy that picks you up and takes you along rather than coming out at you in the fashion of The Rolling Stones. It is, above all else, good-time music.

•

Four years ago, Southern rock 'n' roll meant the Allman Brothers Band. Period. They invented it, laid it on a boogie-starved public with their *Allman Brothers at Fillmore East* album and subsequently

dominated the field. They were also, at least until Duane Allman's death, arguably the best rock band in America. Things have changed a lot since then. The other Southern bands that came up in the Allman Bros.' shadow are starting to forge musical identities at the same time that the Bros. are having some trouble with their own. ***Win, Lose or Draw*** (Capricorn), the Allmans' long-delayed new album, could be subtitled "Gregg Allman and Richard Betts Take Turns Leading the Allmans." The two evenly split the vocal duties, Gregg singing his trademarked blues and Betts his sweeter, more country-flavored tunes. And, of course, there's the obligatory extended instrumental. The familiar Allman Bros. sound is still the same, although there's more emphasis on the piano now, and Betts's guitar is used sparingly. But something's wrong: The music is almost mechanical, perfectly wrought assembly-line Allman Bros. tunes, played without much passion or conviction.

•

While the Allman Bros. are beginning to sound like a facsimile of themselves, the Marshall Tucker Band, which began as a musical footnote to the Allmans, is coming into its own. ***Searchin' for a Rainbow*** (Capricorn) still touches the required blues and country-rock bases, but the most interesting tunes are the ones in which proven formulas are abandoned. Two excursions into country swing are particularly exciting, as if Bobby "Blue" Bland had conjured up the spirit of Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys to work out some new country-swing-blues fusion. Which, come to think of it, isn't such a bad idea.

•

Well, if the Modern Jazz Quartet is dead, who's going to take over its special niche in jazz? We'd be willing to wager a modest sum that the New York Jazz Quartet has the goods to pick up where MJQ left off. The troops are made up of bassist Ron Carter, pianist Roland Hanna, reed man (soprano sax and flute) Frank Wess and drummer Ben Riley, and there you have the makings of some very tasty sounds. Ron Carter's the moving force on ***The New York Jazz Quartet / In Concert in Japan*** (Salvation) and the nonpareil bassist's influence can be felt throughout. Side one opens with his *Little Waltz*, moves on to Monk's classic *Well You Needn't* and then goes into a couple of Hanna originals, *Introspection* (a solo outing) and *Mediterranean Seascape*. Frank Wess is an outstanding example of a superlative jazz musician who's paid most of his dues as a studio man with not nearly the acclaim he should have as a soloist; this LP should help set matters aright.

Another bright showcase for Roland Hanna's super piano can be found on ***Perugia*** (Arista), recorded live at Montreux in 1974. Hanna is a man unperturbed by changing piano styles, encroaching avant-gardism and keyboard fads and fancies—he is a traditionalist in the best sense of the word. He intros the album with lush renditions of a pair of jazz standards—Billy Strayhorn's *Take the A Train* and Duke Ellington's *I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*—then offers his own *Time Dust Gathered*, the title composition and Thad Jones's memorable *A Child Is Born* and closes with another original, *Wistful Moment*. Well done, Sir Roland.

BOOKS

JR (Knopf) is the *Finnegans Wake* of American business—an enormous, rhythmic dream preserved as if on the rolls of a player piano, performing brittle music for an indifferent audience. The novel unfolds as an endless string of conversations through which is revealed the nightmare of the American corporate structure, a system "set up to promote the meanest possibilities in human nature and make them look good." The prodigal hero of William Gaddis' second book (his first novel, *Recognitions*, published in 1955, has emerged as a bitter American classic) is a grubby 11-year-old boy, JR, who sleeps in his clothes and operates a multimillion-dollar "family of companies" out of a pay phone in his Long Island school, a handkerchief knotted over the mouthpiece to disguise his voice. It is these conversations inside the phone booth that provide the book's brilliant, mad humor. By using the phone to keep tabs on the U. S. economy, JR aims to catch "Mickey Mouse by the short hair." The characters who tumble in and out of his schemes—composers, artists, generals, novelists, spinsters, widows, Congressmen, business tycoons, drunkards, kinky secretaries and a mail-order lawyer—texture the novel with competing sets of cadences and vocabularies that nudge us deeper and deeper into Gaddis' terrifying world. JR understands the ultimate logic of American chicanery: "Like I mean this here bond and stock stuff you don't see anybody you don't know anybody only in the mail and the telephone because that's how they do it nobody has to see anybody, you can be this here funny looking-ingest person that lives in a toilet someplace how do they know. . . ."

•

The politics of petroleum are so convoluted that not even governments, much less the consuming public, can refine the truth from the crude facts of the current global oil crisis to determine who's drilling whom. The best effort to date is Anthony Sampson's ***The Seven Sisters*** (Viking), subtitled "The Great Oil Companies and the World They Made." Sampson is an eminent British journalist with a rare ability to assimilate enormous amounts of historical, political and economic data and distill them into readable books. In *Seven Sisters*, he applies his skills to the world oil industry from Spindletop to the present, from the early Texas wildcatters to the Cadillac-collecting Arabs, and brings forth a chronicle that is both absorbing and numbingly comprehensive. Light reading it isn't; but for anyone who would begin to understand the role oil plays in making and breaking governments and economies, here's a starting point.

•

Adam Smith's ***Powers of Mind*** (Random House) is the perfect book for those people who were charter subscribers to *Psychology Today* and renew their subscriptions every year because they like the graphics (you know, those mystical flowery ones in purple by the artist who went on to illustrate ads for a headache remedy). Smith, the pseudonymous author of *The Money Game* and *Supermoney*, spent a year and a half beyond the fringe, rapping with yogis, Rolfers, acidheads, gurus, transcendental meditators, telepaths, ESTers and Zen sportsmen. *Powers* reads like a *Consumer Reports* of the crazies. (Smith tried each of the paths to enlightenment, without apparent harm.) One of the problems with covering the I-guess-you-had-to-be-there experience is that you get anecdotes instead of information. Fortunately,

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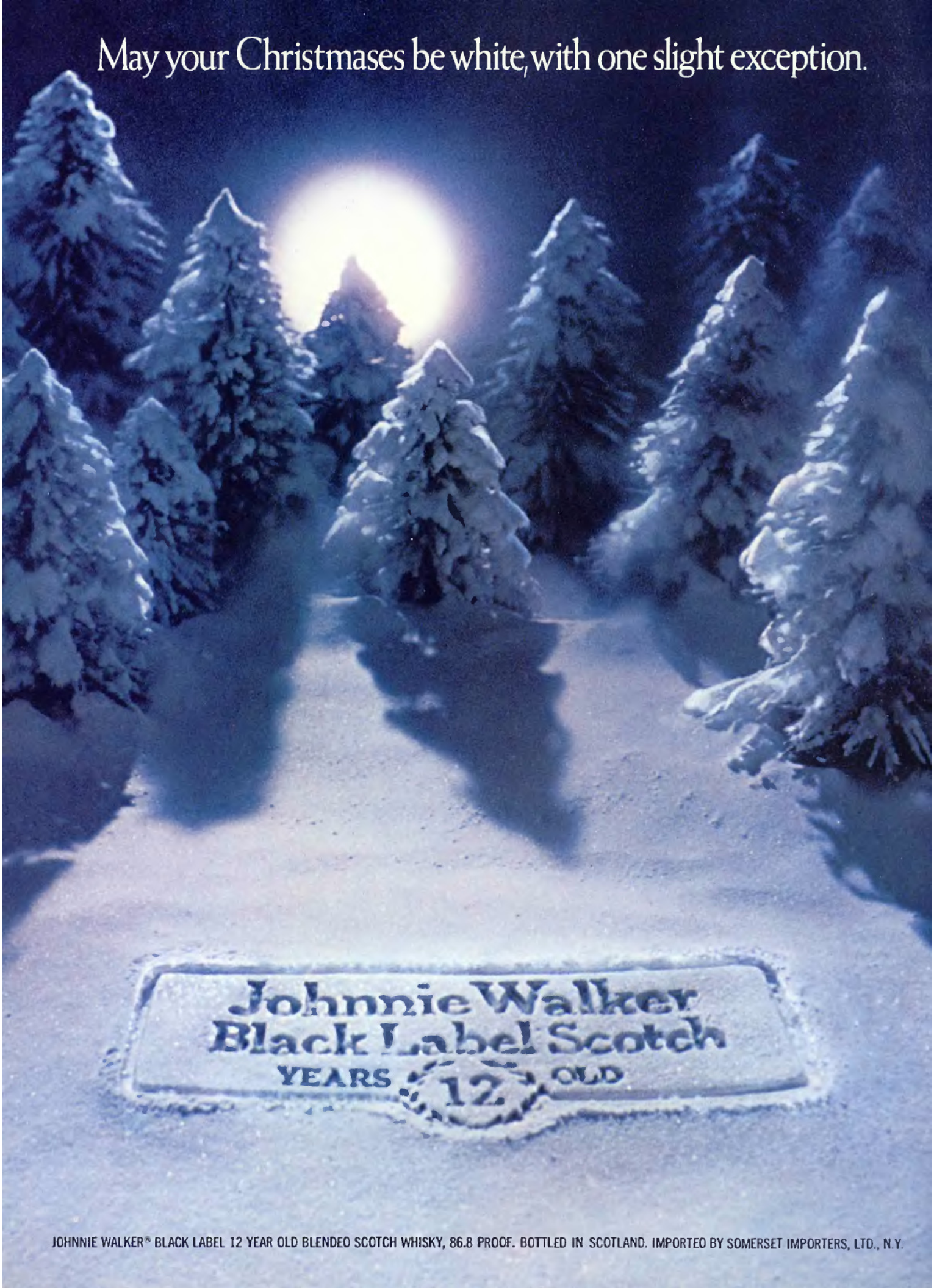

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Smith has one of the hippest ears in the business. For example, reading an interview with Michael Murphy, we discover that before the Esalen Institute became the mecca for the human-potential movement, it was owned by the Pentecostal Church. "The site had become—unbeknownst to the church—a homosexual hangout. Hunter Thompson, later of the *Fear and Loathing* books, was hired as a caretaker. 'Hunter brought a lot of guns,' said Murphy, 'and he almost got himself killed because he would sit in the caretaker's shack firing away at the homosexuals who climbed the fence, and

one night the window was blasted away.' Thompson escaped. The church left. The institute was founded." Any book that explains Hunter Thompson and gives a capsule summary of the past decade can't be all bad.

•

"Why should I regard myself as a wasted dude?" asks Tennessee Williams, almost a third of the way into his ***Memoirs*** (Doubleday). The question, perhaps rhetorical, weighs heavily for just a moment in this outrageous autobiography, undertaken initially for monetary reasons. "I have a desire to continue and there are important new projects," he says later, only to cap it with, "My God, I sound like Nixon." This should give you some idea of the persiflage indulged in by America's 64-year-old playwright laureate and self-acclaimed inventor of black comedy. It's all there, from his Missouri U freshman-year proposal of marriage to a girl named Hazel, who responded "appreciatively but negatively," to an early homosexual affair in 1940. Accompanied by 144 illustrations, Williams' loosely organized "attempt to capture the constantly evanescent quality of existence" traces and retraces his writing, sexual affairs and battle against—and for—drugs. Williams is quick to quote Blanche DuBois' "deliberate cruelty as the one unforgivable thing"; it would seem that much of

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his own hostility has been turned inward, with occasional outward flashes reserved for interviewers—as when "they" want to "get some footage on the notorious American playwright, the queer one, whose decease will soon give him a moment of prominence in the media."

•

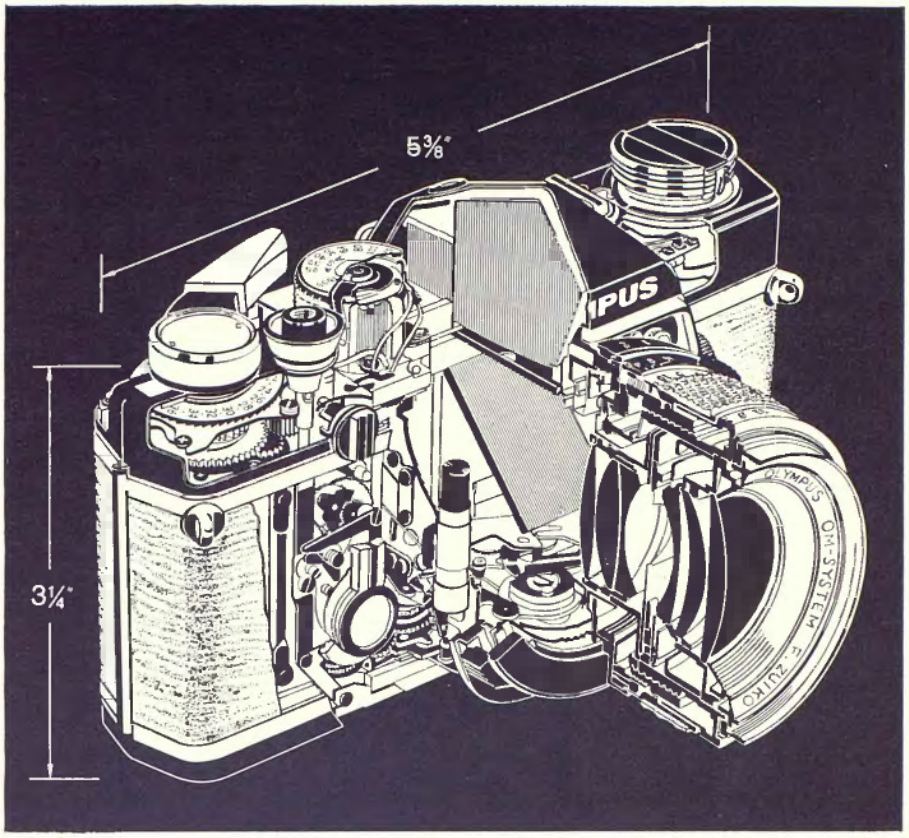
For most of us, *Frankenstein* is nothing more than a well-told, hair-raising story that has survived the test of time. But for Les Daniels, author of ***Living in Fear*** (Scribner's), a sober and quite fascinating appraisal of the history and meaning of horror from *The Iliad* to *The Exorcist*, Mary Shelley's novel contains a more significant message. Says Daniels: "If *Frankenstein* is immortal because of its compelling theme, it is still readable largely because of the strange relationship between the man and his monster. Both are rebels; the creator defies nature, and his creature defies society." This well-researched and highly readable work includes not only 80 illustrations of your favorite ogres, vampires and mad scientists but seven actual horror stories, such as *The Imp of the Perverse*, by Edgar Allan Poe, and *My Favorite Murder*, by Ambrose Bierce. Ironically, Daniels has succeeded in making his literary appraisals of these short works infinitely more interesting than the stories themselves.

•

As we hurtle ever nearer the apocalypse, our annual certainties—death, taxes, the Jerry Lewis telethon and Agatha Christie's newest novel—grow fewer. And, it appears, that list is to be further reduced. In her latest mind twist, ***Curtain*** (Dodd, Mead), Christie draws the literary sheet over her brilliant Belgian, Hercule Poirot; the eccentric inspector expires in this story and must posthumously explain the case. (Indeed, Christie wrote this last installment years ago and kept it in the wings until she decided it was time to pull the *Curtain* on her beloved creation, lest some hack attempt his further adventures after her *own* demise. After all, she is 84.) All the familiar Christie devices—superbly drawn oddballs and ends, distracting clues, false conclusions, private moralizing—are here. *Curtain* is great diverting fun—so much so that we hope, despite the finalities we *think* we've read, that somehow Poirot will pull off the ultimate twist, trick even death and give all of us who need him so much an encore.

•

Somewhere in the literary spectrum that extends from fantasy through science fiction to the tracts passed out by street-corner nuts lies ***Illuminatus!*** (Dell), a massive three-volume first-edition paperback that may well turn on paranoids the way



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Tolkien turned on romantics. The authors, Robert Shea, a PLAYBOY Senior Editor, and Robert Anton Wilson, a former PLAYBOY editor, have produced a Unified Field Theory of Conspiracy that combines history, philosophy, pornography, politics and mysticism with copious amounts of straight-faced bullshit. The plot is about plotting—the ingenious efforts of various secret conspiratorial organizations to thwart the schemes of other secret conspiratorial organizations to either free or enslave mankind, depending on which conspirator you believe. It purports to explain, almost too plausibly, every important event in history from the French Revolution to the assassination of John F. Kennedy in terms of the struggle between the Bavarian Illuminati and the Legion of Dynamic Discord and its allies—if, in fact, the Erisian Liberation Front and the Veterans of the Sexual Revolution *are* allies and not part of the *other* conspiracy. What we have is a cross between a literary acid trip and a political tour de farce.

•

Political reporters have, of late, become bold in the fashion of night-feeding carnivores—or scavengers. As long as politicians were strong and healthy, reporters kept pretty much out of sight, routinely grinding out stories that took politicians at their word and living up to all of the worst things H. L. Mencken ever said about them. These days, politicians are like wounded beasts and newsmen are giddy with the taste of raw meat. Richard Reeves is a good example. In ***A Ford not a Lincoln*** (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich), Reeves goes after President Ford tooth and claw, not even bothering to apologize. What he has to say about Ford is valid enough. The President, according to Reeves, is a mediocrity given to easy compromise and the path of least resistance.

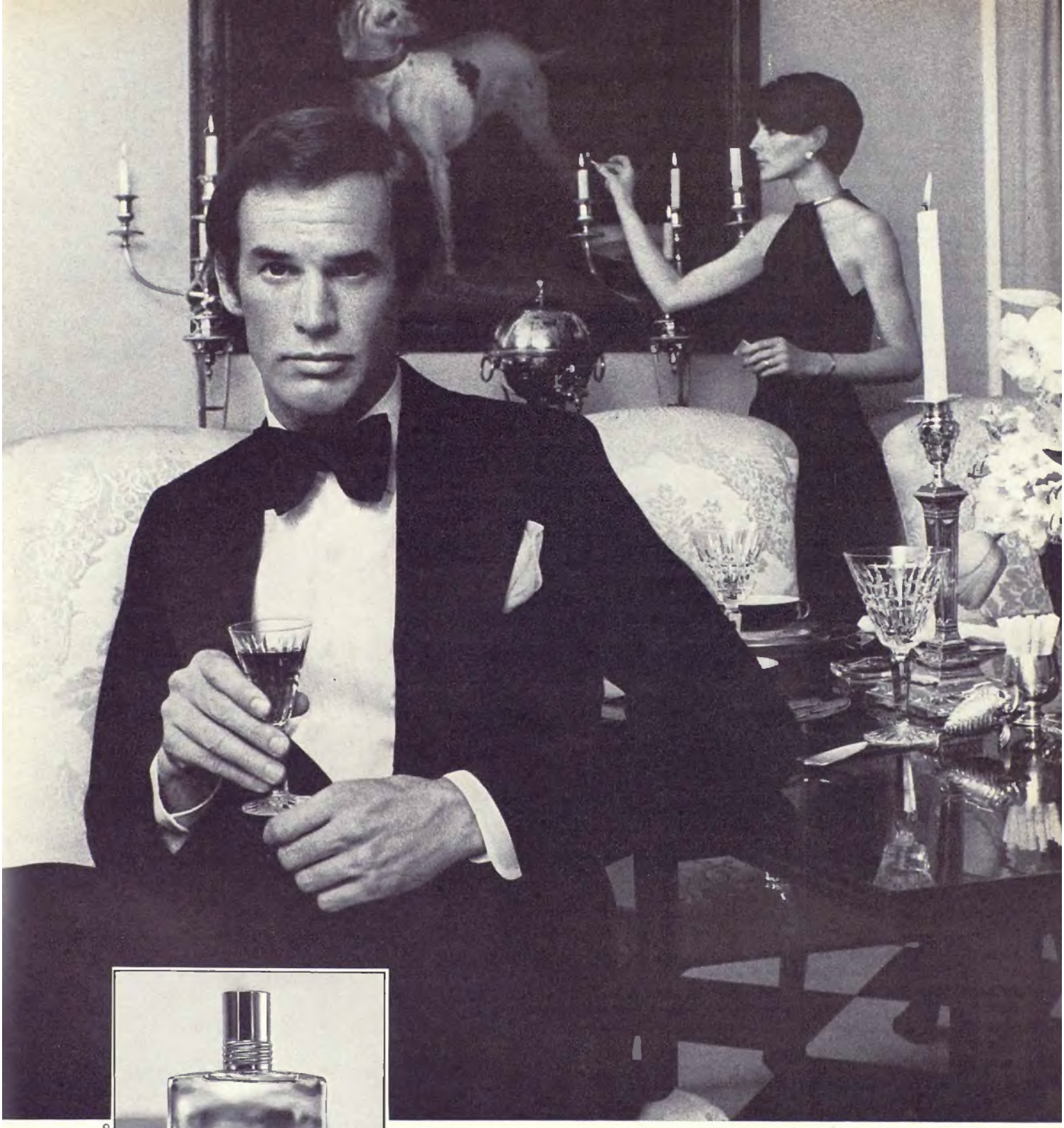
He is, in short, a kind of least common denominator, the right man for the moment when America finally lost its nerve. Reeves is a good storyteller and Ford's shortcomings are accurately documented. Some of the buffoonery is delicious. Ford, for instance, remarking to his personal photographer, David Kennerly, "Can you imagine, Dave, Nelson [Rockefeller] lost thirty *million* in one year and it didn't make any difference." So, Ford is naïve and typically devious as a politician and he stokes no fires in the breasts of the citizenry. America is weary and Ford perfectly represents the lassitude of the voters—and the nonvoters, who represent the largest constituency in the nation these days. All this Reeves says and says well. Reeves, who comes to all his wisdom after 15 years as a newsman covering politics, tries to explain the role of the press in American politics, and he is OK as far as he goes. But if it disappoints Reeves that the country is ready for Ford, you have to wonder how much of that is the fault of the press. It was John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, early in his Presidency, who set us up for the fall, and they never could have done it without the help of the press. Reeves, where were you when we *really* needed you?

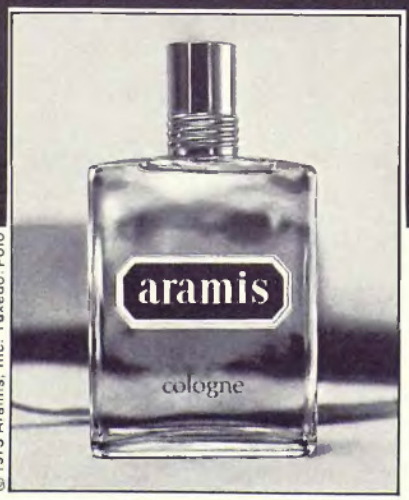
DINING-DRINKING

A terraced walkway of the Cocoa Building of Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco has been bricked off, painted white, hung with Hungarian folk art and delicate green plants, a regal Magyar herdsman's coat and pottery and metamorphosed into ***Paprikas Fono,*** a Hungarian country inn high above the friendly glitter of Aquatic Park and San Francisco Bay. "Cooking with love" is Laszlo and Paulette Fono's motto, and their goulash (Gulyás)—prepared in a thin-walled iron kettle hung over an open fire, in the traditional Hungarian herdsman manner, and then served with sour cream and chopped scallions and a sweet *Palacsinta*, a cake made with ground nuts instead of flour, or a delicate strudel—fulfills the promise. Mrs. Fono is an enthusiastic propagator of Hungarian witticisms in addition to explanations of the cuisine. A reference to dictator Horthy, the admiral who ruled a country without a seacoast, evoked a raised finger, a glittering eye and the remark: "Well, he is now smelling the lilies of the valley from the bottom." Expect some Hungarian conversation along with your meals. There are the standard specialties, Veal Paprikas, a fantastic Hortobagyi mixed grill of tender beef, skewered lamb, Debreceni sausage, grilled pork, Esterházy chicken livers (not a judgment on the Esterházy family but nicely mushroomed and wined). Then there is a little menu of Vendeglo (little-restaurant) specialties, including Fish Paprikas, Lamb Tokany, mixed *Palacsintas* (ham, asparagus soufflé and mushroom sauce) and a shrimp-on-skewers-with-wine-sauce dish that they sentimentally name Adriatic Memories. And in case you tire of standard Hungarian, there is also a Csarda (country-inn) section of the menu, designed for brigands, highwaymen and traveling salesmen. Choose, here, from Shepherd's Grill, Gypsy Steak, Transylvania Cabbage Gulyás (a favorite of Bela Lugosi and Mel Brooks, no doubt) and Bandit's Grill—marinated chunks of beef and pieces of bacon grilled on skewers, with a bed of rice and a fresh-mushroom sauce. The wine list is mainly Hungarian and Californian but suits the powerful images of the food. The desserts are sweet, with much fruit and cheese and nuts and brandied chocolate, and the espresso is almost strong enough to cut through the powerful sleepiness induced by overeating. Pleasure convinces the body that there's still time to smell the lilies of the valley from the top. The Fonos opened this restaurant to make amends for the transformation of their crepe palace, The Magic Pan, into a mass-market conglomerate operation. They are forgiven. Paprikas Fono is open from 11:30 A.M. to 11 P.M. daily. BankAmericard and Master Charge cards are accepted. Reservations are not necessary (415-441-1223).

MOVIES

Novelist Thomas McGuane has two substantial credits as a screenwriter—in Frank Perry's *Rancho Deluxe* and Arthur Penn's forthcoming *The Missouri Breaks* (with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson starred). For ***92 in the Shade,*** adapted from his own novel, McGuane took on the directorial chores himself. What results is another interesting, ambitious movie that doesn't quite work out—though its unique personal qualities are more fun to contemplate than many a piece of sure-fire formula stuff





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from Hollywood's assembly line. Peter Fonda and Warren Oates square off for a life-and-death confrontation of a spoiled young man with good family connections—whose whim is to buy a skiff with an outboard and become a fishing guide for tourists—and a wild-assed veteran guide who views the Florida Keys as his private deepwater preserve. Margot Kidder, Burgess Meredith, Sylvia Miles, Harry Dean Stanton and Elizabeth Ashley portray a number of raffish local characters on both sides of the dispute, and the dialog McGuane puts into their mouths is full of fine Southern-fried grit. "If turkey was goin' for ten cents a pound," drawls Oates, "I couldn't buy a raffle ticket on a jay bird's ass." That sort of thing. McGuane, however, makes a movie as if he were still writing novels—with too many obscure passages (some obscure lighting as well), plus a kind of bookish narrative style that lets dramatic tension go utterly slack on film. Still, there's enough vivid local color to fill several movies—largely because McGuane knows these out-of-the-way places and people like the back of his hand.

•

A cop-and-prostitute love story co-starring Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve. ***Hustle*** borrows bits and pieces of better movies as if some of their distinctive qualities might rub off. At one point, producer-director Robert Aldrich (whose works run the gamut from *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* to *The Longest Yard*) hopefully whisks his stars into a theater to watch the romantic climax of *A Man and a Woman* onscreen. Reynolds and Deneuve don't achieve any

such heights in this contrived, deliberate detective thriller, but they try, by God—brawling and bawling with lush orchestral accompaniment and occasionally generating a spark of real electricity, even though their voltage systems may strike you as out of sync (often the case when an American live wire comes into direct contact with a sophisticated Parisian fixture). The divinely beautiful Deneuve

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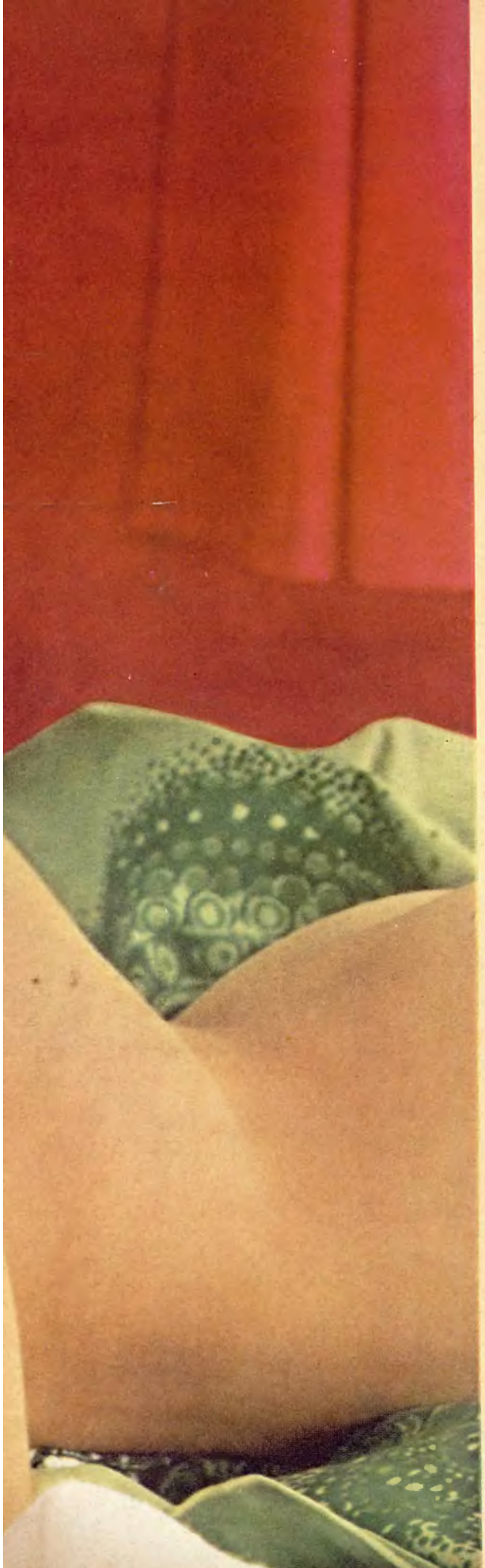

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loses very little, however, in translation to English—and displays at least a sultry shadow of her role, several seasons ago, as a sleek part-time prostitute in Luis Buñuel's brilliant *Belle de Jour*. Reynolds is just Reynolds, running true to formula as an L.A. cop who finds it tough to love a whore and even tougher to accept the values of his workaday world, where the high and mighty get away with murder while society's born losers simply multiply their losses. The case at hand concerns a dead teenaged girl who has been into drugs, porno flicks and private orgies at the estate of a political Mr. Big (Eddie Albert) who has allies on both sides of the law. As a basic sentimental lug who yearns for a bygone era when Dizzy Dean, Artie Shaw and Bogart were the men of the hour, Burt seems much too blunt and one-dimensional. And he throws away scenarist Steve Shagan's conventionally snappy dialog ("I've always loved you . . . I smell your goddamned perfume all day long") as if he were getting rid of evidence that might be used against him. Star power aside, *Hustle*'s acting honors fall to Ben Johnson and Eileen Brennan, who play the troublesome, plot-provoking parents of the dead girl. They provide some moments of gritty truth in a high-gloss Hollywood melodrama that is competent, even serious-minded—yet essentially no more than a fresh application of cosmetics on the old paean to the whore with a heart of gold.

•

Echoes of a Summer teams Richard Harris and Lois Nettleton as the helpless, unhappy parents of a 12-year-old girl (Jodie Foster) who is dying of heart disease. "What do we say to our daughter on her last birthday?" asks Harris. Well, no question gets a straight answer during the bleak, prefuneral ceremonies devised by writer-producer Robert L. Joseph and director Don Taylor. Let the doomed child ask, "What is rain?" Harris is compelled to intone darkly, "Rain comes down—that's all I know." *Echoes* describes how two precocious youngsters (Jodie and Brad Savage) help grownups accept the inevitable, which calls for many a brave smile and stifled sob. The end approaches—but very, very slowly—in a fine old manse on the picturesque coast of Nova Scotia, a fabulous setting for a fatuous family tragedy.

•

Handed the juiciest role of his career in ***Hearts of the West,*** Jeff Bridges graduates from the "promising" category and shows a previously untapped talent for farcical comedy as a brash Iowa farm boy named Lewis Tater, who yearns to be a big Western writer like Zane Grey—but ends up in early Thirties Hollywood, playing cowboy roles. Abetted by Blythe Danner as a director's plucky girl Friday, Andy Griffith as a down-on-his-luck bit player and Alan Arkin in a hilarious stint as a frenzied cheapskate director, Bridges shoulders his way through some droll satirical vignettes about the movie-making of yore. Either he's lousing up gun fights or he's quite literally busting his balls by leaping into the saddle from a second-story window. He also talks kinda crazy outdoor-epic dialog: A posse of Hollywood-and-Vine cowpokes, as he tells it, "found me wandering, parched and thirsty. . . ." He's also found wandering with several thousand dollars in "hot" money, inadvertently stolen from a pair of vengeful con men. Which brings up the sticky problem of plot. Written by fledgling scenarist Rob Thompson and directed with cheeky

abandon by Howard Zieff (whose first effort was an oddball spoof called *Slither*), *Hearts of the West* has the kind of sloppy, unsatisfying last reel often tacked onto a movie when six other endings didn't work. There are also some pretty arbitrary plot twists, so mysteriously motivated that who's who becomes as hard to figure as what's what. This, then, is a movie to savor in bits and pieces without expecting too much over the long haul.

•

Smashing an international drug ring in Sydney, Australia, is the business afoot in ***The Dragon Flies,*** which should not be mistaken for just another standard Kung Fu fracas. Written and directed at a breakneck pace by Brian Trenchard Smith, *Dragon Flies* exploits a phenomenon known as Jimmy Wang Yu, a black-belt karate champion from Shanghai and the most spectacular Oriental superstar since the late Bruce Lee. Wang Yu has become a multimillionaire matinee idol in the mysterious East, because he performs all his own stunts—he was hospitalized during this film's shooting when he stalled out and crashed in a hang glider. He's no slouch when he plummets down the side of a skyscraper by rope, either. Unlike the chaste Kung Fu masters, he also shows his stuff in bed, with two comely belles from down under (Ros Spiers and Rebecca Gilling). "You're my first Chinese," Spiers informs him. George Lazenby—who had a shot at playing James Bond in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*—reappears as the bad guy who is bombed out of his high-rise H.Q. by the formidable, airborne Inspector Fang Sing Leng (Wang Yu). While this totally preposterous mélange of fast action and fantasy serves no necessary purpose except to further glorify the art of violence, all in fun, Wang Yu is a name certain to be preserved for posterity on lots of T-shirts.

•

For a comedian so richly gifted, Peter Sellers gets himself into a surprising number of underprivileged movies. By far his worst within recent memory is ***The Great McGonagall,*** in which he plays Queen Victoria with knockabout comic Spike Milligan in the title role as a weaver who gave up everything to become a god-awful, impoverished poet. Though *McGonagall* reunites Sellers with some of his colleagues from *The Goon Show*—an outrageous ancestor of *Monty Python*—the results are atrocious and generally incomprehensible to anyone but a die-hard devotee of British-music-hall japery. In ***Undercovers Hero,*** Sellers faces somewhat better odds playing six roles—as a French general, an English spy, a Gestapo chief, Adolf Hitler, a Japanese general and the president of France. With so many opportunities open to him, Sellers can't miss milking a few yoks from director Roy Boulting's rather clumsy World War Two farce, set in a Parisian brothel during the Occupation. The girls are luscious, but the gags go flat. All in all, it's a Sellers market stocked with cut-rate merchandise.

•

The life of Russian-Jewish immigrants on Manhattan's Lower East Side in 1896 is the subject of ***Hester Street,*** a so-called ethnic movie that caused no excited bidding among major distributors, despite its warm reception earlier this year at film festivals in Cannes and Dallas. To hardheaded movie execs, of course, ethnic spells box-office poison. It will be too bad if public apathy proves them right, for *Hester Street* is an exceptionally beautiful piece of work by writer-director Joan Micklin Silver (independently produced by her husband, Raphael D. Silver). Her sensitive adaptation of a short story by Abraham Cahan amounts to a warm and lyrical celebration of what America is supposedly all about—and if poetic justice

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ruled the land, public figures would be singling out *Hester Street* as a Bicentennial milestone film instead of wasting their time, and ours, on Pioneer Day parades and commemorative pageants. Photographed in black and white for a look of old New York authenticity that never slips into trendy nostalgia, the story focuses upon four young Jewish immigrants who learn that Americanization means sweatshops, irreligion, breaking with tradition, disintegrating marriages and Getting Ahead. Jake and Gitl (Steven Keats and Carol Kane) are a pair of mismated young marrieds—he a philandering opportunist, she a strictly Kosher house mouse. Mamie (Dorrie Kavanaugh) is a swinging sewing-machine girl with more advanced ideas, while Bernstein the boarder (marvelously played by Mel Howard, head of graduate film studies at New York University) studies the Talmud and rues the day he left Russia. "A pox on Columbus," he declares. "When you get on the boat, you should say, *Goodbye, O Lord . . . I'm going to America.*" Doris Roberts, as an insistently helpful neighbor, keeps pace with a superlative cast that doesn't appear to be acting at all. Even so, Kane's entrancing performance as Gitl lingers in the mind like a refrain of old music and will probably still echo when the next prize-giving season rolls around. Though it provides an unflinching portrait of Jewish-Americans, *Hester Street*'s abundant humor, sex appeal and simple humanity are universal.

•

The Man Who Would Not Die transports Keenan Wynn, Aldo Ray, Dorothy Malone and he-man Alex Sheafe to the Caribbean for a mystery melodrama complete with menacing sharks, a hidden cache of cash and some business about a corpse that may be a case of mistaken identity. Ignore such minor details. *Man* is mostly a full-length screen test for Sheafe, who could well be the winner—or maybe runner-up—in a Burt Reynolds look-alike contest. He's tall, dull and handsome. Better leave your money on Burt.

•

Filmed in New Guinea, ***The Valley Obscured by Clouds*** is French writer-director Barbet Schroeder's exotic essay on the search for an earthly paradise by a group of young Europeans, disciples, it seems, of late-Sixties pseudo profundity. Bulle Ogier plays a French consul's wife seeking sexual liberation and lost innocence among the flower people. While *The Valley*'s more ambitious ideas ring hollow, there are eclectic fringe benefits: the scenery, tourist's-eye views of tribal life and an original musical score by Pink Floyd.

•

Ingmar Bergman directed a Swedish opera company in a performance of

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Mozart's ***The Magic Flute*** as a film for television, adding a few pleasant Bergmanesque touches—restless actors backstage between scenes, audience faces of every age, race and sex, all flushed with anticipation of an acknowledged musical masterpiece. The production itself, only slightly expanded for the screen by cinematographer Sven Nykvist, is more competent than brilliant, though wisely shorn of traditional operatic flourishes to make a classic accessible to millions of moviegoers. Mozart is unmistakably the master hero, yet Bergman's self-effacing act of homage adds another dimension to his genius.

•

The Sunshine Boys on film sparkles with persuasive new evidence, though none was needed, that George Burns is a master of understatement and bull's-eye comic timing. As the more amiable half of the famous vaudeville duo Lewis and Clark (patterned after Smith and Dale), dragged out of retirement to resurrect one classic sketch for a TV comedy special, Burns acts at least a decade older than his ageless offscreen self. His dead-right, subtly polished performance as Al Lewis is so low-key, however, that it may appear to be obliterated by Walter Matthau's tour de force as the irascible Willy Clark. But only at first glance—for Burns, like all great straight men,

provides the solid foundation on which belly laughs are tickled into shape. Matthau is hilarious in a far flashier style, playing (and occasionally overplaying) a feisty old has-been who lodges in a second-rate Broadway hotel, devours his weekly *Variety*, hopes for a comeback, yet flubs the lines when his agent-nephew (Richard Benjamin) wangles him a try-out for a potato-chip commercial. The one thing he *doesn't* want—he keeps insisting—is a reunion with his former partner, now happily living with his daughter and grandchildren in the wilds of New Jersey. How these two mismatched troupers become an odd couple in their dotage is cunningly set forth in *Sunshine Boys*, which combines lots of pure showbiz savvy with enormous affection for the verbal and visual crotchets of old age. In this fast company, it's high praise for Benjamin to say that he more than holds his own as Willy's desperate, well-meaning nephew. Adapted by playwright Neil Simon himself and directed with stagy competence by Herbert (*Funny Girl, Funny Lady* and several more frivolous efforts) Ross, *Sunshine Boys* is everything it was meant to be—a flamboyantly heart-warming Broadway hit, transferred to the screen in a cloud of stardust that should effectively mask any minor flaws.

CHECKING IN WITH GEORGE BURNS

George Burns, at 79, has a birthday due next month and appears to be pushing 80 as if it were a tiddlywink. En route to an engagement at London's Palladium, Burns, who plays a role originally slated for his late great chum, Jack Benny, in *Sunshine Boys*, touched down in Manhattan. PLAYBOY caught up with him over lunch (two gibsons and a plate of scrambled eggs) at the Friars Club, where Burns talked about the movie, the past, smut in show business, sex after 70 and his impending autobiography—all in a snap, crackle and nonstop delivery.

Speaking of his colleagues from *Sunshine Boys*, Burns skims past voluptuous Lee Meredith as "that dame with three tits," calls author Simon "the world's greatest writer . . . his royalties prove it" and Matthau "a born loser . . . but only when he's gambling. Matthau's a great guy and a great actor. He wore a lot of make-up, since we play a couple of old-time vaudevillians, and as soon as Walter got his wrinkles on, he'd start feeling aches and pains. I had to help him into his chair."

Director Ross, Burns reports with obvious glee, was a bit concerned about how he would react to his first film role as a character other than George Burns. "One day on the set, Ross told Matthau: 'See if you can help Burns loosen up a little.' So Walter stood behind the camera during my next take and dropped his pants, showing everything, the works. That loosened *me* up . . . and I noticed he was pretty loose himself."

Actually, Burns says he was never worried. "Acting is simple. You knock on a door. A guy says: 'Open the door, come in.' If you come in, you're a good actor."

Burns's last movie stint was in *Honolulu*,

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a 1939 MGM musical starring Eleanor Powell (he currently tells interviewers: "They must have liked me, because they asked me back to do another one"). But the team of George Burns and Gracie Allen has never really gone out of our consciousness, thanks to television reruns and the radio-nostalgia craze ("On radio, we were always among the top ten. We couldn't miss . . . there were only eight other acts"). Since Gracie's death in 1964, George has remained a headliner on the tube, in concerts and in Las Vegas, paired with the likes of Carol Channing, Connie Stevens, Dorothy Provine and Jane Russell. "I didn't need to retire. I *was* retired when I worked with Gracie. All I had to do was ask, 'Gracie, how's your brother?' Then she'd talk for 20 minutes. And when she got laughs, I got paid." To recapture those laughs, there's a move afoot to create a new George and Gracie show, with new faces. "I guess we'd have to bring it up to date," croaks Burns, "have 'em smoking marijuana."

Burns, whose cigars are as much a part of him as his tidy toupee, is down to smoking six or seven or possibly 15 a day since he underwent open-heart surgery last year. He favors El Producto, "a good two-bit cigar," and uses a holder. Lighting up, he grins a wicked endorsement of his vice. "A fella my age," he says, "has to hold on to something. You'll notice I'm a very neat smoker. No wet ends. Gracie didn't like wet ends."

Questioned about his book, which will be published by Putnam, Burns announced that he's chosen a title: *I'm Still Doing It*. Doing what? He won't say, exactly. "Let 'em make of it what they will. Life is damned good, and it doesn't begin at 40. My book is about *now* . . . maybe somebody will think it's sexy. At my age, you take a bow before you start. If I jump into bed with a naked girl, she'd better be able to sing harmony. Actually, it's nice to be my age. I can do as I please, because I've already *had* everything . . . headaches, dandruff, gonorrhea. . . ."

Blunt language and ribald tales may roll off his tongue in private, but Burns keeps his onstage act squeaky clean. "There are only about 31 dirty words, anyway, and Buddy Hackett's got them all. For my London opening, I'll be working with 12 beautiful girls. I'll come out and say things like . . . well, I'll say, 'There's a hole in the wall between the ladies' dressing room and mine. I've been meaning to plug it up.' Then I'll say, 'Ah, what the hell . . . let 'em enjoy themselves.' That's about as dirty as I get. Though I don't give a damn what anybody does, I guess I'm a prude at heart. Even if I'm home alone, I close the door when I go to the bathroom."

Burns's wry asides, tossed off as if he were clearing his throat of gravel, have kept him in the limelight for over 40 years. And it's a rare conversational gap that Burns cannot fill, or at least fool around with. He may tell the one about the lady he met in the elevator at his hotel, who stared him down: "Just as we got to the ground floor, she said, 'It's so exciting to be in an elevator with a celebrity.' 'It sure is,' I told her—'but who the hell are you?' "

"I don't care about people laughing too hard," he says. "Personally, I prefer laughing easy. I don't like to go to a movie where you have to put on a jockstrap so you don't rupture yourself." By Burns's standards, however, very few current movies turn out to be groin grabbers. "Mostly, you don't understand the plot. You can't even *guess* the plot. The usher explains it to you on the way out."

Between performances, Burns lives in his house in California with two small cats. "The cats like me," he says. "Of course, they don't know I'm Jewish." He naps in the afternoon, plays bridge two hours a day and wears dapper but conservative California clothes, eschewing the Hollywood vogue for jeans. "I'm not doing well enough to wear blue jeans. Besides, they're too tight . . . a fella can't have wrinkles on his ass."

To keep fit, Burns alleges, "I go out a lot with gorgeous young girls. Maybe some of their youth rubs off on me. I help them with their homework. If they get straight A's, I'll marry 'em. One day, a woman columnist walks up to me in a Hollywood restaurant and says, 'George, isn't that girl a little young for you?' I said, 'Yeah, she is—but she promised to put me in show business.' "

Even death is a comedy bit for this Sunshine Boy. "When I do go, I plan to take my music with me. I don't know what's out there, but I want to be sure it's in my key."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been dating my latest girlfriend for about a month. We met while I was working at a bar. At first, it was fairly easy to converse—I suppose because there was a counter between us, and whenever I got stuck for something to say, I could tend to some small task behind the bar and thus conceal my shyness. However, when she and I are alone, I seem constantly to be searching for a subject to talk about. I become so self-conscious trying to impress her that what I end up saying is not enjoyable for either of us. I keep trying to live up to the image of a witty man about town; the result is frustration. Any suggestions?—A. M., Saginaw, Michigan.

It's not your job to do all of the talking, or even half of it. (We thought bartenders were professional listeners.) The wisecracking bon vivant, *with a pocketful of* mots justes, *is a Hollywood invention: If you're paying scriptwriters, you expect to hear something for your money. The same standard does not apply to dates. Most women can do without that kind of manic monolog (cf. Joni Mitchell's line: "The times you impress me most are the times when you don't try"). For the time being, schedule activities that don't demand conversation or that, at least, supply a topic—concerts, sports, sex. A famous wag once wrote, "Love means never having to say a goddamn thing." When asked to clarify his remark, he replied: "It is impolite, if not impossible, to talk with your mouth full."*

Dungeons, chains, whips—these are the props of my erotic fantasies. An old lover who was into bondage and discipline introduced me to the pleasures of her (mock) displeasure. I've grown tired of normal relationships; like a reader who returns to paperback murder mysteries, I say to hell with meaning. I want entertainment. Call it a caricature, but the pure simplicity of a slave-master relationship is dramatic. I enjoyed learning her lessons of love. Unfortunately, the girl moved to the East Coast, taking with her the implements of instruction. Since then, I've tried to find other ways of whetting my appetite for discipline. Commercial establishments seem to be the best bet. Los Angeles papers are filled with ads for houses of domination that promise humiliation, leatherwear, handcuffs, strait jackets, the works. One lady claims to have a "sensational motorized cross," whatever that is. I've called their numbers, but no one ever

answers. What gives?—Q. V., Los Angeles, California.

Perhaps the ladies are tied up and can't come to the phone. Sexual classified ads aren't exactly reliable. (Stay tuned for Dan Greenburg's article on perverse personals in next month's PLAYBOY.*) Although outright bondage and discipline (as opposed to casual knot tying and mild reproach) have become fashionable with movies such as "Defiance" and "Story of O,"* aficionados *still have to show restraint. We can't say the odds favor success: English tutors are hard to come by, or beneath, or whatever. Still, keep trying. (Drop us a note if you find out what the sensational motorized cross does.) Have you considered converting your basement to a playroom? You could invite a lady over, tell her that the house was previously owned by a rather strange couple,* segue *into "I wonder how this works," etc. For additional details, watch any made-for-TV movie. For props, contact The Pleasure Chest, 1022 North La Brea, Los Angeles, California. If worst comes to worst, you can always dress up like a Saint Bernard and enroll in animal-obedience school.*

Recognizing my belief that cognac is really a love potion for adults, my girlfriend wants to buy an expensive crystal decanter so I can store my supply on top of my bar, to be admired at all times. I'll admit that it would look very nice, being the sort of thing that Olivier always seemed to have handy in *Sleuth*, but I'm wondering if that's really the best way to store cognac. What do you think?—D. F., Portland, Oregon.

Assuming that you like cognac as much as your letter implies, the bottle shouldn't last long enough for exposure to the elements (air and sunlight, in this case) to be much of a problem. This is especially true of moderately priced cognac, costing, say, under $15 a bottle. Beyond that, however, several factors should be taken into account. Exposure to sunlight can bleach the cognac. Indeed, very old bottles are often reported to be very pale, almost straw colored, even after being properly stored. This is especially true when the liquor is stored in clear, rather than smoked or dark glass. In addition, exposure to air, which will occur when you decant the cognac, causes the taste to break down and the alcohol to evaporate. Therefore, decant only the amount you think you'll use at one night's sitting and leave the rest in the bottle stored in a dark place. You might also wish to do your drinking in a dark or softly lit room. Not that it will improve the cognac—only the flavor of the evening.

A few months ago, *The Playboy Advisor* mentioned that about 75 percent of the women who participated in foursomes engaged in some form of homosexual activity. I wonder about the opposite—male-to-male interaction in such encounters. My wife and I have been happily married for a little over five years. We have enjoyed sexual escapades with other couples. On several occasions, while the women embraced, the other male and I also petted and even performed oral stimulation on each other. I may sound nuts, but it seems to me that the experiences involving male–male activity were the most fulfilling—everyone was into everyone else. My wife thinks the whole idea of two guys demonstrating appreciation for each other is magnificent and very mature; however, because of prior conditioning, I still have doubts and some guilt feelings. My question: Am I bisexual?—W. D., Atlanta, Georgia.

No; you're a registered Democrat. The problem with any label is that it includes people with whom you wouldn't be caught in the same room. Bisexual is an adequate word to describe a person who is as turned on by a person of the same sex as by a person of the opposite sex. Trés chic, *but in certain parts of the country, that could get you well hung. Since all of your activity has taken place in crowds, rather than in one-on-one encounters, you might be more comfortable*

with a word that makes your bias clear. Try octopedaphile—someone who gets off on sex in a room where there are eight legs. Of course, you may be confused with the guy who likes to watch his wife make it with a Shetland pony, but that's life.

Counterculture chemists have come up with something called MDA—alias the Mellow Drug of America. Supposedly, it increases sexual excitement and generates a warm, diffused feeling of happiness: Take the love drug and no one is a stranger. I've heard it described as a combination of mescaline and speed, of mescaline and cocaine, of dehydrated Coors beer and champagne. Can you tell me more about the stuff?—B. S., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Methylenedioxyamphetamine (MDA) was first synthesized in 1910. At various times, it has been tried as a cure for Parkinson's disease, as an appetite suppressant and as a potential cure for epilepsy. It proved ineffective and was put on the shelf but not, apparently, out of reach of drug-culture mad scientists. Chemically, MDA is similar to mescaline and speed. Officially classified as a hallucinogen, it stimulates the central nervous system and increases tactile sensitivity. (MDA freaks have been known to stand in the shower for hours getting off on the water. And who said hippies aren't clean?) The drug also creates a sense of euphoria, closeness, warmth and aesthetic enjoyment. It tends to make people talk, though the spontaneous reminiscences do not have the mythic or symbolic import of LSD raps. However, MDA is not a head of roses. As with any stimulant, an overdose can prove fatal. There is no evidence in drug literature of damage resulting from chronic use, but that may be due to the lack of tests. The drug is strictly street made and street sold—there is no pharmaceutical-quality MDA. A study conducted last year revealed that street MDA is relatively pure (only ten percent of the samples proved to be something else, compared with a 38 percent counterfeit rate for LSD and a 68 percent rip-off rate for speed). Sometimes the drug is cut with atropine, LSD and amphetamine. If the bathtub chemist makes a mistake, the result may be PMA—a highly toxic and generally fatal drug. Enough said? The best love drug is a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and a cassette tape recorder singing beside you in the wilderness.

When did cuff buttons on men's coats become popular? I have heard that Napoleon had buttons sewn on his army's uniforms to keep his men from wiping their noses on their sleeves. Can you confirm or deny the tale?—S. M., Del Mar, California.

No, we can only embroider the lack of facts. Most clothing historians attribute the popularity, but not the invention,

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of cuff buttons to Napoleon. They even give the reason you mention. Then, as so often happens with apocryphal anecdotes, the story comes apart at the seams. There are those who claim that the reason is right but someone other than Napoleon thought of it. (Tom Wolfe?) Yet another story—our favorite—gives credit to natty Nappy but for a different reason. It seems that Napoleon's eccentric cousin, Grebasz Bonaparte, had a fondness for squeezing the genitals of soldiers he inspected. As you know, button flies were the only thing in use at the time. By ordering buttons sewn on his men's sleeves, Napoleon was able to trick Grebasz into a harmless handshake two times out of three. That's politics.

Is it possible to will an erection?—M. C., Des Moines, Iowa.

Yes, but the inheritance taxes are incredible. Actually, it depends on how you define will. (Philosophers have been at it for centuries; we'll settle for a meaning that includes some degree of self-control; i.e., the ability to take your life in your own hands.) Sexologist Wardell Pomeroy tells of a subject who claimed he could go from complete flaccidity to erection to ejaculation in less than ten seconds, then proceeded with a demonstration. Judging from some of the letters we've received on premature ejaculation, that is no record. But it still makes us wonder what the subject had on his mind. Talk about erotic fantasies!

Some friends recently turned me on to science fiction and I've been reading almost everything I can beg, borrow, steal or buy. Because I really enjoyed some of Kurt Vonnegut's books, I was told I should read *Venus on the Half-Shell*, by Kilgore Trout. OK, I read it. But what's the story? Everyone seems to know the truth about this book except me and everyone I talk to has a different tale to tell. Once and for all, who is Kilgore Trout?—G. G., Chicago, Illinois.

In several of his books, Vonnegut mentions a fictional character named Kilgore Trout who is the favorite author of all the other Vonnegut characters. A science-fiction author of great talent went to Vonnegut with the idea of actually writing a book as Trout. Vonnegut gave his permission—something he probably regrets, as "Venus" has become an underground best seller. Now, here's where it gets tricky. The man who wrote "Venus" decided to take the scheme one step further. In "Venus," he introduces his own fictional author, Jonathan Swift Somers III, creator of the superdog Ralph von Wau Wau stories. Who is this convoluted man? Award-winning author Philip Jose Farmer. (For those of you who are waiting, the third volume of his Riverworld series may be out in late 1976, and it may be two volumes.) You

want a quick recap? Vonnegut created the character Kilgore Trout. As Trout, Farmer wrote "Venus," in which he created another author, Jonathan Swift Somers III. As Somers, Farmer is now writing stories about Ralph von Wau Wau. Which means that Vonnegut is the father of Trout, who is Farmer, who is the father of Somers, who is the father of Ralph. If we get the begats straight, that makes Vonnegut the great-grandfather of a German shepherd.

I have heard that if a man exposes his genitals to heat by sitting in a sauna, warming them with a hot-water bottle or taking a steam bath, he will become temporarily sterile. It would seem to be an ideal method of birth control. Instead of taking a cold shower and abstaining, I could slide into the tub and boogie. Yee-hah! "Some like it hot" would take on a new meaning. Is there any truth in the theory and, if so, should I incorporate it into my sex life?—S. S., Neenah, Wisconsin.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candlestick and on top of the nearest consenting adult. Great in theory, but the practice leaves something to be desired. Heat has been known to diminish the production of sperm. Spermatogenesis takes place at a temperature slightly lower than 37 degrees centigrade (the testicles hang free for air conditioning). A slight prolonged rise in temperature can disrupt the process, but that is a far cry from foolproof birth control. Recently, scientists at the University of Missouri subjected goats, dogs, monkeys and rats to different forms of heat treatment—ultrasound (what a funny place to wear headphones), microwave (do you like your meat rare, medium or well done?) and hot baths, with varying degrees of success. For example, rodent Romeos who were given a 15-minute bath in water heated to 60 degrees centigrade, compared with a normal body temperature of 37 degrees centigrade, were unable to impregnate females for 30 to 35 days. The research looks promising, but scientists have yet to determine the temperature requirements for humans or the length of exposure to heat. Of course, if you take only one hot bath a month, you won't have to worry about birth control, but not for the reason you think. For now, keep to the more reliable methods.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PARKING-LOT PASSION

In these days of economic woe, many young men may be loath to spend seven bucks to get into a crumby drive-in flick, where they and their dates don't pay the slightest attention to what's on the screen. I'd like to suggest an alternative: parking lots. Sadly underrated, America's parking lots were the scene of more lost virginity in 1975 than any other locale. I myself made this startling discovery only a short time ago, in the following manner:

One Saturday night, Bob, Carol, Alice and I left a party early. We were trying to think of somewhere to go when I noticed that clever Bob was driving down a dark, secluded street into a dark, secluded parking lot near a dark, secluded campground. We weren't the first ones there. Intuiting what Bob had in mind, I was glad I had read the chapter "How to Drive a Woman to Ecstasy" in *The Sensuous Man*. Bob and Carol began their orientation program and I proceeded with my own devilish plan.

Despite the logistical problems presented by the back seat of a compact car, things were working well enough until I reached for the goal zone and heard an immediate "No!" from the goalie. "No?" I asked politely. "No!" again, followed by "Why can't you respect me for what I am?" Thinking that this great line went out in 1961, I said to myself, "Jeez, here we are in the back seat of a car at one A.M. and Alice is reciting dialog from *All My Children*." Meanwhile, Bob and Carol are busy in the front seat, zipping and unzipping and shifting into positions I never even knew existed. Up there it's Orgasm City, while directly in back I feel like I'm in Sister Mary's Convent.

Suddenly, a police car with flashing lights nosed its way into the parking lot. As if by magic, 72 auto engines simultaneously roared into life and the lot emptied in a hailstorm of flying pea gravel.

Besides the ever-present fuzz, there are definite disadvantages to double-dating in a parking lot. Aside from the lack of wide-open spaces, it can be very discouraging when your friend is getting screwed (literally) in the front seat while you're getting screwed (figuratively) in the back. But I have a solution that could remove everyone's inhibitions about parking lots.

Someone should open up a parking-lot franchise (McDonald's, Colonel Sanders, Burger King?). A lot of girls feel better about having sex once a guy has spent some money on them. So why not have toll booths at the entrance to each lot, charging a nominal fee for each carload? Besides making parking-lot passion more commercial and therefore respectable, this project would create new jobs and ease the unemployment problem. There would be new jobs for salesmen ("Pardon me, sir, can you use some spot remover?"). And how about waitresses on roller skates, knocking on the window and asking sweetly, "Coffee, tea or Trojans?"

Richard Rothenstein
Bayside, New York

BREAKTHROUGH FOR CONDOMS

I was a witness to history: I was watching a Peter Sellers movie on KNTV in San Jose, California, when the first television commercial for rubbers was shown. July 23 was the date, Trojans the brand. I'm tellin' ya, it made me swell with pride.

There was a big fuss over it. The wowser brigade phoned in right away and the station yanked the commercial. Then the other TV stations and the newspapers publicized what had happened and the liberals got into the act. After the first wave of complaints, calls and letters were 20 to 1 in favor of the commercials; so now they're back on the air but only after nine o'clock at night.

The National Association of Broadcasters Code doesn't allow condom commercials, but KNTV doesn't subscribe to the code and you can bet other stations will want in if contraceptive advertising is a success. So far, the commercials are very tasteful—a couple running on the beach and a husband making a baby cradle—but you know TV. Soon they'll have a funny one where a young boy asks a druggist for condoms and the druggist replies, "What size, kid?" or an honest one where a hippie woman says, "Your outside will convince her inside." And how about the first time the announcer says, "Tonight, *The Waltons* are brought to you by French Ticklers"?

As I view it, we've seen only the tip of the iceberg.

Robert Day
Los Angeles, California

DISHONEST COUPLING

My reaction to the letter "Role Reversal" in the September *Playboy Forum*

All my men wear English Leather. Or they wear nothing at all.

An opinionated statement? Sure. I'm an opinionated woman. I know what I like. Especially when it comes to men. And the ones I like wear English Leather®. It smells so clean and natural. So all my men wear English Leather ...or they wear nothing at all.

4 OZ. AFTER SHAVE $3.00, COLOGNE $4.00
MEM COMPANY, INC., Northvale, N.J. 07647 ©1974
Available in Canada

was disgust. The insecure fellow who impregnated his ladyfriend to ensure marriage was as low as any woman who uses that sort of trickery.

The fact that the couple had lived together for two years raises a question. Being 21 and a supporter of living together, I am often asked by over-40 acquaintances why people our age want to cohabit instead of getting married. Besides saying living together is immoral, their most frequent criticism is that the guy has everything to gain and the girl has everything to lose if marriage does not follow. I always answer with the typical defenses of the new morality: Some people feel marriage is too binding, too stifling. Some want to get to know each other and find out whether they can function in a marriagelike situation without the legal ties. Sex is not an accomplishment for the male whereby the female loses unless they marry but is, hopefully, an equally pleasurable experience for both partners, married or not.

However, the "Role Reversal" letter clearly indicates that premarital cohabitation failed in its purpose for this couple. They ended up just as badly off as if they had not lived together. They are doing the very things that they were probably trying to avoid by living together in the first place: one partner has resorted to lies and deceit to get his way. If you're living together and that happens, you should make a clean and simple break, which is probably the whole point: If things don't work out, you can get out.

Unfortunately, the relationship described in "Role Reversal" ended in marriage, and I am indeed curious to find out how that marriage will end. I am also saddened to see that with all the opportunities for honesty and frankness before them, this couple blew it, though it probably will be some time before the woman realizes that their relationship is anything but honest. I guess it only goes to show that every new generation thinks it has all the answers, and it's obvious that none of them do.

Sallysue Norton
Chico, California

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

A while back, I became involved with a girl who, though considerably younger than I, seemed quite mature. About a month after she moved in with me, she gave me the shock of my life by informing me that she was only 15 years old—and pregnant. I closed my eyes and could see the bars of the cell I'd surely be locked away in as soon as anyone else found out. Panic-stricken, I tried to think of some way out of the situation, but my thoughts kept returning to the same conclusion: I would have to do away with her.

One evening, during an innocuous argument, I actually started to strangle her. Suddenly, for reasons I can't explain, I was struck with the horror of what I was

FORUM NEWSFRONT

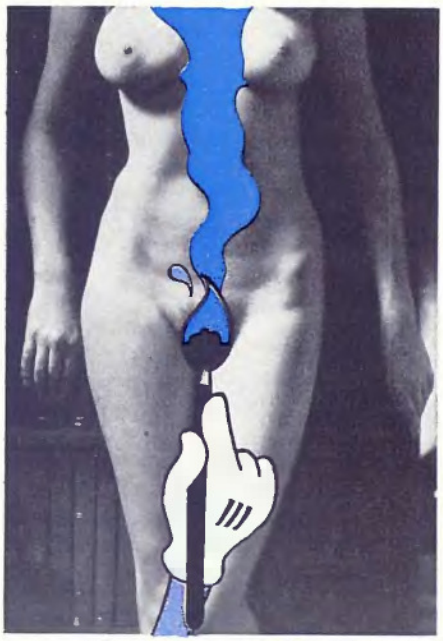
a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

FIGHTING FAT WITH SEX

FLORENCE, ITALY—*Italian authorities, working with a computer, have concluded that sexual intercourse burns up between 125 and 300 calories, depending on duration and intensity. They measured heavy kissing at 6 to 12 calories, undressing a sexual partner at approximately 8 calories and masturbation at 75 to 125 calories.*

COMMUNITY VS. NUDITY

BASTIA, CORSICA—*Scandalized citizens of a local resort community seized three nude bathers and gave them a coat of*



paint. Then, to discourage skinny-dipping officially, the local council decreed that anyone caught nude within its jurisdiction "will be attached to an ass and taken on a tour of the village."

FAMILY AFFAIR

JAY, OKLAHOMA—*A father of 16 children who pleaded guilty to committing incest with two of his teenage daughters won probation of a two-year sentence—partly because he was hard-working and "performed a good public service to the community by delivering the* Tulsa Daily World *promptly." The judge remarked that incest was "a family affair and not one of great community concern in the protection of the public from danger."*

TEENAGE PREGNANCY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Sixty percent of American teenaged mothers are unmarried or marry about the time they give birth, according to a survey described in* National Reporter, *a publication of Zero Population Growth. The study, based on Government statistics, found that the girls used contraceptives sporadically or not at all, often in the mistaken belief that they were too young to become pregnant, had sex too infrequently to run much of a risk or were limiting their intercourse to infertile times of the month. Almost one third of those who didn't use contraceptives said they had been unable to get them.*

STATISTICS ON LIVING AND LOVING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Cohabitation increased 800 percent in the U.S. during the Sixties, according to the Census Bureau's latest population study. The bureau also reports:*

- *The national divorce rate is at a record high of 4 per 1000 persons and the number of marriages dropped three percent.*
- *Nearly one third of American children do not live with both of their natural parents.*
- *Eleven percent of all births are illegitimate—twice as many as 20 years ago.*
- *The size of the average household is below three for the first time in U.S. history.*
- *The national birth rate is only slightly above the 1973 record low of 15 per 1000 population.*

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

BARNWELL, SOUTH CAROLINA—*A Federal-court jury has awarded damages of five dollars to a black welfare mother who sued an Aiken County physician for $100,000 for violating her civil and constitutional rights. The suit charged that the physician had required pregnant Medicaid mothers with two or more children to consent to sterilization before he would accept them as patients. The jury, which included three black women, found that the doctor had violated the woman's rights but only five dollars' worth. A second plaintiff, sterilized voluntarily after the birth of her fourth child, was awarded nothing.*

PATERNITY PROBLEMS

HAUPPAUGE, NEW YORK—*An ex-convict whose wife had four children while he was serving a nine-year sentence for robbery has failed to win a divorce on grounds of adultery. The man introduced depositions from prison officials stating he had never left prison and that no records indicated any visits from his wife. The judge, however, said the wife had "many possibilities of access" to the prison and that the plaintiff had failed to prove he was not the father of the children.*

In Munich, Germany, a Caucasian husband whose wife gave birth to a Negro baby also failed to prove adultery in a divorce suit. A gynecologist testified that the man, who had also had sexual relations with a black prostitute, could have picked up residual sperm and transmitted it to his wife.

RUBBERS ON THE TUBE

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—*Local television station KNTV decided to cancel further broadcasts of a 30-second commercial for condoms after viewers swamped the switchboard with calls of protest. But once this was reported in the press, many more viewers called or wrote supporting*

the commercial as being in good taste and perfectly legitimate. It depicted the product's logotype and a young couple running on a beach, while an announcer advised responsible family planning (see letter titled "Breakthrough for Condoms" in this month's "Playboy Forum").

CONTRACEPTIVE LAW VOIDED

SALT LAKE CITY—*A three-judge Federal court has overturned a Utah law that forbade the sale of contraceptives to minors without parental consent. The decision, which reversed an earlier ruling by the Utah supreme court, held that the law unconstitutionally violated the right of privacy.*

FALSE ADVERTISING CLAIM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The National Organization for Women has asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate National Airline's advertising claim, "I'm going to fly you like you've never been flown before." A NOW spokesperson contends that the airline is guilty of false advertising because the stewardesses who make the claim in commercials do not pilot the planes.*

WRONG SEX STIMULANT

TURIN, ITALY—*Declaring that a woman cannot be forced to have sex against her wishes, even with her husband, an Italian judge imposed a two-year prison sentence on a man found guilty of raping his wife. The defendant husband argued that his wife had agreed to the intercourse. The wife said she had agreed because he was holding a gun on her.*

OHIO DECRIMINALIZES POT

COLUMBUS—*Ohio has become the sixth state to decriminalize the private possession and use of small amounts of marijuana. The law prescribes a maximum civil fine of $100 for possession of less than 100 grams (about 3.5 ounces) or for giving another person up to 20 grams without charge. Sale of pot remains a felony carrying penalties of up to 15 years in prison and a $7500 fine for amounts over 600 grams (1.32 pounds), and the growing of marijuana in any amount is punishable by up to five years and a $2500 fine for the first conviction, with the penalties doubled on second offense.*

THE DEVIL OF YOUR CHOICE

SALT LAKE CITY—*A Wyoming State Prison inmate has filed suit in Federal court in Salt Lake City contending that his freedom of religion is being violated because he can't worship the Devil according to the dictates of his conscience. The suit charges that the prison provides equipment for other religious services but has denied him a nude woman for use as*

an altar, black robes with hoods, black-and-white candles, a bell, chalice, elixir and sword. The plaintiff reportedly says he would be willing to compromise on the nude woman and the sword, which are not allowed in prison, and make do with an inflatable plastic mannequin and a blackboard pointer.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

ATHENS—*An outspokenly conservative Greek bishop, who earlier crusaded against birth-control pills, now has put a formal curse on women who have abortions. In a sermon, Bishop Augoustinos declared, "May women who have abortions be stricken with cancer of the womb." Over the past few years, the bishop has also campaigned against carnival shows and sexy movies, and he once proposed the excommunication of Queen Mother Frederika for "lack of piety."*

doing and stopped. She never realized how close she came to death, and everything has managed to work itself out for us.

I'm telling this story as a roundabout way to get at the issue of capital punishment. Had I succeeded in strangling this pregnant 15-year-old girl, would I have deserved mercy? I don't think so. (In fact, I doubt that I could have lived with myself, and I probably would have destroyed myself if the state didn't.) There can be no mercy in cases of premeditated murder: Surely, the person who takes another human being's life shows no mercy to his victim. As Jane E. Maher says in the September *Playboy Forum*, "a person who knowingly and willfully deprives another being of life should, in turn, forfeit his own life." The most elementary sense of fair play demands that society be entitled to an eye for an eye.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

PULLING THE SWITCH

A college student here tried to intervene when a woman was being beaten by two men, and they turned on him and killed him with chains and a tire iron. After reading about this, it is easy for me to sympathize with Jane E. Maher's view that the death penalty is a fit punishment for murder. I could cheerfully pull the switch on those two killers myself.

But here's the problem: In my desire to snuff out two mindless thugs, I am descending to their level by indulging my own passion for violence. Revenge, which is what Maher's argument for capital punishment comes down to, turns me into the very sort of person I despise. By refusing to kill and, as a voter and taxpayer, refusing to permit the Government to kill in my name, I think I can best show how killing revolts me.

Samuel Newman
Chicago, Illinois

TWO WRONGS

Jane E. Maher's closing statement really blew my mind: "If justice had been served, Witherspoon would not be alive to write of his woes to PLAYBOY." Justice? To me nothing justifies the taking of a life. Sure, Witherspoon was wrong to kill, but society would be equally wrong in killing him.

Joseph Roebuck
Somers, Connecticut

THE MYTH OF DETERRENCE

The call for harsher criminal penalties grows more shrill each day. New bills flood state legislatures and Congress, crying for blood. Yet, experience being such a marvelous teacher, one would think it might have occurred to the saints among us that inhuman sentences do almost nothing to control crime.

By acclamation and statistics, England

(continued on page 63)

"Playboy Forum" Casebook

THE CRIME OF ORAL SEX

In 1967, Dr. Robert E. Hales, a 34-year-old suburban Indianapolis physician, lost his medical license for engaging in sex with five women patients. The women, who knew one another, reportedly confided in another doctor, who urged them to sue Hales for malpractice; they did, asking damages of $525,000 in three separate civil actions. The sex, it turned out, was consensual, the suits were later dropped and Hales—presumably wiser in such matters—might have regained his license and resumed his medical practice but for the zeal of a local prosecutor and a 19th Century Indiana sex law. The sex act Hales was accused of performing was oral intercourse, described in the Indiana criminal code as the "abominable and detestable crime against nature with mankind or beast" and punishable by 2 to 14 years in prison.

Alerted by the civil suits against Hales, the county prosecutor decided that even though the malpractice plaintiffs had retreated, he would press criminal charges. This presented the women with a choice of either cooperating with the state or facing possible sodomy charges themselves. (Sodomy is Indiana's term for both oral and anal intercourse, even between husband and wife. In 1968, the Playboy Foundation helped free an Indiana man serving 14 years for having anal intercourse with his wife.) And so began an eight-year nightmare that has all but ruined Hales personally, professionally and financially. The case illustrates the harm that can be done not only by the archaic morality laws that Indiana and some 35 other states retain on the books but also by laws that permit the indefinite confinement in mental institutions of individuals who have never been found mentally ill or convicted of a crime.

Hales was tried in 1968 for rape and sodomy with one of the women and easily acquitted. Testimony convinced the jury that oral sex, if officially criminal, was hardly uncommon; that it probably had not occurred as charged; that, in any case, the complaining witness had kept coming back; and that Hales's unprofessional conduct and poor personal judgment stemmed largely from his own marital problems and the pressures of overwork. The acquittal did not please the prosecution, and Hales came to the conclusion that he would be tried on each remaining count of sodomy until the state either obtained a conviction or ran out of complainants.

Having spent $50,000 on his defense in one trial and believing that the next would lead only to still more, Hales, on the advice of his attorneys, including Melvin Belli, tried a legal expedient. Under an Indiana statute ominously called the Criminal Sexual Psychopathic Persons Law, he could avoid further prosecution by petitioning the court to have himself committed to a state mental hospital. The law at that time defined a criminal sexual psychopath merely as a person "not insane or feeble-minded" but having an undefined "mental disorder" manifesting itself in "criminal propensities to the commission of sex offenses." Under the law, such a person is not criminally prosecuted and is released once a court decides he has "fully recovered."

Such a law is merciful in its intent, prescribing hospitalization and psychiatric treatment instead of criminal prosecution for persons who commit certain sex offenses. Ironically, it also can impose a virtual life sentence without trial and without parole, because lawmakers are not psychiatrists and psychiatrists do not write laws. Hales soon discovered that he was caught in a semantic double bind:

- According to the law, Hales was sane but suffering from mental disorder evidenced only by his performing of a sexual act illegal in Indiana;
- Psychiatrists do not consider oral sex or professional misconduct an indication of mental disorder;
- With no mental illness to be cured, Hales had no way of legally establishing that he was fully recovered.

The expression "fully recovered" is itself not a part of psychiatric terminology and, in fact, the law that applies to Hales has since been revised into the Criminal Sexual Deviancy Act, which makes release dependent on "successful completion of treatment." But this didn't help Hales before a judge who strongly disapproved of oral sex and a prosecutor noted for his campaigns against topless dancers. At one hearing for release, the prosecutor argued, with complete logic: "Since [Hales] was a criminal sexual psychopath at commitment by judicial determination," and since examining psychiatrists "did agree that the petitioner's condition is exactly as it was at the time of his commitment," then, "he must, therefore, still be a criminal sexual psychopath."

Twice—in 1971 and again in 1973—Hales went A.W.O.L. from Norman Beatty Memorial Hospital near Michigan City, Indiana, and twice he returned when threatened with arrest and extradition. Both times he had hopes of getting his legal status resolved through the intervention of employers to whom he had explained his situation. It was no crime to leave the hospital (hence the terms A.W.O.L. and walkaway rather than escaped); it was simply the duty of the hospital to report his absence and the duty of the state police to return him if apprehended; but meanwhile, he was free to take any job for which he qualified and to seek to make his *de facto* freedom official.

During his first absence, Hales was hired by the state of Arkansas as, ironically enough, resident psychiatric physician at a state hospital and granted a provisional license pending resolution of his Indiana problems. He contacted Beatty hospital and when this came to the attention of the county prosecutor, a warrant was issued for his arrest. While he was confined, his wife died, leaving him with three minor children to support. After his second flight, Hales moved to the East Coast, where he lived for 22 months. When arrest again seemed imminent, he returned to Indiana, became a physician at the Michigan City state prison and prepared to petition the court again.

Soon Hales became the proverbial political football. The prison hired him on professional merit and despite his legal status as a fugitive. Members of the governor's staff interpreted this as a betrayal of public trust: "ESCAPED SEXUAL PSYCHOPATH HIRED BY STATE PRISON" was the gist of the newspaper headlines. When Governor Otis Bowen demanded disciplinary action against those members of the Indiana state medical board responsible for hiring Hales, the entire board resigned in protest, as did the state board of podiatry. At this point, an Indianapolis U.P.I. reporter, B. J. Gilley, began to investigate the case in detail and Hales soon became a source of official embarrassment. One Indiana paper stated that the case had been "blown so far out of perspective that it has reached the face-saving stage," then added: "Without defending the doctor's past improprieties, his skills are obviously needed at the prison and the board recognized this in granting him a license to work there."

Hales first wrote to *The Playboy Forum* in 1972, prior to his second escape. He wrote to us again when his job at the Michigan City prison led to his return to Beatty. Through the Playboy Foundation, we are now assisting prominent Indiana trial attorney Tom G. Jones of Franklin in securing another hearing for Hales. Former employers, colleagues and even the Beatty superintendent are expected to appear in his behalf and, we hope, persuade a local Indiana court that Hales has more than paid for his indiscretions of eight years ago and can be safely released to resume the practice of medicine.

in the 1700s was the most lawless so-called civilized country in the world, even though there were more than 200 separate criminal offenses punishable by death. For lesser crimes, a convicted felon would sometimes be placed in the pillory, where his ear—or both ears, depending on the seriousness of his crime—would first be nailed to the board, then cut off.

During the same period, justice was also administered severely in the American colonies. The most popular form of punishment was the lash, with which a laborer could receive 40 whacks for speaking disrespectfully in a public place. (A gentleman would be placed in the pillory or stocks.) Branding was popular as well. For sleeping with an Indian, a woman could have the letter I pressed into her forehead with a red-hot iron. Unless she was, God forbid, from the landed class, in which case she had to wear a red arm band for a year.

For theft, second offense—and it mattered not how small or insignificant the object stolen—the culprit was taken straight to the gallows, where, to the jeers of the gathered citizens, he would kick and twist until dead. In spite of such measures, the crime rate increased every year, without fail.

If all the thieves presently living in the U. S. were to receive such treatment, one might ask, who would be left to run the Government and the oil companies? But you can be sure the old double standard would still be in operation, now as before. Some things never change.

Ben Seeber
Irving, Texas

TOUGH ON CRIMINALS

Just finished reading Bob Narkey's letter titled "Breaking Out the Vote" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I am sick of soft minds telling us to love the poor, mistreated, misunderstood, pure-of-heart, angelic inmates of prisons. Hey! They're where they are by their own actions. Fuck 'em! Feed 'em fish heads!

Mike Terry
Skokie, Illinois

RIGHTS AND MYTHS

Timothy P. Butler writes that criminals have forfeited their privileges and freedoms, and PLAYBOY attempts to take issue with his contention (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Unfortunately, in doing so, it fails to pinpoint the major flaw in his argument and, in fact, tacitly concedes the point. Butler maintains that "rights are privileges and freedoms allowed to the individual by society in return for obeying society's rules. When an individual disregards those rules, society punishes him by withdrawing his rights." PLAYBOY should have disputed this and pointed out that a man's freedom (and therefore his rights) is a condition of his

IN 1907, JACK DANIEL'S NEPHEW said, "All Goods Worth Price Charged." We're still saying it in times like these.

Mr. Lem Motlow put this slogan on jugs and crocks of his uncle's whiskey. You see, he knew that no other whiskey was made with pure, iron-free water. And that no other distiller mellowed his product through hard maple charcoal before aging. Mr. Motlow knew value when he saw it. And still today, though Jack Daniel's is priced above most whiskeys, a sip will prove its worth.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
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birth, not a gift from any society or government. Instead, PLAYBOY points out that some constitutional rights follow a criminal to prison. We are left to assume that these constitutional rights are those allowed by society. In fact, the U. S. Constitution merely attempts to *secure* man's natural rights; it does not purport to grant them.

That society cannot take away what it does not give is the salient point in refuting Butler's argument.

Tim W. Ferguson
Corona del Mar, California

Butler's view that society is the origin of rights and yours that man is born with them are both based on theoretical assumptions. Rather than pit one such claim against another, it's usually more helpful to focus on a few facts, such as those about the actual current legal practice in the U. S. regarding prisoners' rights. Referring to these constitutional rights does not imply that they are merely "allowed by society," since, as you point out, the Constitution does not claim to grant rights, only to define and protect them.

SAVE THE CETACEANS

I am outraged at the slow progress that is being made in attempts to save the lives of the cetaceans. Each year, hundreds of thousands of dolphins, porpoises and whales are lost to poor fishing techniques and to whalers. In the name of a few thousand jobs (many of which will disappear anyway when the cetaceans are gone), these mammals are being hunted to extinction. In the tuna industry alone, 380,000 porpoises were accidentally taken in 1972. And the whaling industries of Japan and the Soviet Union are about to drive whales from existence as well.

In his book *The Cosmic Connection*, Carl Sagan says: "The Cetacea hold an important lesson for us. The lesson is not about whales or dolphins but about *ourselves*. There is at least moderately convincing evidence that there is a class of intelligent beings on the earth besides ourselves. They have behaved benignly and in many cases affectionately toward us. We have systematically slaughtered them."

As another environmentalist warns, if we do not act soon to protect these animals, "man himself will be belittled and his own claim to genuine humanity will be forever tarnished beyond recall."

Thomas C. Boyles
Oil City, Pennsylvania

SWINGING MORALITY

At a recent panel discussion on female sexuality, I had an experience that I'd like to share with you. It's an ironic footnote to the new morality (whatever that may be).

After listening for two hours to various experts talk about what turns women on, I found myself horny as hell. After the discussion, I saw a very attractive young lady talking to one of the panelists and I decided to join the conversation. As I approached the podium, I heard her say that she had once developed such a bad case of nerves that her vagina had tightened to the point where her lover couldn't get into her. As she noticed me listening intently, she went on to explain that this had never happened to her before or since. I was wildly excited by the thought that I didn't even know this woman's name yet, and here I was, learning an interesting secret about her cunt. I sensed that she was as turned on as I was and I invited her to join a bunch of us for drinks at the local rathskeller.

We sat next to each other and while the group did a lot of frank talking about sex, she and I played kneesies under the table. My hopes were at first dashed when she told me that she was married but were revived when she added that she and her husband were swingers. She then explained that for them, swinging meant going to bars together and picking up other like-minded couples for sexual fun and games, she with the other husband, her own husband with the other wife. And there's the rub: She never cheated on her husband; she was absolutely moral about this. Unless her husband could screw my wife, there was no way this girl and I were going to make love. She offered to call her husband to come and join us, but I had to admit to this exciting, turned-on lady, who was just as anxious as I was to hop into the sack, that, alas, I had no wife to share. I was just your ordinary, garden-variety bachelor, out by himself, looking for a good time. She was quite disappointed and I trudged home alone that night, horny and confused.

There's an irony in this incident that really tickles me: It would seem that if I choose to take advantage of moral permissiveness and meet and make it with new, sexy women, first I'm going to have to get married.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

LIP-SMACKIN' GOOD

I've heard of guys who claim to be able to fellate themselves. I might not believe such tales—except that I recently learned that my wife can perform a feminine version of the same trick!

One night, after a lengthy session of 69, she coyly told me that she could eat herself. My disbelief turned to amazement as she demonstrated her ability to bend her naturally supple body on itself and get her tongue deep into her own pussy. She said she had discovered this when she was 13 and was learning ballet and acrobatics. Since then, she has indulged in this form of autoeroticism once or twice a week.

Watching her is fun, but what's really fantastic is to screw while she's going down on herself. Also, we both get an exquisite thrill from tonguing her cunt simultaneously.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

HAIR AND DISCIPLINE

I was struck by the letter from Norm Pliscou in the August *Playboy Forum* about his son Lee's quarrel with his high school coaches over the length of his hair. The maintenance of discipline, not the length of hair, seems to be the real issue here. Although Lee is certainly an individual, he placed himself under the authority of the coaching staff when he joined the tennis team. If he was not willing to accept the coaches' dictates, he could have retained his individuality by quitting. He could thus have kept his curly locks despite what his father calls "the capricious whims of school officials." This incident and others like it have implications far beyond the simple issue of hair length. They are directly related to anarchy, the breakdown of the family unit; indeed, the breakdown of society in general.

1st Lt. W. Clayton Klemm, Jr., U.S.M.C.
Kailua, Hawaii

We find it hard to believe that either good tennis or the future of Western civilization hangs by a hair.

PARADISE LOST

About a year ago, I read a letter in your column that said a petition to establish a nude beach in Sacramento was turned down simply because, as the city attorney explained, nude bathing wasn't illegal anywhere in the city (*The Playboy Forum*, January). Thus, the people who had been skinny-dipping at Paradise Beach on the American River for several years—without harassment, I might add—were free to continue doing so as far as the law was concerned.

In a remarkable display of tunnel vision, the Sacramento City Council has decided to vault its constituency back into the Victorian era by passing an ordinance banning nudity and female toplessness in public parks and on public beaches. Ironically, the section of the ordinance that's supposed to justify its existence says that "the parks, playgrounds and beaches in the city . . . are operated and maintained for the use, benefit, recreation and enjoyment of all citizens and residents . . ." and that "it is in the public interest, and necessary to the public health, safety and welfare, that said parks and beaches be utilized and enjoyed by as many persons as possible." The fact is, since the enactment of the ordinance last May, and the subsequent enactment of restrictive parking regulations, the number of persons

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And honest return for money spent.

They're not so easily found these days. But we still build them into every Pendleton. And have for more than five generations.

Pendletons. Original designs in coordinated colors, all made from the ultimate: 100% virgin wool.

Styled for the way you live today.

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From our Christmas Collection:
robe, $46; knit shirt, $28; muffler, $8; sport shirt, $25; green double knit sweater, $52.50; red tartan shirt, $26; motor robe, $35. For further information, write Dept. XP, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97207.

ALL PURE WOOL

Why is Tareyton better?

Charcoal is why.
Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make water and other beverages taste better. It does something for cigarette smoke, too.

TAREYTON has two filters – a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Like other filters they reduce tar and nicotine. But the charcoal does more. It balances, smooths – gives you a taste no plain white filter can match.

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

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

using Paradise Beach has dropped from as many as 800 per day to 200 or 300.

Friends of the Beach is a registered political-action organization working to return Paradise Beach to the people, of all ages and degrees of attire, who used to frolic there in harmony. Anyone with suggestions or comments may write to us at P. O. Box 13423, Sacramento, California 95813.

Donald Early, Chairman
Friends of the Beach
Sacramento, California

FOR FREE ENTERPRISE

Remember the Kingston Trio singing, "They're rioting in Africa"? Well, they're picketing in America, striking in France and protesting in Japan. Japan's geishas are demanding workers' benefits; France's *filles de joie* have been on strike for months; and American hookers held their second annual convention last June and called a one-day work stoppage in support of their French sisters.

The French government has appointed a commission to look into the alleged harassment of prostitutes by police. Here in the U. S., the public is beginning to realize the catastrophic waste in enforcing laws against victimless crimes, such as prostitution, which constitute 50 percent of all arrests.

Prostitution laws, ostensibly designed to protect women, work in reverse. The woman, the real victim, is labeled the villain and can get anywhere from a $5 fine to five years in jail. Quite a high price to pay for saying the wrong three little words—"Where's the money?" instead of "I love you."

Social and legal restrictions on the world's oldest profession must go. Completely. COYOTE, our San Francisco–based prostitutes' support group, warns against such half measures as Government-licensed brothels, which would only make your mayor, your governor or your President your pimp. As the motto on our COYOTE T-shirt puts it, MY ASS IS MINE.

Margo St. James, Chairmadam
COYOTE
San Francisco, California

HELLISH EPISODE

I am honestly appalled by your support of homosexuality. Gentlemen, there is a large element in homosexual culture that is highly dangerous to our society, since it preys upon those least able to protect themselves—pubescent and prepubescent boys.

My late father had a cousin who traveled a great deal and often stayed in our guest room. When I was ten years old, this son of a bitch raped me and threatened to kill me if I told my parents. He didn't visit us again until I was 14, and by then I was over six feet tall and had learned to box. He tried his little number and I beat the bejesus out of him. When I explained to my father why I had

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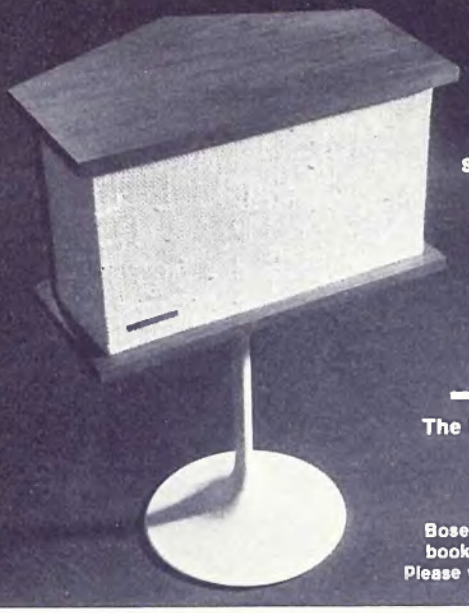

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done that, he had a "discussion" with his cousin that put the degenerate in the hospital for a couple of weeks. My father didn't report the case to the authorities, because the man was a member of our family and his arrest and disgrace would have hurt his innocent wife and children.

The brief physical pain he caused me was nothing compared with the long years of emotional suffering caused by the subconscious scars of that hellish episode. Two marriages went by the boards before I invested several thousand dollars in psychotherapy and psychiatry and managed, finally, to get my head screwed on straight enough to make something of my life.

I feel that PLAYBOY is making a serious error in attempting to have homosexual perversions legalized and in making efforts to dissuade the authorities from prosecuting those apprehended practicing homosexuality or soliciting its practice. It is nothing less than an abomination, practiced by sick, sexually retarded degenerates.

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

There are laws on the books against rape and the sexual molesting of children; of course, those laws can't be enforced unless offenses are reported. Outlawing homosexuality per se serves no useful purpose, especially since the great majority of sex offenses involving child victims are committed by heterosexual males against girls.

INFANTILE SEXUALITY

I enjoy an unusual practice involving clothing and sex: It excites me to put on diapers. Just before I reached puberty, my father forced me to wear diapers in front of my brothers and sisters to punish me for a bed-wetting problem. This form of self-exposure gradually became sexually exciting to me and by the time I was 15, I had gotten to the point of liking to put a diaper on myself when I was alone. At 17, I started to masturbate with a diaper on, wetting it with semen. This is actually more pleasurable to me than sexual intercourse, which I've also tried. My favorite fantasy is walking down the main street of town with nothing on but a diaper.

(Name withheld by request)
Athens, Ohio

You might get away with it on New Year's Eve.

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

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It's only 9:00 a.m., but three girls have already called to say they never want to see you again. You figure it was a great party. For brunch with the one who didn't call, distinctive Monsieur Jōvan Aftershave/Cologne. It lets you grow bold gracefully. Hopefully, well into Monday.

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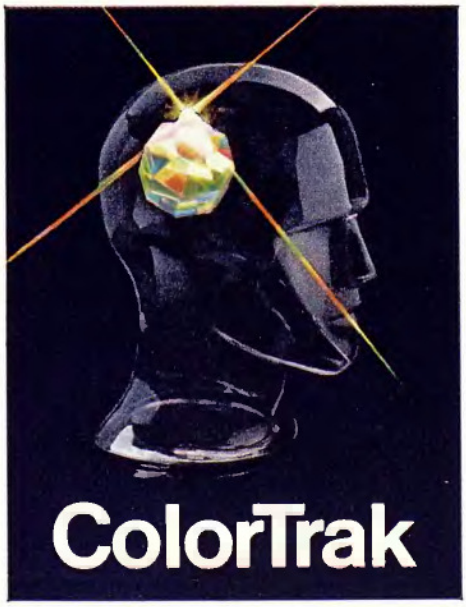

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RCA

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIMMY HOFFA

a final conversation with the former teamsters chief about the kennedys, the mafia and the possibility of being killed—just before he disappeared

The bumper sticker read: WHERE'S JIMMY HOFFA? CALL 313-962-7297. *It was on an old flatbed truck on the John C. Lodge Freeway in Detroit. Thousands of similar bumper stickers on cars and trucks across the country asked the question: What happened to the "little guy" who wheeled and dealed with money, words and clubs from the streets of Detroit to the huge white monument of a building known as Teamster International Headquarters in Washington?*

Hoffa has been missing since July 30, 1975. His family last saw him when he reportedly left his home to attend a meeting with alleged mobster Anthony "Tony Jack" Giacalone, former Teamster vice-president Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano—a New Jersey man with alleged Mafia ties—and Leonard Schultz, a labor consultant and reputedly a key associate of Giacalone's. Supposedly, the meeting was arranged to mend fences after Hoffa and Tony Pro had a falling out while both were serving time at the Federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

At 2:30 P.M., *Jimmy called his wife, Josephine, and asked, "Has Tony Giacalone called?"*

At 3:30 P.M., *Hoffa called longtime friend Louis Linteau, who runs an airline-limousine service in Pontiac: "Tony Jack didn't show, goddamn it. I'm coming out there."*

Two witnesses placed Hoffa in front of the Machus Red Fox restaurant in Bloomfield Township, Michigan, around the time of the call to Linteau.

Hoffa has not been heard from since.

James Riddle Hoffa devoted his life to the Teamsters Union; and if he is dead, as his family believes, it's likely that his hope to regain its presidency became his death warrant.

Hoffa first learned about power in the streets of Detroit in the Thirties, when being a union organizer often meant getting one's head busted—not once but many times. Hoffa stood 5'5½", had an eighth-grade education and had never read a book from cover to cover. But he understood labor contracts and how to get them.

He got his first contract by waiting for a giant load of fresh strawberries to arrive at a Kroger grocery dock, then calling a strike. Kroger got its strawberries and Hoffa got his contract—in record time.

He took charge of a 400-member union and a $400 pension fund. Within a few years, the membership was 5000 and the fund was $50,000. Today, U. S. Teamsters number 2,200,000 and the fund is in the billions.

Tough and savvy, Hoffa whipsawed trucking companies like poker chips, playing one against another, until, by 1939, he had negotiated area-wide contracts, which were unheard of at the time. The Teamsters territory continued to grow until Hoffa controlled a series of interlocking "conferences" that spanned the country.

Then, in 1957, the Senate launched an investigation of racketeer influence and mismanagement in the Teamsters, and the McClellan Committee came down on the Teamsters with a vengeance. It charged that the Teamsters, allied with organized crime, ran their union with violence, fraud, sweetheart contracts and misuse of pension funds. Dave Beck went to jail and Jimmy Hoffa inherited the presidency of the International.

From the beginning, the confrontation between Hoffa and committee counsel Robert Kennedy was acrimonious. The hatred each man had for the other is supposed to have provoked a "get Hoffa" policy when Kennedy later became

"I don't cheat nobody. I don't lie about nobody. I don't frame nobody. I don't talk bad about people. If I do, I tell 'em. So what the hell's people gonna try to kill me for?"

"I had a tape on Bobby Kennedy and Jack Kennedy, which was so filthy and so nasty—given to me by a girl—that even though my people encouraged me to do it, I wouldn't do it."

WIDE WORLD

"I don't need bodyguards. You got a bodyguard, you become careless, and if you look at all the gangsters that were killed with bodyguards, you'll know they went to sleep."

Attorney General. The bitterness did not change with time, for even recently, seven years after Kennedy's assassination, Hoffa described him simply as "that creep."

Whether or not there was a get-Hoffa campaign, the Government did get Hoffa—not on the $1,000,000 kickback indictment it returned in 1962 (which resulted in a mistrial) but for jury tampering. He was convicted in 1964 and four months later received additional convictions for mail and wire fraud and misuse of union pension funds.

Hoffa's 13-year sentence was commuted by President Nixon in 1971 after he had spent almost five years in Lewisburg prison. The commutation included a provision banning him from all union activities until 1980—a provision Hoffa claimed he did not know about (and would not have accepted) until after his release.

After getting out of jail, Hoffa was obsessed with a desire to return to union power. His suit before the U. S. District Court in 1974 failed to overturn the no-union provision of his commutation, but an appeal was still pending in the U. S. Court of Appeals. The appeal might well have been upheld by the court, and that probably would have returned Hoffa to power by 1976—unless something unexpected happened.

Before he went to prison, Hoffa named Frank E. Fitzsimmons, a 30-year friend and associate, to serve as acting president of the International. It was understood, Hoffa claimed, that he would be restored to power when he was released from prison, a release Fitzsimmons was pledged to expedite. After his release, Hoffa claimed that Fitzsimmons had double-crossed him, that he had made no effort to get him out of jail and, in fact, had decided that he liked his job as president of the International and intended to keep it.

Jerry Stanecki, an investigative reporter for WXYZ Radio in Detroit, owned by ABC, had had several long conversations with Hoffa by spring of this year. When PLAYBOY *asked Stanecki to conduct a full-length interview, Hoffa told the reporter that he didn't want to be in a "magazine with tits on the back of my picture." He finally agreed, however. But because of the extraordinary circumstances surrounding this interview, not all of Hoffa's allegations could be verified through normal channels. The last conversations took place in June, a little over a month before the disappearance, and since events intervened, we were unable to send Stanecki back to Hoffa with the customary follow-up questions. Stanecki reports:*

"I first met Jimmy about two years ago. His wife and son had been tossed out of their Teamster jobs—Jimmy, Jr., a lawyer, as counsel, Jo as head of the women's political-action group. Newspapers were filled with speculation about a deepening Hoffa-Fitzsimmons rift. Most of the reports suggested that Hoffa himself had planted the speculation in the press. It was only after I called the manager of the condominium Jimmy owns in Florida and asked her to knock on his door with a request that he call me that I learned Hoffa hadn't talked with any reporters. 'I said no such a goddamn thing,' he told me.

"Apparently, he was impressed with the idea that I had gone to the trouble of finding him and getting his side of the story. From then on, Jimmy was available to me. He checked me out to see if I could be trusted, of course. And apparently I could be trusted. Often during the past two years I have gotten calls from Teamster officials, saying, 'Jimmy says you're OK. Here's what's going on.'

"I saw him many times and talked with him on the phone literally hundreds of times. Hoffa, a man who hated the press, seemed to consider me a friend.

"Jimmy lived in a modest lake-front home in Lake Orion, about 40 miles from Detroit. It sits on four acres of land that is neatly trimmed and decorated with statues of deer. He installed a teeter-totter and a merry-go-round for his grandchildren, to whom he was obviously devoted.

"When I arrived at his home to begin the 'Playboy Interview,' Hoffa was dressed in work pants, blue shirt and chukka boots. He was feeling good. It was a warm, sunny May day. We walked first to the lake in front of his house, where he had been raking leaves and sticks from the swimming area. Back at the house, he offered me some coffee and we walked to his new kitchen. There we sat down and began to talk.

"It was said that Jimmy Hoffa's penetrating stare could make strong men wither, but he could also be a charmer. My wife, Carolyn, met Hoffa only under protest: As we drove onto his property, she said she really didn't feel comfortable and asked that we 'just stay ten minutes.' As we walked to the door, I knew what she was thinking: Where are the walls, the bodyguards, the dogs? When we were sitting at a lawn table with Jimmy and Josephine, Carolyn asked him about security. Jimmy laughed. 'I don't have a bodyguard,' he said. 'If there's a problem, I can handle it.'

"Later, as we drove home, Carolyn said, 'Gee, he's a likable man, after all.' He is—or was—indeed. But it wasn't the only quality that took him to the top."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with your personality. You've been described as a man with a very big ego. Is that accurate?

HOFFA: Certainly. I got an ego! A man don't have an ego, he don't have any money and he don't have any ambition. Mine's big enough to do the job I wanna do. Actually, an ego is just imagination. And if you don't have imagination, you'll be working for somebody for the rest of your life.

PLAYBOY: You don't like taking orders from anyone, then.

HOFFA: What the hell do you think, somebody's gonna push me? I don't get pushed. If somebody argues with me, I'll take him on; if somebody wants to rassle with me, well, I'll take him on, too.

PLAYBOY: You're 62 this year. Have you mellowed any?

HOFFA: Oh, I wouldn't say mellowed. I'd just say I got more common sense now than I had before. I used to take anybody on. Now I select who I take on.

PLAYBOY: How wealthy are you?

HOFFA: I think I'll be able to eat and live comfortable for the rest of my life. But so far as what I have . . . let it speak for itself. It's been in the press.

PLAYBOY: Are you a millionaire?

HOFFA: I would say.

PLAYBOY: We heard that you and Jimmy, Jr., got into a discussion on money and you commented, "How many men can come up with two million cash immediately?"

HOFFA: I would say, exactly right. I'll put it to you this way: I just read an article the other day where they estimate that there's less than one half of one percent of people who can lay their hands on $50,000 liquid cash overnight.

PLAYBOY: So you're comfortable. What else are you living for?

HOFFA: For the sake of living. I enjoy every minute of it, good, bad or indifferent. I enjoy life every day—and I'm looking forward to spending that life as part of the labor movement.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's get into that. By the terms of your release from prison, you've been banned from participating in the labor movement until 1980, and you're appealing that in the courts. If the courts ruled in your favor and you got your position back as president of the Teamsters, what would be your first priority?

HOFFA: Restructure the union back the way it was when I was there and reinstitute the trade divisions. Likewise, I'd reinstitute some additional organizers for the purpose of having master contracts. There's no other way unions can survive, except with master contracts—whether it's the building trades, retail clerks, meatcutters or anybody else. We need a common expiration date for the contracts of *all* unions.

PLAYBOY: That would virtually give you the power to bring the entire economy to a halt.

HOFFA: Well, corporations have it. The oil cartel, the lumber cartel, the steel cartel—they're all exactly the same.

PLAYBOY: But they're not united, the way you want the unions to be.

HOFFA: Of course they're united. There isn't a damned thing that happens in one of those industries that doesn't conform to what industry leaders decide

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together. The only thing they don't discuss collectively—at least openly—is prices. But as far as everything else goes, you'll find they have a master organization, a master contract. Put it to you this way: So far as power is concerned, does anybody believe the premiums of insurance companies are almost all uniform by accident? Is it an accident that if the price of gasoline goes up in one company, all the other prices go up the same rate in a matter of weeks?

PLAYBOY: Still, giving one man control over union contracts with a common expiration date isn't something the Congress would look upon very favorably.

HOFFA: The Congress of the United States wants to be judge, jury and prosecutor over what's good for the American people. And they think anyone who has a bloc of votes is dangerous. Truth is, everything the Congress has touched has been a failure. Can't show me one progressive thing they've did that didn't turn out a failure.

PLAYBOY: What you want, however, would make Hoffa king, wouldn't it?

HOFFA: Not true.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it allow Hoffa to control the economy, to control politicians?

HOFFA: One of these days it will happen *without* Hoffa. And it's happening today. With inflation, unemployment, the states and cities going bankrupt, people will accept labor leaders in positions of power in the Government, they'll want a voice in what's good for *them*. As far as being a king goes, well, I don't know if a king has that power today. There's damned few kings left. And there's gonna be a damned sight less before it's over with. But by birthright, by being an American, you're entitled to have a job. If the democratic system cannot supply you with a job, you have to change the system of government—whether it's Hoffa, politicians or whoever. Call it what you wanna call it.

PLAYBOY: How would you keep corruption out of government?

HOFFA: Isn't there corruption now? You sat through Watergate, didn't you? You see it going into the CIA, going into the FBI, going into state and city government. What is corruption? Is it corruption that you give a man a year's guarantee that he'll have a roof over his head, something to eat? Is it corruption that government should take over the utilities so people won't be deprived of the necessities of life? Take, for instance, Honduras. The banana people said they'd give over $2,000,000 to the government there—is that corruption or survival? Would bananas go off the shelves of every supermarket in America if they hadn't paid? Of course they would. Now, what are you gonna do about it? What's corruption today is not corruption tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Have the Teamsters gone to hell since you were forced out?

HOFFA: Well, they haven't advanced. There are no master contracts, other than the ones I left them. The organizing campaigns and the joint councils of the local unions have deteriorated. And the morale of the local officers, the organizers, is at an all-time low, from what I hear. Even the members feel uncomfortable they don't have someone steerin' the ship. The leaders are too busy on the golf course, flyin' around in seven jet airplanes they own. Why the hell do they own *seven*? Most corporations don't own that many.

PLAYBOY: Do you blame the present head of the Teamsters, Frank Fitzsimmons?

HOFFA: Fitzsimmons has failed. He has failed in every promise he made to the union convention. He can't show one single thing that he said he would do that he did. Can't show one thing. Not one.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Fitzsimmons split?

HOFFA: Well, as far as I'm concerned, when I found out that Fitzsimmons, uh, lied when he said he'd been talking confidentially to John Mitchell about getting me out of prison.

PLAYBOY: Let's backtrack a bit. At first you thought Fitzsimmons was doing everything he could to get you out of prison?

HOFFA: During the whole time I was in prison, Fitzsimmons kept tellin' everybody—my son, my lawyers, all the union representatives—"Now, don't do anything, you'll rock the boat. I'm taking care of it with Mitchell." Well, when Mitchell later gave his deposition, he said the first time Fitzsimmons ever talked to him about me was in June 1971. I'd been in jail five years. It was when I'd already resigned and given Fitzsimmons the green light to become president. Then I found out that he'd fired Edward Bennett Williams as Teamsters' counsel and replaced him with Charles Colson. And when I found out there was a restriction on my parole until 1980, it didn't take a ton of bricks to fall on me to put two and two together—that he'd been lyin' all along.

PLAYBOY: You said Fitzsimmons kept saying he was going to work on Mitchell. Meaning what?

HOFFA: He claimed to all and any that he was responsible for getting me a rehearing on my parole and that Mitchell was going to take executive action to get me out of prison. As I said, when Mitchell gave his deposition later on, he said, "I talked to Fitzsimmons about Hoffa, among other things, in June 1971." Well, what a flat lie Fitzsimmons had been tellin' everyone in the union—for a period of almost five years!

PLAYBOY: How was Fitzsimmons going to persuade Mitchell?

HOFFA: I suppose by using his alleged influence with Nixon and by using his, uh, political arm to support the Republican Party.

PLAYBOY: With campaign contributions?

HOFFA: I don't know about that. I suppose he said he'd give him $14,000 [a publicly disclosed campaign contribution], which is a lot of nonsense. But the truth of the matter is he never did anything. I also found out from Dean that he didn't even *know* Fitzsimmons and he was sitting right outside Nixon's door.

PLAYBOY: John Dean?

HOFFA: Yeah. And it'd be damned funny that anyone could go in and out of the White House without knowing John Dean. In any case, what Colson did was wait until the President was coming in or out of his office, then introduce him: "Mr. President, this is Frank Fitzsimmons." "Hello, how are ya?" Then Colson would take him up to have dinner in the Senate Building.

Well, that's a hell of a big deal. Anybody must be out of their mind if they're head of the Teamsters Union and can be brushed off that way. In any case, John Dean testified that he and Colson had discussed the 1980 restriction and what with Colson already having the offer from the Teamsters to become general counsel, it all adds up to . . . it *leads* me to believe that Fitzsimmons deliberately double-crossed, uh, the membership, the convention, my lawyers and myself. And that's it. So I don't wanna do business with a double-crosser . . . or a liar.

PLAYBOY: If Fitzsimmons, Colson and Dean were working against you, how *did* you finally get a parole?

HOFFA: It came about because over 1,500,000 signatures were sent to the President of the United States. It came about by hundreds of thousands of letters going to the Attorney General and the President. Since Nixon was facing an election, in my opinion he didn't want to have to face all those people. So he met with Mitchell, according to Mitchell's affidavit, and they discussed the release of one James R. Hoffa. And it was agreed I would be released before Christmas 1971.

Immediately after that, when the recommendation was sent out, Dean intercepted it. Dean testified, or implied, that he and Mitchell talked about inserting the 1980 restriction into the recommendation at that time. Mitchell denies this.

PLAYBOY: So the original recommendation made by Mitchell and President Nixon did not have the 1980 restriction.

HOFFA: It did not. Furthermore, Dean called in Colson and [Presidential aide] Clark Mollenhoff and they decided on the restriction without talking to the Attorney General or the President and rewrote the recommendation, keeping it confidential even from everyone else at the White House—until 14 minutes after I was out of jail. They were convinced that if I knew the 1980 restriction was

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there. I wouldn't have accepted.

PLAYBOY: But the President *did* sign the order, didn't he?

HOFFA: Aw, sure. Along with 212 other ones. But I'm sure the President didn't think Mitchell had changed what they'd agreed upon. And I'm sure he didn't read through 212 commutations and pardons.

PLAYBOY: How about you? You read it, didn't you?

HOFFA: I *couldn't* read it! I wasn't there. Wasn't anything I signed.

PLAYBOY: And your attorneys?

HOFFA: *Nobody* knew! Fourteen minutes after I'd gotten out of jail, they announced the restriction to the warden, to my attorneys, to the public. I found out about it hours later *on* the news. When I went to see the head of the parole board after the holidays, *he* didn't know about it. Nobody had informed him. He had to call Washington to find out what they were talking about and it wasn't until January 14, 1972, that I received notification of the restriction in the mail. And I refused to sign it.

PLAYBOY: There was no hint, no suggestion before you left prison?

HOFFA: I had asked the warden specifically, was there any restriction other than the one banning me from union activity until March 1973 [when Hoffa would have been released anyway]? He called Washington and said, "No."

PLAYBOY: But you signed *something* to get out of Lewisburg, didn't you?

HOFFA: Commutation. Read every word of it. Being suspicious-minded as I am concerning public people, I asked the warden to call Washington and find out if that's all there was. He came back and said that was all there was to it.

PLAYBOY: So the letter you got on January 14 was the first you saw of the 1980 restriction?

HOFFA: That's right. And I never signed it to this day.

PLAYBOY: Your signature doesn't appear on any document that relates to the 1980 restriction?

HOFFA: Never will be on it.

PLAYBOY: And you blame whom?

HOFFA: In my opinion, Dean, Mollenhoff, Colson and Fitzsimmons.

PLAYBOY: So there was a conspiracy to keep Hoffa out of the union?

HOFFA: I would say, uh, there certainly was an understanding of, uh, everyone of 'em getting a piece of the pie they wanted. And they used Dean to get the pie.

PLAYBOY: What would Dean get out of it?

HOFFA: Oh, probably a favor to Colson. I don't know if he got any promises of the hereafter, when he'd be out of government. But it could have been a favor to Colson for whatever dealings they had together. If you read the Watergate deal, they had a lot of dealings together. Scratching each other's back, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: And Colson?

HOFFA: Colson would receive, first of all,

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the job of general counsel to the Teamsters.

PLAYBOY: How about Mollenhoff?

HOFFA: He'd have satisfied his own, uh, dislike for myself, to keep me out of the union.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't Fitzsimmons have gotten to Nixon directly through Colson?

HOFFA: Reading the White House transcripts, I don't think Colson was in much of a position to influence Nixon. I think he used Dean rather than the President to accomplish what he wanted.

PLAYBOY: Straight question: Was there any *financial* deal made with Nixon to get you out of prison?

HOFFA: Fitzsimmons says no. He says he only gave him $14,000.

PLAYBOY: So there was no offer of what might be called a bribe?

HOFFA: Absolutely not. Positively not. I did not.

[At this point, there was an interruption and Hoffa walked over to the window of his kitchen. The tape recorder was turned off, but, by mutual agreement, the conversation remained on the record. The interviewer asked: "Come on, Jimmy, was *any* money paid to Richard Nixon to get you out of prison?"

Hoffa turned from the window and said, "Yaaaaa."

The interviewer asked, "How much?"

The reply, deadly serious, came after a long pause: "You don't *wanna* know."

A week later, with the tape recorder turned on, the interviewer reminded Hoffa of this exchange. Hoffa denied saying "any such goddamned thing."]

PLAYBOY: But you had no one approach Nixon and say, "Look, $100,000 goes into your campaign . . ."?

HOFFA: I had nobody go there. If anybody went there, it was without my knowledge—even though there *is* a statement floating around that Allen Dorfman [a special consultant to the Teamsters' largest health-and-welfare fund] said at his trial in New York that he had a receipt signed by Mitchell for a large sum of money—as a contribution.

PLAYBOY: How large was the sum supposed to be?

HOFFA: Now, that's never been proven. Mitchell denied it under oath. What the hell's the name of the other guy—Stans? Yeah, Stans. He denied it, too.

PLAYBOY: Is this Dorfman a friend of yours?

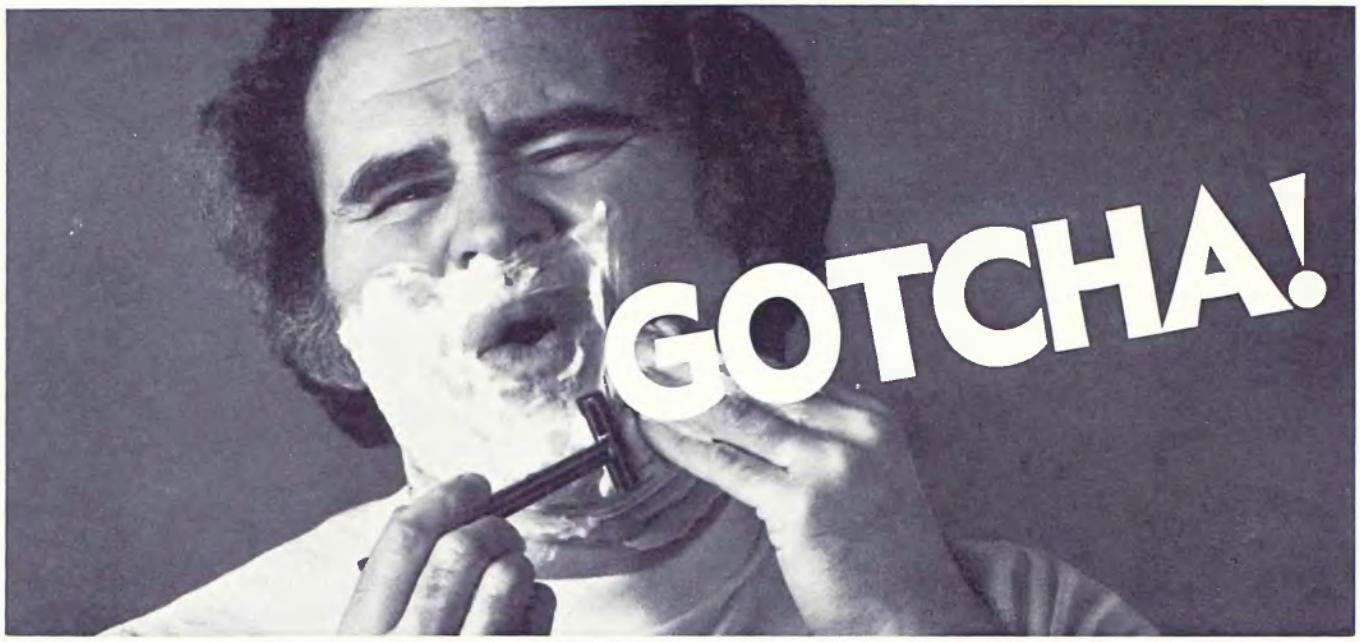
HOFFA: A hundred percent.

PLAYBOY: Isn't he the man you set up in business through your Chicago contacts back in the Fifties?

HOFFA: No. Nobody set him up in business at all. Allen Dorfman submitted a sealed bid for the insurance. And by unanimous vote of the trustees, he became the agent for the insurance company.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you control the trustees at the time?

HOFFA: I spoke my piece in favor of



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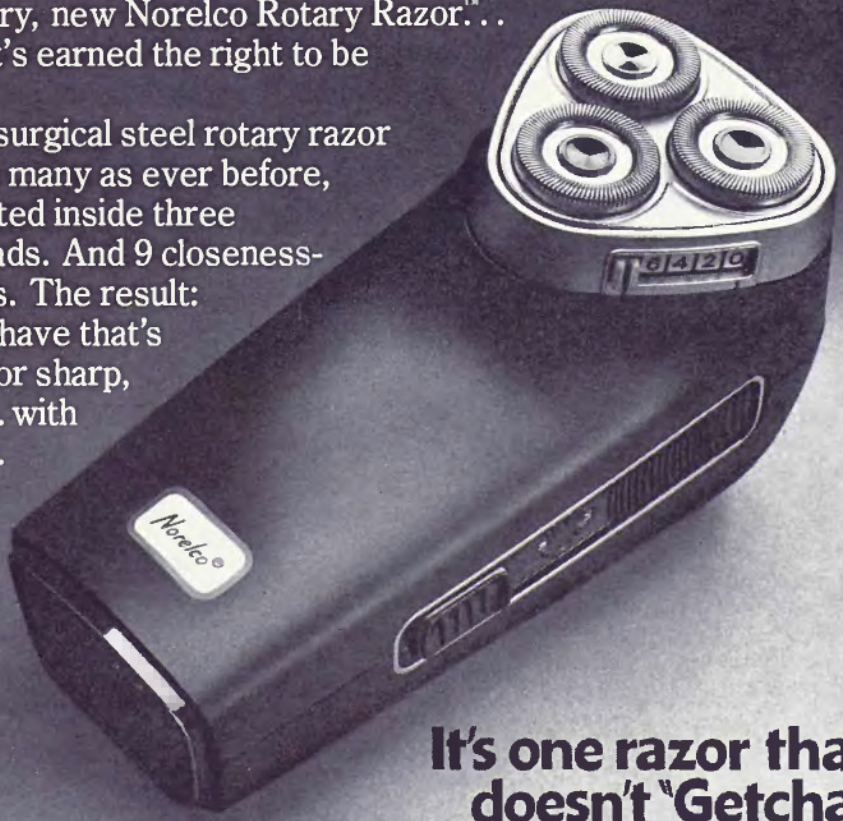

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Dorfman. Of course I did.

PLAYBOY: All right. Besides Fitzsimmons, it seems as if Colson were the one person who stood to gain most by the 1980 restriction. When did he go on the Teamsters' payroll?

HOFFA: Within months of the time I got out of prison. He certainly didn't command, by reputation, the retainer he got. Certainly didn't do that.

PLAYBOY: How much did he get from the Teamsters?

HOFFA: All told, probably in the neighborhood of $300,000 a year.

PLAYBOY: What qualifications did Colson have to be a Teamsters lawyer?

HOFFA: Well, he had a shingle.

PLAYBOY: So it was a deal?

HOFFA: In my opinion.

PLAYBOY: Jimmy, what *about* Frank Fitzsimmons?

HOFFA: Well, what the hell about him? I already said he's a double-crosser. And that's all there is to it.

PLAYBOY: You said——

HOFFA: A man I took off the truck! Made him an officer in the union, saw that he had more than one suit for the first time in his life, that he lived in a decent home, had an expense account! Kept raising him through the ranks of labor! And when I went to jail, he took over the presidency and then he became power hungry. He accepted the belief that he was a great labor leader and came about doing what he did in the 1980 restriction. In my opinion.

PLAYBOY: Why did he come to believe he was a great labor leader?

HOFFA: How the hell do I know? Look at some of the Congressmen and Senators we got. They couldn't spell rat backward, they couldn't make a living! They get elected and, for Chrissakes, they're on TV, yakking around, telling you how to run the world, and they can't even run their own life! Same thing with him. People look in the mirror too often. They grow by inches—sideways and down—but they don't grow. Their heads get fatter, but they don't get any more sense than they had before. I just think Fitzsimmons has gone completely power nuts, that's all. Someone took him up to the top of the mountain, showed him the valley, and he bought the valley. But he forgot the membership and he forgot the officers and forgot his responsibility to the oath he took for office.

PLAYBOY: Will Fitzsimmons be in office through 1980?

HOFFA: I don't think Fitzsimmons will run in 1976.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HOFFA: Well, the best evidence is he's building a home at La Costa. With his golfing and parading around all over the country in his jet, I don't think he'll be a candidate.

PLAYBOY: You were the one who extended the first loan to develop La Costa,

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somewhere around $10,000,000, isn't that right?

HOFFA: Somewhere around there, yeah. Been a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: How did it start?

HOFFA: Well, Moe Dalitz was the major owner of the Desert Inn. We loaned him money, he paid it back. When he wanted to go into the La Costa enterprise, real estate was booming at the time. And it couldn't go wrong. *That* real estate's a good buy today!

PLAYBOY: Was Meyer Lansky part of that?

HOFFA: Meyer Lansky had no more to do with Moe Dalitz than you had, in my opinion.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you and Lansky good friends?

HOFFA: I know him.

PLAYBOY: Ever do business with him?

HOFFA: Nope. Never asked me to. My opinion, he's *another* victim of harassment!

PLAYBOY: Then you don't think he's a member of organized crime?

HOFFA: I don't believe there is any organized crime, period. Don't believe it. Never believed it. I've said it for the last 40 years. *Hoover* said it! Supposed to be the greatest law-enforcement man in America, with the means to find out. He said there was no Mafia, no so-called organized crime.

PLAYBOY: No Mafia?

HOFFA: That's what *he* said. That's what Hoover said.

PLAYBOY: But in 1958, during the McClellan hearings, it was said that you knew more dangerous criminals than Dave Beck.

HOFFA: Ah-ha! That's a different question! I don't deny the fact that I know, I think, what's going on in most of the big cities of the United States. And that means knowing the people, uh, who are in the big cities. I'm no different than the banks, no different than insurance companies, no different than the politicians. You're a damned fool not to be informed what makes a city run when you're tryin' to do business in the city.

PLAYBOY: What about people like Lansky and Frank Costello?

HOFFA: What about 'em?

PLAYBOY: The McClellan Committee said that they were organized-crime members, members of the Mafia.

HOFFA: Yeah, yeah, sure. They said I was associated with the Mafia. They said Dorfman was part of the Mafia. And it's a complete, 100 percent lie. They know it. Everybody else knows it. So it's easy to say, "Well, he's a Mafia member, 'cause he got an Italian name." Once in a while they say, for a man like Lansky, who's a Jew, "Oh, well, he was accepted."

PLAYBOY: How about Paul "The Waiter" Ricca?

HOFFA: What about him? Jesus Christ Almighty! He was in Chicago for 99 years and a day and if they thought he was so much involved in organized crime, why the hell didn't they arrest him? Hell of a note that the FBI, and the Congress, and the newspapers and everybody else says So-and-So's part of the Mafia; So-and-So's doing this. . . . Why don't they arrest him? Why the hell don't they put him on trial? What the hell they doing? Keeping him alive, like a mummy, so they can keep writing about him?

PLAYBOY: So where is Ricca now?

HOFFA: Dead! [Pause] Dead! Why the hell—— What are you talking about all these people?

PLAYBOY: What about Johnny Dio?

HOFFA: Friend of mine. No question about that.

PLAYBOY: Member of organized crime?

HOFFA: Like *you* are.

PLAYBOY: Member of the Mafia?

HOFFA: Like *you* are.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't he convicted of extortion?

HOFFA: Ah-ha! That's a different question. I know Johnny's case. I know what Johnny's in jail for. Don't agree with it. Trying to help him get out. Should be out. Our association's trying to help him get out. And he's a victim of newspaper publicity, just like I was. [Pause] Damned funny, though! All these people are supposed to have millions and millions of dollars. Can't afford to hire lawyers. [Pause] Damned funny. I saw some of the biggest ones that there was supposed to be, in prison. And their wives were on welfare and they didn't have enough money to come down and visit 'em. And yet they keep talking about the millions they got.

PLAYBOY: Like who?

HOFFA: Well, I don't care to mention their names and embarrass them. But I seen 'em. They're there. [Pause] Damned funny. I know people in town *here*, right in Detroit, say they're part of the Mafia! Well, Christ! They ain't making a living! How come, if they're part of the Mafia, they're not making a living?

PLAYBOY: Care to be specific?

HOFFA: No. I don't want to . . . everybody knows who they are . . . the police department knows, the prosecutor's office knows, the media knows. . . .

PLAYBOY: What about Tony Giacalone?

HOFFA: Giacalone! Giacalone! Giacalone's a businessman!

PLAYBOY: Didn't he have dealings with La Costa?

HOFFA: La Costa! What the hell's *he* got to do with La Costa?

PLAYBOY: You mean he had no involvement at all?

HOFFA: Record speaks for itself. Got nothin' more to do with La Costa than *you* have. May have *visited* it—went to the spa or to one of the golf tournaments down there, 'cause he's a golfer. Why, he's got as much to do with La Costa as *you* have!

PLAYBOY: But Giacalone was named as a member of organized crime by a Senate committee back in——

HOFFA: What the hell has that got to do with it? I appeared in front of the same committee and they lied about me! They lied about Giacalone! They never proved it! And if they *had* such a charge, why in the hell didn't they charge everybody with conspiracy and go to court?

PLAYBOY: Conspiracy's hard to prove; it's almost *impossible* to prove.

HOFFA: Like *hell*! The easiest crime in the world to prove. Anybody indicted for a conspiracy, a lawyer will tell you it's the easiest crime the Government can prove. And that's why they put it on the books as conspiracy. The mere fact that you meet with somebody, or the fact that circumstantial evidence is involved. . . . What the hell're you talking about? It's the easiest crime in the book to prove. That's why they use conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: As far as conspiracies go, you've always believed that the Government was out to "get Hoffa," haven't you?

HOFFA: Of course. First, Bobby Kennedy wanted to use the Teamsters as a vehicle to get the Kennedy name out front with something that was probably the greatest thriller that ever appeared on TV [the televised McClellan hearings]. And when he couldn't bull me, when he couldn't take over the Teamsters, why, it became a vendetta between he and I. And he used $12,000,000 in Government money to convict me. Who the hell ever heard of the Kennedys before the McClellan Committee? They were nobody. A bootlegger, the old man. Common, ordinary bootlegger.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wire-tapped anybody?

HOFFA: I've hired people to secure information for me where they could possibly secure it.

PLAYBOY: Did they secure it by wire tapping?

HOFFA: I didn't ask them. Not interested.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever tap Bobby Kennedy?

HOFFA: If they did, I don't know. But I *received* information on Kennedy. How they got it, none of my business. Wouldn't wanna know it.

PLAYBOY: Did you tap any FBI agents?

HOFFA: *No. I* didn't tap 'em. Somebody else . . . uh, Bernie Spindel [a free-lance electronics expert] set up a monitoring system in Chattanooga and took information outta the air from three of the FBI radio channels. We found out the FBI was violating the law; they were surveilling my lawyers and my witnesses. We also proved they were attempting to get information which was tantamount to interfering with justice. And then we submitted the transcripts to the judge, Frank Wilson. He opened the envelope, then charged we had tricked him and he had a fit. The next batch we handed him, Wilson wouldn't open; I think it's

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because among the transcripts was one of him making a telephone communication to Bobby Kennedy—and that was in the middle of the trial.

PLAYBOY: So then you had issued orders to tap Wilson's phone?

HOFFA: No. It's not a question of tapping Wilson's phone.

PLAYBOY: Kennedy's phone, then?

HOFFA: No. Taken out of the air.

PLAYBOY: Bullshit! You can't just take phone conversations "out of the air."

HOFFA: Don't tell *me* it's bullshit! Don't tell me what they can do. I have the proof! Frank Wilson finally admitted he *did* talk to Bobby Kennedy during the trial, although he said he was talking about hiring clerks for overtime typing. But it took 45 minutes to do it! [Judge Wilson says that at no time did he communicate with Kennedy.]

As to taking out of the air, Bernie did it with about a ton of equipment he brought down with him. We gave him a suite and set it all up and, being the best expert in the United States, he just reached out with his communication system and took it out of the air. Right outta the air, everything that was going on. They knew it could be done. They do it every day in the week.

PLAYBOY: There's a story that you ordered Marilyn Monroe's phone tapped——

HOFFA: That's the silliest thing I ever read in my life.

PLAYBOY: And that the tapes are still supposed to be in existence.

HOFFA: Aw, that's a lotta crap! I never said no such thing. I read that stupid statement in that stupid book. And, uh, the "Mailer" who wrote that book, I think his name was——

PLAYBOY: Norman Mailer.

HOFFA: The stupidest thing I ever read in my life. He admitted he hardly interviewed anybody, that all he did was gather information other people had wrote and did a book on it. [It was not Mailer's *Marilyn* that contained the allegation Hoffa referred to, but *The Life and Curious Death of Marilyn Monroe*, by Robert F. Slatzer.] And I understand right now he's in the process of writing a book on me. When he does, I'm gonna sue him. Very simple.

PLAYBOY: What if Mailer called and asked to interview you?

HOFFA: Wouldn't talk to him, under no circumstances. I think he must be some kind of nut.

PLAYBOY: All right, what about the allegations about the Marilyn Monroe tapes?

HOFFA: Marilyn Monroe? I never knew she *existed* with Bobby Kennedy. If I did, I would've told him about it in open hearing. I already *had* a tape on Bobby Kennedy and Jack Kennedy, which was so filthy and so nasty—given to me by a girl—that even though my people encouraged me to do it, I wouldn't do it. I put it away and said the hell with it. Forget about it.

PLAYBOY: What was on the tape?

HOFFA: Oh, their association with this young lady and what they had did, and so forth. I got rid of the tape. I wouldn't put up with it. [Pause] Pure nonsense.

PLAYBOY: You didn't feel you had a way to get back at Bobby?

HOFFA: I would not embarrass his wife and family.

PLAYBOY: Well, you've mentioned it now.

HOFFA: Let it be at that. Let it stay that way. I'm not talkin' about what's dirty and nasty. Maybe some people wouldn't think it. I did.

PLAYBOY: Who was the girl?

HOFFA: I'm not sayin' that. [Pause] *I* know.

PLAYBOY: All right. Did you ever threaten to kill Bobby Kennedy?

HOFFA: Nope. Another lie.

PLAYBOY: What about killing people?

HOFFA: Self-preservation's a big word.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever exercised your need for self-preservation?

HOFFA: Never had to.

PLAYBOY: You've never killed anybody?

HOFFA: Never had to exercise the self-preservation. But I'm certainly not going to let someone kill *me*.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever *ordered* anybody to be killed?

HOFFA: [Pause] Mmm, nope.

PLAYBOY: Killing isn't the way to solve a problem?

HOFFA: No, I don't think it solves anything. It just creates a few more problems—the FBI, the local police, newspapers. [Pause] Kill 'em by propaganda. Kill 'em by votes. But not *physically* kill 'em.

PLAYBOY: How about busting heads?

HOFFA: Nothin' wrong with that, if they're in your way, uh, tryin' to break a strike or tryin' to destroy the union. Nothin' wrong with that, in my opinion.

PLAYBOY: You *do* have a reputation for busting heads that goes way back.

HOFFA: Survival of the fittest, my friend. What do you think industry does? What do you think the police do? Police broke our heads every day of the week in 1932. Ford Motors? They cracked heads all *over* the lot. Unless you were able to take care of yourself, they'd crack your head where it'd kill you. I survived.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever hired any bodyguards?

HOFFA: Never. Don't need 'em. Don't need 'em. They're in your way.

PLAYBOY: But not everybody loves Jimmy Hoffa.

HOFFA: I'm not interested in what everybody does. You got a bodyguard, you become careless, and if you look at all the gangsters that were *killed* with bodyguards, you'll know they went to sleep. I don't *care* to go to sleep.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, gangsters?

HOFFA: People who allegedly were, uh, involved in bank robberies and other kind of illegal enterprises individually. They had bodyguards. How about the question of Roosevelt? He had all *kind* of bodyguards down in Florida, didn't he? Little guy pops up nobody ever heard of. He starts shooting. He killed the mayor [Anton Cermak of Chicago], didn't he? Well, what do you want? What do you want? Bodyguards make you go to sleep and I don't care to go to sleep. The only guy who needs a bodyguard is a liar, a cheat, a guy who betrays friendship. I don't do any of them. What the hell do you need a bodyguard for?

PLAYBOY: So you're not afraid of anything?

HOFFA: What the hell am I gonna be afraid of? I'm 62 years old. I should've been dead maybe 25 years ago. Lived three lives. Well, what am I gonna be afraid of? Never was afraid in my life and don't intend to start tomorrow. Who's gonna bother me? *They* do? Well, then I'll do somethin' about *that*.

PLAYBOY: You'll do what, exactly?

HOFFA: Whatever I have to do.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

HOFFA: Just whatever I have to do to eliminate somebody bothers me. . . . I'll do whatever I *have* to do.

PLAYBOY: Such as killing them?

HOFFA: Well, if they try to kill *me* and I'm in the position to take away their gun, or whatever the hell they're using against me. If they get shot, that's their trouble. It ain't mine. Hell, if I had people try to kill me, I survived it. Didn't have no bodyguard, but I survived the . . . the *threat* of being killed, the *attempt* to be killed. I'm still here. 'Cause I keep my eyes open—drive my own car, go where I wanna go, never need no bodyguard. I don't cheat nobody. I don't lie about nobody. I don't frame nobody. I don't talk bad about people. If I do, I tell 'em. So what the hell's people gonna try to kill *me* for?

PLAYBOY: To get you out of the way. If you win in your fight against the 1980 restriction, don't you think somebody will try to have you killed?

HOFFA: Hell, no. Hell, no. Go out and ask any ten people you want—not union members—any ten people in the United States, ask 'em whether or not I should have the right to get back in the union, and whether or not Fitzsimmons double-crossed me. You'll get your answer.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Fitzsimmons might go as far as trying to eliminate you?

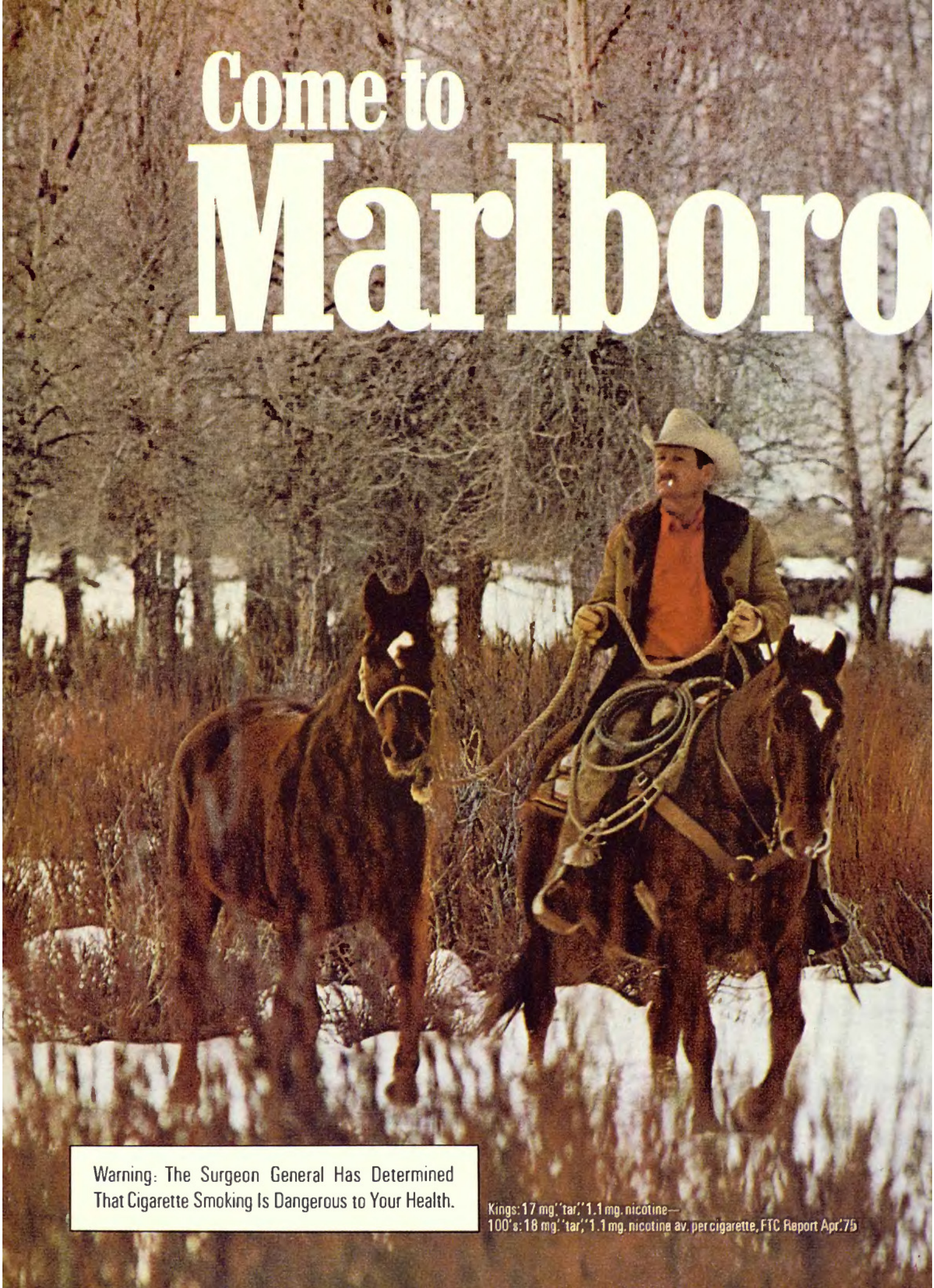
HOFFA: Hasn't got the guts.

PLAYBOY: If he's gutless, then why did you bring him up through the ranks and give him the power he now has?

HOFFA: Very simple. We never asked Fitzsimmons to go on a picket line or get involved in violence. We never asked Fitzsimmons to go out and do anything that could get him bad publicity, because in every union you have to have somebody who the newspapers can't rap.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to the subject of organized crime.

HOFFA: Look, I never seen *a single person*, in the whole United States, even in front of the Senate committees, that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under oath would say, "Jimmy Hoffa, Joe Doakes or Pete Wilkes is part of organized crime!"

PLAYBOY: Oh, come on. What about Frank Costello?

HOFFA: *They never said it!* They said that Frank Costello was a gambler, that he was an associate of organi—— Of, uh, of hoodlums. Never once did they say, "*He is a member of.*"

PLAYBOY: Who's the guy who got shot in New York at Columbus Circle? Gambino?

HOFFA: No. Not Carlo. It was—well, I can't think of it offhand. [It was Joe Colombo.] But they never said Costello was part of organized crime, just that he was part of a *family* associated with organized crime.

PLAYBOY: OK. The Mob, the family, the Mafia.

HOFFA: Well? Well? Well?

PLAYBOY: Well, doesn't it amount to the same thing?

HOFFA: Bullshit! Take me. I pick up the phone and call anywhere in the United States, I don't give a fuck what union it is, and I say, "Listen, this is Jimmy Hoffa." He says, "Hey, yeah, Jim! How are ya?" I say, "Listen, I want a favor." No questions asked. I tell him what I want. He says, "If I can do it, I'll call ya back." He gets busy, maybe calls six other guys. Now, is that an organized crime? Is that an organized Mafia or some fuckin' thing?

Guy in New York, Costello. Wants to call Joe Bommarito. He calls up, they go into dago. "Hey, whatcha do?" "What's goin' on?" "Hey, ya know So-and-So?" "Nah, I don't-a know him." "Well, find-a out who he is, then call me back." Blah-blah-blah-blah. Now, what is that? Organized crime? Or is that just like me calling you or you calling him, or what the hell is it? We know each other. We're maybe interrelated or some kind of a relative or some goddamn thing. What kind of bullshit's that? Take the guy who's supposed to be in charge of the Mafia—or whatever you wanna call it—in Chicago. Has anyone ever proved he was the head of it? He's said to 'em 49 times, "What the hell do you want from me? I'm in the *meat* business!" They never proved it, never indicted him. But they keep writin' that he's head of the Mafia.

Some magazine said *I* control the Mafia. Now, I never heard a more goddamned ridiculous statement in the whole world than that goddamned magazine! They said my good friend Carlos Marcello called the Mob together and put up $1,000,000 to get Hoffa outta jail. What kind of bullshit is this? Where'd they get those figures from? . . . So when I got out, Carlos called me and said, "Hey, you got that million?" He laughed! Yet the newspapers print it, the goddamned books write it. And it's

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a joke! *Mad* magazine, that cocksucker! They came out with a thing in there about Hoffa. Bullshit! *Esquire* magazine comes out with an article that says that Hoffa psyched out Sirhan Sirhan to kill, uh kill, uh——

PLAYBOY: Bobby Kennedy.

HOFFA: *I* psyched him out? Them cocksuckers! Like that roto system, I suppose. Shit.

PLAYBOY: What's the roto system?

HOFFA: Like movie actors have when they learn their lines. They put this recording on you; when you go to sleep, it's under your pillow. It's like hypnosis, they keep repeating certain things—boom, boom, boom—to instill in your mind what isn't the truth but what *will* be the truth when you repeat it. Like the Japanese did to our people during the war.

PLAYBOY: And you're supposed to have brainwashed Sirhan that way?

HOFFA: That's what they said in the fuckin' magazine! Why, I didn't even *know* the guy! The whole thing's so ridiculous, but my lawyer tells me you can't do nothing.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HOFFA: He says you gotta prove malice. Take Giacalone. This bullshit indictment he's got now. What is it? Five times now. Five times to bat, hopin' to break him—financially, physically, morally. And now when they can't do it, they come up with the "net worth" thing.

PLAYBOY: That's where they ask you to show how you can live so well on the income you file on your tax returns.

HOFFA: Right, it's the only thing in this country where you're guilty until proven innocent. They take you from the time you got outta school until now, ask people how much you've spent, add up your salary—and they just put it on you and the law says you have to disprove it. That's what Giacalone's gotta prove now. They put a net worth on him and now Giacalone's gotta restructure his whole life from the time he was born to show where he got his money. It's gonna be a hell of a thing to do.

PLAYBOY: Back in 1957, during the McClellan investigation, one of your safe-deposit boxes at your bank was opened.

HOFFA: Yeah, I laughed at the cocksuckers! The deed to my house is all they got.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your finances. How are you making money these days?

HOFFA: Real estate. Business. . . . Helping arrange business deals.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to talk specifically about any of the deals?

HOFFA: Nope. The very minute I would be connected publicly with any kind of enterprise, it would immediately frighten everybody concerned with the deal.

PLAYBOY: OK. How's your private life? Do you get out much, to restaurants, that sort of thing?

HOFFA: Eh. Once in a while. Very seldom. Now, when we go out, arm and a

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Pensacola — Pensacola Gayfer's
Plant City — Earl's Men's Shop
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Atlanta — King Size Clothes
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HAWAII
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ILLINOIS
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Rothschilds—All Stores
Arthur — Delbert's
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Belleville — Imber's
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Bensenville — Stag Shop
Bloomington — Bachrach's
Carbondale — Sohn's
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Chicago — Bachelor Quarters
Chicago — Lew Bass & Sons
Chicago — Brighton Clo.
Chicago — Burton's
Chicago — House of Ouro
Chicago — M. Hyman & Son
Chicago — Tom Hynes
Chicago — Syd Jerome
Chicago — Morris Men's Shop
Chicago — Lou Pollack
Chicago Heights — Klines Dept. Store
Collinsville — Imber's
Decatur — Bachrach's
Decatur — Muirheid's
East Alton — Barleff's
Edwardsville — Imber's
Elgin — Ackemann's
Elmhurst — Leonard's
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Flossmoor — B-G Men's Fashions
Glen Ellyn — Bob Horsley's
Harvey — Marks Toggery
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Homewood — Bovenkerk's
Homewood — Brainerd Mens Wear
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Joliet — Wolfson's
Lansing — Hofstra's
Lombard — M. Hyman & Son
Marion — The Village Squire
Mattoon — Earl Ross Clothiers
Melrose Park — Jordon's
Moline — Mosenfelder's
Mt. Vernon — Carl's For Men
New Century Town — Storey's
Oak Lawn — Burton's
Oak Lawn — Mal's Men's Shop
Palos Heights — Bud's Store For Men
Palos Heights — Jac's Mens Wear
Peoria — Bachrach's
Peoria — The Bell
Peoria — Schradzki's
Pontiac — Lehman's
Quincy — Yates & Hagan
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's
Salem — The Toggery
Sandwich — French's
Skokie — M. Hyman & Son
South Holland — Bovenkerk's
Springfield — Roberts Bros.
Taylorville — Summer's
Tinley Park — The Golden Hanger
Waukegan — Storey's
West Frankfort — Hampton's
Wheaton — Bob Horsley's

INDIANA
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Demotte — Fase's
East Chicago — Lewin's
East Chicago — Milt's
Ft. Wayne — Christopher's Apparel
Gary — Superior Tailors
Hammond — Arnold J's
Highland — Highland Dept. Store
Highland — Jackson's Mens Clothing
Highland — Zandstra's
Hobart — Edward's
Indiana Harbor — Edward's
Indianapolis — The Style Store
Merrillville — Edward's
Merrillville — Superior Tailors
Michigan City — Blake's
Mishawaka — Larry's Esquire Shop
South Bend — Blake's
South Bend — Gilbert's
Whiting — Lewin-Wolf

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Ames — Ourlam & Ourlam
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
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Des Moines — Kucharos
Indianola — Ce-Doc's Clothing
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Muscatine — Fox's
Muscatine — Mosenfelder's
Orange City — L & K Clothing
Sioux City — The Black Knight
Sioux City — Raymond's
West Des Moines — Johnson's Clo.

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Emporia — Harry Ropfogel's
Kansas City — Shepherd's
Liberal — Kelly's
Manhattan — Stevenson's
Overland Park — The Jones Stores
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KENTUCKY
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Madisonville — Baker & Hickman
Paducah — Trad Shop

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Springfield — Regel Slacks
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Allegan — McGowan's Men's Store
Alma — Miller's Men's Wear
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Battle Creek — L.W. Robinson
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Duluth — M & K Store
Grand Rapids — M & K Store
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Marshall — Olson & Lowe
Minneapolis — Brown Clo. Co.
Minneapolis — Young-Quinlan
Moorhead — Northport Clothiers
New Ulm — Leufhold-Jensen
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St. Paul — Jack Raymond's
St. Paul — Young-Quinlan
Virginia — M & K Store
Wayzata — Foursome
West St. Paul — Van Arsdell's

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Biloxi — Joe Siminich
Columbus — Reed's
Greenwood — Star Tailors
Grenada — The Stag Shop
Jackson — Gayfer's
Jackson — Steven's
Laurel — Hamilton Graves
Meridian — Harry Mayer
Natchez — Benoist Bros.
Starkville — Oon's
Tupelo — Rags for Men
Tupelo — Reed's

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Cape Girardeau — Howard's
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Independence — Peter's
Jackson — The Andrew Jackson
Kansas City — The Jones Stores
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Kansas City — Stix Baer & Fuller
Kirksville — Mister Jim's
Mexico — Hagan's
Poplar Bluff — Clyde Reed's
Raytown — Peter's
St. Louis — Aronson's
St. Louis — Bachrach's
St. Louis — The Squire Shop
St. Louis — Stix Baer & Fuller
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MONTANA
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Lincoln — Ben Simon's
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NEW HAMPSHIRE
Dover — Mortons

NEW JERSEY
Field Brothers—All Stores
B & B Lorrys—All Stores
Mink's—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Cherry Hill — George Jacobs
Echelon — Regal Slacks
Hackensack — Kartch
Mt. Ephraim — Egoods
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Paramus — Regal Slacks
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NEW MEXICO
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NEW YORK
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B & B Lorrys-All Stores
Wallachs-All Stores
Albany — Spector's
Brooklyn — B & B Lorry
Endicott — Alexander Harvey Clo.
Endicott — Schapiro's
Fishkill — Al Weiss
Johnson City — Hike's
New York City — Kallen-Benton
New York City — Kallen's Town Shop
Newburgh — Al Weiss
Port Washington — Chadow Bros.
Valley Stream — Tress Inc.
White Plains — Tall & Big Mens

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Charlotte — Harris-Hart
Charlotte — The Hub
Durham — House of David
Fayetteville — Howard & Whitaker
Goldsboro — Century Men's Shop
Greensboro — The Hub
Lenoir — Triplett's
Mayodan — Mr. "J" Ltd.
New Bern — Askew's
Raleigh — Barrett & Edwards
Raleigh — The Hub
Raleigh — McLeod Watson & Lanier
Reidsville — Hooper and Moore
Southern Pines — Sir Richard's, Ltd.
St. Pauls — Joe Sugar's
Wilson — The Country Squire
Winston-Salem — Hine-Bagby Co.

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo — Northport Clothiers

OHIO
Canton — The Harvard
Cincinnati — McAlpin's
Cleveland — Burkhardt-Osvidson's
Cleveland — Harry's Clothing
Columbus — Walkers
Loram — Jax
Massillon — Kanner's
Toledo — Bachelors II
Toledo — Harry's Clothing
Toledo — Hudson's Men's Store

OKLAHOMA
Enid — S & O Clothiers
Oklahoma City — King Size Clothes
Oklahoma City — Mr. Dale's
Tulsa — J. Carlos Ltd.
Tulsa — J. C. Hager's
Tulsa — King Size Clothes

PENNSYLVANIA
Ambridge — Terner's
Exton — Regal Slacks
Greensburg — Gongaware & Long
Greenville — Wasser's Men's Wear
Johnstown — Miller's
Lebanon — Lawn's
Meadville — Weldon
Media — Croll & Keck
Monessen — Valley Squire
Monongahela — Valley Squire
North East — King's Kloset
Philadelphia — George Jacobs
Pittsburgh — Morgan & Kaufman
Plymouth Meeting — Regal Slacks
Reading — Croll & Keck
St. Marys — Ivan's Men's Shop
Scranton — Schreiber's
Washington — The Hub

RHODE ISLAND
Connelly's-All Stores
Barrington — Hanson's
Garden City — St. Onge's
North Providence — Montecello's
Warwick — Wallachs
West Warwick — St. Onge's

South Carolina
Anderson — McCall's
Columbia — Checkmate East
Lake City — Gentlemen's Quarters
Myrtle Beach — Nelson's
Sumter — Gentlemen's Corner

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls — Norman's Men's Wear

TENNESSEE
Knoxville — Schriver's
Martin — Round Table
Memphis — James Davis
Memphis — Goldsmith's
Memphis — Lansky Bros.
Memphis — Louis Lettes
Memphis — Phil's Mens Shop
Trenton — Mabry's

TEXAS
Abilene — Grissom's
Arlington — Frank's King Size Clo.
Arlington — Watson's
Austin — Beverly-Waterman
Austin — Frank's King Size Clo.
Baytown — Michael's
Bryan — The Gentleman's Quarters
Corpus Christi — Winsteads'
Dallas — Frank's King Size Clo.
Dallas — L. O. Hammons
Dallas — King Size Clothes
Dallas — Tall-E-Ho
Ft. Worth — J. Cary Ltd.
Ft. Worth — Cox's
Ft. Worth — David's King Size Clothes
Ft. Worth — Frank's King Size Clo.
Ft. Worth — L. O. Hammons
Ft. Worth — Washer Bros.
Groves — Dryden's
Houston — Foley's
Houston — King Size Clothes
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolle
Houston — Norton Ditto
Houston — Joe Pinter's
Houston — Rodney's
Huntsville — Collegiate Corner
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Huntington — Abbess' Mens Shop
Huntington — Amsbary-Johnson
Parkersburg — Melet's
Princeton — The Stag
Richwood — The Clothesman
Wheeling — Bernhardt's
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Appleton — W. A. Close
Baraboo — K. Ferries Clo. Co.
Black River Falls — K. Ferries Clo. Co.
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Green Bay — Neu's Ltd.
Janesville — Chas. V. Weise
Madison — Clark's
Milwaukee — Gieringer's
Milwaukee — Gimbels
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leg. What the hell're you gonna do? Number one, I don't like the crowds. Number two, I don't like the prices. Number three, I don't like the service. So what the hell am I gonna go out for? Why should Josephine get dressed up for two hours? The hell with it. It's getting to the point where a guy with four kids, his old lady and himself has got to spend $70 a week for groceries.

PLAYBOY: What's the most important thing in your life right now?

HOFFA: Oh, my family. No question about *that*.

PLAYBOY: And what's more important to you, money or power?

HOFFA: Power. Power gives money. You got *both* if you got power. But you can have money without power.

PLAYBOY: For years you feuded with the Kennedys, one of the most powerful families in the country. What did you think, personally, of Bobby Kennedy?

HOFFA: He was a creep!

PLAYBOY: And John Kennedy?

HOFFA: Creep!

PLAYBOY: How about Teddy?

HOFFA: Well, I've known a hell of a lot of brothers in my life. Two, three, four to a family, the majority of 'em no good. And maybe one of 'em outta the lot, you couldn't *find* a better guy. Who the hell knows? Just because you're brothers, it doesn't mean you're the same type. Don't mean that. Don't mean that at all.

Ted Kennedy I hardly know. But I know people who've known him since the day he was born. Our people in Boston've known him. And they say he's different from all two of the others. They say he likes a good time and that he would be the kind of guy who would gather around him a lot of people who wouldn't go to work for any other Administration. I suppose they mean professors and what have you—I have no faith in 'em. So that's all I know about the guy. He never made any statement concerning me that I know of—even when it was fashionable. So I don't know a hell of a lot about him. Matter of fact, if you talk to the guys in Washington, goddamned few of 'em will say *anything* about Ted Kennedy. He apparently don't associate with other Congressmen and Senators. Of course, he can get in . . . any time he wants it, he's got it.

PLAYBOY: You mean the Presidency? You think he's going to run?

HOFFA: Oh, just as sure as you and I are here. Just as sure as you and I are here. It'll be a draft at the convention.

PLAYBOY: How much do you think Chappaquiddick will hurt him?

HOFFA: Aw, Christ! Fifty percent of the marriages are in divorces. And when you talk about morality, it went out the window. How the hell's that gonna hurt

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him? He's sure as hell gonna get the old people, the welfare people, the Puerto Ricans, blacks, Mexicans. He'll get the majority of those. No question of that in *my* mind. How the hell could he lose?

Unless—there's only one thing that could kill him and very well kill *all* Democrats. They got the House and the Senate now. If they keep fiddlin' around and not doing anything except quarreling with each other, very well, the American people could say, "Now, the hell with ya," and vote Republican. That's the way *I* see it. I don't see it no other way.

PLAYBOY: Why did Kennedy say he wouldn't run?

HOFFA: Get the heat off Chappaquiddick for 18 months. What the hell, they were banging him on the head with every kind of article, TV report, what have you. But you notice the very minute he said, "I'm not gonna run," it stopped. So he was smart.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think Chappaquiddick will have to be resolved at some point?

HOFFA: Phhht! He wasn't found guilty of no crime. What's he supposed to do? They didn't find him *guilty*!

PLAYBOY: If Teddy runs and gets elected, do you think he'll be killed?

HOFFA: Naw, I don't think—— You just don't kill—— What the hell! I don't think anybody's so cold-blooded that he'd shoot a guy because he's a Kennedy.

PLAYBOY: There was at least one publicized attempt on *your* life, wasn't there? In 1962, during your trial on charges of illegal kickbacks, a man walked into the courtroom and shot you from behind.

HOFFA: Yeah, don't know his goddamned name. I forgot it now. It's a matter of record. [It was Warren Swanson, a deranged drifter.] But everyone was searched that went in and out of the courtroom. How the hell did he get in with a gun? . . . I'm sure the marshal didn't overlook *him*. And he walked in with a gun, after everybody'd been searched! Like Martin Luther King. You're suspicious but you can't prove it.

PLAYBOY: The man had a pellet gun, right?

HOFFA: Which would go through a two-by-four. Kill you just as sure as a .22.

PLAYBOY: What's your version of what happened?

HOFFA: Well, I looked and I *seen* him. I ducked down, come up, broke his jaw, took his gun away from him. The marshals were behind the file cabinets, same as the Government lawyers, my lawyers, same as the judge. They all came pouncing out after it was all over. I got the guy knocked out and this marshal comes out with a blackjack and hits the poor bastard! I said, "Ya dumb bastard! Get

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outta here! The guy's knocked out already!"

PLAYBOY: How about the attempt on George Wallace?

HOFFA: Who the hell *knows*? They got a file on every kook there is.

PLAYBOY: And John Kennedy? Why do you think he was killed?

HOFFA: Who the hell knows what deals he had? That he didn't keep? Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Do you think Oswald did it?

HOFFA: Aw, who the hell knows? I saw that simulation of the assassination on TV, which made more sense to me than the Warren Report did. I'll be goddamned. You tell me a guy can figure out how to be there at the right moment, the right time, with a rifle—and hit a guy, you're a good man. I don't see how you do it. I see guys shooting at deer and I see *crack shots* shooting the deer. By God, *they* miss 'em. And a deer's about like a moving car. Ain't much difference.

PLAYBOY: Why did Jack Ruby kill Oswald, in your opinion?

HOFFA: That's the $64 question. Nobody'll ever figure that out. A fanatic, maybe. Who the hell knows?

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the conspiracy theories of that former district attorney in New Orleans, Jim Garrison? Is he just a kook?

HOFFA: No, sirree! Jim Garrison's a smart man. . . . Goddamned smart attorney. . . . Anybody thinks *he's* a kook is a kook themselves.

PLAYBOY: All right, back to the Bobby Kennedy assassination. You don't think Nixon had anything to do with it, do you?

HOFFA: Hell, no. Hell, no. He ain't that kind of guy.

PLAYBOY: So it was Sirhan acting alone?

HOFFA: Well, I handle guns all my life. Here's a kid that went out and got a gun. Not much practice with the damned gun. And I would question whether he was cold-blooded enough to be able to pop up and shoot the guy without someone . . . helping him. I just read about another guy, a ballistics guy, who said there was another type of bullet. Who the hell knows? *Who the hell knows?*

PLAYBOY: Do you think we'll ever know about all these killings?

HOFFA: Well, I watched the damned TV the other night, that *Police Story* and *S.W.A.T.* They killed more goddamned people than you got hair on your *head*! [Pause] Goddamned movies, TV! Kills 49 guys a night, for Chrissake—on Monday and Tuesday night! Forty-nine guys they kill! So who the hell knows what you can do? There was a nut on TV last night, just started *killing* people. Nobody knew why the goddamned fool killed people. Then they finally catch him . . . kill *him*. So he's dead. *He* can't tell why he killed 'em. People go off their rocker. Who can tell?

"IT GETS DARK EVERY NIGHT"

a reporter's impressions of the mysterious search for hoffa

article **By JERRY STANECKI**

THE VIOLENCE that had swirled around Teamster Local 299 in Detroit for the past year had preyed on Jimmy Hoffa's mind. It wasn't the violence per se, since Hoffa and violence were hardly strangers. It was the *why* behind the recent incidents and bombings that bothered him. First, a boat belonging to Dave Johnson, president of Local 299 and a loyal Hoffa supporter, had been blown out of the water. Then Ralph Proctor, an official of Local 299, had been severely beaten by two men. Finally, the parked car of Frank Fitzsimmons' son had been blown up near a Teamsters hangout.

"I can't understand the damn thing, Jerry," Hoffa said to me late last spring. "Dave Johnson's boat blown up—broad daylight. The Fitzsimmons kid's car—broad daylight. Ralph getting stumped by two guys—broad daylight. I just don't understand it."

"Why don't you understand it, Jimmy?"

"Well, because it gets dark every night."

•

Broad daylight. Wednesday, July 30, 1975, was going to be a scorcher. Hoffa's wife, Josephine, later told me that her husband seemed edgy and unsettled that morning—and it wasn't just the heat. "He didn't get up and start raking the yard as he usually did; he was upset. I'd never seen him like that."

The temperature was in the 80s by ten that morning, and Hoffa told his wife he was going to lie down on the picnic table and that she should wake him at one P.M.; he had a meeting to attend. At five minutes past one, Josephine woke him. He showered, kissed her twice (which bothered her at the time, because it "wasn't like him" to kiss her *twice*), got into his car and left.

Hoffa drove to Pontiac, where he stopped at Airport Service Lines, a limousine firm owned by Louis "The Pope" Linteau, a longtime friend. Linteau wasn't there, but a couple of employees later said that Hoffa appeared very nervous. But he did go out of his way to mention the names of three men he was supposed to meet. When the employees were later questioned, they could not recall the names of the men. The Hoffa family hired a psychiatrist, however, and under hypnosis, the names emerged: Anthony "Tony Jack" Giacalone, Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano and Leonard Schultz.

At 2:30, the phone rang in the Hoffa home.

"Has Tony Giacalone called?" asked Hoffa.

"No," said Josephine.

"When he calls, tell him I'm waiting for him at the Red Fox restaurant on Telegraph."

(Josephine later told me, "I knew it was a message. He was telling me that if something happened, I'd know. . . .")

While Hoffa waited outside the restaurant, two men recognized him and greeted him. They asked, "How's it going?" Hoffa replied, "Never felt better in my life."

At 3:30, Hoffa called Linteau from the restaurant. Linteau later said that Hoffa was angry. "Tony Jack didn't show, goddamn it," he said. "I'm coming out there."

The call was the last anybody heard from Hoffa.

•

Alibis. At the time the meeting at the Machus Red Fox restaurant was supposed to be taking place, Tony Giacalone was getting a haircut and a manicure at the Travelers Tower building in Southfield, a ten-minute drive from the restaurant. The building also houses the Southfield Athletic Club, a fancy exercise club run by Schultz's two sons and a favorite hangout of Giacalone's. Police sources told me that the activity that normally went on at the club was almost a routine: "Tony Jack walks in, sits down and starts doing business. One at a time, men approach him, talk quietly for a few minutes and walk away. It's like something out of *The Godfather*."

On that afternoon, Provenzano was on conspicuous display at a union hall in New Jersey. As for Schultz, he claims he was working in his garden.

"It's damn funny," Jimmy Hoffa, Jr., said later. "Everybody involved in this damn thing was either getting his nails done or was someplace with 10,000 witnesses when Dad disappeared."

•

Four o'clock came and went. At home, Josephine was starting to worry. If Hoffa were going to be late, he would have called. Supper was generally served at four or shortly thereafter. The hour passed without word and Linteau went to Hoffa's home to wait with Josephine. They waited all night. About seven Thursday morning, Linteau drove to the restaurant, where he found Hoffa's car. Linteau told me he knew there was trouble when he found that the door on the driver's side was unlocked; Hoffa was a stickler about keeping car doors locked. Linteau looked around and left his business card on the steering wheel. A few minutes later, he called Joe Bane, president of Teamster Local 614 in Pontiac, at his Southfield home. The line was busy, so Linteau had the operator interrupt with an emergency call. He told Bane that Hoffa was missing. Bane headed for the Hoffa home after calling a police friend and telling him to check out Hoffa's car. Jimmy, Jr., flew in from Traverse City, where he was vacationing, about the same time.

The vigil, already tense, continued. Jimmy, Jr., went to work and calls were made to any and everyone who would have any idea what was going down. Speculation ran wild. At the Hoffa home, the hope was that it might be "only" a kidnaping, but the fear of a "hit" was in everyone's mind. Hoffa's daughter, Barbara Crancer, was met at the airport about five P.M. Thursday by Bane. A little after six P.M.—27 hours after the disappearance—Jimmy, Jr., notified the police. Hoffa was now officially missing. The FBI was notified but did not officially enter the case. (There was as yet no evidence of a Federal crime.)

Friday and Saturday passed with no word from Hoffa. Several times a day, I spoke with Jimmy, Jr., and his sister, Barbara, as Hoffa once told me, "is a lot like me, while Jimmy, Jr., is more like his mother." Barbara was now displaying her father's traits. She was on the phone constantly and she was making *demands*. By the time she got through to Edward Levi, U. S. Attorney General and Clarence Kelley, FBI Director, she was shouting.

"You used 2000 agents to put my father in jail," she said. "How about using a couple of agents to *find* him!"

A short time later, the Attorney General acted. On the basis of an anonymous threat—Kelley announced that extortion demands had been received by the Hoffa family—the FBI was entering the case. As a newscaster put it in a lead story on a Detroit station: "The FBI, which has yet to solve the Patricia Hearst case, has finally entered the Jimmy Hoffa case."

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Josephine Hoffa is a friend of Jeane Dixon's, the "seer" who became famous for having predicted the assassination of John Kennedy. Josephine told me that she had called Dixon just after the disappearance of her husband. Dixon told her, "Jimmy's alive—and he knows something very important." On Monday, the fifth day after the disappearance, Josephine said she woke up clutching her heart. "I knew then—and only then—that Jimmy was dead." Later that same morning, she received a call from Dixon. "I'm sorry," Josephine said Dixon told her,

"but Jimmy's dead. He's in the water somewhere."

I'm not much of a believer in such things, but something that happened to me the next day, Tuesday, made me wonder. I had made a television appearance on Dennis Wholey's *AM Detroit* show to discuss the Hoffa case, and just after going off the air, I was told there was an urgent call for me from an unidentified woman. Her voice was trembling. She mentioned the name of a man and added, "He *knows* what happened to Jimmy Hoffa. He has a boat and they were both in the boat and they went to Harsens Island [an island in Lake Saint Clair]." She then hung up. I checked out the lead. The man she mentioned does own a boat, is very rich and has been linked to organized crime. The man has to remain anonymous for now, because the FBI is checking him out and the allegation may turn out to be spurious. But what unsettled me was the date the woman mentioned Hoffa had been in the boat: It was the fifth day after his disappearance. I told no one about the telephone call.

A week later, an elderly Detroit woman claiming to be a psychic appeared on a local television show and claimed she had had visions of Jimmy Hoffa. She said she could "see" him under water, shot twice in the head. He was naked, she said, with a strap around his chest. Hoffa's body could be found, she concluded, floating "near Harsens Island."

Then, in late September, there was new information, which police took more seriously. A Mob informant contacted the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, then gearing up to probe the Hoffa affair under the chairmanship of Henry Jackson. He *knew* where Hoffa's body was buried, he said. It was not underwater but underground, somewhere in a field in Waterford Township, about 15 miles from the Machus Red Fox restaurant. Reports from the street had it that the Mob was holding one of the men involved in eliminating Hoffa and that the Mafia *wanted* the body found. That would place the murder under state jurisdiction and thus take Federal pressure off the Mob—a result the Mafia badly wanted, since, as rumors had it, it was not directly involved in the hit. Police investigators, armed with shovels and bulldozers, plowed up the field but found nothing after three days. Officials vowed to continue digging.

•

Charles "Chuckie" O'Brien describes himself as Hoffa's "foster son," having been close to the Hoffa family since childhood, and is active in Detroit union politics. Today, the Hoffa family claims that O'Brien greatly exaggerated his ties to Hoffa. When O'Brien refused to be questioned in the days after Hoffa's disappearance, police officials said he was "missing" and began to leak their suspicions that O'Brien might somehow be involved.

"Missing, shit!" O'Brien told me later. "Who the hell started this bullshit?" He was unapologetic about his friendship with Giacalone and explained that he had had dinner with the Giacalone family on Friday, August first, at a restaurant in Port Huron. On Saturday, he'd gone to the barber in the Southfield Travelers Tower building, where he'd seen Giacalone again. And on Sunday, he'd flown to West Memphis, Arkansas, to be with his new wife. "So where do they get all this 'missing' shit?" he asked. He got madder. "The fucking Feds are leaking this right and left, and if it keeps happening, I'm going to do some talking. Fuck the FBI!"

O'Brien and Hoffa *had* been close, but according to Jimmy, Jr., and Linteau, they became estranged in November 1974. O'Brien had ambitions to take over the presidency of Detroit's Local 299, headed by Dave Johnson. At the time, Richard Fitzsimmons, son of Hoffa's archfoe Frank Fitzsimmons, was running against Johnson. O'Brien felt he could represent Hoffa's interests against Fitzsimmons better than Johnson could. So he made his pitch: "I tried to convince him that it'd be better if I were there [in the presidency] versus a guy 68 years old [Johnson]. With my youth, and using Jimmy's methods, I could get 299 back the way it was before he left. I really opened up to him, but Jimmy wouldn't give me his support. He's a compromiser and he was only looking for a deal to make everybody happy."

A week later, O'Brien denied he'd "pitched" Jimmy at all. When I reminded him that he'd *told* me about it and quoted the conversation verbatim, he just shook his head and said, "Hell, no! Hell, no! Hell, no!" It seemed to me that under the pressure, O'Brien was "spinning," trying to have it every which way.

O'Brien nonetheless insisted there had been no falling out between them. Still, there were rumors—and accusations—that he had switched sides, that he'd thrown his support behind Fitzsimmons. O'Brien denied it at every opportunity, but Jimmy, Jr., took me aside and said, "Then why did Chuckie go visit Fitzsimmons in Washington on August fourth—exactly five days after Dad disappeared?"

Jimmy, Jr., made no bones about his suspicions regarding O'Brien's involvement. The confrontation between the two men came early Friday morning, August first. O'Brien gave me his version: "Jimmy called and asked me to come out to the house. When I arrived, I could see he was frazzled. I said, 'Jimmy, you look exhausted. Why don't you go to bed and we'll talk in the morning?' Jimmy said no, he wanted to talk. And he immediately launched into me as if he was some kind of prosecutor. I told him to calm down, but he only got madder. 'You know more than you're talking about! I think you're involved!' I looked at Jimmy and said, 'I've had the guts taken out of me in my lifetime, but you just cut 'em out.' "

During that week, O'Brien came under increasing fire. He admitted to police that he was in the area of the Red Fox restaurant the day Hoffa disappeared. He admitted borrowing a car belonging to Tony Giacalone's son. When the FBI examined the car, bloodstains were found on one of the seats. "I was delivering a fish, a 40-pound salmon, to Bobby Holmes's house," O'Brien explained. "The fuckin' blood was from the fish." FBI analysis later concluded that the blood was "not of human origin."

O'Brien continued to profess complete innocence. "It's tearing me up," he said. "Little Jimmy and Barbara are tearing my guts out demanding I take a lie-detector test! What the hell is wrong with them?"

O'Brien did not take a polygraph test. When subpoenaed before the grand jury convened to investigate Hoffa's disappearance, he took the Fifth Amendment.

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Provenzano finally met with reporters on the front lawn of his Hallandale, Florida, home. "You're embarrassing me in front of everyone in the neighborhood," he said, wearing a white swimming suit. "You guys make me look like a mobster. I'm not. I'm just a truck driver."

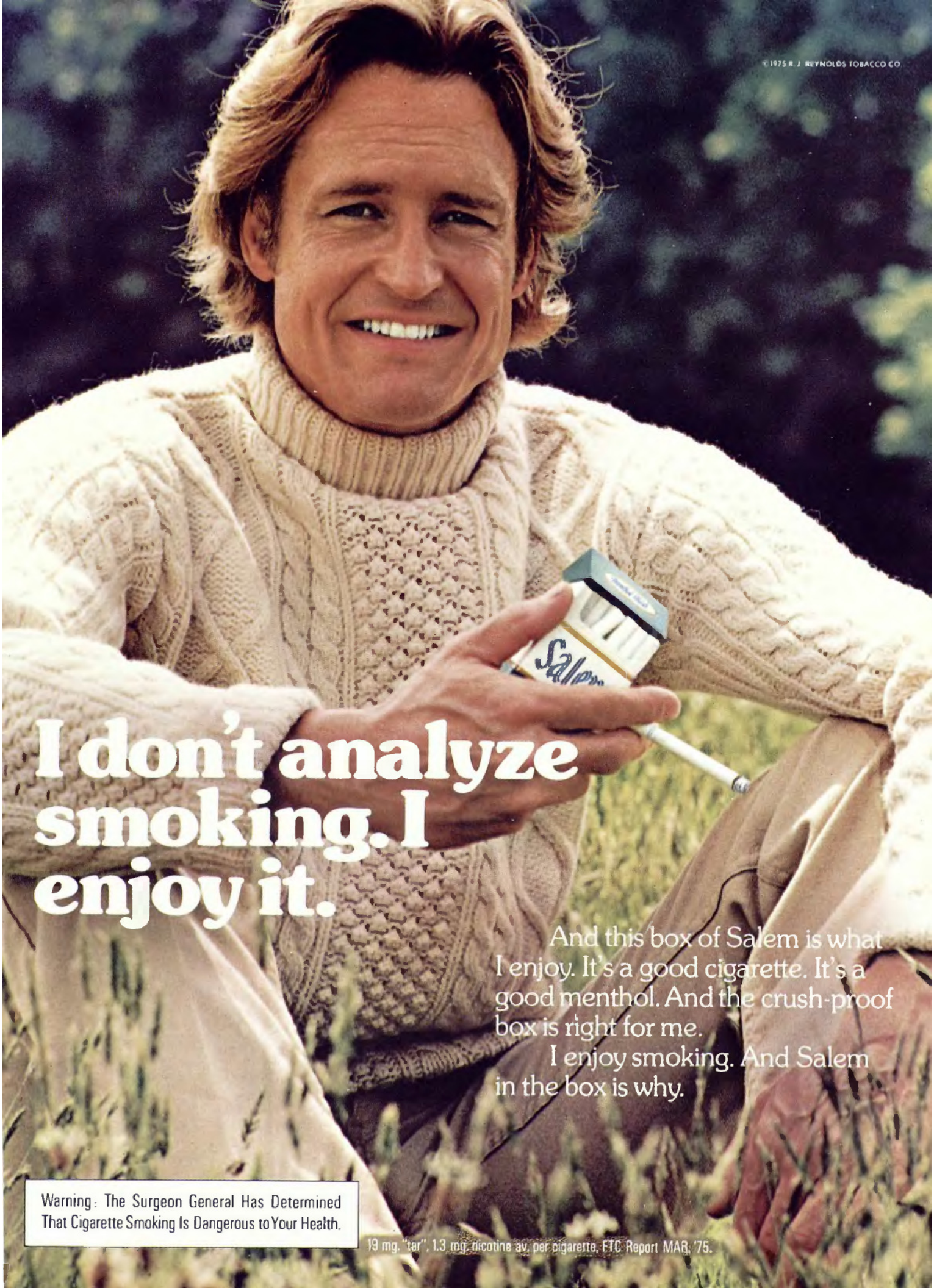
Tony Pro denied he was in Detroit the day before Hoffa disappeared, as some reports had it, and claimed he hadn't been in Detroit for years. As to Jimmy's disappearance, just days before: "Jimmy was—or is—my friend." A slip of the tongue, perhaps, but reporters leaped on it. "You can put any verb you want!" Tony Pro barked, and he stalked into the house.

•

Tuesday evening, August fifth, in a pouring rainstorm, Jimmy, Jr., and Barbara walked to the white-metal picket fence that surrounds the Hoffa compound. "We are offering a $200,000 reward," Jimmy told waiting reporters, "for information about my father." There had been rumors from the underworld that a contract had been put out on Hoffa and that the price was $100,000. A reporter turned to a colleague and said, "Boy, I'll bet the hit man's pissed off. A hundred grand for the job—but he could have made *two* hundred by just reporting where Hoffa's body is." No one laughed.

I had been told by a source in Washington that the FBI was working on a theory that Joseph Zerilli, the reputed godfather of the Detroit Mafia, had been asked to go to the commission and get a contract. Zerilli allegedly is one of a dozen Mafia commissioners in the country. I mentioned this to Bane while we talked after the news conference and he looked at me and said, "If that's true, you can bet one thing—that ain't no three-two vote." A little later on, Bane said, "You know, Jerry, I don't think we'll ever see the little guy again."

Bane and I were both physically and mentally exhausted. It started raining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harder, so we went to a nearby bar. Bane was clearly concerned about having gone to the Hoffa home. He looked at me and quietly said, "Jerry, they can't think bad of me for going to the aid of an old friend's family in time of need, can they?" I knew Bane was talking about rival Teamsters.

"No," I said, "I wouldn't think so, Joe."

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A couple of days later and still no news—just more theories. Jimmy, Jr., and I were talking. "The old man was a fool," he said. "I don't mean a fool disrespectfully, I mean a fool because he'd take on anybody." He was silent for a moment, then added, "I even gave him my Smitty because he was concerned."

I knew it was unlikely that Hoffa had had the Smith & Wesson with him on that Wednesday, because he hadn't carried a gun for years. But as Jimmy, Jr., said, Hoffa had to know whoever he met that day. "If someone tried to take him in that parking lot," he said, "Dad would have jumped him then and there. He had to *know* and he had to *trust* whoever he got into the car with."

It was during this period, a week or so after the disappearance, that one theory began to gain currency on the street: Tony Giacalone, allegedly Detroit's most feared enforcer, had been given the contract. Two weeks before Hoffa disappeared, he was visited at his home by Giacalone and his brother, "Billy Jack." They proposed a meeting that would include Provenzano, on the pretext of burying the hatchet between Hoffa and Provenzano after a long-standing disagreement. I was told by a close friend of Hoffa's that twice in recent weeks a meeting had been scheduled—but Tony Jack had begged off.

With Giacalone's name out in the open, with O'Brien's movements under question, I and the other reporters covering the case began to dig into the motives of the supposed hit. In the months preceding Hoffa's disappearance, the possibility that Hoffa might win his court fight to end the ban against participating in union activity was becoming increasingly real. The court of appeals was going to rule in Hoffa's favor, went one argument. Another theory involved a Presidential pardon. If Nixon could be pardoned, why not Hoffa? Or, more to the point, Hoffa's old mentor, Dave Beck, had been pardoned earlier in the year by President Ford. Many observers felt that might be a test balloon: If there were no public outcry, it would be a clear signal that Hoffa could safely be pardoned, too. There was no outcry. Finally, Hoffa had expressed to me a feeling that Attorney General Levi was about to recommend a Presidential pardon. (Levi, however, later denied this publicly.)

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Subpoenas for the grand jury investigating Hoffa's disappearance began to be issued on Monday, August 25. I had asked a source in the FBI whom they expected to call to the stand. "It's simple," he told me. "We're going to paper the country with subpoenas."

The parade to the fourth floor of the Federal Building in Detroit began the day after Labor Day. The first witnesses to testify were the employees of Linteau's limousine service who had recalled under hypnosis the names of the men Hoffa said he was meeting. The next day, September third, it was Chuckie O'Brien's turn. He appeared with his attorney, James Burdick, and was decked out in an open-collared shirt and sports jacket. But despite his natty attire, he clearly showed fear—and, in my opinion, it was not the grand jury he was afraid of. He spent exactly six minutes inside the grand-jury room. Outside, O'Brien withheld comment and Burdick delivered an attack on the Federal Government and on the grand-jury system. Walking down the street, jostled by a crowd of reporters and cameramen, O'Brien said virtually nothing. I was still with him when he arrived at a nearby garage. I quietly asked, "Chuckie, did you take the Fifth?" O'Brien stared at me a moment and just as quietly said, "Yes. Numerous times." O'Brien got into Burdick's car and sped away for the airport, where he boarded a flight to Florida.

On Thursday, Leonard Schultz was called as a witness. Schultz was expected to take the Fifth but pulled a surprise. He talked for more than two hours. Several times, he came out of the jury room and conferred with his attorney.

The scene in the hall was like a carnival. Joe Bane, Jr., had brought a lawn chair and got into a hassle with a U.S. marshal who demanded he remove the chair. After a loud argument, he did so. Linteau was tired of waiting, so he started pushing a mop down the corridor. Crowds of witnesses, marshals, attorneys and reporters milled about. Before testifying, Schultz got into a loud argument with a television reporter, calling him a whore. The reporter yelled back at him and the argument continued for about 30 minutes. And during all the commotion, a few feet behind the closed doors, the grand jury probed.

Joe Bane appeared to testify and was in and out after three minutes: He, too, took the Fifth. "You know, Jerry," he said to me, "those cocksuckers are after me. I've been told I'm going to be indicted on another union matter. You know I *wanted* to talk, to do anything to help Jimmy, but you can't trust the lousy motherfuckers. Sure as hell they'd throw me a curve." Joe Bane, Jr., spent about the same amount of time before the grand jury and also admitted to taking the Fifth. Linteau spent several hours telling what he knew.

The morning of Monday, September eighth, was unseasonably cool. Tony Jack Giacalone, dressed in a pearl-gray Western-cut suit, fought his way through the mob of reporters gathered in front of the Federal Building. He spoke not a word and walked directly to the elevators leading to the grand-jury floor. "My God," said a network artist who had sketched hundreds of courtroom faces, "he really *is* a mean-looking man."

There was a long wait, but at 12:15 Giacalone finally entered the grand-jury room. He was out three minutes later. The reporters swarmed around him again, but he refused to reply, giving them only an icy stare. On the elevator going down, one reporter made himself heard: "Can you just give us a correct age, Mr. Giacalone?" Not a muscle in his face moved. The reporter persisted: "We'll just say you're under 40." For the first time, Giacalone cracked a smile. The journalists followed him out onto the street. TV reporter Robert Bennett got into a revolving door behind Giacalone in a building down the street. Tony Jack looked back and, as he stepped out onto the sidewalk, jammed the door backward into the reporter's face. And with that gesture—as of this writing—the case of Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance was effectively slammed shut.

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Did organized crime order James Riddle Hoffa executed? Police, the FBI and reporters close to the case think so. They also think Hoffa was murdered because of his public struggle to regain the presidency of the International Teamsters Union. As to the Mob figures involved, the Hoffa family, at least, thinks it knows who they are. On September ninth, when Jimmy Hoffa, Jr., said publicly that he thought his father had been assassinated, he was pressed for details. "The names have been publicized," he replied.

Hoffa's son also still considers Chuckie O'Brien a "prime suspect," an accusation O'Brien says he resents bitterly. "I loved the ground that man walked on," O'Brien told me. "I'd go myself first." And what of the Teamsters under Frank Fitzsimmons? If only because of the Mob ties that go back 20 years, it seems reasonable to assume there is *some* connection. If the Mob, with its lucrative trade in Teamsters business, feared that Hoffa would replace the easygoing Fitzsimmons, it is also reasonable to assume it would make a choice of one over the other. Fitzsimmons continues to deny any knowledge of the affair and will admit to no connection whatever with the Mob. (In fact, when I suggested as much to him over the telephone one day this past summer, he practically spat at me over the wire.) In any case, the driver of a car seen in Pennsylvania may be asking the most tantalizing question of all. The car had a bumper sticker on it. It read, FITZ—WHERE'S JIMMY?

IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE that Tom was desperate. Near panic. His time was running out. To be more precise, his account at the Timebank had a balance of one hour, 14 minutes and 27 seconds: 1 hr 14 min 27 sec. If he could not make a deposit within that period, his account would be closed. At that moment, he would stop breathing. He would be dead. Perhaps this requires further explanation.

In this land, which is far away from ours, in time as well as in space, there is a huge building in the center of the capital. It is the tallest and the widest building in the land. It has no windows, for no one cares to look in, and there is no one inside to look out. Inside, there are only endless wires, dials, meters, calculators, robot computers, circuits and, equally important, circuit breakers. The endless rows and tiers, row upon row, tier upon tier, click and hum quietly. Occasionally, there is a louder click, more of a *clack*, as a circuit breaker closes an account. This is the Timebank.

How could Tom have gotten into such a predicament, to allow his account to get so low? Sloppy bookkeeping, he told himself angrily. Like everyone else, Tom kept a record of income and outgo, credit

and debit, in his own bankbook. Once a month, a statement arrived from the Timebank, when you could (and should) balance your records against it. But he'd neglected this for a long time. He'd always had a safe margin in his account. Not like Dick or Harry, but safe. Once, he had fallen as low as two days! (47 hr 54 min 13 sec.) That had been a three-alarm sweat session. But he'd managed to sell a block of that oil stock to good old Dick, a big block good for over four months' credit (cred 4 mo 3 d 7 hr 12 min 19 sec). Too bad the oil stocks hadn't worked out. That's the way it goes. No risk, no gain. Ancient history. But now, 1 hr 14 min 27 sec. How had this happened? That girl with the scarlet hair, the emerald eyes?

When the founding fathers of this land, prudent merchants all, sought a motto to place on the Great Seal, on the Green Flag and upon the currency, they unanimously chose those words that best expressed their deepest philosophical and religious beliefs. Time is money. Upon this base, they built a mighty nation. Mothers whispered it to babes at their breast. Maidens murmured it in the depths of their wedding beds. Youths

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED FREDERICKS

bore it aloft on banners as they charged into enemy fire. Shipwrecked sailors gurgled it as they went down for the third time.

Tom dashed to Dick's office. Fortunately, it was next door. As he dashed, he tried to recall. That night with the girl with scarlet hair and emerald eyes? There had been so many drinks. What had happened? What if Dick wasn't in? Fortunately, he was. He was seated behind his desk, going over his accounts. He was careful about that.

"Dick, old friend, it's time to rally round the flag," said Tom as heartily as he could but perspiring profusely on his forehead and under his collar.

Dick looked at him questioningly. That is, he raised his eyebrows. For Dick, the hearty tone and the perspiration were clues to what was coming.

"I've something special for you, extraordinary, a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity," said Tom as he rifled his briefcase, trying to decide which folder to pull out.

Dick watched him coldly. That is, he did not appear excited by the prospect. But he waited. Tom glanced at the folder he'd pulled out. Not bad.

"A uranium mine, pure uranium, fabulous."

"You told me about that last month," said Dick.

"I did? What did you say?"

"No."

"Oh."

Tom continued to search. "That's not the one I meant. This is it. A new cheap process for extracting polonium from sea water. A gold mine. Fantastic."

"I'm not interested, Tom."

"Dick, I need a sale, fast."

"That oil stock, Tom."

"I couldn't help that. I lost on that, too. Dick, give me a break."

"Sorry," said Dick.

"Dick, I'm down to almost . . . nothing. Lend me a little. A week."

"A week?" He laughed in a way that said no.

"Two days. Please, Dick."

"I'm not a lender. See Harry."

"I already owe Harry."

"I'm busy. Goodbye, Tom."

"Dick."

"Goodbye."

The founding fathers, prudent merchants all, wisely understood that the vast majority of people in this land could not be trusted to handle their affairs without making a mess of everything. And the clever minority who could handle their affairs with no mess at all were to be trusted even less. After establishing one central bank so they could keep an eye on everyone, the prudent fathers experimented with various sorts of universal-credit gadgets—cards, plates, tags. But confusion persisted—error, loss, theft and the like. However, when the magnificent concept of the Timebank was perfected, all confusion became impossible. Thanks to this amazing electronic breakthrough, as revolutionary as space travel, the Sacred Motto became Reality. Time is money.

With this electronic advance, there was a parallel biological development. The viruses that cause aging were isolated. An antibiotic was developed (from water, air, earth and fire). Thus, aging was slowed so that it became barely noticeable. This created other problems, chief among them the threat of overpopulation. The prudent merchants considered the pros and cons. Increased use of goods and services. Overpopulation and chaos. This problem, like so many others, was solved by the creation of the Timebank.

Tom's personal problem was becoming more pressing as the seconds ticked off. He rushed to Harry's office and was kept waiting at the reception desk for 14 priceless minutes, 14 min 8 sec. As he sat anxiously on the hard bench, his mind raced over the possibilities. What had happened to demolish his account? Had the Timebank made a mistake? Unlikely; but on rare occasions, it was rumored that a circuit had been faulty. Pretending to stroke his right ear, he gently and casually pressed the lobe and waited. Then the impersonal voice spoke softly through the tiny device implanted in his inner ear, so softly that only he could hear, a voice as soft as a thought.

"51 minutes, 43 seconds." Ping.

The last sound was a tiny bell signaling the end of the report. Again, casually, as if brushing back the hair on his temple, he pressed the right lobe, once, twice, thrice. This was a call for a supervisor to examine the account. A special request that would cost 2 min. He waited. Then three soft pings. The robot report.

"Re account number T-798324-X7 follows: 49 minutes, 39 seconds." Ping.

He twisted his hands in despair. There seemed to be no doubt about his account. His last recourse was to call the chief accountant. This would cost 10 min. Where was Harry? He walked to the receptionist's desk for the third time. The red-haired girl looked at him with some annoyance.

"Wait your turn, please. He knows you're here."

The half-dozen other men and women in the room watched him warily. They all looked unhappy. They were all there to borrow from Harry. There was a large clock on the wall. Its loud ticking was the only sound in the room. All listened nervously. Tick-tick-tick. One man kept time, his hands moving up and down on his knees. A woman marked time with a slight up-and-down movement of her head. Another did it with a foot. All were there because they needed time. Occasionally, a hand moved casually to an ear lobe. Then the fixed stare as the listener received his report, heard only by him. And the others in the room, pretending not to notice, noticed. Each could imagine the soft voice, the ping. And as each borrower entered the inner office, he was watched with some hostility by the others. Would that one use the same line for sympathy, ask for more time, settle for less, spoil it for them?

The red-haired receptionist reminded Tom of that night. The girl with scarlet hair and emerald eyes. That night at the motel. She was at the bar, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. So she seemed that night. In the transparent gown. They'd had so much to drink. She had been so sweet, so alluring, so soft and smooth. What had happened that night? The fix he was in apparently dated from that time. It was all so foggy . . . hard to remember. He'd made love to her? Yes, soft and smooth. What else?

"You may go in, sir."

He was so lost in reverie, she had to repeat her words. He jumped up and rushed into the inner office.

Harry sat behind his desk. He did not get up as he used to when Tom visited him, when Tom was an old friend. Now Tom was a borrower. Harry was a lender. The eyes of a lender are cold.

"I'm in trouble, Harry."

Harry's eyes grew colder. He waited.

"I need help. I'm short."

"Not the first time."

"The worst time. I'm *very* short, Harry."

"You already owe me, Tom."

"I know, Harry. I intend to pay you back. With interest."

"When?"

"As soon as I can. Double interest."

"My legal rate will be sufficient, Tom," he said, looking at the door as though the meeting were finished.

"Harry," said Tom frantically. "I'm running out of time."

This was a dreadful confession. Even the cold lender eyes seemed startled.

"Where are you?"

"Less than an hour."

Harry sighed and clasped his hands tightly together.

"How did you get into such a mess?"

"I'm not sure. It just happened. Harry, will you help me?"

Harry looked at his desk. Even lenders have memories.

"I can't, Tom. You already owe me. We have regulations."

"You're allowed exceptions. Harry, I'll pay you back. Double, triple."

"You are already a bad risk. You owe me four weeks. Plus interest. Four weeks. A total loss. I'll have to write you off."

(continued on page 212)

modern living **By MORTEN LUND** *Skiers, as nearly everybody suspects, are a breed apart. It is well known that snow bunnies and hot doggers alike will put up with just about anything to find that slope of perfect powder, that flash of pure crunch. But why work for your pleasure? There should be a way to improve the odds on finding the good times—a Michelin guide to skiing.*

But there are as many different kinds of skiing as there are skiers. It's impossible to argue matters of taste. No mountain can guarantee a peak experience for all comers. If there were a best resort, it wouldn't last long. The slopes would soon resemble Times Square tilted on edge—great if you're into broken-field skiing but not much else. Ski maps—those eightfold paths to enlightenment—help narrow down the choices, but you have to know what you're looking for.

The editors of PLAYBOY *asked Morten Lund, author of "The Skier's Bible" and "The Skier's World" and contributing editor of Ski magazine, to come up with criteria that would allow us to make those choices. What*

PLAYBOY'S WINTER GUIDE...

North American mountain offers the ultimate pleasure run, combining the thrill of an Alpine descent with the breath-taking scenery of a cross-country jaunt? Where do you find the best powder? Where does someone with a death wish go to confront the void and his own freak-out quotient? Where do the "Have skis, will travel" hot doggers get it on? Where can a beginner begin? If you're the kind of person who worries about such things, where is the best place to have a ski accident? If you

where skiers should go for peak experiences...

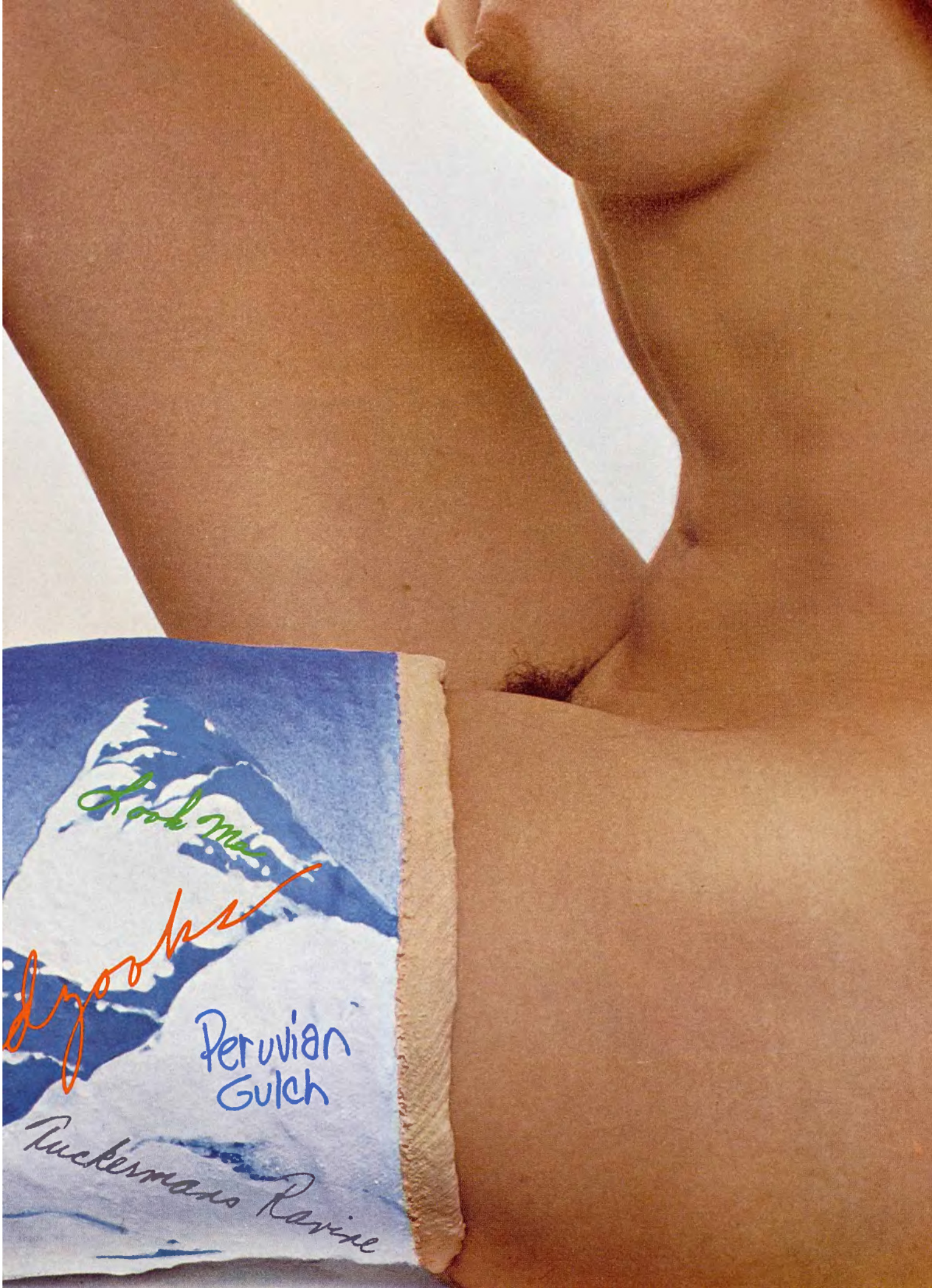
...TO THE VERY BEST IN SKIING

don't know when to stop, how do you pursue the Endless Winter? If you're more into scoring than into skiing, what is the best après-ski *town and the best* après-ski *singles scene? May we have the envelopes, please?*

THE BEST DOWNHILL RUN

A great ski run is made, not born. The days are long gone when kudos went to the man who cut a trail in a haphazard line down the mountain to produce what looked like the track of a worried rhino trying to find his way out of a canebrake. No applause, either, for the man who merely cuts a superhighway straight down the mountain—no matter how fine the mountain itself may be. Every great ski run has a creative thrust, a fantasy to it, a lilting, rhythmical quality that defies

...both on the slopes and off


Look Me
Up
Peruvian
Gulch
Tuckerman's Ravine

imitation. A trail should be like a musical score, composed with one effect in mind—joy—yet subject to differing interpretations. It should improve with each playing.

The criteria for honors in this category are simple. A candidate should combine surprise, contour, variety, challenge and charm; a trail should have enough pitch to make you ski, enough scenery to make you stop and enough quick shifts to keep you in delightful tension (or attention).

A run should use trees and terrain to vary the scope, to create a sensation of entering and leaving different zones. It has to produce that deep satisfying feeling that comes from a well-made trail cut with a skier's eye, a trail whose banks and turns coalesce in a fine swooping descent, the exact shape of the next stretch half-hidden, half-revealed, fully unraveled only at the instant of execution, sanctioned by the grace of performance demanded in necessary subtle shifts of technique.

Tops for 29 years and still champ is **Ruthies Run** at Aspen. In 1947, Ruth Brown, wife of the president of the Aspen Skiing Corporation, wearied of fighting the two existing Aspen trails. One, the Roch, dropped rapidly through the woods in a swath barely 20 feet wide at points, wriggling down Aspen Mountain like a snake in pain. The other, the Silver Queen, was designated as intermediate by virtue of being somewhat less torturous. It featured a 60-degree chute in the middle known as Elevator Shaft ("Sometimes you get the elevator and sometimes you get the shaft"). Mrs. Brown offered to buy $5000 worth of corporation stock in her own name if the management would cut something a bit more restful. The result was one of the first big pure-pleasure runs in the U.S., two and a half miles long, 3000 feet down.

Ruthies offers a unique terrain: The top is open, the middle runs between two huge counterslopes and some variations are real thigh shakers. Today the trail includes the original cut, sections of the old Roch and detours through newer runs such as Aztec and Kreuzeck, all connected by an old mining trail called Dago Cut Road. Ruthies has been reshaped so many times it is an archaeological wealth open to the sky—a complex juxtaposition of old and new.

Even in its transformations, Ruthies maintains the sweep and grandeur of its original conception. It can be run as an intermediate or expert descent and, with guidance, by novices. The trails represented in Ruthies could fill a medium-size ski area.

Consider: You start at the top of Ruthies and Aspen number 1A lifts on a wide white back that rolls to the left, giving a marvelous look at Sopris Peak. Coming off the steepening pitch, you swerve right into Little Corkscrew, entering the upper remnant of the old Roch. By now your skis are starting to sing. You plug into Ruthies proper at Zaug Park, sail well over the counterslope and back again to the small steep wall that drops into the basin. There you let it all hang out, screaming past the skiers who wait in line at the bottom of Ruthies lift and into the rapidly steepening Spring Pitch (which, like most of Ruthies, has an easy and a rugged side). Spring leads to another choice: the soft way down Strawpile or the hairy way through the chute that formed the bottom of the old Corkscrew of the Roch, a section renowned for causing ski releases in the days before release bindings, usually by the breaking off of the ski in front of the bindings. Take this or another of the steep exits out of Ruthies and you come wailing out of the trees to see the whole of Aspen move into position in front of you, to witness and applaud your final roll into town. Encore!

HONORABLE MENTION

Two very different, remarkable trails challenge Ruthies' claim as the best downhill run. **Antelope** at Mad River, Vermont, is almost the last full-length example of the old-fashioned New England cut, a true swinging sensuality of an S-turn trail. They don't make 'em like they used to. It's not steep, but there are no intersections to worry about: you just let it go around the blind corners—a veritable mind restorer for two and a half miles and nearly 2000 feet of pure delightful drop. Then, for seconds, there's **Rübezahl,** an extraordinary seven-miler through the backwoods of Taos, New Mexico, that goes from spruce thicket to wide-open Western glades. Exquisite, as close to *satori* as you're likely to come in this life.

THE BEST POWDER

There is a certain kind of skier for whom a great mountain is not enough. At best, the mountain is only a beginning, a place for snow to collect. This skier lusts for fresh, unsullied powder snow. He does not lightly suffer his skis to be slid over solid snow but seeks only the surcease of powder sizzling underfoot.

Known as a powder pig, this species is aptly named. Powder pigs would be perfectly happy rooting around all alone in 100 square miles of the stuff. As long as nobody beats him to first track, this kind of skier will gladly forgo human company, sex and drink. Unfortunately, the species has grown to such numbers, you have to give up most of that to get even a crack at first track. Where do you go to best satisfy such a craven desire?

Obviously, the pluperfect powder-pig terrain must have snow, lots of it: about 400 inches per annum is the maximum offered by this or any other continent. The snow should stay dry for a suitable length of time, so that none of it goes heavy before being scored with an appropriate symphony of tracks. The whole of the Sierras, being so close to the wet Pacific, understandably does not offer good powder skiing. Either the snow is heavy when it falls—Sierra cement—or it gets heavy quickly thereafter. New snow is not necessarily powder.

Even at the best powder locales, you don't get powder every day or even every week. If you get 50 percent powder skiing, you are doing very nicely.

The terrain ought to be big and it ought to be scenic. A heavy layer of powder in the scrub forests of New Jersey, 250 feet above sea level, just isn't the same trip as a free fall through the white gold above tree line on the continental divide.

There are so many powder pigs on the loose today that even vast mountains in areas such as Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Snowmass-at-Aspen or Sun Valley get cut up completely in a day's time. Skiers spend the second day after a storm sneaking around in the trees, trying to find some unturned flakes. ("I slipped the bus boy an extra $20 at dinner last night. I figure he knows the mountain pretty well. He said that if I turned left at the lightning-struck pine, I'd hit powder.")

Powder pigging comes in two categories, the kind you need a helicopter for and the kind you do from an ordinary lift. The former is more satisfactory (fewer people, bigger terrain) and much, much more expensive.

The best of all, from helicopters, is **"Gmoserland,"** a territory comprised of the Monashees, Bugaboos and Cariboos in the Selkirk Range of British Columbia. This several hundred square miles of terrain is skied from whirlybirds under the aegis of Hans Gmoser's Canadian Mountain Holidays out of Banff, Alberta. A circle drawn through the locations of the three Canadian Mountain Holidays helipads circumscribes the world's largest and most professionally operated powder-pigging locale.

The maître de, Hans Gmoser, has a troop of trained guides and three big helicopters under contract all winter long. Granted, the helicopter is a noisy beast, the antithesis of the quiet necessary for the proper worship of pure powder. Nevertheless, once the snapping, crackling bird has flown, you are left alone on the top of serenity—valleys, bowls, dales, ridges—as far as your eye can see. Only a handful of skiers, and all that untracked powder.

Streaming your way down through it, beating up great wings of snow like some gleaming bird with a special secret of flight, sailing in this billowing, yielding wash of white will almost make you forget that it's costing you $100 a day, including air fare.

The number-one site for powder pigging from a lift has to be **Snowbird,** the first resort designed specifically to take advantage of powder, its attractions and its challenge. Set in the high end of Little Cottonwood Canyon outside Salt Lake

"Humbughumbughumbughumbughumbughumbug!"

City, Snowbird and its environs get more powder (at least 50 percent more than Colorado, on the average) than any powder-pig pasture in the world, period. This alone would justify the existence of Snowbird. But Dick Bass, owner and chief honcho, has added a superlative tram lift and a set of very comfortable high-rise condominiums and hotels that blend very nicely with the tall surroundings. The scenics are only a little less spectacular than at Gmoserland; the ride up is quieter and less hairy. Bass (President Ford's skiing friend who rented him his house at Vail, remember?) was so fascinated by the powder scene that he forgot to do very much for the ordinary skier, the bread and butter of any ski resort. His attempt to correct his oversight with some good old solid intermediate, packed-down terrain has been stymied by the ecologists at the moment. To tide him over, he is negotiating for support from another skier, the shah of Iran; it is understood, of course, that the deal does not give the shah the right to first track.

Snowbird is big. After the powder on the slopes of Peruvian Gulch and Gad Valley is skied off, the steep terrain off Gad Two chair will still have plenty of fresh stuff in among the great Wasatch evergreens. Tooling down through a steep cleft in the pines off Gad Two, exceedingly rapturous screamlike sounds are allowed.

HONORABLE MENTION

The runner-up for this category is Snowbird's staid older sister, a mile down the road in Little Cottonwood: **Alta**. The lodges there are simple, the powder as deep and the runs, although shorter, do have their own special charm. If you're still hungry for powder, consider a run down the famous Sun Valley bowls in Idaho stretching down from the ridge of Baldy, each of which contains a generous brimful of the white stuff after a good storm.

THE MOST GLORIOUSLY FRIGHTENING RUN

The expert skier finds no terrain difficult, in and of itself, simply because it is steep. What makes a terrain difficult is the trail cutting, which can add artificial difficulties; i.e., sadomasochistic masterpieces, guaranteed horror shows. A truly scary run has an aspect so chilling it reaches down past the rational defenses of the mind and into the pit of the stomach to distort even a superlative technique.

Two factors contribute to this kind of trail. The first is "exposure"—the plain visible drop out there between your ski tips that goes way, way down (sometimes described as looking through a gun sight at frozen hell). The second factor is malice—the obstacles created in trail cutting. Old-fashioned peril, in other words.

The winner of the exposure category is that old fearsome favorite, **Tuckerman's Headwall** in New Hampshire.

High on the side of Mount Washington is a huge scooped-out section known technically as a cirque. This is Tuckerman's Ravine, a bowl that could easily hold a couple of hundred thousand amphitheater seats. Tuckerman's draws a walk-up crowd of 300 to 500 skiers a weekend during the spring when the snow has stabilized enough to keep avalanches at bay. (The sides of its wall are so steep that the snow cascades off it all winter.) The Tuckerman truckers are there to watch or participate in the test of skiing the Headwall, the highest and steepest section. Getting there is half the trial. You start out at the floor of the ravine and climb a half-mile of wall that gets progressively steeper. At the top, you can reach out and touch the wall without bending over as you kick hole after hole in the snow for your boots, making sure that your toe is snugly in one hole before you start to kick out the next. Look how your heel hangs out over space. On second thought, don't.

Now you are at the top. Turn around. The descent goes over a blind roll hitting 80 degrees of steepness, before sloping back (rather quickly) to 60. Consider that in a ski resort, anything over 22 degrees is classed expert, and then consider yourself making a tentative turn on the lip of the wall as it falls away beneath your skis, revealing a 1000-foot vertical drop almost straight to the bottom, where the watchers are stationed like waiting ants. Ready? Don't worry. Sky divers reach a terminal velocity of only about 150 mph in free fall. You won't even come close.

The second category, freaking out because of the trail's malice: When a skier takes steepness for granted, there is only one parameter that bothers him or her, and that is narrowness. On a wide slope, the good skier can kill off his speed; he will jet across the hill briefly in a supple avalement sitback, gaining momentum and a chance to start the coming turn braking smoothly. On a trail too narrow for a jet turn, he has to bite the bullet and go.

The winner in this category is the old and nasty **Fall Line** at Mad River, Vermont.

Fall Line is not long—about half to three quarters of a mile (nobody has ever really measured it)—but, since you can lose it completely in a few feet, the length of the trail is not a criterion here. There are steeper trails and narrower ones, but Mad River has the dubious glory of boasting the only one with quite such a combination of come-on and crunch.

Fall Line is extremely narrow, about 20 feet, twisting all the way down, running uncompromisingly over embankments, through dips, with cunning switchback turns and then—oops!—no turn where you thought there was going to be one. You can't outguess it. Dixi Nohl, head of the ski school at Mad River, says, "You have to turn where the trail does; it skis *you* rather than you skiing *it*. In the turns, it not only cuts sharply but falls away as it does, plus giving you a couple of bumps and maybe a tree or two in the middle. You don't have a chance to stop and think for even a fraction of a second."

The trail was cut back in the days when Roland Palmedo, the founder of Mad River, was trying to get away from the decadence that was setting in at Stowe, where trails were being widened to 25 feet, and so on. "The Fall Line was cut to have a glade character," Roland once said, "with large trees that have to be circumvented by alternate routes." (You hit the tree, dummy.)

Next, you encounter what Palmedo calls "a fine exercise in picking a line and in precise turning." In other words, a very narrow section with evergreen branches brushing both elbows simultaneously and a scurrilous succession of pitches and rolls around corners. Then you cut slantwise across a 30-degree slope of the Creamery. Finally, you see daylight out on Squirrel Trail. The prospect of returning to the real world gives you just enough strength to eke by a gauntlet of cleverly placed trees—a last-minute test of your reflexes.

You made it.

THE BEST WAY TO DIE WITH YOUR SKIS ON

If this is really your wish—and why not?—it's hang gliding two to one.

This is a somewhat sinister spin-off of the sport, in that it has less to do with skiing than with sublimating your megalomania. Nevertheless, it fills the criteria of an ideal mode of ski dying in that it guarantees you a fighting chance to survive any given season, yet gives you a reasonably good chance to exercise your suicidal tendencies successfully in the course of, say, three or four seasons.

With due respect to hang gliders, however, the sport is based on the somewhat retarded conception that, given a wing of sufficient breadth and length, a skier can quite easily get up enough speed on the straightaway to cause the wing to lift him into the air. It's almost idiotic in its simplicity, in other words. And it's unbelievable in its immediate result: Instead of traveling sanely through the snow, where man belongs, the skier is lifted into a universe where he is barely fit to compete with the clumsiest turkey buzzard or gooney bird.

THE BEST HOT-DOGGING TERRAIN

And now let us shift from the skiers who are actually trying to kill themselves to those who only look like they are trying to do themselves in. The exhibitionists. The daredevils. The hang-loose hot doggers. Hot dogging has gone from a kind of wild-eyed mogul-smashing sort of skiing to a quite structured three-event sport playing to capacity crowds across the country. Therefore, the best hot-dogging

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fiction BY EVAN HUNTER

SKIN FLICK

just act natural,
take off your clothes
and we'll make you a star

WE'D STILL BE SHOOTING that damn movie if it hadn't been for Harry. And I want to tell you it was *me* who at the very beginning said Harry would be no good for the project, and don't forget it. That's because Harry is a dope. I am not talking about his acting ability. He probably was as talented in his own way as the rest of us put together. I am only talking about his capacity to understand a very good deal that could have made everybody extremely happy, if only some dope wouldn't fall in love with a dizzy broad the way Harry did. I will never forgive Harry. I don't know where he is right now, but someday I'm going to meet him someplace, I'm going to spot him coming down the street with his skinny face and

ILLUSTRATION BY BEES WAX

his eyeglasses, and he'll probably have that dumb blonde on his arm, and I'm going to walk up to him and say, "Hello, dummy, you happy now? You happy you blew the whole thing?"

I don't want to hear anything about morality; there's no such thing as morality when you are making a pornographic movie. In fact, the only thing obscene was that Harry went off the deep end for that girl and ruined my idea. Yes, it was my idea from the beginning, though I've been hearing around town that Ben says it was *his* idea. I don't like to hear that kind of talk. It breaks my heart to hear that kind of talk. I give credit where credit is due, and Ben was the one who thought of the empty loft, but that was *after* I got the idea of doing the movie. Anyway, it was that dumb bastard Harry who blew it all, so what difference does it make *whose* idea it was in the first place, even if it *was* Ben's? Which it wasn't.

And I admit that Solly was the one who found the girl; I'll even admit he did the preliminary talking; he's a very smooth talker, Solly, and a good dresser besides; I'll tell that to anyone who'll listen, you'll never hear me bad-mouthing a friend. But it was *me* who convinced the girl we could make her a star. Even Solly will admit it was me who finally sewed up the deal that day in the R & M Cafeteria when she was sitting there at the table nibbling on a jelly doughnut and driving us all crazy just from the way she licked powdered sugar from her lips. She was no beauty, but she had something, all right; she had *star* quality. Solly recognized her star quality while she was giving him a massage in that place on Eighth Avenue. Solly's got a good eye, no one can take that away from him.

It was raining the day she came into the R & M and she was wearing this soaking-wet black raincoat, and she apologized for being late, but she'd just come from dance. She took off the coat and what she was wearing underneath was this black leotard with a short leather skirt wrapped around it and black boots, and right away I got an idea for a scene in the picture, but I didn't tell her about it just then, because what we were there to do was sell her on becoming a porn queen. I did most of the talking; I'm the one who sold her. Ben was the one who explained the project to her, but *I'm* the one who finally nailed down the deal. In fact, it wasn't even Ben who told her what we planned to do. It was Solly. Yes, that's absolutely correct, what's right is right.

They had got to talking in the massage parlor and she had apologized for not being so good at this line of work, but she was really an unemployed actress and had just taken the job to make ends meet. Solly had immediately told her we'd been looking for somebody exactly like her to play a role in a low-budget movie we were doing, and this had got her interested and she'd agreed to talk it over with us the next day. And it was Solly who picked up the ball the minute she came to the table shaking rain out of her frizzy blonde hair and saying she was always starved after dance class, could she order something to eat, or would that be all right? She ate like a friggin' horse, that girl. I hope Harry, wherever he is, is spending a fortune on food bills. Solly explained that we were three movie buffs who'd managed to save a little money, not a lot, and who were now ready to take a chance on a lifelong dream, which was to produce a quality motion picture that, if everything went OK, would make us all millionaires, God willing. He went on to say that he himself had written a pretty good screenplay——

"It's a *great* screenplay," Ben said. "Don't knock it."

And Ben would be cameraman on the picture and I would be directing. We had none of us had too much experience, but we were sure we could make a movie that was a lot better than some of the junk being shown around these days, though plenty of *those* pictures, too, were making tons of money.

"Like I told you in the massage parlor," Solly said, "we've been searching for a girl about your age and build who also has that nice quality of looking innocent and sophisticated at the same time together."

"Thanks," the girl said. She had listened to all this while first she demolished a big bowl of clam chowder and then a plateful of pot roast, boiled potatoes and string beans, with two buttered rolls. She thought it over now while she sipped at a glass of milk and nibbled at a sugar-covered jelly doughnut—Jesus, that doughnut. Then she said, "How big is the part and how much are you paying?"

Now, *that* was when Ben came in, I remember it distinctly, I always give credit where credit is due. It was Ben who put her on the defensive by telling her we naturally wanted somebody with acting experience, and preferably acting experience before a *camera*, because, after all, we were going to be shooting a movie here and not doing some crumby little play downtown in some grubby little theater. And I remember she got very offended when he asked her what her acting credits were. She told him she'd been doing plays even when she was a high school freshman, and since her graduation four years ago, she'd done a lot of summer stock and could even show us some of the really very good reviews she'd got, if we cared to see them. She'd never been before a camera except in home movies, but she was only 22 and she figured she had plenty of time yet. Of course, things weren't going exactly her way just then, which was why she'd taken the job in the massage parlor, but a girl with her talent was sure she'd make it sooner or later, so what was the hurry? And, besides, how big was the part and how much were we ready to pay her?

Solly almost blew it right then and there; I think he was very premature in asking whether or not she had any objections to doing nude scenes. For a minute, I thought she was going to get up and walk right out, especially since by now she'd also finished the doughnut and the glass of milk. But she looked Solly straight in the eye and she said in this very tiny sort of breathless voice she had, "What do you mean? Do you mean I'll have to take off my clothes in front of a camera and everything?" And that was where I stepped in and saved the day. I figured there was no sense kidding this girl, she had to know sooner or later what the project was. If we lost her, we'd just have to look for someone else.

"Miss," I said, "this is a pornographic movie we have in mind here."

The girl blinked and said, "Could I have another doughnut and glass of milk, please?"

I sent Ben up to the counter, and while he was gone, I patted her hand gently and told her I knew this must come as a terrific shock to her, but she shouldn't think for one minute that we were going to make a *dirty* movie, so-called. The sex scenes would be explicit, yes, but Solly had written a beautiful screenplay with plenty of socially redeeming value, and the film we planned to make would be something that no one would be ashamed to take his wife or his sweetheart to, or maybe even both together—something, in fact, that might be beneficial to poor unfortunates who had sexual hang-ups as well. I told her that the film would be shot on a closed set, no exteriors, we would never even *consider* asking her to take off her clothes in public. There'd be only her on the set, and a few actors, and Ben cranking the camera, and Solly there to make any necessary script changes, and me, of course, directing. I told her I was a man of sensitivity who would most certainly be aware of her innermost feelings and the feelings of any actor working with her, and, besides, I'd be the *first* to take offense at any line or gesture that seemed merely dirty or obscene without being also artistic and socially redeeming. This was going to be a story of quiet beauty and delicacy, I told her, and she said, "Gee, I don't know, I've never fucked in front of a camera before."

Ben came back with the milk and the doughnut, and he began talking about the kind of salary she could expect. He explained that some very fine dramatic actresses like Linda Lovelace and Tina Russell and Marilyn Chambers had got their start in pornographic movies of taste and distinction but that their salaries were very low when they were just starting out—Georgina Spelvin, for example, had got only $500 for the extraordinarily

(continued on page 122)

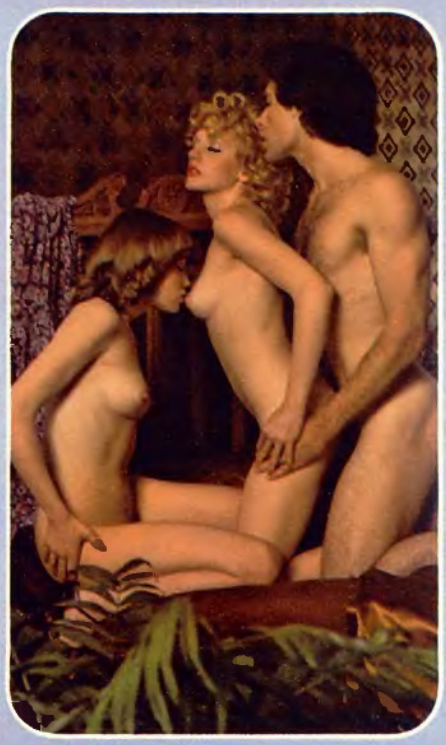
PEEP SHOW

RETURN WITH US TO THE DAYS BEFORE TELEVISION, WHEN THE TONIGHT SHOW WAS WHAT YOU SAW THROUGH A KEYHOLE

FIRST LET US define our terms. A peep show is a small spectacle or abject viewed through an opening or a magnifying glass. Peep means ta peer thraugh a crevice, ta look cautiously or slyly, ta begin ta emerge fram concealment and to put forth or cause ta pratrude slightly. Yes, even that. Watch yourself. What is about to unfold is the absorbing case of the Vayeur in the Foyer. A voyeur is someone who believes that in the kingdom of the blind, the ane-eyed man is to be faund at the nearest keyhale. The lady, abave left, is a maid. A familiar naise from raom 907 has caught her attention. It's the couple from Schenectady, here far the cure. Settle back. This could be fun.

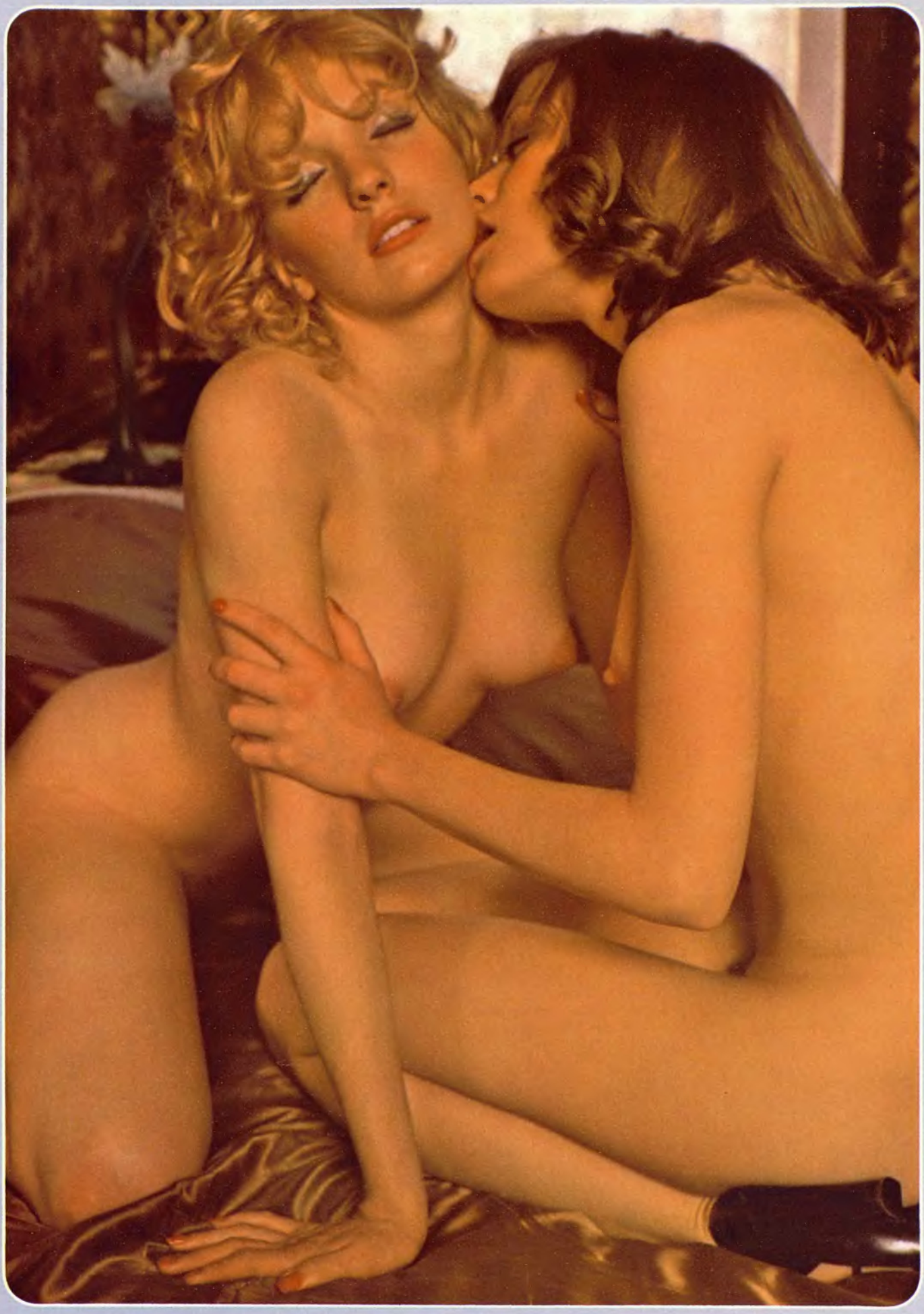
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCOIS ROBERT / ROBERT KEELING

It is said that when a man and a woman make love, they play for an unseen audience. The applause ripples across their bodies, calling for more. Do the couple from Schenectady realize the effect they are having on the Voyeur in the Foyer? Probably. It is the same effect they are having on themselves. The maid pays attention to the doorknob. She recalls that her uncle, the one in real estate, once remarked that one way to increase the value of a house is to install larger knobs on all the doors. She at last appreciates the fact that her uncle was wise in many ways.



Every story has a beginning, a middle and an ending. Obviously, our heroine is in the middle. She is a maid made welcome. The man has always wondered what it would be like to make love to two women in the same night. He suspects that somehow it would be different from making love to the same woman twice in a night. He is right. *Vive la difference*. The woman has always wondered what it looks like to be made love to by the man. She sees that it looks very good. The trio decides to play a parlor game. Our heroine tells the man a secret. He passes it along to his lady. She responds correctly.

Retiring to another room for o well-deserved break, the mon turns to wotch the girls. Something about them reminds him of o Picasso drowing: a girl studying herself in a mirror. The symbol for femole is a hand-held looking gloss. The two women see themselves reflected in each other's bodies. Ah, sweet symmetry! They hove more than one thing in common. "I love to be kissed on the neck," soys our wide-eyed moid. "I know just whot you mean," says the lady from Schenectady. Our heroine stretches, offering herself to the moment. She is in complete agreement.



Alas. The story of the Vayeur in the Foyer has almost come full circle. The moral is clear: Beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, but erotic justice demands an eye for an eye. Or whatever's available. The man from Schenectady discovers a new perspective on lovemaking. Perhaps he will rerun the entire sequence, just to study the placement of hands or the arching of backs. Perhaps he will ask his lady to leave the room. He notices that the maid has her eyes closed. What does she see?

SKIN FLICK

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sensitive work she did in *The Devil in Miss Jones*—but, of course, now that she was a star, now that they *all* were stars, they could call their own tunes and were even being sought after for work outside skin flicks. Considering the circumstances, and realizing that we were interested primarily in turning out a quality film, which would mean making sure that every inch of footage was in good taste and carefully shot, the most we could offer her was *double* what these other actresses had got. In short, we could offer what was a very high salary for a beginning actress in a starring role in her very first big movie, and that was $1000 from the start of principal photography to the day of completion.

"Gee, I don't know," she said.

"We'll pay you an advance of one hundred dollars on signing," Ben said.

"How long will it take to make this movie?" she asked.

"Twenty weeks," I said.

"Twenty weeks is a long time for only a thousand dollars," she said. "I make more than that in the massage parlor."

"You can't become a star in a massage parlor," Solly said.

"That's true," she said, "but——"

"I can understand what she means," I said. "We're offering her a thousand dollars for twenty weeks' work. That only comes to fifty dollars a week."

"That's right," she said.

"And suppose we run over?" I said.

"We won't run over," Ben said.

"How do you know we won't?"

"What do you mean, 'run over'?" the girl asked. "What's run over?"

"That means if it takes more time to shoot than we planned."

"More than twenty *weeks*?" she said. "This must be some long movie you've got in mind here."

"We want to do a quality job," I said.

"Well, I can tell you one thing," she said. "If it runs over twenty weeks, I want fifty a week for as long as it takes. That's *if* I decide to take the job, which I haven't decided I'll take it yet."

"Well, take your time," Ben said.

"Who's going to be in this picture with me?" she asked.

"We haven't found a leading man yet," I said.

"How much will you be paying him?"

"All we can afford is five hundred dollars."

"Mmm," she said. "So that's fifteen hundred for both of us, right?"

"That's right."

"And you guys expect to make millions on this picture, right?"

"Yes."

"Then I want a percentage," she said. "I want twenty-five percent of the profits."

"No," Ben said, "that's out of the question."

"Just a minute, Ben," I said.

"Out of the question," he said.

"And, also, I want script approval."

"No script approval," Solly said.

"OK, I'll forget about script approval, but I still want twenty-five percent."

"Make it five," I said.

"Make it ten," she said.

"Boys?" I said.

Solly and Ben looked at each other.

"This is highway robbery," Ben said. "There must be a thousand young actresses in this city——"

"Ben," Solly said, "I want this girl for the part. She's perfect for the part."

"Do you know what ten percent of a million dollars is?" Ben asked.

"Yes, it's one hundred thousand dollars," Solly said, "and I'm willing to give her that if she turns out to be only *half* as good as I think she'll be."

"I think she'll be very good, too, Ben," I said.

"I was hoping for a redhead," Ben said. "What do you say?"

"All right, all right," Ben said. "Give her the ten percent."

"Have we got a deal?" I asked her.

"We've got a deal," she said, aod grinned.

Powdered sugar was clinging to her lips.

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We had budgeted ourselves very carefully, because it simply wouldn't have paid to undertake the project if it was going to come to too much of a weekly investment for the three of us individually. You have to remember that whereas this dream of ours had been taking shape over a long period of time, during which we'd had many meetings and discussions, we nevertheless knew very little about the movie business and were a little bit afraid we wouldn't be able to make the thing work. Ben, for example, though he had naturally taken a lot of photographs in his lifetime, both still and motion picture, made his *real* living as an accountant and naturally had a lot to learn. Solly worked as a short-order cook in a delicatessen downtown and had written his beautiful screenplay at night and on Sundays. And I personally was a lingerie salesman for Benjamin Brothers Apparel, but this doesn't necessarily mean I did not have a feel for directing; I have always been very good with people; there are those who say I am maybe *too* sensitive when it comes to personal relationships.

What I'm trying to explain is that the project was a risky one for three amateurs, and we all knew it would require a great deal of concentration and energy to bring it off and make our dream come true. And, also, it couldn't cost us too much, because then the economics of it would have been self-defeating, if you know what I mean. We were paying the girl $50 a week, and we were planning to pay her leading man $25 a week, and also we had rented a big empty loft for *another* $50 a week, which came to a bottom-line cost of positively $125 a week, which was maybe not expensive for what we had in mind but which was a considerable sum for us to be splitting three ways. If you figure it out, it came to almost $42 a week for each of us. And if the girl didn't work out, we would have lost our initial $100 advance, which was supposed to cover the first two weeks of shooting the scenes with her leading man.

The leading man we found was Harry.

Knowing what I now know, I wish we had never laid eyes on him. In fact, knowing what I now know, I wish Harry had got hit by a bus on the first day of shooting. Or even the second day. Or a falling safe from a high building. Or a catastrophe in the subway. Harry was a dope. He wasn't even good-looking, but that was OK, because we didn't want her leading man to be too good-looking, as that would run contrary to the intent of Solly's script when it got to the play-within-a-play sections, which were actually the major sections of the movie. Harry was working daytimes as an insurance adjuster and he was reluctant to accept our offer at first, because he was very conscientious about his job and he didn't want to get to work tired in the morning. I should tell you at this point, though I hold no hard feelings, that it was *Ben* who brought that dope Harry around. They had gone to high school together, and Ben remembered him from the locker room as somebody who was not too spectacularly built, which was also in keeping with the tone and the intent of Solly's beautiful screenplay.

Anyway, we told Harry that our shooting schedule, as far as it concerned him, would be from eight P.M. to midnight, and then he could go home and get a good night's rest before he went to his job at the insurance company. We told him that $25 a week was really just a token payment, but the work was not exactly disagreeable and, besides, we were willing to pay him five percent of the profits once the picture broke even and we were all on the way to becoming millionaires. We did this because we felt certain he would begin talking to the girl later on when they became acquainted and we didn't want any jealousy on the set about who was getting a percentage and who wasn't. It was offering him the percentage that did the trick. Up to then, he was only mildly interested; we had shown him pictures of the girl—fully clothed, of course—which Ben had taken the minute we signed her, and though she was very nicely shaped—in fact, very marvelously shaped—she wasn't too beautiful in the face, though she did have a nice innocent and sophisticated look about her. Harry wasn't too sure he wanted to make love to her in front of a camera. He said he had gone out with much prettier girls in his lifetime, which,

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Who's the Bull Goose loony Here?

article By GROVER LEWIS

when they were filming "one flew over the cuckoo's nest" at a mental hospital, it took a true connoisseur to tell cast from cuckoos

THE MIDMORNING SKY over the Oregon State Hospital in Salem looks liverish, quiverish, ready to collapse with torrential rain at any second. On the crew-cut lawn behind the main building, an orderly shoos his excursion troupe of exercising patients back to shelter past a charter bus disgorging a troupe of Hollywood film technicians.

The two lines of shuffling men pay scarce attention to each other, even when one of the patients—a spindly *latino* in a Hawaiian shirt—suffers some sort of convulsive seizure and slams face first to the ground. The orderly quickly kneels beside the victim, clawing for his tongue, while the other patients stand around in a frieze of distracted inattention. "*Momma, momma, ayudame,*" the stricken man manages to cry in a wet strangle. "Crazy," one of the film technicians clucks, then cuts his eyes away uneasily.

A rush of wind blows a hole in the overcast. The squall begins.

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A few minutes later, wearing $35 squeakless sneakers and somebody else's awning-sized windbreaker, Jack Nicholson comes barreling down the Oregon asylum's ground-floor corridor. His gait would be arresting anywhere—a speeded-up version of the money-maker-shaking street strut he choreographed to near-squeakless perfection in *The Last Detail*. Nicholson walks like Martin Balsam sounds—solid, chunky, chock full of cod-liver oil.

Strolling along the drab-linoleumed institutional corridor in the opposite direction, Michael Douglas is escorting a visiting writer through the archaic, all-too-grossly authentic mad wards where Milos Forman is directing Fantasy Films' $3,000,000 production of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Douglas is Kirk's kid—the one who plays Inspector Steve Keller in the TV series *The Streets of San Francisco*. Michael Douglas is also the coproducer of *Cuckoo's Nest* and right now, without all that much visible effort, he is being charming, courteous, even voluble when called upon. He has, in fact, just introduced into the conversation the pleasant fiction that he and the writer had met "years before . . . in San Francisco, wasn't it?" Michael Douglas is a *(continued on page 126)*

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

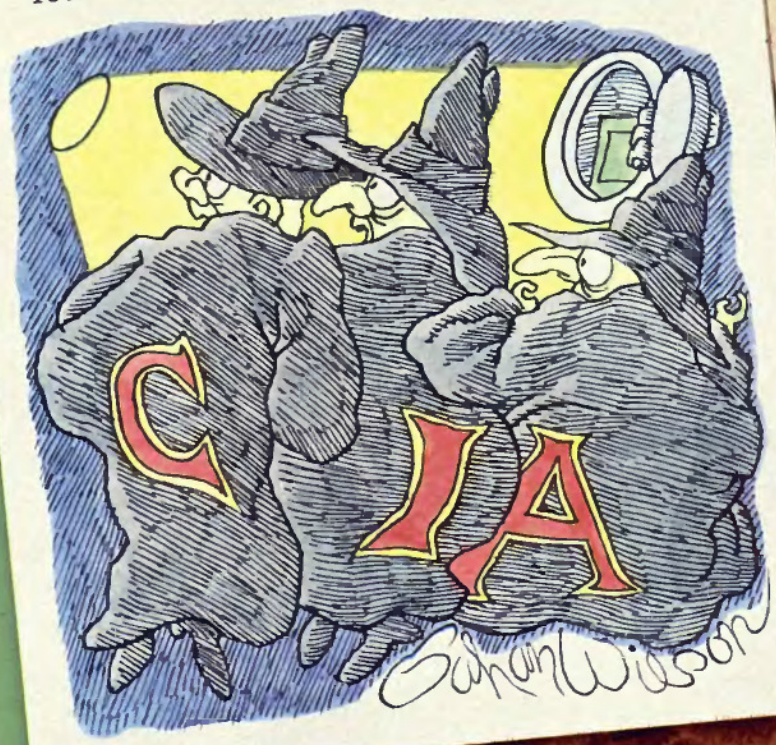
verse
By JUDITH WAX
missives and missiles for the jolly season

TO A SPORTS GROUPIE

You took on seven pitchers
And then a tennis champ,
A wing named Max, three running backs
And one whole training camp.
You vowed when just a youngster,
Team spirit was your goal,
And is it myth you made it with
Both teams at Super Bowl?
Despite your tender years, dear,
You've been the sportsman's dream.
The Hall of Fame reveres your name
And so does *Field & Stream*.
But nothing lasts forever,
And girls grow up, we know—
So, older now and wiser far,
You, too, are turning pro.

TO THE CIA

OUR PRESENT TO YOU CAN NOW BE REVEALED;
WE HOPE IT'S NOT LACKING IN TACT:
SOME BRAND-NEW INITIALS TO PUT ON YOUR SHIELD;
YOUR OLD ONES WERE CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



TO THE BIG OIL COMPANIES

The Gulf between your words and deeds
Is giving you a swell name;
Your Standard waving in distress
Is maybe just a Shell game?
You claim that it is not your fault
Gas prices are inflated
And do not blush while growing flush
But feel Exxonerated.

TO TV'S LAWMEN

McCloud, Baretta, Kojak—cheers!
The season turned out good
Despite a bigger threat to you
Than posed by any hood.
For even as you won your war
On carnage, rape and thievage,
The rating battle still went on
'Cause lady cops had cleavage.

TO A MALE CENTERFOLD

Salud, Playperson of the Month,
You're macho's very essence!
That virile hair, that manly stare
(That chastely detumescence).

Bull Goose loony *(continued from page 123)*

smooth-rising young biscuit in all respects except that he wears hideously disfigured cowboy boots the writer figures he must have copped from some dying wino in Stockton.

The writer is trying his mightiest to stay attentive, but his mind is blipping into erratic wigwags and test patterns. He has a root-canal case of the fantods. His sphincter is fluttering, he is breaking out in a sour sweat and he is wishing to hell he had an amyl or something harder to bite on.

What's queering the writer's internal wiring isn't Douglas' pleasant fiction nor Nicholson's abrupt, looming presence—which in itself registers about a 6.5 on the Richter scale. N-o-o-o, the germ of the trouble lies in this rotten, overwhelmingly oppressive and repulsive *place*. At long last, lunacy—the funny farm, the loony bin, Rubber Room Inn. For years, assorted editors and ex-wives have been predicting the writer will wind up in just such a cuckoo's nest and—well, he's been here now for half an hour and he's wondering queasily if he will be allowed to leave when it's time to go. He is also wondering about *his notebook*. Has he mislaid it somewhere? That notebook is too goddamned important to lose—it's an Efficiency Reporter's Note Book No. 176, and scribbled among its 200 leaves and 400 pages are the liver and lights for two unwritten stories, plus an itemized list of business expenses totaling over $1300—*God have mercy, where is that slippery fucker?*

The notebook, of course, is securely glued to the viscous resin bubbling out of the writer's swampy palm. When he discovers this, the writer executes a jerky, agi ted little flamenco of relief and gratitude.

Passing abreast of Douglas and his visiting charge by now, Nicholson instantly registers the dysfunction. The actor flashes Douglas a high-caloric high sign in greeting, then swivels his gaze to zero in on the writer's sagging knee action. Unsmiling but not unsympathetic, he notices the man's small, panicky dance of distress and release, the jittering aftershock of wrenching visceral trauma. He files it all away for future reference. Nicholson notices things like that and no doubt uses them to flesh out his riveting film performances.

Without irony, the writer regards Nicholson as a national treasure. This literalist view of the actor will get in the way of the substantive story waiting to be perceived here, but not for long. Meanwhile, Nicholson whips past in his squeakless sneakers, vanishing soundlessly down the institutional corridor.

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With the writer in tow, Douglas advances a kilometer or so into the bowels of the fortresslike asylum, pulling up short at a point in the corridor where the color of the walls abruptly changes from scabrous green to shit brindle. In his voluble register, Douglas is explaining—no, *proving*—that this is no gypo movie of the week they're engaged in here; nosirreebob, this is the quality goods, an AAA feature of the caliber that's rarely indulged in anymore for all your ersatz disaster operas and *Godfather* begats. Standing near the wire-mesh entrance to ward four, the film's principal set, Douglas ticks off *Cuckoo*'s championship qualities on his pale, pencil-thin fingers:

"Our daily nut is $35,000, see, so with that kind of dough at stake, we're not chintzing around about *anything*. When Saul and I decided to do the picture"—Saul Zaentz is the Main Man at Fantasy Records/Films in Berkeley and *Cuckoo*'s other producer—"we agreed first off that we'd only settle for the best. I mean, screw it, across the board, whatever the field of talent, whatever the cost. And we got it all, man—everybody and everything we wanted—bam, bam, bam! Nicholson was our first and only choice for McMurphy. Nicholson *is* the 'bull goose loony'—watch his stuff this afternoon and you'll understand what I mean."

Nicholson as McMurphy—a dead-solid ringer. Back in the Sixties, before the bliss ninnies began slouching toward Hesse and Tolkien, McMurphy was a kind of fictive national treasure in his own write. Everybody—everybody who could read, anyway—copped a hint of style and character from the hell-raising drifter who feigned insanity to escape a penal farm, who locked horns in the mental slammer with the tyrannical Big Nurse, who both won and lost the battle and in between gave life-to-life resuscitation to the Chronics and Acutes on his ward.

"And Milos," Douglas goes on, "he's just goddamn marvelous—one of the finest directors in the world. It's a wild thing to watch happen. We've got a great cast, down to the tiniest walk-on, and probably the best crew in the business. Jack Nitzsche is composing the score . . . Bill Butler's our cinematographer—he just did *Jaws*. And, lessee—oh, yeah, the sound man, Larry Jost? He's up for an Oscar for *Chinatown*—just like Jack. But, come on, let's go take a run around the set. Brace yourself, though. I warn you, man, it's terrible—it's *ghastly*."

Yes, exactly. Ward four would gag a maggot. It is a cagelike enclosure furnished in the brutal paraphernalia of shrink-tank pathology run absolutely amuck: cramped rows of hospital cots with rumpled gray sheets and matted blankets . . . obscenely stained bed tables littered with puke pans and hot-water bottles . . . a scattered fleet of decrepit, cane-backed wheelchairs . . . framed calendar portraits of dogs and wild geese hung uniformly awry . . . and perched above all this mess, on a high, centrally located shelf, a smeary-windowed TV set bearing the brand name of its manufacturer, one "Madman" Muntz.

An immaculate, glassed-in nurses' station controlling egress to the ward cage rounds out the picture. Big Nurse's Orders of the Day are posted there on slot cards in a wallboard. The slot cards read:

THE YEAR IS 1963
TO DAY IS WEDNESDAY
THE DATE IS DECEMBER 11
THE NEXT HOLIDAY
CHRISTMAS
THE NEXT MEAL IS BREAKFAST
THE WEATHER IS CLOUDY

Ye gods, The Compleat Toilet—"Ol' Mother Ratched's Therapeutic Nursery," in Kesey's phrase. Which prompts the writer to clutch his sweat-slick notebook all the tighter and wonder aloud about Kesey's connection with the film.

Douglas takes on the expression of a man who's just been put on hold during a transoceanic call. He motions vaguely toward the ward's rain-blurred windows. "I can't say for sure," he mutters, "but I've heard he's out there in the hills somewhere muttering rip-off. We hired him—paid him over $10,000—to write a first-draft screenplay. We found out pretty quick that he couldn't write screenplays to suit our standards, and he couldn't get along with the people involved, and he couldn't or wouldn't show up for production meetings. From what I hear, he's been spreading the word that the movie version distorts his book. Well, fuck it—I just have to disagree, that's all. We've taken some liberties with the basic material, sure, but all of us expect the picture will come very close to the spirit, the wallop of the book. Milos thinks it will, and Nicholson thinks so, too, and so, in fact, do I."

Douglas dismisses the subject with a short shrug and points along the corridor, grinning. "See that place where the color of the walls changes? That's Milos for you—a stickler to the teeth. He made us repaint the whole ward—dirty beige, I guess you'd call it. I asked him, 'Why, Milos?' And he said, '*Vy*? Because ve cahn't chute an entire comedy against *green*, dot's vy.' "

By this time, members of the technical crew have started work around the nurses' station, hammering and sawing and wheeling around bulky film equipment on dollies. Wandering among the electricians and gaffers and grips are a dozen or so other men—odd-looking spooks dressed in ratty old hospital robes and felt slippers. These, presumably, are some of the actors who portray Kesey's

(continued on page 284)

O (Corine Cléry) is taken to the Château Roissy by her lover, René, and left there with instructions to do exactly as she is told. She is met by two women, bathed and made up even to the point of putting rouge on her nether lips. They then fit her with a leather collar with metal rings.

the erotic classic by
the mysterious pauline réage
becomes a startling film

STORY OF O

On the way to the château, René (top) makes O take off her underclothes. Once she arrives, any man who lives there may have her.

"You will never close your lips," O is told when she arrives, "or cross your legs. Your mouth, your belly and your backside are open to us. You must never look any of us in the face. You will be flogged in the evening as punishment for breaking the rules."

Histoire d'O has become a classic of erotic literature, alongside *My Secret Life* and the works of De Sade. During the winter of 1954, *O* had already become the topic of conversation in French cafés and *salons*. To further confuse matters, no one knew who its author, Pauline Réage, was. In early 1955, the book received the *Prix des Deux Magots*, an honor that had been bestowed on such underground notables as Raymond Queneau and Antoine Blondin. The police attempted to suppress the work; but as suddenly as the investigation began, it was shut down amid rumors that a high governmental official had read the work and ordered it left in circulation. Grove Press published the English translation in 1965. Now director Just Jaeckin has turned it into a remarkable film, starring Corine Cléry and Udo Kier (as her lover, René). The story is of a young woman whose lover donates her, body and soul, to a château where women are kept enslaved for the pleasure of a group of men. They are tortured, shackled and used for pleasure. Thus trained for their submissive role, they are returned to the outside world, where they are expected to behave in a manner befitting the customs of the castle. If they slip up, they return for more training. It is a nightmare and a daydream combined, without moral or message, an exploration of that dim area between pain and pleasure. Incidentally, Mlle. Réage's identity is still unknown.

At Roissy, submissiveness to the men is the only way to survive and O eventually learns to love her punishment. Talk is forbidden and dress is designed so that the female body is totally accessible. When someone discovers that O, taken from behind, is too narrow, ebonite shafts are used to enlarge her.

The women all wear collars of leather with rings fastened to them. In her cell at night, O is attached to a chain above the bed. Rare are the nights that someone does not appear and make use of both of her passages and then disappear without identifying himself, without a word.

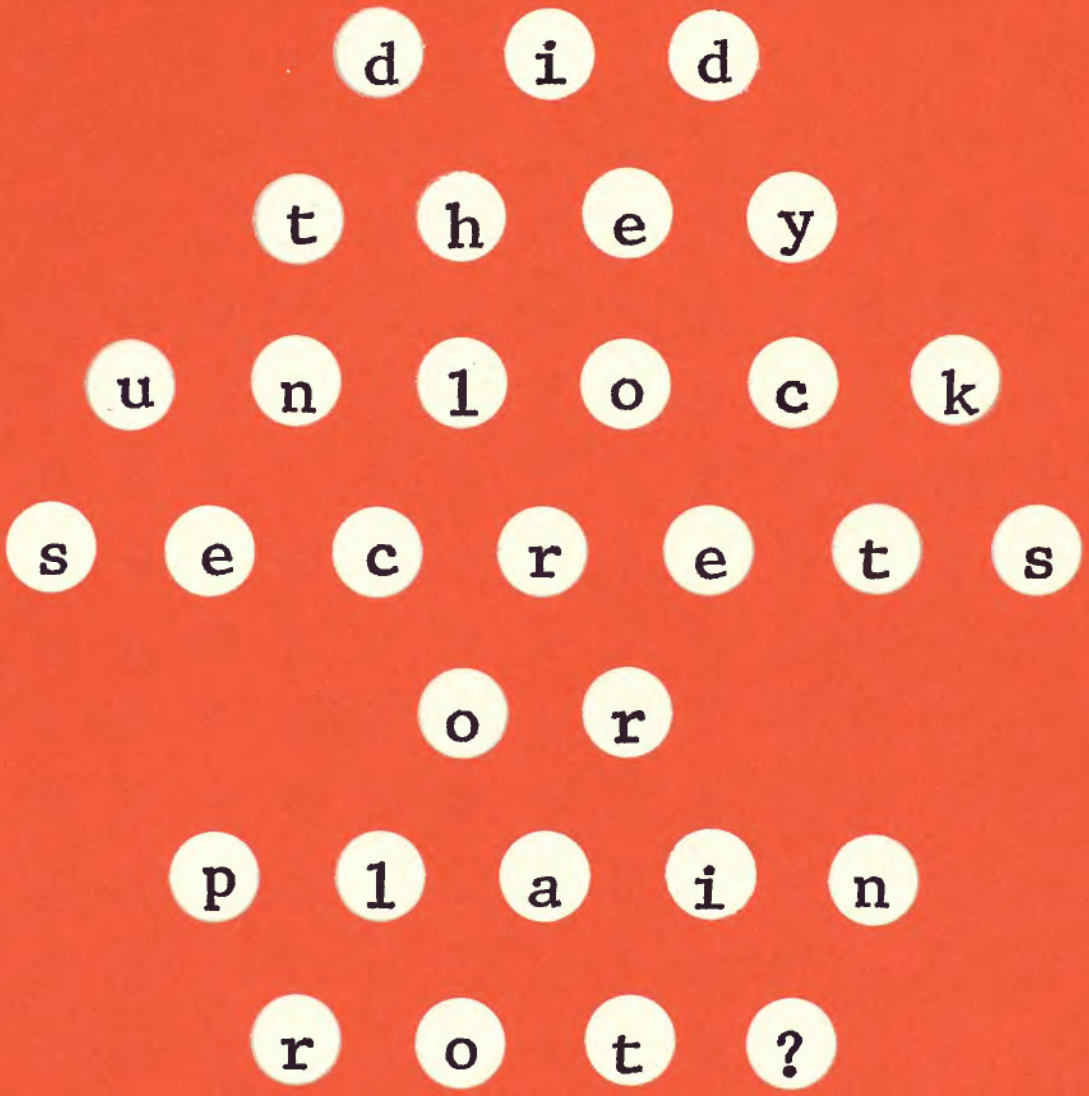
When O finally leaves the château, she is not allowed to wear any undergarments. René takes her to a bar and introduces her to Sir Stephen, a quietly sadistic Englishman. René then gives O to Sir Stephen, as a gift.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGES PIERRE/SYGMA

Sir Stephen orders O to have a hole pierced in one of her labia and a double gold ring is inserted. She is led naked on a chain attached to the ring between her legs.

After a number of months of Sir Stephen's brutal ownership of her, O becomes totally dependent on him. He has her make love to other women, who teach her techniques of masturbation for Sir Stephen's pleasure. In the end, she is returned to the château, where Sir Stephen abandons her.

q j k Z k d c J U i 1 K n c d x J h G
9 h j n b H s U e H e 7 Y g e f d E c
g d U 8 X 3 j b c G d s f G c M n b V
d c M c d I d j H d x d I e d 1 k N j
h y G f H e d c v n J n m k n O c d E
y B n k G V c 7 e d U G H t 2 a y r m
G c 3 e F i d T k H J E h W S s x d n
n o p O t r s G d s x T w E x 1 k x L
c V e C f D C e O W D e E 7 x c x d c
H 7 v k x a W S 3 e w r i k c b e V x
m e N T B r A u T e T D L t E d N P h
r E d u I y U a c C v F C x e j C E 1
d c j a 3 r F t A i b c n 1 v e s n f
e D c H u t i 9 c G c x B d E v d N c
o 8 w i q k u x b x y G A e c B h x 8
K H 8 J b c g Q A S b v x 7 k U 2 H R
f 1 d h i D V a 9 v x i J d h k v n h
e x J d V h M h k d H s g i u j d k x
e H s z X 2 K n a B h 8 n d t s H g b
c V c N d e x T c E J K w v f E V K s
p c k b q g M b E d c n 5 7 H w i d G
E d f E K y v N c R c T f O J f H w d
i B e h 9 y e i d E i u i h f g d J d
q n 7 c j e j s c V e O a X d t w s 1
D 3 s f 4 g y X g b z c 8 z m b V I J


d i d
t h e y
u n l o c k
s e c r e t s
o r
p l a i n
r o t ?

we've spent billions
to break foreign codes.
it's great fun,
but is it worth it?

THE CODE BATTLE

article

by

David Kahn

ON JUNE 20, 1974, a slow, unwieldy vessel filigreed with struts and derricks lumbered out to sea on a top-secret mission. She was the Glomar Explorer. Her secret task was to raise from the depths of the Pacific Ocean a Russian submarine that had sunk. The U. S. Government wanted to obtain the submarine's missile warheads and her codes. For this, it was willing to spend $350,000,000 of the taxpayers' money—an amount equivalent to giving 3,000,000 more people Medicare coverage, sending 20,000 students to college or buying 90 tanks, 60 bombers or a third of a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier.

Why did Washington think it was worth it?

In the spring of 1942, American code breakers, hidden in the basement of a building in the navy yard at Pearl Harbor, broke the main Japanese naval code. Their solutions of Japanese intercepts provided virtually complete information on the size, course and timetable of the Japanese fleet. As a result, wrote a top-ranking officer, "We were able to concentrate our limited forces to meet their naval advance on Midway, when otherwise we almost certainly would have been some 3000 miles out of place." At Midway, the United States smashed the invading armada in a battle that doomed Japan.

A year later, those same cryptanalysts cracked open a moderately long message in a subsequent edition of that same Japanese naval code. It disclosed that the mainspring of Japan's military efforts, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, would soon

d s a q U 7 9 3 Z l K s u y G q Y 7 u
v B f H r o t c i V a J h f s X z a Q
c k 2 g d h N Z n b K e G d h d j n c
H Z a I 8 S H x d c d 8 u y T r e H d
r c F r g j 6 J e D Q w n B c j h 8 x
z b s Z x d n f l t I Q m v 8 e a c e
c e a S d e j d x i a d J d 2 8 b D 7
N c s E t h d B x y w N U 7 b t U e h
b q A h y J t d h x e n y e 7 b Y 5 J
k w r H g u d m c S u k X d h o u A e
C d d w u e n T l v o d c v k u o x a
f U g s E F J g z H e f d b M I c o p
J g e s n e u c x r b e H t n s q C h
b e Y n b 9 S e H b 8 c C g j o w z k
e d d v J R t d o x r x w 7 9 q Z J d
x H i e D e Y h r e v b x D j K b e k
6 U x c g p a l i a N i S n q A k g F
d c D x H j C h r k v m x a v e f z H
a x C 5 k 8 r n o Y t n ? B f N g A J
c I s V D W K 9 g T f k L v G e H z v
g o w y s a d l w g r B 4 z J 4 u s J
3 s c i P z h s e d u i c n x G y x Q
c H b U X l 7 F g y K u A 3 9 g K 6 e
x J n T n f J H u j V b z s e c j c D
l i 8 r d 0 e d e e R G f e N t w E c

make an inspection trip that would bring him within range of American combat airplanes. Moreover, the message, addressed to subordinate commands, specified that Yamamoto would land at 0800 on April 18, 1943, on Ballale, one of the Solomon Islands. With this information, the Americans dispatched 18 twin-engined P-38s, which ambushed the punctual admiral in his bomber over a tropical jungle, shot it down and gave the U. S. the equivalent of a major victory.

On the other side of the world, British code breakers, working in Quonset huts in the London exurb of Bletchley, intercepted messages of the German army high command during the precarious early hours of the Anzio landing. These revealed, just as the American forces were about to extend themselves from the beachhead, that fresh German units had been ordered into the area. General Mark Clark pulled back and consolidated his forces, repulsed the German counterattack and later advanced into Rome.

On D day, as the Allies stormed the Normandy beaches to breach fortress Europe, the code breakers intercepted a German message ordering a counterattack. Forewarned, General Omar Bradley took measures that helped keep the Americans from being flung back into the sea. Later, at Bastogne, code breakers cracked a radiogram that enabled General George S. Patton, Jr., to inflict heavy losses on a redoubtable German paratroop division.

World War Two had seen dozens, perhaps hundreds, of similar instances in which code breaking had played a vital role. A former director of naval intelligence exclaimed, "It won the war!" Chief of Staff George C. Marshall declared that code breaking was "our main basis of information regarding Hitler's intentions in Europe" and contributed "greatly to the victory and tremendously to the saving in American lives." A high official said that it shortened the war by a year. After it was all over, a Congressman paid high tribute from the floor of the House: "I believe that our cryptographers . . . did as much to bring that war to a successful and early conclusion as any other group of men."

During World War Two, code breaking had become the most important means of obtaining secret information. No other source possessed to the same degree the elements of successful intelligence: volume, anticipation and veracity. Reports based on visual observations of the enemy by patrols and on interrogations of prisoners of war were voluminous and accurate but good only for the immediate future. Spies, on the other hand, could reveal enemy plans far in advance, but suspicion permanently blighted their labors: No general would risk his men—or his career—on the radioed word of an informant whom the enemy might have paid more or put under duress. Aerial photographs yielded data as hard as could be, but they were relatively sparse, owing to their snapshot nature, and showed only what was already there or on the march. Code breaking alone could provide the quantity and quality of intelligence necessary to sound military planning.

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As the hot war congealed into the cold, the U. S. Government wished to preserve the information-gathering capabilities that had proved so effective against the Axis. The trauma of Pearl Harbor, which had led to the centralization of military affairs in the Defense Department and of intelligence in the Central Intelligence Agency, eventually fathered as well a unified code-breaking agency—the Armed Forces Security Agency, established in 1949. The merits of the unified approach soon warranted expanding the role of the Defense Department's AFSA. On November 4, 1952, President Harry S. Truman turned it into the National Security Agency, serving every branch of Government.

NSA reigns today as the supreme arbiter of all matters cryptologic in the United States. It promulgates cryptologic doctrine, establishing the rules by which, say, the State Department will encipher its dispatches. It coordinates the code-breaking agencies of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force in their specialized missions against their foreign counterparts. It issues specifications to manufacturers for components of cipher machines, which it, for security's sake, then assembles on its own premises. It analyzes foreign radar emissions, so that U. S. nuclear bombers will be able to jam or trick them in war. But, most of all, it cracks the codes of foreign governments and daily submits the solutions to U. S. officials as high as the President. This function has made it the biggest intelligence agency in the free world—bigger even than the CIA—and, within the U. S. Government, the most secret.

Counting the military personnel assigned to it, about 100,000 people work for NSA—about five times as many as for the CIA. It spends several billion dollars a year. In sharp contrast to the head of the CIA, the NSA director, normally a three-star general or admiral, never makes statements to the press and rarely appears before Congressional committees in public hearings.

Security is as tight if not tighter at NSA than anywhere else in the Government. Its headquarters—two boxy modern buildings at Fort Meade, Maryland, just visible from the Baltimore–Washington Parkway—is surrounded by three fences, two topped with barbed wire and one electrified. It is protected by U. S. Marines. Inside, Marines escort visitors everywhere, including to the men's rooms. NSA employees must meet some of the Government's strictest security standards. They can be fired if the director merely finds it "to be in the interest of the U. S."

All this secrecy enshrouds work sometimes far from Fort Meade. Much of it begins in lonely monitoring posts scattered about the globe, especially along the borders of the Soviet Union. There, in Quonset huts on the wind-swept Eritrean plateau in Ethiopia or in the dusty foothills of the Hindu Kush in Afghanistan, far from prying eyes and the electrical interference of cities, radiomen lean forward, straining to pick up every dot and dash or every syllable of a foreign radio transmission through the static that crackles in their earphones. Their antenna fields sometimes cobweb whole mountainsides. Other monitors fly in airplanes or sail in ships as close as they dare to foreign coasts or frontiers to pick up every possible scrap of text. Sometimes their sedentary work becomes dangerous. In 1960, the Russians shot down Francis Gary Powers' U-2, which was carrying not only cameras but also "black boxes" whose magnetic tape recorded Soviet radar signals. Israeli planes strafed the U.S.S. Liberty as it cruised the eastern Mediterranean during the Six-Day War, its electronic ears wide open. And the U.S.S. Pueblo became a *cause célèbre* when the North Koreans captured it, packed with eavesdropping gear, early in 1968.

Some of the interception is automated. Satellites moving slowly above the Soviet Union receive, process and retransmit Russian radio signals. (NSA's share of the cost of lofting these squat cylindrical spies in the sky constitutes a major portion of its vast budget.) It was such a satellite with a sophisticated antenna system that reportedly eavesdropped on Kremlin leaders as they talked over the radiotelephones in their cars.

In West Berlin, in a hidden U. S. intercept post, a $3,000,000 machine by Ampex, filling a space equivalent to two living rooms, can tape-record 2000 channels of communication simultaneously. The tapes are burned after they are used once, because erasing them for reuse would destroy their superhigh quality. Other machines, which record everything sent on a given frequency, continue to print out periods on six-ply carbon paper when the circuit is "up" but nothing is being sent. They keep on tapping for hours, days, weeks, even months, at two minutes and 15 cents a page, just waiting for some message to come across.

In the United States, NSA is reported to have monitored most cable and telex messages into and out of the country. Computers scan messages for trigger words, such as oil and Mideast, and have texts containing them printed out. Such economic intelligence could help the Government make decisions on such matters as oil imports and grain sales, vitally affecting the cost of living. But the questionable legality of this activity is one

(continued on page 224)

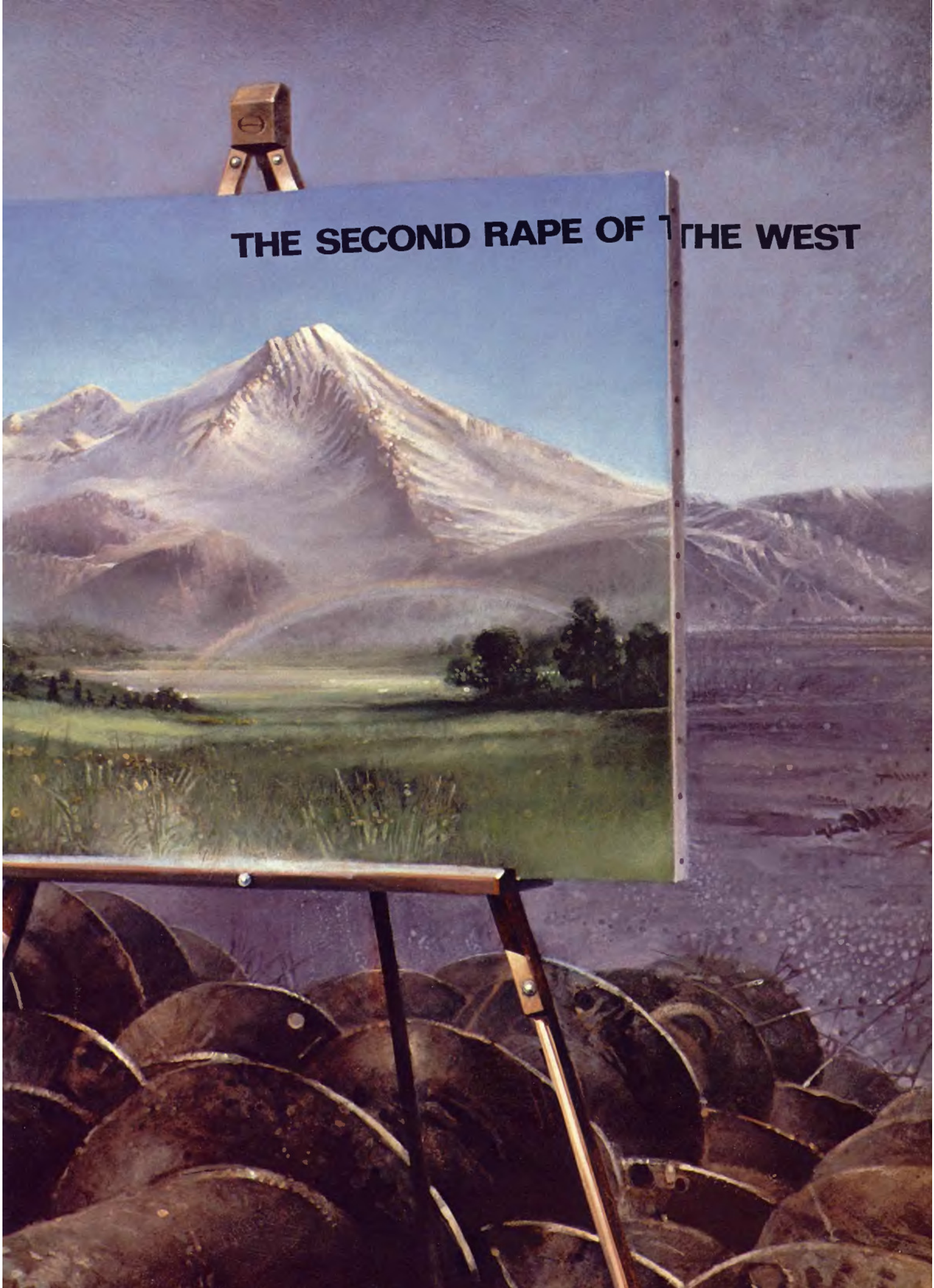
" 'T ain't a fit night out for man nor beast."

article **By EDWARD ABBEY** *the first time around we took care of the easy stuff—indians, buffalo, hills filled with gold—but this time we're getting serious*

RUMBLING ALONG in my 1962 Dodge D-100, the last good truck Dodge ever made, I tossed my empty out the window and popped the top from another can of Schlitz. Littering the public highways? Of course I litter the public highways. Every chance I get. After all, it's not the beer cans that are ugly; it's the goddamned highway that is ugly. Beer cans are beautiful, and someday, when recycling becomes a serious enterprise, the Government can put 1,000,000 kids to work each summer picking up the cans that I and others have thoughtfully stored along the roadways.

Indian country. American country. Coming down out of the piny forests near Flagstaff, Arizona, headed north, you are led into one of the most exhilarating landscapes in the Southwest. On your left, the San Francisco Peaks, 12,660 feet above sea level; on your right and ahead, a group of dormant volcanoes and cinder cones, scattered over the tawny grasslands. One of those cinder cones, Sunset Crater, erupted only 910 years ago. We pray to God, my friends *(continued on page 194)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN


THE SECOND RAPE OF THE WEST

LADY LUCK

when december's nancie li brandi was a blackjack dealer, the odds were always working for her. now she's an odds-on favorite to make it as a model

PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER Richard Fegley discovered Nancie Li Brandi working a blackjack table at Harrah's at Lake Tahoe. Lady Luck never looked so good. He immediately asked her to pose for the centerfold, responding to her beauty the way a gambler reacts when a pair of aces, split and hit, both turn up blackjack. Maybe he needed an excuse to write off his Nevada vacation as a business trip? No matter. The Internal Revenue Service's loss is our gain. It soon became apparent that Miss December has the soul of a gypsy, even though she uses cards to determine people's fortunes in a somewhat different way. After spending a quiet childhood in the rolling hills of Pennsylvania, Nancie teamed up with an old friend for a bit of cross-country

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"I'm basically a night person. There is something magical about staying up while the rest of the world sleeps. Working the late shift at Harrah's, I would see the gamblers and their ladies—looking at each other, smiling—and think these people are just like me. Different. Special. It's nice."

rambling. "We're both free spirits," she says; "we'd just decided to go our separate ways together for a while." First stop for the pair was a mountain resort near Williamstown, Massachusetts, where Nancie learned to maneuver on skis. "Actually, New England didn't get much snow that year," she says. "I'm not sure you could call what I did skiing. It was closer to downhill ice skating." Nancie and her guy decided to pull up poles and head West for whiter pastures. They landed at Lake Tahoe. Nancie took a two-week course in dealing at Harrah's. "At first I was all thumbs, but after a while, I could handle cards with the best of them." (All thumbs? We doubt it.) Her man tended bar and taught skiing at the Sierra Ski Ranch. For a time, their schedule seemed perfect—working nights and skiing days—but soon the gypsy spirit returned. A few months ago, they moved on to Los Angeles. There Nancie learned that one of her duties as Playmate would be a promotion trip to Japan. Perhaps that's what persuaded her to pursue a career in modeling. We're willing to bet you'll be seeing more of her in the future. With Nancie's looks, it's in the cards.

"I used to think that desirability was something a woman had to prove to the world. The sexual revolution was a series of brief skirmishes. After a while, though, I became more confident. I've liberated my body and that's enough for me. The territory is secure."

"According to the rules of blackjack, dealers have to stay on 17 and hit anything less, but the odds favor the house and the house wants to keep it that way. Yet even the house gets superstitious. If a player loses, the dealer is hot. If the player wins, the dealer is cold and will be replaced." The house should know we'd pay for the privilege of sitting at Nancie's table.

Lake Tahoe is a favorite watering hole for Hollywood celebrities. Sonny Bono, shown here enjoying a day of skiing at Heavenly Valley with our Miss December, is a frequent visitor at Harrah's. For more details, check your gossip columns.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Nancie Li Brandi

"These pictures were a revelation. I still think of myself as the shy, skinny kid I used to be at 16. I was amazed at how different I look now. Depending on how I feel, I can go from a simple freshness to a high-fashion foxiness. I accept my body and I take great delight in seeing what it can do."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman went to a gynecologist for artificial insemination. After she assumed the proper position atop the examining table, the medical man unzipped himself.

"Doctor," exclaimed the shocked patient, "whatever are you doing?"

"I'm sorry, madam," was the reply, "but I'm out of the bottled stuff, so you'll have to settle for draft today."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *falsies* as the enhancer to a maiden's pair.

I have good news and bad news," announced the Pope to a hastily called meeting of cardinals at the Vatican. "First, the good news. The Lord has informed me directly of his Second Coming, and he sounded very happy."

"Then what in heaven's name could the bad news possibly be, Your Holiness?" asked one of the assembled ecclesiastics.

"He was calling from Salt Lake City," replied the pontiff.

The Masters and Johnson clinic may well be the only organization in the world from which a man resigns when he becomes a member in good standing.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *midget circumcision* as a tiny trim.

While the bill was debated, Miss Snyder
Had a Senator thrusting inside her. . . .
To a knock on the door,
She replied from the floor,
"Go away—I'm attached to a rider!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mons pubis* as a box top.

The instructor of a Red Cross prenatal course for unwed mothers-to-be was getting to know her class during a break. "When is your baby due?" she asked one girl.

"About March tenth," was the answer.

"And yours?" she inquired, turning to another participant.

"My doctor calculates March ninth," said the young woman.

"That's a coincidence," remarked the instructor. "And that girl who just stepped out for a minute. I don't suppose she could be expecting her baby about March tenth, too?"

"No," replied the first young woman. "She didn't go on the office picnic."

And then there was the nymphomaniac teenager who was popularly known as Little Often Annie.

At a costume ball given by Texas society in our nation's capital, one girl turned up wearing the map of Texas as her costume. Later that night, she was chatting on the terrace with a fellow she'd just met when, all of a sudden, she slapped him resoundingly and flounced off. "What in the world happened?" asked a friend of the victim.

"It beats me," he answered. "All I know is that when she asked me where I was from and I put my finger on Amarillo, she let me have it!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual hang-up* as the termination of an obscene phone call.

In the process of convincing the rather choosy young lady that she should accept his proposal of marriage, the young man found himself making a number of concessions regarding the specifics of their prospective life together. At last, he said, "All right, honey, let's agree on a compromise. You can wear the pants in the family—but I'll retain the right to work the zipper."

Dad," said the adolescent boy, "I guess it won't be long before I have an affair. You see, last night my girlfriend and I held hands for the first time."

"I wouldn't concern myself about it," chuckled his father. "Holding hands, son, is a long way from having an affair."

"Even if you're in the shower at the time?"

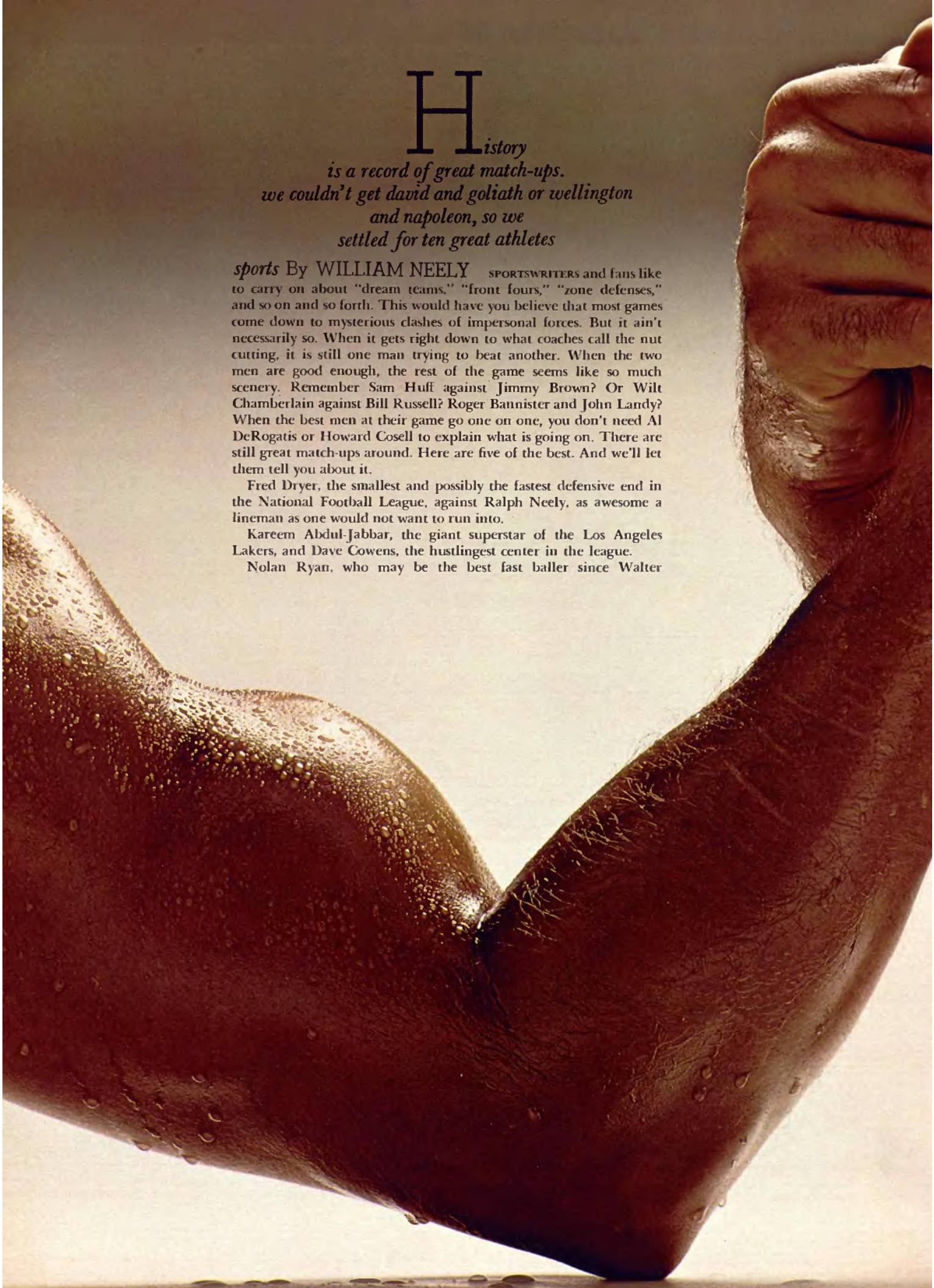
Just before he left town on a business trip, the handsome executive surprised his girl with a vibrator to keep her company while he was away. "Imagine I'm attached to it during the long, lonesome nights," he said with a smile.

On his return, the fellow noticed the gadget in the girl's bedroom wastebasket. "You didn't like it?" he asked.

"No," she grumbled. "The damn thing kept shaking the fillings out of my teeth!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"With frankincense and myrrh, it's ten dollars extra."



History

is a record of great match-ups. we couldn't get david and goliath or wellington and napoleon, so we settled for ten great athletes

sports By WILLIAM NEELY SPORTSWRITERS and fans like to carry on about "dream teams," "front fours," "zone defenses," and so on and so forth. This would have you believe that most games come down to mysterious clashes of impersonal forces. But it ain't necessarily so. When it gets right down to what coaches call the nut cutting, it is still one man trying to beat another. When the two men are good enough, the rest of the game seems like so much scenery. Remember Sam Huff against Jimmy Brown? Or Wilt Chamberlain against Bill Russell? Roger Bannister and John Landy? When the best men at their game go one on one, you don't need Al DeRogatis or Howard Cosell to explain what is going on. There are still great match-ups around. Here are five of the best. And we'll let them tell you about it.

Fred Dryer, the smallest and possibly the fastest defensive end in the National Football League, against Ralph Neely, as awesome a lineman as one would not want to run into.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the giant superstar of the Los Angeles Lakers, and Dave Cowens, the hustlingest center in the league.

Nolan Ryan, who may be the best fast baller since Walter

Dueling Jocks

Johnson, certainly since Sandy Koufax, against Rod Carew, one of the greatest hitters in the history of baseball.

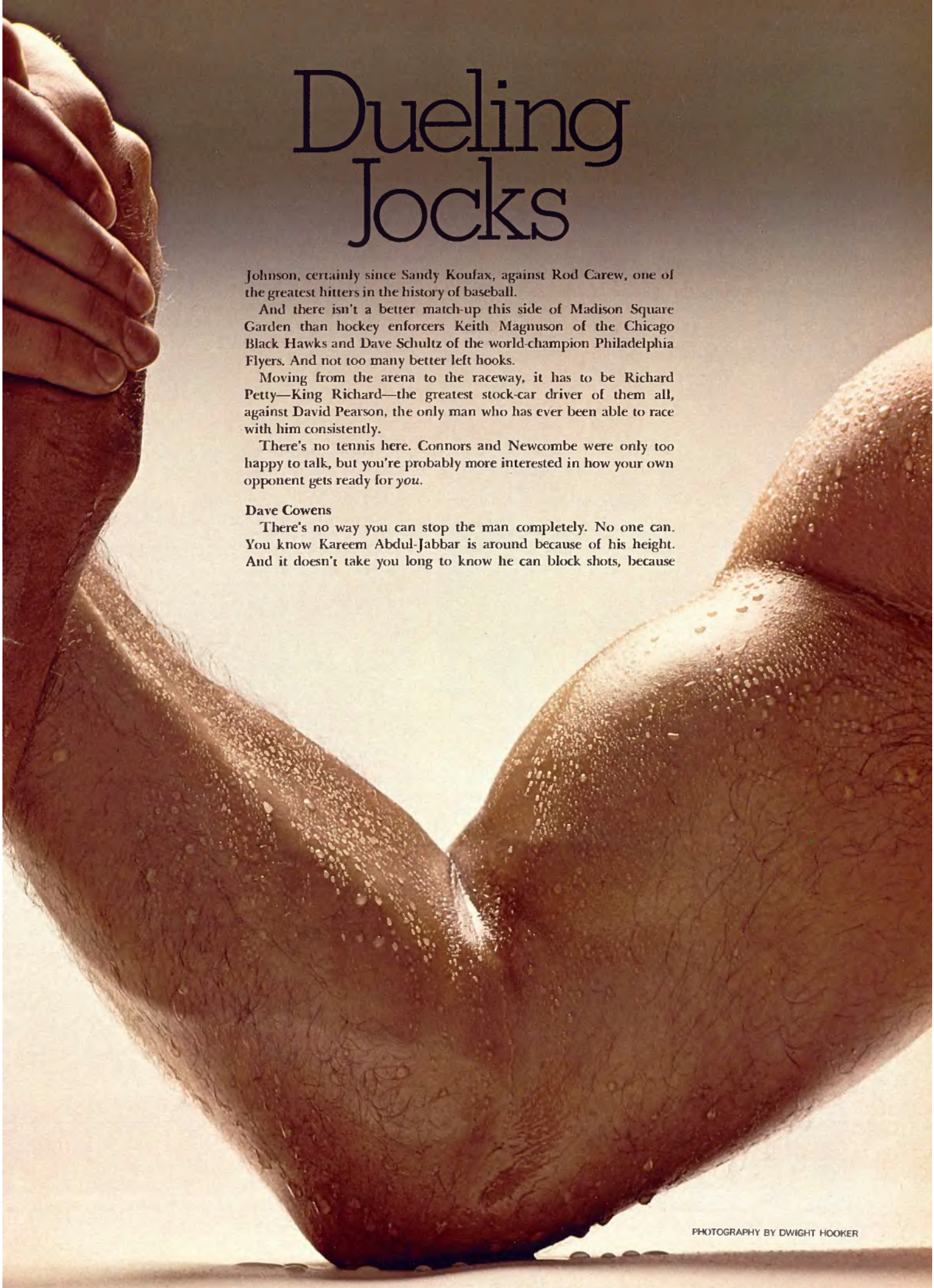
And there isn't a better match-up this side of Madison Square Garden than hockey enforcers Keith Magnuson of the Chicago Black Hawks and Dave Schultz of the world-champion Philadelphia Flyers. And not too many better left hooks.

Moving from the arena to the raceway, it has to be Richard Petty—King Richard—the greatest stock-car driver of them all, against David Pearson, the only man who has ever been able to race with him consistently.

There's no tennis here. Connors and Newcombe were only too happy to talk, but you're probably more interested in how your own opponent gets ready for *you*.

Dave Cowens

There's no way you can stop the man completely. No one can. You know Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is around because of his height. And it doesn't take you long to know he can block shots, because



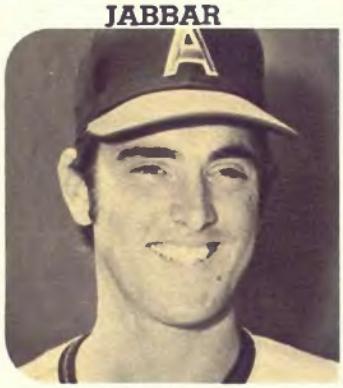
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

DRYER

NEELY

JABBAR

COWENS



RYAN

CAREW

MAGNUSON

SCHULTZ

PEARSON

PETTY

he's so tall (7'4") [officially, 7'2"] and has this tremendous reach. But he still has to have a strong forward who's going to help him out on the boards, because the other pros like myself will screen out Kareem every time, not even thinking of getting the rebound themselves.

You just have to make sure he's not standing around, getting the balls that are flying around, because he's at a different altitude.

One of the things that make Kareem such an outstanding offensive player is his passing ability. People don't realize that, but he stands up there above everyone and just picks people out. He can spot forwards sagging in the lane, or the guards, whatever. And he can get the ball to them.

They run many plays off him to make it easier to get the ball into him for a shot. He has the hook shot from both sides and now he has developed a turnaround jumper. Everybody was playing him to the middle, so he came up with the turnaround to the base line and he's good with it.

You have to stay with him and that wears you down. On offense, you have to play harder, too, because you have to try to get some of the points back that he's scoring on the other end.

I have always tried to play him to the middle, always trying to ease him out so that he's going to take the hook from a little farther out. That cuts down the percentages. If he's hitting from out there, there's a great possibility that you're going to get beaten.

But you have to try to push him out and keep him away from the boards; fight him for position, make him work hard. He likes to come across the middle, so you have to know where the ball is and there are certain places you just can't let the ball go.

I've never been much of a fan of basketball. I mean, I never read the sports pages and built up a lot of heroes, so a player like Abdul-Jabbar doesn't intimidate me. His press clippings don't impress me. All I know is that he is good and I have to play my best against him. I know it sounds idealistic, but you have to keep that idealism in mind. You have to strive for it, at least, and you're not going to get it all the time, because you're human. You're going to take short cuts and rest and at times you're going to be resting when you shouldn't be, but you have to keep those to a minimum.

There are some teams and players you know you'll have to play 48 minutes of good basketball against and there are others you'll play, say, 40 minutes, but with Kareem you just know that you have to go full steam from the opening tap to the end.

I don't like losing and I don't like the *feeling* of losing, but more than that, I don't like the way other people react to you when you lose. When Jabbar gets a streak and they're cheering like mad, I can't stand it and I play harder.

You take a lot of crap and you say, "Hey, I know I can do all these things." Sometimes you can and sometimes you fall flat on your face. I mean, you try and still you don't have that competitive edge, but against Kareem, I usually find it. He gives me the confidence and I say to myself, "Hey, I'll see you over there. Try and stop me."

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

It's unbelievable; he's almost like a perpetual-motion machine. No one can run up and down the court every minute, but Cowens comes close to it. This makes it tough on me, because I know I have to be around all the time—particularly when they set up the fast break.

That's another thing: When I analyze another player, it's both the player and the setting he is in. And with Dave, you have the aspect of his playing with the Celtics, which is actually the perfect setting for him to be playing in. The Celtics are aggressive and so is Dave.

Like all good rebounders, Dave is a fighter on the boards and his effectiveness is increased because of his good timing. He doesn't score very well against *(continued on page 164)*

parody

JUGS

soon to be a minor motion picture

By ROBERT BILLINGS

HENRY BIVVENS was no dummy. Everybody said so. A man doesn't own and run a successful 1000-acre farm, dead-drunk every day by noon, by being stupid. He had seen something moving. At first it was just a dark shadow. But as he got within spitting distance of it, he could distinctly discern substance.

The thing, the shape, seemed to sense a change in the earth's rhythm. It

did not see Henty Bivvens, nor did it yet smell him. Running the length of its body was a series of small canals, filled with mucus and dotted with nerve endings, and these nerves detected vibrations and signaled its brain, its small, primitive brain.

The shape stopped. Approached. Its hands began to work, quickly, practiced, at toggles, belts, buttons. Suddenly, it tore open its raincoat, revealing primordial flesh. Henry Bivvens gasped and stared. He had been around the world three times, been to two dogfights and a whorehouse in Steubenville, and he had never seen anything like the enormous pair of white breasts that confronted him now. Awesome in their size and ghostly whiteness, like fate itself, they seemed to beckon to him, inviting him toward their deadly atavistic mysteries. Caught by the siren call, Henry obeyed. Then it had him! Seizing him by the ears, it held tight while his struggling face was pressed into those great white mounds. Presently, his struggles ceased. He was found several days later, in a rain-filled ditch, his nude body already a dismal gray, what remained of his bruised face still wearing that final smile. But the beast had left a clue. Traces of $C_3H_6O_3$ were found on his lips.

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Police Chief Charles Parker was in his mid-40s. At 6'1" and 200 pounds, his once muscular body was beginning to show the ravages of age. He was staring dead on into the hazel eyes of Mayor James Coppard, of Coppard and Bowser Grain Wholesalers. In his mid-50s, trim, with distinguished salt-and-pepper hair, Mayor Coppard in his Hush Puppies loafers exhibited the understated chic that had made him the social lion of Ardent, South Dakota. Parker was saying to him, "I'm closing this town down. At least until we find . . . stop . . . that. . . ." His voice trailed off.

Mayor Coppard flushed. (He was not reminded of Jane, Chief Parker's wife. She looked far younger than her age—nubile, even, despite her nine children. She had grown up among Ardent's socially elite, with a player piano in the living room. She never shared her bedroom with more than two of her 11 horny brothers at once, and her brothers shucked all the corn, saving her hands for the delicate quilting work. Although Jane's elegant background had prepared her for the fast cosmopolitan life in Bismarck or Minot, she had by some error of love married the chief, a corn shucker, a plodder, a plowboy, a policeman. Jane longed for what she had lost and she knew by the creamy, dreamy tingling in her lace-trimmed Pillsbury's XXXX undies that Mayor James Coppard still had a crush on her after all these years. He seemed to her deliciously handsome when flushed. It brought out his best points, she thought secretly when alone in the confessional of the privy.) Flushed, but without a thought of Jane Parker, Mayor Coppard replied heatedly, "You're damn tootin' you won't. We've got this Future Farmers convention comin' in come full moon and I ain't fuckin' with the fuckin' Future Farmers. You know what that business means to this town, the pool hall, the gas station, Shorty's Diner, the drugstore. Besides, I got partners." Mayor Coppard's eyes narrowed ominously. (Jane had never seen him with ominously narrowed eyes.)

"I won't be responsible," sobbed Chief Parker. "All those young boys. The Future Farmers at the mercy of . . . that thing." (Jane had contempt for his sobs, his red eyes, his corn shucker's hands—or would have had she been there.) "It's already taken three, four . . . how many more?"

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Dr. Mahatma Jeeves, intern at the Ardent Nursing Home, Morgue, Hospice, Gift Shop, Tourist Center and Post Office, was the first to diagnose what we, through the infinite, beneficent wisdom of hindsight, would knowingly refer to as the Dunwich Horror, if the setting of our tale were in Dunwich, but which we for geographical accuracy will refer to as the Ardent Terror, set as it is among the rolling countryside of Ardent, South Dakota, neighbor to Belle Fourche, geographic center of the nation.

Reedy Blackman, we now know, was the first victim. First-string center on the Ardent High School and Trust Company basketball team, he had been in the hay with his pet lamb. He had gone not 100 yards into the alfalfa when it struck. All his pimples had gone white. His own father puked when he saw him. But he usually did.

Less than a week later, Willie Occam, owner of Slipper Sal's, a barbershop and one-girl bordello, was brought into the combination coalbin and emergency ward at the Ardent Catchall—as the natives humorously and self-deprecatingly referred to the nursing home, morgue, hospice, gift shop, tourist center and post office—in deep shock. Dr. Jeeves, familiar with Occam's sexual preferences, immediately administered anthrax vaccine. But he also noticed two identical deep marks burned into the points of Occam's shoulders. "Ship not do thaat," he muttered.

Recovering somewhat following the injection, Occam began to mutter darkly, "Big white . . . those things . . . never . . . seen . . . anything . . . like . . . those . . . monstrous. . . ." Even in the final extremity, his sentence structure was faultless, albeit somewhat staggered. And then a scream. Nurse Catherine Barkley, famous throughout all of Ardent County for her marvelous, near miraculous boobs, had entered the room.

Occam lapsed back into shock, but not before throwing his head back and screaming a guttural cry of terror. By pressing his ear to the dying man's lips, Dr. Jeeves heard his last word. Or rather the last part of the last syllable of his last word.

"It sounding, sahib, please, veddy mouch like, sahib, please, like 'zzzts.' Sahib pleased?" Dr. Jeeves asked Chief Parker and patrolman John Fanning, a biophysicist who much preferred what he called the human element to chasing molecular missing links.

Leaving Fanning in the office they shared with Uncle Mao, the town's Chinese laundryman, and playing a hunch, Chief Parker drove over to Belle Fourche to visit Edmund Wilson. Wilson had majored in English for two years at the state vocational school and had devoted the last 47 to compiling a dictionary of word endings.

"So you think it could be anything," said Parker, getting ready to leave, "bits, hits, wits, lits, mits, sits, fits, gits, its, but that most likely it's 'zzzts.' Hummmmm," he said, scratching his deerstalker.

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"How long do you think you can keep this quiet?" demanded Darrell Feldmeyer, editor of the monthly *Ardent Tidbits*, wiping the remains of a Sacher Torte pizza from his vest. Feldmeyer was an editor of the old school, a hard drinker and chain gumchewer. Never without his gum, his "ole chomp," as he called it, and even when devouring one of his hard-boiled-egg-and-oyster or rhubarb-and-anchovy pizzas, he always kept ole chomp securely fastened to his surgically corrected harelip, or as surgically corrected as Dr. Jeeves could make it. He now spoke with a stuttering, whistling lisp. He was devoted to the town and had proved it by hushing up the story of the girl he had reason to believe was on drugs supplied by the son of an Iranian onion farmer.

"You have a mad . . . thing . . . on your hands . . . the lives of everyone in this town, this county . . . and you're telling me to . . ." he stutter-whistle-lisped. "Why, I'm going to blow the lid off this thing . . . I'm . . . you're dealing with freedom of the press! Friendship aside. . . . The press is a flaming sword! I'll be damn——"

"Think for a moment," said Mayor Coppard, chicly understated in his Oshkosh B'Gosh pinstripe bibs, "what this will mean to the businessmen in this town, the druggist, the pool hall, Shorty's Diner and the gas station come full moon, when the Future Farmers get here. . . . Besides, I got partners."

"Oh," stutter-whistle-lisped Feldmeyer, "a matter of public safety! Why didn't you say so? Why should the free press be used to cater to the prurient interests of a few gossips and busybodies? You're right, Mr. Mayor, and if Parker here tries anything funny, we'll fire him!"

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"Tits," said Norman Maylorder, "boobs, gazooms, you call 'em what you

(continued on page 269)

SUPERSPECIAL BOUNTY TO MAKE GIVING AND GETTING A YULE TREAT

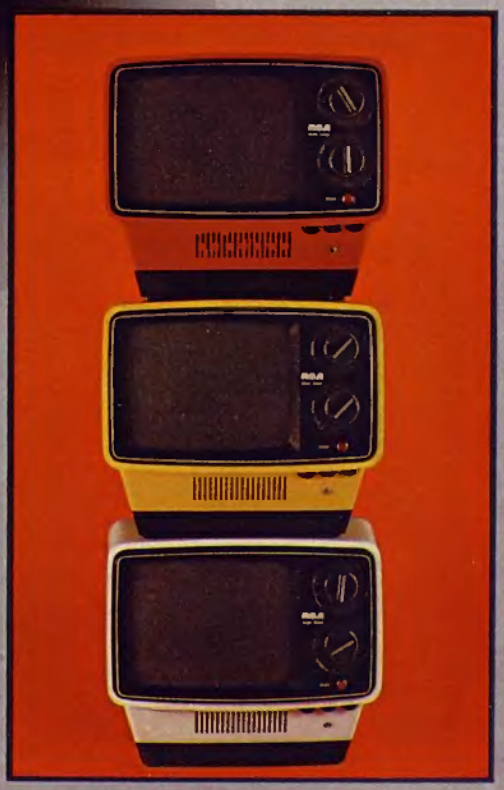
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

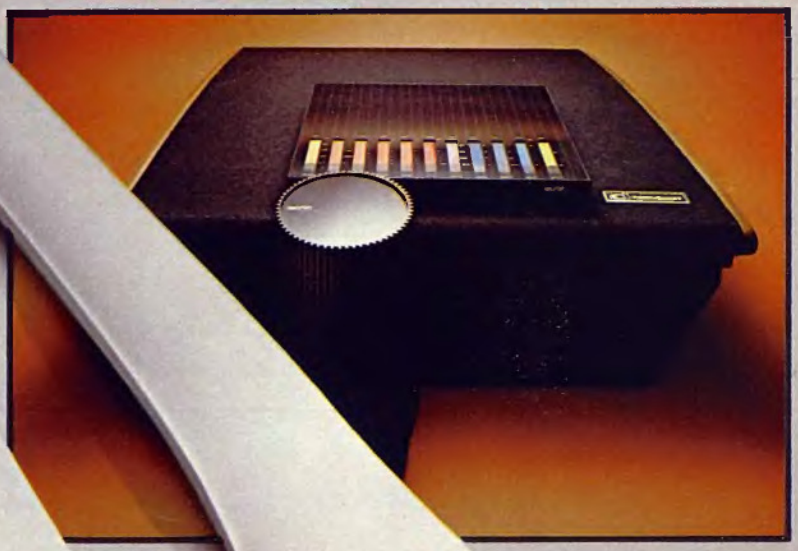
Above right: Bath sponge imported from the Mediterranean, from Chicago Sponge, $15 to $25, depending on size; and the Omega Megoquartz 2'400, the only electronic wristwatch to pass the rigorous tests necessary to qualify as a marine chronometer, by Omega, $1850.

Right: For underwater photography, a watertight housing that's equipped with a platform camera mount and controls for adjusting the lens aperture and shutter speed, for releasing the shutter and for switching on an internal light for reading lens scales even at night, by Hasselblad, $1416.

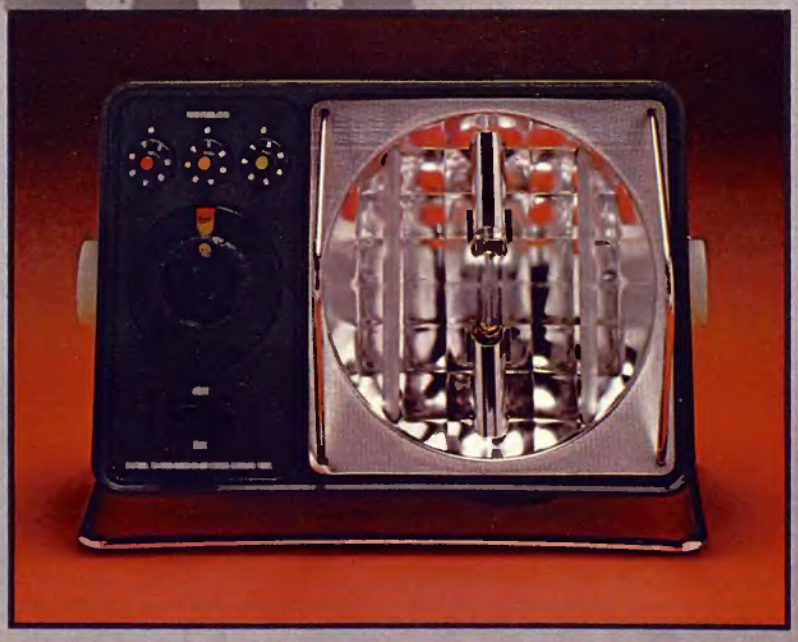
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Top: Stainless-steel backgammon table with inlaid-leather playing board that flips over to become a desk (also leather) or regular game table, by Karl Springer, $3750. Below: An 18-kt.-gold and ivory pillbox, $2650, plus matching lighter, $2850, and, of course, matching cigarette case, $8575, all from Hunting World.





Top: The AP1 power amplifier that's self-contained in a dust-proof, heat-dissipating column, $325, and the Lecson AC1 pre-amplifier/control unit featuring flush-mounted slide controls, $535, both from Audiophile Imports. Below: Mr. Sun tanning lamp allows user to set exposure for different skin types, by Norelco, $54.



Left: Sportable black-and-white TV with a nine-diagonal-inch screen operates on its own battery, house current or via an auto-cigarette-lighter adapter, from RCA, $160, including battery and adapter. Above: Shark-design five-piece stainless-steel place setting that's made in Denmark, from Georg Jensen, $27 a setting.

Above: The Chappy, a compact, lightweight (approximately 163 lbs.), 80-c.c. motorcycle built for one that handles easily and boasts 118 mpg, available with four-speed transmission, by Yamaha International, $359.

Below left: The Jecklin Float electrostatic headphone set features large surface systems and a power supply that's directly connected to the power output of the amplifier, from R. Allen Waech, $330.
Below right: A sculptured marble slab encases a marble washbasin and backsplash, all set in a polished-stainless-steel frame with Brancusi-type chrome hardware, by Sherle Wagner, $3600 the sink, $256 the hardware.

Above: An 18-kt.-gold and enamel over-the-cuff bracelet, from Hunting World, $5500, sits atop a reproduction of a set of sheep horns that has been cast from the original with great attention to detail, approximately 13" high, from Cosco Collections, $58.

Above: Blaupunkt's Berlin Electronic car stereo system features a computerized digital tuner that receives AM/FM, plus short-wave signal, from Robert Bosch, $1200, including installation.

Below left: The MCM portable data terminal that weighs only 3.8 lbs. is about the size of a dictionary, provides on-line computer access for any job via the telephone, by Micon Industries, $1200. Below right: Two elegant, quartz-movement, battery-operated desk clocks available in a variety of geometric and asymmetrical designs, by Concord, $400 for the gilt-finished model (left) and $490 for the gilt-and-rhodium-finished one (right).

Dueling Jocks *(continued from page 156)*

me inside unless he can get position for offensive rebounds. He gives me the biggest problem when the Celtics are fast-breaking. I'll drop back halfway between the free-throw line and the basket to stop any penetration and to try to block any shots the guards might get if they beat someone on my team to the hoop.

As a center, Dave is first-rate. I don't think anyone in the league is second-rate. I mean, I can't give you an A, B, C or D on Dave, but he is certainly one of the finer centers I face. Hey, a lot of people say Dave Cowens is a great rebounding center, period. They forget that after he gets those rebounds, he makes the passes to start the fast break and then a lot of times follows the fast break down and puts in that one-hander from the free-throw area.

And they also forget that I have to stay with him all the time, because he can hit from out there. The Celtics wouldn't win as many games as they do if they didn't have him.

What else can I say? He's good and he's aggressive and to me that makes a good center. What he lacks in height (he's 6'9") he makes up in muscle. Players can do that. And I know one thing: I wouldn't want to fight him. One time he punched Bob Dandridge; he gave him a right-left combination and put Bob on his seat, so I don't want to fight anybody as rugged as that. He's a very fiery guy, but I've never seen him try to hurt anybody while he's playing. He takes as good as he gives and I never hear him complain. I would have to say he's a gentleman.

Richard Petty

Over the years, David [Pearson] has been the toughest cat for me to beat, day in and day out, year in and year out. I mean, short tracks, dirt tracks, superspeedways, road courses, you name it.

Sometimes he hasn't been the hardest driver in the world, but he does a lot of thinkin', and you don't find that too much. Oh, if he has to drive hard, he can and does. He's in good physical shape and he just don't get tired; he can race you to the end. I guess this is as important as most things. Some people say, "I can't run with them now, but by the time we run three, four hundred miles, I'll be able to smoke 'em." With David, you don't figure on beatin' him like that. You have to figure on just plain outrunnin' him or outsmartin' him. Or gettin' outrun or outsmarted.

About the only place I got him smoked now is on the short tracks, and that's because he don't run as many of them anymore as I do. As for the big tracks, sometimes I get him and sometimes he gets me.

One thing about David: Of all the drivers I drive with, I would trust him further than any of the rest; not trust to the sense that you think he's always right but trust when you're runnin' beside him or if he has to make a split-second decision. If you're following him in a draft with three or four cars and something happens up front, like somebody spins or slides, and you can't see anything, well, if he makes a right-hand turn, you just follow him. If he goes through the fence, you just go out with him. And you feel like there wasn't no other way out. I have that kind of confidence in his driving.

When he's drafting me (following about a foot away at top speed), I trust his judgment there, too. I know he'll work with me and try to make me run fast so he can run faster. He don't try to play around and mess you up so far as handling is concerned, or try to slow you down or any of that kind of stuff. We just get out there and run, man. And that's what it's all about.

As far as driving style is concerned, he's not that much different from Bobby Allison or Cale Yarborough or any of those other cats. But on the old dirt tracks, he was something special. He had his own technique and he was hard to beat.

He did one thing I don't understand, though. I mean, I been racin' with him for 15 years and I didn't understand what he did at Daytona last year in the Firecracker 400. If I had trusted him any further that day, we would both have crashed. We had already taken the white flag tellin' us we were goin' into the last lap and David run down to the start-finish line with me on his bumper at 190–200 miles an hour. Well, he just run down into the first corner and let off. He turned left a little and I had to swerve to the right to miss him. When I went by, he caught my draft and stayed back there until the fourth turn, where he pulled out and slingshot by me as we crossed the finish line.

Now, I don't mind gettin' outrun, but I didn't like him pullin' a trick like that. Besides, I was runnin' second, anyhow. Most of us race by an unwritten law where you do certain things and there's a limit. I mean, you just only cheat so much or you only take advantage so much, and this was a deal where I think from my understanding of the ethics of racing that he went a little overboard.

But there again, he was ridin' around there and he was thinkin'—and me and him had run off and left everybody else—and I guess he felt that if he wasn't careful, I was going to outthink him. I was thinkin' the same way. But I didn't think he'd go *that far*.

Four or five weeks after that, we ran at Talladega and it was the same situation, except I was leading and David was second. He had caught me on a caution flag and went past me on the white-flag lap. I guess I slowed down a little. But he passed me and I caught a good draft and started by him as we came out of four. We sort of leaned on each other a little bit. He cut one way and I didn't move and sparks flew off the cars, but I beat him by a couple of feet.

Everybody said, "Well, I see you got even," and I said, "You don't never get even."

David Pearson

Richard [Petty] is a real good boy. As for runnin' on a race track, I had rather run with him than anyone I know. I really had.

'Course, the sportswriters start a lot of things. Like last year at Daytona; all that stuff wasn't true, you know. I mean, I was leadin' the race on the last lap and naturally you're gonna do anything you can to outfox the other guy. Well, I knew he was gonna draft by me when we came out of four. There wasn't no way in the world I was gonna outrun him. So I had to think of something, some way to make him pass me before we got to the fourth turn.

I just backed off and pulled to the inside and naturally he thought something happened to my car, so he just went buzzin' right on by me, and then I come right up on him and started draftin' him. I passed him comin' off number four and won the race.

As for Talladega—where the reporters got in it again—it wasn't exactly the same. I couldn't run with Richard there. I thought Allison and them was a lap behind or I wouldn't have passed Richard in the first place. My back glass was comin' out and air was gettin' under it and the car was a mess. But it was some kind of finish, anyway.

To tell you the truth, I'm more relaxed runnin' close to Richard than by anybody else. Even if we're rubbin' fenders. I mean, I know what he's gonna do, because I've run with him long enough. A lot of those other drivers, you don't know what they're gonna do. They might run in one corner wide-open one time and the next they might back off, but Richard is smooth. He'll usually run the same groove all day long and at the same speed. That makes a lot of difference when you're drafting somebody.

On a long track, it's more or less the car; I mean, you got more runnin' room and you can run harder. But on a short track, you can take a car that's not even runnin' good and you can still do pretty good. Just like Martinsville, Virginia: It's strictly a handling track and Richard is real hard to beat there.

'Course, Richard has been runnin' short races since he started and he's really good. You'll follow him through and,

(continued on page 278)

I CAUGHT FLIES FOR HOWARD HUGHES

the first close-up look at the world's most eccentric billionaire by a personal aide who spent three incredible years with him

article

By RON KISTLER

IT WAS DURING THE TIME that Howard Hughes was cooped up in bungalow four of the Beverly Hills Hotel that I became proficient at catching flies. During that period, I was one of six people in the Hughes organization who *saw* Hughes and the one who served as his sole companion in that dark bungalow, staying with him as he ran and reran movies. He would sit, nude except for a hotel napkin on his lap, in the sweltering heat (he refused to allow the air conditioners to be turned on), stacking Kleenex boxes atop one another, watching the films. I sat in a chair several feet behind him, his projectionist . . . and flycatcher.

Catching flies for Howard Hughes by the approved method meant that you could use only your hands. No fly swatters, newspapers or magazines, sticky paper or spray cans were allowed. You had to cover your hand with Kleenex so that the hand would not come into direct contact with the enemy, and you had to move slowly. Any sudden movement would raise a cloud of dust in the incredibly littered room. Patience was the key: Hughes had patience, the fly had patience, and so you had to have patience.

Whenever a fly managed to get past the guard outside the bungalow door—his job was to keep the pests out whenever the door was opened—I would stalk it ever so carefully, keeping the hand palm up, with the Kleenex draped over it. If the fly was in a relatively dust-free location, I would swipe at it just before it could take off. Hughes always insisted that he personally see the fallen enemy, so it was necessary to stand in front of his chair, extend my arm to a position eight inches from his nose, unfold the Kleenex and let him inspect the kill. On rare occasions, he would say, "That's a nice fly, Ron," or "You were real quick on that one." I would say nothing, because Hughes did not wish me to speak in his presence.

It was the oddest time of my life.

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In March of 1957, I was living in a suburb of Los Angeles, out of work, and Dick Homer, a friend of mine who was holding two jobs, said he could get me some work with the firm for which he moonlighted. A couple of days later, a man called and identified himself as Bennie Carlisle. He said that Dick had given him my name and wondered if I would be interested in meeting with him in 30 minutes. Surprised by the abruptness, I said yes, and he told me to meet him at the phone booth in the Standard gas station at the intersection of Balboa Avenue and Victory Boulevard in Van Nuys. He told me he'd be driving a green Chevy; but after I had gotten to the station and waited a half hour, a man pulled up in a blue Chevy. I went up to him; it was Carlisle, and after we had chatted for a while, he gave me a short-form job application, which I filled out in his car. He asked if I knew where Cloverfield Airport was: It was the field in Santa Monica I had always thought belonged to Douglas Aircraft, which was located next door. He told me to be there, at the southeast corner of the field, at midnight that night and report to a guy in a Chevy parked near a Convair 440. Apparently, I had been hired, though I didn't know by whom or what I was supposed to do. Whatever it was, I was to do it from midnight to eight A.M.

When I got to the airport, I found a filthy Convair sitting in a corner of the field, an equally filthy Chevy parked near it and no one in the car. There was a note saying that someone named Parker had had to leave at 11:45 to tend to his sick wife. Since I had gotten to the field at 11, I was anxious to meet this Parker

and compare watches with him. I didn't meet *anyone* for four days, by which time my wife and I were barely speaking: She thought it would be sensible if I knew something about whom I was working for, what I was supposed to do *and how much I was getting paid*. She was right, but my pal Dick was out of town and he was the only person I could ask.

Finally, on the fifth night, I got to the field and there was a guy, huddled in the Chevy, reading a book by the light of a flashlight. He told me his name was Pat, that he was a student at Loyola University and a substitute for the elusive Parker, and, more importantly, that we worked for Hughes Productions. We were supposed to be guarding the Convair and we were earning two dollars an hour, with time and a half after 40 hours. Since Parker and the guard who occasionally showed up to relieve me were so casual, I began taking an air mattress in my station wagon, along with an alarm clock and a sleeping bag to ward off the Pacific night chill. I'd grab seven hours' sleep and keep looking for work during the day. My only connection with the Hughes empire was picking up my checks at Operations.

Operations was a block-long, two-story art-deco building located at 7000 Romaine Street in Hollywood. It served as offices for the Hughes staff. Operations' number-one reason for existence is supposed to be to serve Howard Hughes, but it seemed to me that what it did was to screw up Hughes's life and take care of itself. Inside the main office was a battery of male secretaries, all Mormons who had gone to Brigham Young University. Whenever the phone rang, they transcribed everything—every word—that was said, no matter who was calling. That log was kept at Hughes's instructions, so that he could call Operations any time and get his messages, which would be read to him in entirety: time of call, staff member who took it, name of caller and the conversation, including vocal inflections, pauses, stammers or any other mannerism that might indicate the state of mind of the caller. The state of mind of the person answering was always the same: The secretaries were unfailingly polite, spoke with the same Utah twang, and when they got mad, the closest they came to profanity was to utter an exasperated "For *heck's* sakes. . . ."

Hughes was on his way to becoming a recluse by 1957, and my finances were on their way back to normal when I was ordered to work double shifts at the airport. But I quickly became as lazy as the rest of the guard operation, and so I was at home, asleep, one night when I got a frantic call from Operations, wanting to know why I wasn't at the airport. A very important person—the most important of them all, in fact—was supposed to be there, and I was given instructions on how to act around Howard Hughes: Don't look at him; don't talk to him; don't touch him. That was all I had time to hear before I ran for my post. When I got there, a group of airplane mechanics was moving a Douglas DC-6 cargo plane from its hangar to a position near the Convair. Supervising the move was a tall, thin guy dressed in a sports coat, a white shirt open at the neck and brown slacks. It was Howard Hughes.

Because Hughes had devised a cockamamie system for towing the plane, the move took until dawn, which brought a crowd of early-morning pilots to see why six men were doing a two-man job. I ran over to the edge of the crowd and did what I could to keep the people away from Hughes and the planes. Suddenly, a voice from the rear called out, "Who's that old gent?"

As I tried to think of an answer, another voice yelled, "Isn't that *Howard Hughes*?"

I was still fumbling when a third man boomed, "Hell, yes, that's old Howard! I've seen him fly in and out of here for ten years." That seemed to satisfy the men and they turned to go to the parking lot.

I turned around and damn near fell over the hood of a blue Chevy, which contained Hughes and his driver. During the mob scene, he had retreated, and I figured I had nothing more to lose. My eyes would not be diverted. By God, I was going to take a good look, since I figured it would be my last. Much to my surprise, I found Hughes looking directly at me and, more importantly, his angular face was in the beginning stages of a grin; then he gave me a full smile. Apparently he'd noticed my efforts in his behalf.

A couple of months later, I was informed by phone that I had been selected to join the "drivers' pool" of 12 or so full-time men. The room we worked out of was in a small building at 941 North Orange, right next to the Romaine Street building.

Working at the airport had allowed me total freedom of self-expression: If I showed up for work wearing nothing more than a jockstrap and some suntan oil, there would be no one to tell me I had overstepped the line. But at the center of the Hughes organization, those lines were carefully drawn. There was a list of do's and don'ts that we were expected to follow. The do's were standard stuff: Dress neatly in a conservative suit; keep your hair neatly trimmed; keep your nails short and clean; be attentive to instructions; and, last but not least, be available. (As it turned out, being available for Hughes meant that I would be paid for many 168-hour work weeks.)

The don'ts were much more restrictive and included: Don't smoke; don't drink; don't eat garlic, onions or Roquefort salad dressing; don't talk to anyone concerning your duties; don't question any assignment; and never, never ask why (I later learned that it was morally permissible to ask why, but the question would never be

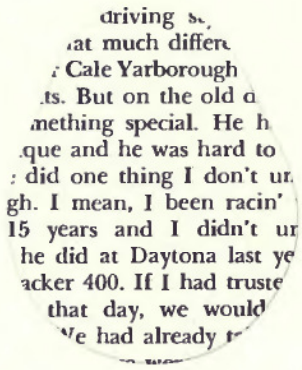


ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

answered). Those rules were not posted anywhere. Orders were seldom, if ever, written down; the Operations staff liked to repeat instructions over and over again until you could repeat them: It was the Mormon equivalent of the catechism.

The duties of the drivers were varied. In the course of a week, I might complete the following missions for Operations: Pick up newspapers and magazines; pick up restaurant food or special ice cream for a member of the Operations staff; mail letters; pick up Hughes's head secretary at home, drive her to her office at Operations and drive her home again at the end of the day; pick up Mrs. Hughes's maid in Pacific Palisades and drive her to the Beverly Hills Hotel, to Mrs. Hughes's bungalow, and then home again.

On occasion, Operations would call, asking for a specific driver to perform a task. (Bluntly put, the staff of Operations recognized that the drivers they were hiring straight out of Fleabite, Utah, hadn't the savvy to perform any but the simplest chores, so the few of us who had demonstrated some street smarts were often called for by name.)

We would drive out of our parking lot, go around the block and wind up under a window at the northwest corner of the Operations building. After honking the horn and waiting, we would see a face appear at the window. Much of the time, "important" instructions of the great Hughes empire would be shouted down to the driver by the staff member upstairs. Some of the time, the staff people upstairs took advantage of modern technology: They lowered messages using a fishline with a note attached by a clothespin. A typical urgent communiqué might be: "Take this note to the address shown on the front. When you arrive there, go immediately to apartment number 104. Knock on the door. When the door is opened, say nothing, but give this note to the party who has opened the door. Wait there. You will be given a package. Do not open the package but bring it directly back to Operations and signal in the normal manner so that we can retrieve this package." The retrieval system was that same fishing line, and there were any number of windy days when the men across the street who worked for a concrete manufacturer had to believe we were nuts, with our little messages blowing in the wind.

Much of the drivers' time was taken up with the starlets who were under contract to Hughes Productions. Signed up by Hughes's talent scout, Walter Kane, the young women would spend days at drama lessons, dance lessons and voice lessons. This schooling was given at the private residences of the instructors, in houses scattered throughout Hollywood, Beverly Hills and West L.A. A driver would be assigned to a particular starlet for a day, taking her from lesson to lesson. Since each lesson lasted two hours, it made for a leisurely day for the drivers, with lots of goof-off time: The drivers would meet for coffee in the morning and—for a few of us—clandestine drinks in the late afternoon. (I also used the early-afternoon hours to sharpen my skills at pool, snooker and billiards.)

There was one standing rule of the road for drivers who had a Hughes starlet in the car. If we saw a bump in the road, we were supposed to slow down to a maximum speed of two miles an hour and c-r-a-w-l over the obstruction so as not to jiggle the starlet's breasts. I learned that Hughes was one of the world's consummate tit men, and he was convinced that women's breasts would sag dangerously unless treated gently and supported at all times. (Perhaps the no-bra world we live in these days is one of the reasons Hughes stays in hiding.)

Evening was the start of the real fun. At least twice a week, the drivers on starlet duty would be required to take a starlet to dinner, at either Perino's or the Lanai Restaurant of the Beverly Hills Hotel—both top-rank eateries. We were usually paired with a new starlet each time, the idea being to discourage familiarity. What really discouraged any familiarity was the fact that we would escort them in the company of their agents and, quite often, their parents. Under no circumstances could we escort an unchaperoned starlet.

Every starlet I escorted looked like every *other* starlet under contract to Hughes Productions. Whether she had been first-place winner in the Miss Universe Contest or Miss Personality in the L.A. County Citrus Show, she was invariably dark-haired, heavy-bosomed and flat-hipped, around 5'3", bearing a certain resemblance to Jean Peters, a former star and then Hughes's wife.

The dinners (and movies, stage plays or concerts afterward) were reasonably enjoyable, even if the starlets were interested only in looking for famous faces who might advance their careers. But the real fun came from the fact that the restaurant would invariably contain other Hughes drivers, having dinner with *their* collection of starlets, agents and parents. We were ordered not to acknowledge the presence of our friends, but we would try to break one another up by passing notes or making faces. It was silly stuff, but it may have served as escape from the disquieting fact that the starlet you had taken to dinner two nights earlier would literally look right through you when she was being escorted by another driver.

The best part of the dinner was the knowledge that lurking in the parking lot, not eating, were the private detectives. One was assigned to each driver-starlet car, to make certain there was no hanky-panky. About half the time, that detective would be followed by *another* detective, presumably to prevent any coordinated driver-detective sexual conquest. (It was never clear what the agent and the parents were supposed to be doing during this fantasy seduction.) In any event, part of the pleasure of my $20 steak dinners was the knowledge that the streets around the parking lot at Perino's would be littered with gumshoes trying to look inconspicuous in one of L.A.'s posher neighborhoods.

None of the starlets we escorted ever became stars, even with all the coaching and the hotsy-totsy food. The only ones who ever achieved anything big in Hollywood had to break their contracts, get new agents and start all over again. Hughes seemed to want them on the payroll as if they were a soil bank. He paid them generously, but Hughes Productions wasn't producing any movies during that period.

•

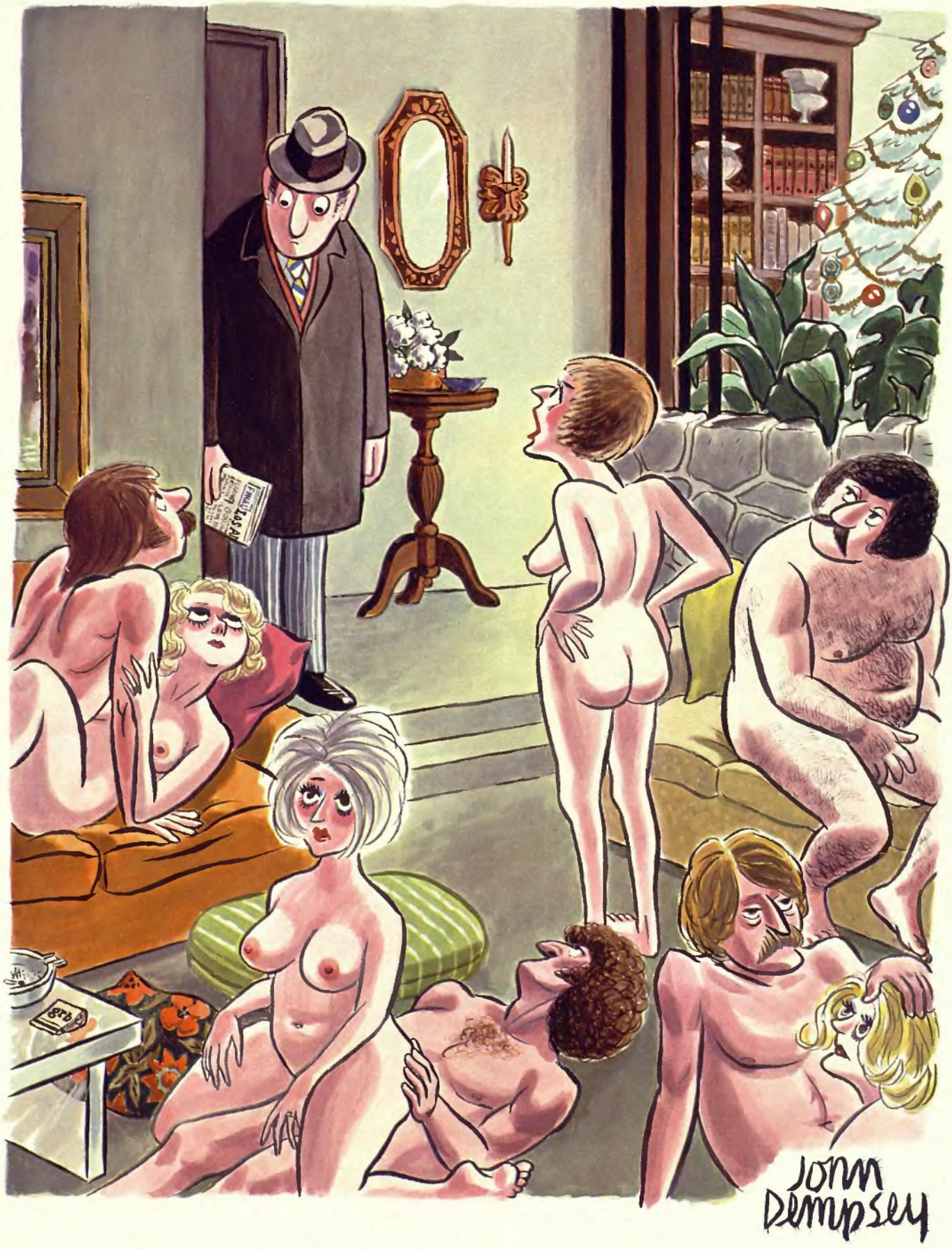
Several months went by and I was called by Kay Glenn, the head of Operations, who told me that I had been promoted to head of the drivers' room. It was an honor for a non-Mormon to get that job; but before I could settle in, I was ordered by one of the men at Operations to report to the Goldwyn studios in Hollywood that same night. From the tremor in his voice, I could tell that it was an assignment that had to do with Hughes himself.

On arriving at Goldwyn, I found Bill Brimley, a friend from the drivers' room and one of the men who could be counted on to think for himself. Brimley told me that we were supposed to guard Hughes, who would be screening some films at the studio in one of the private theaters. Brimley didn't know how long the assignment was supposed to last and neither of us was sure what a bodyguard for Hughes was supposed to do. Brimley had an inch on my 5'8" and 20 pounds on my 180, but neither of us would have inspired any terror in a would-be assassin's heart. Was I supposed to hold an intruder's arms while Brimley hit him?

Not knowing what to do, we called Operations and got as orders the old Don't-look-at-him routine, with a couple of additions: Do not speak to Mr. Hughes unless he commands you to do so; do not allow anyone to walk up the stairway at either end of the building; do not go into the projection booth or allow anyone in there except the projectionist.

Naturally, the first thing I did was to attempt to keep a man out of the building—he was Carl, the projectionist. Hughes and his wife had entered by going past Brimley's station, so my first knowledge that they were there came when I heard the film being run. Suddenly, it became very quiet in the screening room. Then there was a loud "Bang!" that sounded like a pistol being fired. Terrified, I thought that someone had gotten in and shot Hughes. As I ran toward the room, the door exploded open.

(continued on page 176)



"How dare the company decide at the last minute to cancel the office Christmas party?"

FOUR-STAR PRODUCTION

Barry Newman, NBC-TV's fast-talking star of the lawyer series *Petrocelli*, here takes a fashion cue from his good buddy PLAYBOY Associate Photo Editor Hollis Wayne; she's turned him onto a striped lamb's-wool V-neck with contrasting trim, by Wayne Rogers, $32, and a pair of wool/polyester flared-leg slacks, from Tivoli by Spotwood, $23. **Bob Seagren,** Olympic pole vaulter and all-American superjock, sports a velour knit pullover with printed figure design, by Nik Nik, about $35, selected by Kam Seagren, Bob's super lady.

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

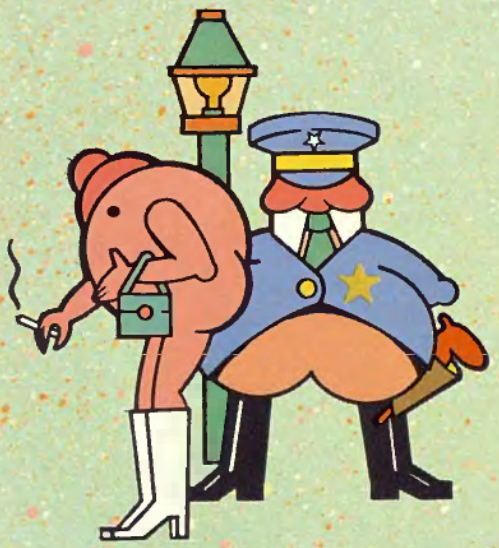
it's ladies' choice as a quartet of celebrities wear what the women like to see them in

Tim Curry, star of *The Rocky Harror Show* (stage and screen versians), is into what his ingénue pal, budding actress Mackenzie Phillips, likes best, a flannel pullover, by Greenleaf and Ladico far Fox Run, $25, and velvet slacks, by Jaeger, $50. **Ken Norton,** the heavyweight cantender wha's now a film star (*Mandingo*), wears nought but a nylon bikini, by Gil Cahen far Boulet, $4. His woman, Jackie Halton—secretary ta the president af Matawn—defends her choice with the Mies van der Rohe dictum "Less is more."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

PSST! FEELTHY FIVE-LINERS?

humor By J.F. O'CONNOR *limericks to make your day and massage your libido*



The bribe that young streetwalker Stover
Employs as a sexual rover
  Is to hand-job police:
  As she gives one release,
She informs him, "My cop runneth over!"

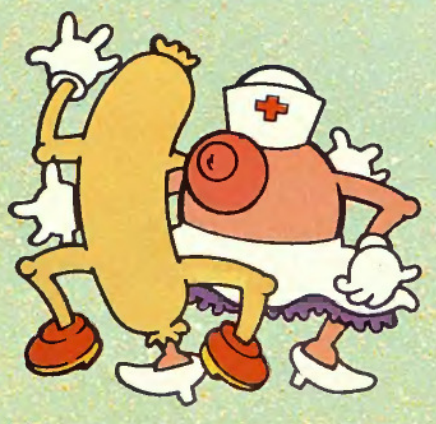
A horny young footman named Dockery
Was screwing a maid on some crockery. . . .
  Cried the girl, "This is crass!
  I've got shards up my ass,
And find your best service a mockery!"

"Playing topless," says softball coach Breem,
"Wins a girls' club both fans and esteem.
  They're the Baltimore Quails,
  But some pun-loving males
Like to call them 'the aureoles team.' "

Since a stage-struck massage girl named Hart
Knows directors who sample her art,
  She's aware what controls
  The assignment of roles
Is a good working grasp of the part.

"My harem now has what it lacked,"
The sultan expansively cracked.
  "There are bunk beds for all,
  Where the dears wait my call,
Since the women I ball must be stacked!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUG TAYLOR



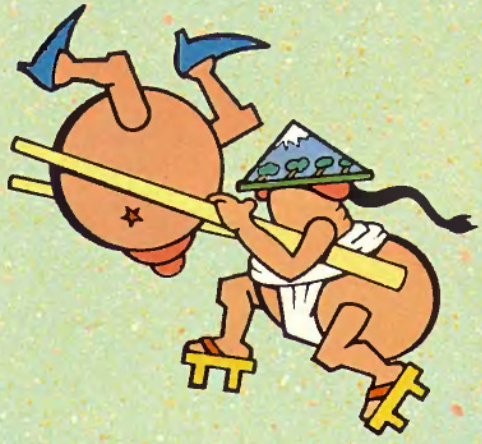
A hot little night nurse named Hearst
Got off with a *Bratwurst* at first;
  But her pleasure now lies
  In a non-deli guise
As the interns take turns for the *Wurst.*

Mixing joy and suspicion, one Russo
Told his bride, "My beloved, your trousseau
  Is a virginal white,
  But it hardly seems right
That a virgin should know how to screw so!"

A brash adolescent named Lou
Had just had his very first screw.
  "It's the 'in' thing, a bang,"
  Louie bragged to his gang,
"Like a wonderful wet dream come true!"

When the Arts Ball was over, Miss Kahn
(Who's a nympho) was worn out and wan.
  She'd attended, you see,
  As a walking TV,
And the guys all kept turning her on!

"The queen," so an editor said,
"Was pleased when a page gave her head;
  But was more pleased when two
  Did a synchronized do,
While the queen did a double-page spread."



"I have found," sighed a hooker named Hickel,
"That those Chinese are kinky and fickle:
  They screw me . . . then beat me . . .
  Then hungrily eat me—
And the worst is, those chopsticks sure tickle!"

Said a horny young pirate named Tate:
"There are eight different girls whom I date;
  And I'm having a ball,
  Since I'm banging them all—
Tearing off all those pieces of eight!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

JAGUAR'S BIG NEW CAT

no need to mourn the passing of the xk-e—coventry has come up with what may be the best jag ever

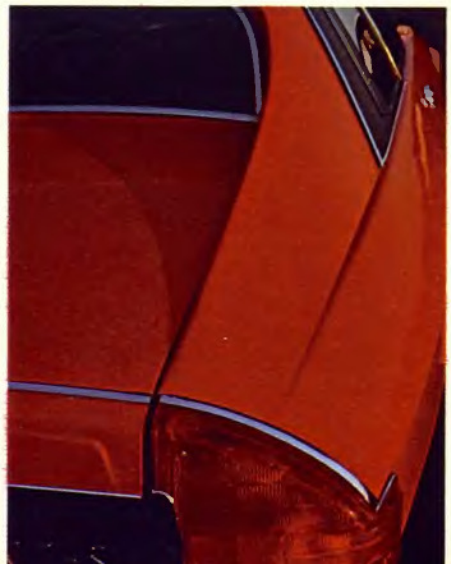
modern living

By KARL LUDVIGSEN

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE Tudor walls of the Wild Boar Inn were lit up by the Jaguar's headlights as we swung into the cobblestoned courtyard. We had left the inn on a hill near Beeston in Cheshire a half hour earlier, after we'd cadged a set of keys to the red XJ-S from a Jaguar public-relations man. We said we wanted to see how its new headlights and its dashboard lighting worked at night. But that was only a ploy, not the real reason at all.

We had turned the keys over to engineer Jim Randall, because we wanted to see how one of the people who developed this new Jaguar would handle it. We like to ride with the men who design cars, because their style at the wheel shows us what they expect of their creations. The more *(continued on page 222)*

The XJ-S has finally arrived on these shores after being heralded in Europe as the finest Jaguar yet. Visually, it represents a radical departure—the look is very Italian. From the spoiler under its slit grille to the recessed rear window to the rakish rear end, the XJ-S is, for Jaguar, an unusual approach to car design. The interior, left, is a good indication of the path the company seems to be taking; none of the classic burled walnut here but a no-nonsense, highly visible white-on-black instrumentation set into a thickly padded dash. As befits the marque, the coupe is very fast—its V12 engine produces 285 bhp—but it is surreally quiet, even at top speed, which should be somewhere around 150 mph. Good show!



HOWARD HUGHES *(continued from page 168)*

Howard Hughes walked toward me as I stood there, frozen, staring at him. I realized that that was against orders, so I retreated out the door and onto a catwalk that circled the second floor of the building. Hughes's footsteps in the hallway came closer and closer, until it seemed that he was going to walk out onto the catwalk. There wasn't much room for me to retreat. "Bang!" I turned to see the door to the women's room closing. I heard the unmistakable sound of a tall man urinating into a bippy, and for some strange reason, *I* felt relieved. Hughes hadn't been shot, I knew where he was and I knew that he was going to come out of there. I took up a position about three feet from the door and turned my back. A few moments later, I heard the door open, some footsteps close by and then silence. The skin on the back of my neck began to crawl.

"Good evening, Ron." It was a man's voice, pleasant, with just a trace of a Texas twang. "You can turn around. Hell, I'm not *that* ugly." He chuckled. I turned around to face one of the world's greatest mysteries. There really *was* a Howard Hughes, even close up.

I looked up at a thin, angular face that was neatly framed by a Vandyke beard. He had thin gray hair that was combed straight back in a style that had gone out of fashion; there were traces of the original brown in his hair. He was over 6'3" and appeared to weigh no more than 155 pounds. He was dressed in a loose-fitting sports coat, a white shirt that was open at the neck, tan gabardine slacks that not only were out of style but seemed to have been tailored for a much heavier man and a pair of brown wing-tip brogans. There were no laces in his shoes and, judging from the decrepit condition of those shoes, it looked as if the laces had died a natural death. It seemed to be the same outfit Hughes had been wearing at the airport when I had first seen him.

I didn't know how he knew my name. Perhaps he'd asked about me after the airport incident (which would explain my advancement in the organization). I don't remember if I said hello back. As we stood there, leaning on the railing in the soft California night, we exchanged mostly small talk, very small. Hughes volunteered that it had been a nice day and I replied, "Yes, but it was warm."

"The clouds are building," he said, "so it looks as if we'll have some more rain." He didn't ask me how I was feeling or anything about my personal life (married? children?) or anything else two strangers might discuss to pass the time. Nor did he want to talk about my job, which might be expected when the two strangers are employer and employee. Abruptly, he went into a discourse, in great detail, about the workings of a large tank used for storing natural gas that dominated the skyline next to the studio. He talked about the tank for almost 45 minutes before he returned to the studio. A short time later, around midnight, the screening ended. As Hughes walked down the stairway to his car, I waited for a "Good night, Ron." It never came.

The screenings continued, as many as five times a week, for four months. We could never anticipate the next performance. Sometimes Hughes would come alone, and when he did, we knew we were in for an extended session. He usually screened for at least 12 hours and, on many occasions, for 48 to 72 hours. During those marathons, Brimley and I would sneak into the projection room not only to get warmth from the Early Times that Carl would smuggle in but also to get an idea of Hughes's viewing habits. His tastes ran from the then-current Academy Award contenders to epics such as *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. Some of the films were shown in their entirety. Others would be stopped after 5, 10, 40 or 80 minutes by a signal from Hughes. To this day, I cannot figure out why he stopped some pictures when he did: On many occasions, he would watch a movie for two hours and stop it five minutes from the end. The most frustrating moments for us were when he stopped mysteries just before the killer was unmasked.

You really had to be an *avid* moviegoer to sit in a damn screening room for two, three or four days at a time, and you certainly had to have a cast-iron ass. I don't think anybody *knows* why Hughes chose to devote as much of his time as he did to those screenings. I did notice that the more outside business pressure we would hear about through the grapevine as coming down on Hughes, the more he turned to the movies. I suspect that he did his best mental work watching movies, because he's not the kind of guy to sit at a desk and make a list.

Other times, though, he was at Goldwyn only because his wife (we called her The Major, while we called another woman in whom Hughes was interested The Party) wanted to go out. Private screenings were among the few things he would easily let her do and that they could do together. To me, from the times I saw her, Jean Peters was the girl-next-door type. While she would sometimes come to the screening room in furs and finery (every inch the knockout she was in *Captain from Castile*), other nights she'd arrive in Levis and tennis sneakers. The Major was always polite, never forgetting to say "Hi, Ron," or "Good evening; how are you?" Given Hughes's unpredictable behavior, her sensitivity was most appreciated. She seemed to enjoy Hughes's company, yet there were occasions when she'd raise her voice, exclaiming, "I don't *want* to watch that again." Unfortunately, it was like waving a red flag: Hughes would get so agitated that she would always lose.

During one of the extended sessions, we had been at Goldwyn for two and a half days. Brimley, Carl and I were whipped; it looked as though Hughes were going to stay forever. Luckily, Carl had brought enough Early Times so that it appeared we might be able to outlast Hughes. The three of us were in a state that the W.C.T.U., as well as Operations, would certainly have described as drunk; but we were still functioning. I was sitting at the north end of the corridor, leaning back in my chair with my feet propped on the opposite side of the doorway. It was my superguard position. Someone would have to brush my legs aside or step over them to gain access to the hallway.

I was dozing when I suddenly heard running footsteps. Jolted awake, I turned to see Howard Hughes running toward me. His knee action was good, considering that his spindly legs were too long for the rest of him; his arm and hand movements were worthy of Roger Bannister. He was *really* making tracks. There didn't seem to be anyone chasing him, and as I leaped out of my chair and moved out of the doorway, I wondered what in hell he was doing. When he got ten feet from the doorway, he gave me the answer: He planted both heels and slid—boy, did he slide. My end of the hall had much less traffic than the other, so the floor wax hadn't been worn down. Hughes was gaining speed when he hit the doorway and the slight elevation of the doorframe caused him to go airborne. He literally *flew* into the pipe railing of the staircase. I thought he was going to break his fucking neck. He slowly unwrapped himself from the railing and looked at me with a sheepish grin. Without a word, he turned and started back down the hall at top speed, finishing with another virtuoso slide.

He made about ten sliding round trips that night and many more at subsequent screenings. I decided that the reason he did it was to wake himself up and get the circulation going in his legs, after days of sitting in the same chair. But after that display of athletic prowess, I made a resolution about my guarding of Hughes: If someone did come after him to do him harm, I'd simply yell, "Run, Mr. Hughes! Run!" Hell, I figured he could outrun 99 percent of his would-be attackers; the remaining one percent he could simply slide around.

We left Goldwyn for good just after "our" screening room was used to show rushes to the cast of *Porgy and Bess*. I never heard Hughes express any bigotry or racism, but the fact that an all-black cast had been in the studio we used

(continued on page 214)

"You certainly have a diversified portfolio, Miss Wembley!"

SEX STARS OF 1975

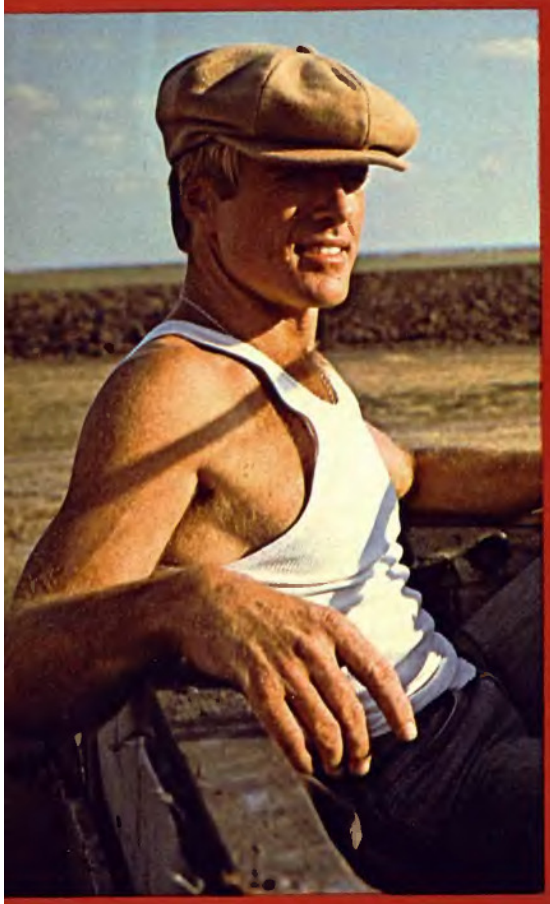
for a crowd of hollywood newcomers— and more than a few veterans— being in the movies is better than ever

article
By ARTHUR KNIGHT

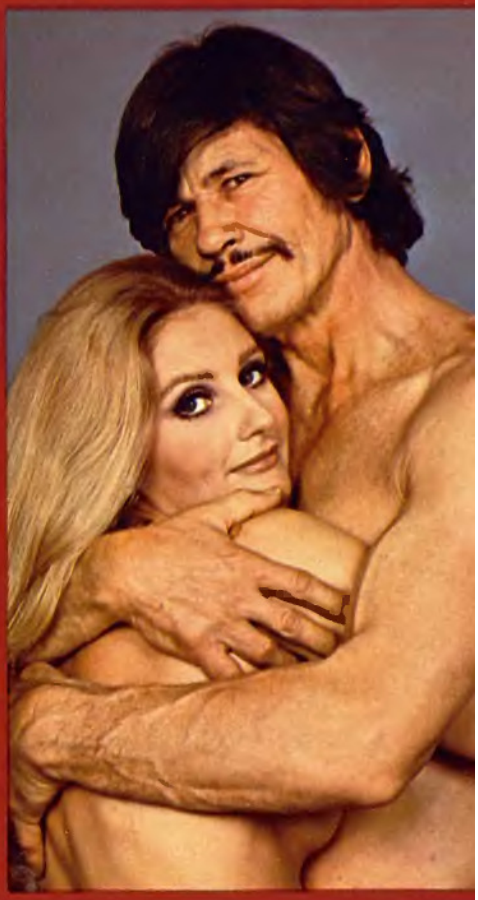
IT MAY BE too early to tell, but there's every possibility that 1975 will be fondly remembered as the year that lit a fuse to the careers of many a sex god and goddess of the not-too-distant future. Every movie career requires a good, firm launching pad—a picture that has either the quality or the box-office appeal; better yet, both—to make its participants register strongly with critics and fans. This year saw not only an astonishingly high quotient of first-rate film fare—*Jaws, Nashville, Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, Bite the Bullet, Rollerball* and *Tommy*, just for openers—but also an unusually large contingent of movies that delighted the crowds, if not the critics (*Earthquake, The Great Waldo Pepper, Mandingo, The Return of the Pink Panther, Shampoo* and *The Towering Inferno* are good examples).

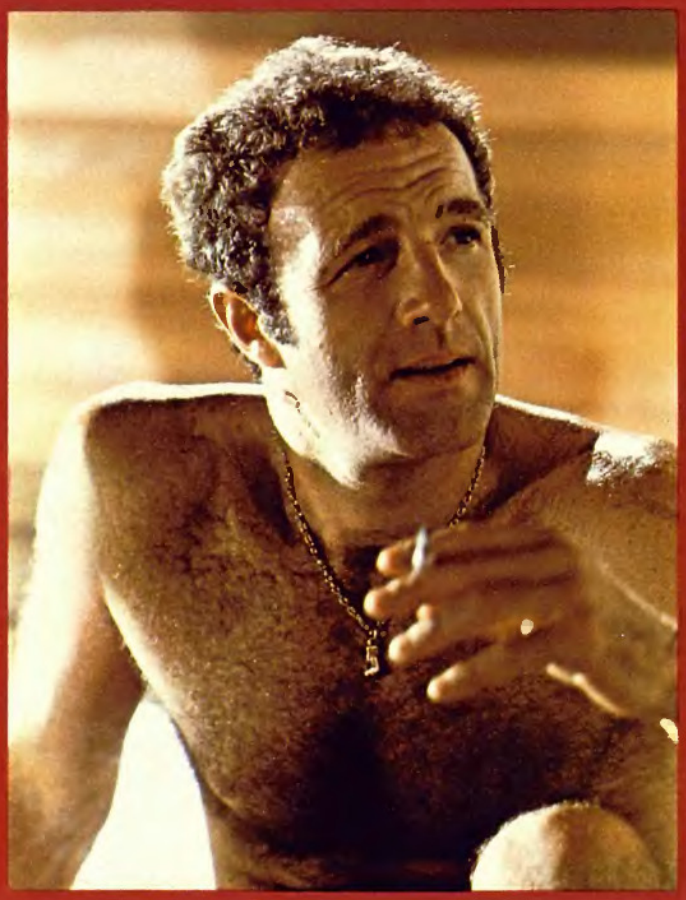
One of the few films that managed to make it big in both categories was Bob Fosse's extraordinarily frank and searching account of the life and times of the late Lenny Bruce. *Lenny*—released late in 1974 but seen by most moviegoers this year—departed widely from the norm of screen biographies, which have a tendency to turn their subject, male or female, into Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Admittedly, that would be a bit difficult to accomplish in Bruce's case, but, to his credit, Fosse didn't even try. He brought us, through Dustin Hoffman, a kinky, drug-ridden, strung-out night-club comic who just happened to be one *(text continued on page 190)*

POWER PLAYERS: Premier exponents of the art of animal magnetism, as transmitted to the screen, are Warren Beatty (opposite, with Julie Christie and Goldie Hawn in an ad for *Shampoo*, in which, at one stroke—make that several strokes—he upgraded the heterosexual image of hairdressers some 500 percent); Valerie Perrine (top right), in films a mere three years but already a top show stealer in portrayals of Lenny Bruce's wife and W. C. Fields's girlfriend; and Jack Nicholson (right), on view this year in *Tommy, The Passenger, The Fortune* (with Beatty) and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

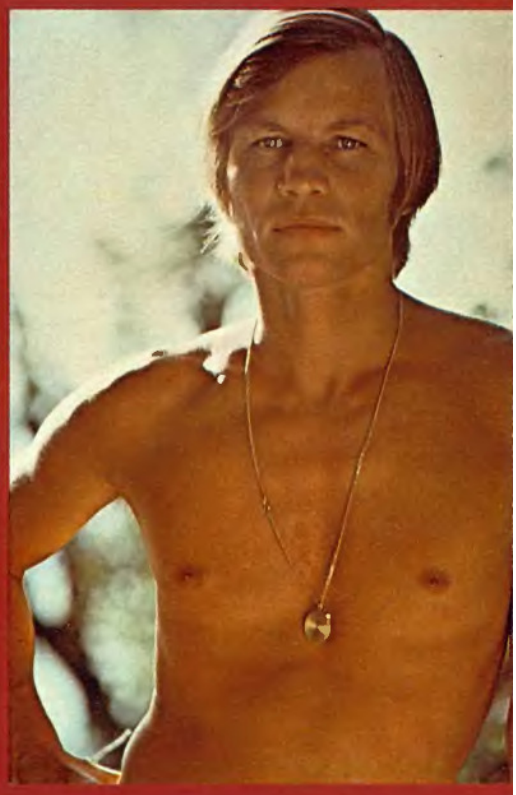


TURN-ONS: Still striking sparks with moviegoers are reliables Robert Redford (pictured at left as The Great Waldo Pepper), also appearing in *Three Days of the Condor* and, before long, in *All the President's Men*; Charles Bronson and wife, Jill Ireland (right), veterans of ten film ventures together (most recently, *From Noon till Three* and *Breakheart Pass*); Ann-Margret (bottom right), incandescent in *Tommy*; look-alikes Al Pacino (bottom center) and Dustin Hoffman (below center, sporting his *Lenny* beard), in *Dog Day Afternoon* and *President's Men*, respectively; and Raquel Welch (seen at bottom left in her role as has-been comic James Coco's mistress, Queenie, in *The Wild Party*).

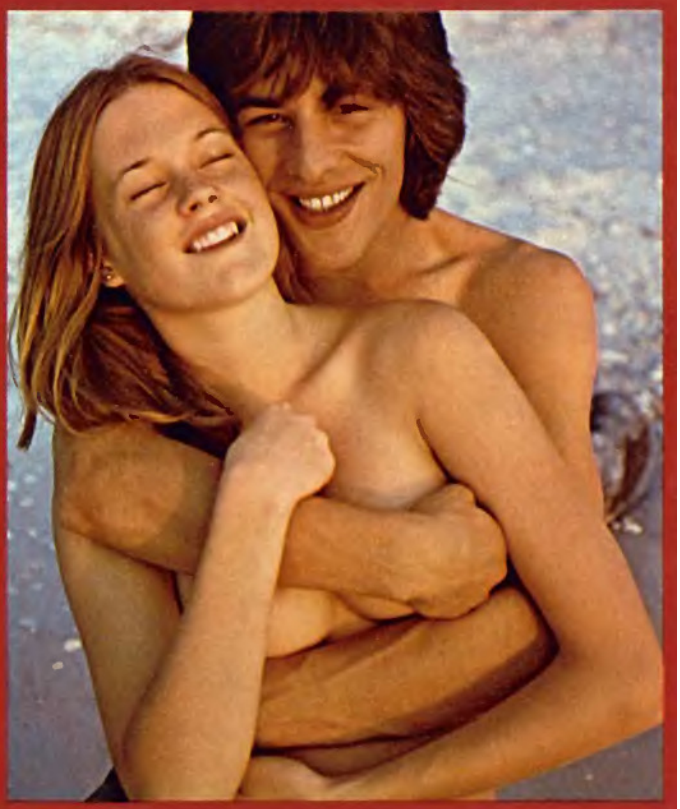




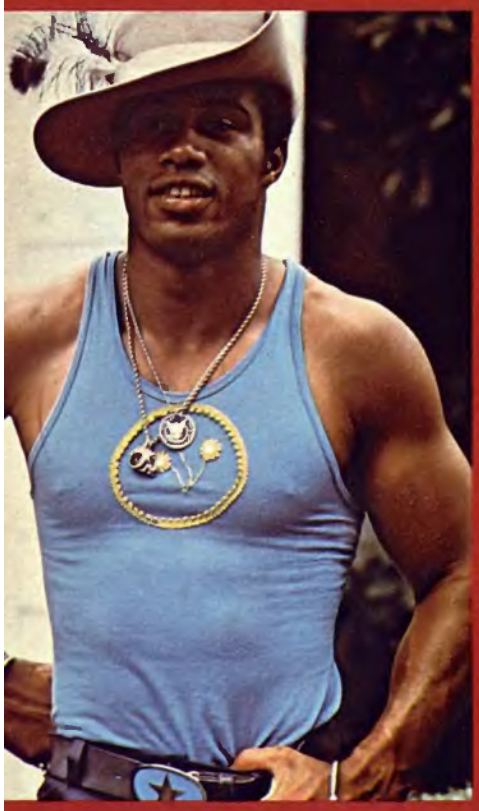
CROWD PLEASERS: The story, as well as the star, counts at the box office today, but some personalities can usually be depended on to sell tickets. Among them: James Caan (above left, in a shot from *Rollerball*), appearing next with Robert Duvall in *The Killer Elite* and with Elliott Gould in a safecracking caper, *Harry and Walter Go to New York*; Burt Reynolds (above right, suited up for *At Long Last Love*), now starring in *Hustle* and due soon in *Lucky Lady*; Faye Dunaway (in *The Four Musketeers*, below right), who plays opposite Redford in *Three Days of the Condor*; Clint Eastwood, bedded down in *The Eiger Sanction* (below center); and Candice Bergen (below left), an ex-hooker in *Bite the Bullet* and a kidnaped, Gibson-girlish matron in *The Wind and the Lion*.

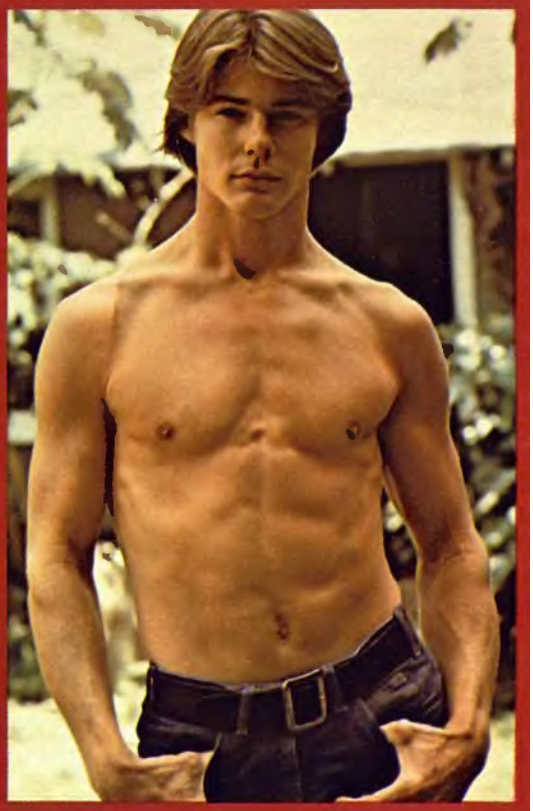


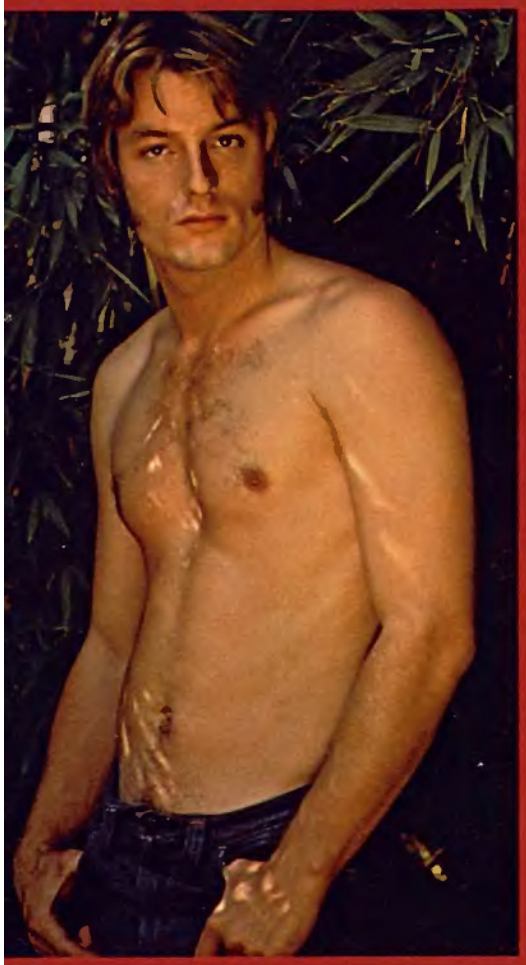
FOREIGN BODIES: Overseas talent, coming from both sides of the English Channel, spiced up the fare on view in America's picture palaces in 1975. Top imports (clockwise from far left): France's Sylvia Kristel, of *Emmanuelle*, *Playing with Fire*, *Julia* and the recently completed *Anti-Vierge (Anti-Virgin)*; Britons Fiona Lewis and Roger Daltrey, co-stars of *Lisztomania* (Daltrey, whose original claim to fame was as lead singer for The Who rock group, also played the title role in 1975's other far-out Ken Russell extravaganza, *Tommy*); Frenchwoman Maria Schneider, remembered as Brando's buttered-bun girlfriend in *Last Tango in Paris*, seen again this year as Jack Nicholson's fellow traveler in *The Passenger*; Michael York, D'Artagnan in the two *Musketeers* films, who's just completed shooting on a futuristic police yarn, *Logan's Run*; Brigitte Ariel, one of the abducted heiresses in *Rosebud*, who becomes Edith Piaf in the forthcoming French film biography of the celebrated *chanteuse*, *La Môme Piaf*; and Charlotte Rampling, the British actress who, after triumphing in *The Night Porter*, went on to further plaudits as a sort of second-generation Lauren Bacall opposite Robert Mitchum in the detective thriller *Farewell, My Lovely*.



THIS WAY UP: It's been a great year for newcomers. Clockwise from above left: Susan Blakely, impressive in 1974's *The Towering Inferno*, kept it up in 1975's *Capone* and *Report to the Commissioner*. Both Melanie Griffith and true love Don Johnson made it big—she in *Night Moves*, *The Drowning Pool* and *Smile*, he in *Return to Macon County* and *A Boy and His Dog*. Perry King smolders in *The Wild Party* and *Mandingo*; Victoria Principal, late of *Earthquake*, returns in *I Will, I Will . . . for Now*. Perhaps the hottest of all the new males: Jan-Michael Vincent of *Bite the Bullet* and *White Line Fever*. Susan Sarandon followed up on 1974's *Lovin' Molly* and *The Front Page* with roles in *The Great Waldo Pepper* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Ken Norton, who once broke Muhammad Ali's jaw, forsook boxing to debut as a stud slave in *Mandingo* (and as a fashion model for PLAYBOY: See page 171).



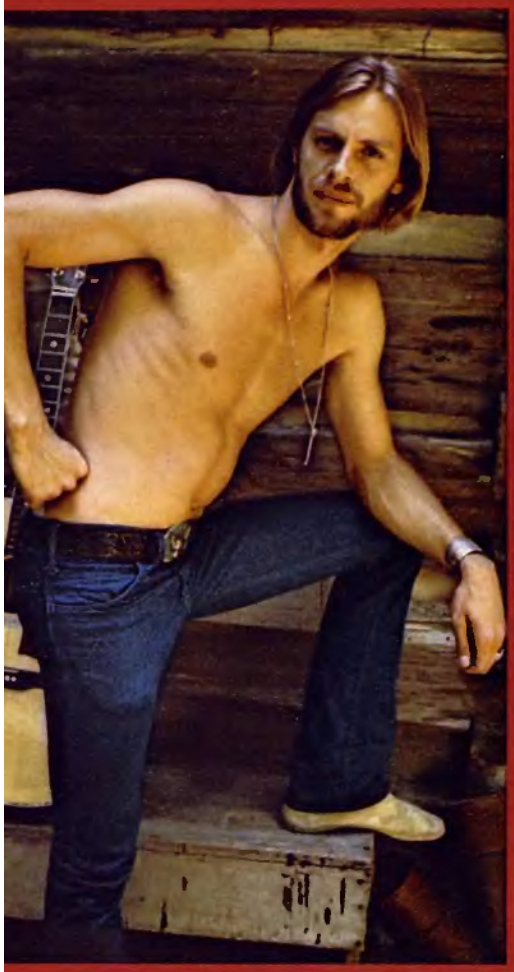




THREE TO GET READY: Oddsmakers are predicting big things for these young actresses. Brenda Sykes (above), a favorite in several blaxplo films, now gets exploited interracially in *Mandingo*. Linda Haynes (below left) plays a hooker with a hankering for Paul Newman in *The Drowning Pool*, while Margot Kidder (below right) made no fewer than four films—*The Great Waldo Pepper*, *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud*, *Black Christmas* (which was originally titled *Silent Night, Evil Night*) and Thomas McGuane's *92 in the Shade*—all released this year.

TEASERS: Russ Meyer's newest discovery, Shari Eubank (above), gets top billing in his rambunctious *Supervixens*. Doing a bit of role switching are the actresses below: Maria Lynn (left) stars in porno features *Flossie* and *Justine and Juliette* (the latter with the redoubtable Harry Reems) but draws the line at performing the hard-core scenes herself; Linda Lovelace (right), who once had no such compunctions, abandoned her *Deep Throat*ed explicitness to make a soft-core comedy, *Linda Lovelace for President*. Linda's now filming *Laure*, along with author Emmanuelle (yes, the creator of *that Emmanuelle*) Arsan.

GOING ALL THE WAY: Bluenoses notwithstanding, hard-core lives! Current headliners, clockwise from above, are Brigitte Maier, of *French Blue* and *Sensations*; Marc Stevens, autobiographer (*10½!*) and star of countless films, including a porno version of *A Christmas Carol* (with Screwge, of course); Barbara Bourbon, the titular heroine of *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*, who may also be seen in the straightforwardly titled *A Dirty Western*; Jean Jennings, sent away in *Defiance* to unlearn masturbation (she learns, natch, much more); and Enjil von Bergdorf, whom Alex deRenzy cast as a frontier madam, Crystal Lil, in his first 35mm color release, *The Pleasure Masters*.



THE NASHVILLE BUNCH: One film, *Nashville*, provided a boost toward stardom for two dozen aspirants, among them, clockwise from top left, Keith Carradine; his real-life ex-love Cristina Raines, who used to go by the name Tina Herazo; Shelley Duvall, Carradine's co-star in an earlier Robert Altman film, *Thieves Like Us*; sultry Karen Black, who also scored in *The Day of the Locust*; Gwen Welles, also seen in Altman's *California Split* (and two previous PLAYBOY pictorials); and Ronee Blakley, a Stanford University music graduate who won critical raves in her motion-picture debut as a country-vocal queen.

of the most honest and outspoken social commentators of our time.

Hoffman gave an extraordinary performance, writhing into the very guts of Lenny Bruce, then spilling them for all to see. But audiences have come to expect nothing less of Hoffman; the huge surprise came from lissome Valerie Perrine, the former Las Vegas showgirl who, playing Lenny's wife, Honey, slowly but irrevocably stole the show. Indeed, if Paramount hadn't used the title years ago, the film might well have been called *Honey*. For her performance, Perrine won an Academy Award nomination, was voted best supporting actress by the prestigious New York Film Critics Circle and the National Board of Review and was the sole American contender to walk off with an award at the Cannes Film Festival last May. As the fresh-faced, ingenuous stripper insidiously recruited by her husband into kinky sex, lesbianism and the drug scene, she took us into the very soul of that unhappy lady and made us feel what it was like to live there.

Which is all the more surprising, since Perrine is the first to admit that she has never had an acting lesson in her life. "Wind it up and it acts," she said of herself to the *Los Angeles Times*'s Charles Champlin. Her stint as one of the top topless dancers in the Las Vegas Lido de Paris show just a few years back prepared her well for her torchy strip number in *Lenny*'s opening reel (and, for that matter, for her earlier bare-breastedness in her first two cinematic outings, *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *The Last American Hero*). But it was the depths she plumbed as Honey that won her not only accolades but also the role of W. C. Fields's long-suffering mistress in the upcoming *W. C. Fields and Me*.

If Valerie Perrine was the hottest of the female star contenders to take flight in 1975, her male counterpart had to be Jack Nicholson. To be sure, the lanky Nicholson, with his "killer smile," had begun to demonstrate to Hollywood his bankability through offbeat characterizations in 1974's *The Last Detail* and *Chinatown*. In 1975, he had four such roles—a cameo as the psychiatrist out to seduce Ann-Margret in Ken Russell's *Tommy* and starring parts in Michelangelo Antonioni's *The Passenger*, in Mike Nichols' *The Fortune* and in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, based on the Ken Kesey novel. Nicholson is a romantic star who is also a damned fine actor—and one who, apparently, would much rather test his skills than capitalize on his good looks. In last year's *The Last Detail*, he grew a mustache to add a touch of naval swagger to his handsome phiz; in *The Fortune*, as Warren Beatty's dim-witted side-kick in a loony plot to mulct sanitary-napkin heiress Stockard Channing of her millions, Nicholson wore his thinning hair in a frizzle that suggested repeated contact with an electrical outlet. Although he has enjoyed a cult following of sorts ever since he began appearing as a leather-clad baddie in the low-budgeted Roger Corman movies of the late Fifties and the early Sixties, Nicholson achieved his first wide audience recognition (and an Academy nomination) as the alcoholic lawyer who accompanied Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda part of the way in *Easy Rider*, then broadened this identification with his work in Mike Nichols' still-controversial *Carnal Knowledge* and in *Five Easy Pieces*. Perhaps Nicholson excels in playing characters living on the fringes of society because they reflect his own lifestyle—that of a free-swinging bachelor with a pad high in the hills of Beverly, where the beauteous Anjelica Huston (daughter of director John) is his more-or-less constant companion. At this point in his career, Nicholson can literally write his own ticket, be it in the bedroom or on the sound stage. He is a superstar whose time has come.

On the other hand, Warren Beatty, Nicholson's co-star in *The Fortune*—and the star, producer and co-writer of the year's most specifically sexually oriented hit, *Shampoo*—has remained a superstar ever since he zoomed to the top in *Bonnie and Clyde* (which, lest we forget, he also produced) more than eight years ago. Although he has chosen to remain off the screen for one reason or another—sometimes politics, sometimes amour—for considerable periods of time, he is still consistently in demand. One of his longest-running inamoratas was actress Julie Christie; but even though that romance has long since dimmed, Beatty gave her the best role of her career in *Shampoo*. Once the picture was launched, he set off for the South Seas with the luscious Michelle Phillips, formerly Nicholson's best girl, amid rumors of wedding bells in Bali. A couple of months later, Warren and Michelle were back in Hollywood, making the rounds of all the spots where the Beautiful People regularly show, but the wedding bells were still only rumored.

Much more staid in his private life is handsome Robert Redford. In *The Great Waldo Pepper* and *Three Days of the Condor*, he continued to project his clean-cut image as the virile American male at his best—not necessarily too bright but as loyal, honest and dedicated as any boy scout. True, in *Waldo Pepper*, there were a couple of scenes to suggest that he might have been fooling around with both Margot Kidder and Susan Sarandon, but the way Redford played them, he might just as well have been an older brother. Sex hardly seems likely to take up much footage in his next film, which his Wildwood Enterprises will produce, the Watergate exposé *All the President's Men*—in which he'll play Bob Woodward opposite Dustin Hoffman's Carl Bernstein. In any case, once shooting is over, Redford promptly retires to his mountain retreat at Sundance, Utah, where, surrounded by an electrified fence, he enjoys seclusion with his wife and three children.

Hoffman look-alike Al Pacino's smoldering eyes and sensuous lips reveal all the passionate depths that could turn an idealistic Michael Corleone into a Godfather II. Probably the most sought-after young star in America at the moment, Pacino prefers to devote himself to theater repertory in Boston, from whence he was lured to appear in Sidney Lumet's long-awaited *Dog Day Afternoon*, which provides this dynamic actor with the strongest, strangest role of his career—a Brooklyn bank robber who pulls a heist to finance a sex change for his homosexual "wife." Pacino makes this complex character so overwhelmingly sympathetic that not only are all the girls in the bank on his side—so is the audience!

Far more prolific, far more available is handsome Burt Reynolds, the former Florida football player (a talent that served him well in last year's popular *The Longest Yard*), whose insouciant smile and swaggering walk have elevated him to top box-office honors. Reynolds is probably the closest thing we have today to Clark Gable—a man with few pretensions to acting but with a unique ability to project his own persona. Few performers could have survived the sheer ineptitude of Peter Bogdanovich's dubious tribute to Cole Porter, *At Long Last Love*; indeed, not only did Cybill Shepherd's career fall into a prompt decline because of it but so did her long-standing relationship with Bogdanovich—although there are those who whisper that the virile Reynolds, her co-star, had something to do with *that*. But, with his customary resiliency, Reynolds bounced back almost immediately with *W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings*, playing a gum-popping Nashville rake with a penchant for knocking over gas stations. It was Reynolds' movie all the way, the part of the lovable rogue being his special forte. The chances are, based solely on a perusal of the script, that he will bounce even higher with *Hustle*. In it, Reynolds has a plum role as a tough but compassionate Los Angeles detective shacked up with high-priced call-girl Catherine Deneuve. When called in to investigate a young girl's murder, he finds himself involved not only with the local drug rackets but with Hollywood's porno-movie scene as well. It's a strong script, based on Steve Shagan's well-received novel *City of Angels*, and could send Reynolds' reputation right up through the roof. So, for that matter, may Stanley Donen's *Lucky Lady*, in which Reynolds, Gene Hackman and Liza Minnelli play Prohibition-era rumrunners.

Sharing much of Reynolds' *macho* mystique is shaggy, beetle-browed Charles Bronson, one of the "bankables" whose name on a contract is a gold-plated guarantee to the producer of unlimited

(continued on page 272)

"That's what I like about you, Wanda—you're a hooker's hooker!"

the loves of hero and leander By Dr. James Smith, 1651

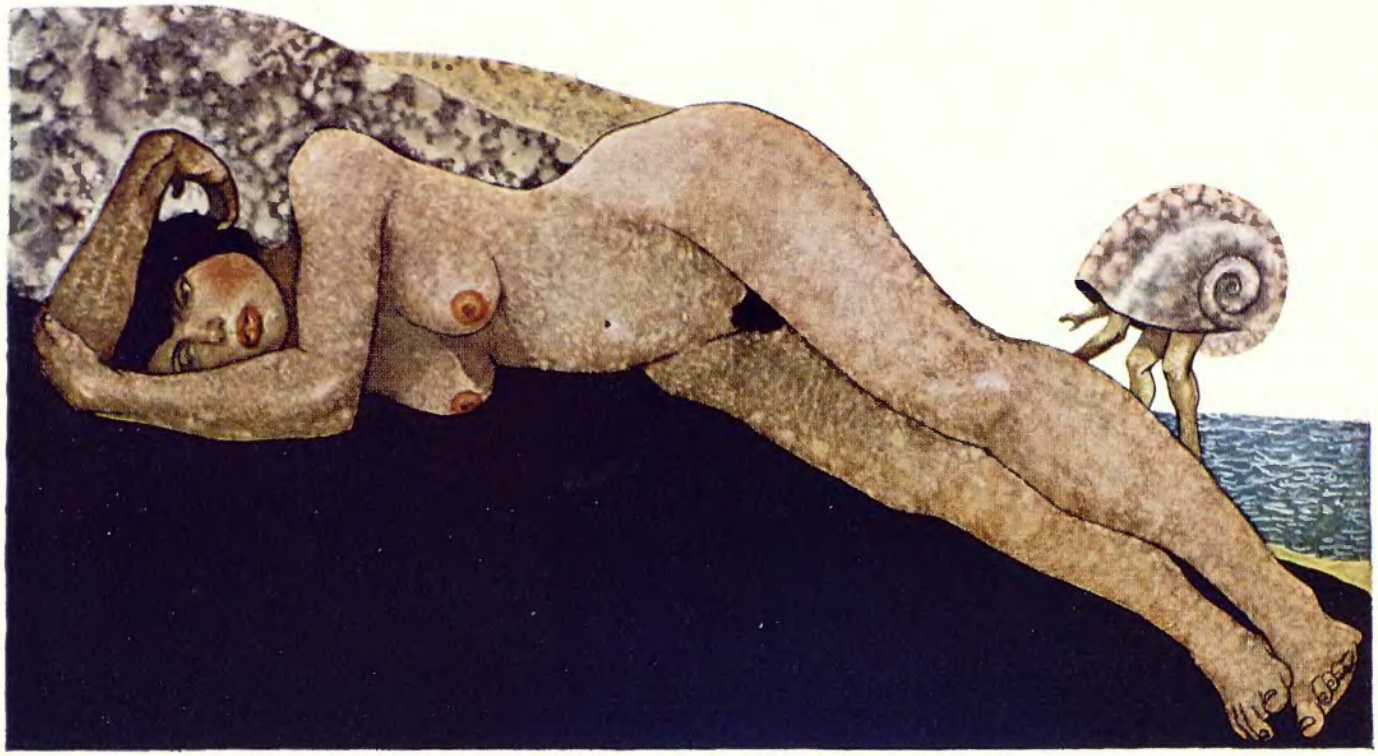
Ribald Classic

Christopher Marlowe's unfinished "Hero and Leander," a retelling of the Greek legend of the two lovers, is one of the best-known poems in English literature. Its brilliant style and sensuous descriptions made it a 17th Century favorite—and a ripe subject for parody. In 1651, Dr. James Smith, an Anglican clergyman who moonlighted as a poet, wrote an anonymous burlesque called "The Loves of Hero and Leander," in which the noble lovers in Marlowe's verse were transformed into lecherous caricatures and their affair into a slapstick comedy. It is understandable that Dr. Smith, author of many hymns, archdeacon of Barnstaple, canon of Exeter, precentor of Exeter Cathedral and rector of Exminster, was a little shy about owning up to this product of his bawdy imagination. Copies of the book are extremely rare and this is the first modern version published in 324 years.

LEANDER, *being fresh and gay*
As is the leek, or green popey,
Upon a morn both clear and bright
When Phoebus rose and had bedight
Himself with all his golden rays
And pretty birds did perch on sprays,
When marigolds did spread their leaves
And men began to button sleeves,
Then young Leander, all forlorn,
As from the oak drops the acorn,
So from his weary bed he slipped,
Or like a schoolboy newly whipped,
But with a look as blithe to see
As cherry ripe on top of tree,
So forth he goes and makes no stand
With crab-tree cudgel in his hand.
He had not gone a mile or two
But gravel got into his shoe.
He set him down upon a bank
To dry his foot and rest his shank,
And so, with finger put in shoe,
He pulled out dirt and gravel, too.
Fair Hero, walking with her maid,
To do the thing cannot be stayed,
Spied young Leander lying so,
With pretty finger picking toe.
She thought it strange to see a man
In privy walk, and then, anon,
She stepped behind a poplar tree
And listened for some novelty.
Leander, having cleared his throat,
Began to sing this pleasant note:

Oh, would I had my love in bed
Though she were ne'er so fell,
I'd fright her with my adder's head
Until I made her swell.
Oh, Hero, Hero, pity me
With a dildo, dildo, dildo dee.

Fair Hero 'gan to smile at this.
Leander raised 'gainst tree to piss,
He plucked him straight his drabbler out
And with his arms clasped tree about.
"O thus," quoth he, "O thus I could—
I'd roger her like this rough wood."
His blindworm Hero fair did see,
Its coral head against the tree,
Which sight did make her sigh and sob
To see how gently it did bob.
She'd never loved him till that hour,
But now she'll ask him to her tower.
She sent her maid, at running pace,
To bid him meet her face to face.
He could not tell what to suppose,
But put his shirt into his hose
And followed on behind the maid
Until he came where Hero laid
Her cheek on hand, her arm on stump,
Her leg on grass, on molehill, rump.
He, with a gentle, modest gait,
Plucking his cap from off his pate,
He thus bespake her, "Lovely pet,
Behold, with running how I sweat!
Oh, would I were that harmless stump
Whereon thou leanest!" With that, a hump
Stood in the entrails of his hose.
A warmth within her heart arose
As Hero spied his roger good,
Saw how courageously it stood,
And so she asked him for his name
And wherefore that he hither came.
Quoth he, "My dwelling is Abydos,
This is my walk Wednesdays and Fridays.
My name is young Leander called;
My father's rich and yet he's bald."
Now Hero's love began to curdle;
She wished his head beneath her girdle.
"Fear not," quoth she, "to kiss my lip;
Imagine me to be thy ship.
Guide thou the rudder with thy hand
And in my poop fear not to stand.
Pull up my sail to thy mainmast,
My compass use, my anchor cast.
Come, then, my love, at fall of night,
The time when owls and bats take flight,
In lower window I will place
A taper bright as eyes in face,
Which light shall be thy lodestar bright
Through waves to guide thee in the night."
And, with that word, like ivy wound
About his neck, arms claspèd round,
She brought him quickly to the ground—
Upon a primrose hill most sweet;
Their lips being joined, their tongues did meet,
And now Leander gets him up
To put the acorn in the cup.
His cuckoopintle he did thrust
Into her cowslip, warm with lust.
His bachelor's-button, warm and fine,
Made way into her columbine.
His hooded hawk he then did bring her,



Which she received with ladyfinger.
His sprig of thyme, her branch of rue,
His primrose and her violet blue.
At length, alas, the garden faded,
Its roses blown, its lovers jaded,
And Hero said, "It is the hour
When I must go to seek my tower."
"Then farewell, love," Leander said,
And straight she whistled for her maid.
Fair Hero, having passed the 'Spont,
She now was come unto the cont-
inent of Sestos, where she dwelt,
Her heart with passions still to melt.
Into the tower close she took
And with her finger did unhook
The casement looking on the stream,
Seeing the starlight on it gleam.
For now brave Titan banished was,
Now long-legged spiders creep on grass,
Now nightingales do sit and sing,
With prick 'gainst breast; and fairies ring.
About this time, fair Hero stood
And gazed upon the heaving flood.
Leander, on the other side,
Prepared to launch into this tide.
Calling her name, with speedy motion,
He leaps into the foaming ocean.
The enamored fishes round him flock;
Some nudge his armpits, some his nock.
Love's beacon now shone through the night—
In Hero's tower he spied a light.
And by this light she could discern
Leander's head but not his stern.
Leander now turns on his back;
He yerks out legs and leaves arms slack.
So then above the water floated
His true-love's lump, which Hero noted.
(Fair Hero had a goodly sight
That could discern so far by night.)
She saw him troubled by a shad
Who did pursue her lovely lad,
And said, "Thou art a scabby fish
To nibble at fair Hero's dish!"
Now Neptune, waking from his sleep,
Arose in anger from the deep
To see what swimmer proud or vain
Dared to invade his own domain.
He plucked Leander upside down
And viewed his parts from heel to crown.
His cheeks, his chin, his lips he kissed;
And not a single part he missed.
Quoth Neptune then, "My buxom boy,
Nay, of my courting seem not coy.
Bide here, live here, my lovely lad.
I'll give thee cod or dace or shad.
I am as great a god as Mammon;
Thou shalt have ling, Poor John or salmon.
To show thee I am no curmudgeon,
I'll give thee lobster, whiting, gudgeon.
See—since thy limbs have lost their force—
Here is a dolphin for thy horse."
Mounting at once, Leander fled;
Toward Hero's tower he quickly sped.
"Neptune," he cried, "if thou beest wroth,
Pray, save thy breath to cool thy broth."
At that, the god, with ireful hand,
Cast up Leander on the sand.
Thus to the tower at last he came,
Bruised on his arse and slightly lame.
The door was ope; he in did tread.
Divinest Hero was in bed.
One hand he put upon her toe,
The other on her buggle-bo.
And thus at once when she was wakéd,
They each beheld the other naked—
A glimmering taper by her bed
Revealed Leander was not dead
And by that light she could him know,
An image pale as cold rye dough.
The well-hung youth then said this word:
"And now, at last, I'll sheathe my sword.
I've swum to thee through thick and thin;
Open, my dear, and let me in."
And so around his back she got
Her legs tied in a true-love's knot.
But now, too soon, comes break of day,
When matin calls the friars to pray,
When carriers put on shoes and hose
And maids lay out their masters' clothes,
When poets rise to write and plot
And drunkards leave their cloaks for shot,
When larks now sing with joyful heart:
'Tis time for lovers to depart.
Leander rose with such a thump
He made the very floor boards jump;
Hero's father, in his room,
Thought he'd heard the crack of doom,
And, bolting upright in a rage,
Reached for his sword, called for his page.
Hearing that voice, with much amazement,
Leander crept out through the casement.
His calla-when-pen-cough, indeed,
Was much endangered by his speed—
The window hook now caught it fast
And held him there, till, all aghast,
Fair Hero rose and went unto him
And with her finger did undo him.
So it was he left her pillows
And fell among the raging billows.
Neptune, still smarting from his stab,
Turned young Leander to a crab,
And made the proverb surely so
That love must creep where't cannot go,
Condemning him for all his days
To crawl the ocean's floor sideways.
But what of Hero? When she hears
The news, she pours forth all her tears.
Her floodgates open, all around her
The water rises, soon to drown her.

Epitaph

And so they perished, whilst love and fate contended,
Pure flesh they were, but like poor fish they ended.

—New version by Clement Bell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

SECOND RAPE OF THE WEST

(continued from page 138)

and I, for a little precision vulcanism once again; nothing could do our Southwest more good.

From 7200 feet at the pass, the highway descends into the rangelands, bearing straight toward the valley of the Little Colorado and the Painted Desert. To the north, you can see the forested bulk of the Kaibab Plateau, through which the big Colorado has carved the Grand Canyon. To the northeast stand the red walls of the Echo Cliffs, the blue and sacred dome of Navaho Mountain, visible from 100 miles away. Indian ponies lounge along the highway, looking for something to eat—Kleenex, hot-dog buns, tumbleweed, anything more or less biodegradable. Out among the slabs of sunburned rock you can see the Navaho kids herding sheep; among the scattered junipers are the hogans of The People, as they call themselves. And why not? They've been there a long time. By each dome-shaped hogan is an old car, on its back, cannibalized to keep another running, and a pickup truck, on its wheels. All seems to be in order.

Not quite. Something alien and strange has invaded the Southwest, a gigantic and inhuman power from—in effect—another world. You first notice the invaders as you approach the village of Cameron and the turnoff to Grand Canyon. They look like Martian monsters in this pastoral scene: skeleton towers of steel from 90 to 120 feet tall, posted across the landscape in military file from horizon to horizon. From the crossarms of the towers hang chains of insulators, bearing power-line cables buzzing with electricity, transmitting power from Glen Canyon Dam and the new coal-fired generators near the town of Page ("Shithead Capital of Northern Arizona") to the burgeoning cities of Las Vegas, Phoenix and Southern California. From the silence of the desert to the clamor of Glitter Gulch, the fool's treasure of one region is transported and transmuted into the nervous neon of another. Energy, they call it, energy for growth. And what is the growth for? Ask any cancer cell.

The power lines are merely the first, outward signs of this war between the worlds. Deep in the heart of Indian country, on a plateau called Black Mesa, you can see the chief current battleground, a huge strip mine where walking dragline excavators 300 feet high, weighing 2500 tons each, remove and overturn what the Peabody Coal Company calls "overburden." Blasters shatter the coal seam underneath; power shovels scoop the coal into trucks bigger than your house, trucks that look like Stegosauruses on wheels. They haul it to processing plants nearby, from which it is then shipped by pipeline in slurry form to a power plant in Nevada or by conveyor belt and rail to the plant at Page.

Strip mining destroys the rangeland on which the Indians once grazed their sheep and horses, and it threatens the underground water supplies that feed their few springs and wells. Strip-mined land has yet to be reclaimed successfully anywhere in the arid West. But from the point of view of the mine operators and the power companies, strip mining is cheap and profitable. A mine producing 1,000,000 tons of coal a year may require only 25 workers. The machines are expensive, but machines never complain, never go on strike, never make demands for safety standards, medical insurance, retirement pensions. As for the displaced Indians and the unemployed miners back in Appalachia? Let them go on welfare; let them eat food stamps. Society at large will pay those costs. And so the strip mining goes on at an ever-growing pace and now consumes about 4650 acres of American farm, forest and rangeland each week. Every week of the year. An area the size of Connecticut, some 5000 square miles, has already been strip-mined for coal alone. Can this land be reclaimed? According to the 1973 report from the National Academy of Sciences, "in the Western coal areas, complete restoration is rarely, if ever, possible." Even simple revegetation, in the West, "will require centuries."

In the case of the Black Mesa mine, what do the Indians get out of it? The Navaho tribal treasury is paid an annual royalty of $3,000,000, or about $25 per Navaho. The Indians also get 300 jobs paying an average of $10,000 per year. The royalty and the jobs are good for about 35 years, the estimated life of mine and power-plant operation. Then what? No one knows for sure, but the fate of Appalachia provides a pretty good hint. Poverty, a blighted land, forced migration to the welfare slums: That has been the fate of Appalachians since King Coal moved into their homeland.

Meanwhile, the Indians and everyone else living 100 miles downwind of the present and projected power plants (Kaiparowits, Escalante, Caineville—all in south-central Utah) will receive as a bonus a concentrated, steady treatment of fly ash, sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxide. Even if such air-pollution-control devices as electrostatic precipitators, wet scrubbers and baghouse filters, operating constantly at maximum theoretical efficiency, capture 99.5 percent of these pollutants at the plant smokestacks, the plants will still pump into the public air (which is all we have for breathing purposes) wastes on the order of 50,000 tons of particulates, 750,000 tons of SO_2 and 600,000 tons of NO_x per annum. These are magnitudes greater than those that now profane the Los Angeles Basin.

For those rare few who may not already be familiar with these forms of aerial garbage, a few words of explanation: Fly ash is fine black soot, the stuff that coats window sills and car tops and other horizontal surfaces in most industrial cities of the Western world; sulphur dioxide is a gaseous poison harmful to all varieties of plant and animal life, including the human—it reacts with moisture in the atmosphere to form sulphuric acid and comes back to earth mixed with rain or snow, often causing great damage to crops; nitrogen oxide is a noxious gas that combines with ozone and carbon in the air to form the eye-smarting, sun-obscuring brown haze known as smog. All of these major pollutants, plus others, including trace elements of radon and mercury, are known to cause or aggravate such respiratory ailments as asthma and emphysema; all may be and probably are carcinogenic.

Only we dumb locals may suffer physically from the power plants; but all Americans who enjoy—actually or potentially—the Grand Canyon, Lake Powell, Monument Valley, Shiprock, Canyon de Chelly, Zion, Bryce Canyon, Capitol Reef, Arches and Canyonlands national parks will be forced to accept the drastic degradation of the national heritage. The strip mines will tear up only a few hundred square miles; the accompanying power lines, railways, truck roads, dams, waste-disposal sites, industrial sites and trailer-house towns will cover only a few hundred more square miles; but the filth spewed out by the power plants will smog the air for hundreds of miles in all directions, reducing visibility from the customary 50–100 miles to an average of something like 15. That's what you have to look forward to, tourists, next time you come West to enjoy what is, after all, *your* property.

Try to keep cool, calm and objective, I tell myself, driving the familiar road up from Flagstaff through my favorite towns of Cameron, Tuba City, Cow Springs and Kayenta. Don't get overagitated, Abbey, and try to keep a steady bead on the ceramic insulators that carry the lines that conduct the 50,000 volts of blue juice above the tracks of the Black Mesa & Lake Powell Railroad. Anger is bad for the aim, hard on the stomach and makes for a nervous trigger finger. Rage is self-defeating, say all the wisest philosophers (all of whom are dead).

So much for ulcerdom. We have barely begun to discuss the difficulties that will follow mining and coal-fired power plants in the American Southwest, if the ambitious plans of the Federal Government and the power combines are carried to completion. We have said little, for example, of the impact on water supplies in an arid land. Every river in the Southwest

(continued on page 230)

THE 1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

cast your ballot for your jazz, rhythm-and-blues, pop/rock and country-and-western favorites

MOUNTAINS CRUMBLE. Deserts and glaciers inch forward. Islands disappear under the sea. And our annual music poll continues to evolve. It started back in 1957 as the Playboy Jazz Poll and became the Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll 11 years later. Predictably, there was some carping from both sides. OK. With a wave of our magic editorial wand, the Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll now becomes the Playboy Music Poll. What we've done is break up the ballot into four parts—Pop/Rock, Rhythm-and-Blues, Country-and-Western and Jazz—that correspond to the four types of music selling the most records and commanding the most attention today. The four generic divisions have differing sets of subcategories, since we're polling for different things in each case. For instance, pickers are germane to Country-and-Western, whereas saxophone players are not but are pretty important in Jazz. Speaking of which, we've also combined some groupings that were previously separate. The various reed players have been put in a Woodwinds category, while the piano, organ and synthesizer people have become Keyboards—this due, of course, to the ever-increasing number of musicians who are doubling up. Also, in the fields where groups are important—which means three of the four, Country-and-Western being the exception—we've combined vocal groups, instrumental groups and self-contained groups (the ones that both sing and play) of whatever size into a simplified Group category. All in all, we think that, besides giving more people a chance to win a Playboy Medal, our new format is a better reflection of what's happening. Now we hope that you'll hurry and send in your ballot; for the winners—and, most likely, some more surprises—check our April issue.

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. Gregg Allman
2. Paul Anka
3. Captain Beefheart
4. David Bowie
5. Jackson Browne
6. J. J. Cale
7. David Cassidy
8. Harry Chapin
9. David Clayton-Thomas
10. Joe Cocker
11. Alice Cooper
12. David Crosby
13. Neil Diamond
14. Bob Dylan
15. Jerry Garcia
16. George Harrison
17. Mick Jagger
18. Dr. John
19. Elton John
20. Taj Mahal
21. Paul McCartney
22. Van Morrison
23. Graham Nash
24. Randy Newman
25. Harry Nilsson
26. Robert Plant
27. Elvis Presley
28. John Prine
29. Lou Reed
30. Little Richard
31. Paul Rodgers
32. Todd Rundgren
33. Leon Russell
34. Neil Sedaka
35. Paul Simon
36. Bruce Springsteen
37. Cat Stevens
38. Rod Stewart
39. Stephen Stills
40. James Taylor
41. Frankie Valli
42. Bobby Vinton
43. Stevie Winwood
44. Peter Wolf
45. Neil Young

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Baez
2. Maggie Bell
3. Karen Carpenter
4. Cher
5. Judy Collins
6. Chi Coltrane
7. Priscilla Coolidge
8. Rita Coolidge
9. Kiki Dee
10. Carole King
11. Melissa Manchester
12. Melanie
13. Bette Midler
14. Joni Mitchell
15. Maria Muldaur
16. Laura Nyro
17. Suzi Quatro
18. Bonnie Raitt
19. Helen Reddy
20. Linda Ronstadt
21. Buffy Sainte-Marie
22. Carly Simon
23. Grace Slick
24. Barbra Streisand
25. Sylvia

Guitar

1. Jan Akkerman
2. Jeff Beck
3. Joe Beck
4. Chuck Berry
5. Richard Betts
6. Elvin Bishop
7. Ritchie Blackmore
8. Mike Bloomfield
9. Roy Buchanan
10. James Burton
11. Eric Clapton
12. Ry Cooder
13. Steve Cropper
14. Jesse "Ed" Davis
15. Rick Derringer
16. Cornell Dupree
17. José Feliciano
18. Peter Frampton
19. Jerry Garcia
20. Steve Goodman
21. Buddy Guy
22. George Harrison
23. Steve Howe
24. Ernest Isley
25. Paul Kantner
26. Terry Kath
27. Steve Katz
28. Albert King
29. B. B. King
30. Freddie King
31. Sneeky Pete Kleinow
32. Alvin Lee
33. John Lennon
34. Harvey Mandel
35. Dave Mason
36. Jimmy Page
37. Elliot Randall
38. Keith Richard
39. Robbie Robertson
40. Mick Ronson
41. Carlos Santana
42. Jorge Santana
43. Cat Stevens
44. Stephen Stills
45. Mick Taylor
46. Peter Townshend
47. Robin Trower
48. David T. Walker
49. Joe Walsh
50. Johnny Winter
51. Ron Wood
52. Frank Zappa

Keyboards

1. Gregg Allman
2. Rod Argent
3. Brian Auger
4. Booker T.
5. Jackson Browne
6. Tom Coster
7. Fats Domino
8. Keith Emerson
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Nicky Hopkins
11. Garth Hudson
12. Dr. John
13. Elton John
14. Al Kooper
15. Robert Lamm

16. Barry Manilow
17. Ray Manzarek
18. Dave Mason
19. Lee Michaels
20. Steve Miller
21. Art Neville
22. Randy Newman
23. Billy Preston
24. Alan Price
25. Todd Rundgren
26. Leon Russell
27. Richard Tee
28. Allen Toussaint
29. Rick Wakeman
30. Edgar Winter
31. Stevie Winwood
32. Stevie Wonder
33. Gary Wright
34. Neil Young

Drums

1. Ginger Baker
2. John Bonham
3. Jim Capaldi
4. Karen Carpenter
5. Bobby Colomby
6. Sammy Creeson
7. Aynsley Dunbar
8. David Garibaldi
9. John Guerin
10. Paul Humphrey
11. Al Jackson, Jr.
12. Jai Johanny Johanson
13. Russ Kunkel
14. Buddy Miles
15. Mitch Mitchell
16. Joseph Modeliste
17. Keith Moon
18. Sandy Nelson
19. Carl Palmer
20. Bernard Purdie
21. Chuck Ruff
22. Danny Seraphine
23. Ringo Starr
24. Butch Trucks
25. Charlie Watts
26. Stevie Wonder

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Peter Cetera
4. Rick Danko
5. Donald "Duck" Dunn
6. John Entwistle
7. Wilton Felder
8. Jim Fielder
9. Larry Graham
10. Rick Grech
11. John Paul Jones
12. John Kahn
13. Rick Laird
14. Greg Lake
15. Phil Lesh
16. Paul McCartney
17. Carl Radle
18. Chuck Rainey
19. Lee Sklar
20. Chris Squire
21. Klaus Voormann
22. Willie Weeks
23. Bill Wyman

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE FOLDOUT BALLOT THAT FOLLOWS

Composer

1. Ian Anderson
2. Jackson Browne
3. Bob Crewe
4. Neil Diamond
5. Bob Dylan
6. David Gates
7. George Harrison
8. Mick Jagger–Keith Richard
9. Elton John–Bernie Taupin
10. Carole King
11. Robert Lamm
12. John Lennon
13. Paul McCartney
14. Joni Mitchell
15. Randy Newman
16. Harry Nilsson
17. Laura Nyro
18. Kenny Rankin
19. Lou Reed
20. Leon Russell
21. Seals & Crofts
22. Paul Simon
23. Cat Stevens
24. Stephen Stills
25. James Taylor
26. Peter Townshend
27. Stevie Winwood
28. Stevie Wonder
29. Neil Young
30. Frank Zappa

Group

1. Ace
2. Allman Brothers Band
3. America
4. Bachman–Turner Overdrive
5. Bad Company
6. The Band
7. Barrabas
8. Beach Boys
9. Bee Gees
10. Black Oak Arkansas
11. Blood, Sweat & Tears
12. Blue Oyster Cult
13. Carpenters
14. Chicago
15. Alice Cooper
16. Disco Tex & the Sex-O-Lettes
17. Doobie Brothers
18. Eagles
19. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
20. Faces
21. 5th Dimension
22. J. Geils Band
23. Grand Funk Railroad
24. Grateful Dead
25. Guess Who
26. Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds
27. Dr. Hook & the Medicine Show
28. Hot Tuna
29. Jefferson Starship
30. Kinks
31. Led Zeppelin
32. Loggins & Messina
33. Lynyrd Skynyrd
34. Malo
35. Manhattan Transfer
36. Paul McCartney & Wings
37. Moody Blues
38. The Mothers
39. Tony Orlando & Dawn
40. Osmonds
41. Pink Floyd
42. Queen
43. Rolling Stones
44. Santana
45. Seals & Crofts
46. Sky King
47. Souther, Hillman, Furay
48. Steely Dan
49. 10 c.c.
50. Three Dog Night
51. Tower of Power
52. Jethro Tull
53. The Who
54. Yes
55. Z. Z. Top

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. Bobby Bland
2. James Brown
3. Solomon Burke
4. Jerry Butler
5. Ray Charles
6. Marvin Gaye
7. Al Green
8. Donny Hathaway
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Syl Johnson
11. Eddie Kendricks
12. B. B. King
13. Curtis Mayfield
14. George McCrae
15. Johnny Nash
16. Billy Paul
17. Wilson Pickett
18. Smokey Robinson
19. Joe Simon
20. Edwin Starr
21. Sly Stone
22. Johnnie Taylor
23. Barry White
24. Bill Withers
25. Bobby Womack
26. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Yvonne Fair
2. Roberta Flack
3. Aretha Franklin
4. Millie Jackson
5. Margie Joseph
6. Chaka Khan
7. Gladys Knight
8. Gwen McCrae
9. Melba Moore
10. Ann Peebles
11. Esther Phillips
12. Martha Reeves
13. Minnie Riperton
14. Diana Ross
15. Valerie Simpson
16. Mavis Staples
17. Syreeta
18. Tina Turner
19. Dionne Warwicke
20. Betty Wright

Composer

1. Nicholas Ashford–Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. Johnny Bristol
4. James Brown
5. Bobby Eli
6. Kenny Gamble–Leon Huff
7. Al Green
8. Isaac Hayes
9. Willie Hutch
10. Curtis Mayfield
11. Eugene McDaniels
12. Smokey Robinson
13. Allen Toussaint
14. Leon Ware
15. Barry White
16. Norman Whitfield
17. Frank Wilson
18. Bill Withers
19. Bobby Womack
20. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Average White Band
2. Ron Banks & the Dramatics
3. Blackbyrds
4. Black Heat
5. Blue Magic
6. Jimmy Castor Bunch
7. Commodores
8. Delfonics
9. Dells
10. Earth, Wind & Fire
11. Graham Central Station
12. Isley Brothers
13. Jackson 5
14. The J. B.'s
15. Gladys Knight & the Pips
16. Kool & the Gang
17. Labelle
18. Love Unlimited Orchestra
19. Mandrill
20. Bob Marley & the Wailers
21. Van McCoy & the Soul City Symphony
22. Harold Melvin & the Bluenotes
23. Meters
24. M.F.S.B.
25. Moments
26. Ohio Players
27. O'Jays
28. Parliament
29. Pointer Sisters
30. Rufus
31. Sly & the Family Stone
32. Spinners
33. Stylistics
34. Supremes
35. Temptations
36. Three Degrees
37. Ike & Tina Turner
38. Undisputed Truth

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE FOLDOUT BALLOT THAT FOLLOWS

39. Jr. Walker & the All Stars
40. War
41. Wonderlove

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN
Male Vocalist

1. Bobby Bare
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. Henson Cargill
4. Johnny Cash
5. Roy Clark
6. John Denver
7. Narvel Felts
8. Freddie Fender
9. Don Gibson
10. Mickey Gilley
11. Merle Haggard
12. Sonny James
13. Waylon Jennings
14. George Jones
15. Kris Kristofferson
16. Jerry Lee Lewis
17. Gordon Lightfoot
18. Roger Miller
19. Ronnie Milsap
20. Willie Nelson
21. Buck Owens
22. Johnny Paycheck
23. Charley Pride
24. Jerry Reed
25. Del Reeves
26. Charlie Rich
27. Marty Robbins
28. Johnny Rodriguez
29. Hank Snow
30. Joe Stampley
31. Ray Stevens
32. Hank Thompson
33. Mel Tillis
34. Conway Twitty
35. Porter Wagoner
36. Hank Williams, Jr.
37. Faron Young

Female Vocalist

1. Barbi Benton
2. Judy Collins
3. Donna Fargo
4. Linda Hargrove
5. Emmylou Harris
6. Brenda Lee
7. Loretta Lynn
8. Barbara Mandrell
9. Jody Miller
10. Melba Montgomery
11. Anne Murray
12. Tracy Nelson
13. Bonnie Owens
14. Dolly Parton
15. Sandy Posey
16. Jeannie C. Riley
17. Linda Ronstadt
18. Jeannie Seely
19. Connie Smith
20. Tanya Tucker
21. Dottie West
22. Tammy Wynette

Picker

1. Chet Atkins
2. David Bromberg
3. Glen Campbell
4. Roy Clark
5. Vassar Clements
6. Curly Ray Cline
7. Ry Cooder
8. Pete Drake
9. Lester Flatt
10. Johnny Gimble
11. Josh Graves
12. Lloyd Green
13. John Hartford
14. Sonny James
15. Charlie McCoy
16. Josh Mills
17. Weldon Myrick
18. Roy Nichols
19. Jerry Reed
20. Earl Scruggs
21. Reggie Young

Composer

1. Hoyt Axton
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. Mac Davis
4. Merle Haggard
5. Tom T. Hall
6. Linda Hargrove
7. John Hartford
8. Waylon Jennings
9. Kris Kristofferson
10. Roger Miller
11. Michael Murphey
12. Willie Nelson
13. A. L. "Doodle" Owens
14. Johnny Rodriguez
15. Billy Sherrill
16. Shel Silverstein

JAZZ
Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. Brook Benton
4. Andy Bey
5. Bobby Bland
6. Ray Charles
7. Sammy Davis Jr.
8. Billy Eckstine
9. Johnny Hartman
10. Jon Hendricks
11. Johnny Mathis
12. Lou Rawls
13. Gil Scott-Heron
14. Frank Sinatra
15. Donald Smith
16. Grady Tate
17. Leon Thomas
18. Mel Tormé
19. Joe Williams
20. Jimmy Witherspoon

Female Vocalist

1. Pearl Bailey
2. Shirley Bassey
3. DeeDee Bridgewater
4. Betty Carter
5. June Christy
6. Ella Fitzgerald
7. Roberta Flack
8. Lena Horne
9. Teddi King
10. Eartha Kitt
11. Cleo Laine
12. Peggy Lee
13. Abbey Lincoln
14. Miriam Makeba
15. Barbara McNair
16. Carmen McRae
17. Liza Minnelli
18. Melba Moore
19. Odetta
20. Esther Phillips
21. Flora Purim
22. Della Reese
23. Esther Satterfield
24. Marlena Shaw
25. Nina Simone
26. Phoebe Snow
27. Barbra Streisand
28. Maxine Sullivan
29. Sarah Vaughan
30. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Chris Barber
5. Harold Betters
6. Ruby Braff
7. Oscar Brashear
8. Randy Brecker
9. Garnett Brown
10. Donald Byrd
11. Don Cherry
12. Jimmy Cleveland
13. Miles Davis
14. Vic Dickenson
15. Jon Faddis
16. Art Farmer
17. Maynard Ferguson
18. Carl Fontana
19. Curtis Fuller
20. Dizzy Gillespie
21. Urbie Green
22. Al Grey
23. Dick Halligan
24. Slide Hampton
25. Bill Hardman
26. Wayne Henderson
27. Freddie Hubbard
28. Quentin Jackson
29. J. J. Johnson
30. Thad Jones
31. Chuck Mangione
32. Blue Mitchell
33. Jimmy Owens
34. Julian Priester
35. Cynthia Robinson
36. Frank Rosolino
37. Doc Severinsen
38. Woody Shaw
39. Clark Terry
40. Charles Tolliver
41. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Pepper Adams
2. Curtis Amy
3. Gary Bartz
4. Alvin Batiste
5. Al Belletto
6. Anthony Braxton
7. Mike Brecker
8. Sam Butera
9. Benny Carter
10. Emilio Castillo
11. George Coleman
12. Ornette Coleman
13. Buddy Collette
14. Bob Cooper
15. Leroy Cooper
16. Benny Crawford
17. Eddie Daniels
18. Kenny Davern
19. Charles Davis
20. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
21. Buddy De Franco
22. Paul Desmond
23. Lou Donaldson
24. Joe Farrell
25. Jimmy Forrest
26. Sonny Fortune
27. Frank Foster
28. Charlie Fowlkes
29. Chuck Gentry
30. Stan Getz
31. Benny Goodman
32. Dexter Gordon
33. Jimmy Hamilton
34. Eddie Harris
35. Joe Henderson
36. Woody Herman
37. Bobbi Humphrey
38. Robin Kenyatta
39. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
40. John Klemmer
41. Eric Kloss
42. Steve Kupka
43. Yusef Lateef
44. Hubert Laws
45. Walt Levinsky
46. Fred Lipsius
47. Charles Lloyd
48. Herbie Mann
49. Bennie Maupin
50. Jackie McLean
51. Charles McPherson
52. James Moody
53. Gerry Mulligan
54. Oliver Nelson
55. David Newman
56. Anthony Ortega
57. Walter Parazaider
58. Cecil Payne
59. John Payne
60. Art Pepper
61. Ray Pizzi
62. Russell Procope
63. Jerome Richardson
64. Sam Rivers
65. Sonny Rollins
66. Tom Scott
67. Lonnie Shaw
68. Archie Shepp
69. Sahib Shihab
70. Wayne Shorter
71. Zoot Sims
72. Jeremy Steig
73. Sonny Stitt
74. Buddy Tate
75. Stanley Turrentine
76. Junior Walker
77. Grover Washington, Jr.
78. Ernie Watts

79. Bob Wilber
80. Edgar Winter
81. Chris Woods

Keyboards

1. Kenny Barron
2. Eubie Blake
3. Dollar Braud
4. Ronnell Bright
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Ray Bryant
7. Jaki Byard
8. Alice Coltrane
9. Chick Corea
10. Stanley Cowell
11. Neal Creque
12. Miles Davis
13. Eumir Deodato
14. George Duke
15. Charles Earland
16. Ronnie Foster
17. Erroll Garner
18. Jan Hammer
19. Johnny Hammond
20. Herbie Hancock
21. Roland Hanna
22. Barry Harris
23. Hampton Hawes
24. Earl "Fatha" Hines
25. Dick Hyman
26. Weldon Irvine
27. Ahmad Jamal
28. Keith Jarrett
29. Hank Jones
30. Roger Kellaway
31. Milcho Leviev
32. Ramsey Lewis
33. Les McCann
34. Brother Jack McDuff
35. Marian McPartland
36. Sergio Mendes
37. Thelonious Monk
38. Oscar Peterson
39. Sun Ra
40. Joe Sample
41. Shirley Scott
42. George Shearing
43. Horace Silver
44. Jimmy Smith
45. Lonnie Liston Smith
46. Billy Taylor
47. Cecil Taylor
48. McCoy Tyner
49. Mary Lou Williams
50. Larry Young (Khalid Yasin)
51. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. Terry Gibbs
5. Lionel Hampton
6. Bobby Hutcherson
7. Milt Jackson
8. Mike Mainieri
9. Buddy Montgomery
10. Red Norvo
11. Emil Richards
12. Cal Tjader
13. Keith Underwood
14. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. Arthur Adams
3. Elek Bacsik
4. George Barnes
5. George Benson
6. Dennis Budimir
7. Kenny Burrell
8. Charlie Byrd
9. Larry Coryell
10. Al DiMeola
11. Herb Ellis
12. José Feliciano
13. Eric Gale
14. Grant Green
15. Jim Hall
16. Barney Kessel
17. Reggie Lucas
18. Pat Martino
19. John McLaughlin
20. Tony Mottola
21. Joe Pass
22. Bucky Pizzarelli
23. Howard Roberts
24. Melvin Sparks
25. Gabor Szabo
26. Philip Upchurch

Bass

1. Dud Bascomb, Jr.
2. Keter Betts
3. Walter Booker
4. Ray Brown
5. Mike Bruce
6. Joe Byrd
7. Ron Carter
8. Stanley Clarke
9. Bob Cranshaw
10. Art Davis
11. Richard Davis
12. Chuck Domanico
13. George Duvivier
14. Cleveland Eaton
15. Jim Fielder
16. Larry Gales
17. Jimmy Garrison
18. Eddie Gomez
19. Charlie Haden
20. Bob Haggart
21. Percy Heath
22. Michael Henderson
23. Milt Hinton
24. Dave Holland
25. Carol Kaye
26. Cecil McBee
27. Charles Mingus
28. Monk Montgomery
29. Jamil Nasser
30. Carl Radle
31. Rufus Reid
32. Larry Ridley
33. James Rowser
34. Miroslav Vitous
35. El Dee Young

Percussion

1. Hal Blaine
2. Art Blakey
3. Willie Bobo
4. Roy Brooks
5. Jimmy Cobb
6. Billy Cobham
7. Norman Connors
8. Alan Dawson
9. Jack De Johnette
10. Bobby Durham
11. Vernel Fournier
12. John Guerin
13. Louis Hayes
14. Roy Haynes
15. Red Holt
16. Stix Hooper
17. Morris Jennings
18. Elvin Jones
19. Jo Jones
20. Philly Joe Jones
21. Mel Lewis
22. Harvey Mason
23. Roy McCurdy
24. Airto Moreira
25. Joe Morello
26. Alphonse Mouzon
27. Mtume
28. Idris Muhammad
29. Buddy Rich
30. Max Roach
31. Mickey Roker
32. Mongo Santamaria
33. Bill Summers
34. Grady Tate
35. Marshall Thompson
36. Lenny White
37. Tony Williams

Composer

1. Mose Allison
2. Carla Bley
3. Oscar Brown, Jr.
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Chick Corea
8. Miles Davis
9. Eumir Deodato
10. Gil Evans
11. William S. Fischer
12. Herbie Hancock
13. Roland Hanna
14. Freddie Hubbard
15. Ahmad Jamal
16. Bob James
17. Keith Jarrett
18. Antonio Carlos Jobim
19. Quincy Jones
20. Thad Jones
21. Michel Legrand
22. Charles Mingus
23. Thelonious Monk
24. Gil Scott-Heron–Brian Jackson
25. Wayne Shorter
26. Horace Silver
27. Charles Stepney
28. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Art Ensemble of Chicago
2. Roy Ayers Ubiquity
3. Gato Barbieri
4. Count Basie
5. Al Belletto
6. Louis Bellson
7. Art Blakey
8. Brecker Brothers
9. Dave Brubeck
10. Kenny Burrell
11. Charlie Byrd
12. Ray Charles
13. Billy Cobham
14. Ornette Coleman
15. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House
16. Crusaders
17. Miles Davis
18. Deodato
19. Mercer Ellington
20. Don Ellis
21. Bill Evans
22. Gil Evans
23. Maynard Ferguson
24. Stan Getz
25. Dizzy Gillespie
26. Lionel Hampton
27. Herbie Hancock
28. Eddie Harris
29. Hampton Hawes
30. Woody Herman
31. Earl Hines
32. Groove Holmes
33. Freddie Hubbard
34. Bobby Hutcherson
35. Ahmad Jamal
36. Elvin Jones
37. Quincy Jones
38. Thad Jones–Mel Lewis
39. Stan Kenton
40. Rahsaan Roland Kirk & the Vibration Society
41. Yusef Lateef
42. Ramsey Lewis
43. Charles Lloyd
44. Chuck Mangione
45. Les McCann
46. John McLaughlin
47. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '77
48. Charles Mingus
49. Thelonious Monk
50. Airto Moreira
51. New York Jazz Quartet
52. Oregon
53. Oscar Peterson
54. Sun Ra
55. Return to Forever
56. Buddy Rich
57. Max Roach
58. Sonny Rollins
59. Pharoah Sanders
60. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
61. Doc Severinsen
62. Horace Silver
63. Jimmy Smith
64. Lonnie Liston Smith & Cosmic Echoes
65. Supersax
66. Clark Terry
67. McCoy Tyner
68. Michal Urbaniak & Fusion
69. Weather Report
70. Tony Williams Lifetime
71. Gerald Wilson
72. Paul Winter Consort
73. World's Greatest Jazzband
74. Young-Holt Unlimited

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE FOLDOUT BALLOT THAT FOLLOWS

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

THE 1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL BALLOT

Put down the *NUMBERS* of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our lists, write in full name; only one in each category, please.

POP/ROCK

_____ MALE VOCALIST

_____ FEMALE VOCALIST

_____ GUITAR

_____ KEYBOARDS

_____ DRUMS

_____ BASS

_____ COMPOSER

_____ GROUP

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

_____ MALE VOCALIST

_____ FEMALE VOCALIST

_____ COMPOSER

_____ GROUP

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

_____ MALE VOCALIST

_____ FEMALE VOCALIST

_____ PICKER

_____ COMPOSER

JAZZ

_____ MALE VOCALIST

_____ FEMALE VOCALIST

_____ BRASS

_____ WOODWINDS

_____ KEYBOARDS

_____ VIBES

_____ GUITAR

_____ BASS

_____ PERCUSSION

_____ COMPOSER

_____ GROUP

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP

_____

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

_____

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

_____

BEST JAZZ LP

_____

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra) are not eligible.

_____

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

This is the space in which we tell you how to use your Playboy Music Poll ballot. Which may be a little presumptuous; now that you've spent your hard-earned money on the magazine, you can do whatever you like with the ballot. If it's something really kinky, we'd rather not know about it. But if you use it in the way we intended, you should find it more self-explanatory than ever before. For one thing, there is no category in which you're asked to make more than one selection; one choice in each will be plenty. That's because we won't be visualizing the winners as members of a hypothetical All-Star Band (in recent years, we've been pretty damn lucky it was hypothetical). Also, when it comes to voting for groups, you don't have to stop and consider whether a given outfit has enough pieces to be a big band or few enough to be a combo; groups are groups, no matter what size they are or what they actually do at showtime. Whether they sing, play or cut one another into little pieces, they're still groups.

Some other changes that should make the ballot easier to deal with are the elimination of the Other Instruments category—it's hard to select a top banana from a basket filled with apples, oranges, grapes and coconuts—and the combination of instrumental categories, so that you no longer need to pick the best of 25 or 30 baritone-sax players, 19 or 20 of whom you probably never heard of. All you have to do is go through the ballot and make a choice in each category.

As in past years, of course, you're not bound by the names that are listed. They're mostly there to remind you of who's around—and, as we say in our annual disclaimer, we can't list everybody, no matter what we do. So if you want to vote for someone who isn't listed, be our guest. Just write his or her name in the space provided.

Now, if you *do* vote for someone we've listed, please don't write in the person's name, because that might short-circuit our computers and send them into spasms of electronic angst. Just write in the *number* that precedes the name. On the other hand, when you get to the bottom of the ballot, where we ask for your own name, a number will *not* do, no matter if you got it from Selective Service, Harvard Medical School, Fort Leavenworth or your local musicians' union. We need your name and we need your address (otherwise, we won't be able to count your ballot and you'll have wasted all this time).

In voting for the records of the year, you'll note that the categories have also been changed to correspond to the four basic divisions of the poll. This, too, should be easier than it was in the past, since you no longer have to separate instrumental from vocal LPs or Big-Band from Small-Combo LPs; you need only think of the best Jazz record you've heard lately, the best Country-and-Western record, the best Rhythm-and-Blues record (it's an oldie, but we like that phrase, rhythm-and-blues) and the best Pop/Rock entry, be it hard rock, soft rock or just kind of squishy. In voting for the Hall of Fame, you may pick any musician, living or dead, except for those already enshrined (they're listed on the ballot).

Well, enough of this small talk. You've got your mandate and, presumably, you've been able to figure out these instructions. So take a deep breath, then plunge ahead and make your choices. Mail your completed ballot to Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked no later than December 15, 1975. But don't take a chance on missing that deadline; make out your ballot today.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES MOLL

"I've been transferred to Southwood, Mrs. Lipton. So this is Melvin—
he'll be screwing you as of next Monday."

WELCOMING WINTER

some smart foul-weather friends to help you fend off the ice age

So the world's growing colder. You're ready for it in a brushed-cotton coat with raglan sleeves, angled side pockets, button-through back yoke and imitation-leopard acrylic lining; and a matching self-belted jump suit with six-button placket front and slightly flared legs, plus a brimmed cap, all by John Karl for Flo Toronto, about $250. Add a Van Q Qiana knit shirt with long-pointed collar and barrel cuffs, by Von Heusen, $17, and hand-stained cowhide boots with stovepipe tops, double leather outersoles, stacked leather heels and round frontier toes—Dingo Brigades from Acme, about $45—and then let those glaciers come.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

THE SHEPHERD

after the plane's radio died and the blinding fog moved in, there was no doubt that this christmas eve was going to be my last

fiction By FREDERICK FORSYTH

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, while waiting for the control tower to clear me for take-off, I glanced out through the Perspex cockpit canopy at the surrounding German countryside. It lay white and crisp beneath the crackling December moon.

Behind me lay the boundary fence of the Royal Air Force base, and beyond the fence, as I had seen while swinging my little fighter into line with the take-off runway, the sheet of snow covering the flat farmland stretched away to the line of the pine trees, two miles distant in the night yet so clear I could almost see the shapes

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

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GOMEZ

of the trees themselves.

Ahead of me as I waited for the voice of the controller to come through the headphones was the runway itself, a slick black ribbon of tarmac, flanked by twin rows of bright-burning lights, illuminating the solid path cut earlier by the snowplows. Behind the lights were the humped banks of the morning's snow, frozen hard once again where the snowplow blades had pushed them. Far away to my right, the airfield tower stood up like a single glowing candle amid the brilliant hangars where the muffled aircraftmen were even now closing down the station for the night.

Inside the control tower, I knew, all was warmth and merriment, the staff waiting only for my departure to close down also, jump into the waiting cars and head back to the parties in the mess. Within minutes of my going, the lights would die out, leaving only the huddled hangars, seeming hunched against the bitter night, the shrouded fighter planes, the sleeping fuel-bowser trucks and, above them all, the single flickering station light, brilliant red above the black-and-white airfield, beating out in Morse code the name of the station—G-E-L-L-E—to an unheeding sky. For tonight there would be no wandering aviators to look down and check their bearings; tonight was Christmas Eve, in the year of grace 1957, and I was a young pilot trying to get home to Blighty for his Christmas leave.

I was in a hurry and my watch read 10:15 by the dim blue glow of the control panel where the rows of dials quivered and danced. It was warm and snug inside the cockpit, the heating turned up full to prevent the Perspex' icing up. It was like a cocoon, small and warm and safe, shielding me from the bitter cold outside, from the freezing night that can kill a man inside a minute if he is exposed to it at 600 miles an hour.

"Charlie Delta. . . ."

The controller's voice woke me from my reverie, sounding in my headphones as if he were with me in the tiny cockpit, shouting in my ear. He's had a jar or two already, I thought. Strictly against orders, but what the hell? It's Christmas.

"Charlie Delta . . . Control," I responded.

"Charlie Delta, clear take-off," he said.

I saw no point in responding. I simply eased the throttle forward slowly with the left hand, holding the Vampire steady down the central line with the right hand. Behind me, the low whine over the Goblin engine rose and rose, passing through a cry and into a scream. The snub-nosed fighter rolled, the lights each side of the runway passed in ever quicker succession, till they were flashing in a continuous blur. She became light, the nose rose fractionally, freeing the nose wheel from contact with the runway, and the rumble vanished instantly. Seconds later, the main wheels came away and their soft drumming also stopped. I held her low above the deck, letting the speed build up till a glance at the air-speed indicator told me we were through 120 knots and heading for 150. As the end of the runway whizzed beneath my feet, I pulled the Vampire into a gently climbing turn to the left, easing up the undercarriage lever as I did so.

From beneath and behind me, I heard the dull clunk of the wheels entering their bays and felt the lunge forward of the jet as the drag of the undercarriage vanished. In front of me, the three red lights representing three wheels extinguished themselves. I held her into the climbing turn, pressing the radio button with the left thumb.

"Charlie Delta, clear airfield, wheels up and locked," I said into my oxygen mask.

"Charlie Delta, Roger, over to channel D," said the controller, and then, before I could change radio channels, he added, "Happy Christmas."

Strictly against the rules of radio procedure, of course. I was very young then, and very conscientious. But I replied, "Thank you, Tower, and same to you." Then I switched channels to tune into the R.A.F.'s North Germany Air Control frequency.

Down on my right thigh was strapped the map with my course charted on it in blue ink, but I did not need it. I knew the details by heart, worked out earlier with the navigation officer in the nav. hut. Turn overhead Celle airfield onto course 265 degrees, continue climbing to 27,000 feet. On reaching height, maintain course and keep speed to 485 knots. Check in with channel D to let them know you're in their airspace, then a straight run over the Dutch coast south of Beveland into the North Sea. After 44 minutes' flying time, change to channel F and call Lakenheath Control to give you a "steer." Fourteen minutes later, you'll be over Lakenheath. After that, follow instructions and they'll bring you down on a radio-controlled descent. No problem, all routine procedures. Sixty-six minutes' flying time, with the descent and landing, and the Vampire had enough fuel for over 80 minutes in the air.

Swinging over Celle airfield at 5000 feet, I straightened up and watched the needle on my compass settle happily down on a course of 265 degrees. The nose was pointing toward the black freezing vault of the night sky, studded with stars so brilliant they flickered their white fire against the eyeballs. Below, the black-and-white map of north Germany was growing smaller, the dark masses of the pine forests blending into the white expanses of the fields. Here and there, a village or small town glittered with lights. Down there amid the gaily lit streets, the carol singers would be out, knocking on the holly-studded doors to sing *Silent Night* and collect pfennigs for charity. The Westphalian housewives would be preparing hams and geese.

Four hundred miles ahead of me, the story would be the same, the carols in my own language but many of the tunes the same, and it would be turkey instead of goose. But whether you call it *Weihnachten* or Christmas, it's the same all over the Christian world, and it was good to be going home.

From Lakenheath, I knew I could get a lift down to London in the liberty bus, leaving just after midnight; from London, I was confident I could hitch a lift to my parents' home in Kent. By breakfast time I'd be celebrating with my own family. The altimeter read 27,000 feet. I eased the nose forward, reduced throttle setting to give me an air speed of 485 knots and held her steady on 265 degrees. Somewhere beneath me in the gloom, the Dutch border would be slipping away, and I had been airborne for 21 minutes. No problem.

The problem started ten minutes out over the North Sea, and it started so quietly that it was several minutes before I realized I had one at all. For some time I had been unaware that the low hum coming through my headphones into my ears had ceased, to be replaced by the strange nothingness of total silence. I must have been failing to concentrate, my thoughts being of home and my waiting family. The first thing I knew was when I flicked a glance downward to check my course on the compass. Instead of being rock steady on 265 degrees, the needle was drifting lazily round the clock, passing through east, west, south and north with total impartiality.

I swore a most unseasonal sentiment against the compass and the instrument fitter who should have checked it for 100-percent reliability. Compass failure at night, even a brilliant moonlit night such as the one beyond the cockpit Perspex, was no fun. Still, it was not too serious; there was a standby compass—the alcohol kind. But, when I glanced at it, that one seemed to be in trouble, too. The needle was swinging wildly. Apparently something had jarred the case—which isn't uncommon. In any event, I could call up Lakenheath in a few minutes and they would give me a G.C.A.—ground-controlled approach—the second-by-second instructions that a well-equipped airfield can give a pilot to bring him home in the worst of weathers, following his progress on ultraprecise radar screens, watching him descend all the way to the tarmac, tracing his position in the sky yard by yard and second by second. I glanced at my watch: 34 minutes airborne. I could try to raise Lakenheath now, at the outside limit of my radio range.

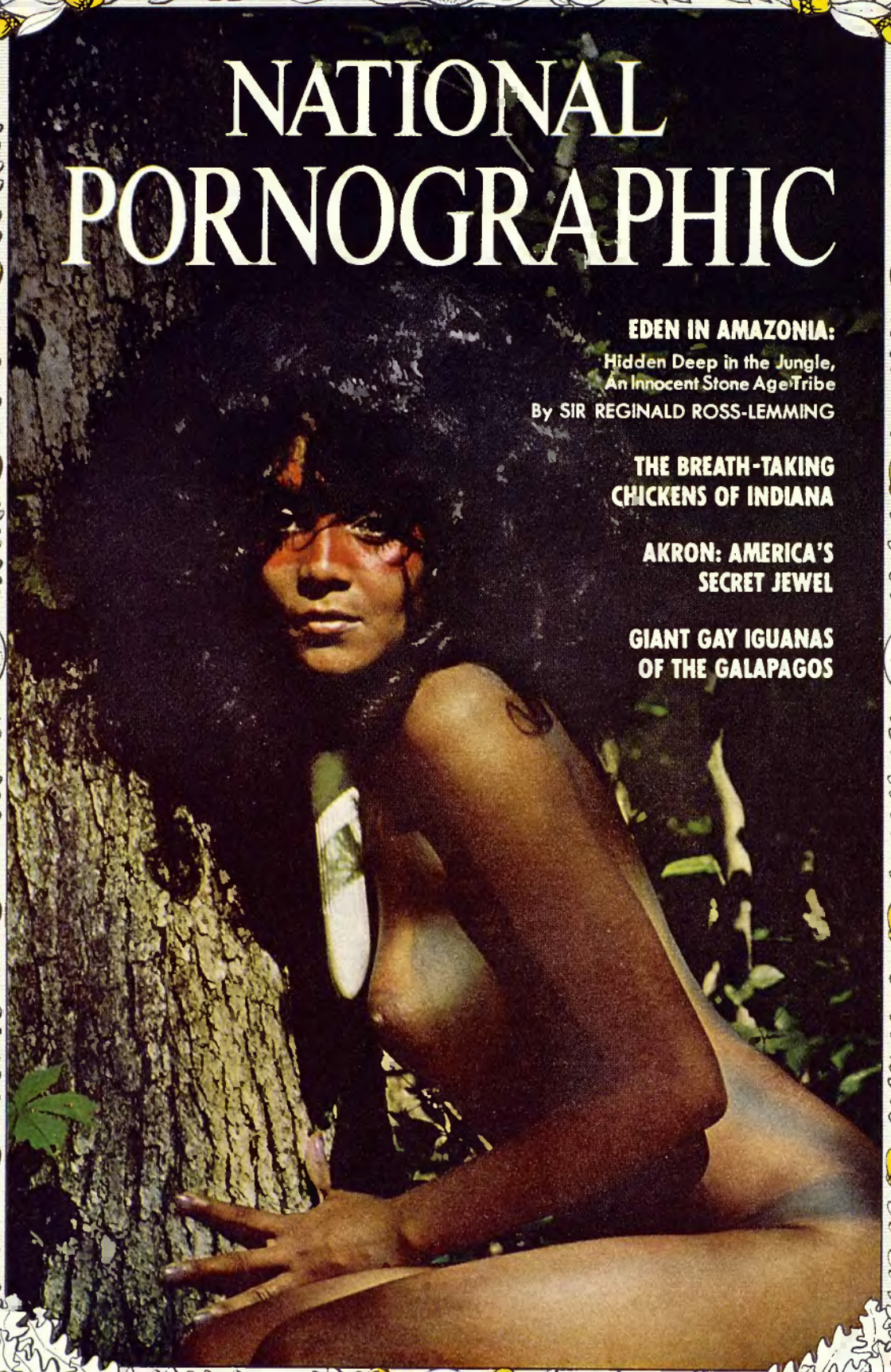
Before trying Lakenheath, it would be correct procedure to inform channel D, to whom I was tuned, of my little problem, so they could advise Lakenheath that

(continued on page 256)

ATLAS MAP SUPPLEMENT: SOUTH CENTRAL MELISSA

VOL. 1, NO. 1 DECEMBER 1975

NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC



EDEN IN AMAZONIA:
Hidden Deep in the Jungle, An Innocent Stone Age Tribe
By SIR REGINALD ROSS-LEMMING

THE BREATH-TAKING CHICKENS OF INDIANA

AKRON: AMERICA'S SECRET JEWEL

GIANT GAY IGUANAS OF THE GALAPAGOS

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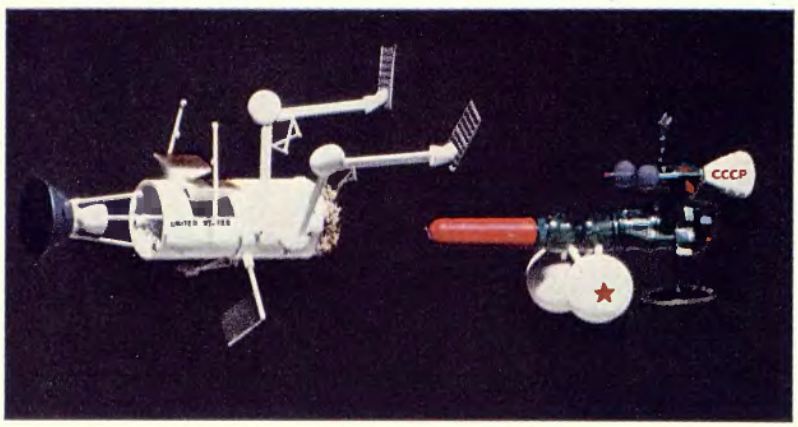
THE JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC SOCIETY 42ND STREET, N.Y.C.

Mysterious Insects Battle for Survival

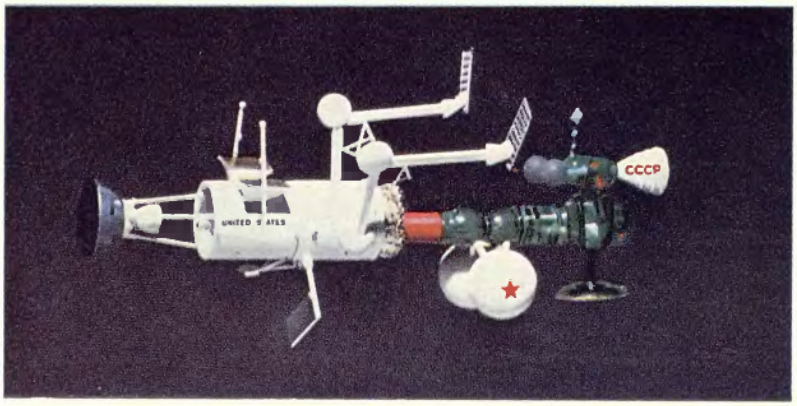
By NATALIE SPEIGLASS Photographs by EDWARD S. ROSS

I have observed for years that certain insects engage in bizarre battles. In these rare photographs, the struggle goes on between consenting adults of several species, including *Atrociously horni* (above left) and the Japanese swinger beetle. The reason for these activities is unclear, but the combatants never kill or even go steady. Specialists have reported observing similar behavior in dogs, cats, chickens, mice, cattle and humans. The mystery may someday be explained, but for the time being, we must simply observe and try to delve deeper, deeper, oh, God, *deeper*!

Locked in mortal embrace, Persian dildo bugs appear to be well hung on grass stalk (below right). Rare *ménage-à-bug* is seen at bottom.



Solar panels spread wide, U.S. capsule prepares to dock with Soviet vehicle.



As capsules link up, U.S. crew sends message to Soviet craft: "Is it in yet?"

HISTORIC EMISSION IN SPACE

By MAJOR GENERAL BUZZ ("BUZZ") BIRCH
Photographs by BILL FRANTZ

The first coupling in outer space was a fitting climax to the joint venture undertaken by the United States and Red Russia. Commie space technicians successfully completed docking maneuvers by inserting their vehicle into the opening of the American module, although NASA officials had insisted that the Bolshevik vehicle be provided with a heat-resistant sheath (painted bright red, of course) —for the prevention of disease only. Inside the U.S. capsule, cosmonaut and astronaut joined in a historic embrace that will be remembered as one giant *schtup* for mankind.

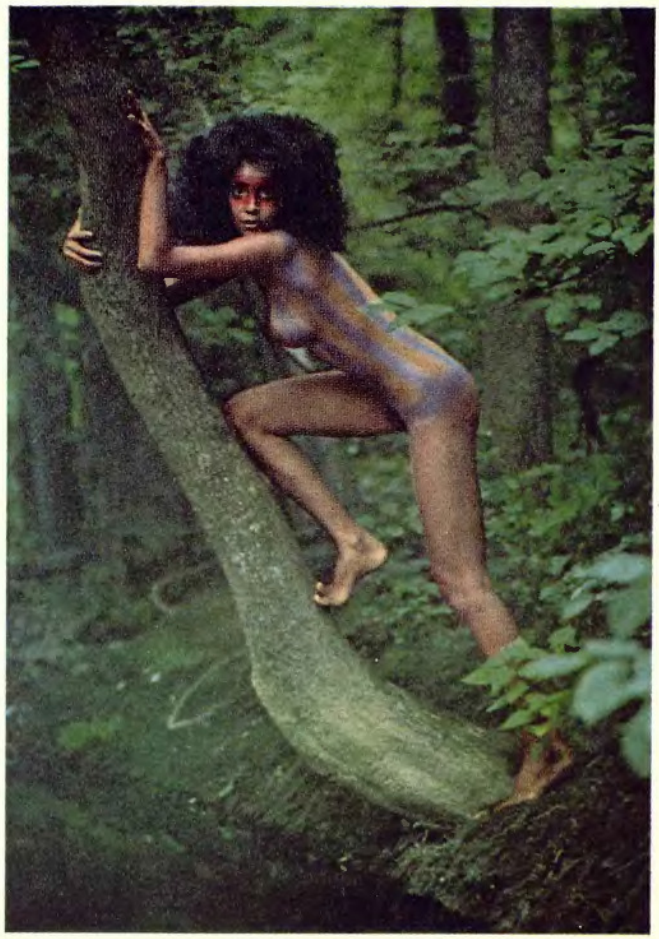
East meets West in the vast, weightless reaches of outer space. Soviet cosmonaut radios, "My bird has landed!" while pretty U.S. astronaut muses aloud, "I wonder why this reminds me of the U.S.-Soviet grain deal."

Living in Eden: The Titsaday

By SIR REGINALD ROSS-LEMMING
Photographs by BILL ARSENAULT

While on an expedition to the upper Amazon, where we had hoped to study the rather inventive mating habits of the rare and agile black garter monkey, we came upon, instead, deep in the jungle, an innocent Stone Age tribe—the Titsaday.

My first encounter was with three of them (bottom). There, suddenly before me, basking on a sunlit bank in open naked splendor, was a sensuous vision that sent a rush of scientific curiosity coursing through me; my well-traveled pego pulsed with anthropological anticipation.



The religious Titsaday gather round their sacred fire for morning prayer to the sun-god (far left). Their names, as transliterated by Sir Reginald, are, from left: Fidel, Musk, Raquel, Dee Dee, Elvis and Hotpants. Raquel, above, most intelligent of the Titsaday, was the first to grasp the advanced Western concept of "deep throat." At left, Musk exhibits a ritual ax used only for filleting plantains. Titsaday language has no words for war, kill, maim, bother slightly, annoy or hydrogen bomb. Their only aggressive phrase quaintly translates as "Waste the motherfucker!"

Sir Reginald spent much of his time attempting to teach the Titsaday about basic medical practices. At left, he explains to Raquel how wearing magic juju panties will protect her from the wrath of Dakk-Ar, evil God of the Underworld—but only if she vows that every day she will submit to Greek culture from Sir Reginald. At right, his assistant Sir Bruce demonstrates the value of cleanliness by beginning to lick Dee Dee's entire body. Above, Dr. Weaselton shows her approval.

After arduous months of waiting, the expedition is treated to its actual meeting with the Titsaday (above). Musk playfully inspects Dr. Weaselton's dress while Sir Reginald determines that the proper translation for the name Titsaday is Poon Tang.

During the unforgettable months that we lived with and studied the Titsaday, always scrupulously careful not to alter or damage a way of life that had existed unchanged since the dawn of mankind, the thought occurred to me again and again—often at night, as I fell asleep with my cheek resting against the soft down covering the pouting lips of Raquel's exquisite love grotto—that beneath the skin we are all the same, pink on the inside. In essence, everyone in the world needs the very same thing, although in recent years I have become particularly fond of being urinated upon by groups of adolescent mandrills. Our time with the Titsaday made a deep and satisfying impression upon all of us, even our usually tight-bummed botanist, Abigail Weaselton. The tribe's simple, dignified way of life should stand as a living metaphor of humanity's peaceful, childlike origins, a vivid reminder of how we first banded together out of common need, in a simpler time, when you could still find a good blow job for under $25.

As the expedition prepared to leave, Dr. Weaselton—at right, accepting a parting gift from Elvis—expressed everyone's feelings when she said, "I think we learned as much from them as they did from us." Below, a final gathering around the fire for a prayer to the sun-god, asking to be spared V.D.

HOWARD HUGHES *(continued from page 176)*

affected him *or* someone in Operations to the extent that Hughes never went back into that room. I was sent back to the drivers' room. It was a hell of a letdown to contemplate doing little errands for Operations after having been around Hughes. When we were with him, our word was golden: If we called Operations and ordered some ice-cream sundaes, no one there dared ask if they were for Hughes.

Then Glenn called and ordered me to report to Nosseck's Projection Theater on Sunset Boulevard, in the heart of the Sunset Strip. One thing that he said was most unusual: I was to treat everything I saw or heard in the strictest confidence; my entire mission was secret; even my wife was to be kept in the dark.

At first glance, it seemed that Nosseck's was to be just like Goldwyn. There were guards, Carl, Hughes and The Major, and the endless screenings. The accommodations were certainly not as nice, for while the room at Goldwyn had a patina of shabby elegance that you could associate with the golden years of Hollywood, the basement interior of Nosseck's—used by most of the major figures in the business at one time or another—greatly resembled a bat cave with projection equipment.

After two movies had been run, however, everyone left except for Hughes and the three bodyguards—Norm Love, Lloyd Hurley and me. Hughes called us into the screening room itself and motioned for us to stand at ease in front of him. "Fellows," he said, "I'm pleased that you all are here. I asked for each of you personally and I know you're the only people I can trust with this kind of assignment." Our collective chest swelled about six inches.

"We will be here for quite a spell," Hughes continued. "I'll leave it up to you to work out your schedule so that there is at least one alert, well-rested person here at all times." With a three-man detail, this sounded like a license to steal. "Absolutely no one is to know that you are here," he concluded. Then he dismissed Love and me, asking Hurley to remain in the room. I made a beeline for the projection booth so I could see, if not hear, what was going on.

Hurley was evidently instructed to sit in a straight-backed chair that was a few feet behind Hughes's chair. For the next two hours, Hurley just sat there with a slightly puzzled look on his face while Hughes indulged himself in one of his favorite pastimes, which I had first noticed at Goldwyn—stacking and unstacking Kleenex boxes. In the months to come, I would watch many scenes like this one, as Hughes stacked, restacked and rearranged six Kleenex boxes into every geometric permutation possible. My best guess is that he was using the boxes as symbols of management positions in his holdings and was trying to visualize the effects of corporate shufflings.

Finally, Hughes asked Hurley to leave, which Hurley did without apparently receiving any further instructions. Love went in—and the same puzzling scene was repeated for another two hours. Then it was my turn.

I remained in the chair for a couple of minutes, then carefully slid off the seat and walked to the rear of the screening room. I stood there, arms folded behind my back, looking intently at the ceiling. Hughes's high-pitched voice interrupted my reverie. "Ron, what are you doing there? I told you to sit in the chair and wait until I told you to move."

I figured that this was it, so, trying to make my voice confident, I said, "I'm looking for flies."

After a pause, Hughes asked, "Have you seen any?"

Gathering my nerve, I said, "No, but it sure beats sitting in that damned chair."

I expected a barrage, but, to my amazement, Hughes began to chuckle; soon he was laughing easily. When he stopped, he said, "You've caught on. You can go outside now."

I had already figured that Hughes liked to assert himself in ways that can only be called mind fucking, and I had determined not to play, at least not under his rules. He wanted to test people, to manipulate them, to see how far he could push them. People around that kind of money allow themselves to be pushed a hell of a long way. My attitude from the beginning was independent. Perhaps a two-buck-an-hour job was the big time to some Mormon kid from Utah, and for it he'd stand in a corner if Hughes said to, but my thought was, The hell with it; I'm in it for the laughs, and when I stop laughing, I stop playing.

The next day proved the worth of my position. Hughes called the three of us into the studio and said, "I want you to rearrange your schedules so that Ron is here at all times. Norm, you and Lloyd split your schedules so that one of you is here when the other is gone." I did some fast calculating and, factoring in overtime, figured my weekly pay had just zoomed to $464. That would make up for the fact that Hughes had had delivered his favorite white-leather chair and ottoman, which he had proved adept at sleeping in while at Goldwyn. The anteroom at Nosseck's held nothing as comfortable for Kistler, but what the hell, $464 was $464, and this hand just *couldn't* be folded.

We didn't know how long we were going to be there. At first, I thought that it couldn't last beyond a week or so, based on the initial delivery of groceries for Hughes. It consisted of a quart of milk, several bottles of Poland water, two Hershey bars with almonds and a small bag of pecans. Five days later, the same bill of fare was delivered. This had to be a temporary assignment, I thought. After all, who could live on a diet of milk, water, chocolate and nuts? Well, Howard Hughes could. He managed on it for the full three months we were there, eating nothing else.

We got by, courtesy of the coffee shop at a hotel up the street, as well as through CARE packages delivered by Brimley or Dick Homer. I don't know how Hughes reacted to the smell of steaming burgers being attacked in the anteroom outside the studio; for that matter, I wonder if he noticed.

Food was one thing. Hygiene was another. There were no shower or bath facilities at Nosseck's, which is not unreasonable, since the owner probably didn't foresee his studio's being used as a flophouse by a multimillionaire. Hughes solved this problem by taking "sponge baths." These consisted of his throwing cold water onto his head and letting it drip down over as much of his body as gravity and the absorbency of his skin would permit. For obvious reasons, this technique served to wet only the upper third of his body; the watermark was at about his armpits.

The result was that Hughes had achieved a level of body odor that was probably unacceptable even by the standards of a gymnasium. The residue from his baths had built up on his shirt (the same white shirt he'd had on at our first meeting, which was eight months earlier) until there were the outlines of many high-water marks.

Finally, Hughes noticed his slovenliness. He called me in one day and said, "Ron, my shirt and trousers are in dire need of a cleaning. Do you think you could clean them up for me?"

I took a long, careful look and said emphatically, "No."

Hughes wouldn't give up. "Don't you think you could get a can of cleaning fluid and take the biggest stains out?"

I wanted no part of that detail. "There is no way in this world," I said, "that those clothes can be cleaned. They are so old and dirty that they would fall apart the minute cleaning solvent hit them."

Hughes looked pained. He sat for several minutes in silence. But he was not the kind of person who would give up easily. "Ron," he implored, "this is my favorite outfit."

No shit. I'd never seen him wear anything else. But I wasn't backing down. "There is *no way* to clean those clothes, period. You're just going to have to throw them away and get something new to wear."

At that, he rose and began to unbutton his shirt. He shrugged his shoulders and the shirt fell to the floor. Then he unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and

"My, don't we look Christmasy."

let them slide to his ankles. His white-on-white body, unencumbered by any underwear, was a sight to behold. He hadn't had a shave or a haircut for God knows how many months. His beard now hung six inches down on his chest. His hair was almost to his shoulders. He stepped out of his pants, bent down and picked them up, along with the shirt, and handed the bundle to me. I swear that there were tears in his eyes.

I took the clothes into the lobby and deposited them in a large waste can. End of an era. The next day, a driver delivered what looked to be a shirt box from a laundry. A few minutes after that, Hughes had his first clean shirt of the year. Even though it was four or five sizes too large, and even though there still were no trousers and he wore the same old unlaced brown wing tips, it *was* an improvement. Relatively speaking, Howard Hughes was ready for the Easter parade.

•

One day I received my first indication that I might be something more to Hughes than a quasi bodyguard. He called me into the studio and asked me to take dictation. I didn't think twice about it, even though I wasn't trained in any legitimate system of shorthand. The letter he dictated had to do with the affairs of Trans World Airlines and was being sent to one of the people who were trying to take over Hughes's holdings in the airline. From the text of this and other communiqués, I could tell that there was a major problem with the airline, which apparently didn't have the cash to pay for the first 707s that were coming off Boeing's assembly line. It was going to be necessary for TWA to borrow a huge sum of money, because the airline had been a steady money loser.

One of the institutions with which Hughes was negotiating was The First National Bank of Boston. Hughes had me call someone there and read him a list of instructions on how to negotiate with Howard Hughes. "After you hang up from this call," I recited to the bank officer, "we ask you to have your telephone line checked to make sure that there is no sort of listening device on it; make no mention of this call to anyone unless absolutely necessary, and only then after swearing him to secrecy; keep the number of people who know of these negotiations to a minimum; lock up *all* note pads used in these negotiations every night."

I learned that the amount of the loan I was talking about was $268,000,000. It made me feel odd. I'd had a terrible time opening an account with Sears.

•

Hughes had one peculiarity that gave me my greatest laugh at Nosseck's. He would sit in the studio, his shoes off, talking on the phone to The Major or The Party, bouncing around on his chair in a state of some kind of excitement. But he had a further trick. He could fold his long, bony toes, one over the other, starting with the little toe and working in. He was doing that one day when Homer came by to deliver some food to me and I shushed him, took him into the projection booth and pointed toward Hughes's seated ballet and toework. Homer got so hysterical, laughed so loud, that Hughes, who was hard of hearing, started twisting around in his chair to try to see who was making that horrible noise.

But as our stay wore on, I began to get really concerned about Hughes's mental state, as well as his weakened physical condition. He seemed to have extended periods of truly bizarre behavior, which were occurring more and more frequently. Physically, he resembled a live skeleton. His cheekbones protruded grotesquely from the sunken face; the black circles under his eyes seemed to be those of a mad artist. His calves looked like wrists; his thighs were the size of decent forearms. His buttocks had lost so much flesh that there were several rolls of loose skin, so that Love, Hurley and I started calling him Saddlebags.

I called Glenn at Operations and said, "Kay, I'm afraid Hughes is going to die."

There was a long silence. Finally, Glenn was able to mumble, "Ron, what makes you think that?" I told him in detail about the diet, the weight loss, the lack of bathing facilities, the sleeping conditions—the whole sorry story. Glenn told me to stand by the phone for an important call. Shortly afterward, a doctor called and I went through the story again and answered a lot of questions about skin color, respiration, speech coherence, firmness of step, mental alertness, and the like. The doctor offered no conclusions; there was nothing to be done. He couldn't pick up his phone, call Hughes and tell him he was sick. That decision would be made by Hughes and no other.

But two days later, as if he'd read my mind, Hughes demonstrated one of the greatest mental feats I have ever witnessed. With me still worried that he'd gone around the bend, he called me into the studio and reminded me of the complex letter he had dictated regarding TWA some months before. Since it was in the form of a memorandum—highly technical and very long—he had had me keep my copy of it. Well, this man I thought on the edge of the abyss sat me down and redictated that memo to me, fact for fact, word for word, comma for comma. When he finished, he asked me if he'd gotten it right. I told him he had, he smiled and that was that. I think Hughes thought he had to show me that he was OK: Evidently, he had noticed my concern.

Apparently, some of Hughes's relative unhealthiness was a ruse that he was using against The Major and The Party. When he talked with them on the phone, I would hear him say, "The night nurse Ruth is with me now and she's ready to give me a bath" or "Nurse Hannah is about to give me an enema." It became clear to me that the reason behind the whole lost summer—the isolation, the weight loss, the hospital talk, his avoiding calling Operations—was to convince the people dear to him that he was in a hospital, rather than at Nosseck's. He successfully cut himself off from The Major and The Party and avoided any personal confrontations on the TWA crisis, all by portraying himself as gravely ill. The unanswered question is *Why?*

Despite his charade, he was terrified of potential germs or any kind of disease. I had had enough. I wanted to go home. So one day, when I was certain he was looking at me, I allowed my knees to sag ever so slightly, brushed my forehead with my hand and tried to look like someone who had narrowly avoided a fainting spell. Hughes asked, "Ron, are you feeling well?"

I had to admit, "No, sir, not well at all."

He seemed to press himself back into his chair. "Are you coming down with a cold?"

Hardly. "No," I said, "I just seem to have picked up a headache I can't shake."

That was all it took. "You've had a long spell here, Ron. I think you had better go home for a few days. You go on home, get a good rest and take care of yourself. Stay there until you hear from me." I never had to go back to Nosseck's, because Hughes left a few days after I did (I never found out why). Waiting at home to hear from him meant five weeks' paid vacation with my wife.

•

I got a call ordering me to report to Hughes's bungalow, number four, at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I was to spend the last year of my active employment with Hughes Productions there. When I reported for work, I immediately spotted a familiar face on the bungalow steps. It was a Hughes employee who was referred to by Hughes as a "third man." There were three third men who rotated hours so that one of them was always available. Their duties were to guard the bungalow's door, as well as to guard two other unoccupied hotel bungalows. (Hughes had apparently filled those bungalows full of wadded-up Kleenex and simply moved out of them.) They would deliver newspapers and magazines, coordinate meal service and let people in and out of Hughes's bungalow. That last duty was not at all simple.

Before the door could be opened, the third man had to take a folded newspaper and shoo away any insects from the doorframe. Then he would open the door barely wide enough for a body to squeeze through and, within seconds, slam the door shut before any kamikaze fly or mosquito could make it inside to dive-bomb Hughes.

When I arrived the first time, I squeezed into the room just in time to

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escape being squashed like a, well, like a bug. Inside, I immediately stopped in my tracks. It was gloomily dark, especially in contrast to the sunshine outside. "Just stand right there and don't move, Ron. And remember not to talk." It was Hughes's voice. After my eyes had adjusted to the darkness, I looked around and was thankful I'd stopped when I had. The room looked like a Salvation Army thrift shop, jammed with chairs, couches, end tables, lamps, bookcases, Hughes's favorite leather chair and ottoman, a large movie screen, two portable projectors on top of one of the coffee tables, two large speakers and approximately 20 full-size film cans spread out in rows on the floor. The cans were laid out in such a way as to make narrow paths to various sections of the room.

Hughes was sitting in the middle of this, in his favorite chair, wearing nothing but a pink Beverly Hills Hotel napkin, which he held in his crotch. After Nosseck's, I wondered what had inflamed his sense of modesty. Neither his beard nor his hair had been cut since I had last seen him. The beard fell to his chest. He was not nearly so gaunt as he had been at Nosseck's, and I was also pleased to note that his exposed skin, and there was lots of it, had a healthy pinkish tinge that gave evidence of recently having been bathed and well rubbed with a towel.

"Ron," he said, "that is your chair over in the corner. Go sit in it and don't move around. You will find a book of instructions on how to run these projectors. Read it and make damned sure that you know how to operate them. It shouldn't take you long, considering the amount of time that you have spent in the projection booth with Carl when you weren't supposed to be there." (How did he *know*?) As I walked to my chair, he added, "Remember! You are not to talk in this room. If you want to communicate with me, you can write a note on one of the pads that you will find on the table. But I cannot imagine anything that would be important enough to require you to write me a note." Since I had been told to read the instruction booklet, and since it was dark in the room, I turned on a lamp that was by my chair. You'd have thought I had run over and sneezed in his face. Hughes whipped around and growled at me, "Turn that damned light off. If I want you to turn the damned light on, I'll damned well tell you to turn the damned light on. Now turn the damned light off."

Looking around the room again in the darkness, I remembered a line from Edgar Guest: "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home." In this $175-per-day hotel bungalow, Hughes had done his best for the heap part of that phrase. Stacks of unread magazines and newspapers were piled around the room, some of them at least seven feet high. Hughes had obviously been willing to devote a lot of time to making certain that the various stacks were perfectly balanced. I was to learn that he had delivered to him by the third man every edition of every local daily paper in evenly aligned groups of three, so that Hughes could pull out the supposedly sanitary middle paper. After all that, he never did read it. I could see that there were many issues of PLAYBOY in the piles, sometimes two or three copies of the same issue. (Later I would see him occasionally studying a PLAYBOY centerfold. He never touched another magazine.)

In the small open spaces between stacks (or furniture), he had started a monumental pile of used Kleenex, left over from cleaning his nose, eyes, ears, fingernails, toenails, the telephone, his chair, his ottoman and anything else he could reach. Evidently, he would dispose of the tissues by wadding them into balls and throwing them over his shoulder onto the floor. Unfortunately, I could see that his aim was in the general direction of my chair. I began immediately to develop an overwhelming fear of being crushed under a mountain of dirty Kleenex piled in this multimillionaire's Beverly Hills bungalow.

After a few hours of staring at the mess and squinting at the instruction booklet, I was given permission to return to the hotel room that had been reserved for me. I got up and started to leave the room, only to be stopped by Hughes's excited voice: "Wait until I call the third man to let you out!" I stood by the door as he phoned. "Stan, would you please come over and let Ron out of the room?" He turned back to me. "When the third man gets here, he will notify you by kicking on the door." I nodded. "You will then kick the door to signal to *him* that you are prepared to go out quickly as he opens the door." After the ritual kicks, I made a frantic squeeze through the opening and damn near lost my manhood on the knob.

I fought off boredom during those long months in the bungalow by learning the tricks of an ace flycatcher. But I wasn't *always* the one to track the dread insect. On Easter Sunday, 1959, John Holmes, Hughes's personal driver, took his turn. Hughes pretended not to notice holidays, claiming that they were just like any other day. On every important holiday—the ones normal people like to spend with their families—Hughes would contrive to have *all* his closest aides with him. But Hughes had told Holmes as early as Thanksgiving the year before that he would have Easter Sunday off so that he could spend it with his family.

On Easter morning, I was on duty and wasn't too surprised to see Hughes pick up the phone, call Holmes and launch into his favorite con: "Johnny, I know I promised you that you could have this Sunday with your family, but I have to interrupt your day. This won't take long, but I have to have you come down. There's a fly in my room." I don't know who was more pissed off with that excuse, Holmes or me. After all, I was a pretty damn good fly killer.

Holmes came into the bungalow a couple of flyless hours later. He was a good actor, so he wasn't showing the displeasure he must have been feeling. He stood in front of Hughes, who said in his most apologetic tone of voice, "I'm sorry, John, but there's a fly somewhere in here and I just *have* to turn to *you* to catch it." The humidity in the room went up 15 percent because I was steaming in the corner: You can get me to do a lot of bullshit things, but don't *ever* tell me I'm not doing them well.

Holmes began his search, looking everywhere he could walk. He worked slowly, very slowly. After 45 minutes of brilliant acting, he made his way alongside Hughes's chair, out of Hughes's range of vision but well within mine. Holmes tapped his forehead and smiled, then reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a Kleenex. He opened it up, and there was the corpse of a big, beautiful fly. The cheating son of a bitch had brought one from home.

He put the fly back in his pocket and worked his way to a far corner of the room, where Hughes could watch him only by looking over his shoulder. Then Holmes made a production out of spotting a fly. He put a piece of Kleenex on his hand. He was ready for the kill. He made a pass and then made the substitution of one ball of Kleenex for the other. He went over to Hughes. "Did you get him, John?" Holmes nodded. "Well, let's have a look." Holmes unfolded the Kleenex very carefully and put the dead body right in front of Hughes's face. Hughes really studied that dead fly and finally said, "Johnny, that's a nice fly." Holmes nodded, smiling. Then Hughes looked up at Holmes and said thoughtfully, "Next time, John, let's get a *legal* kill." We were all of us close enough to one another to understand the joke, and we all broke out in hysterical laughter that lasted for over five minutes. When the laughter had subsided, Hughes said, "John, go on and spend the rest of the day with your family, and happy Easter to you."

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Hughes was certainly eating better at the hotel than he had at Nosseck's, but he was still a very unconventional man. He might eat at eight P.M. Tuesday and not again until ten P.M. Thursday. He would notify the serving crew hours, or even days, in advance of his mealtime. In theory, this was to give them time to wash themselves down, so that they (and the kitchen) would be hygienic enough for Hughes. In reality, it gave them enough time to get to the hotel from their homes. (The waiters were Hughes

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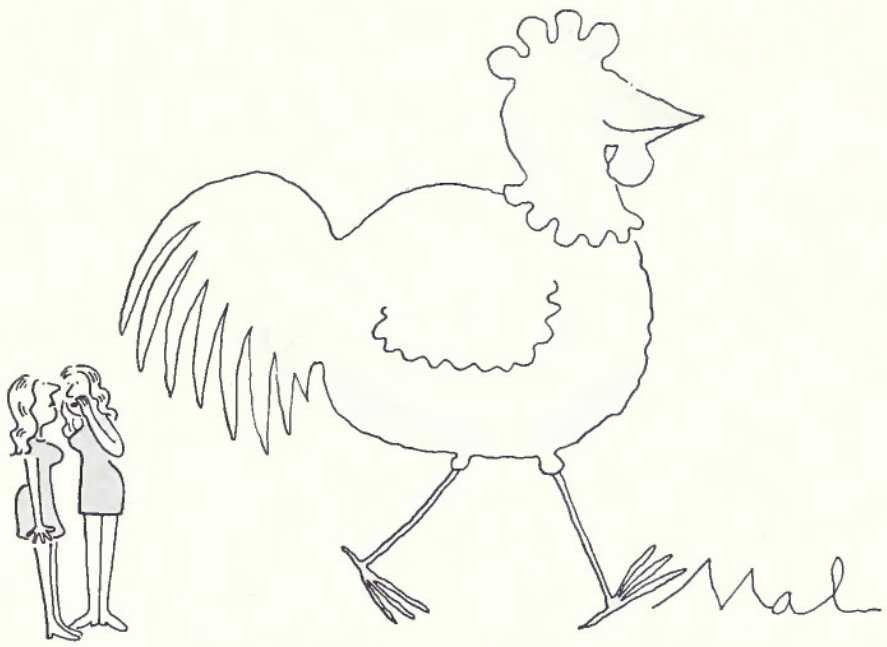
employees who also doubled as chefs.)

The quantity of food that Hughes was able to consume was staggering. A large salad, two or three broiled steaks, one or two quarts of milk, several quarts of ice cream and as many as six single-layer cakes at one meal. It would take him two or three hours to finish a meal like that, and I guess it's no wonder that one of them would hold him for days. One time, he called the third man and said, "Let's eat steak today." He called back later and said, "I've changed my mind. I'm not going to eat now." It had been two and a half *days* between his first call and the second one.

This sort of thing wore the waiters to a frazzle. If he ordered steak, they would cook it until it was almost done, because they knew that there would be a wait outside the bungalow with the steak sitting there, cooking slowly over a Sterno can. Of course, if the wait outside was too long, they would have to go back to the kitchen and start a fresh piece of beef. The record for steaks cooked outside Hughes's room but not delivered was, I believe, ten.

Another time, it looked as if the waiters were, after innumerable delays, going to get in with their food. They were on the porch with a tray of beef Stroganoff and a can of Sterno underneath it. Suddenly, one of the waiters looked up at the Spanish-style tile roof. It was evidently a favorite haunt of some sparrows. He reached up with his bare hand and scraped some birdshit off the tile. He flung it into the Stroganoff and then stirred it in. The door was opened and the cart wheeled in. Hughes immediately ate the meal without noticing a thing. He didn't say that it was better than usual, but he sure didn't say that it was any worse.

When *I* wanted to eat, I had to pick up my hotel-room phone, call Operations in Hollywood, place my order and then wait while they relayed it to room service, some 50 yards away. Operations would often try to assert their authority over me by "forgetting" to place my order, so I would have to call again and again. There was a list of foods I was not to eat around Hughes, including pork products, any meat cooked with gravy, garlic, onions or any other "breath destroyer," spaghetti or any other Italian dish (my very Italian wife regarded this as another black mark against Hughes) or any dish that might be considered exotic. Because the gourmet standards used in measuring what was or wasn't exotic were those of that center of high-class cuisine—Utah—I found that I was safe only with a New York–cut broiled steak. Steak and eggs for breakfast. Steak sandwich for lunch. Steak for dinner. A typical day's food bill for me—you know what room-service prices are these days, and at the Beverly Hills Hotel, they were like that *then*—would run close to $100. The standard Hughes tip was always 50 percent of the bill. Eventually, I got hold of the right people in the kitchen (my food was prepared by hotel employees) and we devised a code, so that if I ordered Wheatena and whole-wheat toast with eggs, I'd get ham and eggs. Cheating like that really *was* cheating, because even if Hughes's taboo list was inexplicable to me, Hughes himself didn't eat any of the foods he didn't want me to eat.



"He's listed in the 'Guinness Book of World Records' under 'The World's Biggest Cock!' "

Hughes's sleeping was as unconventional as his eating. He might go to bed and sleep for 18 hours or he might wake up after two hours and cat-nap the day away. There was no such thing as bedtime. Sleep might be convenient at ten A.M., four P.M. or four A.M. He never wore any kind of watch, so he would occasionally call the third man and ask the time. The third man had to remember to add A.M. or P.M.

We passed the time he wasn't eating or sleeping watching films. Cowboy movies were his favorites, but anything having to do with airplanes was on his must-see list. The prints were borrowed from the studios (Hughes had been part of the industry when he owned RKO, and he could still be considered in show business through the weird functioning of Hughes Productions). Of course, the studios wanted the films back within a reasonable period of time, especially in the case of a new release for which they had only a limited number of prints. Many times I would get frantic calls from Operations wanting to know about the status of a film Hughes had watched half of but had put on hold. When the problem was really acute, I'd smuggle the film out, which always led to interesting confrontations with Hughes: He'd want to know what had happened to that film and I'd tell him that he'd seen it all and had OK'd its return.

Between reels, Hughes would make phone calls to The Major and The Party. Because of his hearing problem, he wore a hearing aid, so he would take his amplifier and hold it over the earpiece at a right angle to his head. That made me privy to every word said on both sides of the conversation. Listening to all the little intimacies, spats and gossip made me very uncomfortable, but Hughes was oblivious of this; he'd say the most personal things in my presence.

The other fellows working for Hughes at the hotel loved to play practical jokes that had as their basis the fact that he was hard of hearing. There was a large air purifier in one window of the bungalow. The guys would whisper jokes through the air cleaner that I could hear but Hughes couldn't. If he was looking at me, I'd have to keep a straight face.

One time, I was sitting in my chair when I smelled smoke, cigarette smoke, and I was dying for a cigarette. They were blowing smoke through that damned purifier (which, like the air conditioner, wasn't turned on). Hughes started sniffing the air. "Ron, I smell smoke," he said. "Are you smoking?" I shook my head no. "Well, I smell smoke," Hughes said. "and *I'm* not smoking. And *you're* not smoking. But I *do* smell smoke. Do *you* smell smoke?" I nodded my head. "Isn't that strange? That's the first time I've ever smelled smoke here." This went on for about 20 minutes, his wondering

about the smoke, while the more he talked about it, the faster the guys outside were lighting up cigarettes. They were howling with laughter, knowing that Hughes couldn't hear them, and I had to sit there, wearing a Buster Keaton stone face. If Hughes knew about those gags—and I often think that he did—he pretended not to, preferring to let us have our fun, blow off our steam.

But he was grating on my nerves. He was spending hours combing his beard, using the small end of a barber's comb with such gusto that I expected either the comb or the beard to break out in flames. It was just another of his absent-minded, nervous habits (like polishing the wire that led from the phone to the wall), but it was getting to me. So were the growing piles of Kleenex.

Worse, Hughes had begun to take a lot of naps, which would last anywhere from 30 minutes to four hours. He would stretch out in that leather chair, plop his feet on the ottoman and sleep. My chair was armless, unpadded and very uncomfortable. I couldn't sleep. Hell, it was hard to slouch in that chair. I wrote him a note: "I would like to go to my room when you take a nap."

This displeased Hughes and he was quick to say so. "Ron, I don't think that you are being fair to me. I never sleep for very long and you can nap at the same time. You know that I don't like to have the door opened and closed any more than is necessary, and for that reason, I don't want you to leave."

I could see that this was going to be a good fight, but I was ready for it. I wrote: "Your chair is one hell of a lot more comfortable than mine. I would like to go to my room so that I can smoke, go to the bathroom and call my wife. I can be back here within five minutes after you call me."

A growing look of repulsion spread over his face as he read my note and contemplated my actions. "We'll talk about it some other time. Get back in your chair. I'm going to turn out the light and we're going to take a nap." If that was supposed to end it, it didn't. He turned out the light and began to nap. I went over to the door and waited, hoping somehow to get out.

After a few minutes, Hughes turned on a light and said, in a soft, gentle voice, "Ron, please sit down. I want to talk to you." I took my seat. "I know that you're uncomfortable, that the hours are long and irregular, that you haven't been home with your family for a long time and that I make you nervous, but I just want you to know how much I appreciate having you here. You do such good work, and always with such a good-natured attitude, that it really helps my spirits to have you in the room with me. There isn't anyone in the whole world that I would rather have in this room with me than you, Ron."

It was his Sunday punch. He knew it was bullshit, I knew it was bullshit, but there we were, he laying it out and I taking it in. He was *so* maudlin that I had begun to smile. Evidently, he saw that he'd overdone his spiel, for he started to grin back at me. "Ron, I wouldn't insult you with money." (Damned right he wouldn't. I was still earning that two bucks an hour, even though it did come to $464 a week.) "I can only promise you that you will have a job with me for the rest of your life. I know that I've been too tough on you and I apologize. You can go to your room. I'll send for you when I need you." It was a victory, but a short-lived one.

I had, over the past weeks, begun to realize that I had a real problem. I had been having an itching sensation in my rectal area that was getting worse and worse. I had tried all the patent medicines with no relief and I knew that I would have to see a doctor. In desperation, I wrote Hughes a note to let him know about my condition: "I'm afraid I must see a doctor. I have a problem with my rectum."

Hughes felt that you go to a doctor to contract a disease, not to cure one. "Do you have hemorrhoids, Ron? Piles? A rash?" I shook my head no each time. He said that he would make arrangements for me to visit a specialist.

Two weeks later, I was still waiting—and itching. It was getting worse. I was in continuous discomfort. I tried another note: "My ass is killing me and I still want to go see a doctor."

We glowered at each other. Finally, he said, "I've been making arrangements and should have word for you by tomorrow."

The next day, I brought the note with me: "When in the hell do I get to see a doctor?" I was furious and he knew it. He called Operations and told them to make an appointment with one of the leading plumbing specialists in Beverly Hills. I was scheduled for the next day. I felt better almost instantly.

The doctor called my problem a "million-dollar rectum." It seems that the anal area is very sensitive and when the body is plagued with severe nervous anxiety, it is not uncommon for there to be a minor breakdown in that area. The doctor told me that this condition was fairly common among some of his wealthier patients. The prescription was simple and welcome. I was to go home and stay there for three to four weeks. The next day, when Hughes read my note about the diagnosis, his solution was a direct one: "We'll get a new doctor." The following day, I was sent to another specialist. He diagnosed the problem as a minor skin rash.

I was far from cured. In fact, I was in worse shape than ever. There was no such thing as sleep for me, and Hughes was really putting it to me: long, long sessions with little free time. He was getting meaner than hell. There were no more laughs in it for me. To top it off, I had gotten a call from my wife (her angel-of-mercy visits to my hotel room were the bright spots in our lives): I was going to have to choose between Hughes and her.

The last time I went to the bungalow, it was a particularly hot, smoggy September day. The Santa Ana winds had blown much of the L.A. filth into Beverly Hills, and Hughes didn't have the air conditioner or the air purifier on. I had barely gotten seated when he said, "Ron, just sit there quietly while I take a short nap."

I jumped up and ran to the front of his chair. I wasn't about to be bothered with note writing. I shouted, "It's too goddamned hot in here!"

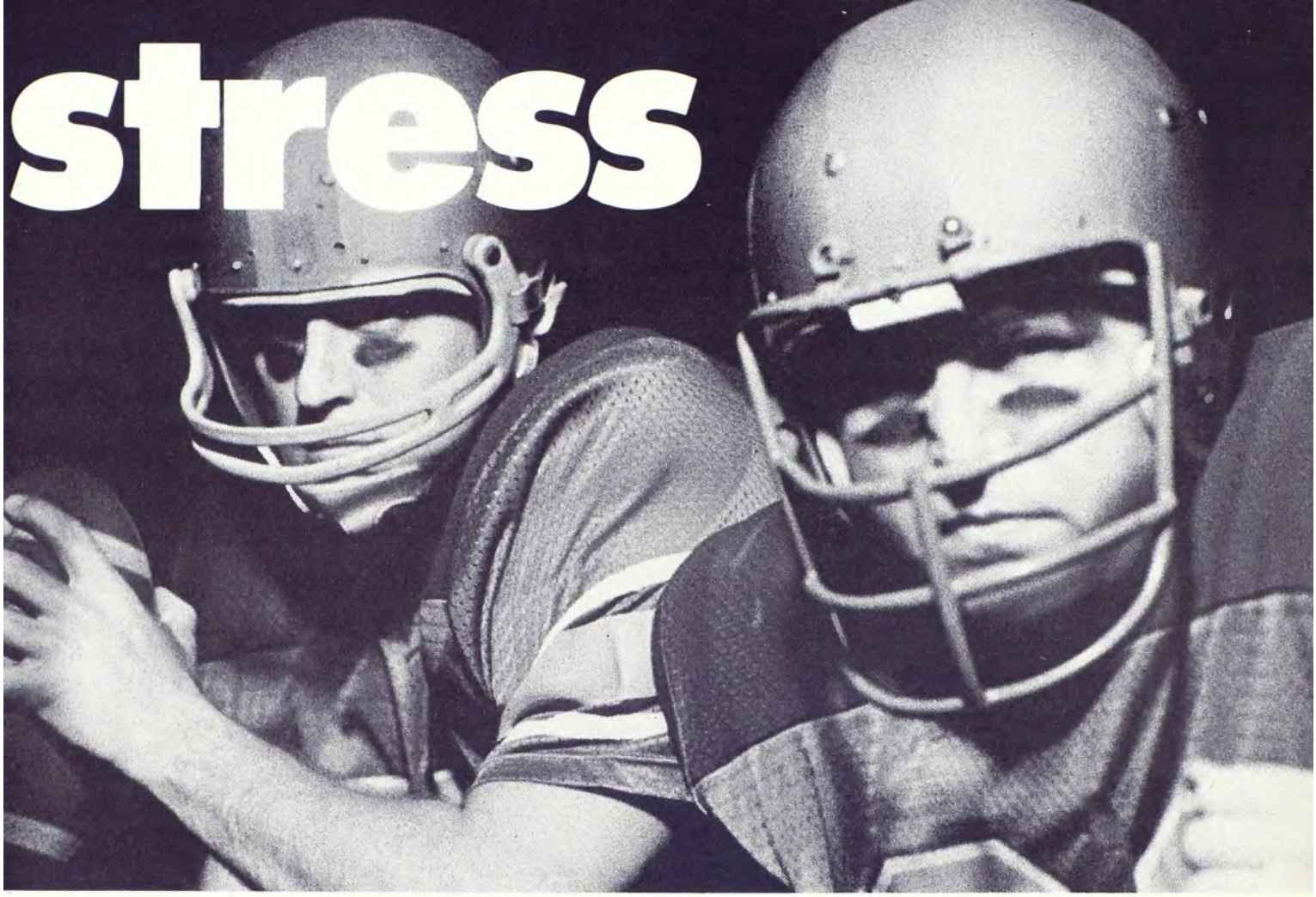
He grimaced and instructed me to take a piece of Kleenex and turn the air conditioner on to its lowest setting—one click below LOW COOL, which should be labeled NOISE. Then he gave me a very dirty look and said, "Sit in your chair. We are *going* to take a nap." He had turned out the lights and had taken his hearing aid out of his ear, so it was going to be tough to communicate with him. He had closed his eyes and was presumably asleep. I picked up a large Turkish towel and stood alongside his chair.

To catch his attention, I started madly fanning his skinny, old nude body with the towel. His eyes snapped open. I lost control and started screaming at him: "Goddamned crazy old bastard! It's so goddamned hot in here you could fry an egg on the floor and *still* you won't turn on the air conditioner! I'm sick and you make the doctor tell me a bunch of lies! You told me that I wouldn't have to stay in this damned room when you took a nap! My wife is leaving me and taking the kids! You've got *me* half-crazy now! You run around nude in this stinking shithole and I'm leaving before I get as nuts as you are! *Fuck you, Howard Hughes!* I quit!"

Hughes's eyebrows were arched, his eyes bulging. I walked over to the door and grabbed the private, privileged doorknob with my bare hand. I flung the door open as far as it would go. The third man was in his own room. There was no one around to brush at the flies. I looked back to see Hughes sitting, nude, in that damned old white-leather chair. He was shielding his eyes from the bright sunlight, something that he hadn't seen in months. He was reaching for the telephone, probably to call the third man.

Streams of people were walking along the sidewalk outside the bungalow, going to or coming from the Polo Lounge or the pool. Most of them peered into bungalow four, trying to see who that poor skinny old mole was, the one with the beard and the long hair and the pink napkin stuffed in his crotch.

I haven't seen Howard Hughes since.



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JAGUAR

(continued from page 175)

demanding they are, the better the car is likely to be, and they may have personal preferences that account for both the good and the bad things it does. In the case of the XJ-S, we were dealing with levels of goodness; of the bad there was precious little.

Seeing the way Randall drove the Jaguar was very helpful. He caressed the coupe from curve to curve in a manner that was more guiding than driving. He did not anticipate or compensate. Even at very high speeds, he simply turned the wheel the required amount and the big cat tracked around, its low-profile Dunlops whispering along the intended path. He handled the two-ton car with such delicacy that we wouldn't have been surprised to see him pull on a pair of surgical gloves.

We had been rough on the XJ-S the first day out on a run from the factory at Coventry to Beeston over roads as jagged as a stock-market graph, because we had wanted to force it to its limits to see how it behaved. We'd treated the roomy four-seater XJ-S like a *monoposto* racing car and gotten away with it. Thick clouds rolling low over the hilly country had left the narrow crowned roads more wet than dry. Around their blind corners the radial Dunlops gripped amazingly well, but when they broke loose—whoosh!—they did it at the back and very suddenly, sending 16 linear feet of Jaguar sliding at an angle across the road. We could always gather it up again with a quick twist of the fast (three-and-a-quarter turns lock to lock) power-boosted steering, but we still remember that high grass-covered bank coming at us through the side window.

We really had to tweak the Jaguar's tail to make it misbehave, and even then we could get it crossed up only on wet roads. On our way back to the Wild Boar that night, we took the open-road turns as fast as we dared and found the handling faultless. In fact, we told Randall that so far we'd found only one thing wrong with the XJ-S: It went so fast so quietly that it was bound to get people into trouble simply because they didn't realize how fast they were going without the usual hiss from the wind and roar from the engine. "We've been accused of that," he said with a wry smile.

That morning over coffee at the Jaguar factory, we'd learned something of what the company's hopes were for the XJ-S. Jaguar is part of British Leyland, whose sales manager saw it as being "outside competition" except for the Mercedes-Benz 450SLC, compared with which, he said, the XJ-S has more standard equipment, more luggage room and better performance. It will also cost a lot less than the Mercedes, representing "traditional Jaguar value for money."

At the end of his spiel, two lovelies from the Jaguar secretarial pool tugged a cover off the XJ-S and we had our first look at the first completely new model to be introduced since the XJ-6 came out in 1968. Any new car from Jaguar is a big event. Jaguars have that heady mix of style, luxury and sporty performance that commands attention, that makes headlines. But we can't say our first glimpse of this one had us yelling "Author! Author!"

The best view of the XJ-S is from the side, which accentuates its lowness and an eager, leaning-forward look. We weren't terribly impressed by its special aluminum wheels; the roof line seemed unimaginative and the grille too weak and insignificant against the heavy black-rubber bumper that's Washington's latest contribution to car styling. And that's about where our nitpicking ended.

After the unveiling, Jaguar's chief engineer explained that the XJ-12 sedan's all-independent front- and rear-suspension assemblies have just about been plugged right into the new body of the XJ-S, a body whose tremendous stiffness accounts for its quietness and unbreakable feel. Though the XJ-S has a short, 102-inch wheelbase, the Jaguar people said it shouldn't be thought of as a successor to the late, lamented XK-E sports car. It was deemed a "sophisticated two-plus-two type of configuration," for which "the feel was that there was a wider market."

That "wider market" doesn't mean we'll be seeing XJ-Ss leaning against every curb in town. Jaguar plans to make only 60 a week to start with; that's fewer cars than any respectable Detroit production line spews out in an hour. That'll add up to around 3000 cars a year, of which three quarters will be shipped to the U. S. and Canada. Its sales here will thus be about the same as those of the Mercedes-Benz 450SLC, of which 1942 were delivered in the U. S. in 1974. It's not big volume, but at a price tag expected to be in the $19,000 area, it could amount to more than $40,000,000 in Jaguar retail sales here. Jaguar is determined not to make the same mistake that it did with the first XJ-6 sedans: pricing them too low.

The XJ-S is offered only with the V12 engine, because the long-stroke six (still a very good engine) won't fit under its low hood. There had been some trouble when the V12 was introduced, back in 1972, from ignition systems that weren't made right and rod bolts that weren't torqued properly, but it's now going quite well. It's a magnificent engine, a 12 for the sake of smoothness and silence, not rasping and roaring, bred in the tradition of the great classics of the Thirties.

More important was the Bosch-Lucas electronic fuel injection now fitted to the all-aluminum 12. From its 5343-c.c. displacement (326 cubic inches, if you haven't gone metric yet) it delivers a net 244 horsepower at 5250 rpm, which makes it one of the most powerful auto engines now available in America. The injection helps it meet emission rules while improving the gas mileage—not the best feature of earlier Jaguar 12s—and making

"Gimme, gimme, gimme; that's all I ever hear!"

it easier and simpler to start and run.

At only 244 horsepower, this engine is loafing. Just to satisfy their curiosity about its potential, the Jaguar people built some special heads for it with twin cams instead of a single overhead cam and four valves instead of two. It cranked out a thundering 630 horsepower! This would have made quite an engine for a Can-Am racer, but Jaguar is no longer in the racing racket that made its cars so famous in the Fifties.

When we stepped into the XJ-S for the first time, we discovered that it was anything but a stripped racer. Only one thing was missing: any trace of the wood paneling that used to be a hallmark of British cars in general and of Jaguars in particular. Instead, the dash has a look of clean-lined white-on-black efficiency, with a console and minor controls like those in the XJ-12 sedan. New and good-looking is the cowled instrument pod with vertical-reading aircraft-type gauges between the tach and the speedometer and two eye-level strips of warning lights that number 18 in all, so many we were given a color-coded blueprint of the dash so we'd know what was going wrong if one of them started flashing.

We were also handed the marked-up map that showed us the way to the Wild Boar Inn, and when we stowed it away, we found there were pockets in the doors, a bin in the center armrest and a vanity mirror that popped up from the glove-box door. At first the hand brake didn't seem to be on, but the warning light said it was, so we checked and found that the lever, placed between the driver's seat and the door, folds down so it's out of the way when the brake is applied.

On the narrow roads of the tight little isle, we had one problem right away: keeping the tyres clear of the kerbs on the near side (translation: not hitting the curbs on the left with the tires). With its 58-inch track and beefy tires, the XJ-S is a wide car by British standards, and the way the upper fender surfaces are beveled downward means that you can't quite see how wide it really is. After we bounced the big car off about three kerbs, we finally got the range.

When we let the XJ-S free of its tether, it surged forward with an eagerness that was all the more impressive for being dead quiet, its acceleration building and building in that happy way that means that engine size and gear ratios are in perfect harmony. We've never been wild about the Borg-Warner automatic box that Jaguar uses, but once we figured out how this one responded to its T-handled lever, we decided it was more help than hindrance—which is just as well, because it's the only transmission that will be offered on the XJ-S in America in 1976.

On the way back to Coventry after a night at the Wild Boar, we corrected the speedometer on the M6 Motorway and tried some acceleration runs. With two aboard and baggage, the XJ-S reached 40 miles an hour in 4.4 seconds, 50 in 5.8, 60 in 8.3 and 70 in 12.7. That's not bad, but at the factory, we timed an experimental car with a four-speed manual transmission at zero to 60 in 6.8 seconds; we could feel the difference. It had noticeably more punch and a greater feeling of control in the corners. Perhaps this box or an even better one will be a U. S. offering in the future.

The XJ-S is a completely new kind of Jaguar. It wraps up in a single shark-nosed package all the things that make today's Jaguars the best ever built: an outstanding V12 engine, a high level of reliability, interior appointments that look and feel luxurious, styling that's a blend of the classic and the sporty, and a combination of ride and handling that's the envy of car makers who've been around a whole lot longer.

The first-ever Jaguar of 1931 (then called an SS1) was a close-coupled four-seater coupe with a long hood and rakish lines, so the XJ-S is a fully legitimate member of the family, even though it doesn't look like any of its parents. Is it the best Jaguar ever? For $19,000—which rockets a Jag into the supercar stratosphere for the first time—it should be.

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CODE BATTLE

(continued from page 136)

reason that the House and Senate intelligence committees are looking into NSA.

Another reputed agency achievement was a spymaster's dream. The Soviet Union allegedly eavesdropped, from its embassy in Washington, on hundreds of thousands of domestic American telephone calls, including those to and from Congressmen. NSA then intercepted the Soviet transmissions of the results back to Russia.

Many intercepts that pour into the Fort Meade headquarters are, like these, in clear language. The communications of Soviet air force pilots with one another is another example. Analysts listen to their chat, recognize individuals by speech peculiarities, index names and other details. From this, NSA can build up a good picture of a squadron—its commander, its men, its morale, its equipment, its transfers. Many such analyses join to create a picture of the Soviet air force as a whole.

But most of the intercepts are in code, and these go to the code breakers, a rare and peculiar breed of men. "Back-room boys," the British call them. Most of them today are mathematically inclined, in contrast to those of pre–World War Two vintage, who were primarily linguists. The change reflects the world-wide shift in cryptographic systems.

They are highly intellectual, lovers of word games, puzzles and chess. Indeed, the late British chess champion C. H. O'D. Alexander was a star of the British code-breaking establishment. Once, when he was playing the Russian grand master David Bronstein, he learned during conversation that Bronshtain did the same kind of work. Curiously, many of the great cryptanalysts have been fine musicians. The greatest code breaker of World War One, the Frenchman Georges-Jean Painvin, had won a prize in cello at the Nantes conservatory. After Pearl Harbor, the Navy's code breakers, needing more men, commandeered the band of the sunken battleship California. Nearly all the members proved above average and some were outstanding.

The work requires, for success, a rare and peculiar turn of mind, sometimes termed cipher brains. It is not surprising that many cryptanalysts are magnificent eccentrics. Take, as an example, Britain's finest cryptanalyst, Dilwyn Knox, who in World War One reputedly cracked the German submarine code in his bath and in World War Two helped solve the several versions of the German cipher machine Enigma. Day after day, he would try to leave his office through the cupboard. The girls there waited to see if once, just by chance, he would go out through the door. He never did. Whenever he ruled a line, he ruled his thumb in. Yet another part of his brain so illuminated the complex mechanism of the Enigma that it greatly aided Britain in staving off defeat and later in winning the war. Knox worked intuitively. A certain movement of the mechanism had been called a crab. "Where there's a crab, there's a lobster," reasoned Knox—and he found the corresponding movement.

Another of the Bletchley originals was Alan Turing. One of the greatest mathematicians of the century, he is widely known as the creator of the Turing machine, an idealization of the computer. During World War Two, Turing bicycled the three miles from his rooms to Bletchley every day on a rickety contraption whose chain regularly fell off. Instead of just fixing it, Turing noted that this event occurred every so many revolutions of the pedal. He then correlated a bent wheel spoke with a damaged link in the chain. Only then did he attack the repair. He sometimes set his watch by making some complex preliminary calculations and then observing from a fixed point the occultation of a particular star by a certain building. He took his love of exercise to extremes, preferring to jog 14 miles across London to rushing for trains and waiting in smelly underground stations. Tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, he paid not the least attention to the 100 or so girls in his department at Bletchley. Instead, he devised a telephone scrambler that baffled the Germans, who had been listening to the transatlantic conversations of Roosevelt and Churchill. And he pioneered in developing for code-breaking purposes one of the world's first programmable computers, called the COLOSSUS. It enabled Bletchley to read many German cipher-machine messages that otherwise would never have gotten to Allied commanders in time to be of use.

But this is the era of the corporate man and of teamwork. As in science, where dozens may research a problem, whole teams of cryptanalysts may attack a foreign cipher system, and most are about as colorful as dentists or engineers. At NSA, code breakers work in offices like those of an insurance company. In large rooms, each devoted to a particular world region, country or foreign-government branch, stand rows of flat-topped, gray steel desks. The cryptanalysts bend over them, scanning print-outs, testing with colored pencils solutions on square-ruled paper, flipping the pages of some reference book. They confer, stare distractedly out the windows, scribble furiously and sometimes yelp with joy. Each man is constantly scrutinizing the intercepts for some quirk, some irregularity, some pattern that constitutes the chink in the armor of the cryptogram. During World War Two, an English woman cryptanalyst sensed something odd about an Italian intercept. She quickly spotted it: The page-long cryptogram had no Ls. She knew that the Italians had been transmitting fake messages in an attempt to deceive the English. She knew, too, that this particular cryptosystem precluded any letter from representing itself—in other words, an A in the original message could not become an A in the cryptogram, though it could become any other letter. The fact that this intercept had every letter except L therefore meant with a high degree of probability that the original message was a dummy consisting only of Ls. On this basis, she broke into the system.

The human cryptanalyst—especially one with a cipher brain—remains even today the basis of code breaking. Solving something still often comes down to the fitting of a half-remembered name to an incompletely solved message, and only a human being can do that. But computers help greatly. They can count torrents of letters at high speed, tirelessly compare one message with another in a search for repeated groups of letters, generate all possible solutions of a cryptogram to let the cryptanalyst find the one that's not gibberish.

Consequently, NSA has assembled more computers under a single roof than probably any other institution in the world. They number in the scores, if not the hundreds. And these machines are among the fastest and most sophisticated in the world. Not content with buying the biggest and best computers it can find, NSA expands and upgrades them. Some years ago, it acquired the IBM STRETCH, a machine so huge that only a few other Government agencies, such as the National Weather Service and the Atomic Energy Commission, had use for one. But it was not good enough for NSA. The agency added a portion, called the bump, that was larger than the original computer. At that time, the typical magnetic tape had only 100 "bits" to the inch. NSA squeezed in 3000—and then streamed the tape past the reading heads at 275 inches per second.

NSA's extraordinary computer capacity accounts for much of its success in the world of cryptanalysis, where success is partly a function of available computer time. Britain's present code-breaking agency, Government Communication Headquarters, at the western edge of the flower-bedecked spa of Cheltenham, is, in the view of one observer, falling farther and farther behind NSA, because it cannot keep up with this country's computer capability.

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Although they use the most modern of marvels, the code breakers do not disdain the most ancient of tricks: simply getting hold of the other fellow's code. This is what the CIA tried to do with the Russian submarine. Maritime seizures of this kind have figured frequently in cryptologic history, and it is curious to note that the Russians were also involved in one of the most famous of these cases.

Just after the start of World War One, the German light cruiser Magdeburg was wrecked in the Baltic. A few hours later, the Russians picked up the rigid body of a drowned German officer, whose arms still gripped the lead-bound codebook of the Imperial German Navy. The Russians at once passed it to the British, the chief maritime power, who used it to master the German codes, first naval and then diplomatic. Later, the British sent divers down into sunken U-boats to salvage new editions of codebooks. During World War Two, the land forces of both sides frequently captured cryptographic documents from the enemy.

Secret agents often steal codes outright. In August 1941, Mussolini's Military Information Service got a wax impression of a key from an Italian employee of the American embassy in Rome. The Italians made their own key and stole the military attaché's copy of the Black Code. They could then read not only his messages but, because the code was used throughout the world, all American military-attaché messages that they could intercept. The most valuable came from the man in Cairo. He was in close contact with the British in North Africa and daily radioed back to Washington detailed reports on British experiences, reinforcements and plans. The Italians picked these up, read them with their stolen code and used the information to foil British moves. Once, the British planned a commando-style attack on Axis airfields in the Mediterranean to reduce air strikes while they pushed a convoy through to besieged Malta. The Germans, forewarned, repelled the British attacks and forced the convoy to turn back.

But sometimes espionage backfires. In 1943, the American Office of Strategic Services (OSS) rifled the offices of the Japanese military attaché in Lisbon. The Japanese detected this and changed their attaché code, depriving the Allies for more than a year of a valuable source of information. So governments turn to juicier means.

An American girl working for British intelligence in Washington let herself be seduced in 1941 by an Italian, obtaining the Italian naval code, and in 1942 by a Frenchman, obtaining the French. The Russians today exert great efforts to entrap code clerks, sometimes setting 20 men on one to discover his weaknesses and exploit them. The Russians do this not only in Moscow, and one can imagine the dilemma of a young and ill-paid Syrian code clerk in an expensive Western capital when approached by a slender blonde who promises him money and herself for a few inconsequential pieces of paper. Such clerks will seldom betray an actual cipher, in whose secrecy they have been drilled, but will often pass over messages in plaintext. A comparison of these with their coded versions will, in many cases, permit a reconstruction

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of the cipher system and a consequent reading of future messages.

The simplest way to obtain another nation's codes is to sell it one's old code machines. The United States has sold obsolete cipher machines to Turkey, for example, after carefully noting such key elements as the wiring of the code wheels. Turkey accepts this because, wanting mainly to keep her messages secret from Russia and Greece, she gets machines that will do this at a price that she can afford. She either doesn't care about American eavesdropping or talks herself into believing that some changes in the machines will prevent it. After World War Two, Britain rounded up the thousands of Enigma machines that Germany had used and sold many of them to one of the emerging nations. Since she had read the machines in the Forties, she could read them in the Fifties and Sixties—and so could keep tabs on what that country was planning.

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Does all this mean that no code secret is safe any longer? Have these three factors—the brilliance of cryptanalysts, the power of computers and the assistance of espionage—at long last validated Edgar Allan Poe's famous dictum: "It may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct a [cipher] of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve."

By no means. Of the hundreds or thousands of coded intercepts that flow daily into NSA headquarters, perhaps only four percent are broken. The explanation for this apparent anomaly lies in the development of secret writing.

This development may be viewed as the latest in the ceaseless struggle between the makers and the breakers of codes. The makers, of course, came first. Apparently, when a culture achieves a certain level of literacy, the need for secrecy in writing reaches a critical point. Cryptography thus sprang up spontaneously and independently in the four great civilizations of antiquity and later in many other societies.

Some of the early methods were bizarre. A Persian shaved the head of a slave, tattooed onto the bald pate a message urging his son-in-law, a local governor, to revolt, waited for the hair to grow back and sent the slave off down the road. Some methods were ingenious. The ephors of Sparta wrapped a strip of leather around a wooden staff, wrote their orders down its length, took off the leather, thus jumbling the letters, and dispatched it to their general in the field. He wound it around a baton of the same diameter and read the message. And some early methods were simple. Julius Caesar replaced each letter of his message with one three places down the alphabet, so that A became D, B became E, and so on.

Caesar's elementary cipher sufficed for his day, because the first code breakers did not appear until several centuries later. It was the Arabs who discovered the principles of cryptanalysis. But their knowledge contracted as their civilization declined, and not until the Renaissance did the West rediscover cryptanalysis.

The new nation-states used it to read the messages that the foreign ambassadors in their capitals were sending to their home countries. By the 1700s, clandestine mail-opening and cipher-solving centers called black chambers existed in most of the monarchies of Europe. Often located in curtained, candlelit rooms of post offices, they employed specialists in a variety of dark arts. Some deft fellows opened letters traceless, usually by softening the wax seal and then passing a hot wire under it. Engravers took impressions of seals and then forged them. Batteries of secretaries took down letters dictated at high speed so that they could be returned to the mail without missing a delivery. Translators interpreted exotic tongues and cryptanalysts cracked foreign ciphers.

The code breakers bashed away on the principle of letter frequency. In English, for example, the letter E is used more often than any other. So if you have a cryptogram of Caesar's type—A becomes, say, P; B becomes W; and so on—in which X is the most common cipher letter, you can presume that X stands for E. With this as a start, you can proceed rather as if you were solving a crossword puzzle. You fill in what you know and guess at the rest. The word e?e? might be ever or even.

Other aspects of letter frequency help. The second most frequent letter in English is T. Three common letters that rarely contact one another are A, O and I. A high-frequency letter that follows vowels in four fifths of its appearances is N. The letter that most often precedes them is H. Pairs of letters have distinct frequencies as well: The most common is TH. The experienced cryptanalyst picks out letters under their cipher-text disguises as easily as you spot friends at a masquerade party.

This principle placed a mighty weapon in the hands of the code breakers. The code makers soon blunted it with devices of their own. The tussle went back and forth, with cipher inventors tinkering with their systems to fill the chinks probed by the cryptanalysts, but with the code breakers usually on top.

The cryptographers' quest for their Holy Grail, the unbreakable cipher, led at one point to a system that amateurs to this day believe to be the only one that cannot be solved: the book code.

During the American Revolution, when Benedict Arnold was negotiating to betray West Point to the British, he at first encoded his messages by means of volume one of the fifth Oxford edition of Blackstone's famed legal classic, *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. Arnold searched for the plaintext words in the book and then, when he found each one, wrote down its page number, line number and word number in the line. General, for example, was 35.12.8. But some words took a lot of hunting. Arnold did not turn up militia until page 337. Others he could not find at all but had to spell out, using the same system for letters. The code proved so cumbersome and time-consuming that the conspirators abandoned it after sending only a single message from each side. Undoubtedly it was, as amateurs believe, unbreakable. But it was also impractical.

The invention of the telegraph a few years later intensified the struggle between the makers and the breakers of codes. But it was radio that brought the struggle to a climax. For radio, theoretically, presents the enemy with a copy of every message that is transmitted. How much this helped the code breakers first became evident in World War One. Battle after battle was decided by the intelligence obtained from cryptanalysis. At 9:05 P.M. on April 28, 1918, for example, American monitors intercepted a coded German message. Cryptanalysts at headquarters quickly broke it, discovering it was an order for an attack at one A.M. Half an hour before the assault, the doughboys were warned—in time to repulse it. On the eastern front, declared a high German staff officer, "We were always warned by the wireless messages of the Russian staff of the positions where troops were being concentrated for any new undertaking. Only once during the whole war were we taken by surprise." Major Joseph O. Mauborgne of the U. S. Army Signal Corps, 36 years old, was himself a cryptanalyst of some expertise. Early in 1918, Mauborgne took a couple of cryptologic ideas that were floating around and combined them. The result was a cipher that could never be solved.

In essence, it works like this:

To begin with, you must have a key. This can be a series of letters, numbers or electric pulses and spaces. The sequence must have two properties (each representing one of the ideas that Mauborgne plucked from the scientific atmosphere). It must be random. In other words, the elements of which it is composed must have absolutely no pattern, no structure whatsoever. And the sequence must be endless. It must have as many elements as are in all the messages you are ever going to send. The key must never repeat; no portions must ever be reused in one message or among several. Both sender and receiver must naturally have copies of the key. For this example, our key will comprise these numbers: 73964077181815630151 69. . . .

To encipher, you first transform the letters of your plaintext message into numbers. An easy way of doing this is to let A=01, B=02, etc. Then the message "Attack" will become 01 20 20 01 03

To the host it's half empty. To the guest it's half full.

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Raise your standard of giving.

GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.

11. You write these numbers under as much of your key as you need. Then you add them to the key numbers. (Using noncarrying addition will reduce errors and permit enciphering from left to right.)

```
  7 3 9 6 4 0 7 7 1 8 1 8
+ 0 1 2 0 2 0 0 1 0 3 1 1
-----------------------
  7 4 1 6 6 0 7 8 1 1 2 9
```

The sum constitutes the cryptogram. When the recipient gets it, he writes it out above the key and subtracts. He comes up with 01 20 20 . . . , which he turns into "attack."

But no third party will be able to do that. The lack of pattern and repetition deprives him of any handholds with which he could rip open the cipher. Take the most advantageous case: The cryptanalyst has the actual plaintext of a coded intercept. He could, indeed, recover the key used for that message. But this does him no good whatsoever. Because the key is random and thus entirely unpredictable, the cryptanalyst cannot determine even the next number of the key to use in deciphering other intercepts. It lies forever beyond his ken. The same holds a fortiori for all the other numbers of the key in that message, and in all succeeding messages, since the key never serves twice.

What about trial and error? If the cryptanalyst runs through every possible key, won't he eventually hit upon the right one? He will. And he will also hit upon the right plaintext. But it won't do him any good. For in running through every possible key, he will also be "recovering" every possible message of the same length as the true original in every possible language. For example, with the message 67 83 99 28 01 25 27, key 59 88 79 10 06 24 07 will yield plaintext "retreat," while key 66 89 77 27 97 22 22 yields plaintext "advance." Other keys will yield "sideway," "oranges," "*Fuehrer*" and "playboy." Because the keys are patternless, nothing permits the cryptanalyst to choose one over another. All he has done through a pointless exercise is to generate a list of all possible seven-letter words in all possible languages that he might simply have taken from a shelf of dictionaries.

The system, then, is truly unbreakable. Mauborgne had achieved the dream of all cryptographers, their version of the philosophers' stone. Code makers in other countries soon reasoned as he had, combined the concepts of randomness and endlessness and independently created the unbreakable cipher. Germany did it early in the Twenties. Her Foreign Office embodied it in its classical form, which has given it its name: the one-time pad. On two sheets of paper were typed a random series of numbers—the key. Many such sheets were then bound into two identical pads, one for Berlin, one for the embassy abroad. After the cipher clerk had used a sheet to encipher a message, he tore it off and threw it away. The decoder did the same.

The Soviet Union, whose diplomatic codes had been solved by Great Britain during the trade negotiations of 1920 that led to Britain's first coming to terms with the Bolshevist regime, shifted to the one-time pad by 1930. Since then, no one has solved Russian diplomatic messages. During World War Two, Russian spies, notably Richard Sorge in Japan, hermetically sealed their radioed reports to Moscow with the one-time pad. Britain's Foreign Office was using it by 1943, and thus minimized the damage done by Nazi Germany's most famous spy. This was CICERO, the Albanian valet of the British ambassador to Turkey. CICERO photographed the embassy's most secret documents and sold them—for counterfeit pounds—to the Nazis. In addition to the information itself, the texts of the cablegrams normally, in other cryptosystems, would have provided the German code breakers with cribs to read other British diplomatic messages. But the one-time pad rendered these plaintexts utterly useless to them. And so when Hitler rejected the photographed documents as improbable, CICERO's work, a technical success, proved a substantive failure.

If the one-time pad can thus confer such enormous security, why don't all nations use it for all their messages?

Because they cannot. As with the book code, practical considerations interfere.

The cipher requires that the key be used only once. Yet in network communications, especially in the haste and turmoil of war, inevitably two units will simultaneously select the same portion of key for use. This will lay those messages open to solution. Moreover, the cipher requires that every message letter have its own fresh key element. In practice, it is impossible to produce and distribute sufficient key. During World War Two, the U. S. Army's European-theater headquarters transmitted, even before the Normandy invasion, 2,000,000 five-letter code groups a day. It would therefore have consumed 10,000,000 letters of key every 24 hours—the equivalent of a shelf of 20 average books. The production and distribution of so much material was out of the question.

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The invention of the ultimate in ciphers did not, therefore, give the code makers complete victory over the code breakers. The cryptanalysts could still attack those ciphers that had to be used where the one-time pad could not be—and, during World War Two and the postwar struggles with Communist countries, sometimes with history-making success.

One of the most important solutions of all time was that of the German Enigma

"OK, now let's get you out of those wet clothes and get something hot into you. . . ."

machine, begun by the Poles before World War Two and raised to a mass-production art by the British during actual hostilities. This solution, whose solved and translated intercepts were cover-named ULTRA, contributed enormously to the winning of three crucial battles of the war. In August 1940, ULTRA forecast hours before radar did where the German bomber squadrons would appear over England. Fighter Command then concentrated its few Hurricanes and Spitfires to deny the Germans air superiority in the Battle of Britain. From 1943 on, during the Battle of the Atlantic, ULTRA disclosed locations where the U-boats were refueling from their milch cows. Long-range flying boats did the rest. And ULTRA's insight into the German spy apparatus enabled Britain to control every Nazi agent on the island, thereby fooling the Germans about D day—they held an entire army, the 15th, around Calais while the real invasion securely lodged itself in Normandy.

And after that conflict was over and the iron curtain clanged down, code breaking retained its importance. During the Korean War, cryptanalysis helped spot targets for air strikes. In Vietnam, radio intelligence was the only really valuable intelligence that the U. S. Military Assistance Command had.

In diplomatic negotiations, code breaking likewise helped the United States, though peacetime results naturally could not match those of wartime for drama. During the Cold War, NSA cracked some of the codes of more than 40 nations, among them Italy, Turkey, France, Yugoslavia, Indonesia, Uruguay and half a dozen countries of the Near East. "I had in my desk," one former NSA cryptanalyst declared, "all the deciphered communications between Cairo and its embassy in Moscow relating to the visit of the U.A.R. government mission to the U.S.S.R. in 1958 for the purpose of purchasing petroleum in the Soviet Union." Henry Cabot Lodge, then United States Ambassador to the United Nations, once expressed his appreciation to NSA for information about the instructions sent by the Near East governments to their UN missions. (The presence of the United Nations in New York makes it easy for NSA to intercept member nations' cablegrams.) One former high State Department official was always glad to see the man with the locked briefcase who brought around the intercepts. "I got some good clues on how to deal with various countries," he said, "and I quickly learned which ambassadors I could trust and which not." And when, every morning at 7:45, Lieutenant General Brent Scowcraft takes President Ford the latest intelligence, included are solutions from NSA.

How Ford feels about the work was underlined this past summer. Turkey, peeved at Congress' refusal to give her arms for possible use in Cyprus, ordered the United States to close down its four main intercept posts there. Those posts, located at places bearing such romantic names as Karamursel, had nestled close under the belly of the Soviet Union. The President declared that Congress' "reckless" action had caused "the loss of strategic intelligence data," which "in today's world is absolutely essential to our national security, even our survival."

Valuable as it is, however, code breaking cannot supply perfect and complete intelligence. The enemy does not put everything on the air. Some plans are discussed in conference. Some orders are sent by courier. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor came as a surprise because no orders were given by radio.

Of the messages put on the air, not all are intercepted. U. S. monitors did not pick up the messages that might have told them that the North Koreans were going to attack in 1950 because they were targeted instead on the more promising and apparently more vital Russian transmissions. No agency has the manpower to monitor constantly every wave length on the radio spectrum. And, finally, of the messages intercepted, not all are solved. During World War Two, Germany's Army Group North intercepted 46,342 cryptograms opposite Leningrad in the 13 months beginning in May 1943. Cryptanalysts solved only 13,312, or 28.7 percent. Here, too, lack of manpower was undoubtedly a main factor. But the Russians also changed their codes before the Germans had collected the quantity of messages needed to crack them.

In addition to inherent limitations like these, advances in mathematics and electronics are today further reducing the usefulness of code breaking.

Within the past decade, mathematicians have developed powerful new formulas for generating keys. So complex are these formulas that, even given a cryptogram and its plaintext, the cryptanalyst would need centuries—even with all the world's computers of this and the next generation—to reconstruct them and then use the reconstruction to read the next message that comes along. In theory, the ciphers are not unbreakable, as the one-time pad is. In practice, they are. These formulas are embodied in electronic cipher machines, such as the United States' HW-28 and KW-7, which include a further security feature. Each machine has a key element of its own, making it unique. Hence, stealing one of these well-guarded machines would bare only the messages sent to and from that machine.

Moreover, the transistor and large-scale integration of circuits on quarter-inch chips, which have made it practicable to utilize these formulas in cipher machines, are becoming increasingly available to other nations of the world. This means that more and more countries are achieving absolute security for their high-level dispatches.

That is why NSA fails to solve more than 95 percent of the messages it intercepts. Those it does break usually constitute the medium- or low-level traffic of major nations or the top-level traffic of the smaller countries. This is what it circulates to the officials of the State Department and the National Security Council. It continues to intercept and store the major messages of major nations—sometimes in boxcars at Fort Meade, sometimes just in cardboard boxes—in the hope that cipher clerks will err, permitting some kind of break, or that some other fortunate circumstance will arise.

The attempt to recover the Russian submarine was viewed by NSA as just such a chance. In fact, it was a desperation gamble. It is doubtful that the Soviet Union is behind the United States cryptologically, and so it is unlikely that the CIA would get more from the Soviet sub's cipher machine than the Russians would get from an American cipher machine. This means, in effect, little more than a few messages, many of them probably personal, sent to the submarine, and probably none from it, since the essence of its mission is to remain silent and hidden in the depths of the sea.

Why, in view of these generally mediocre results, does NSA persist? Why does it bother to read the systems of these minor countries? One reason, of course, is that cryptanalysts, like other mortals, want to protect their jobs. Their motivation may be even stronger than most, since they cannot readily transfer their skills to the civilian sector. Another is that NSA gives the policy makers a certain assurance that they're not missing anything. These small countries may suddenly become important someday—witness Korea, the Congo, Vietnam. Most of the intercepts are admittedly of little interest or importance, the operation is admittedly a bit of a luxury and a waste, but the Government can afford it and it does provide a margin of safety, so why not? The real question, however, is whether it is worth the billions spent on it.

The answer depends on what the money would otherwise be used for. If the Government were to spend it on some more jet fighters or ICBMs, probably the NSA investment is better. Intelligence is cheap and cost-effective. It can often save more than it costs. But if the Government were actually to spend the money on schools and hospitals and transportation, that investment is probably better. For a nation's strength depends far less upon its secret intelligence than upon its human and material resources. No doubt a balance is best. The problem is to strike that balance, and this depends largely on the wisdom and determination of a country's leaders, and of its people.

After kicking around everything I'd heard about smoking, I decided to either quit or smoke True.

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

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

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

SECOND RAPE OF THE WEST *(continued from page 194)*

is already overcommitted to agricultural and local municipal use; it was, in fact, for this purpose that the Glen Canyon Dam was built, together with secondary dams in Utah, Colorado and New Mexico. The proposed power plants will require enormous quantities of water, primarily for cooling purposes. Since no surplus water is available, the water will have to come from sources presently allocated to agriculture. That means, of course, smaller food supplies and still higher food prices. This touches on the problem; but the dislocation of ground-water supplies by mining may have more serious long-term effects, drying up some wells and streams, polluting others, on which the Indians, the farmers and the cattle growers of the Southwest now depend.

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The Four Corners Power Plant near Shiprock, New Mexico, may be the worst single industrial polluter in the world. The smog from the Four Corners plant drifts on the prevailing winds as far as Durango, Colorado, and down the Rio Grande Valley of New Mexico to obscure the skies above the historic towns of Taos, Santa Fe and Albuquerque. Despite years of protest, the utility company has done almost nothing to abate this public nuisance and menace to health. Yet several of the same people who built and operate the Four Corners monster are now involved in the building of the Navaho Generating Station at Page, almost on the shore of Lake Powell, one of the most scenic and popular recreational areas in the Southwest.

With the help and/or interest of the Bureau of Reclamation, the Los Angeles Department of Water & Power, Pacific Gas and Electric and other utilities, another combine—consisting of Arizona Public Service Company, Southern California Edison Company and San Diego Gas & Electric Company—proposes a third power plant in the area of the Kaiparowits Plateau, a presently uninhabited wilderness of forest and canyons within visual range of Page and Lake Powell. The exact site has not yet been chosen, but either of the two plants presently under consideration will degrade the quality of the air in what is a relatively unpolluted region. As planned, this Kaiparowits plant will produce more thousands of tons of soot and acids daily, adding to those already coming out of the 800-foot-tall stacks (the design engineers call them beauty tubes) of the present Navaho plant.

All of these Southwest power projects, actual or potential, violate the law of the land. According to the provisions of the Clean Air Act of 1971, passed by Congress and signed by the President, not only must the air of industrial regions be cleaned up to meet Federal standards but also, and equally important—perhaps *more* important—the air of non-industrial regions, such as the Southwest, the intermountain West and the Northern plains, must be kept as is: clean. The intent of the act was to prevent utilities and industrial concerns from building new plants in rural areas where the air is still reasonably clean.

Yet this violation of the act is exactly what the power companies, the mining corporations and the public utilities hope to get away with. Although almost all of the energy produced will be consumed in Tucson, Phoenix, Las Vegas and Southern California, the mining and burning of the coal will take place in northern Arizona and southern Utah, where a small and docile population is being cajoled into giving up its birthright of fresh air, clear skies and open space in exchange for a few thousand temporary jobs.

The coal could be mined and shipped by rail and truck to Southern California and the big cities and burned there, at the place of need. Such a policy, while still damaging to the canyonlands and the Indian country, would at least assure the nondegradation of one of America's last large reservoirs of pure air. Local citizens who want the jobs that coal mining would create but who are opposed to the air pollution resulting from power plants have proposed this alternative to present policy. Their pleas go unheeded, despite the fact that the law reinforces their argument. The reason is simple: The public utilities, the oil-and-coal power combines, want minesite burning of the coal so that they can escape air-quality standards imposed on the cities.

From the energy industry's point of view, it is more profitable to transport electricity long distances, via power lines, than to transport the raw coal and pay for the sophisticated technology required to clean up their urban-area power plants.

The economics of the matter are more complicated than this summary indicates, involving such things as the manner in which public utility rates are set and the relative ease with which certain costs can or cannot be passed on to the consumer (fuels and power transmission are relatively easy to pass along, while other costs, such as improvements in pollution technology and the recovery of large-scale investments and mineral leases, are considerably more difficult—if not sometimes impossible). But the essence of the case is monetary profit: With profit margins fixed by state regulation at a percentage of total investment, it is more profitable for the utilities and their stockholders to develop their business to the largest scale and volume possible, no matter what the cost to the environment and the health of the citizenry.

The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) is mandated by act of Congress to oppose exactly such degradation of air quality as the power combines are bringing into the Southwest. The EPA, however, blandly ignores the law and refuses to perform its clearly defined duty on the curious ground that enforcement of the law, in this case, would "retard or prevent industrial development" in presently non-industrial areas. This may well be true; and it might well be a wise national policy to restrict or ban industrial development in areas that have a higher value for other uses, such as agriculture and human recreation.

Whether or not true, and whether or not wise, industrial development is not the concern of the EPA. The EPA's job is to protect the environment, not to assist in promoting its further industrialization. Apparently, the EPA is obeying in this instance not its congressional mandate but orders from higher up—from the Federal Energy Administration, the Federal Power Commission, the Department of the Interior and the White House—that conglomerate of Federal agencies and administrative powers that acts, in Ralph Nader's words, as the "indentured servant" of corporate industrialism.

The EPA has been taken to court by citizens' conservation organizations in an effort to compel it to obey the law and live up to its obligations. The Federal courts have ordered the EPA to enforce the policy of nondegradation of air quality. Appealed by the EPA to the highest court, the orders of the lower courts were sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, which ruled that the EPA may not allow "significant deterioration" of air quality anywhere.

No matter; the EPA continues to avoid, evade and defy the law through various ruses, the latest of which is the drawing up of a complicated national map of air-quality "zones" and turning the problems of selection and enforcement over to state governments. In Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, New Mexico and Nevada, we know well what that means: domination and exploitation by the extractive industries—the coal, oil and power combines.

Not only do our state politicians fail to resist these alien forces, they bid against one another to invite them in. Our good old boys would sell their mothers' graves if they could make a quick buck out of the deal; crooked as a dog's hind leg, tricky as car dealers, greedy as hogs at the trough, these men will sell out the West to big industry as fast as they can, without the faintest stirrings of conscience. Governors, U.S. Senators, Congressmen and our chamber-of-commerce presidents don't give a hoot in hell for future losses; they figure, rightly, that they personally will all be dead by the time the extent of the disaster becomes clear; and, as for posterity, they say, what has posterity ever done for them?

So much for the canyonlands of Utah and Arizona: nothing but a barren wasteland, anyway, as any local Jaycee will tell you, nothing but sand and dust and heat and emptiness, red rock baking under the

"I lied to you, Armando—you're not my first daredevil of the air!"

sun and hungry vultures soaring on the air. Quite so, men, quite so: nothing but canyon and desert, mountain and mesa, all too good for the likes of us. Let us roll on northeasterly, into Wyoming and Montana, for a look at the next big rape on the schedule.

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I drove north and east into historic South Pass, through which the pioneers had made their way on foot, on horse and in wagon trains to Oregon and California, guided by legendary mountain men like Jedediah Smith. At the summit of the pass, I crossed the continental divide, leaving my trail of empty Schlitz cans by the roadside (to be recovered later). Bunches of pronghorn antelope watched my progress; I'd seen at least 30 small herds of those elegant beasts since entering Wyoming, all within sight of the paved highway.

In the high, cold mountain town of Lander (population 7500), I stopped for a few hours to visit the people who write, edit and produce the only newspaper in the entire Rocky Mountain West concerned primarily with environmental issues. The *High Country News*, founded six years ago and published by native Landerian Tom Bell, is a biweekly of small circulation but widespread coverage, dealing with the whole range of developments that threaten the people of the West: strip mining, power plants, air pollution, water diversion, urbanization, overgrazing, clear-cutting, land speculation and other issues.

In the cubbyhole office of the *News*, I found Joan Nice, Bruce Hamilton and Marjane Ambler. These young people, none of them looking over 30, make up the entire editorial staff of the newspaper. They pay themselves a monthly salary of $300 each—enough for rent and beans and shoes. Though many of the feature articles published in the paper come from contributors, the staff writes the bulk of it, 16 pages every two weeks.

Armed with names and addresses, I went on north to Billings, Montana. In my room at the General Custer hotel, I watched a TV commercial sponsored by the Montana Power Company promoting the attractions of strip mining, power-plant construction and extra-high-voltage (EHV) transmission lines.

Next morning, I paid a call on Roger Rice, senior geologist for the Western Energy Company, a subsidiary of Montana Power. With him was Mike Grende, reclamation manager for the same outfit. Patiently and courteously, they explained to me why Montana Power wanted more strip mines, more power plants and two new EHV lines across the length of Montana—some 410 miles at 500 kilovolts. Why? To meet anticipated growth in industry and population. E.g., Montana's Big Sky resort town, founded by the late Chet Huntley, is an all-electric community and, by itself, if all goes according to plan, will require more electricity than any city now existing in the state. The transmission lines, by tying in the power complex in eastern Montana with the Northwest power grid of Oregon and Washington, would enable Montana Power to transfer energy to the urban centers of Seattle, Puget Sound and Portland, where the need is greatest. Why there? Aluminum manufacture, they said; population growth; the aerospace industry; the new methods of irrigation; a 12 percent annual increase in power demands in the Northwest as a whole. Why not ship the coal by rail, truck or slurry line to Seattle, I asked, and let the power companies burn it there, pollute *their* skies? Because, they told me, it is more economical to transmit the power by high-voltage cable than to ship it in the form of coal. So Montana is to be sacrificed, I said, to the energy needs of the Northwest—and of the Midwest, where much of the electrical energy will also be transferred. Rice replied that we've got to think of the greatest good for the greatest number. The few (Montana's presently small and until now lucky population) cannot be allowed to obstruct the needs of the many (the teeming millions of Washington, Oregon, California, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, etc.). Besides, said Rice, the energy industry will give the Montana economy a much-needed shot in the arm.

I didn't argue; you don't argue with engineers—you have to derail them. Why the TV-advertising campaign? I asked; if this deal is good for the people of Montana, why do you have to spend so much (tax-deductible) advertising money in selling it to them? We're spending only $100,000, said Rice, and the program has been well received by the public. But why is it necessary? Because there are some well-meaning and concerned people in this state, he said tactfully, who are not familiar with all the facts and have been misleading the public. Who are they? A small group of ranchers in eastern Montana (site of the strip mining) called the Northern Plains Resource Council. Later the same day, I would learn that the staff members of this *ad hoc* resource council are paid, like my friends down in Lander, $300 per month each. Three hundred dollars per month seems to be the prevailing salary of conservation activists. This suggested my final, unfair, irrelevant *argumentum ad hominem* question: Exactly how much, I asked Mr. Rice and Mr. Grende, did Western Energy pay *them* for the use of *their* talents?

None of your business, they explained.

In the afternoon, I took a flight over the Powder River Basin, the area in southeast Montana and northeast Wyoming where most of the strip mining, power generation, coal gasification and coal liquefaction is taking place or is scheduled to take place—if permitted. My guide was a young man from the Northern Plains Resource Council. Due east from the city of Billings, we flew over the Sarpy Creek strip mine, operated by Westmoreland Resources (a partnership consisting of Westmoreland Coal Company, Penn Virginia Corporation, Kewanee Industries, Inc., and Morrison-Knudsen Company, Inc., one of the world's largest construction companies), and saw the black gash already cut in the grassy hills. Down in the open pit stood a GEM—Giant Earth Mover—with its 60-cubic-yard bucket, big enough to lift two Greyhound buses into the air. Surrounding the strip mine were wheat fields, subirrigated hayfields along the watercourse and endless rolling plains covered with the sere brown, short, tough native grasses that make, according to Montana ranchers, the best cattle feed in the world. Where the land is too arid for conventional farming, it will still support a beef-growing industry; this is, after all, part of the region where the American bison once roamed in herds of thousands.

We turned southeast, across the Crow and Northern Cheyenne Indian reservations (also facing strip mining and industrialization), toward the towns of Decker, Acme, Sheridan and Buffalo, the last three in Wyoming. More strip mines, more GEM machinery, new roads and railways, new trailer slums. If the Ford Administration and the energy combines have their way, some 10 to 15 coal-burning power plants will be erected in this region between Billings, Montana, and Gillette, Wyoming. Never mind the opposition of the people who make their living here now. I recalled something that senior geologist Rice had remarked during our interview: "Public attitudes will change," he said, "after they've had a few power blackouts."

We flew north, across the state line again and over Birney and Colstrip, passing the strip mines of Peabody Coal (soon to be far bigger than the one at Black Mesa) and the conglomerate of Montana Power, Puget Sound Power & Light, Washington Water Power, Portland General Electric and Pacific Power & Light, which is developing the Colstrip mines. Off to the southwest, beyond the smog and dust of all this fresh activity, the snow-covered Bighorn range loomed against the sky, still visible 50 miles away. If the proposed power plants are actually built, those mountains will no longer be seen from so great a distance.

We passed over the Bull Mountains, north of Billings, one more prosperous ranching area under the cloud of King Coal, then returned to the Billings airport. What had I seen in this brief aerial survey? Mountains, forested foothills, tawny grasslands stretching for hundreds of miles, silver rivers, winding streams lined with willow and cottonwood trees, green hayfields, ranches, homes, small towns—the traditional American version of the good life. And the strip mines.

What is most difficult to grasp is the

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scale, the magnitude of the planned assault. Including the lignite deposits of the western Dakotas, the coal-development proposals take in some 250,000 square miles. Beneath that surface lie an estimated one and a half *trillion* tons of coal, about 40 percent of total U. S. reserves (most of the nation's coal, the remaining 60 percent, is in the East—Appalachia—and the Midwest). Though lower in B.T.U. (heat) content than Eastern coal, these Northern plains deposits are also lower in sulphur content, which makes them attractive to an energy industry under pressure to lessen air pollution in urban centers. To develop this energy resource, the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation and a participating group of 35 public utilities propose not only vast strip mining in Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota but also the construction of 42 mine-mouth power plants to convert the coal to electricity, together with additional plants for coal gasification and liquefaction—synthetic fuels. The power would be sent East and West through thousands of miles of 765-kilovolt transmission lines. A single projected 10,000-megawatt power plant would be five times bigger than New Mexico's Four Corners Plant. The water needed for these planned developments would total 2,600,000 acre-feet per year. Where will all this water, an amount exceeding by 80 percent the present municipal and industrial needs of New York City's 8,000,000 residents, come from? From the Yellowstone River, on which the agricultural economy of the region now depends. Through an elaborate system of dams, storage reservoirs, pump stations and aqueducts—to be built, of course, by the Bureau of Reclamation—this water project would divert from the Yellowstone one third of its flow in good (wet) years and one half in bad (dry) years.

Coal requirements for the 1980 goal of 50,000 megawatts would be 210,000,000 tons per year, stripping 10 to 30 square miles of range- and farmland annually, or a total of 350 to 1050 square miles during the projected 35-year life of the power plants. At the 200,000-megawatt level, the strip mines would consume from 50,000 to 175,000 square miles of surface during the same 35-year period. The transmission lines would take up over 8000 miles of right of way, or (with mile-wide utility corridors) a total of 4800 square miles. The ozone zone. Power losses from the lines would approximate 3000 megawatts, equal to the present average peak-demand requirements of Manhattan.

If carried out, this plan will create a population influx of up to 1,000,000 people in the Northern plains, a number almost as great as the current population of Wyoming and Montana combined (1,094,000). A dozen new industrial towns would revolutionize the style, not to say the quality, of life in the region. The new power plants would generate pollution greater than that of Los Angeles or New York, with an estimated annual production (assuming pollution-control efficiency at 99.5 percent) of 100,000 tons of particulate matter—fly ash—per year, 2,100,000 tons of sulphur dioxide (including sulphuric acids) and 1,879,000 tons of nitrogen oxides, plus trace elements of selenium, arsenic and mercury.

Who's to blame?

I asked that question of Boyd Charter, a crusty old rancher from the Bull Mountains north of Billings. Charter is one of the supporters of the Northern Plains Resource Council. He was also, he told me, once a fellow rider with the present junior Senator from Wyoming, Clifford Hansen, and Hansen, he said, is "one of the worst."

May we quote you on that? I asked.

"You can write it in PLAYBOY in capital letters," said Charter. "When it comes to who's to blame for tearing up the Northern plains and the West in general, my old buddy Cliff is *the biggest son of a bitch in Washington*."

Why pick on Hansen? I asked. Is he any worse than Stan Hathaway (briefly President Ford's Secretary of the Interior after a Senate fight for confirmation)? Or look at Senators Garn and Moss of Utah, Senators Goldwater and Fannin of Arizona, Governor Rampton of Utah, Congressman Steiger of Arizona and about half a dozen others in our Western Dirty Dozen. Don't they qualify, from the conservationist point of view, as sons of bitches, too? Charter and I had a bit of discussion about this, each of us maintaining, out of regional loyalty, that his own politicians were the worst.

Take Moss, Garn and Rampton, I said. All three are backing the Kaiparowits project to the hilt. All three are doing their best for the power industry, the mining industry, the oil-shale industry, not to mention such incidentals as commercial tourism and building freeways through the canyon-country wilderness. Utah, I pointed out, is the only state in the mountain West without a single acre in the Wilderness Preservation System, and Rampton and Moss, together with Garn's predecessor Wallace Bennett, must be given full credit for that accomplishment. They even oppose wilderness in the national parks. Our man Garn, I said with pride, though he's been in office for less than a year, has already made his name by openly advocating that public lands be transferred to private ownership.

He knew about that, Charter admitted, but you still can't beat old Cliff Hansen. Old Cliff, he votes for the Highway Trust Fund every time. Against the Land-Use Planning bill. For the Alaskan Pipeline. Against the Strip Mining Control bill, which would protect the surface rights of ranchers and farmers from the coal companies. Against requiring environmental-impact statements in coal and natural-gas

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leasing. Against the Clean Air Act. Against the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. For converting and extending a small airstrip in Grand Teton National Park to handle jet traffic. Against the Freedom of Information Act. According to a score sheet compiled by the League of Conservation Voters, Hansen voted wrong 92 percent of the time on environmental issues. According to the same kind of score sheet tallied by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Hansen voted right 95 percent of the time. That shows you who he works for.

Not bad, I agreed, not bad. But take my own Congressman, Sam Steiger of Arizona: He has voted the same way on every issue as your friend Hansen and, besides that, still wants to build a dam in the Grand Canyon, led the fight in the House against the Land-Use Planning bill, against mass-transit bills and against wilderness preservation. He's the one who helped the Bureau of Land Management get control of the Kofa wildlife reserve, which was a move for mining and against bighorn sheep. Our Sam, he's something special.

OK, said Charter, but our Cliff is the oilman's oilman. When everybody else wanted to eliminate the depletion allowance for the oil industry, our Cliff wanted to raise it. He wanted to raise it for the coal industry, too. Hansen is doing everything he can to encourage the energy industry in the West. A magazine called *World Oil*, which speaks for the industry, named Hansen "Oil's Champion." That's our Senator.

The debate could have gone on forever. Charter and I finally reached agreement by agreeing that almost all of *them* in political office, Republicans *and* Democrats, from Phoenix, Arizona, up North to Billings, Montana, are in general working for the mining and energy industries and against farming, ranching and the conservationist cause.

Boyd Charter is among the many landowners in the region who have been harassed, threatened and cajoled by representatives from the coal and power industries trying to buy them out or, failing that, to condemn their land, for strip mining. "We're being raped and we're being lied to," he says. "Show me one acre that's been reclaimed after strip mining. There isn't any. The businessmen who form the Economic Development Association of Eastern Montana want to strip-mine the high plains and then use the pits for a national garbage dump."

"My patriotism is wearing thin," says Charter. "They wanted to sell Montana coal to Japan. Some Japanese aluminum company had the deal all set up—they'd even bought loading docks in Oregon. We heard about it and got it stopped. But what's all this other coal development for? Well, for one thing, to help make more aluminum beer cans in the state of Washington. They'd tear up

the best cattle range in the world to make beer cans. These native grasses we got here can't be restored. Sure, they can plant something like crested wheat on what they call reclaimed land; but cattle don't like crested wheat. Or sweet clover; sweet clover is a *weed* out here! You can't raise beef cattle on it. Why do you think the Texas cattlemen brought their herds up here a century ago? Because of the native grass—the little bluestem, the bluebunch grass, the western wheat grass, the needle and thread, the Indian rice grass—that's why. This high-plains grass is the next best thing to grain—and grain is too precious to feed to cattle any more. We're gonna need range-fed beef from now on. That's all you're gonna get. When you come right down to it, it's a choice between food and more electricity. Which would you rather have? How many vitamins in a kilowatt?"

I asked Charter if he could maintain his cattle business if gasoline were severely rationed or priced much higher, or if electricity became more expensive. "We can get along without gasoline entirely," he said. "We can convert in a few days to the same kind of operation we had forty years ago." And he added that he and some neighboring ranchers were already switching from Rural Electrification Administration (REA) power back to the old reliable windmills for pumping water from range wells. That, he said, was his first step toward Project Independence.

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Time for a visit to another strip mine and power plant. I drove east from Billings to the little town of Colstrip, soon to become a hive of industry if the planners fulfill their plans. On the way, I paused for an hour of meditation at a monument on a ridge above the Little Bighorn River, in the heart of the Crow Indian Reservation. Here Custer made his Last Stand. On the memorial stone is a bronze plaque that reads, in part, TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS KILLED . . . IN THE TERRITORY OF MONTANA, WHILE CLEARING THE DISTRICT OF THE YELLOWSTONE OF HOSTILE INDIANS. . . . All is quiet and peaceful, at the moment. The sun beams down on the green fields along the river, on the lion-colored hills above, on the gleaming Bighorn Mountains far to the south.

If you think the Indians would resent this memorial to Custer set up in their own back yard, you have forgotten that the Crows fought *with* the U. S. Cavalry, not against it. It was the Sioux and the Cheyenne tribes, traditional sporting enemies of the Crow, who shot down Custer and 261 of his men, together with a few of his Crow scouts.

Divide and conquer: It worked for the Romans, it worked for Cortes in Mexico, it worked (generally) in the U. S. A. against the Indians. The same technique

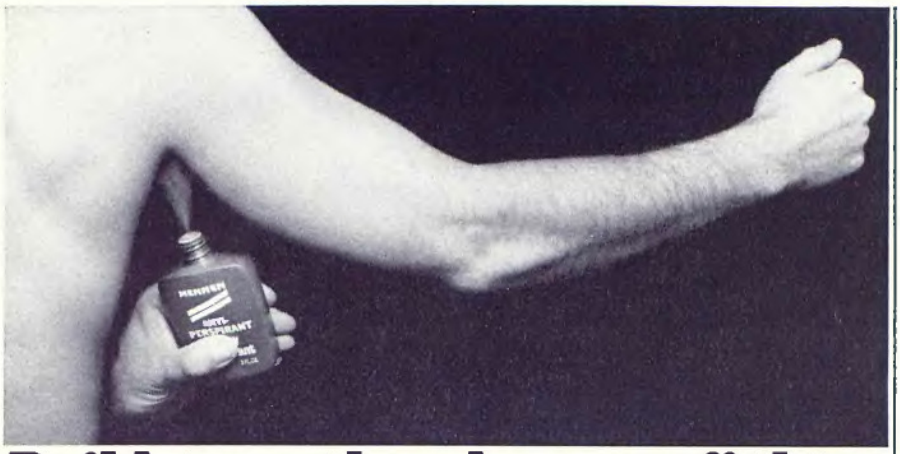
is now employed by the Bureau of Reclamation and the power combine against the farmers and ranchers (including the surviving Indians) of the contemporary American West. If Continental Oil, Montana Power or Peabody Coal can buy out one rancher, then that rancher's neighbors come under greater pressure to sell out. You can't raise hay and cattle next to a strip mine, downwind from a power plant belching SO_2 into the air, amid the factories and furnaces of the petrochemical industry. Today, as a century ago, it is the Crow tribe that is willing to accommodate itself to the advance of power—although bargaining for a stiff price—while its old enemies and neighbors on the adjacent Cheyenne reservation are resisting the strip miners and the air polluters to the end, just as they did the pony soldiers, the bluecoats, the gold seekers and the sodbusters. The Crows had a big reservation and a relatively high per-capita income (for Indians); all that the Cheyennes have is their sense of honor.

Through the Cheyenne capital, called Lame Deer, and north. Approaching the strip mine I saw, as usual, the iron rigs of giant draglines looming over the landscape, digging into the earth beneath a pall of dust. On the skyline were the long gray ridges of spoil banks, the overturned soil. Beyond the mined area, the original landscape remains, hills covered with ponderosa pine standing on the rolling plain.

I interviewed Martin White in his Colstrip office. White, who looks almost as young as the $300-per-month staff members of the Northern Plains Resource Council but wears a more harassed expression on his face, is project manager for the Western Energy Company at Colstrip. He told me a little about the mine: 6,800,000 tons of coal per year, current production, with 833,000,000 tons in reserve, still under the ground. Two units of the power plant already are under construction, two more proposed; if the proposed units are built, the power will be sent to the Northwest through the projected 410-mile 500-kilovolt transmission line. White scoffs at the notion that ozone from the line will damage vegetation in the line's vicinity; denies charges that it will take hundreds of square miles of land out of agricultural production. As for the town of Colstrip itself, it will be, he says, a "planned community," with bicycle paths, playgrounds and parks, a new library, quality homes and spacious, landscaped mobile-home courts. Colstrip, he says, will be a net asset to the people of eastern Montana, providing hundreds of new jobs and supporting public facilities through its contributions to the tax base. State and Federal pollution-control standards will be met, and even though the quality of air and quality of life may suffer a bit in the region, the *national interest demands that Montana do its share.* He showed me the tables and charts, the graphs, plans and statistics. A good, competent man, White; he earns his salary. I asked him what Western Energy pays him; he said it was none of my business. I asked for a tour of the strip mine; that was granted.

My guide was a young woman from the front office, newly arrived from California. As we drove over the wastelands and down into the black hole, I asked her how she liked living in Colstrip. Not much, she admitted; she and her husband, a construction engineer, would be moving on when the power plant was finished; both looked forward to that day. We watched hauler trucks, each with a capacity of 120 tons, rumble into the pit and line up under the bucket of a power shovel. I looked closely at the front of the steel bucket: Some wise-guy welder back in Euclid, Ohio, where the machine was manufactured, had spot-welded on the front of the bucket the motto of his profession: FUCK.

We drove on to another part of the mine, where a giant dragline excavator sat inactive, awaiting repairs. I climbed into the empty cab of the machine and



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fiddled with the controls. Splendid machine, I thought: think what one could do with this thing on the main street of Billings or Denver or Salt Lake or Phoenix or Laramie, where all those glittering new skyscraper banks stand cheek by glassy cheek. Everywhere you go out West, in every town and city, the biggest, newest, most expensive and pretentious buildings are the banks: sure sign of social decay. The people live in plasterboard boxes, in fiberboard apartments, in mobile homes of tin, aluminum and plastic: but the banks rise up in gleaming stone and glass and steel, dominating the surrounding mass of huddled hovels precisely as the medieval lord's castle brooded above his vassal village.

As we drove back to the office, my guide showed me the official Western Energy Company reclamation plot, almost 500 acres of formerly strip-mined grassland where the spoil banks had been recontoured, fertilized and reseeded three years before. A number of knee-high ponderosa hold out there, still alive, and a thin, dried-up growth of sweet clover, struggling for survival in the midst of the thickest thicket of Russian thistle I've ever seen.

The tumbleweeds are doing nicely, I commented, picking the stickers out of my shins, and my guide smiled and shrugged. She didn't give a damn one way or the other. What happened to that tree? I asked, pointing to a tall snag in the middle of the plot that might have been, years ago, a yellow pine. The company planted that dead tree there, she explained, to make a perch for hawks; hawks keep down the rodent population.

That evening, I visited Duke McRae, a rancher who lives a few miles south of Colstrip. His ranch, established by his grandfather in 1886, lies directly in the path of coal and industrial development. It has been home, livelihood and a way of life for three generations of the McRae family, including two of Duke McRae's brothers and *their* families. Now the coal companies are pressuring them to sell out, the Department of the Interior is threatening to lease the coal beneath the surface of the land (although the McRaes own the land, they do not own the mineral rights, which belong to the Federal Government) and their children are already suffering the effects of overcrowded schools, rapid pupil and teacher turnover, the social impact of living near a boom-town community plagued with the usual boom-town problems. *They* already have two power plants under construction, he said. They've applied for a permit to build two more with four more on the drawing boards—all to be built right there in Colstrip. Plus a coal-gasification plant, which will take most of the water out of the ground, dry up the wells and streams. You can't raise cows *or* kids, said McRae, in the kind of place the power company wants to make here. It's going to be a planned community, I reminded him. Sure, he said, it's planned, all right—like they plan an invasion.

I mentioned the reclamation plot I had seen—the tumbleweed farm. Oh, yeah, he said, and did they tell you about the dead tree they stuck into the ground for the hawks? Yes, I said. McRae laughed. That dead pine has been there for 50 years, he said; the power company was afraid people might get a bad impression, seeing a dead tree in the middle of their reclamation plot, so somebody made up that dumb story about a roost for hawks. The power company lies about everything, he said; it's so used to lying it can't tell the truth, even when the truth might do it a little good.

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Time for me to go home, where I belonged. On my way south, driving toward Birney, I paused at the Peabody Coal strip-mine turnoff to take a leak, open another can of beer and study my map. Two cars emerged from the mine area and stopped; their occupants looked me over, suspiciously. Maybe it was my wrinkled truck with the red-paper rose on the hood; maybe it was the smell of my thermal underwear. No matter, they looked suspicious to me, too. Four middle-aged men in business suits and hard hats in the front car, four more in the second car—and two of those wore the green business suits with brass-and-silver regalia, the badges, ribbons, collar runes of colonels in the U. S. Army. What were two colonels doing with company officials in a Peabody (Kennecott Copper) strip mine? There is something in the juxtaposition of big business, big military and big technology that always rouses my most paranoid nightmares, visions of the technological superstate, the Pentagon's latent fascism, IBM's laboratory torture chambers, the absolute computerized fusion-powered global tyranny of the 21st Century. But before I could open my mouth and ask any questions, they were all gone, flashing off down the highway.

I stopped to see one more rancher, a widow named Ellen Cotton. She is a beautiful woman, about 50, I suppose, with silver-gray hair and the wind-burned face and clear eyes (undimmed by too much print) of one who has spent most of her life in the out-of-doors. She raises cattle and race horses on her Four Mile Ranch at Four Mile Creek, near the hamlet of Decker, Montana, just north of the Wyoming line. After spending half the previous day in the coal dust and megadecibel clamor of the strip mines, it was a keen pleasure to hear running water again, to smell the honest smell of fresh horseshit, sagebrush and hay, to hear the wind soughing through the trees.

Mrs. Cotton lives in a land of almost painful beauty, of clear streams and grassy meadows, of red-and-yellow outcrops

of sandstone, the hills and ridges topped with ponderosa pine. The dirt road to her place follows the contours of the land, winding from ridge to ridge under a sky still as blue as the Virgin's cloak; from high points on the road, you can see the snowy Bighorn range 70 miles to the southwest. The bureaucrats of the Interior Department call this place the Decker-Birney Resource Study Area, proposing to lease it out to the coal-and-energy combine. Mrs. Cotton and her neighbors think it should be called (if development plans are carried out) a National Sacrifice Area.

How could such a thing happen to so beautiful a land? We talked. Mrs. Cotton and her sons have lived here for 20 years, having come from Sheridan, Wyoming. Consolidation Coal (Continental Oil) has already sent its agents around to buy her out. She refuses to sell: and if they come creeping around again, she says, she's going to run them off with guns. A neighbor was offered $13,000,000 and turned it down. Mrs. Cotton says he did right; the land here is worth more than any possible sum of money, the grass more valuable than all the coal beneath it. Like old Boyd Charter up near Billings, she says that this is the best rangeland and the highest quality of grass in the country. And even if it were not, she loves the land as it is, wants to live out her life here, will not sell out, will not be driven out, refuses to move.

"We cannot keep moving on," says Mrs. Cotton. "No matter what the price, where could we find another place to go? This is our home. It's time we stop exploiting the land, tearing it up. We always used to think it didn't matter, that when you mined out one area, or farmed it out, or overgrazed it, you could move on to new country beyond the hills, keep moving West. But there are no new places to go anymore. The land is full. We have to stay where we are, take care of what we have. There isn't going to be anything else."

Mrs. Cotton has been to Appalachia, she told me, and has seen what happened there. She and her neighbors do not intend to let it happen in their corner of the Big Sky Country. She showed me a sign she had made for display along the highway. The sign is a whole cowhide, on which the following words have been inscribed with a branding iron:

NATIONAL SACRIFICE AREA
THE U. S. GOVT. RECOMMENDS STRIP MINING THE DIVIDE NORTH OF HERE. WE LANDOWNERS ARE OPPOSED. ELLEN COTTON. MRS. DAN WILSON. JIM & RUTH BENEDICT. CANYON CREEK CATTLE CO. RUTH JORDAN. CHARLES E. JORDAN. BOB & EULA EBELING.
LET FUTURE GENERATIONS JUDGE.

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Behold how rich and powerful I am. . . . Would you destroy this glorious incarnation of your own heroic self?

—THOMAS WOLFE,
You Can't Go Home Again

All very well, the reader thinks, for a few thousand farmers and ranchers to want to save their homes and livelihoods, to preserve a charming but outmoded way of life. And it would be nice if we could keep the pure air, the wide-open spaces, the canyons and rivers and mountains free from pollution from a rash of new power plants. But America needs the energy. Our political and industrial leaders assure us that the very survival of America as a great world power may be at stake. We cannot let our future be dictated by a cartel of Arab potentates. "We have more coal than the Arabs have oil. Let's dig it." The assumption is that we must continue down the road of never-ending economic expansion, toward an ever-grosser gross national product, driven by that mania for Growth with a capital G that entails, among other things, a doubling of the nation's energy production every ten years. "Expand or expire" is the essence of this attitude, exemplified in the words of President Ford in a statement to an Expo '74 audience: "Man is not built to vegetate or stagnate—we like to progress . . . zero-growth environmental policies fly in the face of human nature. . . ."

But a child can perceive that on our finite planet there must be, sooner or later, a limit to quantitative growth. Any high school math student can prove that if our production of electrical energy continued to grow at the exponential rate of 100 percent every ten years, the result would be, within less than a century, a United States of America in which every square foot of surface was completely preempted by power plants, leaving no room at all for homes, cities, farms, living space or even graveyards.

Obviously, the time has come to begin planning and preparing for what economists call a steady-state economy, or ecologists an equilibrium society, one living in a condition of balance with the natural environment that is our only source of food, shelter, air, water and sunlight. If we do not make appropriate plans, we may see a breakdown of the food-supply system, followed by mass starvation, with bands of hungry barbarians prowling the ruins of city and countryside in search not only of food but of human victims. Or we might see the creation of a technocratic totalitarianism that will make the quaint dictatorships of Stalin, Hitler and Chairman Mao look like humane and rational models of the social order. Another Dark Age would not, in fact, be anything so very new.

We can avert either pole of catastrophe by the exercise now of a little common sense. Far ahead of their so-called leaders, as usual, the American people have

already begun to put into practice the simple concept of zero population growth. Within the past few years, the birth rate has dropped to an all-time low; if the trend continues, the annual rate of population growth would reach zero by the mid–21st Century, with the population leveling off at about 300,000,000—probably far too many people for a free society but better, at any rate, than the desperate overcrowding characteristic of Oriental nations.

With the leveling off of population growth already in sight, the next obvious step is a stabilization of the energy growth rate. This will be forced upon us, in any case; as some economists (though still a minority in their dismally obtuse profession) and most ecologists have pointed out, it takes energy to get energy; the law of diminishing returns is now in operation. When oil could be pumped from a 69½-foot well in Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859, it was a cheap commodity; when it has to be piped through an 800-mile pipeline across Alaska from Prudhoe Bay, or extracted from the ocean floor in the stormy waters of the Atlantic, or shipped in supertankers all the way from the Persian Gulf, oil becomes an expensive luxury. If we are driven to manufacture synthetic fuels from coal or to squeeze oil from shale rock (a silly proposition on the face of it), we shall find ourselves expending almost as much energy in the processing as we gain in gross production. Nor will nuclear energy solve the problem: Uranium is even harder to find than oil; breeder reactors produce not only energy but also plutonium, the deadliest of all poisons, with a half life of thousands of years, posing an intolerable threat to human health and safety and to *all* forms of life; while nuclear fusion, the last best hope of the technophiles, remains at least a generation away, perhaps much farther, perhaps forever out of reach. Even if it can be developed someday, fusion will doubtless prove to have all the unforeseen disadvantages and hazards that have attended most other technological innovations.

The way to zero energy growth has been outlined for us by the report of the recent Energy Policy Project sponsored by the Ford Foundation. Two years in the making, *A Time to Choose: America's Energy Future* is the work of a professional staff of economists, ecologists, physicists, engineers and research specialists, with a panel of supporting consultants including such distinguished names as Barry Commoner, René Dubos, Harrison Brown, Kenneth E. Boulding, Daniel Bell, Alan Poole, Ben J. Wattenberg and Robert H. Socolow and an advisory board consisting of leaders from the world of science, conservation, law and industry. *A Time to Choose* presents various scenarios for the future, including the option of zero energy growth, which can be accomplished, according to this study, without lowering the American standard of living; indeed, providing for continuing economic growth by assigning first priority to the fields of medicine, education, the arts and sciences, to basic human needs such as decent housing, adequate nutrition, livable cities, a clean, attractive, healthy environment.

Predictably, the strongest objections to the report come from project representatives of energy-intensive industries—William P. Tavoulareas, president of Mobil Oil; D. C. Burnham, chairman of Westinghouse Electric; the late J. Harris Ward, director of Commonwealth Edison; and John D. Harper, chairman of Alcoa. Understandably, these men get very nervous when the focus of debate is shifted away from their territory—what energy supplies should be developed—and onto that of the conservationists (how we can prosper with less waste). Reduced production and consumption of wasteful products is the key to the whole matter. We do not have to strip-mine the farms, rangelands and wild lands of the American West, we do not have to pollute the skies and poison the waters and dam the last of our rivers if we are willing to give up certain of what conventional economists call goods but what most of us recognize as being, quite simply, *junk*. Draw up your own list. Think of all the many things we make and buy but do not need. My own preliminary list begins with Detroit, Michigan: Who needs Detroit's bloated, ramshackle, inefficient and overpriced rolling ironware? Who is not weary of supporting that army of crooked car dealers and incompetent, gouging mechanics that has been preying on us all for the past 55 years?

It is no accident that Detroit should be the first major industrial victim of inflation and recession. When times are hard, we all know one thing we can get along without—a new metallic mastodon from Chrysler, G.M. or Ford. It is time to begin

"You didn't forget the batteries for Grandma's vibrator, did you?"

the phasing out of the auto industry, which long ago outgrew its usefulness and no longer even entertains. Put those men to work making things we *need*: passenger trains; small, lightweight, efficient buses; bicycles that will last for a lifetime; simple refrigerators that work for more than two years; can openers that actually open cans.

Junk, trash, rubbish—our lives are debauched, our natural resources squandered, our native land ravaged in this mad production of metal, plastic, glass and paper garbage. Who needs throwaway beer cans? Bottle my beer (and let's go back to making real beer, by the way; no more of this watery green angel piss) in solid, substantial, amber-colored jugs that fit a man's hand, that rest solidly on a table and can be washed out and used over and over again, for Christ's sake, like they do it in Bavaria and Austria, where beer began. Who needs color television? It's bad enough in black and white and wavy stripes! Who needs empty parking lots lit up all night by mercury-vapor security lamps? Who needs trail bikes, snowmobiles, electric razors, Winnebagos, power lawn mowers, Styrofoam packaging, bulk-rate mail, ballpoint pens, glass office buildings with windows that can't be opened, tract homes made of green lumber and plasterboard, condominiums with cardboard walls, polyurethane geodesic igloos, automatic washers that are always breaking down, plumbing that doesn't work, blenders, dishwashers, driers, plastic picnic plates, electric guitars and Moog synthesizers, Vinylite upholstery, synthetic textiles made from ersatz fibers, sour green oranges and acid-injected tomatoes and hormone-polluted beef shipped from 3000 miles away, frozen grape juice, incomprehensible income-tax forms, short-life light bulbs, high-powered cabin cruisers on every pond and stream, spray deodorants, nondairy dairy products, plywood ski hutches in the mountain valleys of Colorado and Utah, four-wheel-drive "recreation" vehicles, snow-making machines, Astrodomes, Dallas–Fort Worth Airport, aluminum pie plates, Teflon frypans, artificial fruit "drinks," electric typewriters, all-electric homes, gas chambers, electric chairs, neon billboards, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Los Alamos . . . ? The list goes on and on, nearly ad infinitum, and anyone who wants to can easily make up a list ten times longer than mine.

While real needs go unsatisfied: good beer; good, fresh, healthy food for all; homes and apartments for all that are well made, well designed, comfortable, durable and handsome; quick, easy urban-transit systems; good continental passenger-train service; air that's fit to breathe, water that's fit to drink, food that's fit to eat; and now and then, when we want it, some space and solitude and silence. Is that too much to ask of a sane and rational political economy? God only knows, it's

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too much to ask of the one we've got now. Like my old man always says, capitalism sounds good in theory, but it just doesn't work; look around you and see what it has done to our country. And what it is going to do to our country—if we let it.

Not that socialism is any better. Socialism is worse. Then what is the answer? Some mixture of the two? Something in between? *Or something entirely different?*

That's what I thought about, something different, grumbling south to Arizona in my final Dodge, past the golden hills of Wyoming, through Spotted Horse, Gillette and Reno Junction, past Thunder Basin National Grassland, past the Laramie Mountains and the Medicine Bow Mountains, through the Red Desert down to Rangely, Colorado, and Moab, Utah—that grand symphony of names on the American land!—and on to Bluff, Mexican Hat, Monument Valley, Kayenta, Kaibito, Bitter Springs, Echo Cliffs, House Rock Valley, up the Kaibab Monocline and across the plateau and down the other side toward Moccasin, Kanab, Shivwits, Mount Bangs, Pakoon Spring, Wolf Hole: home. Thinking, where they won't find you, yet, for a while. (It's ten six-packs from Custer's Battlefield to Abbey's Last Stand.) Pausing only three times during the whole 800-mile journey: once near Recluse, Wyoming, to doctor up a pair of bulldozers belonging to the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation; once near Cisco, Utah, to cut down a billboard erected by the Utah Chamber of Commerce; and once near Black Mesa Junction, Arizona, to shoot some insulators off the power line of the Black Mesa & Lake Powell Railroad. And my conclusion, when I finally reached the Hole, was that what we need in our perishing republic is something different.

Something entirely different.

"Think of it! For one night he has complete access everywhere!"

TIME IS MONEY

(continued from page 104)

"Write me off? Harry, I'll pay back every sec."

"A total loss."

Now Harry's eyes were cold again. He touched the intercom on his desk. The voice of the girl in the outer office replied.

"Yes, sir?"

"Next."

"Harry."

Harry shook his head. A tall man walked in, looking tense.

"Harry, *please*."

"Goodbye, Tom."

Harry folded his arms. Tom got up and left the office. Harry's cold eyes watched him until the door was closed. Goodbye, Tom.

Tom walked blindly out of the reception room, oblivious of the red-haired girl and the worried faces of the others waiting their turn. He reached the street and leaned against the wall, his stomach churning. Harry had turned him down. Hurriedly, he pressed his right ear lobe.

"39 minutes, 11 seconds." Ping.

His mind reeled. He needed a drink. There was the handy bar next door to Harry's, an elegant place. Often, in the old days, he and Harry had had a few there. A place patronized by professional types who could afford 30 min for a whiskey or 3 hr for a bottle of imported champagne to celebrate a deal. Tom sat on a stool at the bar and ordered a whiskey. 30 min. He gulped it down, then ordered another. The bartender, who knew him, grinned. He gulped it down. Dick and Harry, his two best friends, both turned him down. Two of a kind. Damn snobs with inherited wealth—Dick with over 20 years from his father; Harry with over 50 years from his grandfather, the capital behind his time-loan office. He ordered a third whiskey and gulped it. The bartender frowned.

The alcohol relaxed him so he could think. The clock above the bar. Tick-tick-tick. What now? There had to be some clue to this predicament, some hope for survival. Tick-tick-tick. Like the clock in Harry's anteroom. The red-haired girl. The bar with bottles, laughter, the hum of voices. That brought back the memory. It came in a rush, floodgates opening. Another bar. Another redhead. Scarlet and emerald. That night in the motel. What had he given her for that night in bed? 2 hr was the usual fee for a girl, 4 hr for something special, 24 hr for someone extraordinary. She had been that. Special and extraordinary. That was it. That girl. Get out fast and find her.

He signaled the bartender for his bill. The man glanced at the tab on the bar. Three drinks, 1 hr 30 min, with 15 percent service charge and 15 percent tax. Total, almost 2 hr. Tom moved his right

hand, palm down, to the charge plate sunk in the bar. When his palm was within an inch of the metal plate, he would feel the tingle of contact. Then he would say "Debit"—"Deb" was sufficient—no matter how softly. Somewhere among those tiers and rows in the Timebank, Tom's account meter would click, registering the charge. At the same moment, another meter would click, registering the bar's credit.

The prudent merchants who ruled this land made it all that simple. Foolproof. At first, it was necessary for two hands to make contact, buyer and seller, in the most ancient form of agreement, the handshake. Now the hands of buyer and seller need not touch. The tingly electronic contact could be made across an open space of 25 mm. More hygienic that way. Or, in an establishment such as this bar, the metal plate was the seller.

But Tom's hand did not go within the 25 mm of the metal plate. He stopped before the tingling contact was made. For he realized, just in time, that the charge was 2 hr and he had less than ½ hr remaining in his account. The bartender watched curiously as Tom pulled back his hand. He had no suspicion of the truth. Customers who came to this bar had no problems with a 2 hr bill. Tom grinned, his mind moving as fast as the meters in the Timebank.

"Charge it to Harry. We have a bet," he said, managing a grin as he slid off the bar stool. The bartender nodded. He knew Tom. He knew Harry. Men like these often had their little jokes.

Tom rushed out. And even in his anxiety, he grinned at the thought of how he'd nicked old Harry for that tab. He walked quickly, then ran. Had he done it again? He had always been one for the big gesture. What had he given that girl in his drunken ardor? Had he pretended to be a man of wealth, of endless time? Without remembering, he knew now that he had done that, because he always pretended with strangers, especially with pretty females. What in the passionate moment, exchanging hot breath, those emerald eyes blazing into his, those soft legs . . . what had he given her?

It came back to him, verbatim, like the sound of a great gong. One month. Not one day. Not one week. One entire month of his precious hoard of time. Oh, my God, one month! He ran faster. The motel was near. He would find her. He would get it back. Get most of it. 29 days, at the very least. Or wring that soft neck until the emerald eyes bugged out.

Such was the enormity of that drunken deed, the incredible stupidity of risking his survival for the satisfaction of that pretense and lust, that he had blocked it all out. Now it was unblocked. Now it came back with all the bitterness that such a foolish act can engender. Yes, for a certainty. That was it. He could even hear his own voice in that passion-tossed bed, as he pressed her little hand in his hot palm . . . as the tingling contact was made, as his whole body tingled with it, from head to toe: "Deb . . . one month, sweetheart. One month, angel." Deb deb deb. He stopped short, shaking with the memory. One month? That cheap, filthy bag . . . 2 hr would have been plenty. He raced on. The motel was just around the corner. He still had time. Time!

With the creation of the Timebank, the prudent merchants who ruled this land achieved their final solution to the work ethic, as well as to the credit system and the population boom. Work for time. Time is life. Life is time.

The most valuable element in the universe became the sole currency of exchange. It had always been the most valuable element in the universe; but never before had its value been so fittingly recognized, so suitably used. The element is time. Time measured in years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, seconds. The living time of man.

Into the body of each adult at the start of the system, and thereafter into the body of each newborn infant, ingenious microdevices were implanted. These tiny

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Not only is Christmas a good time to take photographs, it's also a good time to buy a camera. For yourself. Or as a gift.

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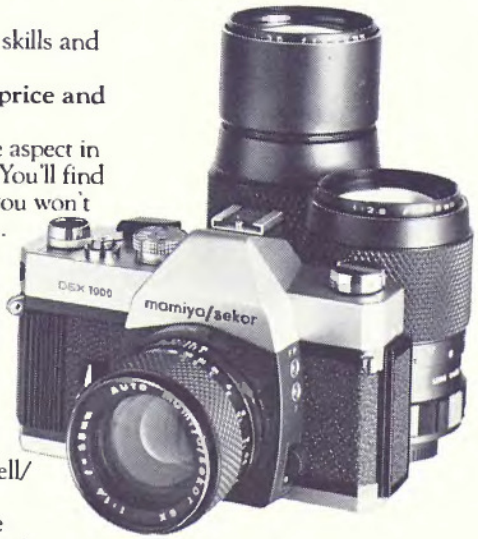

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"It's economical, but it's too little to screw in; so what I save on gas, I spend on motels."

mechanisms transmitted and received. The bearer was kept in constant touch with the Timebank. Every person in this land had a Time account with an individual meter. From the moment of implantation at birth, the meter began to tick off the seconds of life. This accounting persisted without interference until the individual reached majority, at which precise moment, said individual received a year's bonus of free time. After 12 months, exactly—the Timebank was always exact to the millisecond—the individual was on his own in the battle for time.

All wages and prices were based on time units. The work week (wk wk) was 37.7 hrs—an odd amount reached by compromise and slide rule. Wages varied, depending on the nature of the job. The established monthly rent for a standard one-bedroom apartment was 48.3 hr (52.6 hr with air conditioning). You might buy a small piano for three months' debit (3 mo deb) or sell it for 3 mo cred, etc. There were millionaires who had amassed decades of time, all on deposit in the Timebank. There were a few billionaires who owned centuries of time and, by willing them to lucky heirs, created dynasties.

The Timebank was not created without a struggle. But the prudent merchants who ruled this land had their way. Who could deny that time was man's most valuable and irreplaceable possession?

Tom reached the motel breathless, exhausted. What was her name? Had he ever known? But he could describe her. Not many looked like that. They would have a record, a forwarding address. Then, as he reached the glass-enclosed bar—eureka!—there she was. Scarlet and emerald. Seated on a bar stool, just as she had been when he first saw her. She was seated with a large man. Both were laughing.

"I must talk to you." Damn, what was her name?

She looked at him, startled. Did she recognize him? The big man frowned.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

"You remember me. Tom," he said anxiously.

"You must be mistaken," she said politely. "I don't know you."

"Don't know me? I'm Tom. I gave you a month," he shouted. The bartender and several customers turned at that. A month?

"Really," she said, "you must be drunk."

"Go away," said the big man.

"Please . . . Juliet," he said, her name coming back in a miraculous flash. "You must remember. I made a mistake. I gave you too much. I need some. Give it back. Please."

"My name is not Juliet. I never saw you before," she said, her eyes cold now. He grasped her bare arm and held it tightly.

"Juliet, Juliet, you are my last hope. I'm running out of time. Out of time."

Everybody in the bar shuddered.

"Get this bum away from me," she shrieked.

The big man leaped from his stool and grabbed Tom by the neck, pulling him away. Tom clung to her arm. She came off the stool onto the floor, screaming. The big man and the bartender pulled Tom from the girl and threw him into the street. He staggered to his feet. The menacing figures were inside the glass door, shouting obscenities. He moved unsteadily down the street, then leaned against a lightpost. He pressed his right ear lobe. Once, twice, three, four times. Calling the chief accountant. He had never done this before. It cost ten whole minutes, but he had to know the truth. Exactly.

He waited, longer than usual. Then a soft sound that was new—a bell tolling one, two, three times. Then a deep voice, also new.

"Chief-accountant report, re account T-798324-X7: 3 minutes, 15 seconds." Then the tolling of the bell, once. Silence.

3 min 15 sec! He looked about wildly. A man was coming toward him, a man with hat, topcoat and briefcase. Tom rushed to him, his hand held out like a beggar's.

"Please give me—lend me a little time. 10 min. I'm running out."

A terrible phrase. The man paled, averted his eyes and walked on. A woman wearing a fur jacket approached from the other direction. Tom ran to her, his hand held out, pleading for a tingly touch.

"Please. 10 min. I'm running out."

The woman gasped, turned and walked rapidly away. A man roughly dressed in blue denims and working shoes crossed the street near him.

"Sir," cried Tom, rushing to him. "I'm running out. Please lend me a little—anything."

The man scowled, muttered and started off. Tom grabbed his sleeve.

"You've got to help me. I'm running out. Can you hear me? Running out."

The lady with the fur jacket and the man with the briefcase had stopped a short distance away and were watching. Tom turned to them, shouting so they could hear.

"Somebody . . . anybody . . . five minutes . . . four minutes. . . ."

A young couple approached, a girl with long blonde hair and a young man with a guitar hung over his shoulder. Tom took them in in a frantic glance. He knew the type—newly arrived at their majority, rich with time.

"Please," he said, moving toward them, his hand outstretched. The girl looked alarmed.

"What is it?" said the young man.

"Time—I'm running out. Please help me," said Tom. The couple looked at each other.

"Is he kidding?" said the man in working clothes. "Look at that silk shirt, that suit, those shoes. Worth weeks. That briefcase. If you're so broke, pawn it."

"I didn't think of that," said Tom, staring at his expensive briefcase.

"A professional beggar," said the lady.

"Probably has a Rolls and a chauffeur around the corner," said the well-dressed man.

"I'm not a beggar. I've never begged in my life," cried Tom.

The young girl was staring at him. Her young man took her arm impatiently.

"Come on," he said.

"Wait, Lou," she said. "He needs help."

The young voice was like a beam of pure light in Tom's gathering darkness. He moved toward her, desperately turning on the charm that had wooed and won a score of such girls.

"Believe me . . . trust me . . . I'll pay you back double, triple. But I need it now . . . *now*, darling. . . ."

The young man frowned at that and again grasped his girl's arm.

"Come on, he's a phony."

"He is, dear. Don't be taken in," said the woman with the fur.

"He's a pro," said the man in working clothes. "Look at that coat . . . that shirt . . . those shoes."

Tom tore off his coat, then his shirt, ripping the buttons. He pulled off a shoe and, with the briefcase, tossed the bundle onto the street near the man.

"Take them. Take everything I have . . . for one minute . . . for one lousy minute," he howled.

The girl gasped, pulled away from her escort and moved toward Tom.

"I believe you, I believe you," she said, extending her hand toward him. "I lend you . . . I give you one week," she said defiantly, with the generosity of youth to whom time is endless.

For one precious second, Tom stared at the young stranger who had appeared out of nowhere like a shining angel. One week! Time to do anything. Time to live. He reached his hand toward hers, to feel the tingle that meant salvation. But the contact was not made. The transaction was not completed.

In the Timebank, as the endless rows and tiers, row upon row, tier upon tier, clicked and hummed quietly, on a certain tier, in a certain row, there was a louder click, more of a *clack*. A circuit breaker closed an account. Tom's account.

A tiny device, no bigger than a flyspeck, exploded in Tom's left ventricle. He collapsed in the street and was still. The young girl screamed. The others looked at one another, then at Tom.

A crowd gathered. An officer broke through and knelt by the fallen man.

"Officer, what is it?" asked a lady.

"Overdrawn," said the officer.

All sighed and lowered their heads. The men removed their hats.

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As any confection freak will tell you, today's butterscotch ain't what it used to be. That's where Weird Cedric Waggoner comes in; Waggoner is a man whose mission in life is to manufacture the world's best butterscotch—his Weird Cedric brand sells for $1.75 (plus postage) sent to London Candies, 1281 S. Main, North Canton, Ohio. You'll get back a half-pound box of delicious chewy stuff, sans artificial ingredients, that your dentist is gonna love.

STRANGERS IN PARADISE

There are several ways to acquire an allover tan: You can stretch out on your bathroom floor with a sun-lamp bulb screwed into your ceiling socket, you can go up onto the roof of your building next spring and hope the police helicopter doesn't fly by or you can sign up for something called a clothing-optional junket to Tahiti that Elysium Tours, Suite 207, 1701 Clinton Street, Los Angeles 90026, is sponsoring. What you get for one week ($769) or two ($949) starting June 12 is a stay at the Club Méditerranée village on the island of Mooréa and the option of heading off to nearby, uninhabited Elysium Island, where you and whoever you choose to accompany you will be left to your own devices. Don't forget to turn over now and then.

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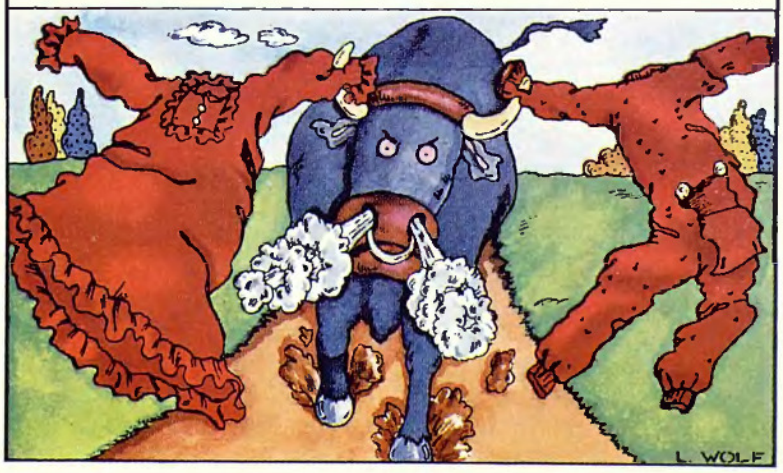
What's the second best way to keep warm on a long winter's night? By snuggling into a pair of genuine drop-seat, button-front red-flannel long johns, of course. The folks at the Red Flannel Factory, 73 S. Main Street, Cedar Springs, Michigan (which bills itself as the Red Flannel Town), are selling them for $13.50, along with such other red-hot items as union suits ($6.50), granny gowns ($13.50) and 30-inch tasseled nightcaps ($3). They'll keep your bod nice and toasty while waiting up for Santa.



VALLEY HIGH

They're all here—*Drums of Fu Manchu, Dick Tracy* and *Son of Zorro*—in *Valley of the Cliffhangers*: a $66 coffee-table anthology of 66 great old Republic Pictures serials. Compiling the 3000 photos and 150,000 words in *Cliffhangers* was a six-year labor of love guided by adman Jack Mathis. Write to him at Box 714, Northbrook, Illinois 60062 and learn how Captain America foiled the plot to destroy the dynamic vibrator. It's a humdinger. And no waiting until next week!

BANKING ON THE STARS

Here are a couple of toll-free numbers for your little black book: 800-227-4710 and, if you live in California, 800-792-2939. The voice at the other end of the line is that of an unusual computerized horoscope service called Astro-Phone and, for a prepaid charge of $9.95, it'll spend ten minutes telling you everything you always wanted to know about yourself but were afraid to ask. Additional time can be bought for a buck a minute. Blabbermouths need not apply.

DRUCKS STOP

To some, the body of an automobile is nothing but an impersonal piece of sheet metal stretched over a chassis. But to a fellow named M. J. Drucks of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, it's the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Drucks paints acrylic-lacquer fantasy pictures on cars, trucks and vans. Vampires, lovers, naked ladies—Drucks does them all, and quite well, too. So well, in fact, that he's formed a corporation, Shelbe Creations Unlimited, at 118 W. 24th Avenue, and charges from $150 to $3000, plus traveling expenses, for a finished machine. One original Drucks—to go!

ALL ABOARD

Chances are, there was once an American Flyer or a Lionel model train in your Christmas past and, chances are, your parents junked it years ago, depriving you of the chance to sell it, today, for a few shekels. Well, that train may be gone, but the old model-railroad catalogs from which you ordered are still chugging—in the form of reproductions printed by the Greenberg Publishing Company, 9323 Afternoon Lane, Columbia, Maryland. Their brochure also lists a number of other vintage toy-catalog reproductions, including the ever-popular Buddy-L line of trucks and one that shows what Tootsietoy was doing in 1925. It's enough to make a grown man cry.

JUMP FOR JOY

The trouble with physical exercise is that the people who need it most are usually the people who want it least. Jogging is nice, but it's a hell of a pain, what with dogs and muggers. Weight lifting is good, but who needs a hernia? Well, an ex–heavyweight boxer named Bobby Hinds has the answer to all this *tsooris*—and he calls it the Lifeline Jumprope. Endorsed by such people as Bobby Riggs, the Lifeline Jumprope adjusts to height and is weighted by plastic tubing that encases it. For only $4.95 to P. O. Box 2052, Madison, Wisconsin 53707, you get the rope plus an instruction booklet on how to jump without looking like a spastic third-grader. OK, everybody, ready for over-and-unders?

SKIING GUIDE *(continued from page 110)*

terrain has to have three different kinds of ski slopes within a reasonable distance of one another. First, it calls for a highly visible mogul slope (full of bumps, that is), served by a reasonably short lift, so the mogul bashers can go up and down, up and down, doing their thing with frequent rests between demonstrations to the captive audience on the lift. Second, you need a good smooth hill, without moguls, for the graceful figure-skating, or ballet, aspect of hot dogging—the turns with one ski lifted, skis crossed, complete 360-degree turns, etc. Of course, it should be highly visible from a lift. (What is a hot dog without an audience? Like one hand clapping.) Finally, for the aerial acrobatics that cap the art of hot dogging, there ought to be some natural drops and rolls that can be used for take-offs into the wild blue yonder. (It's called getting air and what the hot dog wants is to get more air so he can perform even more stupendous, death-eliciting flips.)

Number-one hot-dog terrain by these criteria lies above **Midvail** off the number-one gondola at Vail, Colorado. Here the spectacular bumps of "Look, Ma" erupt right under the number-three chair and the long easy slopes of Upper Swingsville slide under the top of chair number four. A skier coming down into either Zot or Ramshorn can be seen by everybody on the slopes or behind the restaurant windows at Midvail—if they're looking, and they usually are. Between Zot and Ramshorn, the spectacular Vail Cliffs have prompted a lot of good aerialists (and a lot of not-so-good ones) to shoot into space and split or spin. Ironically, Vail has banned formal hot-dog meets as incompatible with its Presidential image; the ski patrol will clamp down on any hot dogging that's too obvious. (Zen koan number two: If hot dogging isn't obvious, can it still be called hot dogging?)

Today, most ski schools worth their snow have beginners' hot-dog classes. Give it a try. The first time you make a complete 360 turn, swiveling like a dervish, you'll feel like Gene Kelly on skis. From there, it's only a short drop to a helicopter turn off the nearest cliff.

THE BEST BUNNY SLOPE

In the bad old days, a beginners' hill was more of a hazing site than a teaching ground. The original beginners' hill at Mad River, for instance, is now the slalom practice hill. But an ideal beginners' hill is an inclined plane, white and wide and as flat from side to side as a lawn (except for a gentle swell of contour now and then to please the eye). The slope has to be perfectly maintained, machined every day to a consistency not too hard and not too soft. Snow-making guns should be available to add the necessary ingredient when the weather fails to cooperate. The hill should be segregated from the traffic of more expert terrain to keep the hot dogs away, yet it should be within skiing distance of larger hills, so that it's not an isolation ward.

The ideal hill should not be so crowded that there is an embarrassment of collisions. It should not be too deserted—misery likes company. It is heartening to see others making sitz stripes and bathtubs in the snow. The hill should not be too long or it will tire tender legs and cause falls. Not too steep, of course. About a five- or ten-degree tilt, reasonably steady, so that the beginner can really get a taste for the effect of gravity. The top of the slope should be closed off from the main mountain, so that it seems like its own world rather than an infinitesimal part of the total slope. It needs chair lifts, plenty of them, and the chairs should move slowly (about half the risk on a ski slope lies in getting on and off the lift). The number of lifts, the shortness of the lift lines and the amount of ski time a beginner can put in are what make a beginner molt his ugly style and become a beautiful intermediate.

The hands-down winner: **Snowshed,** the beginners' slope at Killington, Vermont. Snowshed has the steady grade, the complete enclosure, the meticulous machining, the proper length (about a quarter of a mile), plus three slow chair lifts on one small hill. Success is Snowshed's accolade. Killington makes more money on these three lifts than on the others—a

THAWINGOUT

The lifts have been closed for an hour, the last few stragglers chased off the mountain by a sympathetic ski patrol. After stashing your equipment, you make your way to the lodge bar, unbuckled boots clunking on the stairs. Collapsing onto a sofa near the fireplace, you set about roasting your body to the proper degree of tenderness. Outside, the snow turns purple in the dying light. A girl from your morning ski class takes the middle third of the sofa and asks if you would like to warm your cockles. You offer to pay for a round of drinks. The bartender is an artist: He heats the ceramic mugs with boiling water before adding the steaming brew. Notice that he does *not* stir the drinks with a cinnamon stick: this is a class joint. Several mugs later, the circulation has been restored to certain vital parts of your anatomy that you have not thought about all day. You and your friend retire. The next morning, you wonder where you found the energy and, alas, where you lost the recipe for that killer drink.

Never fear: We were there and took notes. Here are four cockle warmers, fresh from the bars of a few of our major resorts. Call up your friend and ask her over for a reunion. Maybe afterward you can practice your pole-planting technique.

LIGHT GOLD

(Red Onion, Aspen, Colorado)

¾ oz. light whiskey
¾ oz. Galliano
Strong, hot tea
Slice lemon
Half slice orange

Pour spirits into heated cup or mug. Fill with tea—4 ozs. is about right. Garnish with fruit. You can add sugar, but it probably won't be necessary. Taste first.

CORTINA CUP

(Cortina, Italy, host village of the 1956 Winter Olympics)

1 oz. anisette
2 ozs. hot espresso
2 ozs. hot milk
Lemon twist

Combine first three ingredients in small heated coffee cup. Twist lemon peel over it, then add to cup.

Note: Instant espresso or dark, heavy roast coffee may be used in place of brewed espresso.

MOUNT SNOW REVIVER

(Serves six)

(Snow Lake Lodge, Mount Snow, Vermont)

⅓ cup sugar
⅔ cup water
6 allspice berries
2 or 3 pieces stick cinnamon
1 bottle California red wine
6 strips orange peel
3 ozs. cognac

Combine sugar, water, allspice and cinnamon in saucepan, bring to boil and simmer 10 minutes. Meanwhile, heat wine in enamel pot; be careful not to boil. Strain sugar mixture into wine. Put 1 twist orange peel and ½ oz. cognac into each of 6 heated cups. Pour spiced wine into cups, dividing equally.

BRANDY LIFT

(Sun Valley Lodge, Sun Valley, Idaho)

1 oz. California brandy
½ oz. rum
1 level tablespoon honey
Apple wedge, with peel
Lemon slice, stuck with cloves
4 ozs. hot water

Pour brandy and rum into 8-oz. heated cup or mug. Stir in honey. Add apple and lemon. Fill with water. Stir well.

—EMANUEL GREENBERG

"I'm just beginning to feel what you're trying to achieve."

couple of dozen more—combined. Snowshed has also been the backbone of the Killington Ski School, which is the most successful in the nation.

Snowshed is carefully primped every morning before a skier sets eyes on it. Not only do snow-making guns cover the skiing surface to eliminate the unsightly ice spots (for which Eastern skiing is justly famous) but should a single tuft of brown grass show through, it is gunned under hastily before it can emit bad vibes. Then the snow-grooming machines swirl about like fussy housekeepers, tidying up here and there. When the first dewy-eyed snow bunny arrives, clutching skis to breast, Snowshed is a picture-postcard incline of creamy-smooth whiteness. Tedium to us champs, but heaven to a novice standing trembling like a newborn fawn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Runners-up to the beginners'-hill title: **Mole Hill** at Northstar, Lake Tahoe, California. Here they don't groom their slopes, they microplane them. If they see one little bump, pop! It's gone. Next best: the beginners' slope at **Sugarloaf**, Maine. This is its own world, serene, slow and steadily dropping right down to the Sugarloaf Inn at the base, where there's always a hot toddy for a cold bottom.

THE BONE-BREAKINGEST SLOPE

This is a sort of ambiguous category, with a double meaning, at least: First, where are you likely to have a bad accident? Second, if you do have one, what resort has the most competent and speedy help waiting to succor you?

The average bad accident is a spiral leg break; most other baddies are freaks. But a spiral leg break can happen to almost anyone, any time, and it's as much fun as recovering from the plague. Where an ordinary break may heal in three months, a good spiral can take nine.

The leg-break potential of any particular location depends on the following factors: the number of beginner and intermediate skiers per square yard during an average minute of the day; the number of trails funneling into the same general vicinity and the flatness of the slope. The flatter it is, the harder you hit the ground and the more likely it is that a ski tip will stick in and stay there as your body does a couple of revolutions, thereby ensuring a good spiral fracture.

The acme of agony is at **Midvail**, on Vail Mountain, nearly the same location as the great hot-dog terrain. (And you thought it would be some exotic steep chute in the Rockies!) At Midvail, the necessary factors conspire to produce a statistical giant among high-risk locales. If all the tibias sundered there were left lying around, the mountain would resemble an elephants' graveyard or a mixing bowl of broken bones.

This is not to say that the over-all statistics are worse at Vail than at any other resort. Far from it. Vail's accident rate is low. It's just that the resort happens to have a single high-impact area, so to speak. Fortunately, it happens that you will probably get the best postaccident care at Vail. The Vail patrol is rigorously trained—not only in strapping you down onto the toboggan for the ride to the big cast party at the bottom but also in resuscitative techniques to combat coronary failure. (Now that older skiers are going longer and stronger, thanks to modern equipment—five-foot skis—and intensive trail grooming, a coronary is often a concomitant of a bone crunch.) And then there is Vail's new and complete clinic right there at the bottom, staffed by some of the best bone specialists in the country. (Doctors are no fools, and doctors who ski are even less so.)

HONORABLE MENTION

Runners-up for speedy assistance are **Aspen** and **Sun Valley**, which also have hospital facilities handy. Most other resorts have facilities farther away, necessitating a longer ride. To those who think that a broken leg doesn't hurt, a resort doctor says, "Are you kidding? It hurts like hell!" He, for one, always carries painkiller pills whenever he skis. The ski patrol is not allowed to dispense painkiller. Ergo, the nearer the facilities, the better.

THE BEST SPRING SKIING

Come late winter and your connection with the snow god becomes unreliable, the flakes begin to falter. And just as you were getting good! What's needed is a good spring maintenance program, a place with an ambience that is strictly high-season, full of bustle and vitality—not the dragged-out feeling many mountains get in spring. The weather should be cool but not unpleasant, the sun ubiquitous (your tan should bear comparison with any Caribbean-earned variety), the snow gossamer (starting out from under the skis like clouds), and there should be a central place where you will be sure to meet those other hard-core skiers whose ears are deaf to calls such as "Surf's up!" and "Tennis, anyone?" Surf who? Tennis what?

Surprise: The Sierras, not the Rockies, win this one. Down at the bottom of the range, just north of several other natural wonders, such as the Mojave Desert, the Highest Point in the Contiguous States (Mount Whitney), the Lowest in the Western Hemisphere (Death Valley) and the Oldest Living Trees (bristlecone pine), is **Mammoth**, no less of an *outré* phenomenon, an 11,000-foot saddle peak standing all by itself, just hip deep in snow, all the way down its 2300 feet of vertical, until early July.

While Mammoth's great white ridge fills the sky, the road will be filled with cars spinning the dust of the Mojave off their hubcaps. The burnished wood of the great glass Bauhausian Mammoth Inn will be sounding with the boots of instructors

"And that goes for smoking as well."

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and patrolmen arriving from all over the country, their bosoms filled with elation at having escaped that last snow bunny back in Aspen, Alta or Sun Valley. Now, by God, they are going to *ski*.

You'll see half the hard-core skiers from the Rockies by the time you have made it to the breakfast table; you'll catch the rest on lifts one through ten or on the gondola that overlooks an ocean of white set at 25 degrees to the sky. If you haven't met a friend by then, you will have a last chance out at Warm Springs, where you paddle around in a stream, alternately caressed by hot and cold running water.

If you are an Eastern skier, all this may make you want to break down and cry a little. But, as they say, if God had intended New Englanders to ski, He would have given them a winter or placed Plymouth Rock in Boulder, Colorado.

THE BEST SUMMER SKIING

We have to cheat in this category. Since our summer is really winter in the Southern Hemisphere, our choice of **Portillo,** Chile, may not be strictly kosher. But if you want to spend the Fourth of July knee-deep in snow, there's just no comparison. Walking through J.F.K. Airport with a pair of skis over your shoulder in the middle of a New York heat wave may seem like an act against nature, but you can live with it, especially if you have company. First, catch the Braniff flight to Santiago. It's called the Ski Plane, an airborne brother to the former fabled Vermont ski train. If you've ever ridden the rails from Manhattan to Stowe with a crowd of gregarious, snow-crazed skiers, you'll know what to expect from the Braniff flight. Everyone on board may be glued to a copy of Piers Paul Read's *Alive* (the story of the rugby team that survived a crash in the Andes by feeding on the flesh of their frozen companions).

From Santiago, it's only a two-hour drive to Portillo, situated in a glacier-carved saddle about halfway up the Andes, in the shadow of Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere. You pull into the parking lot of the Gran Hotel Portillo, a yellow structure that reminds you of a college dormitory. Once you're inside, the image is dispelled. For one thing, there are no posters of Ché Guevara. (Chile has a right-wing military dictatorship, remember?) For another, you'll get the kind of service you read about. Chileans are *simpatico*, which means they smile benignly while you struggle with your high school Spanish. Next, stash your bags, buckle your boots and hit the slopes. The mountain has some easy terrain on which to warm up, as well as two of the most famous chutes in the world—Roca Jack and Garganta. They are steep but wide-open—if you lose it, you can always pull out and traverse into Argentina. There is so much snow that the ski patrol often closes the steep parts for fear of avalanche.

"So long, Slim."

Everyone then skis the beginners' hill: When there hasn't been snow for a while, a mogul field forms on the upper slopes of the plateau, but don't worry. Everyone in Portillo skis on long skis. The moguls are long, gentle swells, not the maniacal land mines carved by the short, hot skis. (SHORT SKIS SUCK. LONG SKIS TRUCK—a bumper sticker seen at Sun Valley.) It's just like the good old days.

Chances are you can go through life and never see such good skiing as at Portillo. It takes some seriousness of purpose to drop $1000 for air fare and two weeks' lodging. Most of the skiers who show up are pretty damn good, or they get that way after a few lessons from the excellent ski school. Also, in August, the hotel plays host to several international ski teams. Imagine yourself on the set of *Downhill Racer* and you'll get an idea of what it's like. The guys look like Robert Redford and the girls will stop your heart.

THE BEST APRES-SKI LIFE

The quintessential *après-ski* life is cosmopolitan; you have to have a broad spectrum of dining, dancing, shopping, café sitting, a soupçon of cabaret entertainment, some hard and soft rock and, most of all, a varied and alert hometown crew in residence, able and willing to serve not only as instructors and shop owners and dancing partners but also as interpreters of the local mores. If there's a Wednesday-night skinny-dip, you want to know about it, right?

By these standards, there are probably five great *après-ski* towns in the world. The bad news: Only one of the five is in the U. S. The good news: It is the best.

Meet **Aspen,** Colorado: girls, guys, gaiety, glamor, art, even a few resident intellectuals, bars funky and bars Victorian. The home population of Aspen is around 10,000, placing it in a class with St.-Moritz, Kitzbühel, Garmisch and Chamonix. What Aspen lacks in cuisine and service it makes up in vitality and complexity; its several layers of population include artists, singers, potters, millionaires (two dozen or so), educators, film makers, girls who can outski you, guys who can outski anyone. In all, a thoroughgoing, sophisticated, self-sustaining culture, the Big Apple of skiing.

THE BEST APRES-SKI SCORING

If you are more interested in scoring than in skiing, if you possess a certain lack of choosiness and a slavish insistence on coupling as *de rigueur* for a successful skiing experience, then the **Valley of the Inns,** Vermont, gets the brass ring. This is not the close and cozy world of Sun Valley or the snow-paved streets of Vail but a more extensive strip site, lying at roadside near Mount Snow, Bromley, Stratton, Magic, Okemo, Haystack and Carinthia. Among these seven resorts, cheek to cheek on neighboring mountainsides, lies a concentration of hostelries and bistros not exceeded elsewhere in the world for the number of singles seeking a roll in the quilt. This territory is the equivalent of the swinging bars of New York's Upper East Side, even though the draw is also from Bridgeport, Hartford, Springfield and Albany. All that is needed is a scintilla of charisma or maybe just a good tight set of jeans; it's a schuss all the way.

THE SHEPHERD

(continued from page 206)

I was on my way without a compass. I pressed the TRANSMIT button and called.

"Celle Charlie Delta, Celle Charlie Delta, calling North Beveland Control. . . ."

I stopped. There was no point in going on. Instead of the lively crackle of static and the sharp sound of my own voice coming back into my own ears, there was a muffled murmur inside my oxygen mask. My own voice speaking . . . and going nowhere. I tried again. Same result. Far back across the wastes of the black and bitter North Sea, in the warm, cheery concrete complex of North Beveland Control, men sat back from their control panel, chatting and sipping their steaming coffee and cocoa. And they could not hear me. The radio was dead.

Fighting down the rising sense of panic that can kill a pilot faster than anything else, I swallowed and slowly counted to ten. Then I switched to channel F and tried to raise Lakenheath, ahead of me amid the Suffolk countryside, lying in its forest of pine trees south of Thetford, beautifully equipped with its G.C.A. system for bringing home lost aircraft. On channel F, the radio was as dead as ever. My own muttering into the oxygen mask was smothered by the surrounding rubber. The steady whistle of my own jet engine behind me was my only answer.

It's a very lonely place, the sky, and even more so the sky on a winter's night. And a single-seater jet fighter is a lonely home, a tiny steel box held aloft on stubby wings, hurled through the freezing emptiness by a blazing tube throwing out the strength of 6000 horses every second. But the loneliness is offset, canceled out, by the knowledge that at the touch of a button on the throttle, the pilot can talk to other human beings, people who care about him, men and women who staff a network of stations round the world; just one touch of that button, the TRANSMIT button, and scores of them in control towers across the land that are tuned to his channel can hear him call for help. When the pilot transmits, on every one of those screens a line of light streaks from the center of the screen to the outside rim, which is marked with figures, from 1 to 360. Where the streak of light hits the ring, that is where the aircraft lies in relation to the control tower listening to him. The control towers are linked, so with two cross bearings they can locate his position to within a few hundred yards. He is not lost anymore. People begin working to bring him down.

The radar operators pick up the little dot he makes on their screens from all the other dots; they call him up and give him instructions. "Begin your descent now, Charlie Delta. We have you now. . . ." Warm, experienced voices, voices that control an array of electronic devices that can reach out across the winter sky, through the ice and rain, above the snow and cloud, and pluck the lost one from his deadly infinity and bring him down to the flare-lit runway that means home and life itself.

When the pilot transmits. But for that he must have a radio. Before I had finished testing channel J, the international emergency channel, and obtained the same negative result, I knew my ten-channel radio set was as dead as the dodo.

It had taken the R.A.F. two years to train me to fly their fighters for them, and most of that time had been spent in training precisely in emergency procedures. The important thing, they used to say in flying school, is not to know how to fly in perfect conditions; it is to fly through an emergency and stay alive. Now the training was beginning to take effect.

While I was vainly testing my radio channels, the eyes scanned the instrument panel in front of me. The instruments told their own message. It was no coincidence the compass and the radio had failed together; both worked off the aircraft's electrical circuits. Somewhere beneath my feet, amid the miles of brightly colored wiring that make up the circuits, there had been a main fuse blowout. I reminded myself, idiotically, to forgive the instrument fitter and blame the electrician. Then I took stock of the nature of my disaster.

The first thing to do in such a case, I remembered old Flight Sergeant Norris telling us, is to reduce throttle setting from cruise speed to a slower setting, to give maximum flight endurance.

"We don't want to waste valuable fuel, do we, gentlemen? We might need it later. So we reduce the power setting from 10,000 revolutions per minute to 7200. That way we will fly a little slower, but we will stay in the air rather longer, won't we, gentlemen?" He always referred to us all being in the same emergency at the same time, did Sergeant Norris. I eased the throttle back and watched the rev counter. It operates on its own generator and so I hadn't lost that, at least. I waited until the Goblin was turning over at about 7200 rpm and felt the aircraft slow down. The nose rose fractionally, so I adjusted the flight trim to keep her straight and level.

The main instruments in front of a pilot's eyes are six, including the compass. The five others are the air-speed indicator, the altimeter, the vertical-speed indicator, the bank indicator (which tells him if he's banking, i.e., turning, to left or right) and the slip indicator (which tells him if he's skidding crabwise across the sky). Two of these are electrically operated, and they had gone the same way as my compass. That left me with the three pressure-operated instruments—air-speed indicator, altimeter and vertical-speed indicator. In other words, I knew how fast I was going, how high I was and if I were diving or climbing.

It is perfectly possible to land an aircraft with only these three instruments, judging the rest by those old navigational aids, the human eyes. Possible, that is, in conditions of brilliant weather, by daylight and with no cloud in the sky. It is possible, just possible, though not advisable, to try to navigate a fast-moving jet by dead reckoning, using the eyes, looking down and identifying the curve of the coast where it makes an easily recognizable pattern, spotting a strange-shaped reservoir, the glint of a river that the map strapped to the thigh says can only be the Ouse, or the Trent, or the Thames. From lower down, it is possible to differentiate Norwich Cathedral tower from Lincoln Cathedral tower, if you know the countryside intimately. By night it is not possible.

The only things that show up at night, even on a bright moonlit night, are the lights. These have patterns when seen from the sky. Manchester looks different from Birmingham; Southampton can be recognized from the shape of its massive harbor and the Solent, cut out in black (the sea shows up black) against the carpet of the city's lights. I knew Norwich very well, and if I could identify the great curving bulge of the Norfolk coast line from Lowestoft, round through Yarmouth to Cromer, I could find Norwich, the only major sprawl of lights set 20 miles inland from all points on the coast. Five miles north of Norwich I knew was the fighter airfield of Merriam St. George, whose red indicator beacon would be blipping out its Morse identification signal into the night. There, if only they had the sense to switch on the airfield lights when they heard me screaming at low level up and down the airfield, I could land safely.

I began to let the Vampire down slowly toward the oncoming coast, my mind feverishly working out how far behind schedule I was through the reduced speed. My watch told me 43 minutes airborne. The coast of Norfolk had to be somewhere ahead of my nose, five miles below. I glanced up at the full moon, like a searchlight in the glittering sky, and thanked her for her presence.

As the fighter slipped toward Norfolk, the sense of loneliness gripped me tighter and tighter. All those things that had seemed so beautiful as I had climbed away from the Westphalian airfield now seemed my worst enemies. The stars were no longer impressive in their brilliance; I thought of their hostility, sparkling away there in the timeless, lost infinities of endless subzero space. The night sky, its stratospheric temperature fixed, night and day alike, at an unchanging 56 degrees below zero, became in my mind a limitless prison creaking with the cold. Below me lay the worst of them all, the heavy brutality of the

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North Sea, waiting to swallow up me and my plane and bury us for endless eternity in a liquid black crypt where nothing moved nor would ever move again. And no one would ever know.

At 15,000 feet and still diving, I began to realize that a fresh, and for me the last, enemy had entered the field. There was no ink-black sea three miles below me, no necklace of twinkling seaside lights somewhere up ahead. Far away, to right and left, ahead and no doubt behind me, the light of the moon reflected on a flat and endless sea of white. Perhaps only 100, 200 feet thick, but enough. Enough to blot out all vision, enough to kill me. The East Anglian fog had moved in.

As I had flown westward from Germany, a slight breeze, unforeseen by the weathermen, had sprung up, blowing from the North Sea toward Norfolk. During the previous day, the flat, open ground of East Anglia had been frozen hard by the wind and the subzero temperatures. During the evening, the wind had moved a belt of slightly warmer air off the North Sea and onto the plains of East Anglia. There, coming in contact with the ice-cold earth, the trillions of tiny moisture particles in the sea air had vaporized, forming the kind of fog that can blot out five counties in a matter of 30 minutes. How far westward it stretched I could not tell; to the West Midlands, perhaps, nudging up against the eastern slopes of the Pennines? There was no question of trying to overfly the fog to the westward; without navigational aids or radio, I would be lost over strange, unfamiliar country. Also out of the question was to try to fly back to Holland, to land at one of the Dutch air-force bases along the coast there; I had not the fuel. Relying only on my eyes to guide me, it was a question of landing at Merriam St. George or dying amid the wreckage of the Vampire somewhere in the fog-wreathed fens of Norfolk.

At 10,000 feet, I pulled out of my dive, increasing power slightly to keep myself airborne, using up more of my precious fuel. Still a creature of my training, I recalled again the instructions of Flight Sergeant Norris.

"When we are totally lost above unbroken cloud, gentlemen, we must consider the necessity of bailing out of our aircraft, must we not?"

Of course, Sergeant. Unfortunately, the Martin Baker ejector seat cannot be fitted to the single-seat Vampire, which is notorious for being almost impossible to bail out of; the only two successful candidates living lost their legs in the process. Still, there has to be a lucky one. What else, Sergeant?

"Our first move, therefore, is to turn our aircraft toward the open sea, away from all areas of intense human habitation."

You mean towns, Sergeant. Those people down there pay for us to fly for them, not to drop a screaming monster of six tons of steel on top of them on Christmas Eve. There are kids down there, schools, hospitals, homes. You turn your aircraft out to sea.

The procedures were all worked out. They did not mention that the chances of a pilot, bobbing about in a winter's night in the North Sea, frozen face lashed by a subzero wind, supported by a yellow life jacket, ice incrusting his lips, eyebrows, ears, his position unknown by the men sipping their Christmas punches in warm rooms 300 miles away—that his chances were less than one in a hundred of living longer than one hour. In the training films, they showed you pictures of happy fellows who had announced by radio that they were ditching, being picked up by helicopters within minutes, and all on a bright, warm summer's day.

"One last procedure, gentlemen, to be used in extreme emergency."

That's better, Sergeant Norris, that's what I'm in now.

"All haircraft happroaching Britain's coasts are visible on the radar scanners of our early-warning system. If, therefore, we have lost our radio and cannot transmit our emergency, we try to attract the attention of our radar scanners by adopting an odd form of behavior. We do this by moving out to sea, then flying in small triangles, turning left, left and left again, each leg of the triangle being of a duration of two minutes' flying time. In this way, we hope to attract attention. When we have been spotted, the air-traffic controller is informed and he diverts another aircraft to find us. This other aircraft, of course, has a radio. When discovered by the rescue aircraft, we formate on him and he brings us down through the cloud or fog to a safe landing."

Yes, it was the last attempt to save one's life. I recalled the details better now. The rescue aircraft who would lead you back to a safe landing, flying wing tip to wing tip, was called the shepherd. I glanced at my watch; 51 minutes airborne, about 30 minutes left of fuel. Then I looked at the fuel gauge and saw that I'd lost it along with the rest when the fuse blew. I had an icy moment until I remembered the worry button—which I could press to get an approximate reading. The fuel gauge read one third full. Knowing myself to be still short of the Norfolk coast, and flying level at 10,000 feet in the moonlight, I pulled the Vampire into a lefthand turn and began my first leg of the first triangle. After two minutes, I pulled left again. Below me, the fog reached back as far as I could see, and ahead of me, toward Norfolk, it was the same.

Ten minutes went by, nearly two complete triangles. I had not prayed, not really prayed, for many years, and the habit came hard. Lord, please get me out of this bloody mess—— No, you mustn't talk like that to Him. "Our Father, which art in heaven. . . ." He'd heard that a thousand times, would be hearing it another thousand times tonight. What do you say to Him when you want help? Please, God, make somebody notice me up here; please make someone see me flying in triangles and send up a shepherd to help me down to a safe landing. Please help me, and I promise—— What on earth could I promise Him? He had no need of me, and I, who now had need of Him, had taken no notice of Him for so long He'd probably forgotten all about me.

By 72 minutes airborne on my watch, I knew no one would come. The compass still drifted aimlessly through all the points of the circle, the other electrical instruments were dead, all their needles frozen at the point where they'd stopped. My altimeter read 7000 feet, so I had dropped 3000 feet while turning. No matter. The fuel read between zero and a quarter full—say ten minutes' more flying time. I felt the rage of despair welling up. I began screaming into the dead microphone.

You stupid bastards, why don't you look at your radar screens? Why can't somebody see me up here? All so damn drunk you can't do your jobs properly. Oh, God, why won't somebody listen to me? By then the anger had subsided and I had taken to blubbering like a baby from the sheer helplessness of it all.

Five minutes later, I knew, without any doubt of it, that I was going to die that night. Strangely, I wasn't even afraid anymore. Just enormously sad. Sad for all the things I would never do, the places I would never see, the people I would never greet again. It's a bad thing, a sad thing, to die at 20 years of age with your life unlived, and the worst thing of all is not the fact of dying but the fact of all the things never done.

Out through the Perspex I could see that the moon was setting, hovering above the horizon of thick white fog; in another two minutes, the night sky would be plunged into total darkness and a few minutes later, I would have to bail out of a dying aircraft before it flicked over on its last dive into the North Sea. An hour later, I would be dead also, bobbing around in the water, a bright-yellow Mae West supporting a stiff, frozen body. I dropped the left wing of the Vampire toward the moon to bring the aircraft onto the final leg of the last triangle.

Down below the wing tip, against the sheen of the fog bank, upmoon of me, a black shadow crossed the whiteness. For a second I thought it was my own shadow, but with the moon up there, my own shadow would be behind me. It was another aircraft, low against the fog bank, keeping station with me through my turn, a mile down through the sky toward the fog.

The other aircraft being below me, I kept turning, wing down, to keep it in

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sight. The other aircraft also kept turning, until the two of us had done one complete circle. Only then did I realize why it was so far below me, why he did not climb to my height and take up station on my wing tip. He was flying slower than I; he could not keep up if he tried to fly beside me. Trying hard not to believe he was just another aircraft, moving on his way, about to disappear forever into the fog bank, I eased the throttle back and began to slip down toward him. He kept turning; so did I. At 5000 feet, I knew I was still going too fast for him. I could not reduce power any more for fear of stalling the Vampire and plunging down out of control. To slow up even more, I put out the air brakes. The Vampire shuddered as the brakes swung into the slip stream, slowing the Vampire down to 280 knots.

And then he came up toward me, swinging in toward my left-hand wing tip. I could make out the black bulk of him against the dim white sheet of fog below, then he was with me, 100 feet off my wing tip, and we straightened out together, rocking as we tried to keep formation. The moon was to my right, and my own shadow masked his shape and form; but even so, I could make out the shimmer of two propellers whirling through the sky ahead of him. Of course, he could not fly at my speed; I was in a jet fighter, he in a piston-engined aircraft of an earlier generation.

He held station alongside me for a few seconds, downmoon of me, half invisible, then banked gently to the left. I followed, keeping formation with him, for he was obviously the shepherd sent up to bring me down, and he had the compass and the radio, not I. He swung through 180 degrees, then straightened up, flying straight and level, the moon behind him. From the position of the dying moon I knew we were heading back toward the Norfolk coast, and for the first time, I could see him well. To my surprise, my shepherd was a De Havilland Mosquito, a fighter bomber of Second World War vintage.

Then I remembered that the Meteorological Squadron at Gloucester used Mosquitoes, the last ones flying, to take samples of the upper atmosphere to help in the preparation of weather forecasts. I had seen them at Battle of Britain displays, flying their Mosquitoes in the flypasts, attracting gasps from the crowd and a few nostalgic shakes of the head from the older men, such as they always reserved on September 15 for the Spitfires, Hurricanes and Lancasters.

Behind the cockpit of the Mosquito I could make out, against the light of the moon, the muffled head of its pilot and the twin circles of his goggles as he looked out the side window toward me. Carefully, he raised his right hand till I could see it in the window, fingers straight, palm downward. He jabbed the fingers forward and down, meaning, "We are going to descend; formate on me."

I nodded and quickly brought up my own left hand so he could see it, pointing forward to my own control panel with one forefinger, then holding up five splayed fingers. Finally, I drew my hand across my throat. By common agreement, this sign means I have only five minutes' fuel left, then my engine cuts out. I saw the muffled, goggled, oxygen-masked head nod in understanding, then we were heading downward toward the sheet of fog. His speed increased and I brought the air brakes back in. The Vampire stopped trembling and plunged ahead of the Mosquito. I pulled back on the throttle, hearing the engine die to a low whistle, and the shepherd was back beside me. We were diving straight toward the shrouded land of Norfolk. I glanced at my altimeter; 2000 feet, still diving.

He pulled out at 300 feet; the fog was still below us. Probably the fog bank was only from the ground to 100 feet up, but that was more than enough to prevent a plane from landing without a G.C.A. I could imagine the stream of instructions coming from the radar hut into the earphones of the man flying beside me, 80 feet away through two panes of Perspex and the wind stream of icy air moving between us at 280 knots. I kept my eyes on him, formating as closely as possible, afraid of losing sight for an instant, watching for his every hand signal. Against the white fog, even as the moon sank, I had to marvel at the beauty of his aircraft; the short nose and bubble cockpit, the blister of Perspex right in the nose itself, the long, lean, underslung engine pods, each housing a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, a masterpiece of craftsmanship, snarling through the night toward home. Two minutes later, he held up his clenched left fist in the window, then opened the fist to splay all five fingers against the glass. "Please lower your undercarriage." I moved the lever downward and felt the dull thunk as all three wheels went down, happily powered by hydraulic pressure and not dependent on the failed electrical system.

The pilot of the shepherd aircraft pointed down again, for another descent, and as he jinked in the moonlight, I caught sight of the nose of the Mosquito. It had the letters JK painted on it, large and black. Probably for call sign Jig King. Then we were descending again, more gently this time.

He leveled out just above the fog layer, so low the tendrils of candy floss were lashing at our fuselages, and we went into a steady circular turn. I managed to flick a glance at my fuel gauge; it was on zero, flickering feebly. For God's sake, hurry up, I prayed, for if my fuel failed me now, there would be no time to climb to the minimum 700 feet needed for bailing out. A jet fighter at 100 feet without an engine is a death trap with no chance for survival.

For two or three minutes, he seemed content to hold his slow circular turn, while the sweat broke out behind my neck and began to run in streams down my back, gumming the light nylon flying suit to my skin. Hurry up, man, hurry.

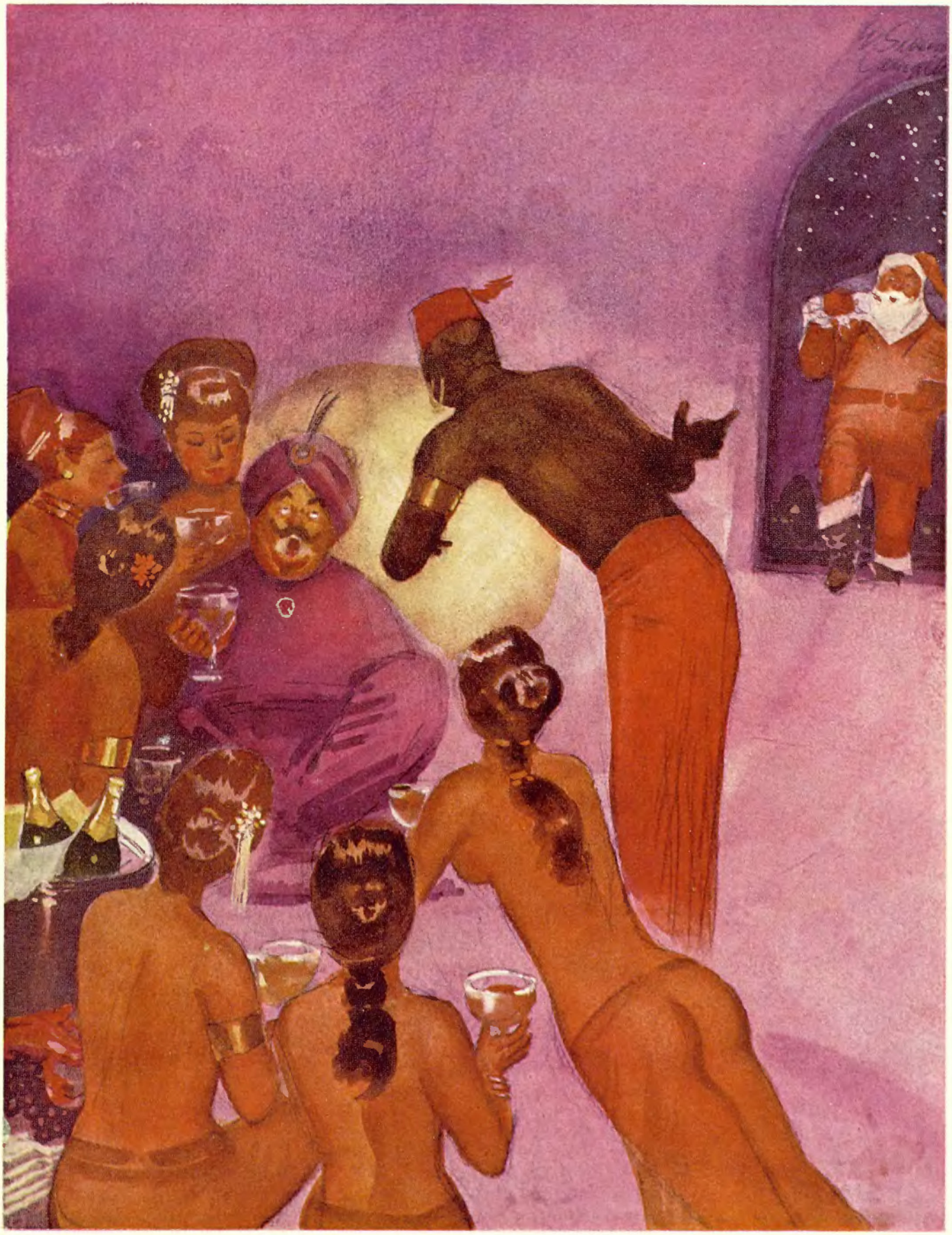
Quite suddenly, he straightened out, so fast I almost lost him by continuing to turn. I caught him a second later and saw his left hand flash the dive signal to me. Then he dipped toward the fog bank, I followed and we were in it, a shallow, flat descent, but a descent, nevertheless, and from a mere 100 feet, toward nothing.

To pass out of even dimly lit sky into cloud or fog is like passing into a bath of gray cotton wool. Suddenly, there is nothing but the gray, whirling strands, a million tendrils reaching out to trap and strangle you, each one touching the cockpit cover with quick caress, then disappearing back into nothingness. The visibility was down to near zero, no shape, no size, no form, no substance. Except that dimly off my left wing tip, now only 40 feet away, was the form of a Mosquito flying with absolute certainty toward something I could not see. Only then did I realize he was flying without lights. For a second, I was amazed, horrified by my discovery; then I realized the wisdom of the man. Lights in fog are treacherous, hallucinatory, mesmeric. You can get attracted to them, not knowing whether they are 40 or 100 feet away from you. The tendency is to move toward them; for two aircraft in the fog, one flying formation on the other, that could spell disaster. The man was right.

Keeping formation with him, I knew he was slowing down, for I, too, was easing back the throttle, dropping and slowing. In a fraction of a second, I flashed a glance at the two instruments I needed; the altimeter was reading zero, so was the fuel gauge, and neither was even flickering. The air-speed indicator, which I had also seen, read 120 knots—and this damn coffin was going to fall out of the sky at 95.

Without warning, the shepherd pointed a single forefinger at me, then forward through the windscreen. It meant, "There you are, fly on and land." I stared forward through the now streaming windscreen. Nothing. Then, yes, something. A blur to the left, another to the right, then two, one on each side. Ringed with haze, there were lights on either side of me, in pairs, flashing past. I forced my eyes to see what lay between them. Nothing, blackness. Then a streak of paint, running under my feet. The center line. Frantically, I closed down the power and held her steady, praying for the Vampire to settle.

The lights were rising now, almost at eye level, and still she would not settle. Bang. We touched, we touched the



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flaming deck. Ban-bang. Another touch, she was drifting again, inches above the wet black runway. Bam-bam-bam-babam rumble. She was down; the main wheels had stuck and held.

The Vampire was rolling, at over 90 miles an hour, through a sea of gray fog. I touched the brakes and the nose slammed down onto the deck also. Slow pressure now, no skidding, hold her straight against the skid, more pressure on those brakes or we'll run off the end. The lights moving past more leisurely now, slowing, slower, slower. . . .

The Vampire stopped. I found both of my hands clenched round the control column, squeezing the brake lever inward. I forget now how many seconds I held them there before I would believe we were stopped. Finally, I did believe it, put on the parking brake and released the main brake. Then I went to turn off the engine, for there was no use trying to taxi in this fog; they would have to tow the fighter back with a Landrover. There was no need to turn off the engine; it had finally run out of fuel as the Vampire careered down the runway. I shut off the remaining systems, fuel, hydraulics, electrics and pressurization, and slowly began to unstrap myself from the seat and parachute/dinghy pack. As I did so, a movement caught my eye. To my left, through the fog, no more than 50 feet away, low on the ground with wheels up, the Mosquito roared past me. I caught the flash of the pilot's hand in the side window, then he was gone, up into the fog, before he could see my answering wave of acknowledgment. But I'd already decided to call up R.A.F. Gloucester and thank him personally from the officers' mess.

With the systems off, the cockpit was misting up fast, so I released the canopy and wound the hood backward by hand until it locked. Only then, as I stood up, did I realize how cold it was. Against my heated body, dressed in light nylon flying suit, it was freezing. I expected the control-tower truck to be alongside in seconds, for, with an emergency landing, even on Christmas Eve, the fire truck, ambulance and half a dozen other vehicles were always standing by. Nothing happened. At least not for ten minutes.

By the time the two headlights came groping out of the mist, I felt frozen. The lights stopped 20 feet from the motionless Vampire, dwarfed by the fighter's bulk. A voice called:

"Hallo there."

I stepped out of the cockpit, jumped from the wing to the tarmac and ran toward the lights. They turned out to be the head lamps of a battered old Jowett Javelin. Not an air force identification mark in sight. At the wheel of the car was a puffed, beery face and a handlebar mustache. At least he wore an R.A.F. officer's cap. He stared at me as I loomed out of the fog.

"That yours?" He nodded toward the dim shape of the Vampire.

"Yes," I said, "I just landed it."

"Straordinary," he said, "quite straordinary. You'd better jump in. I'll run you back to the mess."

I was grateful for the warmth of the car, even more so to be alive.

Moving in bottom gear, he began to ease the old car back round the taxi track, evidently toward the control tower and, beyond it, the mess buildings. As we moved away from the Vampire, I saw that I had stopped 20 feet short of a plowed field at the very end of the runway.

"You were damned lucky," he said, or rather shouted, for the engine was roaring in first gear and he seemed to be having trouble with the foot controls. Judging by the smell of whiskey on his breath, that was not surprising.

"Damned lucky," I agreed. "I ran out of fuel just as I was landing. My radio and all the electrical systems failed nearly fifty minutes ago over the North Sea."

He spent several minutes digesting the information carefully.

"Straordinary," he said at length. "No compass?"

"No compass. Flying in the approximate direction by the moon. As far as the coast, or where I judged it to be. After that——"

"No radio?"

"No radio," I said. "A dead box on all channels."

"Then how did you find this place?" he asked.

I was losing patience. The man was evidently one of those passed-over flight lieutenants, not terribly bright and probably not a flier, despite the handlebar mustache. A ground wallah. And drunk with it. Shouldn't be on duty at all on an operational station at that hour of the night.

"I was guided in," I explained patiently. The emergency procedures, having worked so well, now began to seem run-of-the-mill; such is the recuperation of youth. "I flew short, left-hand triangles, as per instructions, and they sent up a shepherd aircraft to guide me down. No problem."

He shrugged, as if to say "If you insist." Finally, he said:

"Damn lucky, all the same. I'm surprised the other chap managed to find the place."

"No problem there," I said. "It was one of the weather aircraft from R.A.F. Gloucester. Obviously, he had radio. So we came in here in formation, on a G.C.A. Then, when I saw the lights at the threshold of the runway, I landed myself."

The man was obviously dense, as well as drunk.

"Straordinary," he said, sucking a stray drop of moisture off his handlebar. "We don't have G.C.A. We don't have any navigational equipment at all, not even a beacon."

Now it was my turn to let the information sink in.

"This isn't R.A.F. Merriam St. George?" I asked in a small voice. He shook his head. "Marham? Chicksands? Lakenheath?"

"No," he said, "this is R.A.F. Minton."

"I've never heard of it," I said at last.

"I'm not surprised. We're not an operational station. Haven't been for years. Minton's a storage depot. Excuse me."

He stopped the car and got out. I saw we were standing a few feet from the dim shape of a control tower, adjoining a long row of Nissen huts, evidently once flight rooms, navigational and briefing huts. Above the narrow door at the base of the tower through which the officer had disappeared hung a single naked bulb. By its light I could make out broken windows, padlocked doors, an air of abandonment and neglect. The man returned and climbed shakily back behind the wheel.

"Just turning the runway lights off," he said, and belched.

My mind was whirling. This was mad, crazy, illogical. Yet there had to be a perfectly reasonable explanation.

"Why did you switch them on?" I asked.

"It was the sound of your engine," he said. "I was in the officers' mess having a noggin, and old Joe suggested I listen out the window for a second. There you were, circling right above us. You sounded damn low, almost as if you were going to come down in a hurry. Thought I might be of some use, remembered they never disconnected the old runway lights when they dismantled the station, so I ran down to the control tower and switched them on."

"I see," I said, but I didn't. But there had to be an explanation.

"That was why I was so late coming out to pick you up. I had to go back to the mess to get the car out, once I'd heard you land out there. Then I had to find you. Bloody foggy night."

You can say that again, I thought. The mystery puzzled me for another few minutes. Then I hit on the explanation.

"Where is R.A.F. Minton, exactly?" I asked him.

"Five miles in from the coast, inland from Cromer. That's where we are," he said.

"And where's the nearest operational R.A.F. station with all the radio aids, including G.C.A.?"

He thought for a minute.

"Must be Merriam St. George," he said. "They must have all those things. Mind you, I'm just a stores Johnny."

That was the explanation. My unknown friend in the weather plane had been taking me straight in from the coast for Merriam St. George. By chance, Minton, abandoned old stores depot Minton, with its cobwebbed runway

lights and drunken commanding officer, lay right along the in-flight path to Merriam's runway. Merriam controller had asked us to circle twice while he switched on his runway lights ten miles ahead, and this old fool had switched on his lights as well. Result: Coming in on the last ten-mile stretch, I had plonked my Vampire down onto the wrong airfield. I was about to tell him not to interfere with modern procedures that he couldn't understand, when I choked the words back. My fuel had run out halfway down the runway. I'd never have made Merriam, ten miles away. I'd have crashed in the fields short of touchdown. By an amazing fluke, I had been, as he said, damned lucky.

By the time I had worked out the rational explanation for my presence at this nearly abandoned airfield, we had reached the officers' mess. My host parked his car in front of the door and we climbed out. Above the entrance hall, a light was burning, dispelling the fog and illuminating the carved but chipped crest of the Royal Air Force above the doorway. To one side was a board screwed to the wall. It read R.A.F. STATION MINTON. To the other side was another board, announcing OFFICERS' MESS. We walked inside.

The front hall was large and spacious but evidently built in the prewar years when metal window frames, service issue, were in fashion. The place reeked of the expression "It had seen better days." It had, indeed. Only two cracked-leather club chairs occupied the anteroom, which could have taken 20. The cloakroom to the right contained a long empty rail for nonexistent coats. My host, who told me he was Flight Lieutenant Marks, shrugged off his sheepskin coat and threw it over a chair. He was wearing his uniform trousers but with a chunky blue pullover for a jacket. It must be miserable to spend your Christmas on duty in a dump like this.

He told me he was the second in command, the C.O. being a squadron leader now on Christmas leave. Apart from him and his C.O., the station boasted a sergeant, three corporals, one of whom was on Christmas duty and presumably in the corporals' mess also on his own, and 20 stores clerks, all away on leave. When not on leave, they spent their days classifying tons of surplus clothing, parachutes, boots and other impedimenta that goes to make up a fighting service.

There was no fire in the vestibule, though there was a large brick fireplace, nor any in the bar, either. Both rooms were freezing cold, and I was beginning to shiver again after recovering in the car. Marks was putting his head through the various doors leading off the hall, shouting for someone called Joe. By looking through after him, I took in at a glance the spacious but deserted dining room, also fireless and cold, and the twin passages, one leading to the officers' private rooms, the other to the staff quarters. R.A.F. messes do not vary much in architecture; once a pattern, always a pattern.

"I'm sorry it's not very hospitable, old boy," said Marks, having failed to find the absent Joe. "Being only the two of us on station here, and no visitors to speak of, we've each made two bedrooms into a sort of self-contained apartment, where we live. Hardly seems worth using all this space just for the two of us. You can't heat them in winter, you know; not on the fuel they allow us. And you can't get the staff."

It seemed sensible. In his position, I'd probably have done the same.

"Not to worry," I said, dropping my flying helmet and attached oxygen mask into the other leather chair in the anteroom. "Though I could do with a bath and a meal."

"I think we can manage that," he said, trying hard to play the genial host. "I'll get Joe to fix up one of the spare rooms—God knows we have enough of them—and heat up the water. He'll also rustle up a meal. Not much, I'm afraid. Bacon and eggs do?"

I nodded. By this time, I presumed old Joe was the mess steward. "That will do fine. While I'm waiting, do you mind if I use your phone?"

"Certainly, certainly, of course, you'll have to check in."

He ushered me into the mess secretary's office, through a door beside the entrance to the bar. It was small and cold, but it had a chair, an empty desk and a telephone. I dialed 100 for the local operator and while I was waiting, Marks returned with a tumbler of whiskey. Normally, I hardly touch spirits, but it was warming, so I thanked him and he went off to supervise the steward. My watch told me it was close to midnight. Hell of a way to spend Christmas, I thought. Then I recalled how, 30 minutes earlier, I had been crying to God for a bit of help, and felt ashamed.

"Little Minton," said a drowsy voice. It took ages to get through, for I had no telephone number for Merriam St. George, but the girl got it eventually. Down the line, I could hear the telephone operator's family celebrating in a back room, no doubt the living quarters attached to the village post office. After a few minutes, the phone was ringing.

"R.A.F. Merriam St. George," said a man's voice. Duty sergeant speaking from the guardroom, I thought.

"Duty controller, air-traffic control, please," I said. There was a pause.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the voice, "may I ask who's calling?"

I gave him my name and rank. Speaking from R.A.F. Minton, I told him.

"I see, sir. But I'm afraid there's no flying tonight, sir. No one on duty in air-traffic control. A few of the officers up in the mess, though."

"Then give me the station duty officer, please."

When I got through to him, he was evidently in the mess, for the sound of lively talk could be heard behind him. I explained about the emergency and the fact that his station had been alerted to receive a Vampire fighter coming in on an emergency G.C.A. without radio. He listened attentively. Perhaps he was young and conscientious, too, for he was quite sober, as a station duty officer is supposed to be at all times, even Christmas.

"I don't know about that," he said at length. "I don't think we've been operational since we closed down at five this afternoon. But I'm not on air traffic. Would you hold on? I'll get the wing commander—flying. He's here."

There was a pause and then an older voice came on the line.

"Where are you speaking from?" he said, after noting my name, rank and the station at which I was based.

"R.A.F. Minton, sir. I've just made an emergency landing here. Apparently, it's nearly abandoned."

"Yes, I know," he drawled. "Damn bad luck. Do you want us to send a Tilly for you?"

"No, it's not that, sir. I don't mind being here. It's just that I landed at the wrong airfield. I believe I was heading for your airfield on a ground-controlled approach."

"Well, make up your mind. Were you or weren't you? You ought to know. According to what you say, you were flying the damn thing."

I took a deep breath and started at the beginning.

"So you see, sir, I was intercepted by the weather plane from Gloucester and he brought me in. But in this fog, it must have been on a G.C.A. No other way to get down. Yet when I saw the lights of Minton, I landed here, assuming it to be Merriam St. George."

"Splendid," he said at length. "Marvelous bit of flying by that pilot from Gloucester. 'Course, those chaps are up in all weathers. It's their job. What do you want us to do about it?"

I was getting exasperated. Wing commander he might have been, but he had had a skinful this Christmas Eve.

"I am ringing to alert you to stand down your radar and traffic-control crews, sir. They must be waiting for a Vampire that's never going to arrive. It's already arrived—here at Minton."

"But we're closed down," he said. "We shut all the systems down at five o'clock. There's been no call for us to turn out."

"But Merriam St. George has a G.C.A.," I protested.

"I know we have," he shouted back. "But it hasn't been used tonight. It's

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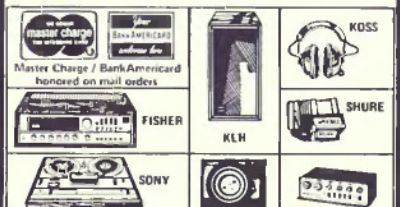

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been shut down since five o'clock."

I asked the next and last question slowly and carefully.

"Do you know, sir, where is the nearest R.A.F. station that will be manning one-twenty-one-point-five-megacycle band throughout the night, the nearest station to here that maintains twenty-four-hour emergency listening?" The international aircraft-emergency frequency is 121.5 megacycles.

"Yes," he said equally slowly. "To the west, R.A.F. Marham. To the south, R.A.F. Lakenheath. Good night to you. Happy Christmas."

He put the phone down. I sat back and breathed deeply. Marham was 40 miles away, on the other side of Norfolk. Lakenheath was 40 miles to the south, in Suffolk. On the fuel I was carrying, not only could I not have made Merriam St. George, it wasn't even open. So how could I ever have got to Marham or Lakenheath? And I had told that Mosquito pilot that I had only five minutes' fuel left. He had acknowledged that he understood. In any case, he was flying far too low after we dived into the fog ever to fly 40 miles like that. The man must have been mad.

It began to dawn on me that I didn't really owe my life to the weather pilot from Gloucester but to Flight Lieutenant Marks, beery, bumbling old passed-over Flight Lieutenant Marks, who couldn't tell one end of an aircraft from another but who had run 400 yards through the fog to switch on the lights of an abandoned runway because he heard a jet engine circling overhead too close to the ground. Still, the Mosquito must be back at Gloucester by now and he ought to know that, despite everything, I was alive.

"Gloucester?" said the operator, "at this time of night?"

"Yes," I replied firmly, "Gloucester, at this time of night."

One thing about weather squadrons, they're always on duty. The duty meteorologist took the call. I explained the position to him.

"I'm afraid there must be some mistake, Flying Officer," he said. "It could not have been one of ours."

"That *is* R.A.F. Gloucester, right?"

"Yes, it is. Duty officer speaking."

"Fine. And your unit flies Mosquitoes to take pressure and temperature readings at altitude, right?"

"Wrong," he said. "We used to use Mosquitoes. They went out of service three months ago. We now use Canberras."

I sat holding the telephone, staring at it in disbelief. Then an idea came to me.

"What happened to them?" I asked. He must have been an elderly boffin of great courtesy and patience to tolerate darn-fool questions at that hour.

"They were scrapped, I think, or sent off to museums, more likely. They're getting quite rare nowadays, you know."

"I know," I said. "Could one of them

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have been sold privately?"

"I suppose it's possible," he said at length. "It would depend on Air Ministry policy. But I think they went to aircraft museums."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. And happy Christmas."

I put the phone down and shook my head in bewilderment. What a night, what an incredible night! First I lose my radio and all my instruments, then I get lost and short of fuel, then I am taken in tow by some moonlighting harebrain with a passion for veteran aircraft flying his own Mosquito through the night, who happens to spot me, comes within an inch of killing me, and finally a half-drunk ground-duty officer has the sense to put his runway lights on in time to save me. Luck doesn't come in much bigger slices. But one thing was certain: that amateur air ace hadn't the faintest idea what he was doing. On the other hand, where would I be without him? I asked. Bobbing around dead in the North Sea by now.

I raised the last of the whiskey to him and his strange passion for flying privately in outdated aircraft and tossed the drink back. Flight Lieutenant Marks put his head through the door.

"Your room's ready," he said. "Number seventeen, just down the corridor. Joe's making up a fire for you. The bath water's heating. If you don't mind, I think I'll turn in. Will you be all right on your own?"

I greeted him with more friendliness than last time, which he deserved.

"Sure, I'll be fine. Many thanks for all your help."

I took my helmet and wandered down the corridor, flanked with the numbers of the bedrooms of bachelor officers long since posted elsewhere. From the doorway of 17, a bar of light shone out into the passage. As I entered the room, an old man rose from his knees in front of the fireplace. He gave me a start. Mess stewards are usually R.A.F. servingmen. This one was near 70 and obviously a locally recruited civilian employee.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "I'm Joe, sir. I'm the mess steward."

"Yes, Joe. Mr. Marks told me about you. Sorry to cause you so much trouble at this hour of the night. I just dropped in, as you might say."

"Yes, Mr. Marks told me. I'll have your room ready directly. Soon as this fire burns up, it'll be quite cozy."

The chill had not been taken off the room and I shivered in the nylon flying suit. I should have asked Marks for the loan of a sweater but had forgotten.

I elected to take my lonely evening meal in my room, and while Joe went to fetch it, I had a quick bath, for the water was by then reasonably hot. While I toweled myself down and wrapped round me the old but warm dressing gown that old Joe had brought with him, he set out a small table and placed a plate of sizzling bacon and eggs on it. By then the room was comfortably warm, the coal fire burning brightly, the curtains drawn. While I ate, which took only a few minutes, for I was ravenously hungry, the old steward stayed to talk.

"You been here long, Joe?" I asked him, more out of politeness than genuine courtesy.

"Oh, yes, sir, nigh on twenty years; since just before the war, when the station opened."

"You've seen some changes, eh? Wasn't always like this."

"That it wasn't, sir, that it wasn't." And he told me of the days when the rooms were crammed with eager young pilots, the dining room noisy with the clatter of plates and cutlery, the bar roaring with bawdy songs; of months and years when the sky above the airfield crackled and snarled to the sound of piston engines driving planes to war and bringing them back again.

While he talked, I emptied the remainder of the half bottle of red wine he had brought from the bar store. A very good steward was Joe. After finishing, I rose from the table, fished a cigarette from the pocket of my flying suit, lit it and sauntered round the room. The steward began to tidy up the plates and the glass from the table. I halted before an old photograph in a frame, standing alone on the mantel above the crackling fire. I stopped with my cigarette half raised to my lips, feeling the room go suddenly cold.

The photo was old and stained, but behind its glass, it was still clear enough. It showed a young man of about my own years, in his early 20s, dressed in flying gear. But not the gray suits and gleaming plastic crash helmet of today. He wore thick sheepskin-lined boots, rough serge trousers and the heavy sheepskin zip-up jacket. From his left hand dangled one of the soft-leather flying helmets they used to wear, with goggles attached, instead of the modern pilot's tinted visor. He stood with legs apart, right hand on hip, a defiant stance, but he was not smiling. He stared at the camera with grim intensity. There was something sad about the eyes.

Behind him, quite clearly visible, stood his aircraft. There was no mistaking the lean, sleek silhouette of the Mosquito fighter-bomber, nor the two low-slung pods housing the twin Merlin engines that gave it its remarkable performance. I was about to say something to Joe when I felt the gust of cold air on my back. One of the windows had blown open and the icy air was rushing in.

"I'll close it, sir," the old man said, and made to put all the plates back down again.

"No, I'll do it."

It took me two strides to cross to where the window swung on its steel frame. To get a better hold, I stepped inside the curtain and stared out. The fog swirled in

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waves round the old mess building, disturbed by the current of warm air coming from the window. Somewhere, far away in the fog, I thought I heard the snarl of engines. There were no engines out there, just a motorcycle of some farm boy, taking leave of his sweetheart across the fens. I closed the window, made sure it was secure and turned back into the room.

"Who's the pilot, Joe?"

"The pilot, sir?"

I nodded toward the lonely photograph on the mantel.

"Oh, I see, sir. That's a photo of Mr. John Kavanagh. He was here during the war, sir."

He placed the wineglass on top of the topmost plate in his hands.

"Kavanagh?" I walked back to the picture and studied it closely.

"Yes, sir. An Irish gentleman. A very fine man, if I may say so. As a matter of fact, sir, this was his room."

"What squadron was that, Joe?" I was still peering at the aircraft in the background.

"Pathfinders, sir. Mosquitoes, they flew. Very fine pilots, all of them, sir. But I venture to say I believe Mr. Johnny was the best of them all. But then I'm biased, sir. I was his batman, you see."

There was no doubting it. The faint letters on the nose of the Mosquito behind the figure in the photo read JK. Not Jig King but Johnny Kavanagh.

The whole thing was clear as day. Kavanagh had been a fine pilot, flying with one of the crack squadrons during the war. After the war, he'd left the air force, probably going into second-hand car dealing, as quite a few did. So he'd made a pile of money in the booming Fifties, probably bought himself a fine country house and had enough left over to indulge his real passion—flying. Or rather re-creating the past, his days of glory. He'd bought up an old Mosquito in one of the R.A.F. periodic auctions of obsolescent aircraft, refitted it and flew it privately whenever he wished. Not a bad way to spend your spare time, if you had the money.

So he'd been flying back from some trip to Europe, had spotted me turning in triangles above the cloud bank, realized I was stuck and taken me in tow. Pinpointing his position precisely by crossed radio beacons, knowing this stretch of the coast by heart, he'd taken a chance of finding his old airfield at Minton, even in thick fog. It was a hell of a risk. But then I had no fuel left, anyway, so it was that or bust.

I had no doubt I could trace the man, probably through the Royal Aero club.

"He was certainly a good pilot," I said reflectively, thinking of this evening's performance.

"The best, sir," said old Joe from behind me. "They reckoned he had eyes like a cat, did Mr. Johnny. I remember many's the time the squadron would return from dropping marker flares over bombing targets in Germany and the rest of the young gentlemen would go into the bar and have a drink. More likely several."

"He didn't drink?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, but more often he'd have his Mosquito refueled and take off again alone, going back over the Channel or the North Sea to see if he could find some crippled bomber making for the coast and guide it home."

I frowned. These big bombers had their own bases to go to.

"But some of them would have taken a lot of enemy flak fire and sometimes they had their radios knocked out. All over, they came from. Marham, Scampton, Waddington; the big four-engined ones, Halifaxes, Stirlings and Lancasters, a bit before your time, if you'll pardon my saying so, sir."

"I've seen pictures of them," I admitted. "And some of them fly in air parades. And he used to guide them back?"

I could imagine them in my mind's eye, gaping holes in the body, wings and tail, creaking and swaying as the pilot sought to hold them steady for home, a wounded or dying crew, and the radio shot to bits. And I knew, from too recent experience, the bitter loneliness of the winter's sky at night, with no radio, no guide for home and the fog blotting out the land.

"That's right, sir. He used to go up for a second flight in the same night, patrolling out over the North Sea, looking for a crippled plane. Then he'd guide it home, back here to Minton, sometimes through fog so dense you couldn't see your hand. Sixth sense, they said he had; something of the Irish in him."

I turned from the photograph and stubbed my cigarette butt into the ashtray by the bed. Joe was at the door.

"Quite a man," I said, and I meant it. Even today, middle-aged, he was a superb flier.

"Oh, yes, sir, quite a man, Mr. Johnny. I remember him saying to me once, standing right where you are, before the fire: 'Joe,' he said, 'whenever there's one of them out there in the night, trying to get back, I'll go out and bring him home.' "

I nodded gravely. The old man so obviously worshiped his wartime officer.

"Well," I said, "by the look of it, he's still doing it."

Now Joe smiled.

"Oh, I hardly think so, sir. Mr. Johnny went out on his last patrol Christmas Eve 1943, just fourteen years ago tonight. He never came back, sir. He went down with his plane somewhere out there in the North Sea. Good night, sir. And happy Christmas."

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JUGS *(continued from page 158)*

want; but if they're as huge as you're telling me they are, even half that big, they can be only one thing. Them's *Jugs*. And, man, I mean *Jugs*!"

"Who's he?" demanded Mayor Coppard.

"Ha, ha, why, he's a pimp, a sure-enough citified pimp," replied Fanning, whom everyone referred to as Long John, a carry-over from their carefree youthful days at the town's combination cattle trough and swimming hole. "Chief Parker thought we ought to have an expert on women out here, ha, ha, to see if we can't predict the next move. A real expert on women. Ha, ha. Jugs! Tee-hee."

"Yes, sir, JUGS, with a capital UGS," Maylorder continued. "Let's see, the biggest set I can recall was on a broad in Aberdeen. They was so monstrous two of us couldn't get four hands around one of them. Man," he said, shaking his head, "if these is anywhere near the size you boys say they is, man, I'd sure like to get that working for me."

"She's a murderer," shot out Chief Parker. "She's taken human lives, men's and boys'. She must be destroyed. Once they've tasted human——"

"Now, Chief," said Maylorder, patting a cute little girl's bottom with one hand and taking Mayor Coppard's $20 bill in the other, "you can't go off half-cocked looking for vengeance against a set of jugs. This broad isn't evil. Those jugs aren't murderers. They're just obeying their own instincts. Trying to get retribution against a pair of tits is crazy. Why, those things, those jugs, are nothing more or less than protuberant milk-producing glandular organs, and also, by the way, secondary sweat glands. I'm an expert. Broads aren't too bright. They exist on instinct and impulse. The impulse to nurse is powerful. This broad could be sick. The patterns of its life are so beyond its control that damage to one small mechanism could cause it to disorient and behave strangely," he said, helping Jane Parker into the back of his truck and fingering another 20 from Mayor Coppard.

"When something tips too far one way or the other, peculiar things happen. Why, I remember a case I studied at Pandarus Seminary where one broad—one—took on a regiment of Cossacks in one night. But that was in the Caucasus, and they get the northern lights.

"Women have everything a scientist dreams of. They're beautiful—God, how beautiful they are! They're like an impossible piece of perfect machinery," said Maylorder, waxing ecstatic and taking a 20 from Feldmeyer and pushing him into the back of the truck. "They're as graceful as any bird. They're as mysterious as any animal on earth. No one knows for sure how long they live or what impulses—except for hunger—they respond to. There are more than two hundred and fifty species of broads, and every one is different from every other one. Scientists spend their lives trying to find answers about broads, and as soon as they come up with a nice pat generalization, something shoots it down. People have been trying to find an effective broad repellent for two thousand years. They've never found one that really works."

"But why here?" stutter-whistle-lisped Feldmeyer, stepping out of the truck and removing the gum from his shoe. "Why here in Ardent? Why not in the tourist towns like Lead and Deadwood?"

"We don't know," said Maylorder, speaking for all of science. "The line between the natural and the preternatural is very cloudy. Natural things occur, and for the most part, there's a logical explanation. But for a whole lot of things, there are no good or sensible answers. Say two men are out walking, one in front of the other, and a broad comes up from behind, passes right by the guy in the rear and goes after the guy in front. Why? Maybe they smelled different. Maybe the one in front was walking in a more provocative way. Say the guy in back, the one who wasn't attacked, goes to help the one who was attacked. The broad may not attack him—while she keeps banging away at the guy she did hit. Broads with big tits are supposed to prefer cool climates, but yet we have reports, authenticated cases, of broads with monstrous tits living in the tropics." He threw up his hands in scientific resignation.

"Who knows why it's here? It certainly doesn't have much of a male population to feed on. Why not some bigger city? I don't know. There must be some reason. That's why I'm here. To learn that reason and put those jugs to work for me."

"Hee, hee," giggled Fanning. "Calamity Havisham says it's here because of divine retribution."

Calamity Havisham was postmistress of Ardent. No one knew how old she was. She seemed to have been there before the town was founded, part Mandan and part Yankton Sioux. She was a Biblical, Talmudic and Koranic scholar. Calamity Havisham took no chances. Jane Parker hated her. Calamity Havisham read all of

"How many times I got to ask you to go easy on the stops?"

Jane's mail including the love letters Jane sent to herself. Calamity Havisham recited them to all her visitors. With young boys, Calamity Havisham took on such an avuncular air that they called her Uncle Calamity.

"I just want that broad—Jugs, you call her—killed," said Chief Parker, turning his head as Jane climbed out of the truck and accepted two fives from Maylorder. "If you can't do it, I'll get someone who can."

•

Long John Fanning was no dummy, either. He was well read. *Guinness Book of World Records*. That very night, he addressed a letter to Wragby Hall, Hope Under Dinmore, Shropshire.

•

"Ah'm Mellors," said the man in the tweed jacket, cap, cord breeches and gaiters. "Ah know'd yu'd send for ma."

"That's Mellors," said Fanning, dancing around Uncle Mao's wet wash. "I told you I sent for him, Chief. He's the world's champion milker. I think he's our man to get Jugs."

"Ay," said Mellors, holding up his horn-hard hands and long, strong brown fingers, "eighteen ponds, fur ounces otta ole Pat, mah 'olstein, in a min'na ha'. Tits is tits and dugs is dugs. If ah gets ma 'ands on 'em. . . . Women and cows is alla same wi me. If they pisses from a cunt and shits from a hole, they's alla same wi me. Ah'm na afrid o' no tits in the world.

"Ah fell asleep once in ma field. When ah woke, ah sah this grt tit a'ba ma head. It startled ma, but dinna fright ma. Ah gave it a goo thump and the be'st let ow a strem o' piss and a gr't glob o' shit rut in ma fas. Now, ah know a Frenchman'll pay plenty o' good money fer tha ba ah dinna lik it a bi'. But ah wern afrid. If ah kin jus git ma hand on them jugs, ah'll milk 'er dry, until those jugs is nothin' ba flappin' shets."

"Mellors, eh?" said Chief Parker. "What's the rest of your name, Mellors?"

"Tha's all, Mellors," said he of the horn-hard hands.

"Chief," interjected Fanning, "Mellors did not name himself. 'Twas a foolish, ignorant, whim of his crazy, widowed mother, who died when he was only a twelvemonth old."

"Look, Chief," Fanning continued, unrolling a map of Ardent, "I've been doing some figuring. Every strike that Jugs has made has been in this area," he said, drawing his finger in a semicircle from the Forest Lawn cemetery to Rapuccini's barn. "I've also been figuring that this crazy cunt only strikes on dark rainy nights, and, since pi squared is equal to the cosine of the hypotenuse," he said, giving Mellors a fast display of his biophysicist's education, "Jugs is going to strike here next," he proclaimed, putting his finger into the center of the town parallelogram, "and it's going to strike between the octave of Michaelmas and Saint Crispin's at eleven fifteen and a half P.M. exactly, eleven and a half minutes after the third flash of lightning has lit up the western sky."

"Oh, boy," said Maylorder. "That's terrific. I'm going to be in my truck, making movies. No one has ever seen anything like this before. An actual kill by Jugs. Then if I can get her in my truck, we can make a killing. I got to get something for bait.

"I know; we can use the boys, the Future Farmers. I'll have one right outside the truck and reel him in and she'll follow. We can go on tour, coast to coast. The world!"

Chief Parker looked astounded. "I don't think I can let you do that," he said quietly but firmly.

"You can't stop me," shouted Maylorder. "It's my truck and the town parallelogram is public property." The chief dropped his head in acknowledgment that he was beaten by Maylorder's logic.

Mellors, meanwhile, leaned on Uncle Mao's ironing board, listening but not joining in the plan, cracking the knuckles on his horn-hard hands, an amused sneer playing in the corners of his mouth.

•

Since arriving in Ardent, Mellors had kept those horn-hard hands in constant practice. Jane Parker now walked with her arms folded across her chest. Farmer Rapuccini's cows tripped over their dugs on the way to the milking barn and lowed mournfully whenever they saw Mellors. His heart that beat in time with nature's own rhythms told him that he had a rendezvous with those great white jugs. He sang softly to himself:

"Ha, ha, ha! Tis ya und ma.
Grt whit Jugs, don' ah luv thee?
Ha, ha, ha! Tis ya und ma.
Grt whit Jugs, don' ah luv thee?"

•

"What do we do now? What in the name of God can we do now? There's nothing left," moaned Chief Parker, surveying the ruins of Maylorder's truck.

The thing—Jugs—had come as Fanning predicted. But it swept through the boy bait, Fanning, and it then smothered Maylorder in its great white boobs. Emerging from the truck, it had stopped, raincoat akimbo, exhibiting its womanhood. As if in contempt and triumph, the great Jugs hung suspended for an instant, challenging mortal vengeance.

"Those jugs are too much for us," gasped Parker. "She's not real, not natural. I'm beaten. All we can do is wait until God or nature, whatever the hell is doing this to us, decides we've had enough. It's out of man's hands."

"Na, min," said Mellors, holding up his horn-hards. "Ah'm ginna kill 'at thin'. Ah'm ginna mil 'em jugs. Cum ef ya wan'. Sta' 'ome ef ya wan'. Smoke ef ya gottem. Ba ah'm ginna kill 'em jugs."

As Mellors spoke, Chief Parker looked into his eyes. They seemed as dark and bottomless as the nipples on Jugs. "I'll come," said Parker. "I guess I have no choice."

"Na," said Mellors, "wa 'ave na choice." He removed his gloves.

"She's waiting for us!" screamed Parker.

"Ah know," said Mellors.

"How did she——"

"Et don' matter," said Mellors. "Ah've got 'er na."

Parker saw fever in Mellors' face—a heat that lit up his dark eyes, an intensity that drew his lips back from his teeth in a crooked smile, an anticipation that strummed the sinews in his neck and whitened the brown knuckles on his horn-hard hands.

Mellors approached, horn-hard hands first, singing softly, "Ha, ha, ha! Tis ya und ma."

Jugs seemed to smile. The raincoat slid from her shoulders. The light from Shorty's Diner struck at an angle of 32 degrees across her body.

"Those jugs are beauty," Parker thought. "It's the kind of thing that makes you believe in God. It shows what nature can do when she sets her mind to it."

Mellors could see now that those jugs measured a good four feet from shoulder to the point of the nipples. The nipples alone, where he would fasten those horn-hard hands, were the size of a B cup.

They were alive now, erect, throbbing, tumescent. Waiting for Mellors. He approached. Reached. He had them! He had them in his horn-hard hands! Thoughts of technique flashed across his mind.

"Sha' ah give 'er a 'olstein 'ack, a brown Swiss twis'—ah, a Ayrshire jerk!"

He had her, locked in the Ayrshire jerk. Precious seconds were all he needed.

Jugs reached out her incredibly long arms. Her talonlike fingers locked on Mellors' jug-handle ears.

Parker could feel the warm milk rising above his ankles. "White as Uncle Mao's laundry," he thought. When he looked up, Jugs was standing over him, trailing behind her the body of Mellors—arms out to the sides, horn-hard hands dangling, head thrown back, mouth open in mute protest.

Parker's last thought was of Jane. He had always hated her little tits.

Jugs stepped nimbly over the bodies, picked up her raincoat and slipped it on, practiced hands working the toggles, belts and buttons. She yawned, a great, deep, primal yawn. "Time to get this show on the road," she thought. "Ready now for the big time—New York, Hollywood." She slid easily into the driver's seat of Maylorder's truck. The adjustable steering wheel was standard. "Hello to Hollywood," she said, turning the key.

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financing. An ex–coal miner, he drifted into acting simply because the wages were better than in any of the other jobs he had assayed (including those of construction worker, short-order cook, baker, truck driver and sidewalk pitchman).

It was, of course, last year's *Death Wish* that, after more than 50 movies, shot Bronson into the realm of American superstardom, even though he had been a number-one attraction abroad for the past six years. *Death Wish* brought him back to the streets of Manhattan and *Breakout* placed him as a daredevil aviator on both sides of the Mexican border. This year also found Bronson in *Hard Times*, as a laconic, bare-knuckles boxer way down yonder in New Orleans during the Depression. Indeed, so tight-mouthed is he that he would rather have his ladyfriend (Jill Ireland) turn prostitute than tell her that he loves her. His latest film, *Breakheart Pass*, finds him a frontier cardsharp in the period immediately after the Civil War, with Ireland (who's really Mrs. Bronson) again on hand, this time as the wife of a dastardly colonel who plans to steal a trainload of gold.

When Bronson looks at a script, he's not just thinking of a part for himself. His wife, who played opposite him in *Rider on the Rain*, one of his French films of the late Sixties, has co-starred with him ever since. "There's no doubt in my mind," says Robert Chartoff, the producer of *Breakout*, "that when Charlie reads a script, his greatest concern is whether there's a good role in it for Jill." The Bronsons also share six children: five from previous marriages, the sixth—Zuleika, now four—their first together. To accommodate this accumulation of offspring, plus assorted nannies, tutors and family retainers, the Bronsons, when they were in New Orleans earlier this year working on *Hard Times*, took over an entire wing of one floor in the posh Fairmont. On one occasion, Bronson declared to his producer his desire to dine, on short notice, at the exclusive and expensive Antoine's—dinner for 16 in the next half hour, please. Through heavy bribery, the producer was able to arrange a table in one of Antoine's few private rooms. But Bronson quickly made it clear that he wanted to eat with the people. More dollar bills—many more—changed hands and the party was shifted to one of the main dining rooms, where Bronson was quickly targeted by the autograph hounds. Said one of the observers, "He did it all for Jill. It was simply to show her how popular he is."

It's just possible that Charlie Bronson is unique—in Hollywood, at least—in this single-minded passion for his Jill. There have, of course, been longer marriages of record. Robert Mitchum has been wed for something like 35 years to his Dorothy. Paul Newman, apparently,

(continued from page 190)

would rather take on *dreck* like *The Drowning Pool* than be too long parted from Joanne Woodward. Clint Eastwood relies on his Maggie not only to whip him at tennis but also to accompany him on his far-flung locations. James Coburn, Gene Hackman, George Segal—all have wives dating back to the years before they started making it big, to whom, presumably, they all are true, to the dismay of their feminine followers.

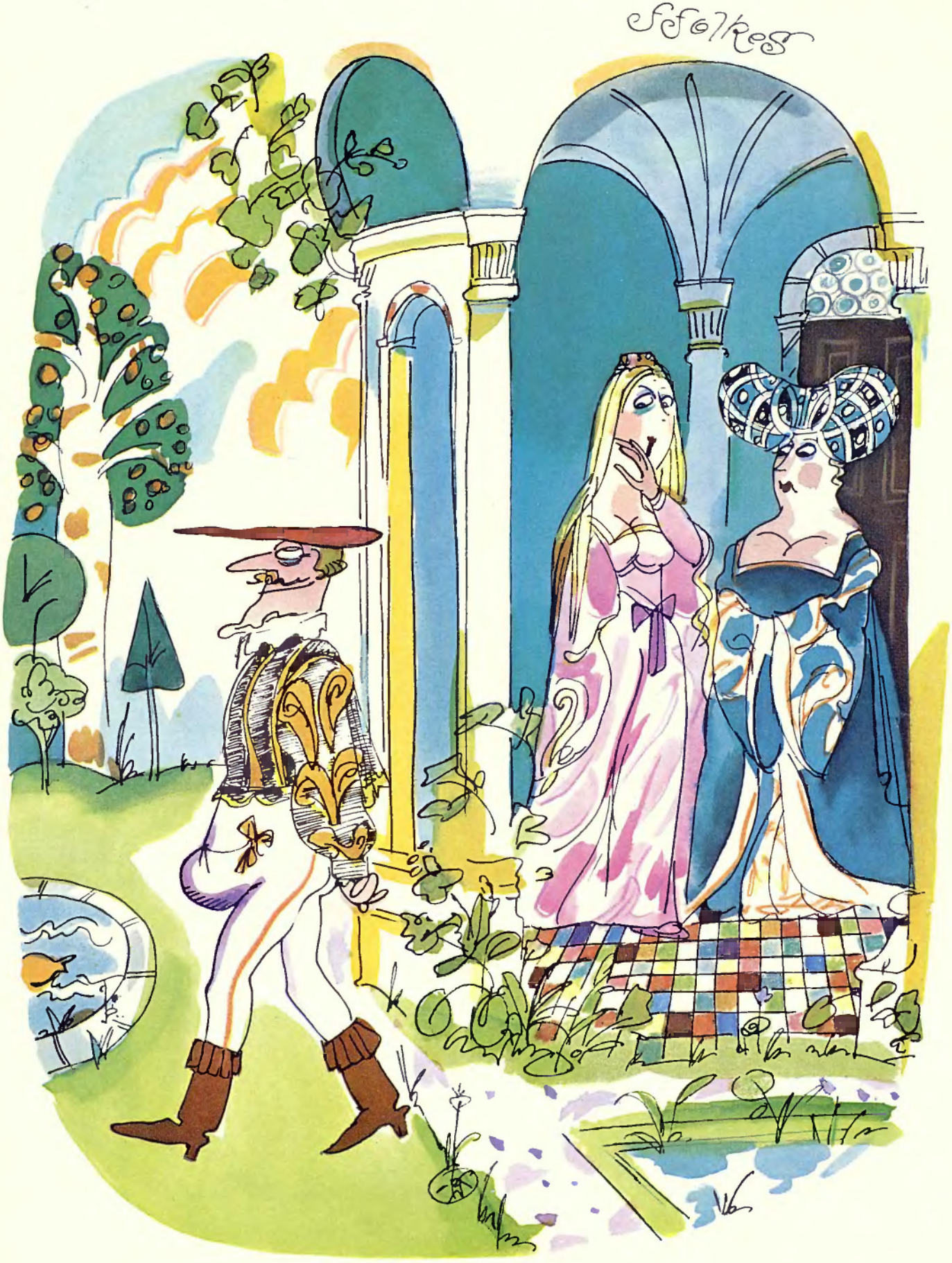
But it isn't the private lives of the stars that concern us here so much as their sexual maneuvers up there on the big screen. And there the top male stars seem more active than ever, with some kind of medal—if only for endurance—going to Warren Beatty for his nonstop screwing in *Shampoo*. As Beatty, tooling from bedroom to bedroom on his Triumph, explains to Goldie Hawn, he just wants to make everybody happy. That also seems to be Clint Eastwood's attitude in *The Eiger Sanction*, in which every female in the cast is overtly on the make. The fact that some of these ladies are spies, eager to pry into Eastwood's past as well as his pants, merely spices the action. Hackman, who barely had time for a quickie in *The French Connection* and had to be dragged into a seduction scene in *The Conversation*, finds plenty of time for amorous dalliance with Jennifer Warren in this year's *Night Moves*. Newman is more pursued than pursuing in *The Drowning Pool*, particularly by teenaged Melanie Griffith, who, in abbreviated halter and shorts, slips into his motel room and literally begs to be taken, much as, in *Shampoo*, Beatty is seduced by an equally nymphetomaniacal Carrie Fisher. Again, in Antonioni's *The Passenger*, Maria Schneider virtually forces herself upon a world-weary Nicholson. In the films of 1975, more often than not, the female is the aggressor, with such stars as Beatty, Eastwood, Hackman, Newman and Nicholson their not unwilling victims.

If these are the top male stars of the moment, their instant replacements are not too far behind. Swiftly moving up toward the front rank, for example, is James Caan, who, after garnering considerable praise for his work last year in *The Gambler*, promptly proved his versatility by playing a somewhat goyish Billy Rose to Barbra Streisand's Fanny Brice in *Funny Lady*. Because director Norman Jewison had seen and remembered his performance as the doomed football player in television's *Brian's Song*, Caan was Jewison's first and only choice for the strong-willed, superathletic Jonathan E. in *Rollerball*, a picture that might well prove the turning point in Caan's accelerating career. Few top male stars today would be up to the rigors of the fiendish sport that Jewison and his cohorts devised as the main event of the 21st Century—a combination of ice hockey, roller derby and sheer mayhem—not without stunt men as stand-ins. But Caan is a natural athlete: At Michigan State, he made both the freshman football team and the swimming team and for a number of years has been an active member of the Rodeo Cowboys' Association. Acclaimed for his work in *Rollerball*, Caan moved immediately into Sam Peckinpah's *The Killer Elite*, which, in view of Peckinpah's well-known disinclination to leave an editing room, may or may not make it to the screen before 1975 calls it quits; then he joined Elliott Gould in a vaudeville comedy, *Harry and Walter Go to New York*. (Connie Kreski, Caan's beauteous ex-roommate, will soon be on view herself, with George Segal in *The Black Bird*, a take-off on *The Maltese Falcon*.)

The roles Caan doesn't get these days often go to Bruce Dern, who keeps fit by running—not jogging, running—a couple of miles a day in front of his Malibu beach pad. Dern, like his friend Nicholson, spent most of his formative years in the business being mean on a motorcycle, then continued to be extremely unpleasant in such films as *Wild Angels*, *Will Penny*, *Drive, He Said*, *Thumb Tripping* and *The Cowboys* (in which he had the ungrateful task of shooting down John Wayne). Perhaps because his thin but toothy smile suggests a sneer, Dern was cast last year as the patrician Tom Buchanan in Paramount's ill-fated *The Great Gatsby*. The picture was not, in fact, ill fated for Dern. Many critics, noticing him for the first time, felt that he snatched the show away from Gatsby himself, Robert Redford—and several observed that the picture might have been better if the casting had been reversed.

In 1975, Dern co-starred with Kirk Douglas in a superior, if low-budgeted, Western called *Posse*, playing a villain again but this time a villain who by sheer cunning was able to outclass the equally villainous Douglas. *Smile* found Dern in the unlikely role of a small-town chamber-of-commerce beauty-contest booster and again his performance won him kudos—plus the starring role, opposite Karen Black, in Alfred Hitchcock's forthcoming (next Easter) *Family Plot*. By 1976, Dern should be in full orbit, with *Won Ton Ton, the Dog That Saved Hollywood* already announced.

Probably in all of 1975, no flight pad to stardom was sturdier than that provided by Universal's phenomenally successful saga of terror in the briny deep, *Jaws*. Eight days after it opened, this $8,000,000 production was safely in the black; whatever has come in since then—and it's been plenty—is pure gravy. And riding high on its gravy train are at least two of its male cast members, Roy Scheider and young Richard Dreyfuss. Robert Shaw, the third member of the shark-hunting triumvirate, fully sustained his considerable reputation as one of the ablest character actors around, but this was hardly



"The damn thing's full of swan's-down."

news. Scheider, on the other hand, very definitely *was* news. He had been seen earlier to good advantage as Hackman's side-kick in *The French Connection* and to less advantage in such films as *Loving, Star!* and *Klute*; but those few who could be induced to see *Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York* earlier this year came away convinced that they were watching an American Belmondo. (Like Belmondo, Scheider had had his nose broken in the ring. It was his second—and last—Golden Gloves contest; he had won the other one.) With *Jaws* and *Sheila Levine*, Scheider emerges at year's end a strong contender for sex stardom.

And so does his *Jaws* co-star, Richard Dreyfuss. Last year, in the Canadian-made *Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, he came on like the engagingly dynamic Albert Finney in *Tom Jones*. There was the same unbridled energy, the same sense of self-assurance, the same flashing smile. And while Tom was an endearing rogue, whereas Duddy was chillingly unscrupulous, Dreyfuss contrived to make him warm, human and—yes—even lovable.

For a total change of pace, after completing *Jaws*, Dreyfuss went to England, where, in three short weeks, he made *Inserts*, an X-rated movie that promises to be one of the most controversial of 1975. In it he plays, brilliantly, an alcoholic "boy wonder" director from the Hollywood of the late Twenties. Washed up in the studios, he supports himself by grinding out porno pix for a shady producer who pays him off mainly, it would seem, with booze and cocaine. When one of his "stars" (Veronica Cartwright) O.D.'s, he inducts his producer's sexy mistress (Jessica Harper) into the art of moviemaking. By the end of the film, Dreyfuss, his fears of impotence allayed, has become the girlfriend's enthusiastic co-star in a porno. *Inserts* is as specifically sexual as any film from a major studio (in this instance, United Artists) has ever been. For Dreyfuss, it's the kind of role from which there is no turning back. Fans will never again see him as the chubby-cheeked innocent of *American Graffiti*.

Also busily image changing are a couple of Englishmen, rock singer Roger Daltrey and actor Michael York. Though Daltrey's debut performance in the title role as the blind, deaf and dumb *Tommy* won him a theater chain's New Star of the Year honors, Daltrey himself told an interviewer: "Tommy was a poof. That's why I did *Lisztomania*; I was worried about people thinking I was Tommy. Dear old Franz was a completely different character, a completely flamboyant extrovert, torn between religion and this terrible lust for women." Looking over advance proofs of a PLAYBOY layout of *Lisztomania*, featuring his lovely co-star Fiona Lewis, Daltrey observed with a sigh: "And to think I was paid for sucking those tits a whole afternoon!" Daltrey, who at 31 has been married twice and is the father of four, admits he has an eye for women. "Fortunately," he told a reporter, "my wife accepts it."

York, once described by columnist Joyce Haber as "a perfect cover subject for *Gentleman's Quarterly*," hopes that his emergence from understated roles (*Cabaret, Murder on the Orient Express*), begun with the swashbuckling D'Artagnan characterization in the two *Musketeers* films, will be completed with next spring's release of *Logan's Run*. In that film, the first to utilize holography, he'll play a member of a 23rd Century elite police force. (York, incidentally, is married to photographer Pat McCallum, who shot his portrait for this feature; it all began when *Glamour* magazine assigned her to photograph him on location for *The Guru* in 1968. "Michael who?" she asked.)

A couple of years ago, one might have asked "Robert who?" when the name Robert De Niro came up. Not today. De Niro registered strongly as the dying, not too bright baseball player in *Bang the Drum Slowly* and again as the not too bright Little Italy punk in Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets*. But his stock soared this year when he played the young Vito Corleone, the Marlon Brando role, in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather, Part II*. It was an uncanny portrait—and inevitably set critics to comparing De Niro himself to the youthful Brando. Meanwhile, De Niro, now 30, has traveled to Italy to work with Bernardo (*Last Tango in Paris*) Bertolucci in the upcoming *1900*, to New York for another Scorsese film, *Taxi Driver*, and then back to Hollywood for yet another attempt to translate F. Scott Fitzgerald to film, in *The Last Tycoon*.

All of three years ago, when streaking was in fashion, Perry King streaked twice at a party at Karen Valentine's. Handsome and virile, King first gained attention in moviehouses last year as one of the ducktailed *Lords of Flatbush*, a tough and knowing study of a Brooklyn street gang, circa 1950. How he stepped out of his T-shirt into the boiled shirt and tuxedo of this year's *The Wild Party* is one of those mysteries that keep Hollywood such a fascinating place; but as the lover who steals Raquel Welch away from porcine comic James Coco, King brought back echoes of Valentino and his dozens of imitators during the Twenties. That this was more than mere imitation King impressively demonstrated in the deplorable but profitable *Mandingo*. Whether whupping nigras on the ole plantation, rejecting a defiled Susan George or cuddling up to his favorite slave, Brenda Sykes, he presents an authentic romantic figure.

Forging ahead even faster is young Jan-Michael Vincent, who began to develop admirers last year, after his appearance in *Buster and Billie*. That appearance included a brief, and tasteful, flash of full-frontal nudity and revealed that he was an actor of no mean ability. Richard Brooks was casting against the grain when he put Vincent into his *Bite the Bullet* as a bragging, bullying cowpoke who wants to prove that he's really a man; but that streak of meanness, paradoxically, made Vincent more believable in *Bullet* than he had been as Buster. His talent and good looks also worked to his advantage in *White Line Fever*—a kind of *Walking Tall* with trucks—while in the forthcoming *Baby Blue Marine*, there is also a measure of pathos. In *Vigilante Force*, co-starring with Kris Kristofferson (who is also on the rise), he plays a tough-guy hero, the kind of role that often makes stars. Vincent has been described as a rebel, a dropout and a nonconformist (all bad words in Hollywood's lexicon); but the fact is that, at 30, he has simply chosen to live his own life. He shares a rustic Topanga Canyon home, some of which he built himself, with his wife, Bonnie, and their two-year-old daughter, Amber, and has only just begun doing the Bel Air party bit—not because he likes it but because he knows it is expected of a coming star.

The possibilities of stardom are just beginning to flicker for the youthful Don Johnson and Keith Carradine. Johnson, with merry eyes and a voluptuous mouth, could be Pan incarnate. He registered strongly with those few who saw him in *A Boy and His Dog*, an independent production that may sound like a Disney movie but is actually based on one of Harlan Ellison's more chilling visions of the world of tomorrow. He won a considerably wider audience in American International's action-packed *Return to Macon County*, playing a feckless auto mechanic who unwittingly gets involved with a gun-toting waitress (Robin Mattson) and a psychopathic Georgia cop (Robert Viharo). As is usually the case with "road" movies, there is always the possibility that Johnson and his good buddy (Nick Nolte) may be more than friends, but their open appreciation of the opposite sex minimizes that suspicion.

Keith Carradine, the lanky son of actor John and brother of *Kung Fu*'s David, made his film bow a few years ago with Kirk Douglas and Johnny Cash in *A Gunfight*. He made a strong impression as a neophyte gunslinger in Robert Altman's *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* and was starred last year by Altman as a star-crossed loser in *Thieves Like Us*. This year, Altman used him again, to portray the womanizing minstrel, Tom Frank, in *Nashville*, and the results are electrifying. Carradine's cynical assurance of his own sexuality—as when, having finished with Lily Tomlin, he telephones for another assignation while she is still in his room—is both repelling and exciting. Sex stars have been born of considerably less.

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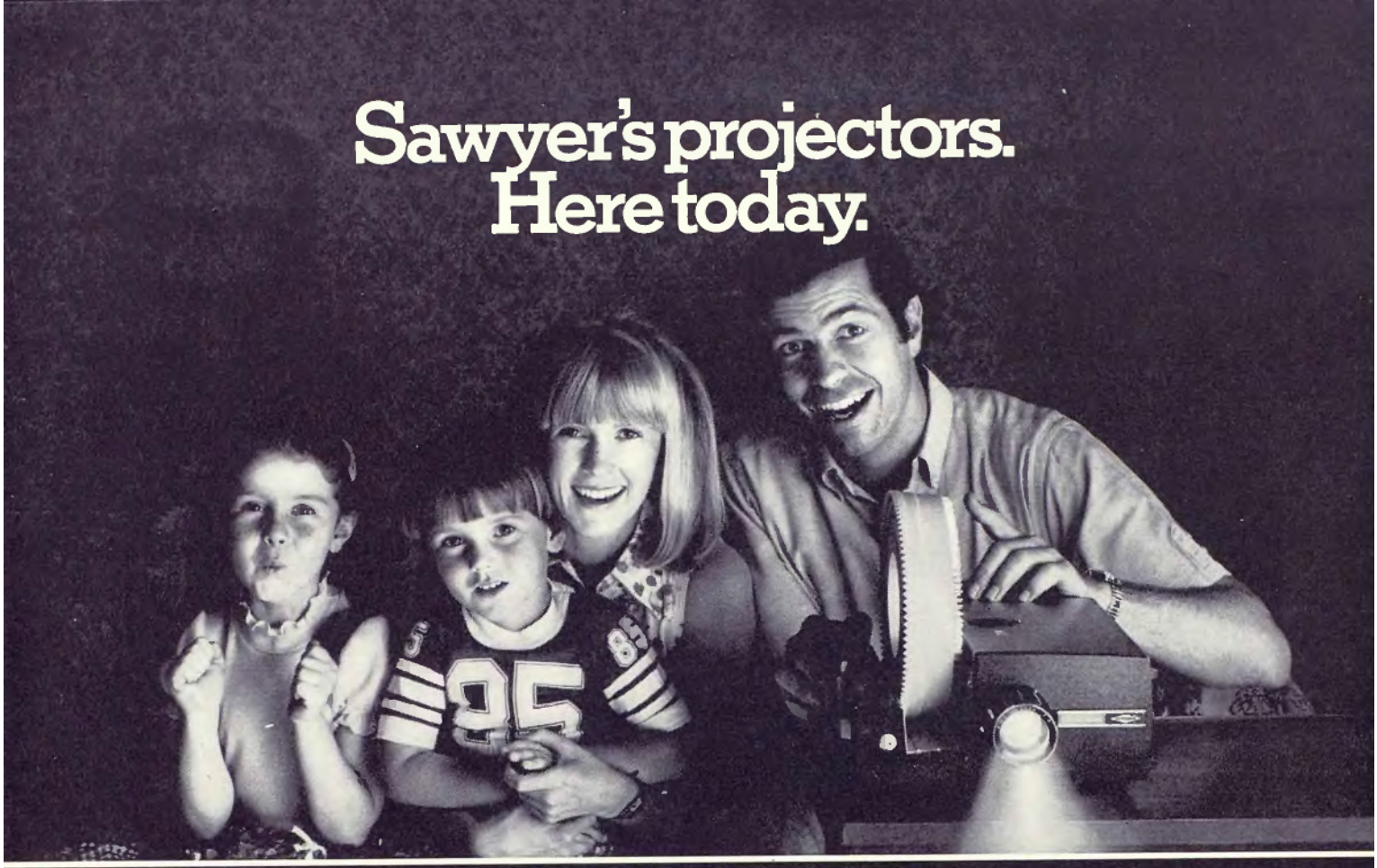

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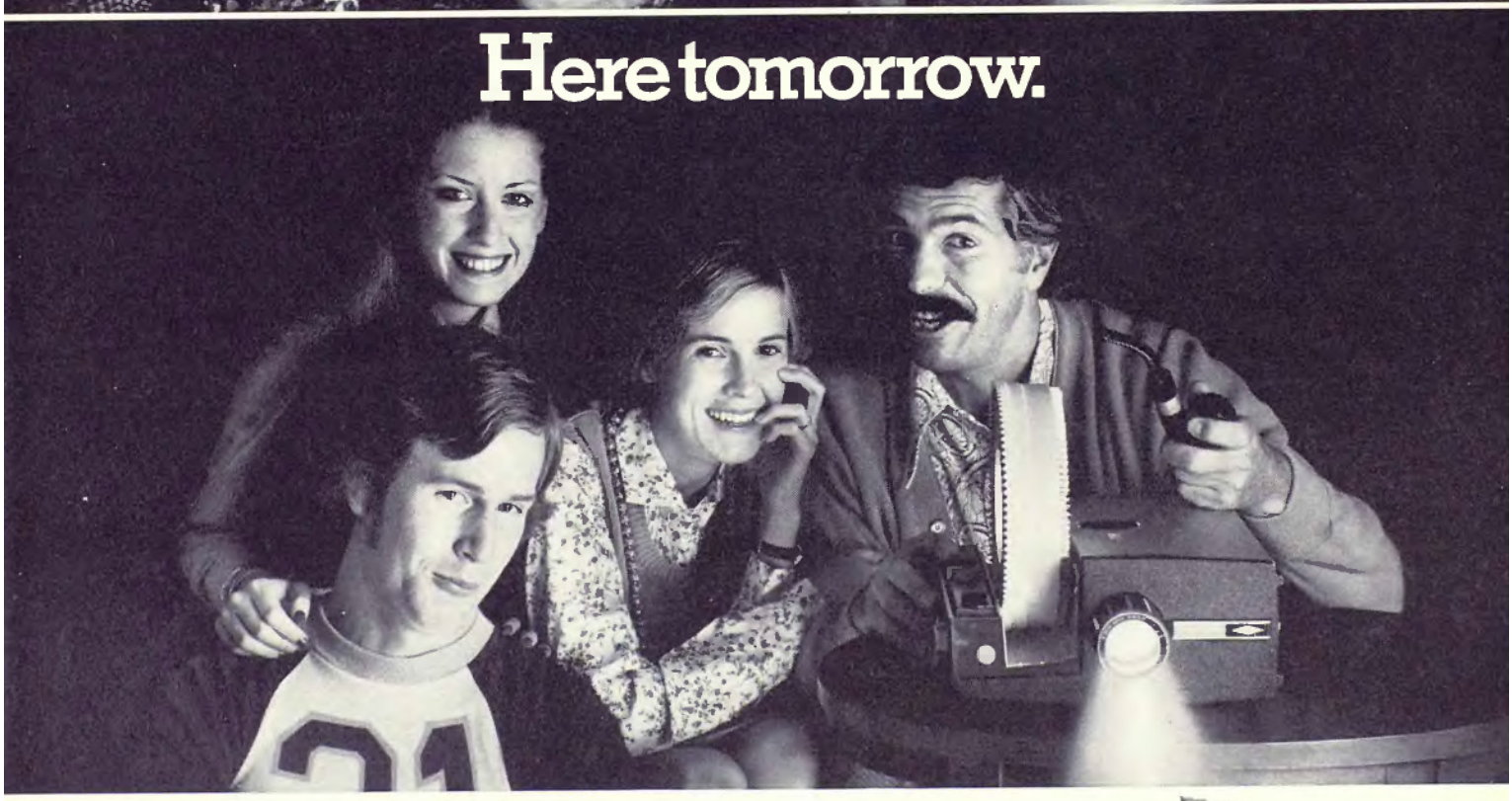

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sex stars, especially on the distaff side. Ronee Blakley, playing a rising C&W star, had only one prior film appearance—in a commercial promoting the Silverado Country Club. She had come to Altman's attention as a songwriter; Altman bought not only the songs but Ronee as well. *Nashville* also introduced Gwen Welles to a wider audience. True, she had once played an important role in her onetime great and good friend Roger Vadim's *Helle*, but that didn't sell many tickets. Last year, Altman used her as one of the hookers in *California Split*, but she was lost in the crush. No one who has seen *Nashville*, however, will quickly forget the airport waitress who performs a reluctant striptease—dispirited yet defiant—for a local political club. Welles has been kicking around Hollywood for a long time. *Nashville* has given her her chance to kick back.

Nashville also gave Karen Black a chance to overcome some odd casting that had befallen her since her memorable performance in the otherwise forgettable *The Great Gatsby*. In *Law and Disorder*, she played Ernest Borgnine's floozy aide-de-camp. In *Airport 1975*, she was saddled with the improbable task of bringing a disabled jetliner safely to port. Her Faye Greener in *The Day of the Locust* was persuasive enough but about ten years overage in grade. But in *Nashville*, as the C&W star who has made it—and intends to keep it—Black is sensational, overflowing with false sincerity onstage and off, calculating precisely to whom to be bitchy and upon whom to fawn. It's a gorgeous, gutsy performance that seems to well up from her own experiences with showbiz, in which she's never quite made it as number one. But she's still in there pitching. This past Fourth of July, she staged Hollywood's most publicized wedding since Douglas Fairbanks married Mary Pickford back in 1919—a dawn ceremony in a secluded forest to which she had invited, as one of her guests later stated, "600 of her nearest and dearest friends." The bridegroom was writer L. M. "Kit" Carson, who had met her in the course of an interview for *Oui*.

Although many of today's female stars—Candice Bergen, Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Ellen Burstyn, Raquel Welch—are now single and seemingly enjoying it, several others have decided recently to risk matrimony. Among them, besides Black: Liza Minnelli (whose bearded spouse, Jack Haley, Jr., the producer of *That's Entertainment!* for MGM, landed a new job as president of 20th Century-Fox Television within days of the wedding); Faye Dunaway, who, after the debacle of a long-standing affair with Italian star Marcello Mastroianni, wed musician Peter Wolf, several years her junior; and hazel-eyed Katharine Ross, who, after a five-year liaison with ace cinematographer Conrad Hall, impetuously married production assistant Tom Lisi during the filming of *The Stepford Wives*.

A younger bride is Deborah Raffin, the 22-year-old who has already been compared to the early Grace Kelly. A product of Bel Air, she had made it as a fashion model and cover girl well before, at the age of 19, she was chosen to play Liv Ullmann's daughter in *40 Carats*—and also well before Michael Viner, an independently wealthy writer-producer and ex–record-company executive, began courting her with minks and Mercedes. Viner became first her husband, then her manager.

Also pushing onward, although with no Viner to guide her, is the talented Jill Clayburgh, upcoming as Carole Lombard in *Lombard and Gable*. As a brunette, she made a tremendous impression as a top hustler in an unusually daring (for television) Movie of the Week, *Hustling*. Director Sidney Furie saw the show and tested her for the Lombard role—which, after bleaching her hair blonde, she won over studio favorite Sally Kellerman. Once Al Pacino's one and only, Jill was succeeded by, among others, Tuesday Weld after Pacino scored in the original *Godfather*. As it happens, Tuesday (a natural blonde) wouldn't have been a bad choice, either, for the freethinking, free-spoken Lombard.

Carrie Fisher, the 18-year-old daughter of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, scored heavily in *Shampoo* as Lee Grant's mom-hating daughter who seduces Beatty out of her mother's bed and into her own. Oddly enough, Debbie, the perennially virginal heroine of such films as *The Affairs of Dobie Gillis* and *Tammy and the Bachelor*, gave her full assent to Carrie's role. She simply wants her daughter to outdo Liza Minnelli. Described by one Hollywood writer as "17 going on 45," Carrie just might do it.

And then there is Melanie Griffith, Tippi Hedren's exceedingly nubile daughter, dubbed by Arthur Penn, who directed her in *Night Moves*, "the Lolita of the Seventies." If you happened to see her in that film or in *Smile* or *The Drowning Pool*, the reason is obvious. Long-limbed and golden, she has a face that is at once sullen and seductive, with the quirky allure of a little girl who has grown up too soon. Perhaps she has. Visiting her mother on the set of *The Harrad Experiment*, playing hooky from Hollywood High at the age of 14, she fell in love with actor Don Johnson, then barely into his 20s. The two were inseparable. Before she was 17, they were sharing an apartment in Hollywood—and the bed used by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in *Cleopatra*, acquired by Tippi when 20th Century-Fox was auctioning off its assets. For her 18th birthday this past summer, Don gave Melanie a ring.

Susan Blakely, a bit older than Melanie, is a blonde, blue-eyed ex-model who appeared, briefly, nude in a little-seen film called *Savages*, then to better advantage as Perry King's WASP girlfriend in *The Lords of Flatbush*. "It didn't seem to do me much good," she wailed recently to an interviewer. But this year's *Report to the Commissioner* very definitely did. As an undercover cop who seduces a black narcotics suspect—and gets killed by fellow cop Michael Moriarty for her trouble—she made a lasting impression, lasting at least long enough to win her roles as wife to the spineless Richard Chamberlain in *The Towering Inferno* and as Big Al's rich, thrill-seeking girl in *Capone*, opposite Ben Gazzara.

Although 1975 has seen a marked decline in the number of blaxploitation pictures delivered to the market, it proved a great year for the lithe and handsome Pamela Grier—better known as Pam. After more than a dozen movies—all of them bloody and most of them bloody awful—she has emerged as one of the few female sure-fire money-makers, and the only one who is black. *New York* magazine, in fact, headlined her "SEX GODDESS OF THE SEVENTIES." This year, after her successes in *Coffy*, *Foxy Brown* and *Sheba, Baby*, this former A.I.P. switchboard operator starred in *Bucktown*. She hopes eventually to move up to producer status, claiming that listening in on deal-making conversations at the studio taught her all she needed to know. Following not too far behind in her footsteps are the beauteous Brenda Sykes (who shared Perry King's bed in *Mandingo*) and gorgeous Vonetta McGee (as a Government agent who made herself available to Eastwood in *The Eiger Sanction*). It is worth noting that neither *Mandingo* nor *Eiger* could be labeled a blaxploitation film. Black actresses are beginning to break the color barrier, and it is quite possible that their future in films will depend more upon the availability of decent roles in movies with interracial casts than upon films specifically directed toward blacks.

The black audience, though, still flocks to see its stars, which is why movies starring Grier—not to mention such stalwarts as Jim Brown, Richard Roundtree and Fred Williamson—have been resoundingly successful, even when produced on minuscule budgets. For the general public, however, it's become the picture, not the star, that fills theaters. Universal, which cheerfully dumped a fortune into *The Great Waldo Pepper* because it had Redford, agonized as the budget on *Jaws* went through the roof (due primarily to unpredictable weather off Martha's Vineyard and mechanical failures of the studio-made shark), because the picture had no "star insurance."

But such insurance is proving less reliable than a life jacket with a leak. We can see this phenomenon in operation most clearly, perhaps, in the field of foreign films. Twenty years ago, the presence of Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren or Anna Magnani in a movie sold tickets, no matter what kind of pasta

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Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

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Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get

my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

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"Thank you for something that really works." **J. T. Brooklyn, N.Y.** *"Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair."* **D. D. Chehalis, Wash.** *"These pills really work..."* **Mrs. C. E. Gadsden, Ala.** *"Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!"* **H. L. S. Hollywood, Fla.**

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their producers provided as backing. But today, does anyone go to a movie simply because it stars Charlotte Rampling or Maria Schneider or Romy Schneider, even though their names virtually promise at least one nude scene per picture?

Even in the area of the domestic pornos, where the top performers have come to be known by name, the possibility of seeing Harry Reems making it one more time with Darby Lloyd Rains or Georgina Spelvin is likely to discourage more customers than it attracts. As a matter of fact, many of the biggest porn stars, past and present, have been selling themselves on paper rather than onscreen; viz., Reems's autobiography, *Here Comes Harry Reems!*; John C. (Johnny Wadd) Holmes's *Get Home Free*; Tina Russell's *Porno Star*; Marc Stevens' *10½!*, a titular reference to the length of his hard-working appendage; *Marilyn Chambers: My Story*, by the former leading lady of *Behind the Green Door* and the Ivory Snow box; and *Inside Linda Lovelace*, which L.L. renounced in her subsequent *The Intimate Diary of Linda Lovelace*. The legendary sword swallower is now trying to make the break into legitimate films but finding it rough going. Perhaps she'll get her chance in a new film being written by Emmanuelle Arsan, author of the novel on which *Emmanuelle* was based.

After all, when Shakespeare wrote "The play's the thing," he said it all. And it is no coincidence that the hottest battles in Hollywood are now being fought by writers, against studios and directors. The time has come, the writers feel, for them to be properly rewarded for the plots and dialog that keep all those sex stars in orbit. Today, more than ever, they would seem to have a point.

"I didn't take a wrong turn anywhere. Ever since I was a little kid, I've always wanted to be a pimp."

Dueling Jocks

(continued from page 164)

unless you see another opening someplace, you'll do it every time. I mean, I know him.

He's been in racing a long time and you just have to hand it to him. When he started, of course, he started out in top equipment. That's one thing I gotta say for him: He didn't have to do like me and some of the other guys, you know, work his way up or something. He's had it made from the start.

Oh, we've run all types of tracks. We even run the International Race of Champions at Riverside. On the road course. We drove Porsches the first year, you know. Racing Porsches. Neither of us had ever been in a rear-engine car, not even a Volkswagen to go to the store. And here we was with them little-bitty things and the five-speed transmissions. But we had fun. In a stock car, you know, you run right down into the corner and back off, and then you get back on it in the corner. With them Porsches, you back off earlier and get back on it earlier. If it starts slidin' a little bit, all you do is stomp on the gas and it sort of gets up high and keeps right on goin'.

We didn't even know where the gears was. I would have to look down at the thing on the gearshift to find out where the next gear was. And I would look over at Richard and see him readin' the instructions, too. But we done all right.

Stock cars is where we both belong, though. We drive a lot the same. Up high. Richard drives a little higher than I do, but I try to stay up there as close to the wall as I can. Any time you run high through the turns, you're makin' the corner a lot bigger. It's not as sharp, and naturally a car will run a lot freer in a big turn. And there's not as much trouble with slower cars, 'cause they're usually down low. And it's a lot safer, you know; if you blow a tire, you're already against the wall and it's better to hit it sideways than head on. Me and Richard drive up there a lot.

Nolan Ryan

I'm not really intimidated by hitters, but there's a . . . I don't know, it's not a fear, it's just a different feeling when, say, a Reggie Jackson comes to bat. For one thing, you know the home-run hitter can beat you with one swing of the bat and that goes through your mind. But I studied the home-run hitters and I know pretty well what not to throw at them. Nobody in the American League has more than two home runs against me. It's funny—Rod Carew has two against me and he's not really a home-run hitter.

But when you pitch to Carew, you really don't know how to get him out. If you get him out with one pitch one

time, then next time you try that and he murders you. He adjusts very well. I guess that's it. He adjusts well.

For one thing, Carew is a fast-ball hitter and that makes it very tough for me. He hits me probably better than anyone I face. And, you know, it's a peculiar situation: Either I strike him out or he hits me, there's usually no in-between. Not many grounders, either a strike-out or a hit.

I don't know Rod very well. I try not to get to know the good hitters, because I have to be aggressive with them and I don't want anything to interfere with that. I do know I somehow have a different outlook toward singles and doubles hitters than I do toward the home-run hitters. I keep going back to Reggie, but it's a good contrast. For some reason, I worry more about Carew in a *clutch* situation. I'd rather face Reggie at a time like that.

And if Rod gets on base, he really worries me. He has the potential to steal second or third. Or even home. You have to hold him tight so the catcher will at least have a shot at throwing him out, so you're dividing your attention between Rod and the batter. Obviously, the best strategy with Rod is not to let him get on base in the first place, but that's hard to avoid. He gets the bat on the ball a lot.

The one ball I try to keep away from him is down and in. Most left-handed hitters hit a down-and-in ball better and Rod is no exception, so I try to keep it up and away to him.

Rod Carew has impressed me more with his bat control than any hitter I have seen—in either league. To me, he's the best hitter in baseball.

Rod Carew

Nolan Ryan is in a class by himself, as far as I'm concerned. I mean, there are times when he's struck me out two or three times a ball game, and hitting is something I've never had to work real hard at. It's something that just sort of came to me. Some guys have the talent to do it and others have to work at it.

The funny thing is there are other times against Nolan when I get two or three hits a game. I know a lot of it depends on me. If my arms are tired or if I don't feel completely up, I'm not going to hit him. If I'm sharp, I do.

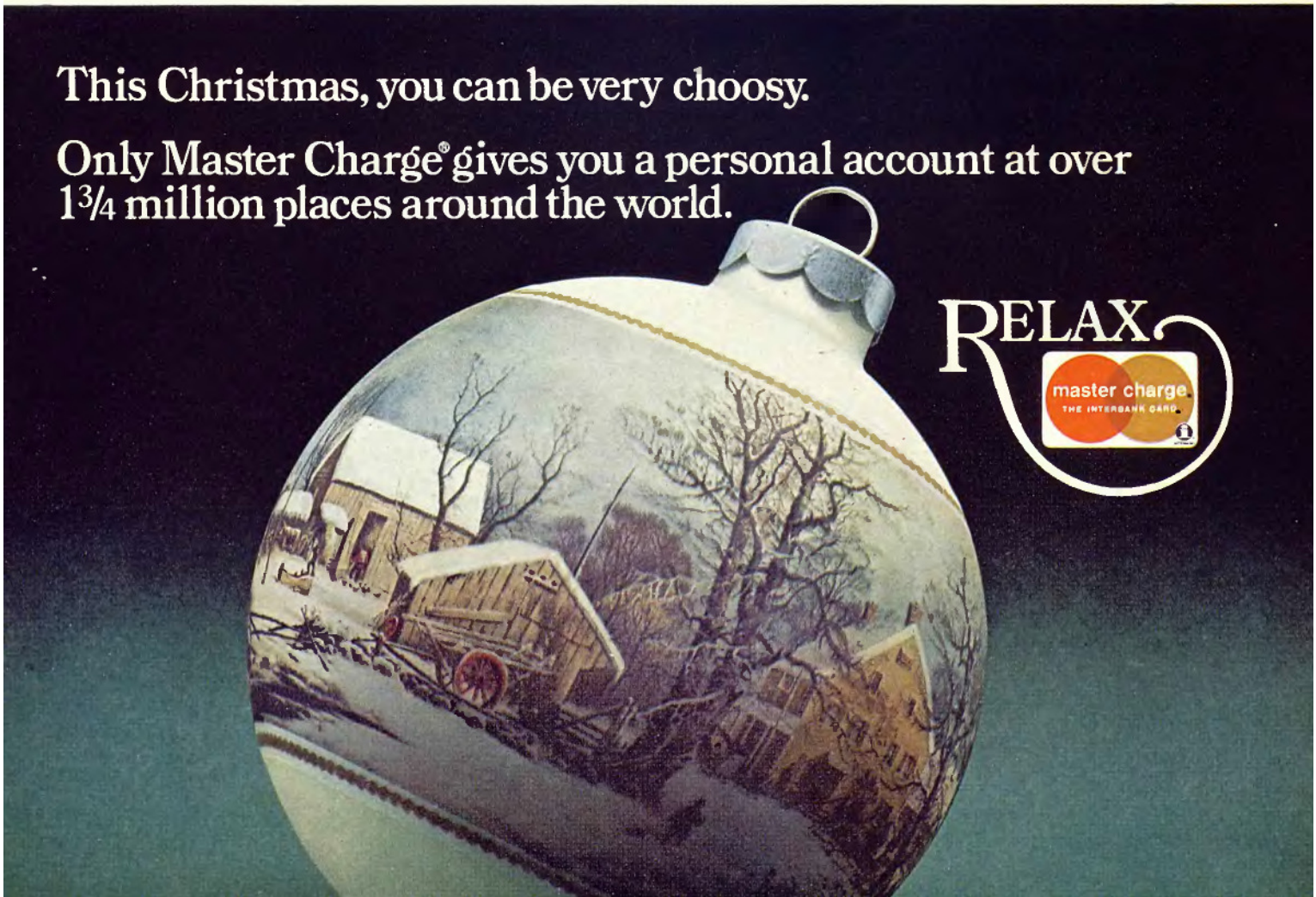
There's no question, Nolan keeps you alert, because he is definitely the type of guy you can't take pitches on. You can't really afford to let him get out in front of you. Man, if he gets two strikes on you, you're in trouble.

A lot of people talk about his fast ball—you know it's explosive—but no one ever mentions his breaking ball. He's got everything, and you just can't look for that one certain pitch. I'm not saying that his fast ball isn't fast; I mean, I've faced guys like Sam McDowell and a lot of others and they always threw hard; but nobody, no*body*, threw pitches at me like Nolan's. And his fast ball *does* a lot, too. One minute it will run away from you and then the next minute it will run up.

That's exactly why he's so effective; because he's doing so many different things with it. You can get used to a lot of guys real quick because they throw mostly the same thing at you and you can really swing. But I'm always happy when Nolan throws a change-up at me, because I know I've got a chance.

But you *know* he's going to throw those fast balls and you just have to be ready for them. When he throws it, I just try to hit to the opposite field. Anything. There's really not much else you can do with a guy like that. I'm the kind of hitter that thinks *contact*. I just try to hit it somewhere, anywhere, and I guess because I'm a wrist hitter, I hit him pretty well at times. I use my wrists and *Pow!* And then there are times . . . I mean, man, if he's on and his fast ball is really working, I don't care how good a hitter a guy is, he's gonna get you out. You just have to turn your bat up four or five clicks and do your best.

I hit two homers off Nolan, one at home and one at the Angels' park. The one at home was an outside fast ball and I put it into the left-field bleachers. I



think it was after the first one that I realized that you don't really have to swing hard at a guy like that. I mean, that ball is coming down there so fast that you just have to make contact and it really takes off. Making contact on a good fast-ball pitcher is the hard part.

The home run at Anaheim came after he had thrown two fast balls at me and then a tail end—a rising fast ball. I hit the third one over the scoreboard in center field. It wasn't a really good fast ball, but it made me feel good, because I'm not normally a home-run hitter.

There's another thing that impresses me about Nolan: A lot of pitchers get tired, you know, around the seventh or eighth, but that's the time when he's at his best. He's rarin' back and throwin' harder than he was in the first inning and I think, "When is he gonna let up?" It's just coming at you all the time.

A lot of hitters try to overpower Nolan and you just can't do that. Like I said, you should just try to hit the ball somewhere. Anywhere. Go to the opposite field. Just try to get a hit. And if you do, pat yourself on the back.

Ralph Neely

If you're playing across from a superplayer like Fred Dryer, you tend to concentrate more. I know, ideally speaking, you should think 100 percent of the time before every game, but when you play 20 games, you just don't do it. You save it for the tough ones.

I've been playing in the N.F.L. for ten years and I know most of the guys I'm playing against. I know if they're having a good year or if their team is hot, and that in itself gets me up. It's kind of a self-motivation or pride. I mean, I'm paid to be a professional and if I don't perform, I'm not really a pro.

My playing weight is about 265, but you don't have to be big to play the game anymore. When I came to the league, you did, but all of that has changed. Fred is a perfect example of that. What Fred lacks in size he makes up in quickness and finesse.

This means that I have to block Fred differently than I do Jack Gregory, for instance. He's so damn quick. The first time I ever played against him, he was with the Giants and he gave me a terrible time that day. I never knew where he was. I just wasn't used to blocking against a 225-pound end who was as fast as a halfback. I was used to people trying to punish me and here he was, running around me.

The thing about Fred I never have to worry about is him trying to run over me, so I eliminate that fear. The only thing I have to do is keep position on the guy; for example, in pass blocking, I just try to keep myself between him and the quarterback. And I try never to overcommit. If I do, he's around me.

Speaking from an offensive lineman's viewpoint, it is a natural tendency to want to punish somebody physically. I mean, they're coming through and using the hand slap and all that stuff, so you have to use a tremendous amount of self-discipline to maintain your cool. Fred Dryer would love to have you try to come way out and knock his head off, because he's so quick you probably wouldn't touch him and he would be right back there on the quarterback. So I never try to punish him physically—unless it's third and one!

You have to overlook a lot of things in the line. I'm not a holder, but if my man gets away and the quarterback is fixin' to get decked, I'll do everything but tackle him.

When we line up against each other, we just play football. There's not much conversation. Dryer always plays low because of his size. I mean, he can't stand up too high, because a big guy would move him right out. I'll never forget that first game I played against him, when he was with the Giants: He had been going outside most of the day and it got up to a third-and-one-foot situation and I was ready to eat his lunch right there on the field. But when the ball was snapped, he zipped right inside me and nailed the quarterback for a one-yard loss. I never touched him! He did that twice that day and I'll never forget it. Every time I line up across from him, I remember it.

Fred Dryer

I concentrate a great deal on movement of a tackle. First off, I watch two or three game films of the guy I'm going to play against. I even keep a little book on him; you know, past experiences and his strong points and weak points. At all times, I try to employ the things I do best as a defensive lineman.

In the case of Ralph Neely, I've usually got my hands full, because not only is he big, he's an exceptional athlete with good foot movement and good balance. When I was in my first year with the Giants, I quickly learned that Ralph was by far the best tackle in our division. He's tough to move around physically and you're sure not going to be able to just run into him for four quarters and expect to punish him or wear him down. I'm probably the lightest end around and I'm not going to be running into a Ralph Neely. That's not my idea of a good time.

I have a certain technique in rushing, which consists mainly of trying to get off with the football and just plain beating the guy to the punch, hoping to either get around him or force him to change his strategy to fight off mine. But Ralph is set very short sometimes. He just steps right out to his left and takes you on right at the line of scrimmage, breaking your pattern. You have to take him on right there, and you usually come out on the short end of the stick when that happens. When I'm down in a stance across from Ralph, even that's difficult. Hell, I can't even see over him, so I try everything.

The successes I've had with Ralph are the ones where I've gone deep on him. He likes to ride the ends deep into the backfield, so any type of move off that I've found to be the best, although that's not foolproof, either. Some days the guy's just flat got you. You can be doing everything right and giving him your best shot and you can't even get off the line of scrimmage. Other days, you beat him at things you never expect to get by him with.

He is a finesse blocker. He likes to make good contact and get his elbow up and turn the guy, take charge. As I said, I don't try to push him around, but once in a while I'll just tee off and run right into the guy, put my helmet down and hit him right in the face mask, just so I can watch his reaction. You know, to see if there's any sort of body lean or anything you can run off later. In other words, I'm setting him up for later; but when that later comes, you have to make the right decision and make it quick. When you feel he's set up, you have to move then. If you make a mistake, well. . . . I mean, if you can get him to move, you can have a good day, but, man, I'm playing against a guy who can knock your arms right out of your jersey.

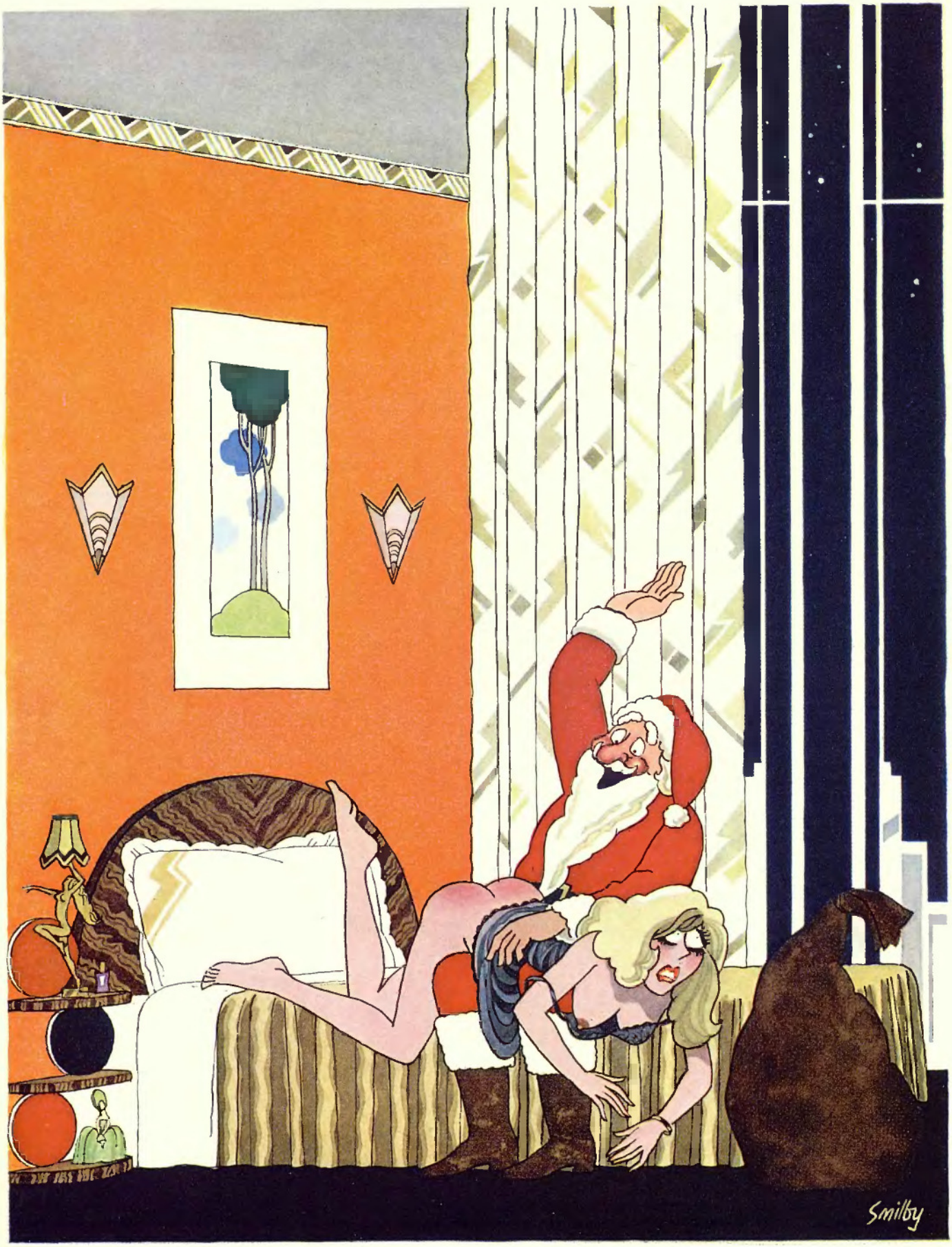
There's a lot that goes on in the line. They could call a holding penalty on every play, but you'd put the fans to sleep. It would be just like baseball. But there are times when I complain to the ref and he usually says something like, "Yeah, there's a whole bunch of guys over on the other side bitching and moaning about the same thing, but everybody can't be holding on every play." But the truth of the matter is that they can be. And oftentimes they are.

If nothing else works, that's the time when you want to be friends with the guy next to you. If Larry Brooks is having a good day next to me, maybe we will change it up and he will help me out a little. You just try to get people moving around in there. I mean, you have to make something happen if it's a tight game, and often the only way you can do that is by scrambling things up front.

You've got to test Neely out. Early in the game, you can afford to waste a couple of rushes. There are times when I have gotten by him and sacked the quarterback and there are times when he's right there waiting for me. That's what makes a *long* day.

Keith Magnuson

As long as there are players like Dave Schultz, there will be fights. But I think it's good for hockey. When a guy like Schultz has a fight, you can see it go right through a bench. You can see a bench literally collapse if a guy loses a fight or you can see one completely come to life if



"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

he kicks the livin' hell out of somebody.

Schultz is a pretty good fighter. He picks his spots. I tell you, he fights a lot like John Ferguson. The only difference is that Ferguson doesn't duck his head and Dave does. He comes up with that punch well while his head is ducked and he's hard to hit. He's a smart fighter and he usually gets in the first punch.

Players may say he's crazy because of all the penalties, but he's a big part of the Philadelphia team. He's the backbone of the team and he realizes that if things aren't going right, he gets them going right by starting something. A lot of people think this is poor sportsmanship, but I think it's an important part of hockey.

There's no place to go in hockey, there's no out of bounds. In football, if you want to run out of bounds when someone is going to hit you, you can do it; but in hockey, you gotta face the guy sooner or later during the night or else he is gonna intimidate you.

I mean, when I broke the penalty record, my brother even wrote to me and said, "You're a martyr without a cause." But I think he was wrong, because I'm sure I gained the respect of the league for setting the record.

I like fighters and I respect them. I respect Schultz. But, at the same time, I can't stand him. I mean, when we get on the ice, I don't think of respect or anything like that. He's really a different person on the ice. But then I think I am, too. Some players I respect on the ice because they're great hockey players and they don't go around looking for trouble, but Dave looks for it, because he knows that's the reason he's up there. I'm the same way. I feel my talent is limited and in order to play up to par or even better than some of the other players, I have to psyche myself up, and a lot of times that means fighting. If I tried to score goals, I wouldn't be in the N.H.L. very long.

I suppose that's our job description, and if somebody hits our goal tender or picks on one of our smaller players, he's gonna have me to contend with. Schultz or anybody. I mean, I don't win that many fights, but at least I let a guy know he's in a game of hockey.

The first time Dave hit me, he was a rookie. It was like he was testing the fastest gun in the West. I was behind the net and the puck went dead and he hit me late. I didn't even know who the guy was and I turned around and he had dropped his gloves and said, "Let's go." So we did. He got the best of me that time, I think. In fact, I got to thinking about it later in the game and I really felt intimidated. You know, I hadn't really let him know I was around. I mean, him being a *rookie* and all that. So when we were facing off and waiting for the puck to drop, I looked at him and dropped my gloves. He saw me do it and was a little surprised, but we went at it. I knew at that time that he was a pretty good fighter and could handle himself, and I also knew we would meet again—many times.

A few games later, I ran at him and he got his stick up and gave me ten stitches in the mouth. But I got back at him and when he came to Chicago (a guy's always tougher in his own rink, anyway), the ref had to pull us apart all evening. Hell, one time I was so mad at him I jumped out of the penalty box and went after him.

Last year, we had a good, long fight right in the middle of the ice and I ended up with ten stitches in my mouth again. I'm not real sure what I did to him, but I got some good punches in and there was a lot of blood.

If we both quit playing hockey, I suppose I could forget all this, but right now I can't stand to even be in the same bar with him. Like a banquet in Windsor, where we both spoke once: If I had known he was going to be there, I wouldn't even have gone. One time I knew he was in a restaurant in Chicago and I wouldn't even go in, I feel that much against him.

But if we quit. . . . Listen, here's a good example: Three years ago, I broke my jaw in a game against the New York Rangers. Ferguson was playing then. We had fought a lot but never talked to each other. So last year, I ran into John after he had retired. We both looked at each other and after a few seconds, he stuck out his hand. As I was shaking it, he said, "You know, I got a hell of a lot of respect for you." I'll never forget that moment.

Dave Schultz

My weakest point is my skating. My strongest, I suppose, is my ability to fight on the ice. I mean, when I first came to the Philadelphia Flyers and the N.H.L. and watched guys like Keith Magnuson, I knew I needed the confidence to get out there and mix it up.

It didn't take me long, because Keith set a penalty record in the league of 291 minutes and I broke it in my second season. And one of the first guys I had a fight with was Magnuson. I went behind the net and he was there, so I hit him. He came at me from the side and gave me a good shot, and then he waited for me to get my gloves off and we had a good fight. I think I might have won that one. I know I felt good. I thought, "Boy, am I lucky. I'm starting to get into fights with guys with big reputations."

I'm not the greatest fighter in the league, but I'm always ready. That makes me valuable to my team. Every team needs somebody who will fight for it and that's my job with the Flyers. It's funny, I never had a street fight. I was always scared I was going to get hurt. But then, I never had any confidence, either. Now it might be a different thing.

When something happens, like when someone does anything to one of our players, something just clicks inside me; or if I'm in a corner and somebody hits me, I just change and I become five times as strong as I normally am.

I even psyche myself up for the fights. In the afternoons, when I'm lying down, I think about fighting Magnuson—if we're playing the Black Hawks. I go over it in my mind again and again, and by the time I reach the rink, I'm ready. And it usually happens that night, exactly as I imagined it. It works pretty well.

One night in Chicago, right after the first shift of the game, there was a two-line pass and the whistle blew, but Magnuson kept on coming and he hit Rick MacLeish. The coach said, "Schultz, go over there," so I skated over and said, "What are you trying to do?" and he said, "Get lost, kid." So we had another good fight.

Keith is a good hockey player. I've never seen a guy more psyched up constantly. When you come out for warm-ups in Chicago, for instance, you come right from behind the net at the end of the rink. The dressing rooms are downstairs and you come up these 15 steps. Well, Magnuson runs the last three or four steps and he makes two laps around the rink before anybody else makes one. The first time I saw this, I said, "Holy Christ, what's going on here?"

He's unbelievable. Even when we're just getting ready for a face-off, he's lifting his skates and he's moving around and he's ready and that kind of psyches me out. It certainly makes you aware that he's ready to play, if nothing else. He's like that every game. I mean, you just expect when the puck's dropped that he's going to go zooming all over the place.

I've heard that when he came into the league, he went up to opposing players and said, "Hey, who's the tough guy on this team?" and they would tell him and he would go pick a fight with the guy. He didn't win all of them, but he was a gutsy kid.

A lot of people have said to me, "Well, Keith Magnuson must not be that great a fighter, because you usually win," but they're wrong. It's your willingness to fight that counts. If you know a guy is going to fight you every time, you also know that one day he'll give you a good punch. That's what makes anybody tough.

It's hard to describe why I fight. Maybe I should get an analyst. All I know is I really like to fight with guys like Magnuson. I don't know if he's ever beaten me, but he swings pretty good, and all the while I keep right on breaking the penalty record in the N.H.L. Last year I had 472 minutes. That's ridiculous.

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Bull Goose loony

(continued from page 126)

Chronics and Acutes. Uh-huh . . . and where, uh, are the real patients, the certified dafts?

"Everywhere," Douglas crows with a gleeful sweep of his arms. "Well, no . . . let me qualify that. The patients committed here are quartered on the third floor. Oregon, you understand, like a lot of other states, is releasing a high percentage of its mental patients to so-called local responsibility.

"But, see, the director of this hospital—a terrific guy named Dean Brooks—has very advanced and, I believe, civilized ideas about what constitutes good therapy, and the distance from the third to the first floor is just two flights of stairs. In other words, there's an amazing crossover between the film troupe and the patients. Everybody visits back and forth, plays pool, plays cards, horses around together. A couple or three of the patients are even working for us in various small jobs—and you can actually see the effect on their spirit, their morale. After a while, they start to blend in and—hell, at times there's no *way* to tell the patients from the crew. Look over there—see the little fellow with the broom? He's on the payroll—Ronnie the Patient—interesting guy, as I'm sure you'll discover. Two months ago, Ronnie was classified as a catatonic mute."

Douglas indicates a frail, stoop-shouldered boy-man, perhaps 25, who is abstractedly sweeping sawdust into a pile near the entrance to the nurses' station. He is wearing vague, Permaprest civvies and a vague, Permaprest smile that disappears into a brush mustache and no chin at all. He is clearly crazy at a glance, but just as clearly harmless.

The writer stares toward the nurses' station, scanning the individual faces of the workers and actors congregated there. Sure, he nods numbly. Crazy.

•

The lingering insane of Oregon—some of them the criminally insane—are upstairs on the third floor. Well, except for the ones fraternizing down here on the first floor. The writer considers this awhile and searches out a hidey-hole where he can repair unobserved. There, in crying need of repair himself, he hikes up his coattails and jams his Efficiency Reporter's Note Book No. 176 deep into the rear waistband of his trousers, snug between belt and bum. The writer feels immensely better for this, although he has somehow lost track of his Sony TC-126 tape recorder.

•

The hospital's Tub Room looks like a used-bathtub lot washed up the coast from the psychic environs of L.A.'s Pico and Western. A few minutes before noon, Forman is in there having a heart-to-heart with Scatman Crothers and Louisa Moritz. The two are about to play a seduction scene involving a drunken ward attendant and a fragged-out semi-pro whore. Roughly three dozen technicians and onlookers are shoe-boxed into the sweltering, seedy-tiled hydrotherapy facility where Oregon's crazies used to assemble faithfully for the purpose of undergoing water torture. The writer is huddled spine down in one of the enamel-peeling tubs, keeping an eye on as much of the elbow-to-ass action as he can follow. "Quiet, please—let's get it *very* quiet in here," one of the assistant directors bawls.

Forman concludes his huddle with Crothers and Ms. Moritz, nods curtly and strides off a few paces to fire up his pipe. A human path peels open for him wherever he chances to move. The Czech-born director is hairy on the head, arms and chest and built like a lunch box wrapped in a pair of old San Pedro–style dungarees. He is prone to yelling a lot when he gets excited.

Louisa Moritz, with the face of a zonked china doll, scratches a lank flank through her grungy pedal pushers and puts on what could be interpreted as a pensive look. In a glissando croak, she allows to Scatman that she doesn't much care for one of her lines. "Say anything you want to, honey," he urges, patting her hand comfortingly. "Don't worry about it, you hear what I'm tellin' you? Fuck it." "Oh, I know!" Louisa crows in inspiration. "I'll say—at the end?—I'll say, 'Oh, well, what the hell—any old fart in a storm.' Isn't that better?" Scatman cackles and claps his hands on his slick black pate in delight: "Yeah, yeah, crazy, that's fine, that's awright! Listen, I tell you what, girl—why'n't we just wing it? Hell, let's have us some *fun*! Shoo-be-dop! Jabba-dee-boom! Skee-doop! Zack!" Louisa giggles into her fingers and crosses to her toe mark.

"*Everybody quiet!*" another assistant thunders. Forman raises and lowers a hand in the hanging silence. "Roll, please," Bill Butler murmurs to his camera operators. Two grips with slapsticks spring before the massive Panavision cameras. "A and V 107, take one, A camera." "B camera."

The cameras begin to whir with a faint ta-pocketa-pocketa, and the scene flows like water. Scatman, playing an orderly named Turkle, entices Louisa, a dim-witted mattressback, into a deserted corner of the Tub Room, where he plies her for a taste of strange with Smirnoff, Tokay and generous doses of speedy sweet talk. She responds by covering her head with a brown paper bag—that's her impression of a fish—and prattling off a long, disjointed story about a dead boyfriend who got that way by gobbling light bulbs. During this synapse-rattling recitative, Turkle is steadily stroking his way up her pedal pushers, but just as he is about to lay hands on her trade goods, a prearranged KAW-BLONG! offcamera propels him to his feet in petrified consternation. *What the fuck—those goddamn Chronics and Acutes—they're stagin' a midnight insurrection out yonder in ward*

"Gee, I don't think I've ever slept with a comedian before."

four! Holy fuckin' doomsday—Big Nurse will mess her whites!

Scatman and Louisa play the scene five times, five different ways. They play it fast and slow, sweet and sour, mournful and manic. They play it fey and lyric—every way but poorly or backward. For one take, Scatman improvises the line, "Let's get drunk and *be* somebody." For the next take, he rephrases it, "Let's get drunk and be somebody *else*." Louisa fields all of Scatman's wild tumeling and burns back a few swifties of her own. The two are natural foils, the Lunt and Fontanne of bull goose loonydom.

Forman watches the good times roll with tooth-sucking detachment. His response to all but the final take is unvarying: "Cut, cut, cut, cut. Very good, very perfect. Ve vill chute it again, please."

•

As the crew begins to strike the set, Scatman and Louisa wink, embrace and take their leave of Bathtub City. Entranced, the writer flexes out of his porcelain squat and trails them to a makeshift dressing room furnished in rump-sprung rattan. Plopped down beside Louisa on a litter-strewn settee, Scatman airily waves the writer toward a chair positioned beneath a Lenny Bruce poster. "Set down, friend," Scatman croons, "you look like you come from about halfway decent stock."

Scatman produces a tenor guitar from somewhere, an age-burnished Martin, and begins whanging hell out of its four strings: " 'Who's sorry now / Who's sorry now.' . . . Jabba-dee-wop! Dee-onk, dee-onk! Ain't that tasty, though? Listen, you ever watch *Chico and the Man*? I'm Louie the garbage man on that mutha—I'm the man who empties your can! Can you dig it? 'Cause never forget, you are what you throw out!"

Louisa has a guitar, too, a Japanese job, and she starts singing something that goes "Da-da-da-dee-da-da." The effect is singular—comparable, maybe, to the death rattle of a squeegee. Scatman tries his best to harmonize with her. "Ain't she pretty?" he beams. "I love this lady—I'm *crazy* 'bout her. She's the *real* Divine Miss M!"

Louisa *segues* into *Behind Closed Doors*, but she hits a clinker that makes her stamp her foot and hiss, "Oh, for the luvva shit!" She winks conspiratorially at the writer and asks, "Did you see our little scene just now? . . . Oh, I'm *so glad*. It was supposed to make you laugh. Did you see my Alka-Seltzer commercial last night? It was supposed to make you buy Alka-Seltzer. . . . I do a lot of commercials, uh-huh, but I also do the Carson show, and I'm doing more movie roles lately. Some pulp men's magazine ran a story on me last month, but they didn't get my credits right for the last four years. *Truly*. I just did the second lead in a picture with David Carradine called *Death Race 2000*, and they didn't even mention it. I mean, you would think people would do their jobs or something."

"There's a man does his job—the head nigger of this joint!" Scatman cries, racing to the door and tugging Dean Brooks into the room by a tweed sleeve. An affable, gracefully graying man, the director of the hospital shakes hands all around and murmurs something sympathetic about Louisa's chord-strumming ability. "Oh, well, thank you," she chirrups. "I only started playing, lessee, oh, about three hours ago." "Dr. Brooks here is one *helluva* doctor," Scatman assures the writer, "one *helluva* shrink. And you know what? He plays that same part in the movie—a shrink. Ain't that weird? Wobba-dee-doo-bop! Pa-hoochas-matoochas! Merf!" "I've got one more scene to go," Brooks mock sighs, "but right now I'm on my way back up to the third floor, where it's safe."

Scatman follows the doctor away, seeking, as he says in a braying aside, "free medical advice—all I can get. Hell, babies, I'm sixty-four." Louisa waves toodle-oo to the two and commits murder one on the intro to *Sounds of Silence*. She snuffs the rest of the song, too, chord by chord, line by line. "Isn't that pretty?" she asks at the end. She laughs at the writer's poleaxed expression and pokes a good-natured finger at his midsection: "Don't forget to put it in about *Death Race 2000*."

•

The commissary is another recycled mad ward, where the *Cuckoo* troupe assembles en masse at four P.M. daily to be served up mess (yes) by a local catering outfit. In the early afternoon, the place is virtually deserted. Saul Zaentz, the picture's coproducer, is in there noshing a fast bear claw. . . . The brawny kid with the purple birthmark who tends to the coffee urn is tending to the coffee urn. . . . An actor named Danny DeVito is escorting his kinky-haired ladyfriend fresh from da Bronx on a tour of the dingy dining area. *Kind of a neat-o place, once you get the drag of it. Tablecloths. Funny pictures and shtick on the walls. Almost like the old Village, sort of.* . . . The lady has the drag of the place at a glance and she is rolling her eyes in speechless revulsion. She is scanning all visible surfaces for—who knows?—cockroaches, spirochetes. . . . *God, and she flew all the way across the country to break bread in this Dachau of the stomach?*

The writer enters the mess hall in search of anything wet and he tunes in a sound. *Rrr, rrr*. Low but distinct, the sound reminds him of—he can't immediately think what. Zaentz strolls across the tatty linoleum and pokes out a family-sized paw in greeting. "Good to see you again," the shmoo-shaped producer says with a benign show of teeth. "We met years ago, if I'm not mistaken—in Berkeley, wasn't it?"

That pleasant fiction again. The writer

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puzzles over it briefly, but it doesn't yield up much of a mystery. In plain-vanilla usage, it's a mode of status shorthand that is commonplace among film folk. It's Gollywood's way of saying: *I'm OK—you're OK. If you're here among the Somebodies, then you must be a Somebody, too. But I already know all the Somebodies, so we must have met somewhere before. . . . Sure, we met before . . . Berkeley . . . Barcelona . . . some fucking place. . . .*

Rrr, rrr—that sound again—sinister.

"Been a lot of yelling around the set recently," Zaentz muses as he munches the heel of his bear claw, "but that's par for the course, a deal like this. I mean, this has been a goddamn long location. We got here the first week in January and we're halfway into what now—March? That's ten weeks—lots of long hours, tough setups. And we've got two, three more weeks to go, so naturally everybody's getting a little—edgy . . . you know how it goes. Hell, I'm a little edgy myself. But in my estimation, it's all been worth it. We've put together one classy picture—everybody connected swears it's a killer. Who'd stoop to shitting about a thing like that?"

"Lemme tell you about this picture," Danny DeVito chimes in. The actor stands about four feet nothing, and from the hairline down, he is built like a pot-bellied stove. He chooses his words with excruciating care. "This—picture—is—the—weirdest—experience—of—my—entire—existence—as—a—human—bean.

"Lemme explain, OK? I'm from New Yock City, see, so naturally I was figurin' on seein' the famous, gorgeous countryside around here—Oregon, you know, the Pacific Northwest, all that shit. Well, I end up workin' straight through for the first nine weeks I'm here, and then finally I get a couple of days off. Terrific, I think—fan-fuckin'-tastic!—and so I run downtown, I rent a car, I score some deli for a picnic and . . . I couldn't leave. I drove out here from the hotel for lunch. So help me, I came out here and peeked in the ward at my *bed*!"

The writer turns at a tiny tug on his sleeve. It is Ronnie the Patient—surprise, surprise—clutching that errant Sony TC-126. Without explanation, Ronnie shoves the tape machine forward and bolts off into the corridor. The *rrr, rrr* clicks off like a radio in a distant room.

•

An hour later, a Chautauqua of dementia is rampaging around the nurses' station. Every crazy in showbiz except Dub Taylor and Sam Peckinpah is queuing up on the set for A and V 108, take one. In ensemble, the actors who portray *Cuckoo*'s gallery of lames are shatteringly convincing. They hobble around on crutches, carom around in wheelchairs. They wander the ward in flapping hospital gowns, mismatched pajamas, piss-stained Jockey shorts. They belch, fart, scratch their scruffy asses. They call up visions of creatures out of Dante, or the crowd at Spec's in North Beach.

Nicholson doesn't look as bombed and strafed as the rest, nor is he supposed to, but he bounds around the set with demonic energy, all snap and *brio*. He whomps William Redfield on the shoulder, feints punches at Brad Fourif and Vincent Schiavelli. He tickles fingers with Sidney Lassick and Will Sampson, whispers something obscene to DeVito, laughs aloud at the sight of Michael Berryman and Delos V. Smith, Jr. Skidding to a halt, he waggles his fanny at Phil Roth and puts the arm on Scatman for a cigarette.

"C'mon, B. S., a nail—*a nail*."

"Nothin' but tobacco in that, Jack. Need a light, too, do you?"

"Naw, I got this here little Cricket——"

"I could fan your ass, you need a little suction. Just say the word——"

"Not necessary at all, B. S., but it's a real pleasure to see you here. Welcome to the stairway-to-heaven party."

Scatman squinches his eyes shut, flings his head back, croons, "We'll—build—a—freeway—to—the—stahs. . . ."

"Ah, B. S., you're a rock to me—a rock to me. The Louis Armstrong of the tenor guitar."

"Say what?"

"And—I sometimes suspect this—the father of black comedy. Am I correct?"

"Yeah, that's correck, Jack. In both senses. Ah-hah, that was your faithful Scatman in the original woodpile. Jobbadee-wop! So-cony mo-beel! Zoop!"

Nicholson and Scatman continue poppin' their chops until Forman stalks across the set and positions them firmly in front of the cameras. Both assistant directors bellow the babbling company to order. "Shot—shot!" "This'll be picture, people. Quiet—*shut up*!"

The scene shows Nicholson, aka the bad-ass McMurphy, dispensing illicit pills and Jim Beam to his fellow Chronics and Acutes in a spontaneous-combustion midnight revel. Midway through the caper, Scatman/Turkle bursts in on the group, sputtering, outraged: *What the shit's goin' on here? McMurphy, you motherfucker, get outta here—alla you motherfuckers! G'wan, I don't wanna hear none of your crazy shit! Get your asses outta here! Pron-toe!*

The dramaturgy goes dit-dit-dit, but a light bank blows and Forman blows with it: "No, no, no, NO!" Two more scuttled takes and everybody is yelling—Nicholson, Scatman, Forman, the Chronics and Acutes, even a grip or two.

During the interminable delays, Scatman entertains the idlers on the side lines: "Gentlemen, I'll show you a tough one. Ver-ry difficult, so watch closely. My impression . . . of a lighthouse in the middle of an ocean." Slowly, he pivots in a circle, flapping his mouth open and shut at ten-second intervals. When the cackles hit high C, Scatman mock scowls and snaps his fingers impatiently: "Aw-right, cut the shit and levity—who's got

"The little match girl was very cold and hungry and poor. On the other hand, she had very big tits."

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a cigafoo around here? I'm in need of a nail! I need a nail *bad*." Grinning, he accepts one of Nicholson's filter tips.

Nicholson starts hopping up and down on one leg. "Give us some kind of move over here, will ya?" he catcalls to Forman.

"HEY, MY-LOS!" Scatman brays. "You remember ol' King Solomon? Man said there's a time to dance and a time to grieve . . . a time to harvest . . . and a time to GET THIS MOTHERFUCKER ON THE ROAD."

"Yeah," Nicholson yowls, *"let's shoot this turkey!"*

"Wait a minute, though," Scatman mutters with a frown, "have I got time to go wet? I got to go wet."

Nicholson continues to hop in place, but he shifts to the other leg. "B. S. . . . Benjamin Sherman 'Scatman' Crothers. By God, you look like the real thing, B. S. What number is this for us?"

"Our third masterpiece together, Jack. The first was *The King of Marvin Gardens*, and then came *The Fortune*——"

"Hmm . . . number three it is. You got a great memory, B. S. You're a great American."

"That's right. FA-ROOK! ZA-GOOF!"

•

In the commissary, the writer is toying queasily with a serving of vulcanized chicken when Nicholson straddles a chair opposite him. "What's Hefner like?" the actor asks abruptly. The writer blinks a few times and confesses he's never had the pleasure. Nicholson seems disappointed at the reply, but he continues unloading his overfreighted lunch tray.

Two salads. Four buttered rolls. Three side orders of vegetables. Mashed potatoes and gravy. Half a chicken. A glass of iced tea. Two half pints of milk. A double wedge of fruit pie. When Nicholson has all this archipelago of nourishment arrayed in front of him, he sprinkles hot sauce over vast geographic portions of it. Scanning the faces at the surrounding tables, Nicholson spots Scatman. "Hey, B. S.," he calls out, "you want some *speed?*" Scatman fields the lobbed bottle of *salsa* in a chamois-colored palm.

Nicholson makes some amiable small talk, but food is what figures most precious in his life at the moment and he bends to it with wolfish gusto. "Jesus," he groans, "I haven't been this hungry"—gnawing relentlessly on a drumstick—"since breakfast." The writer laughs, feels at ease for the first time since—breakfast. Nicholson talks and eats and turns out to be exactly what he looks like: a personable black Irishman from Pickup Truck America—a stand-up guy who played schoolboy sports in New Jersey, who got smart, who got out, who got to be a star. No, make that a national treasure. Any dumbass can be a star.

•

Forman resumes shouting and shooting after the dinner hour, but the writer retreats to the downtown hotel where most of the film troupe is quartered. Holed up with a slash of Scotch in handy reach, he studies his notes—fast-draw impressions of the asylum, the movie people, the eerily unsettling *rrr, rrr* phenomenon. He goes through the material three times and stares for a long while out a window at the rain sweeping the swimming pool.

Around midnight, the writer pulls on his boots and wanders down to the hotel bar to join B. S. Crothers and Will Sampson for some pro-am elbow calisthenics. Sampson is a butter-hearted lad, but he looks like the toughest, rottenest seven-foot Indian in the world, and he savors the part on and off the screen. "I'm mean as hell when I drank," he growls, "and I drank a little all the time." "Cheers," Scatman toasts, "and Roebuck."

The bar is a sort of color-coordinated bull pen, one of those places where people order things like Salty Dogs. A trash band plays moldy show tunes to scattered bursts of apathy from a table occupied by four or five of the film folk. The *Cuckoo* hands—a couple of actors, a couple of technicians—are nuzzling close to a round robin of local belles, licking the ladies' ears and such. "Stunt fucking," Scatman explains succinctly. "All them cats are married, see—got families and mortgages back in Beverly Hills, but they been up here for three months now and . . . well, you know. Stunt fucking."

The band cranks for dear life: " 'Life is a cab-o-ray, old chum, life is a cab-o-ray. . . .' "

"You looked around Salem any?" Sampson asks. "Bah God, it's *weird*, I tell you. The city buses all got big signs on 'em that say CHEERIOT, and the suckers shut down runnin' for the night about seven. Yessir, *seven fuckin' o'clock*. And there's a joint down yonder just off Court

"Mr. Brayton, I never wanted to say anything, but I guess it's time you knew. It's Mrs. Brayton. She's been—well, she's been sleeping around."

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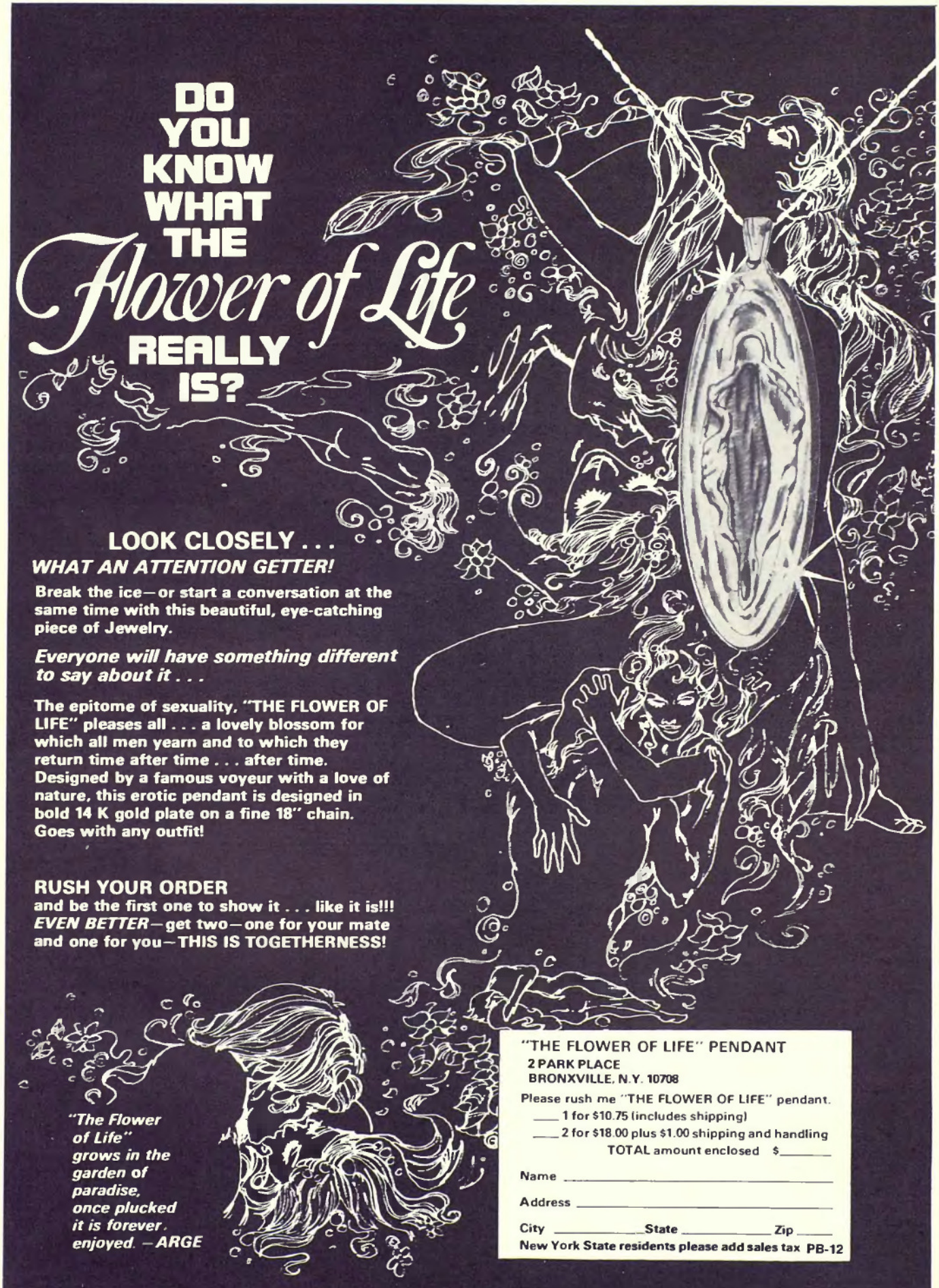

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Street? Got live midgets rasslin' in there, and people just streamin' in to see it. Christamighty, three and a half a head. I call that *flat-out purr-verted.*"

Scatman gargles egregiously of the grape and pretty soon sinks face down in the sea of glasses on the tabletop. This doesn't inhibit some tub-butted dentist and his harpy wife from force feeding their way into the booth beside him, gabbling like loons.

The harpy says she's a member of some civic committee that brings in chamber quartets and Henry Fonda as Clarence Darrow (a last-minute cancellation, that one, and God bless Pacemakers), and she enjoys celebrities just ever so much—they "tone up little old Salem." In light of his present assignment, she regards the writer, even, as a sort of crypto-Somebody, so she snaps her beringed fingers at the hot dog who's dispensing the busthead—*she's buying this round, by jingo, for the glory of Greater Salem!*

The writer shrinks away, trying to shun the frumious bandersnatch, but she can't or won't dry up. "Why do you use That Word?" she snaps at him sharply. "I would think it would be far beneath someone of your education." The writer explains. In some clinical detail. Calling on all his vast educational resources. The harpy grows pale and rises to depart in fairly steep dudgeon. The dentist trails along behind her like a strand of floating dental floss.

Scatman snores on, the band chugs on. Sampson removes a burning cigarette from Scat's fingers. He grins fondly. "I've drank many a merciful cup of Christian whiskey with this little gentleman," the big Indian reflects softly.

•

At the hospital early the next morning, the troupe from the bus troops to the nurses' station, but nobody exactly stampedes to work. The young honey of a blonde who serves as stand-in for the actresses takes up a sitting-Shiva position by a window, staring gloomily out at the gusting rain. "I feel crummy," she wails. "I woke up in the wrong crummy room."

Several of the technicians whip together a card game, others nurse on coffee mugs or take turns bashing a soggy punching bag. "Umm, umm," Scatman clucks, "if Brother Zaentz was up to see all this big-bucks talent fuckin' off out here, he'd weep like a limbless orphan."

Bill Butler, the cinematographer, arrives on the set seconds in advance of Forman, and the crew heaves to lustily. Butler is silent, bearded, monkish in appearance. He talks to nobody except his camera operators, and then in tones so low that no one can overhear. The workmen give him a wide berth.

Scatman is wearing dark glasses and Michael Douglas cackles fiendishly at the sight. "Fell in the vinegar again, huh? How long you plan to wear the blinders, Scat?" "Till my eyes congeal, man."

The actors on call for the morning's routine pickup shots labor in ten-minute bursts, then dawdle for a couple of hours. They doze in chairs, bullshit one another outrageously, pass around the Hollywood trade papers. They gab endlessly about the stars ("Raquel got famous by inventing this zipper that wouldn't close, see") and in chorus they rattle off more household names than the Yellow Pages, but their gossip isn't meant to be smart or, in most cases, even unkind—it's just all they know, all they care about. It's like reading the trades. The damn things appear there in front of them—*they* didn't plan it that way.

"Bright little turn there, turkey. Take a load off."

"Make that *Mister* Turkey, if you please."

"And I told that broad and her mother both, I says, 'Don't let the door hit you where the dog bit you.' It got real quiet after that. You could've heard pissants walkin' on ice cream——"

"Shit, yeah, I done time in the Service, sonny. I worked for Standard Oil for ten years. Scobba-dee-zoot!"

"Ah, the Scatman cometh—never quiteth, in fact. I thought he was a dream of my youth, you know—like J. D. Salinger——"

"Would you believe I saw Roy Rogers on the box last night?"

"Sure, the singing cowboy's always with us. Look at Dennis Weaver."

"I wonder if Nixon ever ran off a print of *Save the Tiger.*"

Somebody arrives with the news that Aristotle Onassis is dead.

"Christ, too bad, too bad . . . but that leaves Jackie in line for half a billion."

"BOO!"

"So what's to crab about, chum? That's just takin' poon and makin' it pay."

•

Ronnie the Patient sidles up to the writer in the corridor, offering to show some snapshots of his fiancée. The girl in the photos is sweet-faced, chubby, having fun on a picnic. Ronnie says she is a fellow patient over in the Women's Facility and he loved her the first instant he saw her.

•

Rain peppers the windows in the commissary. The writer is bent over his Efficiency Reporter's Note Book No. 176, recording some notes at one of the long tables. He block prints:

First met Kesey in '62, Menlo Park. Savored his book but put off by The Author. Figured him for a benign Manson, although didn't know the term back then. Neal Cassady also present that afternoon, chasing Stanford girls through the underbrush. Didn't catch any.

Reminded of this by brief encounter with Louise Fletcher, who plays Big Nurse. Inspired casting. Not a big-bazoomed hag but a young, petite hag, chillier than a blue norther. Had no impulse to linger with her beyond bare amenities.

Crazy factor here is strong enough to siphon gas. Take Delos V. Smith, Jr. (Puh-leeze!) Smith was friends with Monroe at Actors Studio, intimates he has loads of skinny on her—tapes, letters, etc. Politely evasive about it, though. Maybe if I——

The dining hall is empty except for the writer and the coffee attendant—and here comes that *rrr, rrr* again, higher pitched than before, quantum scarier, too—a sound full of blood rage and murder foul. It clicks this time: It's Lawrence Talbot turning into the Wolfman . . . *rrr, rrr* . . . and here comes that brawny kid with the purple birthmark banzai-charging across the tatty linoleum with a wet mop raised high above his head like an ax, and *whop!*—he flails it down slosh on the writer's instep.

The writer glances up only long enough to see too much white in the kid's eyes, then resumes block printing. He block prints the word help 73 times. Man flop a wet mop on your boot down where the writer grew up, you generally jump on his bones. But this is different. This is the Oregon State Playpen for Bent Yo-Yos & Mauled Merchandise.

Five minutes later, the *rrr, rrr* has leveled off to a sullen drone and the kid has mopped his way to the far side of the room. The writer rises, measures his steps to the door. Out in the corridor, he takes a deep breath. Another.

•

Out of a mixed sense of protocol and craven dread of underachieving, the writer braves the commissary again an hour later. Nicholson is in the chow line, bellying up to the steam tables like a famished wolverine. The actor smacks his chops over the shit-and-shucks cuisine, orders a little of this, a whole lot of that, and pauses undecided before a vile-looking vat of boiled okra. The writer glides up behind him, coughs discreetly and says for openers:

Hiya, Jack. . . . Gee, listen, we're going to have to meet stopping like this.

Inexplicably, it comes out that way. Nicholson half-turns and cocks his head to one side, his expression hang gliding somewhere between disbelief and morbid curiosity. He picks up two dishes of the boiled okra and moves along. The writer trails Nicholson into the dining area and asks the actor if he might be available to sit and talk seriously sometime.

"Can't say, pal," Nicholson says around a quarter-pound chaw of Swiss steak. "Why don't you ask my agent about it?" He mentions a name and number in Beverly Hills.

•

The writer goes back to the hotel in the rain and experiences a mild epiphany

"My wife will be down shortly—she's still getting undressed."

in the bathtub. Up to his glottis in Mr. Bubble, he realizes he can't think of anything more he wants to know about Nicholson—nothing at all. It occurs to him that madness upstages all creatures great and small, and maybe in its wicked varieties of mystery, it, too, is a national treasure—purr-verted, of course. *Rrr, rrr. . . .*

The writer dresses, shit-cans the Beverly Hills agent's phone number, makes reservations for a flight home and journeys down to the bar, where he immediately encounters the harpy. She is sans dentist tonight and all gussied up to party in a $300 pants suit the color of kitty litter. "My *dear,*" she exclaims, "how *marvelous* to see you again. How's your little story coming along? I've never read anything of yours, but I'll bet you're right up there with Miss Rona. Oh, I've always been a sucker for talent. A sucker, know what I mean?"

•

Her name is . . . should be . . . Bambi. Late in the evening, she is sitting in the hotel saloon with an actor escort, the writer and a roustabout from the film company. Bambi is a sleek sloop of a girl with an ozone-charged voice and an original face. The writer takes her for an actress or maybe a model.

Bambi's actor companion is drunk, has been for hours. Pretty soon, he can't see past his glasses. He wobbles away into the cab-o-ray darkness without explanation—none needed. Bambi shrugs and slides around next to the roustabout. "I'm Shelley Winters' daughter," she announces theatrically. "Well, not really. I mean, I don't believe that, but my mother does. What can I say?"

When the Mixmaster band unplugs for a break, Bambi is on her feet. "Come on," she urges, "I know a boite just down the block." *A boite?* "You, too," she says to the writer.

A boite, you bet. A poured-concrete bunker with dime-store Modiglianis on the walls and a singer who knows all of Neil Young's gelatinous repertoire. "Far out," the roustabout whoops, hanging on every quavery verse during a millennium-long set. Facing away from the others, the writer noodles in his Efficiency Reporter's Note Book No. 176—fantasizes that he is on the verge of grasping something momentous about the lunatic tropisms of Hollywood, of America. . . .

The Neil Young *manqué* takes his bows to the sound of two or three hands clapping and the house lights flash up. A waiter bends near and asks the roustabout and the writer to please remove their goddamned ladyfriend from the goddamned premises. Bambi, as it happens, is juiced to the tits—knee-walking blotto. She has been downing double gins on the sly for the past hour, the waiter says, and the tab comes to $23.80.

The roustabout and the writer steer Bambi out onto the rain-slick sidewalk and clumsily maneuver her toward a steakhouse where the roustabout says she works. "Yeah, she's a waitress, man," the roustabout grunts, sucking for breath. "I thought you knew her in front. Shit, what a deal."

Two blocks of towing a rudderless sloop through choppy weather and Bambi's boss spots the approaching convoy. He tears out of the steakhouse, his face changing colors, his arms flailing. "I'll take the cunt home," he snaps, "but don't bring her in the gah-dam ca-fay." The man drives away with Bambi unconscious beside him in a mud-spattered Datsun.

"Sonofabitch, I could've scored, too," the roustabout complains. He does a couple of quick knee bends to ease the kinks, then shrugs philosophically. "Well, that's stunt fucking for you. Always chancy."

•

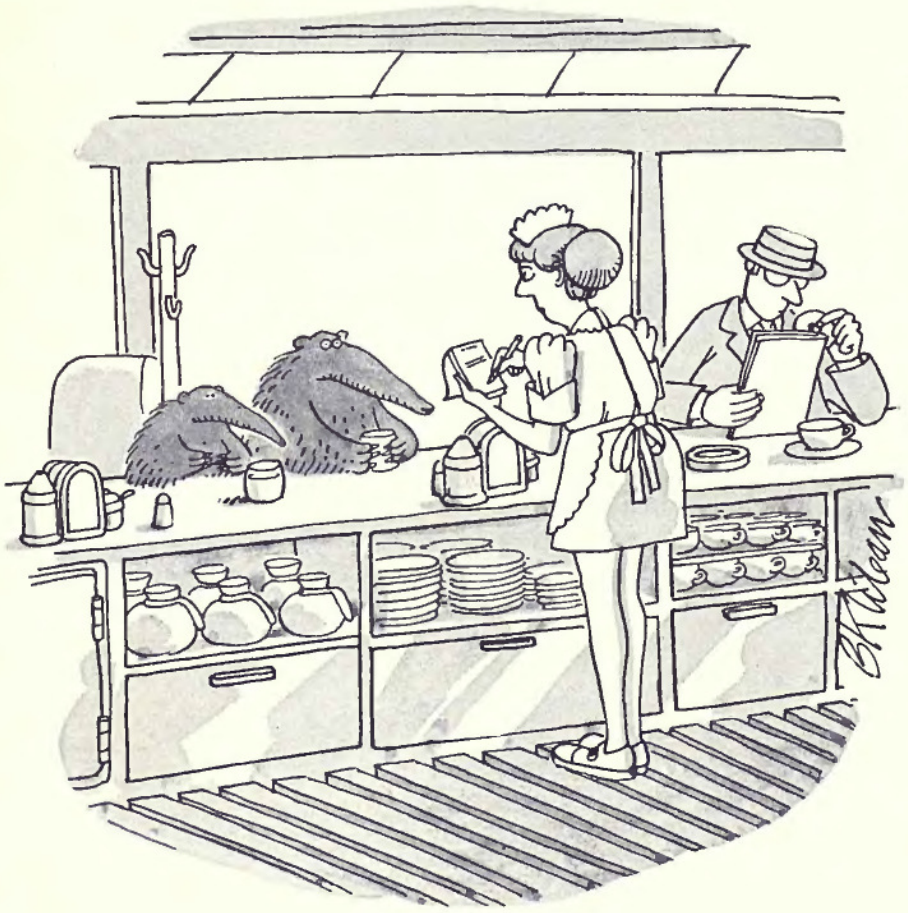
The teamster who drives the writer to the airport the next morning chews tobacco and lives in mortal fear of the patients at the state hospital. "Lots of folks are fucked, you know, but especially your nuts. I mean, makin' a movie with all them basket cases hangin' around—what kind of nigger riggin' is that? Listen, my friend, I've personally known a bunch of them creepos out there since I was in first grade, and you can take my word for it, they ain't fit to be runnin' loose. You notice that beefy kid in the commissary, the one got the birthmark? Wonderful guy, swell guy—the mayor oughta give him a kiss and a medal. Fucker killed four people with his bare hands."

•

About 200 miles into the Rockies, the writer's fantods stop vibrating and over a healing beaker of brandy he monitors a cassette tape of B. S. Crothers spritzing, clowning, blowing the shit.

You ever smoke these things? Lord, we used to smoke this stuff back in '29—smoked it on the street and nobody ever bothered us. Ace leaf was common as dirt down yonder in Texas. We used to go into them fuckin' Mexican joints where they sold hot dogs and shit? They'd say, "You want some mmm-mmm?" I'd say, "Yeah, lemme have a quarter's worth." Guy'd give me a penny matchbox full, already manicured, and a few papers, and it would roll out to about ten things. For a quarter. Godamighty, man, it was good. . . .

Ah, that Scatman—*skee-zack!* Another of your basic national treasures.



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SKIN FLICK

(continued from page 122)

frankly, I found hard to believe when you consider this was Harry the dope talking. But when we offered the five percent, he all at once decided that maybe it would be all right for him to lower his standards just this once, provided it really wouldn't take more of his time than from eight to midnight. We told him that as the shooting went on, he would be required to perform even less and less, and he agreed to work for us. So there we were. We had our script, we had our leading players, we had this big old loft to shoot the movie in and we had our dream.

So we began.

•

It was very difficult to explain Solly's script, especially to a pair of dummies like Harry and the girl. The first thing she wanted to know was what the CAST OF CHARACTERS page meant. That particular page was at the very beginning of the script and it looked like this:

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)
THE GIRL
THE LEADING MAN
THE WRITER
THE CAMERAMAN
THE DIRECTOR

Solly explained to her that the movie utilized a play-within-a-play technique, which these days was very popular and chic, not to mention tasteful. He also explained that the movie was *about* a movie. That is to say, we were really making two movies here, one of them the movie we were making and the other one a movie about the movie we were making. The girl immediately complained that we hired her to make only *one* movie and now we were telling her she had to act in *two* movies. It took us an hour and a half of valuable time to explain that it was really only *one* movie, and if she just trusted our taste and our judgment, she would see that it worked as art and also as a delicate probing of the sexual impulses, dreams and realizations of all human beings. She listened carefully to everything we said, and then she thought it over, and then she said, "Still, if it's *two* movies, I want a bigger percentage."

So we upped her percentage to 15 points, and since Harry was standing there listening to all this, we were forced to raise *his* percentage to ten, which meant that together they were into the movie for 25 points. This didn't bother us. We just wanted to get the thing going. But now that the girl had 15 percent of the picture, she began immediately behaving like a star. First she wanted to know what kind of camera Ben had there on the tripod.

"That is an eight-millimeter camera," Ben told her. "We will have the film blown up later. It's cheaper to do it this way than to shoot in thirty-five from the beginning. It's the stock that costs a lot of money, you see."

"What do you mean, 'stock'?" she said.

"The raw stock. The film."

"Is this picture in color?" she said.

"Yes, of course," Ben said.

"Because I look very good in color," she said.

"Oh, yes, everything will be in color," he said. He turned to me and said, "I'm ready to roll whenever you are."

"What about the lights?" the girl asked. "Are we just going to shoot with just the lights that are here?"

"I'm using very fast film," Ben said. "We don't need any special lighting. Also, it will make the picture look more natural this way."

"And where's my make-up man?" she said.

"We want you to look very natural," I said. "That was one of the things that first attracted us to you. The natural look you have."

"Well," she said, and thought this over.

Solly, who is normally a very patient man, said, "I don't want to butt in here on technical matters, but *time* is what costs money on a movie set. *Time* costs more money than film. And we have been here since eight o'clock tonight, and it is now almost ten, and we haven't shot a foot of film. If we're going to complete this thing in the time we have laid out for it, then if everybody is ready, I think we ought to start shooting the first scene."

"I was only worried about make-up," the girl said, "because I have a tiny little beauty spot on the underside of my left breast, and I wondered if you wanted to touch it up or anything."

"We'll see about that when we come to it," I said.

"Actually, the beauty spot will make you look even more natural," Solly said.

"We'll see when you take off your clothes," Ben said.

"Will I be taking off my clothes tonight?"

"Yes, in the first scene, you take off your clothes," Solly said.

"Because I feel a little funny about taking off my clothes in a room full of men, in front of a camera."

"Well, there's only us," I said.

"Still."

"And remember that millions and *millions* of people will be seeing you naked when this picture is released. And we'll all make millions and millions of dollars," I added.

"Yes," she said, "but still."

"I wish we could begin," Solly said.

"Are you ready?" I asked her.

"I guess so," she said, "but if I seem a little embarrassed at first, I hope that'll be all right."

"That's perfect for the part," Solly said. "Don't worry about it."

"Am I supposed to wear just my own

clothes?" the girl said.

"Yes, that's part of it, too," I said. "We want this to be as natural as we can make it, without a lot of fancy costumes and such."

"I thought I'd have maybe a special wardrobe."

"Well," I said, "we've picked out some very beautiful and tasteful lingerie for you to wear later on in the picture, and also some attractive costumes with leather and buckles and such, that will set you off to fine advantage, but that's later. In the beginning scenes, in these opening scenes, where you apply for a job in the film, we want you to look as natural as possible."

"If I'd known you wanted me to look so natural, I wouldn't have worn a bra," she said.

"No, the bra is good," I said. "For some strange reason, men enjoy seeing a girl in her underwear; the bra will be fine."

"Well, OK," she said. "But it isn't even my *best* bra."

"I'm sure it'll be fine," I said.

"Well, OK," she said.

"Are we ready to begin?" I said. "Harry? Are you ready?"

"I'm ready," Harry said, "though if there's any sex stuff in these opening scenes, I don't know if I'm ready for *that*."

"Let me explain the scene to you, OK?" I said.

"I mean, a person can't just perform on *cue*, you know what I mean?" Harry said.

"Yes, I know just what you mean," the girl said, and smiled at him. "I'll tell you the truth, I'm very excited about this being the first day of shooting and all—the first *night* of shooting, I should say—but I'm not excited *that* way; I mean, I'm not too terribly physically or sexually excited at this given moment. Are you?"

"No," he said, "I'm not excited at all. In fact, I'm not even excited about it being the first night of shooting. I had a terrible day today; this man came in with his car almost totaled, and he insisted——"

"Could we please begin?" Solly said. "Please?"

"People?" I said. "Are we ready?"

"Ready," Ben said.

"Ready," the girl said.

"Sure," Harry said, and shrugged.

I explained the first scene to them. In this scene, the girl is supposed to come up to the loft and audition for the three producers of the film, who are also serving respectively as scriptwriter, cameraman and director. They have arranged for the girl to meet her leading man, and in a tasteful and artistic setting, they ask that she take off her clothes so that they can judge whether or not she will be physically suited to the role.

"Well, I'm certainly *physically* suited,"

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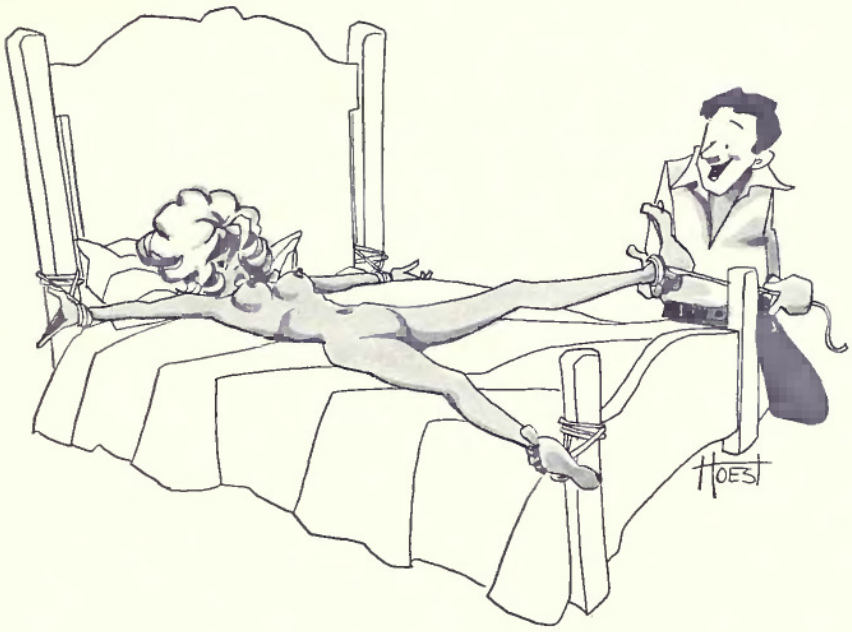

"Comfy?"

the girl said. "Otherwise, you wouldn't have hired me, would you?"

"Yes," I explained, "of *course* you are, but that's in real life, and this is in the movie. In the movie, the producers aren't sure yet, which is why they ask you to take off your clothes."

"Well, are these producers blind or something? I mean, anybody can *see* I'm physically suited, even with my clothes *on*."

"There's a reason for this," I said, "because for some strange reason, men like to see a girl taking off her clothes."

"You mean this is like a sort of striptease, is that it?" she asked.

"Yes, sort of. But tasteful. We don't want to get into any sex scenes right off, you see."

"Thank God," she said. "I really don't think I'm up to anything like that tonight. Are you, Harry?"

"No," he said, "I'm definitely not."

"OK, then," I said, "what you do is come into the loft and ask if this is where we're casting this movie, and we'll answer you, but nobody will see us, the camera will just be on you. And we'll introduce you to Harry and then ask if you would mind taking off your clothes, and you should take them off slowly and shyly, and that'll be the scene. Later on, we may ask you to kiss Harry or something mild like that; neither of you will have to do anything you don't really *feel* like doing tonight. We'll just play it slow and easy; we want to do a sensitive job here, and your personal feelings are very much in our minds."

"Well, OK," the girl said.

"Is something wrong?" I said.

"Well, before I take off my clothes, I want you to know the contract is binding, no matter what. I'm getting fifty dollars a week and fifteen percent of the profits, and that's that."

"Of course," I said. "That's our agreement."

"OK," she said. "In which case, I want you to know I'm not a natural blonde."

"That's all right," I said. "Quiet on the set, please."

•

I won't bore you with all the details of that first night's shooting, or even of the progress we made during the next two weeks. I will say that Solly had been absolutely right about the girl. She had looked spectacular when she was wearing clothes, but she looked positively fantastically unbelievable when she took them off. Also, when she got over her shyness and embarrassment, she really did a good job with the sex scenes she performed oncamera with Harry. I guess this was because Solly had written such a good script, spare and neat and what I guess you could call lean. He very much had in mind the feelings of the actors and wanted each of the sex scenes to appear spontaneous, instead of like some of these scenes you see in cheap porn flicks, where you just *know* the actors are being told what to do each and every minute. Solly's script made it all seem very natural and very beautiful and also, I might say in compliment, very artistic; I always give credit where credit is due. For example, in the scenes we shot that first week, where the girl gets the part and then starts to become acquainted with the leading man—who was Harry the dope—Solly didn't do what a lot of scriptwriters do, he didn't clutter up the page with a lot of unnecessary directions. A sample of his writing from one of the early scenes will explain to you what I mean.

34 THE LOFT—INT—NIGHT. THE GIRL *is becoming acquainted with* THE LEADING MAN. *They do sexual intercourse together.*

During all of these scenes, Ben, Solly and I were sort of what you might call offstage actors, or, since this was a movie we were making, I guess you would have called us off*camera* actors. That is to say, we were in the script even during those first two weeks of shooting, but all you did was hear our voices. And though you never actually *saw* any of us, you knew there was a director there, and a cameraman, and a writer, which was the beauty part of the script, the play-within-a-play aspect. It wasn't until *after* those two weeks of shooting that any of us would appear oncamera as real live actors, which was what the script called for, because, you see, there was supposed to be intensely personal human relationships developed between the girl and the people making the movie—the movie itself was supposed to become an artistic microcosm of life itself, if you know what I mean. In other words, the girl was supposed to perform with her leading man only during the early parts of the movie, and then become gradually involved with the people working with her, and do oncamera with them what she had earlier been doing with him, but more. I know that sounds complicated, but it was in Solly's script, and when we explained it to the girl, she said, "I don't understand. Does this mean I have to do this with Solly in front of the camera?"

"Not Solly *himself*," I said. "The writer of the movie."

"Solly *is* the writer of the movie," she said.

"In real *life*, he's the writer of the movie," I said. "But in the movie, he's only *pretending* to be the writer of the movie."

"And we're supposed to do it here? In the loft?"

"Yes. The loft is where we're shooting the movie, and what happens is that during a coffee break, The Girl gets involved with The Writer, and this leads to a beautiful sex experience for both of them."

"But Solly is *bald*," she said.

"My dear," I said, "you'd be surprised how many bald men go to see pornographic movies. There are at least millions and millions of them."

"If we could afford an actor to play the part," Solly said, "we'd hire him in a minute. But that would only cut into our profits."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Solly," the girl said. "It's just I have never balled a bald man in my life."

"There is always a first time," Solly said.

This was at one A.M. in the morning at the start of the third week's shooting. Ben had told the girl he needed to reload

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HOW TO TREAT A FRIEND.
SEE PAGE 49.

the camera, and he was in the bathroom now, with the light out. We had sent Harry home at midnight. He had gone reluctantly, it seemed to me, but I didn't yet suspect anything was developing between him and the girl. All I knew was that he had done his job very realistically during those first two weeks and we were ready to phase him out, since his services were not too strenuously required during the remaining 18 weeks of shooting. In fact, as I explained to the girl, she was supposed to become more and more involved with the people making the film, and less and less involved with her leading man, until the very end of the picture, when she got married.

"Married?" she said. "To who?"

"To Harry. We have a nice little scene where you get married at the end. But that's after you have sort of experienced all different kinds of sexual experience and gratification with the various men working on this film, which experience provides the bedrock of a good marital relationship later on."

"You mean, sort of, I learn different things from them, and this prepares me for being like a good wife to Harry later on, is that it?"

"That's it *exactly*," I said.

"That's beautiful," she said, and she began to weep.

Ben came out of the bathroom, camera in hand. "All loaded," he said, "and ready to shoot." He looked at the girl. "Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Everything's fine," I said. "Solly, are you ready?"

"Ready," Solly said, and began taking off his clothes.

We worked very hard during those next few weeks, both oncamera and off. Now that we were really *into* the movie, so to speak, the hours got longer; we would start work at eight and sometimes not finish till three or four in the morning. You have to remember that we were all holding daytime jobs, and I mention this only to explain our dedication to the project. And, besides, this was still costing each of us close to $42 a week, because, since we were gentlemen, we agreed to continue paying Harry his $25 a week, even though his services would not be required on the picture again till we came to the very end of it. We explained to the girl that the end might be some time away, since whereas she was doing an excellent job and we were all very pleased with her (including *Ben*, who had preferred a redhead for the part), we were nonetheless not getting *exactly* the kind of professional footage we wanted, and this might require shooting a great many scenes over again, maybe even three and four times. So this would probably take us past the 20 weeks we were hoping for.

The girl said this was OK with her, she was as interested in doing as artistic a job as the rest of us, but it would help

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if she understood a lot of the words in the script, like sometimes Solly's descriptions were very artistic but a little difficult to understand. We asked her to point out a specific instance in the script and she said, "Well, like this one":

> 174 THE LOFT—INT—NIGHT. THE GIRL *is clad in leather straps. She does fellatio on* THE CAMERAMAN.

"I just don't know what he means by 'clad in leather straps.' " the girl said.

"We'll show you the costume when we get to it," I said.

"And also," she said, "it would help if I could see some of the scenes we already shot, so that I could know what I was doing right or doing wrong."

"That's very bad for an actress," I said. "It only makes her self-conscious. Just take our word that you look beautiful and entirely convincing. I think I can say, in fact, that even in those scenes where Solly or I were handling the camera while Ben was working with you, even *those* scenes came out beautiful."

"Even the close-ups?"

"The close-ups are particularly beautiful."

"Well, OK," she said. "But this scene we're supposed to shoot tonight, the one where I'm supposed to be between you and Solly?"

"Between The Director and The Writer, you mean."

"Yeah, you and Solly," she said. "I want you to know that I can't even draw a straight *line* with my left hand. So I don't know how I'm supposed to do this both together. I might get mixed up."

"Just do your best," I said. "Believe me, you're everything we hoped for. You're making our dream come true."

"Well, thanks," she said, and lowered her eyes. "And I want *you* fellows to know something, too. And that is that I think you really are trying hard here not to make a cheap or dirty picture. I think it's marvelous the way you pay so much attention to detail and want to get things absolutely right. I really do hope we make lots of money on it, but that's not the important thing. The important thing is that I got a chance to work with professional people who really *care*. That, to me, is very, very important, and I just wanted to thank you."

And that was when Harry the dope stepped in and ruined the entire thing.

•

He called me at Benjamin Brothers Apparel and left a message that I was to return his call right away. When I got back off the road, it must have been three or four o'clock in the afternoon. I called him up and he said he wanted to meet me for a drink before we began shooting that night. I thought for a minute that maybe Ben had forgotten to send him his $25 check, and I asked Harry if that was the problem, but he said, "No, no, I got the check, it's something else." So I agreed to meet him at a bar near the loft, though, to tell the truth, I wasn't too anxious to talk to him. We were supposed to shoot a very delicate scene that night in which The Director and The Girl experiment with a great many interesting and artistic approaches to exploring personalities through sexual experience, and I wanted to prepare myself for it by taking a little nap before I reported for work.

Harry was already sitting at a table when I came in. I walked over, pulled out a chair and sat down. He stared at me for a long time, the dope.

"I can guess what the problem is," I said. "You're wondering when you'll be back in the movie again. Well, I'm happy to tell you it's going along splendidly, and it'll seem like no time at all till we shoot that big wedding scene."

I smiled at him. He was still staring at me.

"That's not what I want to talk about," he said.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"There is no film in the camera," he said.

"What?"

"There has *never* been any film in the camera."

"That's ridiculous," I said. "Who told you that?"

"I found out for myself."

"How did you find out?" I said. "And, besides, it's a lie."

"It's not a lie," Harry said. "Do you remember going out for hamburgers last night at two in the morning? Do you remember that?"

"I remember it."

"I sneaked into the loft."

"You *didn't* sneak into the loft. We locked the door behind us."

"I went up the fire escape and in through the window. There was no film in that camera."

"That's because we were finished for the night. Ben had already unloaded."

"You were not finished for the night. You came back to the loft at precisely three-ten A.M."

"At which time Ben probably *re*loaded the camera."

"There was no film anyplace in the loft. I looked all over the loft. There was no film. None. Now I understand why Ben always went in the bathroom to reload. You are *not* shooting a movie there," Harry said.

"Of *course* we're shooting a movie."

"You are paying a girl fifty dollars a week so that the three of you can indulge whatever bizarre sexual fantasies you have, sometimes seven and eight hours a night, every day of the week, including Saturdays and Sundays."

"We are doing nothing of the sort."

"That's *just* what you're doing," Harry said. "You are treating that girl like a common streetwalker, except that you'd have to pay a streetwalker more than you're paying her. It's obscene."

"Harry," I said, "don't be a dope."

"I am not a dope," he said, "I happen to be a very highly regarded insurance adjuster. And, anyway, I wanted to see you today only to tell you it's finished."

"What's finished?"

"The picture's finished, the whole setup is finished. I've already discussed it with her, and she's quitting. In fact, she's *already* quit."

"You've discussed it with the girl?"

"I've been seeing her regularly. I've been seeing her every day. She told me what was going on, and that was when I got suspicious and decided to check up."

"Harry," I said, "don't be a dope. If that's what you suspect . . . if what you suspect is that the three of us figured out a scheme to get a little sexual pleasure at a minimal weekly cost . . . if that's what you suspect, which is a lie, we'll be happy to cut you in on the deal, we'll put you back in the picture starting tonight. I'll ask Solly to rewrite the script so that there's a great deal of action between The Girl and The Leading Man; we'll do that right away, if that's what you suspect, though of course it's a lie."

"I love her," Harry said.

"You what?"

"I love her. I've asked her to marry me."

"Harry," I said, "that's in the *movie*!"

"It's in real life, too," he said. "She's going to marry me; we're leaving this city as soon as you and I are finished with our talk here. You just try to go anywhere near her, or telephone her, or *anything*, and I'll call the police. I'm sure what you did here was illegal. You signed a contract with her, and also with me, and we're supposed to get a percentage of the profits on this movie you were making without any goddamn *film* in the camera!"

"Harry," I said, "you can't fault us for a small oversight like forgetting to put film in the camera."

He hit me in the nose then and broke it.

I will never forgive Harry. Never. I don't mean about the nose, because, to tell the truth, my nose was never such a prize to begin with, and, besides, they taped it up nice, and the bones knitted, though a little crooked. I am talking about the way he ruined our dream. Solly tells me the best-laid plans, and all that, but it doesn't make me feel any better. And Ben has been going around town telling anybody who'll listen that the idea was his to begin with, which it wasn't, and, anyway, that's not the point. The point is he's killing any chance we might possibly have of finding ourselves *another* girl and making *her* a star, too, when, if only he'd shut up. . . .

Ah, what the hell.

That's showbiz.

"Hey! I think Santa's been here and gone!!"

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SPECIAL ISSUE $1.75

NEXT MONTH:
PLAYBOY'S GALA HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MUHAMMAD ALI, UNDAUNTED BY NOVEMBER'S INTERVIEW, OFFERS SOME ANSWERS TO THE LOCKER-ROOM QUESTION OF THE CENTURY: **"SHOULD ATHLETES HAVE SEX THE NIGHT BEFORE?"**

JAMES McKINLEY BEGINS A MAJOR SERIES—**"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF POLITICAL ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA"**

ROBERT ARDREY, AUTHOR OF *AFRICAN GENESIS* AND *THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE*, PREDICTS THAT MAN IS ON THE VERGE OF A NEW ICE AGE IN **"THE END OF THE GOOD TIMES"**

VLADIMIR NABOKOV WRITES ABOUT AN IRONIC REUNION OF A MOTHER AND HER EX-SOLDIER SON, WHO FINDS THE WELCOME MAT AT MOMMA'S SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN, IN **"THE DOORBELL"**

DAN GREENBURG, PURELY OUT OF OVERWEENING INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY, OF COURSE, CHECKS OUT A FEW OF *THOSE* ADS WITH SURPRISING, AND WALLET-LIGHTENING, RESULTS: **"DOMINANT WRITER SEEKS SUBMISSIVE MISS WITH SPANKABLE BOTTOM"**

ELTON JOHN TALKS ABOUT HIS "HORRIBLE CHILDHOOD," HIS IMAGE AS "THE JOHN DENVER OF ROCK 'N' ROLL," HIS PASSION FOR CARS AND PINBALL AND WHY HE HAS TO CHANGE HIS PHONE NUMBER EVERY TWO WEEKS IN A FREEWHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

JOHN CHEEVER PAYS A MEMORABLE FICTIONAL VISIT TO A HIGHBROW PRISON INMATE IN **"FALCONER"**

CRAIG KARPEL CHRONICLES SOME PRIME EXAMPLES OF REVERSE HORATIO ALGERISM IN **"THE SWEET SMELL OF FAILURE"**

SCOTT BURNS WONDERS IF SOCIAL SECURITY—THE BIGGEST CHAIN LETTER IN HISTORY—COULD GET MORE FOULED UP THAN IT IS NOW. ANSWER—IT CAN AND WILL: **"AMERICA IS GOING BROKE"**

ROBERT KERWIN QUERIES FAMOUS FOLKS, FROM **JOE LOUIS** TO **LAWRENCE WELK** TO **ROBERT MITCHUM** TO **LILY TOMLIN,** ON HOW THEY MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT: **"WHAT, ME WORRY?"**

JUDITH WAX, AS USUAL, FINDS THERE WAS A LOT TO LAUGH AT IN THE PAST TWELVEMONTH: **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**

PLUS: A STUNNING PORTFOLIO OF THE WORK OF *PLAYBOY* STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER **RICHARD FEGLEY; "THE BEST OF THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR QUIZ"; "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY"** GOING A.C./D.C.; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; ELDON DEDINI** CARTOONING HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD OF THE OENOPHILE IN **"COME WITH ME TO THE CHATEAU, MY DEAR"**; TIPS FOR TARDY GIFT BUYERS FROM **"THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"; "PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS"**; AND MORE—MUCH MORE—OF THE MOVIEGOING COVER GIRL WHO TURNED YOU ON *LAST* MONTH.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **JAMES CAAN, BRIGITTE BARDOT, WARREN BEATTY** AND **FREDDIE PRINZE;** BEHIND-THE-SCENES PICTORIALS ON **"CASANOVA,"** THE MOVIE **FEDERICO FELLINI** WILL FINISH IF HE EVER GETS HIS FILM BACK, AND **"EMMANUELLE II,"** WITH **SYLVIA KRISTEL; "PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE '76 ELECTIONS,"** BY THE HOT-SHOT TEAM OF **HUNTER THOMPSON** AND **DICK TUCK; "TORTURE,"** BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WILDLY ACCLAIMED BEST SELLER *RAGTIME*, **E. L. DOCTOROW;** EXCITING FICTION BY **PAUL THEROUX, ASA BABER** AND **MELVIN VAN PEEBLES;** PORTFOLIOS BY **HELMUT NEWTON** AND *PLAYBOY* STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS **POMPEO POSAR, DWIGHT HOOKER** AND **BILL ARSENAULT; ARNOLD ROTH'S "HISTORY OF SEX"; "SAPPHO II,"** MORE PHOTOS OF WOMEN IN LOVE BY **J. FREDERICK SMITH;** PROFILES OF **PRESIDENT FORD** AND **CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER;** A DIFFERENT VIEW OF TV, BY **JOHN LEONARD; ROBERT SHERRILL** ON **"A NATION OF SCANDAL";** AND—OF COURSE—LOTS OF OTHER GOODIES.

"Don't go down dere, mon," our guide said, "in de Bermuda Triangle you never be seen again."

"In the eerie darkness of the old wreck, we felt it . . . some sinister force . . . unseen, unknown and we were in its grip.

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

"The 'Bermuda Triangle' fascinated Sari and me. So we decided to explore the mysteries of this 440,000 square mile area whose apexes are Bermuda, Miami and San Juan. Why, for example, had 60 ships and 40 planes vanished without a trace in the past 50 years?

"We found one of the 'Triangle's' victims. When we left it, a powerful current made it nearly impossible to surface. Somehow we broke its grip and its seemingly evil spell.

"Later, we celebrated with Canadian Club at Waterloo House in Hamilton." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

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