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PLAYBILL "DON'T BOOAKT UNIC verberated through the PLAYBOY offices a few months ago as editors read and passed along, chapter by chapter, the manuscript of Flashman in the Great Game, the new adventure of George MacDonald Fraser's inimitable rogue, Harry Flashman. Fraser knows how to buckle his swash (recent exploits include writing the screenplay for Richard Lester's Four Musketeers). This time out, Flashy matches wits with his archfoe, the Russian agent Count Nicholas Ignatieff, and goes over the good parts of the Kama Sutra with Lakshmibai, Rani of Jhansi-all while saving India for Her Majesty and his hide for himself. Flashman in the Great Game will be published in November by Alfred Knopfwe couldn't wait and decided to give our readers the first part, illustrated by Chas. B. Slackman, now. If we can find out who took the second and third sections, you'll

see them in October and November. Meanwhile, on another front: One of our friends has been telling us about this great new television series, called World at War. The special effects are out of sight, he says, and the suspense is killing him. He can't wait to find out who wins. We don't want to spoil anyone's fun, but we asked James Jones for his version of the Big One. The Evolution of a Soldier is an excerpt from a forthcoming book-WW II, to be published by Grosset & Dunlap. It's tight, compelling reading; exactly what you'd expect from the author of From Here to Eternity and The Thin Red Line.

At last report, professional noncombatant Craig Vetter was back in Aspen, studying for the priesthood and raising mountains in his back yard. He needs the rest. Last year, he interviewed Gonzo Journalist Hunter S. Thompson, then spent the next seven months tracking down another cosmic prankster, Timothy Leary. The king of the turn-on, tune-in, drop-out shuffle has a brand-new bagturning in old friends to the Feds. Bring Me the Head of Timothy Leary is Vetter's account of perfect love, betrayal and corruption in the counterculture. Artist Ignacio Gomez supplies the visuals for the downside trip of the decade.

We usually dedicate the September issue of PLAYBOY to the back-to-school crowd, but this year we've had second thoughts. Stop! Don't Go to College is a semiserious attempt to talk you out of your tweeds. We're good losers, though. If you fail to see our point, you can at least fail in style by following the fashion advice in Back to Campus?, illustrated by Larry R. Laslo. As nearly as we can tell, there is only one reason to enroll in an institution of higher learning-studentdiscount tickets for football games. (Remember the days when, if you said "Draft" to a freshman, he would know you weren't talking about the N.F.L.?) So, in addition to Playboy's Pigskin Preview, by

Anson Mount, we give you Win or Diea slightly biased account of the Oklahoma-Texas shoot-out by Tulsa journalist Jay Cronley. "Football is part of Oklahoma's heritage," he claims. "When the Dust Bowl was seeded, among the first crops were football fields." (If you get the idea that Cronley doesn't particularly cotton to Texans, you're right. Reread his Houston in the May 1975 PLAYBOY.)

Oh, yeah. There may be one other reason for actually going to college this year-the chance that you'll meet a creative-writing major who's doing research for an erotic novel. Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese got together with Erica Jong for a conversation that redefined our concept of candid. Jong is the author of Fear of Flying and inventor of the zipless fuck (which is not, as you might think, a guy who wears button-fly Levis). Jong's precise frankness is also apparent in her poetry, as the three love poems that accompany our interview attest.

Also in this issue: Martin Charnin's The Big O is guaranteed to increase your word power, if not your sense of humor, and



JONES

confuse forever the debate over clitoral and vaginal orgasms. Would you believe an Either/Orgasm? (Someone who comes after attending a lecture on Kierkegaard.) And, to pacify yet another great debate (i.e., whether the only true fiction is science fiction or detective fiction), we present And Don't Forget the One Red Rose, by Avram Davidson, who has won both a Hugo Award for sci-fi and an Edgar Award for mystery.

Have we left anything out? Yes, John Skow is a regular contributor to PLAYBOY, if only for the simple reason that he is willing to risk life, limb and typewriter on assignments no one else would accept. A while back, we signed him up for a course at the Hurricane Island branch of Outward Bound, Only the Strong Survive is his diary of 26 days (well, almost) in a rowboat. Stroke! After reading about the hard life, you may want to rest your eyes with two pictorials by photographer Richard Fegley. Comic-Strip Capers takes a loving look at our funny-paper friends, while Put It On! Put It On! is a solution to the problems of getting dressed. Stroke!

vol. 22, no. 9-september, 1975

PLAYBOY



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HELLER BENT

Words cannot describe the deep personal joy I experienced when I read your interview with Joseph Heller (PLAYBOY, June). I don't care if it takes him so many years to write a book. He did write Catch-22 and has left us all a valuable treasure in the process. The fact that the story took place in a war and has been championed by war resisters is irrelevant. We all meet characters like those in the book and we all have to deal with them in any organization. The book teaches us that, in order to survive in this age, a good sense of humor is mandatory.

Jim Wiggins Bremen, Georgia

I read the mention of me in your Joe Heller interview. Heller is full of shit. He knew nothing of my personal life and less of the picture business, and if he thought pictures were so sleazy, how come he took the money?

> Tony Curtis Beverly Hills, California

I would rather have two books from someone with the integrity of Joseph Heller than 20 from most other authors. A fine, fine interview.

> Kirk Stathes Olympia, Washington

Joe, you did it again! After 14 years, you broke down and admitted that "Hungry Joe" lives. After I've spent 14 long heartbreaking years trying to convince people that it was me you were writing about, you finally acknowledged me. There's just one thing, dummy! I don't live in New Jersey anymore, I live in Encino, California, remember? Now you've got me trying to convince them that there aren't two Joe Chrenkos. Remember that morning in the apartment on the Via Nomentana when you thought my camera was empty? You know, after you left me at the professor's apartment with the three lovely ladies. Remember how wobbly I was for the next couple of days? Joe, the camera wasn't empty! Mel Brooks will love my film of you. One thing more, Joe; in your last letter, you told me Something Happened wasn't about me. Then how come my wife, after reading it, keeps walking around the house, mumbling, "How could he know? How could Heller possibly know?" I keep telling her over and over, "He doesn't know! It isn't me, goddamn it. I can prove he didn't write that about me." I can, can't I, Joe?

Joseph G. "Hungry Joe" Chrenko Encino, California

Chrenko, who Heller admits in our interview was the prototype for the



"Hungry Joe" character in "Catch-22," took the photograph above during World War Two. Chrenko informs us that, at the time the picture was taken, Heller had already weathered 60 combat missions.

Your interview with Joseph Heller may very well be the best ever. Heller's right on in his views on Johnson, Vietnam, Kennedy and Nixon. He's a real American and a writer who I'm confident will be compared with America's best—Crane, Hemingway and London.

Kevin Streit Huntsville, Alabama

CALIFORNIA PEARLS

I found Richard Rhodes's article Loathe Thy Neighbor (PLAYBOY, June) very sad. Not sad for California, nor sad for the people living here (myself included), but sad for Rhodes. He was looking for the bad in California and her people. The dismal picture is painted artistically, but a large portion of the view is blocked out. There are a lot of friendly people here. I find them in all my ventures across this "sunny" state. I find aware, honest, concerned, real, happy, helpful people. People into what they're doing and into what's happening around them. People out to make things better for

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everybody, not just better for themselves. I hope Rhodes comes back to take another look. It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to leave here.

Peggy Tucker Manhattan Beach, California

I found myself agreeing with almost everything Rhodes has to say about California. Having lived there for several years, I found it a crazed, unreal and superficially beautiful place and I could never get into it enough to lay roots, so I left. When people tell me they're going out to the Coast to live, I can't help feeling just a little cynical about it. Eden it's certainly not.

Ralph Castle New Orleans, Louisiana

I don't have much quarrel with Richard Rhodes's assessment of California. He's as perceptive as any vacationing generalizer can be: Yes, roots are a good thing; yes, Carmel is a silly town; yes, Disneyland is creepy and Sea Ranch is a barren bore. Yes, Californians are frightened, greedy, aimless, rootless and guilty, unlike Kansans, Vermonters or Arkansans. No argument. I'm too busy checking out the guard posts, electric fences and machine-gun batteries, anyway. But I never came out here with any dreams of Eden. I don't believe in Eden. I wandered out a dozen years ago by what Thurber called "happenchance" and I stayed, did my work, helped raise a family, made some friends; all in the Santa Cruz area, because the winters were mild. We had room to have some animals, the schools were no worse than the American average and the local libraries were excellent. I never expected any more than that-and so, oddly, I found myself with roots. Shallow ones, doubtless. I'm sure that our five acres of jungle is as much an enclave, in its way, as Carmel, Konocti Harbor Inn, the state of Oregon or any of the fortress communes so eagerly anticipating ultimate chaos. But neighborhoods are enclaves, too; professions are enclaves; languages, cultures, tribes, families and nations are enclaves. It's what people do. I wish we weren't like that, but we are. Everywhere. In the words of a black sharecropper who welcomed me long ago to Somerville, in Fayette County, Tennessee, 20 miles north of Mississippi: "Don't despise it too much. It's just a place, like any other place."

Peter S. Beagle Watsonville, California

Beagle is co-author of the book "The California Feeling."

Richard Rhodes left out one thing in Loathe Thy Neighbor: It's the massive influx of farmers like him, with their campers, Bermuda shorts and garbage, that has screwed up our beautiful state. He'd do best to stay in Kansas!

R. Rotkopf Thousand Oaks, California Congratulations to Richard Rhodes for taking an honest look at California. Personally, I could never figure out what all the clamor was about. When you get right down to it, most of California is really ugly and all that dreamland crap is just a lot of public-relations nonsense. I'll take the coast of Maine any day.

Herman Dobbs Bangor, Maine

HANK AND FANNY

While reading Jimmy Breslin's new book, How the Good Guys Finally Won, I was reminded of a particularly revealing chapter in Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder's Little Annie Fanny series. As Breslin tells it, on October 10, 1973, Nixon held a special Congressional briefing that included Henry the K. While Henry was explaining something about the Mideast crisis, Nixon allegedly broke in: "Ah . . . we had trouble finding Henry," he said. "He was in bed with a broad. . . . Henry, which girl was it you were with?" It must have been, you guessed it, Little Annie Fanny.

Will Jacobs Chicago, Illinois

No doubt about it, as far as we can see. The "Little Annie Fanny" chapter on Henry the K was in our November



1973 issue, which, incidentally, hit the stands very close to October tenth.

FOCUSING ON AVEDON

Contents of publications have never given me much cause to write, but with the publishing of *Pictures of Avedon*, by Owen Edwards (PLAYBOY, June). I felt compelled to break tradition. The style of the article is one that I believe only another artist could fully absorb. Only an artist could relate to Avedon's experiences of search, failure and the just representation of ideas. Those who have the limited distinction of seeing only Avedon's women should be exposed to his photographs of institutional inmates,

studies of movement, experiments in balance and tonality. The man is a true wonder and his camera must be as much a part of him as his eyes and his voice.

G. Alan Mackley Pontiac, Michigan

As a photographer, I was going down the drain until I read about Avedon that gave me the hope I needed. I hope that other photographers feel the same as they search for the perfect print.

Joseph Garza, Jr. Fort Worth, Texas

ROUND TWO

Part II of *The Fight* (PLAYBOY, June) is everything Part I promised it would be. Mailer is amazing. Taken by itself, his round-by-round appraisal of the fight is a classic in sports reporting. Strangely enough, I found myself more gripped just reading it than I was watching the actual fight. Now, that's writing!

Lawrence Hodges Boston, Massachusetts

In The Fight. Mailer's words eddy around the myth of Hemingway like currents swelling against the stiles of a bridge—at times, rising to some of the best of Papa but somehow always lacking the n'golo. Nomin writes like a sloppy coffee drinker, shoveling great gouts of talented sugar at the reader, some of which reaches the cup but much of which remains steaming African carrion along the way. The question stands, as it has since the late Forties: Can Mailer crystallize amusing verbosity into art?

Russell Paul La Valle New Paltz, New York

Mailer's The Fight is a first-rate character study of three wonderfully complicated "man-children": Ali, Foreman and, of course, Mailer himself. It's as philosophically incisive and coherent as The Deer Park and, at the same time, stands as an all-too-obvious example of what we weren't permitted to learn about Marilyn Monroe in Marilyn.

Rex Fury Burlington, Ontario

COUNTERINTELLIGENCE

I could not help but notice that some items of importance had been deleted from the CIA house organ Eyes Only (PLAYBOY, June), which you unwisely reprinted. Having been allied in the past with that august, if somewhat decomposed, body, I hereby submit the aforementioned censored stuff: 1. In the "R & D" column, you deleted news of the Retrogrette, which I invented. This remarkable device resembles a cigarette but is in reality an extremely powerful spin rocket. When the subject (delete victim) lights up a Retrogrette, he is instantly spun on his axis at 400,000 rpm and is literally screwed into the ground



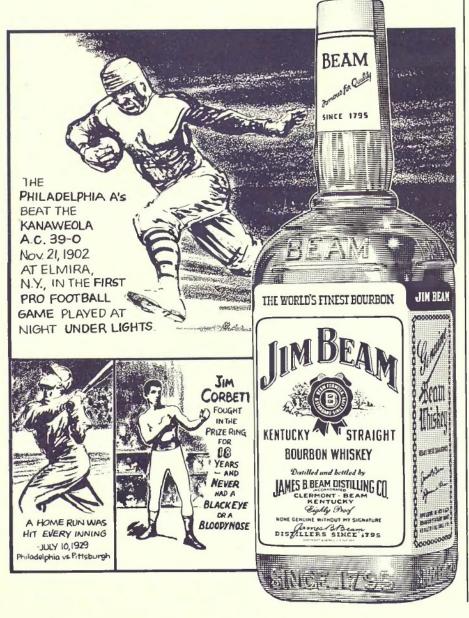
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to a depth of three meters, more or less. At terminal depth, the device then explodes, collapsing the entry hole. This disposal system is very neat and does not mar the environment. It should not, however, be used indoors. 2. You also carelessly lost the new acronym for Phenylunoquatroethylene. This unique chemical agent, the world's most potent aphrodisiac, is now code named PHUQUE. It has been proposed for insurgent use, seeded in clouds, girl-scout cookies and/or toilet tissue. Since the articles of the Geneva convention do not forbid the use of flame throwers or fornication, we see no reason to ban this nasty weapon. Anyway, the system is certainly biodegradable and totally prevents fallout. Now, I am also compelled to inform you that I have been asked to deliver a singular warning to you for reprinting the sensitive Eyes Only. This I have done: Under separate cover is a spring-loaded box containing 4,000,000 live radioactive crab lice whose feet have been dipped in poison-ivy extract.

Barry Rothman Downingtown, Pennsylvania

REVIEWS REVIEWED

Who wrote the brilliant review of Bob Dylan's Blood on the Tracks in your May After Hours section? It is absolutely the most lucid and unpretentious rock piece I have seen anywhere-far outclassing the recent essays on Dylan in Rolling Stone. I wish, however, to point out a slight inaccuracy: The lyric to You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go is "Situations have ended sad rather than "Situations are very sad," as stated in the review, the difference being that the actual lyric indicates an accomplished fact, while the reviewer's version implies a continuing reality to a situation that has obviously ended and that Dylan is lamenting. The reviewer was probably thinking of the lyrics to another song on the album, Buckets of Rain, since they are "Life is sad/Life is a bust. . . ." Quibbles notwithstanding, keep it up!

Dalton Delan Princeton, New Jersey Reviewer Jerry Sullivan replies:

It's tough to argue with a man as perceptive as Mr. Delan, but after listening again and again to the line in question, I'm still not sure who's right. Dylan's cavalier attitude toward consonants has been confusing his devotees for years. Puzzling over a word is nothing. "Meet Me in the Morning," another cut on "Blood on the Tracks," has whole verses that I suspect were written in Urdu. However, deciphering Dylan is a splendid pastime for stoned evenings.

I read with interest your June analysis of Led Zeppelin. What's this image of Zep's fans? Not all of us are under 16, chew bubble gum and brush our teeth with Clearasil. Besides still being the

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top-rated hard-rock band in the country, it commands sellouts wherever it goes and has made more money than Eric Clapton cares to admit.

> Steve Haase Richmond, Virginia

MARILYN'S MERITS

Your choice of Marilyn Lange for Playmate of the Year (PLAYBOY, June) is a good one. It prompts me to ask how you go about picking them.

Michael Comeau

Old Saybrook, Connecticut

The process for choosing the Playmate of the Year is a long and complex one. First we put all the information on each of the 12 girls on computer cards and program them in Washington. The original data plus the computer's opinions are printed up on 3" x 5" cards and sent to a panel of judges. Their ratings, plus the computer ratings, are put on 5" x 6" cards, which are put in a hat (usually a Stetson). We then shuffle them around and pick one at random.

Playmate of the Year Marilyn Lange's remark that she takes her relationships "pretty seriously" was surprising in its contrast to the Playboy philosophy. I'm wondering if you overlooked this contradiction because you do not think anyone reads the models' comments. Or could it have been a tacit concession that there just might be something in the philosophy of those who, like Marilyn, hold sex in its proper perspective rather than enshrine it as the Alpha and the Omega?

> Brian Hill Omaha, Nebraska

We have noted on occasion that casual sex is better than no sex at all, but that doesn't mean we're against serious relationships.

DIGESTING GREENBACK

Larry Tritten's June parody, Stalking the Wild Greenback, is one of the most informative pieces I've read in ages. In my own experiments in nutrition, I've found that eating one's clothes and wearing one's food can be both nutritional and fashionable.

> **Gary Porter** New York, New York

Stalking the Wild Greenback, and especially the accompanying illustration by Dave Gaadt, is of special interest to me. Oddly enough, the company I work for is a manufacturer of fire hydrants and I'm almost certain the hydrant pictured is one of ours. As a salesman of fire hydrants, I'm curious about what inspired the artist to draw that particular one.

Jim Kollock

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Artist Dave Gaadt informs us that he just happened to spot that particular hydrant in downtown Atlanta and thought it looked interesting.

At a friend's behest, I read the article on the Luckenbach World's Fair in your After Hours section (PLAYBOY, May) and, to be perfectly frank, I was appalled. I have been misled. Hondo Crouch and Guich Koock, representing themselves to be respectable and civic-minded citizens of our great state, approached me some time ago and asked that I use my position to help obtain official sanction for their World's Fair in Fredericksburg, Texas. I agreed to broach the subject with my colleagues in the state senate in the belief that this ambitious project would be good for Texas and was deserving of our support. Your article opened my eyes, and further investigation confirmed what the story implied-that Crouch and Koock are nothing more than a pair of societal misfits bent on the destruction of the American way of life as we now know it. It turns out that these two are loosely connected with a nefarious band of lunatics known as Mad Dog, Inc., which terrorized these parts for years. The very idea that these low-lifes could obtain for their scheme both national publicity and official state recognition is at the same time awe-inspiring and terrifying. I suspect that they are on the payroll either of some sort of international conspiracy or of the beer lobbyists.

> Ron Clower State Senator Austin, Texas

We exposed the Mad Dogs in November 1970, and our spies in Luckenbach report that you're part of the same conspiracy, you rascal.

CHILD'S PLAY

Your magazine is sick. I'm referring to that picture you printed of a naked young boy touching a naked young girl in the June After Hours book-review section. Let's keep children out of your perverted magazine.

> (Name and address withheld by request)

The photograph was taken from the book "Show Me!"-a new sex guide for children. We reproduced it simply to illustrate why the book is controversial.

ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS

Sexual Athletics, by J. F. O'Connor (PLAYBOY, June), overlooks one very noteworthy group of athletes; namely, wrestlers. Therefore, I am submitting this limerick to make amends:

A wrestler we know name of White Kept his girl from being uptight. Her legs he'd entwine ... In a double grapevine ... And from there they'd go at it all night.

> Nameless Wrestler Rye, New York

Have I got a deal for you! PLAYBOY. It's a real deal. 12 issues of PLAYBOY for just \$10. That's a \$6.00 saving off the \$16.00 single-copy price. And the convenience! Delivered to your door—the wild humor . . . bewitching females . . . explosive fact, fiction, interviews . . . plus much more. Subscribe to PLAYBOY today.

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responsibility in every way.

Pioneer's new SX-1010 AM-FM
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(I) PIONEER

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Actual selling price is set by Pioneer dealer at his option.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Smelling a politician: Students at the University of Texas at El Paso have elected a hamster to a student-senate seat. It was the winner's campaign platform that earned him the vote: "The only candidate honest enough to admit he's a rat."

In the course of a medical examination at March Air Force Base in Riverside, California, recruits are directed to the men's room to collect a specimen. Posted over the urinal is an official-looking sign that reads: THOSE WITH SHORT STACKS, LOW MANIFOLD PRESSURE OR AFTERBURNER MAL-FUNCTION, PLEASE TAXI UP CLOSE.

Don Juan is alive and well and living in New York: Anthony Martino, Jr., offered to have his girlfriend's diamond ring appraised for her, but instead of returning it, the 57-yearold barber said he used it for collateral for a loan. The girlfriend complained to the police and the investigation showed that Martino had given another woman the ring in return for the "loan," He explained that this second woman was his fiancée. The excuse didn't hold up, however, when police discovered that Martino was involved with a third woman-his wife.

Family ties: Carlito Oliveria, a San Salvador executive, chained and wired his wife and children in a room in their home so he could go off to the pre-Lenten carnival in Rio with peace of mind. "I did it so she wouldn't betray me," he told police, "and I'm certain she didn't." But what of the children? asked the officers. "Children should be with their mother," said Carlito.

Odor in the court? The defense attorney accused the San Francisco prosecutor of acting in an "obsequious fashion" at a murder trial, "What fashion?" interrupted the judge. "Well, that's not the right word," said the defender, "better, obtuse!" Another defense attorney suggested "surreptitious." The prosecutor objected. "I don't think any of the lawyers here have ever been obsequious." "I know I haven't," added a third defense lawyer. "I use a deodorant."

A group of senior citizens in Northern California has formed a swing club. They call it The Den of Antiquity.

Reports of low morale among Houston police over the department's emphasis on recruiting women prompted this expansive comment from Mayor Fred Hofheinz: "We're going to offer police jobs to qualified women regardless of their sex."... And the Conover, Wisconsin, has been making bras for cows and selling them by the thousands. The bras prevent milk-laden cows from stepping on their udders and losing milk. They come in sizes up to 108.

Perhaps a little sweet talk? According to a headline in the Toronto Globe and Mail, "HANGING AN UNCOOPERATIVE MAN IS DIFFICULT, PATHOLOGIST TESTIFIES."

Naked lunch: The Falls Hotel in Michigan's Upper Peninsula posted this appeal to modesty: NO HOTPANTS OR BATHING SUITS ALLOWED IN DINING ROOM. PLEASE REMOVE THEM BEFORE ENTERING.

> Representative Ingwer Hansen, after the Iowa house voted to ban pay toilets from all public places: "In the three years I've been in the legislature, I think this is the first time we've given relief to all the people of Iowa."

For the man who has everything: The U.S. Patent Office has granted patents to two snappy new gadgets, a "barometric parachute coat," which becomes a parachute when the wearer is catapulted from a mid-air collision, and a "convertible plastic hat," which con-

verts to an ice-cream dish.

The Joy of Fear: A woman in Hamburg, West Germany, read that the best way to make a man feel sexy is to give him a good fright. So when her husband came home from the office, she let loose a scream from the bedroom. As she relates it: "Ludwig came banging through the locked door so fast that he tripped over a chair and fell out of the window." He spent the next week in bed-alonerecuperating from the accident.

Truth in advertising from the New Smyrna, Florida, Observer classifieds: "Attention to all people who purchased



been revealed that, for the past 28 years,

the Franksville Specialty Company of

our Wonder Auto Gas Savers. Our ad read, 'If not satisfactory, money will be returned.' So far, all money we have received has been satisfactory."

Good news for Joe Namath: The British Leyland Motor Corporation has come up with a theory that women who wear panty hose or no hose at all are safer drivers than women who wear stock-Those who wear garter belts tend to push too hard on the gas pedal, against the pull of garters and drive faster than they intend to. Repent! The end was here!

According to a dispatch in *The New York Times*, a book by two scientists that was published a few months ago predicts that Los Angeles will be destroyed by an earthquake "in the early 1960s." The story went on to say that other scientists had voiced "strong doubts about the theory."

Whatever happened to chrysanthemums? The community calendar in Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, includes a Monday meeting of the Lake Wazeecha Garden Club at which one of the local ladies "will give lessons on kissing balls."

Sounds of silence (we mean it): A must for any complete record collection is Auditory Memory—a 52-minute recording of absolutely nothing. Jerry Cammarata, a New York speech pathologist, is the featured artist who claims that over 12,000 of the records have been sold. Part of the reason may be the lower cost of the LP—half the going rate for nonsilent albums—and so priced, according to rising superstar Cammarata, "because I can't see ripping off the population for it."

When three gunmen broke into the home of a 70-year-old woman in Beirut, she told them she had only 25 Lebancse pounds—about ten dollars—in her purse and smiled apologetically. Her smile exposed several gold teeth among her dentures, so the robbers took those, too, before fleeing.

Never touch the stuff: One, A London constable told the judge he had arrested Hugh Henry because "he was unsteady on his feet, his breath smelled of alcohol and his eyes were glazed." Henry

objected, removed a glass eye and held it up as evidence, insisting to the court that it was bound to be glazed. "The other one was just as glazed," said the constable. Guilty, ruled the judge. Two, A tavern in Schnecksville, Pennsylvania, was fined \$200 despite the defense's argument that a customer reported to be drunk and asleep at the bar was actually in "deep meditation." The patron was still "in repose" two hours later, when he was carried out of the tap. Three, Police in Laconia, New Hampshire, arrested a motorist on suspicion of drunken driving and administered a Breathalyzer test. The driver, however, snatched the test results when police weren't looking and ate them. When the police decided to check out the machine with a routine calibration test, he ate the results of that, too. He was charged with destruction of evidence.

More of "You can't tell the players without a score card" from U.P.I.: "Police battled a gang of bandits in southern Thailand Saturday. One bandit was killed. A police spokesman said the battle began when the bandit gang, disguised as policemen, challenged a group of policemen, disguised as bandits."

Hungry for business: In an effort to boost tourism in Port Moresby, New Guinea, the tribespeople have offered to return to cannibalism. The natives did say, however, that they didn't need to kill anyone but would try to make do with a body from a hospital morgue.

Close-out offer: An ad in *The New Hampshire Classified Guide* announced: "VASECTOMY SALE! Playpen \$5, walker \$4, bassinet \$8, rocking duck \$4, other baby items."

Cooking for Profit, a journal for restaurants, ran this ad by Armour Food Service Systems: "Sir Broil, the low-cost answer to the high cost of steak. Sir Broil beef is flash-frozen to lock in all its natural flavor and nutrition." So what is it? The new product is an amalgam of beef trimmings, glued together with chemical and other "binders" and "texturizers," so that the finished product looks almost exactly like a real steak. As the advertisement says, it is "hard to tell from a strip steak and you can serve it at a menu price that will build traffic while it builds your profits." And, oh, yes: "Grill marks optional."

The monthly magazine Chronic Disease apparently had circulatory problems—it died.

A local Calgary disc jockey, eager to promote his station's Secretary of the Week contest, read a list of prizes to be awarded to the lucky winner. He ended his spiel with the following advice: "So enter your secretary today."

This warning to motorists inclined to speed is posted at the limits of a Pitts-burgh suburb: NEVILLE TOWNSHIP REMINDS YOU! THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER, APRIL, JUNE AND NOVEMBER—AND ANYONE EXCEEDING OUR SPEED LIMIT.

Er, make that roosters: From the Toronto Sun: "Police yesterday swooped down on a secret cockfighting center in southern Illinois, arresting 19 men and three women and seizing 23 cocks."

Officials at the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club were somewhat perplexed when a prerace examination showed that a horse had apparently been drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. It was subsequently discovered that the urine sample with evidence of caffeine and nicotine was a stableboy's. He was fired.

EROTICA

Kinkyphone. Well, that's not the name of the company-it's Prism Productions, actually-but that's the name of its game. Two young chaps, Steve Summers and Iim Simpson, San Francisco boy businessmen, offer a little aural service for those who might otherwise complain that they receive no obscene telephone calls. Their staff, including lovely Patricia ("Hi, I'm Patricia and I would just love to talk with you about your wildest fantasies. I'm bisexual and will do anything."), who is a college student and message masseuse, and John ("Hi, I'm John. I'm a young man who could really dig getting it off with you on the phone. I just turned 21. I'm bisexual."), who is also a student, has been augmented by a dozen more hi-I'm-Jacks, hi-I'm-Jills since a bit of discreet



publicity brought a flood of supplicants hungry for conversation in the privacy of the home, mediated by Ma Bell, the hustler's helper.

"Yeah, sure, they pant a lot. We guess about sixty to seventy percent are coming

"Before I found Vat 69 Gold, I spent a lot of time talking to my plants. Now all they get to do is eavesdrop."



"Want another glass of water?' I would say. 'How about another round? Go ahead. Live it up.' At least they were cheap to entertain. Then I found Vat Gold. It had that impressive Vat 69 label on the outside. What was inside was even more

Scotch I could afford. I said to the guy at the plant store, 'Hey, I found Vat Gold.' He said, 'Let's go over to your place and check your philodendron.' Now my apartment has more people than plants. People are more fun. They can talk back."

Vat 69 Gold. The upwardly mobile Scotch.

during the conversation," states Summers, a bus-ed major at San Francisco State University. (Simpson, the silent partner, put up the \$900 to get the business going and advertised—in *The Berkeley Barb* and elsewhere.) "How do we get our statistics? Intuition, man."

This is a neater, less complicated business than the mail-order-porn supply Summers inaugurated some years ago. He started getting interested, he says, at the age of 16, but just discovered personalized voice porn. It's working out fine: You can keep the inventory under control; there's nothing to stock in a warehouse, just a few photos. It's an answer to men's loneliness in a world they never made, and the same for women in a world that doesn't make them. It's an economical take-in service for those who don't like crawling out into the mugger-infested streets, where a fellow can get hurt, a girl can get attacked, a person can get turned down. The whole deal costs \$11 for three calls. Send away to Prism Productions, 537 Jones Street, San Francisco. The price includes a photo of the John or Patricia of your dreams, so you can think clearly, visualizing your partner through the pink fog of desire, when he or she makes the call, at a time convenient to all.

Patricia speaks to a client: "Hey, gosh, you're getting hard; ooh, ah, you're getting big in me; ooh, ah, now you're—hey, what you doing now?" Patricia is just doing her job. It's cleaner than a massage parlor. You can work out of an office or your own home. And there's a kind of creativity, isn't there, in listening to the John and digging his scene and anticipating what he'd like, and imagining him there with a phone propped against his ear while he thrusts like a lonely rhinoceros in the jungles of anomie. That is to say, in non-Kierkegaard-speak, he diddles, jacks off, creams.

Only \$11 for a photo, three calls, and good luck, all.

DINING-DRINKING

One of Manhattan's newest French restaurants is-praise be to poisson-a scafood restaurant. Les Moreyeurs (998 Madison Avenue, between 77th and 78th Streets), which, en passant, means The Fishmongers, is a neat, unpretentious place where the cuisine is haute but not haughty: The waiters will not stab your wrist if you pick up the wrong fork and no terrifying toque blancheur of a chef waits behind the kitchen doors, meat cleaver at the ready, to chastise diners who don't know the difference between Béarnaise and hollandaise. The waiters are strictly Breton, friendly Celts from Brittany who are miles away geographically and psychologically from the ferocious Franks of Paris. A word about the decordon't let the exterior of Les Mareyeurs

deter you: It looks a bit like a failed Chinese restaurant. And big aquariums inside the restaurant are for decoration only: Poisson d'or and le guppy are not on the menu, but almost every other edible fish and crustacean imaginable is. In general, the ambience is standard nautical, but with fresh flowers on each table and substantial silver and napery-a pleasant change from the Swedish stainless and designer washcloths of most new trendy restaurants. Dinner starts with a lagniappe: free wedges of quiche lorraine and then a little tuna served up with sliced hard-boiled egg, avocado and a bit of tomato. We had hoped that the tuna would be fresh, given

aspirations of

the place.
Our hopes were crushed but were restored by the waiters' solicitude. Les Mareyeurs' patrons appreciate the extra attention. We noticed a surprising number of older French patrons with frumpy wives and faded Legion d'honneur buttons.
The French are as tight as

the French

Glasgow loan sharks, and they know a good food buy when they see it. The other patrons are East Side Manhattan overreachers; and they know an "in" place. Les Mareyeurs seems to satisfy both groups. The hors d'ocuvres run the gamut from mussels to salmon mousse. Try the smoked trout, whose pungent secret is the sour cream in the sauce. Lobster bisque and Soupe de Mareyeurs, a fish soup, are the menu's potent potages. Among the entrees, lobster is represented with four variations on a theme. Ouenelles de Brochet Sauce Nantuafish dumplings, if you want to know the truth-are soft and feathery, quite an achievement for a difficult dish. All the fish we tasted seemed marvelously fresh. Dessert: Try Coupe Clo-Clo, a coffee-icecream concoction made with strawberry syrup, sliced chestnuts and whipped cream. Les Mareyeurs is open for lunch from noon to 3 P.M. and for dinner from 6 P.M. to 10 P.M. Monday through Saturday. American Express cards are accepted. Reservations recommended (212-628-3333).

RECORDINGS

For all of you out there who are not going to get a chance to see the Broadway production of *The Wix*, Atlantic has put it all (well, almost all) on vinyl, and it's really a ball. It ain't Harold Arlen, to be sure, but the black musical version

of the Baum classic is filled with a funky joy that is infectious and, in its own way, it works in the context of the classic fantasy. The man responsible for that is Charlie Smalls, who did almost all the words and music. Getting his points across in the grooviest of manners are Stephanie Mills as Dorothy, Hinton Battle as Scarecrow, Tiger Haynes as Tinman and Ted Ross as Lion. All's right in the Wiz biz.

One of the greatest insults to any man's genius happened to Earl Scruggs. He played what has got to be the greatest single banjo breakdown in the history of blue-grass music. It was called—by those who knew—Foggy Mountain Breakdown. Arthur Penn picked it up and used it on the sound track of Bonnie and Clyde. Dumb city slickers from then on have referred to the song as "the theme song

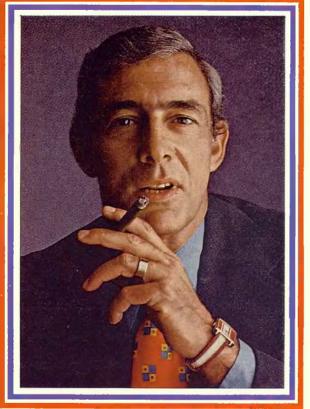
from Bonnie and Clyde," as though a moviemaker could actually come

up with something that pure and clean. Well, Earl ain't bitter. But he might have learned the wrong lesson from the whole experience. He left his old partner, Lester Flatt, and started making music with his talented sons. But genius is not in the genes, whatever the etymology may imply. So we have The Earl Scruggs

Review/Anniversary Special—Volume One (Columbia), with all sorts of guest artists, such as Johnny Cash and the Pointer Sisters, jacking around and having what sounds like a hell of a good time. Sad to say, there is only one thing memorable on the record, and that is a lyric sung by Bonnie Bramlett and God only knows who else: "Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous." Worlds of experience in that line—but no banjo picking.

If The Industry were to stage an allblues revue, it would most likely send to England for some guitarists, pluck a harmonica from this or that group, resurrect various Liverpool shouters from the mid-Sixties and probably find time for one or two guest solos by B. B. King or Muddy Waters. Unless he bought a ticket. Louisiana Red would be left out. After all, the public will buy only so many blues legends, and there's no more room at the top. But for someone who's down on his luck or down to his last drink, someone who needs to hear the blues, Louisiana Red would be just right. Sweet Blood Coll (Blue Labor) features this fine bluesman in solo performances of 12 tunes, including Slim Harpo's popular King Bee. With a guitar that sings, twangs and whines-now angry, now unspeakably lonesome and gentleand a satin-edged growl that is comfortable in several octaves, Louisiana Red

"Capitán. It's my idea of what great looks ought to taste like."



John Wzitz

I'm John Weitz. The men's fashion designer.

I don't know too much about actually making a cigar.

But I sure know how I want one to taste. I've smoked enough of them in the last 20 years.

So when the Tueros people came to me to talk about styling their new cigar, Capitán, I said: What it looks like is important. What it tastes like is even more important.

Well, let me tell you Capitán has the taste. For me. And for a lot of my friends who've had the chance to try them.

The tobacco experts tell me the reason is the Capitán combination of mild imported filler tobaccos and a rich tasting African Cameroon wrapper.

The Capitán taste doesn't take any getting used to. You can like it from the first puff.

I thought a cigar like this ought to be handled differently from the usual cigar.

First of all because a man of style today is interested in his total look. So we started with the shapes. We decided on just four. They're all trim and youthful. Your face looks good in them.

Then we got to the packaging. I tried to design the 5-pack like a personal cigar case, not a billboard. The band is simple, with the handsome symbol of a mariner's compass.

The box of 25 is something you'd feel comfortable about keeping on your desk top. And the color is an elegant maroon.

Capitán is at cigar counters now. I hope you try a pack. Chances are your taste is going to like our taste.

Capitán

You never looked so good in a cigar in your life.







exemplifies that perfect balance of technique and soul that is the blues. Earlier recordings, on which he was burdened with inept or badly produced backup groups, can be relegated to the dues-paying past; with *Blood Call*, Louisiana Red—who's paid more than his share of dues—makes his entry as a recording artist.

In one of the more successful bits on the new Monty Python album, The Monty Python Matching Tie and Handkerchief (Arista). an amiable enough bloke enters a record store and asks to hear an album called The Ronettes Sing Medieval Agrarian History. The clerk informs him that they're out of that one; would he be interested in First World War noises? Cut to First World War noises in which two English soldiers in a trench are exchanging pictures of their wives-a reasonable premise, except that one of the blokes thinks his own wife is a canine, in the literal sense. Then the record sticks and the customer asks for the clerk, a Miss Savonarola. "She's off dead, I'm afraid," replies another clerk. "So we've given her the afternoon off." The mayhem continues on all three (that's right, three) sides of the album, but anyone who has caught Monty Python's Flying Circus on public TV or seen one of its movies is bound to be disappointed, since a good 75 percent of the humor is visual-silly twits spasmodically tripping over themselves, talk-show hosts dressed



up like hippopotamuses, plus, of course, Terry Gilliam's surrealistic animation. The ideas for most of the bits are pretty outrageous (in one, Sir Kenneth Clark boxes a round with former British heavyweight champ Jack Bodell; in another, a fellow wanders into a cheese store only to discover that they don't have any in stock), but the execution in many cases is somewhat lame. Nevertheless, the album is bound to drive you just a trifle crazy, because, for one thing, there are two side twos, so you never really know which side you're on and, for another, one of the sides has two entirely different sets of grooves, so what you hear the first



time may not be what you hear the second and you may very well find yourself climbing the walls, wondering whether you've really heard the album at all.

Not that we need guitarist Joe Pass to remind us, but his Portraits of Duke Ellington (Pablo) is about as fine a tribute to the Duke's genius as has been issued since Ellington's death. As if Pass's superb talents weren't enough to get the message across (he has three solo tracks-Solitude. I Got It Bad and Sophisticated Lady), there's bassist Ray Brown on hand to add his own big rich sounds to the session (drummer Bobby Durham provides highly competent rhythm background). The trio tracks read like an all-time jazz hit parade-Satin Doll, I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, In a Mellowtone, Don't Get Around Much Anymore, Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me and Caravan. Just writing those titles down leaves one a little openmouthed.

In the Sixties, we came up with the superstar concept for those people who could get away with anything. In the Seventies, it appears we've created a slot for what we might call the megastar. Currently, the title goes to Elton (part of the proof being that it is superfluous to mention his last name). Superstars need elaborate double covers for their albums. Megastars also throw in all their trash



for you to paw through. Elton, for example, includes the following treasures in Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy (MCA), his latest production: a neatly bound and illustrated book of the lyrics; another bound booklet called "Scraps," which is just that—old photos nobody's mother would even want to keep, old press clippings, etc.; an application for membership in the official fan club; an order form for posters and T-shirts featuring the Captain himself; and a poster of the album-cover artwork (a kind of latter-day Hieronymus Bosch). All this must be just run of the mill for someone

who has the nerve to call himself Captain Fantastic. If you get past the garbage heap to the music—well, it's all right for Elton. He seems to have been on a slight downslope since Yellow Brick Road, though your hard-core megafans will dig it. The rough life he's been leading may be taking its toll. But, as B. B. King said, you got to pay the cost to be the boss.

Keyboards are too much, aren't they? We mean, between the 88 keys of a piano and the ten fingers of any normal pianist, there's an infinite number of musical textures that can be created. Add the extra options provided by that mysterious liquid, electricity, and you get infinity multiplied-not to mention the fantastic sounds being laid down daily by Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Joe Zawinul and other stars of the new jazz rock (or is it rock jazz?). Two new contenders are David Sancious and Weldon Irvine, On Forest of Feelings (Epic), the 21-year-old Sancious applies his educated fingers to a variety of instruments and lets them walk through a happy maze of rhythmic, harmonic and tonal ideas; the LP-produced by star drummer Billy Cobhamprovides nothing but pleasure and indicates good things ahead for Sancious, especially when his musical statements acquire the depth to match their dexterity. Irvine's music on Spirit Man (RCA) is basic funk jazz with echoes of pop soul (We Gettin' Down) and Horace Silver (The Power and the Glory), but he's got some original moves, too, as he shows on the ballad Yasmin and the well-titled Pogo Stick, a bouncy tune that makes you think of New Orleans and its great blues-piano tradition, Spirit man, indeed.

Aram Khachaturian's 1956 ballet, Sportocus (Columbia/Melodiya), has just been given its first complete recording by the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra, following a production last spring in the U.S. by the Bolshoi Ballet. It's a stunner. The scope is grand, the theme classic, the music archromantic. One of Russia's great modern composers, Khachaturian has written (besides the popular Sabre Dance) ballet music, several symphonies, chamber music and many film scores. Spartacus, which received the Lenin Prize in 1959, is probably his major statement. Ideological, like most serious modern Russian music, it is programmatic in the extreme but full of lyricism. The score is filled with close musical characterization, exuberant vitality, rhythmic pageantry and vivid tone colors. For a short course in contemporary Russian music, you couldn't do better than Spartacus.

Have you ever noticed how tittle it takes to become the next Bob Dylan and what a drag it is when someone does? John Prine nearly did just that with a good first album, mostly acoustic, with a handful of rich narrative songs—nothing like a story line to make a critic melt his felttip pen. Of course, as soon as a songwriter catches on, the critics begin to sing their hymns of betrayal. Another talent harnessed to the plow of common taste. Nothing is worse than a potential prophet who becomes a mere entertainer. The ultimate insult: John Lennon, Bob Dylan or even Phil Ochs recording a "sensitive"



version of a late-Fifties rock-'n'-roll hit. The fact is, as a performer becomes more well known, he finds that he can get away with less. That's the basic rule of charisma. Common Sense (Atlantic), Prine's new album, commits all of the sins—it's electric, it discards insight for wordplay and narrative for impressionistic lyrics. There's an old Chuck Berry song on side two. And, what's more, it sold more copies in a few weeks than any of Prine's earlier albums did in years. We know it's our duty as a critic to hate it, but we don't. For entertainment, it's not that bad.

Over the past few years, one thing has become painfully obvious: Without David Clayton-Thomas, Blood, Sweat & Tears serves only to answer the musical question, "What are the second, third and fourth most abundant secretions at outdoor theaters?" And D.C.T. hasn't knocked anybody out as a single, either. But together, they're together, and they prove it again on New City (Columbia), an exciting new collection with more fire and spirit than BS&T fans have enjoyed since the original Thomas/Tears albums. It's loaded with keepers, including driving renditions of pop rock's Ride Captain Ride and the Beatles' Got to Get You into My Life. The real sleeper may be





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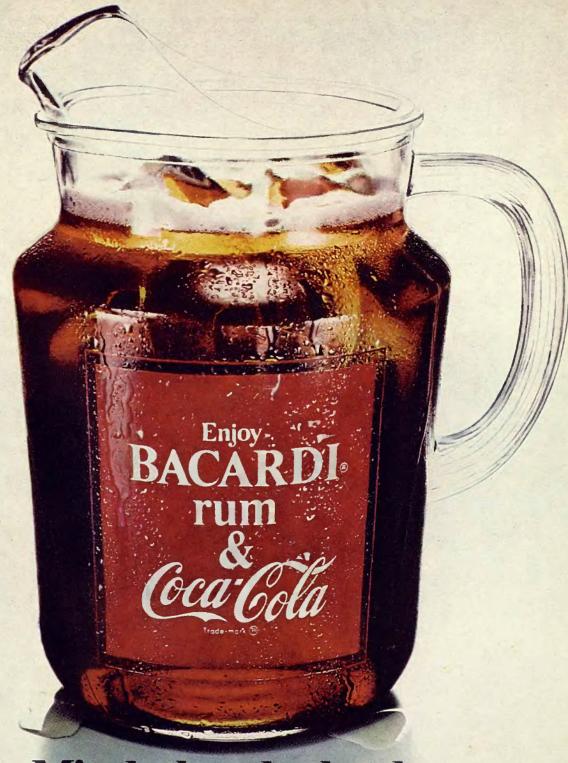
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bassist Ron McClure's No Show; it's one of the best lay-back-and-smile tunes to come along in a while (and while you're smiling, catch trumpet man Tony Klatka's arrangement of Applause). As for D.C.T., it's been rumored that the secret of his style is a tiny cable that runs from his gonads to the nearest A.C. outlet. But after listening to his gutsy performance on New City, we're convinced the rumors are false. The cable has to be connected to a nuclear reactor, because a measly 110 volts never made anybody scream like that.

An absolutely gorgeous LP is Wayne Shorter's Native Dancer (Columbia), which features Milton Nascimento vocals, acoustic guitar work and five of his songs. Reed man Shorter has plunged into the Brazilian idiom and been baptized. Lending helping hands are such stalwarts as the omnipresent Herbie Hancock and percussionist Airto Moreira. What we particularly dig is Shorter's lyrical work on the soprano sax, especially on his own composition, Beauty and the Beast, which is a hypnotic amalgam of soul rock and pure ballad.

The search for the great American rock band goes on, all the usual suspects have been rounded up and, meanwhile, a quietly confident group called Steely Dan just may have copped the title. Without undue fuss or pretense, the Dan (named after a dildo in Naked Lunch) draws on a large spectrum of pop music, from Duke Ellington to innocuous Top 40 pap, consistently creating tunes with catchy, hummable melodies that are perfect foils for the finely crafted, American Surreal lyrics. Koty Lied (ABC), its latest, flows so smoothly that one is almost unaware of the talent and professionalism involved. Steely Dan doesn't help matters, either, when it sings: "Hot licks and rhetoric/Don't count much for nothing." But don't be fooled: These fellows know exactly what they're doing, and at the moment they're doing it at least as well as anyone else in sight.

At some point it must have occurred to Doug Atwell, viola player for a new country-and-western group called Silver Creek (MCA), that Orange Blossom Special is really a Mendelssohn violin concerto with its elbows showing. Enter the country string quartet: viola, guitars and bass with arrangements that owe as much to Yehudi Menuhin as to Jimmie Rodgers. And on Orange Blossom Special and Pizzicato, the boys attempt to create a new brand of American music by breeding the classical bird of paradise with a raccoon. Unfortunately, on most of the straightahead country tunes, like Today I Started Loving You Again and Choctaw, they lose the courage of their conviction. But Silver Creek is an idea, anyway, and we



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congratulate Merle Haggard for putting his money behind it (the album was produced by Hag Productions). Who would have thought the Okie from Muskogee would turn out to be a patron of the arts?

THEATER

A Chorus Line is an exciting and seemingly effortless musical. Conceived, choreographed and directed by Michael Bennett, the show is dedicated to "anyone who has ever danced in a chorus or marched in step... anywhere." The landscape is Broadway, an almost bare rehearsal stage where chorus boys and girls—show-

business gypsies—are auditioning. The dreams are small (one chorus leads to . . . another chorus), but the desire is monumental. In the course of the evening, some two dozen hopefuls will be slashed to eight. We see how the choreography

is created (step by painful step) and we feel the heartbeat of these aspirers-their defenses, vulnerabilities and fantasies. Everything is set to music and to dance; there is scarcely a moment when the show stops moving. Characters include a brassy broad, a boy who began his career dancing in drag, a pair of young marrieds, a plain girl made beautiful through cosmetic surgery (in one of the show's best numbers, she extolls her own "tits and ass"). Despite the patina of cliché, these people are sensitively observed. There is a refreshing aura of spontaneity. The show embraces its audience, admitting it to a backstage world where careers (and lives) are on the line. What makes the musical extraordinary is not the component parts (which include a score by Marvin Hamlisch and Edward Kleban) but Bennett's innovative concept and the ease of execution. In the case of A Chorus Line, the show itself is a showstopper. At the Shubert, 225 West 45th Street.

In his music, Richard Rodgers has heart and in his lyrics, Lorenz Hart had richness-and, together, they produced that rarity: words that exactly match their tunes. After Hart, Rodgers linked with Oscar Hammerstein II, and his music leaped to attention and to exclamation, but something significant was lost-that sense of unfair play, the lies that lovers tell each other in the name of love. In Rodgers and Hart, one does not fall in love, one falls in love with love. Their songs were new-fashioned ideas, 98 of them reprised in a Broadway show named Rodgers & Hart. Some of the songs are sung in full, some in snippets. It is perhaps too much of a good thing; concentration

might have been a worthier approach. But this does give a full portrait of the texture of their considerable accomplishment. Instead of tricking up the songs with interlocutory material, director Burt Shevelove has simply assembled 12 of the brightest young performers (all of whom were born, they announce, after the last Rodgers and Hart song was written) and turned them loose on the wry rhymes and soaring melodies. They treat the material as if it were freshly minted (and there is much that is unfamiliar as well as classic). Rodgers & Hart is a breezy, unaffected tribute to a perfect music coupling. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

passion, crooked prison matrons, trial by journalism—Chicago in the late Twenties was a hard, fast, hot town.

Love nests, crimes of

Bob Fosse's new musical, Chicago, tries to capture

that jazzy jumping age through a reworking of the old Maurine Watkins play and Ginger Rogers movie Roxie Hart. Gwen Verdon is Broadway's Roxie, an adulterous dance-hall girl who plugs her lover and beats the rap with the help of a slick mouthpiece (Jerry Orbach). At moments—only moments—the sardonic plot line curdles the John Kander–Fred Ebb score into an acrid-accordion equivalent of Weill-Brecht. But Fosse is not really interested in looking at Chicago's underworld through Threepenny Opera glasses. His object is a big Broadway hit, and he may have one—but not without sacrifices. At



every turn—and the show is conceived of as a series of vaudeville turns—Chicago boasts its own merits, cowing the audience into appreciation. The director does this largely through evocation of Fosse past. What is the song that tired businessman is whistling on the way home from the theater? It's that calliopic, beeping passage from Fosse's Pippin, which begins the

second act of Chicago. A clown-show chorus line is also borrowed straight from Pippin. Other Fossels include an epicene m.c. from Cabaret, men in black-mesh stockings dancing with derby hats at a tilt, sexy chorines flexing their legs and their groins like a stageful of Sweet Charitys. In case you've missed Fosse's other shows and movies, here's a chance to catch them all at once. The performances are saber sharp. Oily Orbach is terrific. Chita Rivera and Verdon (as two jailed murderesses) are extraordinary dancers, with Rivera actually upstaging her co-star through the not-so-simple trick of dancing sinuously around and all over a chair. But, indelibly, the show belongs to Fosse, and the best number, Razzle Dazzle, is selfincriminating. "Razzle dazzle 'em," sings Orbach as he prepares for Roxie's trial, "and they'll never catch wise. . . . Give 'em the old flimflam-flummox." The sharp cynicism of the Ebb lyric finds the musical guilty: It is neon bright, flashy, a powerhouse of talent but heartless and something of a con job. At the 46th Street, 226 West 46th Street.

BOOKS

Early last year, Tom Wolfe was wading through his Sunday New York Times when he stumbled upon an art critic's obiter dictum: "To lack a persuasive theory is to lack something crucial." That, cried Wolfe, is too freaking much! In one swift phrase, the great game of modern art was revealed! He tells us how, and why, in The Pointed Word (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a short essay on the Byzantine world of Boho artists, Uptown critics, the culturati and other sleek denizens of Cultureburg. The main impulse of modern art. Wolfe reminds us, was to reject the literary nature of academic art, which had been around in various forms for about 300 years. But where there are artists there are art theorists, lurking about like a pack of hyenas to gorge themselves on painted canvas . . . and soon, by God, the hyenas begin to take control. One critic finds "fuliginous flatness" in the chaotic spirals of Jackson Pollock; another declares that "all profoundly original art looks ugly at first," and the artists themselves, slaves to success in spite of their antibourgeois values, strive valiantly to please the criticgurus in charge. Without exerting himself unduly, Wolfe manages to wipe out Abstract Expressionism, Pop, Op, Minimal and Conceptual Art-all the while entertaining us with wonderful asides and anecdotes and writing in his own . . . peculiar . . . style, which is, as we say, nothing if not ornate, filled with the immense array of punctuation marks that his streamy consciousness technique requires. Better still, it matters not one pointillistic dot whether you can tell a Seurat from a Stella: The dynamics of the cultural insanity he exposes are familiar to anyone



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who, for instance, has ever felt bewildered by a glowing review of a terrible movie. "Art," he tells us in summary, "disappeared up its own fundamental aperture... and came out the other side as Art Theory." Which now demands such a literary approach that the canvas, the paint and the painter have become extraneous. Only too true, Tom! And thanks for the most exciting demolition job this season.

Things have gone so badly in America lately that it has become profitable to look for origins of the malaise. Just about everybody has been looking for The Flaw. Generally, it takes a nonfiction form, with David Halberstam and others exploring the larger political issues and lesions. Which has amounted to elaborately stating the obvious and gilding it with gossip and theory. All to the good. But now we have art and it is far more powerful and unsettling than history, sociology, cultural criticism and everything else. It comes in the form of Ragtime (Random House), by E. L. Doctorow. It is a marvelous, giddy, disturbing book that | leaves you making



comparisons with Dos Passos and Felliniand that could only be said about a fine book written by a gifted American author working in the Seventies. Ragtime isn't ordinary fiction. It is more a collage, a deft tapestry. The characters include Houdini, Henry Ford, J. P. Morgan, Emma Goldman and, as they say, a host of others. The themes include radicalism, racism, capitalism, sex, and so forth. The lesson is in the way events, lives and ideas indifferently collide and leave random victims in the debris. In short, it is a terribly appropriate book. There is a great deal of excitement about it in publishing circles. Book-of-the-Month is using it. Random House is printing 60,000 copiesextraordinary for serious fiction. You should buy one of those copies. Don't wait for the paperback.

From the very beginning, the police investigation of the deaths of Alice Crimmins' two children, which began in July of 1965 and is still going on, was a complete and utter shambles. Young Jerry Piering, a fledgling detective with lofty

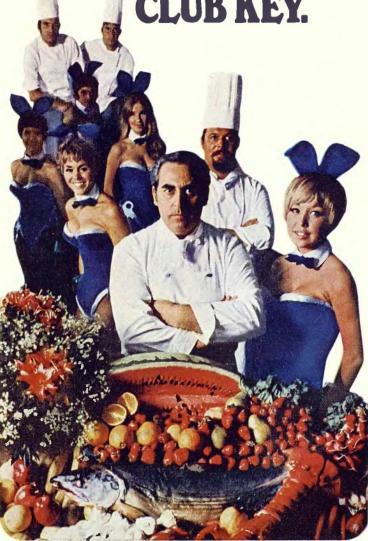
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aspirations, volunteered for the case, sensing correctly that it would deepen, and soon realized that he was in over his head. According to a new-and definitive-book on the case, crucial fingerprints were neglected and critical evidence was overlooked, as Queens borough police built a shaky and largely fictional case against Alice, a sometime barmaid whose promiscuous behavior and questionable grief made her the prime suspect in the eyes of a group of self-righteous, ambitious Catholic detectives. While the case inflamed the headlines of every daily tabloid in New York, the Queens district attorney's office, in a half-assed effort to resurrect Piering's criminal neglect, and in an attempt to advance several budding careers, proceeded to turn a shambles into a judicial nightmare. There was no case against Alice Crimmins, but there was a means of making one. A coroner was broken down by detectives and persuaded to change his original report, and a debt-ridden key witness was subtly bribed to embellish his story. Ultimately, of course, Alice was convicted of murdering her children, but more through the theatrical courtroom antics of an ambitious assistant D.A. named Anthony Lombardino, who wanted to be mayor, than by the evidence against her. Ultimately, of course, Piering was promoted to second-grade detective and Lombardino went on to become Assistant U.S. Attorney. So it goes. Using the same investigative zeal as the detectives who worked on the case, but considerably more finesse and honesty, New York Post reporter Kenneth Gross has laid bare every insidious detail of the case in The Alice Crimmins Cose (Knopf), a penetrating study that goes far beyond the mere mechanics of deal making and back-room badgering. Every character, from beat cop to D.A., is vividly portrayed, their ambitions and motives bared, their background and genealogy thoroughly delineated. The book's ultimate effect is an overwhelming indictment of the American system of justice, summed up perhaps best in a statement Lombardino made, apparently off the record to Gross, five years after he tried the Crimmins case: "I don't know if she did it," he said. "It still seems unlikely. I can't believe it. I can't even believe the story I told the jury. I don't even believe it now.'

probably had something to do with it. ("I'm telling you, Startrek, I can see that geranium's soul!") As did the Organic Food Nation that sprouted about the same time. ("It may be black and shriveled up, but that's a tomato the way God intended it to be.") Certainly, the books advising you to hum to your house plants or to copulate with your cucumbers were cause and effect. In any case, plants are now supposed to be "our little green and yellow buddies," as horticulturist Frank Zappa so aptly put it; and should you still feel that they're dull-or exist to be eaten, mowed or smoked-Anthony Huxley's Plant and Planet (Viking) ought to change your mind. In many respects, it's



a botany primer. Huxley, for years editor of Britain's Amateur Gardening magazine, traces plant evolution from the first bluegreen algae to congeal in the primordial soup to new varieties of hybrid corn that can no longer reproduce by themselves. He considers the development and function of the plant's various parts; discusses at length the incredible variety of the strategies for living they've come up with; and, showing a certain amount of gloom, deals with chances of survival, both for us and for them. But before you nod off, try some of the chapter titles: "Sex," "A Floral Kama Sutra," "Eccentric and Bizarre," "Armor and Poison" and "An Incestuous Relationship." . . . It's solid science-those Huxleys don't fool around-but it's also filled with terrific botanical gossip and contenders for the Jolly Green Giant Book of World Records. Orchids are flagrant sluts who will go to any length-or shape-to have their pollen shaken up: All those varieties exist only to lure particular insects inside to diddle them. One orchid imitates a female insect so well that the males mate with it, and another is so tempting that the males prefer it to their females. Of course, the Hawaiian screw pine is pollinated by rats that eat their way from flower to flower, and the Malayan midnight horror has foul-smelling flowers that are pollinated by bats-so the orchids aren't without company. The lowly fungus, too, leads a secret life. One species grows in the shape of a dog's penis, including red cap; a gourmet variety called the morel likes hanging out

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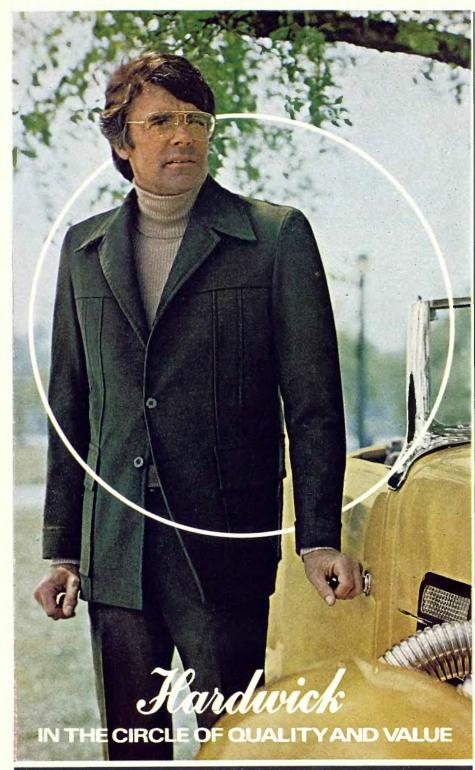
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is an underground cowboy fungus that lassoes microscopic worms. You may find some of the going harder than you'd like, but Huxley explains it all as he goes along. Taken in small doses, *Plant and Planet* not only yields cocktail talk by the yard but it will leave you considerably more impressed with our little green and yellow buddies.

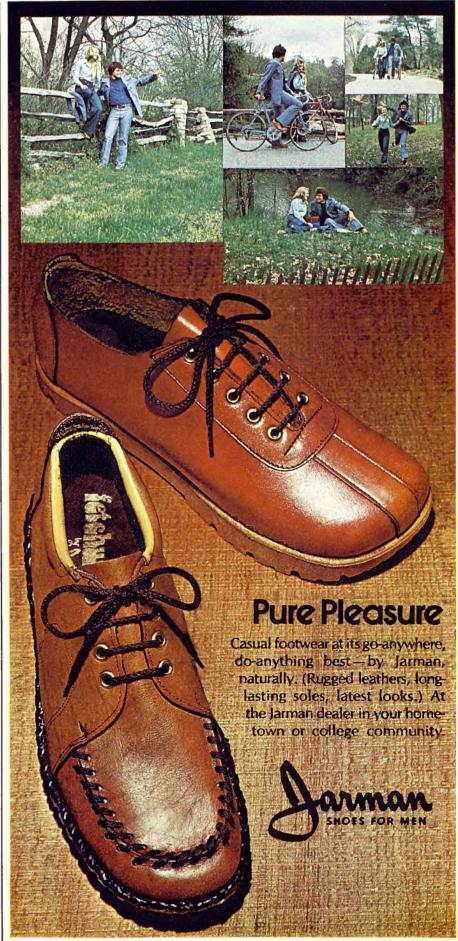
There are people at CBS who won't appreciate We're Going to Make You a Star (Simon & Schuster), Sally Quinn's bitter chronicle of her four months as the coanchor of the CBS Morning News. People like Mike Wallace, "the worst gossip in the business," and a news producer more interested in bedding Quinn than in working with her. We suppose Quinn wrote this book to expose some of the meanness and stupidity she ran into at the network, and it is a grim account of what went on behind the scenes. But after about 50 pages, just when you're beginning to wonder if Sally has any



friends who are not Pulitzer Prize winners or executive editors of newspapers, you begin to see that she's pretty callow herself. When she took the job, she knew nothing about working in television and CBS did nothing to change that. But then, neither did Quinn. The technology was beyond her. On the stage manager's hand signals: "It's not dirty, that's all I know." On the camera's red light: "I saw that light flash on and off, but I didn't know what it meant." She wasn't interested in doing film pieces and she assumed that somewhere a staff was working on exclusive stories and interviews for her to present. Even if she had asked the right questions, she probably couldn't have survived the hype machine. But hype aside, the truth is that Sally just didn't have what it took.

Everybody at Hedorville High—Heavy, Lonnie, Rabbit, Jackie Gayle, Nelda Sue and all the rest-knew you couldn't get into State without passing history, but it took B. J. Gilbert, the Most Unlikely to Succeed, to tell off Mr. Barker when asked to enumerate the effects of the Industrial Revolution: "They put beer in cans." Yeah, ole Bobby Joe stayed right on top of thangs, whether posing as an off-duty riverboat gambler or digging out from the Sonic Dog (where Nelda Sue car-hopped) in an explosive spray of pebbles from the wheels of his '51 full-skirted Ford 292 and its five coats of hand-rubbed lacquer, C. W. Smith's Country Music (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) plucks and frails a kind of banjo breakdown for the macho/innocent Bobby Joe's limited world of pinball, beer and pussy in Hedorville, Texas, 1960. "Being B. J. Gilbert meant keeping your head and your heart to yourself," intones novelist Smith, before sending B. J. off to State, where he finds thangs ain't so simple. There's Polly, the lesbian pinball freak, whose skill at life problems he finds admirable but bafflingwhat a waste of woman, he moans-and whose game-playing with his psyche in "My Shitty Childhood" makes him turn his anguish into wry jokes. And then there's Ginger, luscious but somehow vacant, She'll just make B. J. the best wife ever, you betchum, but pretty soon he's trying to sell cars to keep up with her spending, and she all too often "receives his attentions like someone getting an uninteresting birthday present from a distant relative." Wahl, such-egg. B. J., pussywhipped! What to do? For openers, go back to screwing Nelda Sue, getting drunk and tearing ass around Killer Curve, back to the same-old-shit-but-now-it's-forkeeps ("Who cares?") and back to that night when The Girl Who Trusted Him committed suicide. Just how Bobby Joe comes to terms with himself, his past and the women in his life is a Texas-style epiphany created by Smith, Texas style, and you won't forget it, because, beneath it all, Bobby Joe is a real sympathetic prick.

This is definitely movie material. Beats hell out of Bonnie and Clyde or Butch Cassidy. Better than Robin Hood, too, It's Edward Abbey's novel The Monkey Wrench Gang (Lippincott), about a group of "eco-raiders" who set about cleaning up the West. Their enemies are strip miners, road builders, logging companies. power companies and generally anyone who thinks he can despoil the only remaining wilderness we've got-Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Montana, Wyoming. Abbey has spent most of his life waging quiet war against industry and has apparently gotten fed up and decided to make a little trouble. His soldiers: an ex-Green Beret, trained in and remarkably fond of



destruction; an M.D., rich enough to support the venture and in love with his assistant, a militant women's lib nature freak; and a peckerwood wilderness guide who is, by God, going to fight for his land. This tightly knit group finally does something about the problem. For instance, pouring gallons of Karo syrup down the gas tanks of every piece of heavy industrial equipment they can get to. And dynamiting bridges and railroad trains. Not only does this make excellent high adventure, it makes you stop and think. Abbey's disclaimer: "This book, though fictional in form, is based strictly on historical fact. Everything in it is real and actually happened. And it all began just one year from today."

Abbey himself is something of an underground legend. He refuses to name the town he lives in, because he already has too many "visitors." It is perhaps no accident that Abbey takes great pains to give the reader abundant technical information about the exact methods and materials used in eco-sabotage, right down to the formula for mixing a good thermite load. Whatever he's doing, there is sure to be some action once The Monkey Wrench Gang gets the vast readership it deserves. It's Abbey's ninth book dealing with the simple, basic notion that man has a right to his land. An article by Abbey on the subject of the most recent rape of the West will appear in PLAYBOY in the near future. While you're waiting, prime yourself with this novel.

MOVIES

A hit comedy revisited is seldom up to snuff, yet Peter Sellers—with a slew of sight gags—works that old yok magic to fine effect in *The Return of the Pink Panther*. Producer-director Blake Edwards hasn't got quite so glamorous a supporting cast nor quite so clever a scenario the third



time around, but the differences are scarcely noticeable when Sellers, as Inspector Clouseau, starts supersleuthing—with Christopher Plummer, Catherine Schell and Herbert Lom to feed him clues.

Woody Allen's frenetic Love and Death written and directed by Woody, and starring Woody, as usual—is not quite a

film parody of War and Peace. It is not quite a Marx Brothers romp, either, though it tries hard to be both. Woody plays a 19th Century Russian sad sack named Boris, an inadvertent hero of the Napoleonic Wars, who at one point ventures forth with his wife, Sonja (Diane Keaton), heavily disguised, to assassinate Napoleon. As relief from the broad sight gags-on a battlefield, say, where an epic conflict between French and Russian troops is interrupted by peddlers hawking cold beer and blinis-Love and Death displays some purely verbal foolery based on book titles cribbed from Dostoievsky. Keaton, whose gift for wry comedy is exploited to the hilt, speaks almost exclusively in florid literary clichés ("By now, the last golden streaks of sunset are vanishing over the western hills"), whilst Olga Georges-Picot. as a seductive countess, delivers lip signals of surrender. There are also jokes about Napoleon wanting Napoleon pastries perfected before Beef Wellington gets on the market, which is pretty typical of Love and Death's blunt, sophomoric and often strained attempts to squeeze belly laughs out of a broad frontal assault on such diverse subjects as religion, sex. philosophical discourse, ducling, art films, Russian literature and European history. Filmed in Paris and Budapest on an extravagant scale and assembled in the slapdash manner of a varsity show, the movie succeeds only in spurts. True parody is a subtle art, not to be confused with a stand-up comedian's barrage of favorite shticks. Though the congruence of a contemporary urban schnook playing around with Mother Russia may sound hilarious, the cream of the jest has been skimmed off in the first ten minutes. Woody is reaching for the moon but doesn't get far beyond the orbit of a weekend gig in the Catskills when he imagines, for example, that there is something irresistibly funny about a village idiots' convention in

> Minsk. Needless to say, moviegoers who deem Allen infallible may find their highest hopes satisfied by an occasional snicker from Woody's bottom drawer.

> The 25-foot killer shark that terrorized a New England resort in Peter Benchley's best seller, Jaws, has everything going for it on film—a smooth adaptation by Benchley and Carl Gott-

lieb, from which all the fatuous subplot has been removed; marvelous high-intensity direction by Hollywood's new boy wonder, 27-year-old Steven Spielberg, proving that his auspicious debut with *The Sugarland Express* was no fluke; plus a superb technical achievement in transforming a tale of sinewy undersea horror into cinematic terms. *Jows* is a spellbinder with

no pretensions to seriousness as enduring art, a latter-day Moby Dick in pop tempo about three men versus a monstrous predator. The whole second half of the movie. in fact, is devoted to an epic sea battle fought by a trio of frail, vulnerable humans aboard a small fishing boat, which is under attack by a creature described as "a perfect engine . . . and eating machine, a miracle of evolution," In its scenes ashore, Jaws may be even scarier. for Spielberg often uses the camera for a shark's-eye view of the sunny island community, where swimmers are doubly endangered by local politicians (Murray Hamilton leads the civic-minded bad guys) who don't want widespread panic to kill the tourist trade. The reluctant heroes of

the piece are Roy Scheider, exceptionally crisp and effective as Brody, the New York-bred police chief who just wants to keep his job and save his ass: Robert Shaw as Quint, an old sea dog hired to stop the shark: and Richard Dreyfuss (of The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz fame) as Hooper, the bright young ichthyologist who meets a happier fate on film than he did in Benchley's novel. All are fine and exceptionally appealing without currying audience favor-

particularly during a drunken respite at sea, when they start to sing and compare scars incurred during earlier adventures. One accurate measure of Spielberg's professionalism is the skill with which he balances intimate details against the nervous rhythm of the action sequences en route to a farfetched but powerful climax. Among the watchers and waiters, there's also a nice understated performance by Lorraine Gary as Brody's wife, a much less complicated character than she was in the book. Never mind the book. Jaws in print was something else. The screen's graphic and powerful imagery makes this movie experience a direct current shocker developed in cold blood. It may empty the beaches but ought to keep air-conditioned theaters humming with restless landlubbers for a long run.

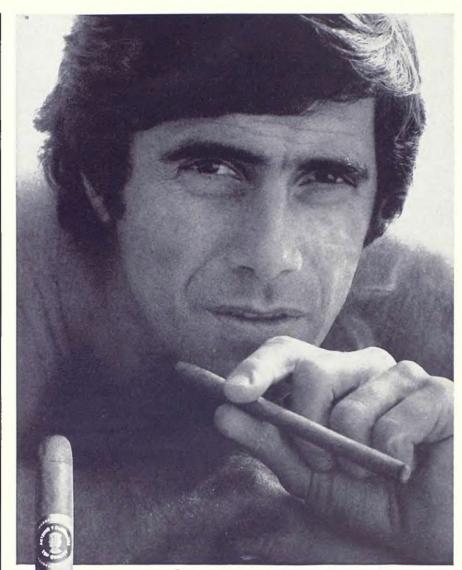
Several mountain-climbing episodes in Switzerland, plus the spectacle of director-star Clint Eastwood scaling a sheer pillar of rock in Monument Valley, Arizona, give The Eiger Sanction a few moments of morbid fascination. After all, very few movies can show a superstar actually

risking his neck. Trouble is, Eastwood's personal courage and bravura performance on the peaks are largely irrelevant high points in a low-level spyscraper that casts Clint as a former professional assassin, who also happens to be an ace Alpine climber plus a professor of art with his own collection of Impressionist masters. If you believe that much, Eiger Sanction should be a breeze. Eastwood, otherwise known as Jonathan Hemlock, is hired by an albino espionage chief named Dragon (Thayer David) to knock off an unknown enemy during an attempt by an international team of experts to climb Switzerland's formidable Eiger (sanction, it should be recorded, is a synonym for an assignment to kill). The beautiful black secret agent (Vonetta McGee) who keeps Hemlock's bed warm is known as Jemima, and that's just one



clue to the brand of sophistication operative here. Eiger Sanction resembles a James Bond reject, with only Clint's derring do to distinguish it from a dozen of those lame Cold War melodramas made decades ago-and doomed to instant obsolescence by witless dialog that runs the gamut from Vonetta's "I was not assigned to seduce you" to George Kennedy's anxious "I hate to think what it must be like up there by now" (delivered with upward glances at an ominous Alpine blizzard). Cut to Clint struggling with spikes and pitons. Which is good cliff-hanger stuff, compared with the dreary intrigues in progress down below.

Featherweight and frankly preposterous, the best offbeat comedy so far in 1975 is *The Fortune*, directed by Mike Nichols, co-starring Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, with a script by Adrien (*Five Easy Pieces*) Joyce that is little more than an extended vaudeville sketch. *The Fortune*'s big surprise, considering the illustrious names in the credits, is that the movie is largely stolen—despite a sensational comic performance by Nicholson as a frazzled embezzler—by movie newcomer Stockard



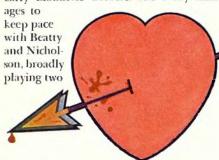
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Channing, playing the runaway Long Island heiress to a "mouse-bed fortune." (Mouse beds are the movie's euphemism for sanitary napkins, but to say more would spoil the joke.) Though neither a flaming beauty nor an obvious sexpot, the zany Miss Channing displays sharp timing, individuality and a kind of effortless, eccentric charm that's reminiscent of early Claudette Colbert. She easily man-



Twenties con men who love her mostly for her money, and who whisk her away for an elopement to avoid Mann Act charges, then try unsuccessfully to murder her, first by giving her a rattlesnake, then by putting her out to sea in a trunk. The lady happens to be a born survivor and staggers ashore at dawn as if she had just weathered another mad society party, still spouting her finishing-school French ("Je n'existe pas," she moans after Daddy disinherits her). The Fortune's fey humor is indescribable, because there's no current movie quite like it-a cross between vintage screwball comedy and pure old-fashioned lunacy, photographed by John A. Alonzo in the faded hues appropriate to stylish nostalgia. This may be the best Mike Nichols movie since Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? and it is closest in spirit to that golden Nichols-and-May period, when his sure sense of the ridiculous reigned sublime.

The relative ethics of train robbers and career politicians of yesteryear are examined at length-if not in depth-during a well-meant Western called Posse. Pithy title for a movie that's vital, to the point and played with aggressive intensity by Bruce Dern and Kirk Douglas. Since Douglas claims producer-director credits as well, Posse must be his baby (sired by scenarists William Roberts and Christopher Knopf), and there's nothing here he need be embarrassed about-though the movie seems rather hyped up with its own intellectual ambition from time to time. Behind the camera, as a polemicist, Douglas retains his old iron-jaw image as a macho guy who finally clinches the argument by showing some muscle, not by promoting ideas. Oncamera, he plays a law-and-order political candidate, a celebrated U.S. marshal who hits the campaign trail with a personal photographer in tow to chronicle his achievements-one of which is organizing an elite posse to annihilate the fugitive Strawhorn gang. Only Strawhorn himself (Dern, in top form) escapes from a burning barn, minus \$40,000 in loot. *Posse* describes his subsequent capture, escape, thence his kidnaping—and public humiliation—of the man dedicated to his destruction. "Climbing on my dead body to get into the U. S. Senate, that ain't honest . . . that's horseshit," declares Dern, in dialog loaded with modern political parallels (young Richard M. Nixon winning his spurs with the case against Alger Hiss comes to mind). *Posse*'s

sympathy clearly lies with the outsiders who are bad but hardly any worse than the righteous, insatiable men motivated by their lust for power. That's all cogent enough for one who prefers a political essay to a breathtaking ride through John Wayne country. But the movie works best, and director Douglas seems more comfortable with it, in the pure physical momentum of a train-hijacking sequence, or when its conflicts simmer in the classic vein of a nose-to-nose showdown between two violent

antagonists, locked in a fight to the finish.

Writer-director John Milius, a Mr. Big in contemporary Hollywood, obviously harbors a secret ambition not to revolutionize cinema but to make huge riproaring tales of action and adventure very much like those we used to see when Errol Flynn was king of the swashbucklers. The Wind and the Lion is Milius' literate, rather loose reworking of an international incident highlighted by a historic confrontation between Teddy Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) and a rebellious Berber chieftain named Raisuli (Sean Connery). Back in the early part of the century (this is the undocumented Milius version), Raisuli kidnaps an American diplomat's wife and two children from their home in Morocco and holds the family hostage, setting a pattern for political terrorists whose future deeds would intimidate half the civilized world. How Teddy sends the Marines into Moroccoshades of Jerry Ford's rescue mission to wrest a ship from Cambodia-while the captive gentlewoman (Candice Bergen, at her tomboy best) succumbs to Raisuli's roughshod charm is the gist of the epic. The Wind stands, of course, for American military might, The Lion for the Arab leader's shrewd, animal cunning in defense of his desert homeland. It's no accident that The Wind and the Lion rumbles with dark undertones about the U.S. debacle in Vietnam, for example. There is a message in all the blood and thunder, expressed mostly by cutting away once or twice too often to official Washington-where John Huston (as Secretary of State John Hay) and the "Big Stick" White House incumbent maintain a continuing philosophical debate on the arrogance of power. The movie's action sequences are worth twice its summit talks, however, and Wind really howls only when Milius gets back to the desert with hordes of accomplished stunt men galloping around Connery and Bergen. Bergen's athletic performance bolsters our conviction that she improves dramatically as an actress the moment she climbs onto a horse or shoulders a rifle.

As a former Rough Rider with Teddy Roosevelt in Cuba, Gene Hackman enters a long-distance endurance horse race that provides the entire plot of Bite the Bullet. And moviegoers hungry for pell-mell hoss opera without a shred of secondary social or political significance ought to stampede in the general direction of writer-director Richard (In Cold Blood) Brooks's lively ode to an era when men were men and women were wildcats. Hackman, an actor so persuasively down to earth that he could make an audience believe almost anything. does a lot to breach Bullet's yawning credibility gaps, abetted by James Coburn, Ben Johnson, Ian Bannen and Jan-Michael Vincent (the last fulfilling some of his most promising status as the callow

kid who wants to grow up and be a legendary gun fighter). You won't believe for a moment classy Candice Bergen (again) ever spent a year in a Kansas City whorehouse helluva lot easier on yur ass than 700

up her checkered past this time around), but she's prettier than a desert as the sole female competitor, sunset 4 while Sally Kirkland performs her tricks with gusto as a real whore, who keeps up with the race by train to provide sexual replenishment for anyone still man enough to ride at various watering holes. Generally patterned on the crosscountry Denver Post Race, which was headline news in the year 1908, Bite the Bullet is high-quality pulp fiction with a basis in fact. Alex North's Hollywood-standard musical score includes virtually every Western cliché and Harry Stradling, Ir.'s lush cinematography exploits those wide-open spaces for just a little more than they're worth. Such generous helpings of corn are no serious

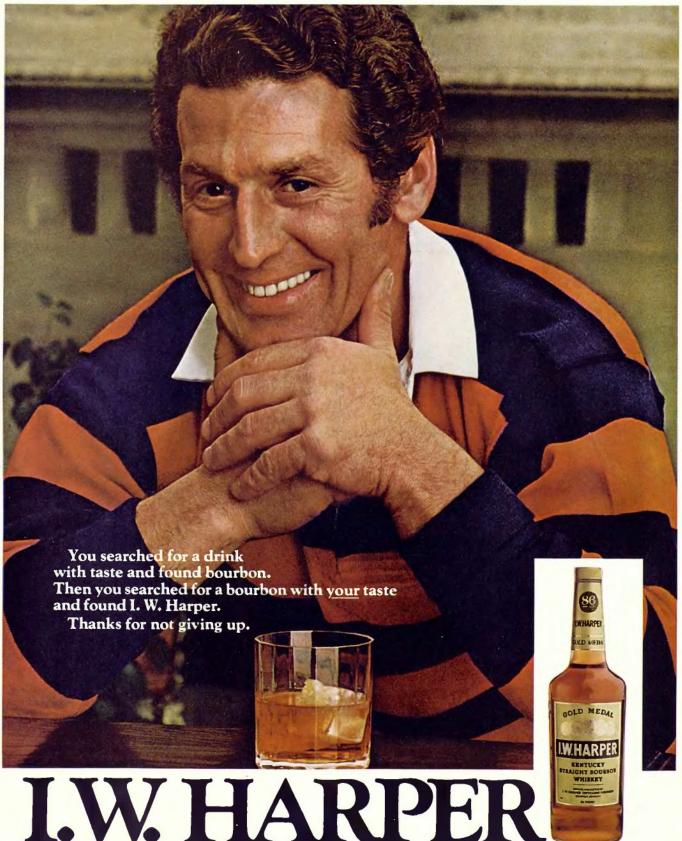
handicap, though, for a piece of frankly

miles in a saddle"

is the way the

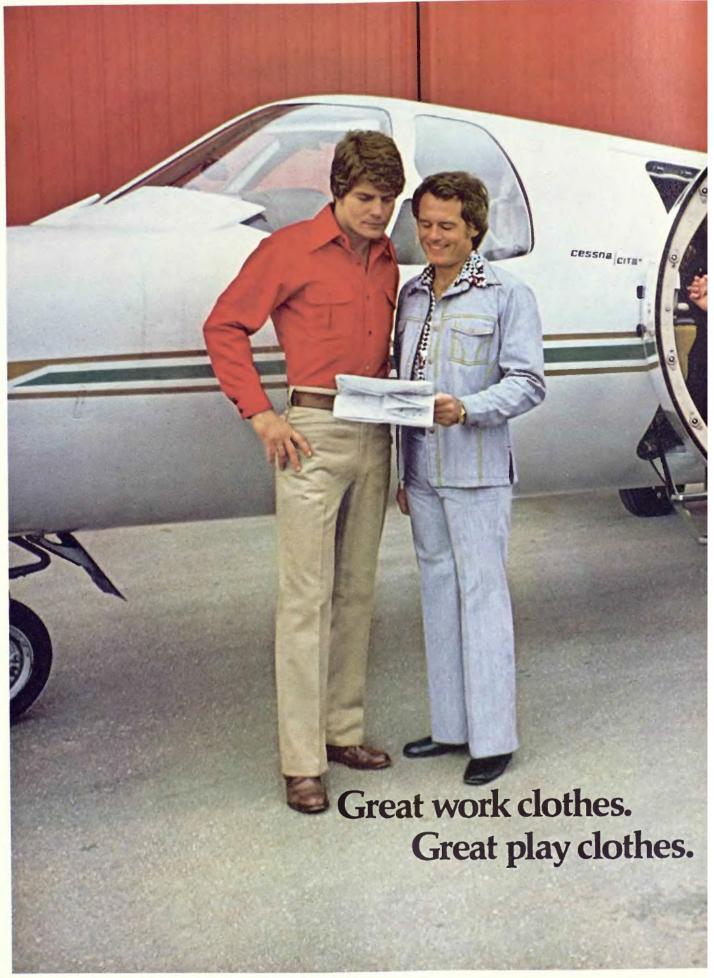
film's dialog sums

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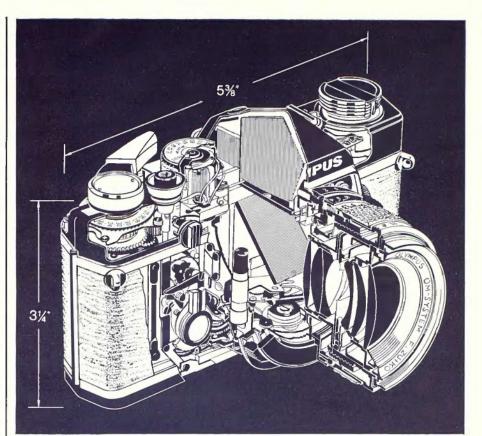
commercial moviemaking that squeezes maximum excitement from a brawny tale of winners and losers who pit their strength against heat, sandstorms, grizzly bears, rapists and rattlesnakes. What more could one ask during summer vacation? Have fun.

Short Tokes: Gangster biographies, in the wake of The Godfather and its sequel, are rolling off the assembly line like so many plaster Madonnas. The latest is Lepke (see PLAYBOY's October 1974 pictorial take-off), in which producer-director Menahem Golan seems to be demanding equal time for Jewish hoods. Tony Curtis plays the title role-very capably, too, though he's somewhat on the mature side for the risingyoung-punk sequences. Scriptwise, Lepke is pure pasta, with Italian name dropping for added flavor; to wit: "Introduce me to your friend . . . I'm Albert Anastasia" or "You aren't here to think, Luciano . . . remember that."

Horror in the sorority house is the formula for Silent Night, Evil Night, a Canadianmade thriller starring Keir Dullea as a campus psychotic who terrorizes a number of girls left behind during the Christmas holidays. There's inevitably some lack of suspense in a movie that has Dullea suspiciously crazy-nothing new for himand can only go on to prove he's as crazy as he looks. In this mechanical shocker, Keir's most interesting targets are Olivia Hussey (of Zeffirelli's Romeo and Juliet) and Margot Kidder, giving a bristly, bitchy performance as a coed who seldom minces words.

Torso is more or less the same movie as Silent Night, Italian style, but inventively photographed and mounted with bloodcurdling skill by writer-director Sergio Martino, Suzy Kendall and Tina Aumont head the list of frightened students who are stalked by a madman-wearing a redfoulard scarf, the one clue to his identityfrom an Italian university town to a remote hilltop villa. Torso's raving maniac saws women in half, and then some-and he is no magician. Which makes a harrowing weekend for Suzy and may be tough on any viewer who hasn't the stomach for hard-core homicide.

Trying to spring an innocent man (Robert Duvall) from a Mexican penitentiary keeps Charles Bronson occupied with the usual heroics in Breakout. Director Tom Gries enlists Sheree North, Randy Quaid, John Huston, Jill Ireland (Mrs. Bronson offscreen) and numerous small aircraft to prop up an action drama (which was published in PLAYBOY in October 1972) that might be described as a potboiler-though we prefer to think of it as a Bronson burner, meticulously designed to make the Bronson legend simmer along without gaining heat.



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ANTAGE

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FILTER: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

On a business trip to New York, a friend and I spent an amusing half hour reading ads in the underground papers for so-called relaxation spas. The copy appealed directly, if ambiguously, to the libido. "What hasn't your woman done for you lately?" (Well, she hasn't brought me any 12-year-old virgins for several months, but that's understandable. The neighborhood supply has been depleted.) Another ad offered magnificent handmaidens in assorted color combinations-gorgeous blondes, ravishing redheads and exquisite brunettes. (I suppose that if you asked for an exquisite blonde, you'd get turned down. "Sorry. No substitutions. Please order from the menu.") Apparently the basic form of pleasure at these places is something called the local. I am familiar with most sexual slang, but that one escapes me. Is it what I think it is?-N. B., Scarsdale, New York.

Probably, unless you think it's a branch of the Teamsters Union. In massage parlance, a local is a technique intended to produce a release from muscular tension via a body rub administered midway between the navel and the knees. It usually works. A local should not be confused with an express, the term for a patron who achieves a release from muscular tension as soon as he takes off his towel.

m in the market for a new turntable for my stereo system. One of my friends tells me that the size of the platter can affect the quality of the sound-something about larger discs' rotating with more smoothness. (He points out that big Frisbees fly better than medium-size Frisbees.) Some of the ads I've seen make the same claim. Is it true or false?-F. S., Portland, Maine.

Some people believe that larger platters turn more smoothly due to the "flywheel effect." However, a small heavy platter can develop the same rotational inertia as a large, medium-weight platter, so other factors must be considered. The primary function of a platter is support for a record. If you play only 15s, a small platter would be fine-since singles rest on the slightly thicker area under the label. The standard 12-inch LP is designed to rest on the raised lip along the circumference. Therefore, a platter that extends beyond the edge bead will provide better support than a smaller disc. Let 'er spin.

ust a year ago, I met a man with whom I am deeply and uncontrollably in love. He's handsome, rugged, intelligent and gives open affection-however, he is also a masochist of sorts. He has a fetishhe wants me to wear tight-fitting panties when we make love and he really enjoys



it when I sit on his face while he masturbates. I enjoy this, too, as he performs cunnilingus beautifully. He has an enormous prick, which really turns me on, but I have to coax him sometimes to put it in me. He appears to enjoy this, too, but is very silent in general when we make love. Recently, I found some rearview photos he had taken of females in bikinis at the beach, some pornographic magazines, all depicting dominant females sitting on their victims' faces, some female wrestling films and some letters written (for a price) by aggressive prostitutes. Should I just ignore this hang-up of his or encourage it? I have asked him if he would like me to be aggressive to the point of actually giving him pain. He says, "Whatever you want." I want to do what is best for him psychologically. Should you try to cure a case like this or just accept it as someone doing his thing?-Miss N. W., Liverpool, New

Your boyfriend's fetish is not uncommon. (We recall seeing a bumper sticker that proclaimed, SIT ON A HAPPY FACE.) It is extremely unlikely that you can change or cure his attitude, nor should you try. It is not a lover's job to do things for or to a partner; rather, you should be doing things with each other. In that sense, a dominance-submission relationship is a shared experience. If the activity satisfies a sufficient number of both partners' wants, let it stand. Or sit.

During my first marriage, my wife and I pursued a swingers' life. We both allowed ourselves to become too involved with one couple and eventually were divorced. When my second wife learned of my past activities, she simply said that

group sex was not her style, that she would never participate in an orgy or a swap. Other than that, we clicked on everything. She is extremely attractive, sexy, well educated, her own person in every respect. I wouldn't be writing to you if all were perfect, however. In the past few months, we've become quite close to a neighboring couple. We've been to nudist camps together, played strip poker together and, on several occasions, made love in the same room. I am totally turned on by watching another couple going at it. Now I'm becoming obsessed with the idea of group sex. I need the variety of more than one person, of women other than my wife. It's an almost uncontrollable urge, but I haven't given in to it because of my wife. If anything, she's becoming more conservative, giving up miniskirts and low-cut necklines for a little-girl look. She will go to a nudist camp, but she won't wear a string bikini to a public beach. She will screw in front of other people, but she displays a real turnon only when it's just the two of us. Should I approach her to see if she would go along with the group-sex thing or should I keep my mouth shut, maintain my happy marriage and take advantage of whatever comes along? I never knew frustration could cause such daily mental pressure.-B. H., Prescott, Arizona.

Before you try to persuade your wife to try group sex, you must realize that she is her own person. You seem reluctant to accept the fact that she is happiest with just you. (Your divorce indicates that you were unable to accept the fact that your first wife could be happy with someone other than you.) Perhaps it would be better if your wife were not actively involved in your quest for variety-it is your problem, not hers. We're not suggesting that you keep your desire for extramarital experience a secret, A marriage should be based on mutual consent, if not mutual confession. She may agree to yield her exclusive rights to you without asking for further details. Finally, you should put your obsession into perspective: What you are looking for won't be better than what you have, only different. And what you have is pretty good.

Finding a good job is like finding a good wife-it's a skill that you don't get to practice very often. Do it well and you may do it only once. I thought I had done it well, but in a recent corporate streamlining, I was one of a number of junior executives and middle managers who found themselves out on the street for the first time in years. (The cut was made according to seniority.) What is PLAYBOY'S advice for the job seeker? How good are 45 counseling firms. employment agencies and recruiting firms?—H. G., Detroit, Michigan.

Stay clear of so-called career consultants or counseling firms-they charge excessive fees for what amounts to a short course in how to prepare a résumé. Employment agencies (which charge up to 25 percent of the first year's salary) and recruiting agencies (which are paid by the companies they represent) might be of help. Check newspaper ads or ask the personnel department of your former company for firms that specialize in your field. However, you should be aware that, at best, these are intermediaries. It is better to spend your time dealing directly with potential employers. Consult with business friends, your former boss, et al., then prepare a list of companies that could make use of your skills and experience. The more homework you do on a potential employer, the greater your chance of success. Then mail résumés-to specific persons whenever possible (someone who might be familiar with your work or the people you have worked with). Pace your mailings so that you won't have to juggle interview dates if responses do come in. Be positive. For more complete details on job hunting, pick up Richard N. Bolles's "What Color Is Your Parachute?" (Ten Speed Press) or Richard A. Payne's "How to Get a Better Job Quicker" (Taplinger). Write if you find work.

Wy wife makes coffee that tastes like old tennis socks. I have, therefore, assumed responsibility for our coffee making. I use a cone-filter, drip method but have outgrown mass-marketed coffees and want to try more exotic kinds. Now that I take my daily hits of coffee seriously, I am overwhelmed by the choices before me.—G. A., St. Louis, Missouri.

Find your own preferences by tasting different coffees against one another. Put a tablespoon of finely ground coffee from each batch into a cup and pour in boiling water. Wait for a few minutes and then gently break through the grounds floating on top with a sweeping motion of a spoon to let the aroma waft up. Judge each cup separately. Is it weak? Robust? Spicy? Perfumed? Does it remind you of creosote? Let the coffee cool a bit and then splash a spoonful over the tongue, assessing each sample's characteristics. When you find a coffee you like, buy the whole-roasted beans and keep them in an airtight container in the freezer. They'll last for three months. Also, pick up a coffee grinder; it's indispensable to the connoisseur, who grinds only enough beans for each pot.

couple of us guys down at the plant were discussing penis size, running through the whole list of encouraging remarks we've seen scratched over urinals (It's not the size of the wand but the fact of the rabbit. It's not the size of the nail but how hard you hit it with the hammer. It's not the size of the pen but how you sign your name, or the amount of the check. It's not whether you reach the bottom of the well but whether you touch the sides). Obviously, this is a nation obsessed with size. After hearing the last bit of graffiti, one of the guys said that he had read somewhere that it wasn't a question of how long the dong but rather of how large the diameter. When it comes to the pleasure piston, it's the bore, not the stroke: something about putting more pressure on the clitoris. Another guy suggested that if this was, indeed, true, then women could easily gauge the size of a partner using the famous Rule of Thumb: i.e., the circumference of a penis is about the size of the circle formed by the thumb and forefinger, because after years of masturbation, the square peg tends to take the shape of the round hole. It has revolutionized my thinking. What do you have to say about this?-R. C., New York, New York.

With reasoning like that, your friend could get a job as a Presidential press secretary. Or a columnist for one of PLAYBOY's imitators. His Rule of Thumb brings to mind the adage that masturbation does not cause hair to grow on one's balms, only calluses. Manual stimulation (also known as the sound of one hand clapping) does not influence the size of the penis (except, of course, momentarily), so any configuration of hand size would be of no value in predicting penile size. And as for girth's equaling worth: It might make a difference to some women. So, then, might a deep voice, moles on the right cheek or a Phi Beta Kappa key. Appeal is in the eye of the beholder, not in the genitals. There's no accounting for taste, so don't get hung on comparative equipment. According to Masters and Johnson, there is more variety in vaginal size than in benile size, and no matter what the initial differences, any vagina will accommodate any organ. Find a woman who fits. It should be easy. Now you know what the story of Cinderella was really about.

Can you provide me with some information on herpes simplex, the venereal disease that has been called the grim reaper of the sexual Seventies?—M. A., Boston, Massachusetts.

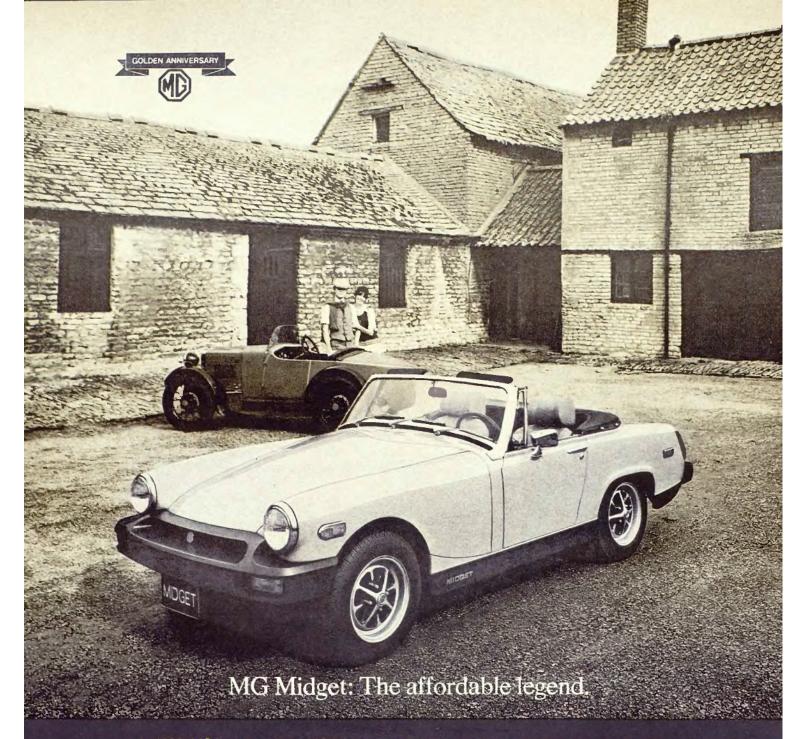
Herpes simplex can be unpleasant, painful, aggravating and in some instances it is potentially dangerous, but there is no cause for panic. One of the reasons this venereal disease has reached epidemic proportions is that the clinical symptoms weren't deemed severe enough to warrant the full attention of medical science. The herpes virus is highly contagious. It can be transmitted through intercourse or oral sex. (Condoms are not an effective safeguard.) The virus is hard to detect—a person can be a carrier without displaying any symptoms. So far, doctors have

identified two strains of herpes simplex. Type I usually affects the body from the waist up, producing cold sores and fever blisters that disappear after a week, only to reappear under conditions of tension, fatigue, indigestion, sunburn or menstruation. Type II usually affects the genitalsproducing rash, swelling, itching, pain on urination, and finally, clusters of blisters. At present, there is no medical cure for the disease: Once you have the virus, you keep it. Doctors treat the symptoms with drugs and antibiotics-in an attempt to make the patient comfortable and prevent further complications, such as infected blisters. Fortunately, outbreaks of symptoms tend to diminish in frequency and severity as the victim develops antibodies against the virus and may cease completely. (Interestingly, a person who had a Type I infection as a child is less likely to suffer a severe Type II infection.) Now for the bad news. An infant can pick up the virus if he is delivered through an infected birth canal-brain damage and death can result. (Caesarean sections can prevent the child's being contaminated.) Also, it has been suggested that there is a link between the herpes virus and cervical cancer in women: Herpetic cells have been found in tumors, but causality has not been established. Until more is learned about the disease, it might be wise to adopt a policy of self-discipline: If you have it, don't pass it on. Don't be afraid to explain the facts to a partner.

y girlfriend and I have heard about a technique known as the hum job. It's a form of fellatio in which the girl puts her lips around her partner's testicles and hums The Star-Spangled Banner. The male immediately comes to attention. We tried it and nothing happened, even though my girlfriend hummed every song she knows. Now she's worried that she did it wrong. Any hints?—M. H., Madison, Wisconsin.

"What would you do if I hummed out of tune, would you get up and walk out on me?" Ahem. There is no standard repertoire for people who like organ music. The technique (allegedly of Arabic origin—cf. the snake charmer's flute) may require hours of concentrated effort to bring about an orgasm. Since your girl-friend's a cappella effort didn't seem to work, she might try a little instrumental accompaniment with the lip, tongue and two-hand quartet.

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"

ORAL CARE

The dental assistant who combined oral hygiene with oral sex (*The Playboy Forum*, June) may have found the key to improved dental health for the whole society. Widely practiced, this kind of oral care would surely encourage men, at least, to have their teeth checked on a rigidly regular basis, anticipating pleasure rather than bad-mouthing a trip to the dentist's chair. This brand of encouragement is a distinct improvement over the kind of suckers I used to get from the dentist for being a good kid.

Arthur Goldstein Chicago, Illinois

I was interested, but not surprised, when one of your readers described a session with his dentist's assistant that left him feeling "great at both ends" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I've had more than the standard oral servicing in a dentist's office—and by the dentist in person, not an oral hygienist.

On visiting a new dentist to have a tooth capped, I found myself being ministered to by a stunning young woman whose willowy legs were beautifully displayed by a miniskirt. As she maneuvered around the chair to get into the best position to treat the tooth, her skirt rode up even higher than its designer had intended. Thinking, "What the hell?" I "accidentally" let my hand come into contact with one of those long limbs. She took the cue immediately and, commenting that she thought she could get me to relax a little, she unzipped my fly and commenced to demonstrate a quite different, and infinitely more pleasurable, form of oral treatment than I had expected when I walked in the door. I, meanwhile, continued to run my hands slowly up and down those silken legs. Needless to say, when we were through, I was totally relaxed and pain was the furthest thing from my mind.

It took two more visits to complete the capping of my tooth, and each time my tension and anxiety were relieved the same way. I now have my teeth checked once a month.

(Name withheld by request) Miami, Florida

LADIES IN WHITE

Having read several letters in *The Playboy Forum* on intimacy between female nurses and male patients, I'd like to comment. I am a 30-year-old nurse

and it's my impression that sex between a nurse and her patient is extremely rare.

However, for the male patient who is not seriously ill, some nursing procedures can have an erotic effect. Patient nudity is often necessary and considerable touching is involved in such services as massages and baths. Under these circumstances, patient nudity can become impatient nudity and an erection is no surprise to the nurse. But, usually, we dismiss any notion that something should be done about it.

Most of the letters in *The Playboy Forum* describing nurses masturbating patients make the act sound rather impersonal. It apparently usually takes place with a minimum of conversation. No doubt many of the nurses who do this regard the act as therapeutic rather than sexual

(Name withheld by request) Boston, Massachusetts

Call it what you like, it sure beats hell out of enemas.

PRIVATE SEX IN PUBLIC

Many years ago, I heard a legend about a Hollywood producer with the most remarkable sexual ingenuity of modern times. Briefly, this guy is supposed to have had a specially built desk within which a fancy fellatrice could comfortably crouch unseen by anyone else in the room. It was his odd pleasure to signal her for a blow job during business conferences, and part of the kick was his ability to look utterly calm. not letting on what was happening. Well, this is certainly weird enough to linger in the memory and—you guessed it—eventually I tried a variant on it.

My equipment was a large Victorian dining table, a floor-length table cloth and a girlfriend who is even more of a sexual surrealist than I am. The guests were the straightest, most uptight couple I know-Youth for Christ graduates, no less. Well, it was even better than I expected: Over the soup (French onion), they got into a rather ingenious argument designed to prove to me that I'm a sinner and will go to hell, and, while my funny Valentine below decks opened my fly and began sucking me slowly and gently, I pretended to be halfconvinced that I needed saving. By the time we began the main course (steak Diane), my friends were explaining that I could be saved only if I accepted Jesus Christ into my heart as my personal



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Savior, and my dallywhacker was as hard as molybdenum. My girl began concentrating on the head of my cock only, making very rapid mouth movements, trying to force me to come quickly; I was reduced to frowning deeply into the distance, as if so impressed by the discovery that Christ was the answer that I couldn't find a word to say. Finally, she had mercy and began a gentle licking back and forth. and I sank into a languid sensuality, only nodding occasionally. It was over dessert (peach pie) that I suddenly, unexpectedly, came in very slow and distinct spurtsat least five micro-orgasms in sweet sequence, while my friends, oblivious. showered me with Biblical quotations, mostly from the Apostle Paul. It was certainly my most festive meal in many a year.

(Name withheld by request) Cincinnati, Ohio

LOGIC AND LINGERIE

The "panty freak's" enjoyment of wearing women's panties (The Playboy Forum, June) is not necessarily freakish. We are all born bare and the clothes we wear are dictated by society, and society changes. Each person has individual feelings about what's comfortable and what's sexy. It is quite natural for a man to feel sexy wearing tight nylon panties.

(Name withheld by request) Ridgewood, New Jersey

STUDENT-HOUSING HASSLES

Last February's Playboy Forum included letters about sex-related housing problems at three colleges. I want to add a new

Butler University in Indianapolis, where I am a student, has strictly enforced rules against men and women visiting one another in their rooms, and women are required to observe a curfew. Violators are placed on social probation. Since men may visit one another's rooms at any time and aren't restricted by any curfew, it seems as though the university's rules violate 1972 Health, Education and Welfare regulations prohibiting sex discrimination in educational institutions.

Apparently, the law of the land doesn't apply to Butler. We could sue. I suppose: but the others' experiences suggest we'd either lose or be tied up in appeals till long past graduation. Any suggestions as to what we should do?

Dale Slont

Chesterton, Indiana Exploit a different kind of law: supply

and demand, Education is a business that supplies services to the public; if you don't like the product or the packaging at one establishment, try another one down the street. Since there's currently a buyer's market in educational services, you're freer than ever to do just that. Federal grants and large private donations are dwindling at the same time enrollments are down and costs are increasing, so

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SEX LAWS REFORMED

SACRAMENTO—Despite a flood of letters and telephone calls protesting the legislation, Governor Edmund Brown, Jr., has signed a bill that abolishes century-old state laws against adultery, homosexual acts and so-called unnatural acts between men and women in California, After January 1, 1976, consenting adults may legally engage in any kind of sex to which both (or however many) parties agree, as long as they do it in private. The law continues to prohibit prostitution, sex with children and oral or anal sex among prisoners. The state senate passed the reform bill 21 to 20, after Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally returned from a trip to cast the tie-breaking vote.

In New Mexico, the legislature decriminalized all private sex acts between consenting adults with almost no opposition, and similar bills are pending in several other states.

ALABAMA BOOK SHREDDER

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA—The Madison County district attorney has ordered 326 pornographic books ripped up and fed to a paper shredder. The books had been



found obscene by a local jury, and the D.A. said he chose that means of destruction to avoid being labeled a book burner.

ALASKA DECRIMINALIZES POT

JUNEAU-The supreme court of Alaska has held that the constitutional right of privacy encompasses the right of an adult to possess marijuana in his home for his personal use. The court agreed with an appellant, convicted of pot possession in 1972, that the state had no legitimate interest in private use of the drug and

that it was discriminatory to classify marijuana but not alcohol or tobacco as a dangerous drug. Before the decision came down, the state legislature had passed a bill decriminalizing private possession and severely limiting the power of police to make marijuana searches. Under the proposed law, which has not been tested under the new court decision, the maximum penalty for so-called simple possession is a \$100 civil fine, although the sale of pot remains a felony.

FIRST CLAP VACCINE

NEW YORK-The first vaccine to provide "substantial protection" against gonorrhea has been reported by a University of Pittsburgh microbiologist. Dr. Charles C. Brinton, Jr., told a New York seminar of the American Society for Microbiology that in initial human experiments, the risk of contracting clap was reduced from one chance in three to one in 100. The vaccine is produced from hairlike strands called pili projecting from the virulent form of gonococcal bacteria. The pili produce no harmful effects but do trigger the release of antibodies that reduce the chance of

IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA-The U.S. Attorney General has approved a settlement of \$37,500 for each survivor in a Government-sponsored study conducted in Macon County, Alabama, from 1932 to 1972, to determine the long-range effects of untreated syphilis. Lesser amounts go to the estates of deceased participants and to living persons who were involved in the experiment but who did not have syphilis. The out-of-court settlement apparently terminates a 1.8-billion-dollar suit filed on behalf of 625 black males who were studied but never treated, even after the discovery of penicillin.

INVESTING IN AMERICA

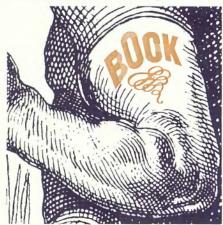
DAYTON, OHIO-After a U.S. Treasury agent fatally shot one of his colleagues, Federal investigators reportedly uncovered a chain-letter swindle aimed at making "thousands of dollars" for the killer, his victim and several other Treasury Department agents in Ohio. The agents' chain letter involved the sending of \$25 U. S. Savings Bonds.

RESPECT FOR TRADITION

LOS ANGELES-A state superior court has ruled that a Los Angeles tavern's historic and misspelled antihomosexual sign-FAGOTS STAY OUT-is constitutionally protected free speech. The sign was first hung in Barney's Beanery some 30 years ago, when the establishment actually was a gay bar, and since then it has become the tavern's unofficial trademark, appearing on T-shirts and matchbook covers. Homosexual-rights groups have protested the sign, but the court dismissed on First Amendment grounds a suit charging that it was discriminatory and illegal. The tavern's owner and manager claimed that the business does not, in fact, discriminate against gay customers.

THE ARM AND THE LAW

MARLBOROUGH, AUSTRALIA—A fourletter word tattooed on a person's arm (and deleted from news dispatches) has



been ruled an "obscene publication" by a local magistrate. The publication's exhibitor, a 20-year-old man who wore a long-sleeved shirt in court, was fined \$20.

D.C. DECENCY

WASHINGTON, D.C.-A superior-court jury has found the manager of a local theater guilty on 55 counts of showing an obscene movie-"Deep Throat." After the verdict was read, Judge Joseph M. Hannon praised the jurors for promoting "decency" in the nation's capital, adding, "Ordinarily, I don't comment on a jury verdict, but I thank you all very much." The defense attorney, alluding to the popularity of other porn movies, commented, "I guess the jury never went downtown." The case was prosecuted by the U.S. Department of Justice after the local U.S. Attorney refused to issue any warrants, saying his office was too busy with fraud and violent crime.

PORN CENTER LOSES SUBSIDY

THOUSAND OAKS, CALIFORNIA—The National Legal Data Center, which helps state and local authorities prosecute obscenity cases, has lost its Federal subsidy. Since 1973, the Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration has spent \$350,000 on the antipornography group, which calls itself a "clearing-house" of obscenity-law information and whose six-man staff has traveled around the country conducting seminars and assisting prosecutors in the preparation and trial

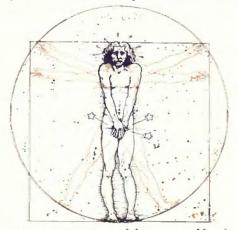
of more than 600 porn cases. The center has been strongly criticized by the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Library Association, the American Association of University Professors and by many faculty members of California Lutheran College, where the center is located, partly for using public tax money to assist prosecutors but not defense attorneys. The LEAA rejected the center's request for another \$116,000 in Government funds for the fiscal year 1976, saying that under present circumstances, "this rather unpopular area of criminal law simply does not fall within our priorities."

SEXUAL FRUSTRATION

LONDON—A survey of 10,000 British women indicates that British men are good providers but "sadly lacking" when it comes to giving their wives love, tenderness and intimacy. A Hull University sociologist who analyzed the data considers this a prime reason why, according to the same poll, one British wife in four takes an extramarital lover.

FIG-LEAF FOLLIES

CHICAGO—Officials of the Museum of Science and Industry have decided not to replace the black tape that had been used to censor the genitals of "Universal Man," an eight-foot-high crayon drawing that had won second prize in an art contest. The censorship had drawn protests from the artist, Enrique Fuentes, and



from art patrons, and later an unidentified young woman visiting the museum had pulled the tape off the framing glass. Conceding the point, a spokesman said the museum's "first responsibility is to the safety of our patrons. . . . There's no telling what people who storm a museum and tear things off the walls might do."

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

STANFIELD. OREGON—The city council has passed a nuisance ordinance that, among other things, prohibits copulation in public by animals within the city limits of Stanfield. If an animal violates the law, its owner can be fined not less than \$15 or jailed for two to 25 days.

students' tuition is an important, if not major, source of operating funds. What we're talking about is good old free-market economic leverage; if enough people use it properly, the rule makers who won't listen to reason might begin to pay some attention. And you'll have learned something about enhancing your world by using your intelligence, imagination and wits. Isn't that what college is supposed to be about, after all?

CONTRACEPTION AND THE SINGLE GIRL

I'm 86 and have discovered that the rapport between a young girl and an old man can be wonderful. The following exchange of letters took place between me and one of my granddaughter's girlfriends, who has retained me as a confidant. The names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Dear Uncle Phillpot:

You said write you if I had any problems at school. Well, here is one, I must go back on the pill again. Henry insists. Henry is that boy in my poetry class. Lives on the floor below. Drops in to use my thesaurus. Says we (ha-ha, "we") can't risk having a baby. Hate the pill. Gives me big tits. Had to borrow a bra from a buxom friend. Never used one before. Rubs against mole near my underarm. Scared to hell of cancer. Can't make Henry wear a condom. Says it undermines his masculinity. Shit. What does he think the pill and the I.U.D. do to my femininity? So, after tempestuous night, threw him out. Told him flat, no rubber, no pussy. Send me a dozen, please. He'll be back.

Love, Sally

Dear Uncle Phillpot:

Henry quit. Good riddance. New boy named Mark says he's had a vasectomy. Asked him to show me the scar. He refused, said he had a doctor's certificate. Would bring it next time. Like hell, I said. That's the new line these horny bastards are handing us girls nowadays. I'm not buying it. "No way, guy," I said. "I'll wait." I'm the Chinese laundryman. No tickee, no fuckee. Still waiting. What's a girl to do?

Love, Sally

Dear Sally:

Don't trust anybody and get your tubes tied.

Love, Unde P.

(Name withheld by request) New York, New York

CLOSET STRAIGHT

I'm a man who enjoys making love to women; however, I find myself socially attracted to homosexuals. I enjoy their company and have an easy time making friends with them. Unfortunately, I have an aversion to making love to other men. I've done it, but I find it difficult; I have to fake a passion I just don't feel. I have on occasion hurt a friend, someone I might have ended up loving, when I've revealed to him that I am irredeemably heterosexual. My lack of homosexual feelings is as much a problem for me as their presence is a problem for some people. Ironic, isn't it?

(Name withheld by request) Bridgeport, Connecticut

ROLE REVERSAL

Last February, a couple I'd known for a long time got married. They'd been living together for about two years and the reason they gave for the wedding was that the bride was pregnant.

I didn't get the full story until a few weeks after the wedding when I had lunch with the new husband. "I got her pregnant," he told me.

"I figured it must have been you," I replied with a smile.

"No, I mean I made her get pregnant even though we were supposed to be practicing birth control," he explained.

It seemed that for over a year he had been wanting to get married-he's a person who needs a lot of security-and she, being more of a liberated type than he, kept saying no. It happened that she was using a diaphragm for birth control, so my friend began trying to catch her unprepared. He pulled such dirty tricks as screwing her in the water on a crowded beach, getting drunk with her before making love, losing the overnight case containing her diaphragm when they went on a trip together and pressing his attentions on her in a clothes closet at a party. He managed to have unprotected intercourse with her at least once a month and the unsuspecting woman had nothing but praise for his imaginative, impulsive approach to sex. When she finally got pregnant, as he had hoped, she didn't have the heart to get an abortion and she agreed with him that marriage provides the kind of stable, conventional setting a child needs.

I was horrified at this revelation. Even though his bride seems happy enough, I think my friend was a prick. I've heard of women getting pregnant to trap a man into marriage, but I've never heard of a man embarking on a campaign to impregnate a woman for that purpose. I wonder if it is a sign of our changing times and how often it really happens.

(Name withheld by request) Charlottesville, Virginia

LIFE WITH FATHER

My widowed father is in his mid-70s and he lives with my husband and me. Last week, I looked in his dresser drawers while cleaning his bedroom and found one drawer filled with women's undergarments and various feminine-hygiene items. When I asked him whom they

belonged to, he told me without hesitation. They're all women I know who are prominent in the community and whom he has dated from time to time. He has a cabin cruiser on which he takes ladyfriends, and he told me I could clean that out for him if I wanted to, since a collection of personal items is also piling up there. A few of the women he's dated have told my husband and me they intend to lead my dad to the altar, but he insists he intends to remain single for the rest of his life. His energy simply awes me.

(Name withheld by request) Baltimore, Maryland

BIRDS DO IT

Bird watching occasionally produces some interesting, even inspiring, sights. On a recent trip to the west coast of Mexico, my boyfriend and I watched the mating of *Thalasseus maximus*—also known as "the screw of the tern."

Bunny King Northbrook, Illinois

ORAL EDUCATION

I consider myself a contemporary (I like that word better than liberated) woman and I've had three long-term lovers, a dozen brief affairs and more one-night stands than I can count. I'm politically and culturally sophisticated. But I'm not bragging; the point is, with all this background, I was still unable, until recently, to enjoy a man's going down on me—until I met my current boyfriend, who helped me overcome my hang-up.

He got me to admit that I had a secret conviction that my sex organ is dirty and unpleasant and that any man who put his head between my legs must be either on the verge of throwing up or some sort of pervert. This despite the fact that, of course, I keep myself scrupulously clean. My friend taught me to get to like my own cunt better. Part of that was just learning to use and enjoy the word cunt, which I'd always thought was crude and ugly. Now I think it's earthy and kind of friendly. Another part was looking at my cunt with the aid of a hand mirror. He even convinced me to touch it and then to smell and taste my fingers, which I'd never dared do, as well as to taste my own sexual lubricant and my menstrual blood. Gradually, I learned to be unafraid of offering my cunt to a man's mouth, especially with my boyfriend's enthusiastic insistence that he loved to eat me.

One night he told me, "I'm not going to do anything else tonight but give you head." We took our clothes off and he made me sit, legs wide apart, in a comfortable chair, facing a full-length mirror. Then he knelt before me and proceeded, taking a long time about it, to bring me to climax after climax with his lips and tongue. When I could come no more, I insisted on fellating him, though he'd

said at the outset that he wanted the evening to be devoted solely to my learning all about one kind of pleasure. Judging from his ejaculation, which nearly drowned me, he must have been in a state of critical arousal for hours.

Cunnilingus has become the ultimate sexual experience for me, because formerly it was the one I most feared. By examining my feelings and going through a thorough soul-searching, I was able to clear away the obstacles I'd created to enjoying it.

(Name withheld by request) Minneapolis, Minnesota

FAMILY SEX EDUCATION

The Institute for Family Research and Education is declaring the week of October 6–12, 1975, National Family Sex Education Week. We wish to promote nationally the concept that parents should be, and are, the primary sex educators of their children. We see the project as a spring-board for communicating to parents the facts that ignorance, not knowledge, stimulates inappropriate behavior; knowledge is not permission or license; parents should become more askable as a way of strengthening family life.

We hope to set up regional and community programs in family sex education. We seek involvement of libraries, planned parenthood groups, P.T.A.s, church groups and other local organizations; this will be much more beneficial to the public than one-shot lectures. Our proposed program will also alert parents to the extremist propagandizing and political maneuvering by groups that claim to have a monopoly on the Judaeo-Christian ethic.

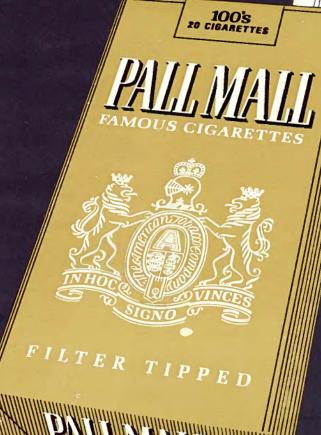
A packet of materials designed to help implement the plans for National Family Sex Education Week is available to organizations through the Institute for Family Research and Education at 760 Ostrom Avenue, Syracuse, New York 13210. A fee of \$15 from national organizations and \$5 from local groups and individuals will help defray the costs of materials.

Sol Gordon, Director The Institute for Family Research and Education Syracuse, New York

THE NAMING OF NAMES

Nothing is more basic to a person's identity than his or her name, and society has oppressed women for centuries by depriving them of the right to determine their own names. Our organization publishes a "Booklet for Women Who Wish to Determine Their Own Names After Marriage," which describes the history of the problem and methods for coping with it, and a "1975 Supplement" to the booklet, which updates and expands the available information. We thank the Playboy Foundation for assistance in publishing the supplement. Each of these books is available from the Center for a Woman's

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ONE CASUALTY OF A "WAR ON SMUT"

In May 1974, "The Playboy Forum" published letters about a man convicted of selling pornography in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The following report is based on our investigation of the case.

James Lloyd Oliver is 35 years old, has a wife and three small children and receives \$300 a month disability payments through Social Security. Because of a glandular disorder, he weighs 365 pounds—down from the 725 pounds he reached before doctors found cancer and removed 72 percent of his intestines. His oldest child, three-year-old Cathy, was born with several birth defects, including a hole in her heart, which also required surgery. Because he could no longer stay on his feet for long periods, Oliver had to give up his barbershop in Tulsa in 1972. A year later, he became a part-time barber in another shop and a part-time cashier in an adult bookstore next door, where he could work sitting down. Oliver's energy and resourcefulness did not quite alleviate his family's considerable problems. They earned him a 15-year prison sentence and a \$25,000 fine for selling a pornographic magazine.

Oliver became a bookstore cashier just before S. M. "Buddy" Fallis, Tulsa's sometimes-crusading district attorney, decided to run (unopposed) for re-election and declared a "war on smut," as the local papers called it. Starting in the fall of 1973, Fallis brought some 60 cases against more than a dozen so-called smut peddlers. Oliver was arrested in October 1973, after selling a \$12 hard-core-pornographic magazine to a 27-year-old Tulsa Junior College student and volunteer police spy, who at the time was enrolled in a law-enforcement course taught

by Fallis.

Tulsa, while tame by New York or Chicago standards, has its share of homicides, rapes, armed robberies and burglaries, and violent crime in the city is up dramatically since 1973. District Attorney Fallis isn't soft on violent criminals once they're caught. Local defense lawyers consider him a skilled and hard-nosed prosecutor. But his law-and-order mentality is combined with a deep puritanical streak that also makes him death on dope smoking, naked dancing, deprayed movies and filthy books, which are a good deal easier to combat than violent crime. In some cities, sinners go only to hell; in Tulsa, they go to jail first.

If it made no dent in Tulsa's violent crime, Fallis' anti-smut campaign at least succeeded in crippling Tulsa's adult bookstores; what hard-core remains available is strictly under the counter and is sold only to established customers. But the legality of porn in Tulsa is still at issue. Of all the cases brought by Fallis, fewer than 20 have come up for trial. Charges were dropped against several defendants on the condition that they stay out of the porn business for at least a year. The cases tried so far have resulted in almost as many acquittals as convictions. A warehouseful of crotic books and magazines was seized, but Fallis had to release the material on a legal technicality.

The Tulsa newspapers reported the Fallis campaign without much comment, though the *Tulsa World* at one point published a wry editorial titled "THE PORNO SCORE: 3-3":

After six rounds in the much-publicized bout between District Attorney Buddy Fallis and Tulsa's pornography salesmen, the score stands at 3–3—three acquittals and three convictions. . . . There have been three convictions with prison sentences up to 15 years, a tougher penalty than many recent juries have imposed in rape, robbery and homicide cases. In three other trials, the defendants were set free. Where and what is the "community standard" [on obscenity]? Only the Supreme Court Justices seem to know.

The simple fact is that the U.S. Supreme Court Justices do not know what is or isn't obscene; so if Fallis can find 12 people in the 14th Judicial District of Oklahoma who are offended by pictures of people engaging in sexual acts, he or an assistant prosecutor can send a man like Oliver to prison. This kind of punishment may not stamp out sin in Oklahoma, but presumably it will discourage people from opening up more adult bookshops. The owners of the bookstore where Oliver worked, Gerald Hildahl and Truman Stockton, also face jail terms, and others face large fines. Hildahl and Stockton paid as much of Oliver's defense costs as they could; since then, Oliver's wife, Charlotte, has been working 12 hours a day at a south-side Tulsa service station to bring in extra money. Oliver received the maximum sentence and fine partly because he had a previous criminal record (fraudulent use of a credit card at the age of 19) and partly because his was one of the earliest cases tried. The fact that he is a huge man with a beard and mustache probably didn't help him with his Tulsa jury, his lawyer, Don Gasaway. believes. The jury took 90 minutes to find him guilty and returned later to impose the maximum penalty permitted under Oklahoma law and demanded by Fallis' assistants, who prosecuted the Oliver case.

During an earlier trial, that of Hildahl, Fallis "waved his arms, stomped around and howled." according to Oliver's wife. who was a spectator. He called one defense witness (a Presbyterian minister) "the flimflam man" and told the jury, "It's not my war, it's your war, and I need volunteers and recruits" to turn the tide of smut. Then he declared that "I'll kill the first man or woman-if I could get my hands on them-that ever exposes my child at a young age to this." This remark was widely published and Fallis found himself compelled to explain at some length that, as an officer of the judicial system sworn to uphold the law, he didn't really mean he'd go out and kill somebody for personal reasons, without proper legal cause, and so forth. In their excitement over this one reckless but newsworthy remark, what newspapers and wire services ignored was the fact that Fallis accomplished just what he had set out to do-drive pornography out of town, or at least underground. and enhance his reputation. A local lawyer commented, "Ol" Buddy would give his left nut for a district judgeship; that's mostly what the 'smut war' was about."

It was simply Oliver's bad luck to be tried at the height of the Tulsa hysteria—before local juries stopped returning jail sentences and large fines.

The prosecution's courtroom tactics and legal errors led attorney Gasaway to hope that the convictions of Oliver and others would be reversed on appeal. The appellate court did conclude that the prosecution had inflamed and misled the jurors, but it found a compromise: During the first week of June, the court, while upholding Oliver's conviction, reduced his sentence to three years and his fine to \$5000. It also reversed several convictions, leaving Hildahl and Stockton both facing one-year prison terms, \$5000 fines and some obscenity charges that have not yet been tried. The revised penalties are less spectacular than 15 years in prison, but they're still a very heavy price to pay for selling pornographic magazines to consenting adults. According to defense attorneys, the cases will be appealed to the Federal courts. The Playboy Forum will continue to report on James Oliver's progress through our criminal-justice system.

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Terri P. Tepper Priscilla Ruth MacDougall Barrington, Illinois

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Professor McCawley's "John and Mary were fucking" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) reads like the language of voyeurism. I maintain that those who actually do it (either in fantasy or in reality) and talk about it without euphemism usually use transitive verbs, which convey the idea of one person acting upon another. In my view, such language is but one small piece of evidence to support my thesis that far too much heterosexual intercourse in America is, in effect, no-hands masturbation.

Dan Dillingham New York, New York

TEN LITTLE POT PLANTS

Andrew Chovanes, an assistant professor of sociology at St. Mary's College in St. Mary's County, Maryland, was busted in his back yard, where he was growing some marijuana. To be precise, he had, according to a story in The Washington Star, "ten plants, total weight four ounces, including stalks and roots, yielding less than an ounce of poor-quality smoke had the plants been allowed to reach maturity, maybe ten dollars' worth." Chovanes pleaded no contest to the felony charge of manufacturing a drug, was convicted and sentenced-to three years in prison. Under Maryland law, the judge could have given Chovanes a year's probation and then wiped his record clean if he completed it successfully. As a matter of fact, shortly after this case, two young men who were convicted of growing 90 plants were sentenced to probation and a \$500 fine. Why the disparity? Chovanes explains, "The judge said at my sentencing that a college professor's standards should be 'higher than normal' and I should have a 'greater respect for the law." Given that kind of judicial discrimination, colleagues' descriptions of Chovanes as a "stable, excellent, very highly respected" assistant professor probably worked against him. And the judge simply refused to be impressed by the facts that the amount of dope was so small and that this was a first offense.

According to the Washington Star story, if Chovanes had been convicted of the same offense in a more urbanized area a short distance away, he would still be teaching college instead of doing construction work for \$2.75 an hour in a work-release program at the Southern Maryland Correctional Camp. Instead, the combination of "rural hysteria about drugs and the barely disguised animosity by the conservative power structure of St. Mary's County toward a liberal college professor" has put Chovanes away for three years as a dangerous felon and has

effectively ended his teaching career.

So, like too many others, Chovanes sits in jail contemplating the naïveté that led him to believe he could grow a few plants, for his personal use, and not be severely punished. And he worries over his ruined career and ponders his misfortune in getting caught in the wrong place at the wrong time for a "crime" with no victims.

Richard Reed Washington, D.C.

BREAKING OUT THE VOTE

The great and liberal state of Massachusetts doesn't deny voting rights to prisoners (except for those incarcerated for election fraud)-but it does deny them the right of absentee voting, so they can't use their legal right while locked up. With the aid of Boston lawyers and students from the prison-rights project of Cambridge-Goddard College, prisoners filed a class-action suit in the Massachusetts Supreme Court to gain absenteeballot rights. In October 1974, the court ruled that prisoners who are registered voters in their home towns may vote in state elections. But this favorable decision by itself wasn't enough, since few prisoners are registered voters and, according to the state election office, absentee registration does not exist for them. Furthermore, administrative policy prohibits town/city registrars from crossing municipal lines to register voters; they could not go to the prisons to register inmates even if they wished to.

One way to allow inmates to register to vote by absentee ballot would be to declare them residents of the towns in which their prisons are located. Actually, these towns have already counted them as residents for other purposes, such as receiving Federal and state funds. And in 1970, when the state called for a special census to determine the apportionment of representative districts in the commonwealth, prisoners were counted as part of the towns' population (each town received 25 cents for every head counted), even though they are effectively prevented from voting. Advocates of prison reform are eager to sue for the right of prisoners to register as voters in their home town or prison town.

What's happening in Massachusetts shows how both state and Federal governments conveniently use the convict class to suit their own ends.

> Bob Narkey Brookline, Massachusetts

THE ESSENCE OF JUSTICE

I have never waved a spear nor danced around a fire, but I find myself devoid of sympathy for the mental stress of a condemned murderer. Bill Witherspoon (The Playboy Forum, June) exhorts us to "try to imagine the feelings of those awaiting death." I would like to ask whether he ever realized that he himself

acted as judge, jury and executioner of another human being, that in a moment he decided, without possibility of appeal, that another man would never again laugh, look upon his family or feel love. Witherspoon rails against "black-robed men" who hold his life in their hands "while they quibble about points of law." Wasn't he in the same position, sans robes, and did he stop to consider points of law? Didn't he inflict cruel and unusual punishment upon the policeman who was his victim?

All of the cumbersome circumlocution involved in the debate over capital punishment (the lack of a deterrent effect, what constitutes cruel and unusual punishment, the alleged barbarism of the practice) seems to me to be an effort to ignore the simple raison d'être of capital punishment; that a person who knowingly and willfully deprives another being of life should, in turn, forfeit his own life. If the essence of justice dictates that the punishment should fit the crime, the validity of the death penalty as punishment for a murderer is obvious.

I would grant that keeping any man's life, even a murderer's, hanging by a thread for ten years does not serve the cause of justice. But then, if justice had been served, Witherspoon would not be alive to write of his woes to playboy.

Jane E. Maher River Forest, Illinois

NO RIGHTS FOR PRISONERS

Quite a bit has been published in *The Playboy Forum* about the rights of prisoners. To me, the terms prisoner and rights are mutually exclusive. 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. In prison, he loses his right to work, to play, to procreate, to move about at his own will—in short, he loses just about every right short of survival. What, then, is the big flap?

Timothy P. Butler Southfield, Michigan

Today's courts generally agree that certain constitutional rights follow the convict through the prison gates, so the big flap is not about whether or not prisoners have rights, but about which rights they have and to what extent they have them. Other than the right to procreate, which is defended by advocates of conjugal visits, the rights most often discussed include freedom from punishment and search without due process, freedom from censorship, protection from racial discrimination, the right to practice one's religion and express one's political beliefs, the right to decent living conditions and freedom in personal appearance. In the 1972 "Morales vs. Schmidt" decision, a Federal district judge argued that the protection of such



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rights has priority over the interests of the prison:

In my view, in passing upon ... challenges to the rules for institutional survival, the balance must be struck in favor of the individual rights of the prisoners. That is to say, if one of these rules of institutional survival affects significantly a liberty which is clearly protected among the general population, and if its only justification is that the prison cannot survive without it, then it may well be that the Constitution requires that the prison be modified.

There's more information on this subject in the American Civil Liberties Union handbook "The Rights of Prisoners," by David Rudovsky, available in paperback from Avon Books.

FAILURE OF WILL

Many people are saying they're glad the Vietnam war is over. But it isn't over: it has just started for the people of South Vietnam, The U.S. helped create South Vietnam as an independent nation in the first place. It has been estimated that 80 percent of the people of South Vietnam were opposed to communism; now we have run out on them, abandoning them to total loss of personal rights and freedoms, wholesale arrests, executions and incarcerations, I'll be interested to see if the bleeding hearts who wrote to The Playboy Forum about the hardships the war imposed on the South Vietnamese will now express concern about the sufferings the Communists inflict on those same people. Perhaps this is what they wanted, another victory for global communism.

The U.S. of today is not the country that conquered the Axis powers in 1945, still less the nation that won its independence almost two centuries ago. Physically, we are stronger than we've ever been. We could have won in Vietnam; our military could have crushed communism in that country once and for all. Instead, our leaders heeded a set of insidious ideas that have become conventional truths in Washington, such as the feasibility of limited war, the possibility of negotiating with Communists and the necessity of taking the peace movement seriously.

The men who lost Victnam for us were the men who got us into it, our vacillating politicians, who couldn't decide what they wanted. A series of Presidents wavered between making war and talking peace, between unleashing our forces and demanding that the South Vietnamese go it alone. These men never provided the nation with a clear sense of purpose around which the national will could crystallize.

Now everyone is asking why we lost all those lives, why we spent all that money, why we and the South Vietnamese had to suffer so much. If our side had won, we wouldn't have to ask why.

Richard Mueller Minneapolis, Minnesota

YEARS OF NONSENSE

Now that South Vietnam has gone down the tube, we hear regrets about the 56.000 American lives and 150 billion dollars that were sacrificed to save various hills, fields, cities and villages from communism. What we don't hear is anyone remembering that all our unpatriotic doves, such as Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern, as well as the reviled draft dodgers, deserters and antiwar demonstrators, were right all along. The voters understood this: they elected Lyndon Johnson, who opposed widening the war; they twice elected Richard Nixon, partly on the strength of vague promises of peace. Clearly, not only does the oath of office not turn a President into a saint but it gives him a rationale for behaving like the father of lies.

Johnson and Nixon are not the only ones to blame, however, for dragging out the war. It was the men in the middle levels of government, the agents, bureaucrats and officers, who created the myth that the Vietnam war was a necessary war and one the U.S. could win. These supposed experts were on the scene, had access to firsthand information, and they created a lie and sold it to those above and below them. It was the dissenters. most of whom had only common sense and simple human decency to guide them. who saw the insanity of the war. Perhaps the ability to think clearly depends more on courage than on knowledge.

Columnist Garry Wills points out that Graham Greene said it all 20 years ago, when the French were still fighting for colonialism in Indochina. In Greene's novel The Quiet American, published in 1955, a French airman says something that has remained true and that is as appropriate for Americans as for the French: "We have to go on fighting till the politicians tell us to stop. Probably they will get together and agree to the same peace that we could have had at the beginning, making nonsense of all these years."

ng nonsense of all these years."

Which is exactly what has happened.

Robert Porter New York, New York

EARLY AMERICAN OBSCENITY

Defenders of pornography are forever quoting the First Amendment to the U. S. Constitution and claiming that freedom of the press means no censorship of pornography. Obviously the U. S. Supreme Court disagrees. It occurs to me that one way to settle the dispute would be to look into what the First Amendment meant to the men who wrote it. Did the founding fathers intend to protect pornography from prosecution? Or did they consider the obscene to be so obviously and automatically excluded from protection

that it was unnecessary to mention it, even as an exception?

Robert Holmes

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Unfortunately, the scant records of the discussions around the Bill of Rights give us little of the reasoning behind the First Amendment. Censorship, primarily on religious grounds and aimed at heresy and blasphemy, had a long history before 1787. The first attempt to censor a book because of its sexual content occurred in England in 1708; the judge acquitted the author of "The Fifteen Plagues of a Maidenhead," calling it "bawdy stuff" but "punishable only in the spiritual court." When the Bill of Rights was written, only Puritan-influenced Massachusetts had a law forbidding obscenity, enacted in 1711. There's no record of any prosecutions under that statute.

One founding father, Benjamin Franklin, authored several ribald works: "Advice to a Young Man on Choosing a Mistress," "Speech of Polly Baker" and "Letter to The Royal Academy at Brussels," none of which he published (though "Polly Baker" was published in England without the sage of Philadelphia's consent). But pornography was relatively rare, since reading was generally restricted to a privileged elite and mass printing and distribution were virtually nonexistent. So neither anti-obscenity laws nor pornography were prevalent enough to rate a special mention in the Bill of Rights.

In any case, what the founding fathers advocated and what they accepted in practice were often two different things. The articulators of American principles tolerated such abuses of freedom and democracy as human slavery and property qualifications for voting. They were, after all, undertaking a virtually unprecedented project, drawing a blueprint for a free society. The U.S. has been most true to itself when it has been true to their ideals; after 199 years of experience, we have more proof that freedom works than they did.

SEXUAL SELF-HELP

For many of us, the sexual revolution is only a first step. The ball park has been unlocked and we've been given permission to play, but we still have a lot to learn about how to play not merely well but with genuine pleasure. Take the female orgasm. We have been told that a man is no good as a lover unless he can give his woman an orgasm. Of course, this is a phony standard, because, in the final analysis, no one can really give a woman an orgasm except herself. Not that the woman is to blame for not reaching orgasm; but the ability to turn on lies ultimately within her and is not the product solely of some superlative combination of male physique and technique. Yet not only do men go on blaming themselves for not being able to



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Contemporary Marketing. Inc. 790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, III. 60106 Call Toll Free: 600-323-2408 Illinois call: 312-595-046 satisfy certain ladies but they sometimes even become impotent when faced with the challenge of a demanding, critical woman. We have got to stop attacking and start helping one another—and ourselves.

Women who seek to increase their orgasmic capacity are learning to study their bodies and to practice masturbation. They are no longer waiting for men to arouse them but are discovering their own sexuality, celebrating the female body and its sensations as things of beauty. Some men, of course, feel threatened by the assertion that women can take care of themselves sexually. But, as I've pointed out, making the man responsible for the woman's pleasure is loading him down with a burden he shouldn't have to bear. The self-help approach to sex demonstrates that freedom for women means freedom for us all.

Charles Fletcher St. Louis, Missouri

WATER SPORTS

Every woman I know is either being given or is buying a vibrator, the better to gauge her sexual responses. But my lover has come up with the greatest turnon ever. One day, when I got home from work, he was busy installing a hand-held shower attachment to our bathtub. Being a water freak, I immediately stripped. poured the bath salts and stepped in to try out the new gadget. My friend volunteered to demonstrate, but instead of washing my back, he played the dancing waters (he bought the kind that pulsates) over my thighs and breasts while I lounged flat-out. He finally zeroed in on my clitoris. What glory-water, good smells, a steady but not harsh masturbatory rhythm and the sexy look of a man watching his woman getting off. Of course, he soon joined me in the bubbly waters.

Oh, by the way, it's a great way for me to satisfy my wants when he's out of town or when I'm just enjoying nice thoughts in the tub. And there isn't that troublesome worn-out-battery problem.

(Name withheld by request) Boulder, Colorado

Your last line reminds us of a timely warning in Betty Dodson's book "Liberating Masturbation": "Never use your vibrator in the tub or shower. Water and electricity, as you know, do not mix."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Who says middle-age sex has to be hundrum? My husband and I just celebrated our silver wedding anniversary at a posh resort where our plans to swim, golf and deep-sea fish never got off the ground because we never got out of the sack. That entire weekend in bed was even better than our honeymoon had been at the same hotel. Why? Because practice makes perfect.

We know dozens of ways to stimulate

each other to fever pitch. One of our favorites is called the Yankee Sea Captain, a practice my husband picked up while he was on sea duty in the Navy. (One of the things that's kept our marriage going, incidentally, is our early decision to strengthen our ties by accepting and learning from the inevitable affairs that occur when couples are regularly separated for long periods.) The practice, which supposedly started in the Orient and was brought here by seafarers, involves the use of soft Oriental silk scarves-of which I have a drawerful. Using plenty of fragrant oil or lotion, the man takes one corner of the scarf and places it in the woman's vagina: then, ever so slowly, he works the whole scarf in. She can help with vaginal contractions, which increase the pleasure. Then the real fun begins: Slowly the man withdraws the scarf as the woman either continues contracting her vagina or simply lies back and luxuriates in the sensation.

Though I far prefer to have a helper, a woman can produce an exquisite orgasm on her own using this technique. Nothing excites me the way this does, and it sure beats masturbation for a lonely Navy wife.

> (Name withheld by request) Littleton, Colorado

LOST INHIBITIONS

I read with interest the letter on Sexual Attitude Reassessment conferences in the June *Playboy Forum*. Last May, my wife and I attended a local SAR weekend, and spent two days having our minds blown wide open!

I used to think I was reticent, discreet and private about my sexuality. I now realize that those words are just euphemisms for inhibited, secretive and uptight: the two-day program helped me realize how uncomfortable most things connected with sex make me. For the past three years of our marriage, my wife and I had stopped talking about what turns us on and had fallen into a comfortable, secure and thoroughly boring sex life. We screwed only in the bedroom, mostly at night, in the dark. It wasn't unenjoyable, but it was never spectacular, either, and we never talked about it in any detail afterward.

Then came the workshop and we both discovered that our reticence stemmed mainly from antediluvian attitudes that sex is, somehow, dirty—God, did we hate to admit we still had such notions! But the more we talked in the small groups and looked at an unending series of crotic films—some good, some bad—and listened to speakers—all excellent—the more we realized our hang-ups were holding us back.

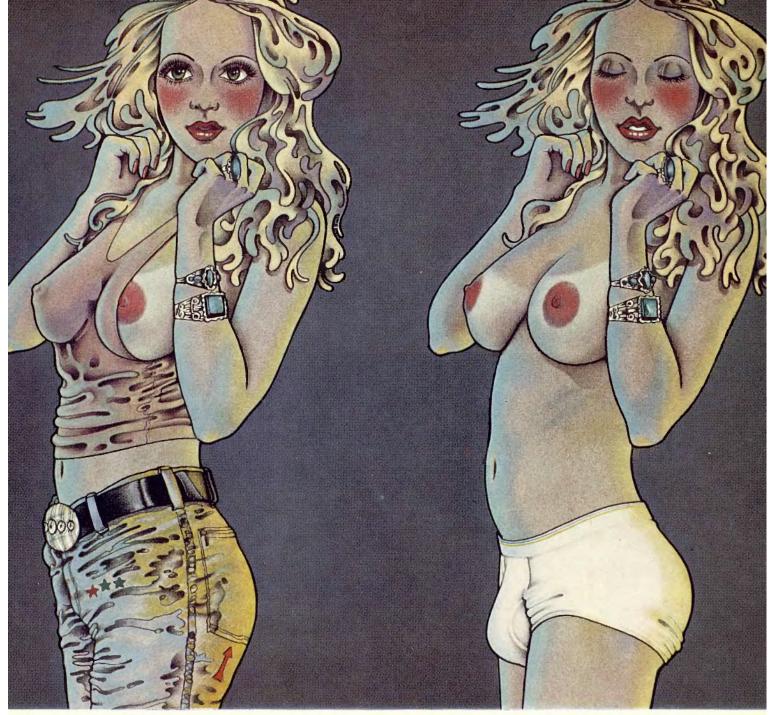
By the end of the second day, our minds had been so saturated with sexual words and imagery that nothing could shock us or put us uptight anymore. In the week that followed, we found ourselves letting each other act out secret fantasies we'd both had all along but had never shared. And I discovered that my pretty little wife, who I had always thought was much straighter than I, harbored erotic fantasies that made my head swim!

For example, the weekend after the workshop, I was trying on a pair of pants in a men's clothing store. My wife appraised their appearance with her usual sharp critical eve, told me she liked them and then, without a word, accompanied me back to the dressing room, closed the door, started to take my pants down and began to stroke my crotch. I was astounded and so aroused that I sprang to life almost instantly! She then slowly pulled down my underwear and started dreamily and teasingly to lick me. I couldn't believe this was my wife! I really got into it for a moment, but then paranoia took over and I became convinced that someone was going to walk in on us any second. My wife sensed this (because I began to lose my erection) and pulled my pants back up. She leaned close to me, kissed me gently and whispered, "It's OK. honey, we're married." Then she put her hand on my groin and said louder. "I just wanted to see how these pants look over your bulging dick." Hearing her say that, in that (very nearly) public place, got me really excited and, throwing all caution to the proverbial four, I prevailed upon her to go down on me again. This time, she got a little more into it, and so did I; but I wasn't ready to come right then, so I stopped her, caught my breath and said, "Let's go back outside and find some more slacks to try on." We spent the rest of the afternoon playing this little game, in and out of the dressing room, trying desperately to hide our shit-eating grins lest the clerks become suspicious.

That day I found myself turned on in a way I had never experienced before. There I was, trying to figure out some new and better way to put the moves on my own wife! I suggested dinner and a motel, and our newly freed imaginations made that evening one of the most memorable nights in our marriage. It turns out my mother was absolutely, totally, blindly wrong. Nice girls do do things like that.

(Name withheld by request) Minneapolis, Minnesota

"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.



IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

OUI is a whole new ball game starting in September. It's gutsier, more lively, more irreverent than ever.

Beginning with an examination of *The Lesbian*

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from health foods, if we are to believe out's special feature on the back-to-nature health-foods movement.

There may be more nutrition in a Big Mac than in all

the wheat-germ sandwiches you can concoct. Find out for sure as OUI pits *Health Food* vs. *Junk Food* in the current issue.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ERICA JONG

a candid conversation with the author of the erotic novel "fear of flying"

Less than two years ago, she was known principally as a poet-one with a fondness for ampersands and startling metaphor ("& the hole in the penis/sings to the cunt") and sassy swipes at male chauvinism ("Beware of the man who praises liberated women; he is planning to quit his job"). Her poetry sold wellfor poetry. Then, late in 1973, came publication of her first novel, "Fear of Flying," a bawdily adulterous romp across Europe by a young woman frantically searching for sexual and emotional fulfillment, which was greeted by a chorus of rave reviews (and a gaggle of horrified ones, from critics who were turned off by the book's no-holes-barred imagery or threatened by its feminist implications). Novelist John Updike was perhaps most accurate in his prediction: "Fear of Flying," he wrote in The New Yorker, "feels like a winner." It was. Last November, "Fear of Flying" was issued in paperback-and immediately took off like one of the jumbo jets that so terrorized its antiheroine, Isadora Wing. At last count, the Signet softcover was in its 28th printing with more than 3,500,000 copies off the presses, had been oscillating between the number-one and number-two spots on best-seller lists for months and was the topic of heated debates at cocktail parties, consciousness-raising groups, college

classrooms—and in locker rooms—throughout the country.

All of which took its author, 33-yearold Erica Jong (the J is pronounced as in John), totally by surprise. She had never expected to see the book published. (One printer, in fact, had refused to set the manuscript in type because of its considerable four-letter-word content.) Suddenly, she found herself alternately consulted as a sexual guru, solicited as a potential bedmate, sought after as a guest speaker, hailed as the most visible star in that new galaxy of liberated women writers described by Newsweek as "map makers of the new female consciousness" and, in effect, banned by the Smithsonian Institution. (Actually, it was Jong who, charging censorship, canceled a planned talk at the Smithsonian, after being advised she should avoid discussing sex and politics. It later turned out that Smithsonian secretary S. Dillon Ripley had already directed that her scheduled appearance be quashed.)

Since becoming a public personality, Jong herself has been the subject of conflicting reports: She was in a deep depression; she was bubbling with happiness. Her marriage was on the rocks; it was stronger than ever. She was writing; she wasn't. When the dust began to clear this past spring, the public learned

that Erica Jong was alive and well and living in Malibu; that she and her psychiatrist husband were divorcing; that producer Julia Phillips and Columbia Pictures were planning a film version of "Fear of Flying" and that she had two books ("Loveroot," a volume of new poems, and "Here Comes and Other Poems," a collection of previously published Jong poems and essays, plus a literary-magazine interview) coming out in June. "Loveroot," in fact, is a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate selection this month.

Jong is the first to admit that had it not been for her novel, her poetry wouldn't be on any book-club lists. The overwhelming success of "Fear of Flying" cannot, of course, be traced entirely to the book's raunchiness. One reviewer, intrigued by the "F.O.F." sales phenomenon, got the names of the book's female borrowers from local libraries and queried them about its appeal. They answered, in the main, that it was a book they could relate to—often that Isadora Wing was expressing thoughts and feelings they had previously believed were theirs alone. Surprisingly enough, many male readers agreed. As Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of The New York Times wrote: "I can't remember ever before feeling quite so free to identify my



"In one sense, the men who fear women's liberation are right. The women's movement is going to take something away from them—the right to be masters in a master-slave relationship."



"My friends tend to be very explicit—at least with me. We talk endlessly about men in bed and their dimensions. I think if men ever heard the things we say to one another, they'd wilt."



CHARLES W. BUSH

"Many women have the gut feeling that their genitals are ugly. One reason women are gratified by oral-genital relations is that it's a way of a man's saying, 'I like your cunt. I can eat it.'" own feelings with those of a female protagonist—which would suggest that Isadora Wing, with her unfettered yearnings for sexual satisfaction and her touching struggle for identity and self-confidence, is really more of a person than a woman."

There were minority opinions, some expressed stridently. Novelist Bill Brashler called it "a thoroughly obnoxious book. I read about 60 pages and then threw it against the wall." Militant feminists have damned Isadora for the fact that despite all her struggles toward self-assertion, she still depends on men to give her self-assurance. They call the ending of the book—when a confused Isadora returns, albeit rather tentatively, to her husband—a cop-out. Its author has an answer for that one; the book was intended, she says, to be "a saga of unfulfillment."

To find out what all the fuss is about, PLAYBOY sent Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese to California to determine whether Jong is really, as she herself once worried aloud, the "matron saint of adulteresses" or whether she is, as her pen-and-pun pal Louis Untermeyer, the poet, claims, "just a nice Jewish girl."

McNeese's report:

"When I arrived in California, I found my subject in a dither. The concrete floor of the Malibu beach house in which she lives with writer Jonathan Fast was at the moment being jack-hammered into shards, the better to afford access to an odoriferously leaking sewage-disposal pipe underneath. Writer Henry Miller, with whom Erica shares a sort of mutual-admiration society, had taken her and Jon into his home in nearby Pacific Palisades to await plumbing repairs.

"Despite it all, Erica welcomed me graciously when I called at Miller's to pick her up. Everybody describes her as plump; I thought her round-faced but shapely. Her nearsighted, blue eyes are partly hidden by enormous, pink-tinted glasses that she pushes up into her thick shock of tawny-blonde hair when she's having her picture taken. I found her soft-spoken and articulate; she talks with vitality, in well-constructed paragraphs scarcely interrupted by the 'y' knows' and 'uhs' that clutter most people's speech.

"Our first session took place in my motel room, but by the following day, the beach house was sufficiently restored for us to meet there. It sits high on a bluff overlooking the Pacific and one wall is a wide expanse of glass; the effect is something like that of being in the wheelhouse of an enormous ocean-going vessel, setting sail for the Orient. In the living area, there's a jungle of philodendrons, rubber plants and other vegetation, illuminated by skylights. To one side is a kitchenette in which Erica brewed pot after pot of coffee to fuel our conversation. On the counter, awaiting

a quick pickup game, lay a Frisbee. On the other side of the house is the bedroom, dominated by a king-sized water bed; outdoors, there is a small Jacuzzi bath.

"As we talked, we could hear the rapid tattoo of Jon's typewriter; he was completing a draft of his first novel. (He recently sold a story for a made-for-TV movie, 'Everybody's Watching,' to—coincidentally—Playboy Productions.) Occasionally, he'd take a break, joining us for a joke or a sandwich or serenading us with a few strums on his banjo.

"Erica seems to attract devoted, not to say fiercely loyal, friends. One such, writer Alice Bach-whose stories for 'young adults' are as different from 'Fear of Flying' as is 'Little Women'-was asked by a women's magazine (which she declines to identify) to do an exposé on Jong. She refused, reporting that there was nothing to expose. Another New York friend, Grace Darling-Foreign Affairs' advertising director and the person who first brought Erica's work to the attention of publisher Holt, Rinehart & Winston-observes: 'We all miss her terribly. It's as if the light went out when she left New York. But then, everyone who meets Erica loves her.'

"Which may well be true. It's certainly true that everyone who hasn't met Erica but has read 'Fear of Flying' wonders about the odd coincidences, if, indeed, they are coincidences, between the author and her novel's principal character, Isadora Wing. Both grew up in artistic, relatively affluent Manhattan families. Both are Phi Beta Kappa graduates of Barnard who went on, almost, to earn doctorates in literature at Columbia. Both are blonde poets; they write, in fact, the same poetry. Both have been married twice: first to a college sweetheart who had a nervous breakdown, then to a Chinese-American child psychiatrist with a monosyllabic surname. Just how autobiographical is 'Fear of Flying'? I decided I'd ask."

PLAYBOY: This is the question everybody's asking, so let's get it over with: How much of *Fear of Flying*'s Isadora Wing is really Erica Jong?

JONG: You mean will the real Isadora Wing stand up? Or lie down—preferably on the analyst's couch? Sure, there's a lot of me in Isadora, but a lot of characters and events in the book are totally invented. I didn't set out to write autobiography; I set out to write a satirical novel about a woman in search of her own identity, and I did not stick to facts very closely—frequently not at all. There never was an actual odyssey across Europe, for example.

PLAYBOY: Isadora's Chinese-American psychiatrist husband, Bennett Wing, seems to have been modeled on your own husband.

JONG: You said it, I didn't.

PLAYBOY: But was there really an English

analyst like the one with whom Isadora ran off?

JONG: Hmmmm. Well, there are any number of impotent Englishmen to choose from. The one I chose was lucky—though I don't suppose you could call him a lucky stiff. At any rate, I doubt that this character would recognize himself.

PLAYBOY: Are the people who did recognize themselves in your book still

speaking to you?

JONG: More than ever. People love any kind of immortality, from scratching their names on a wall to being depicted in a novel, even satirically. The friends who have been most incensed with me are those who can't hallucinate themselves into the book at all. They've complained, "Didn't I make any impression? I wasn't in that book!" I've heard many guesses at each character in Fear of Flying, and most of them were completely wrong. They were people I'd never even met or heard of. So I'm constantly explaining to people that what I write is an admixture of reality and fantasy, and that I mix it up as I please—to elevate it to myth, hopefully. Sometimes when I finish writing, I can't even remember what actually happened and what didn't. But I guess there are people who can't make the distinction between writing and life or between autobiography and

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you've been annoyed with people who can't make that distinction—who expect the real Erica to be an easy lay because the fictional Isadora is so openly sexual. Is that true?

JONG: Oh, yes; I found that very unnerving at first, having men sort of sidle up to me and proposition me, thinking that because I put myself on paper in a certain kind of way, I'm available to anybody who asks. I remember one night before I went to the American Booksellers Convention, I asked Anne Sexton, who was a good friend, "What do I do when men come up to me on the convention floor and say, 'Hey, baby, I want a zipless fuck'?" And Anne said, "Thank them. Thank them and say, 'Zip up your fuck until I ask for it.'"

PLAYBOY: The zipless fuck—a quickie with a total stranger, without even having to unzip—is Isadora's most notorious fantasy. Is it one you share?

JONG: I don't happen to be in search of ziplessness at this point in my life. I certainly had those fantasies, when I was 23 or 24 years old, of wanting anonymous sex. Or thinking I wanted it. But, of course, whenever it was offered to me, or when I would wake up in bed with somebody who was unspeakably idiotic, I would think, who needs it? Probably the zipless fuck is better as a fantasy than as a reality.

PLAYBOY: Fantasy or reality, the zipless

fuck is a phrase you're likely to be stuck with the rest of your life.

JONG: Well, zippers are always getting

PLAYBOY: There's even a zipper on the cover of *Fear of Flying*'s paperback edition. And a navel, which is also on the cover of your first book of poetry, *Fruits & Vegetables*. Do you have a belly-button fixation?

JONG: Do you think the publishers think of me as a navelist rather than a novelist? You should have seen the original design for the softcover edition of Fear of Flying. It showed a Happy Hooker-type lady sitting in the crack formed by the parted zipper, wearing a flimsy sort of Erskine Caldwell blouse and sucking her finger. She looked like a very tacky version of the Cosmopolitan girl, actually. The cover that was used seemed tasteful by comparison.

PLAYBOY: But that kind of cover sells books. So does sex inside. What do you say to people who accuse you of having put sex into your novel just to sensationalize it, to boost sales?

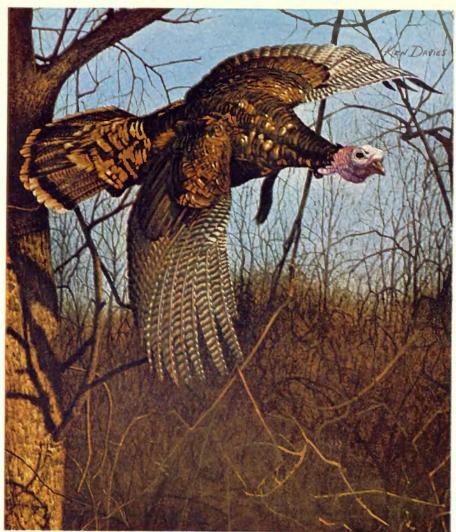
JONG: That's the kind of easy, top-of-thehead response I get from not very thoughtful people. It is not the response that I get from my mail. What I get from readers very often is, "Why did they put this sexy, lurid cover on your book? Why is your book sold as a sex book? Your book is really about identity, about a woman finding herself. The sex is incidental; the sex is part of identity."

When I was writing Fear of Flying, I didn't think it would ever be published. To me, the important thing about this book was that it be honest about everything—about being Jewish in Germany, about wetting your pants when you get sexually excited, about all areas of life. That's the theme that runs all through my work, and sex is just one tiny part of that. It isn't all of life, but it is a part of life, and I always find it astounding when people concentrate only on the sex in my work.

PLAYBOY: But it has been promoted as sexy, hasn't it?

JONG: Oh, the logistics of mass-market publishing are such that a paperback publisher, like a movie company, needs a handle to advertise something by. New American Library saw my book as the first breakthrough novel about female sexual fantasies. Publishing is a faddish business; and after Nancy Friday's book My Secret Garden, sexual fantasies were, excuse the expression, hot. So that's the handle N.A.L. used for its sales force. After all, every product needs a handle in our consumer culture. I mean, nobody says PLAYBOY is the magazine that publishes John Cheever or John Updike, though I know that every time I turn to PLAYBOY, I can find a new short story I'll want to read. PLAYBOY is known as the magazine with the nude centerfold.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the

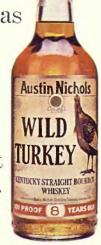


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nude centerfold? Some outspoken liberationists have complained that it exploits women

JONG: No, I don't think they're being exploited, but they're not really women to me, they're almost figments of the imagination, sort of the apotheosis of the male mammary dream. I think they have a kind of fantasy value.

PLAYBOY: Could you fantasize being one? JONG: Never-but then, I've always found my distinction in another area. If all I had to recommend me was the decorative value of my body, perhaps I would want that form of recognition. But I must say, I'm glad I don't have to get what I get in the world through my looks, because that's such an ephemeral kind of success, the kind that makes you fear your 30th birthday. But about the centerfold, I have no real objections to it. I recently learned, by reading between the lines of your Mel Brooks interview, that men all over America jerk off into it, and now that I know this, I think it serves a useful social function. "Redeeming social value," as they say.

PLAYBOY: We don't have any research to substantiate that finding, so we'll change the subject. There seems to be little doubt that the ways men and women deal with each other are changing. What do you see as the most important changes in relations between the sexes?

JONG: Is that like asking, "What relations between men and women would I take to a desert island?"? I do see certain definite trends: one of them is that women are becoming increasingly independent economically. So they are in a position to choose men not out of desperate need for a social rudder or an economic supporter but out of their own desire for companionship, for friendship, for love, for sex. That time has come for only a fraction of women, self-supporting professional women. It has come for me. But when it comes for most women, we'll see great changes, because women will not put up with the stuff they've put up with for centuries.

PLAYBOY: What kind of stuff?

JONG: Being nursemaids to their men; taking what is dished out to them; being chief cook and bottle washer, baby sitter, nanny; entertaining the husband's guests, the whole servant-master relationship.

PLAYBOY: What about those women who are content with that conventional husband-is-boss relationship? Would you criticize them for that?

JONG: No, but I would hazard a guess from the mail I've gotten that many women who are *in* that kind of situation don't *want* to be, that they are chafing in it. And, in that sense, the men who fear women's liberation are right. The women's movement *is* going to take something away from them—the right to be masters in a master-slave relationship. If you can conceive of relations between people only in that way, certainly you

would much rather be the master than the slave. It's very tempting for me, too, at times. I mean, there have been times in my life when I've thought, God, wouldn't it be great to have a man at home who would be faithful, be there all the time, and I could run around and do what I wanted and still come back to this person?

PLAYBOY: Every woman should have a wife?

JONG: Yes. At times, I've fantasized about having the kind of relationship with a man that men have always had with women. But if you really stop and think about what that implies of your view of the other person, it's not so terrific. I frankly think that, for all the difficulties inherent in it, it's much better to have a relationship between two equals. So if men are losing some of their old prerogatives, I think they're gaining something better. But it's hard to convince them, sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Some psychologists speculate that many men are so threatened by these changes that they've become impotent. Have you run into many guys who can't get it up?

JONG: Isadora experiences that in the novel, but I haven't. I have had men say to me, "I'm afraid I would be impotent with you, because you are who you are." But it doesn't happen. In fact, one of the things that men often tell me is, "I'm so surprised that you're unthreatening. I'm so surprised that you're feminine. That you're warm. That you're funny. That you're cuddly." I don't know why they're surprised. I guess they make the assumption that a woman who is successful is going to be a ball breaker. It's not my fault that they have that crazy response. That's what the culture feeds them, that a successful woman must have become successful by being a ball breaker. This assumption does not exist about men. It's considered perfectly natural for a man to be businesslike, efficient, competent at what he does, without that going against his masculinity. But if a woman is good at what she does, and is strong-minded and determined, then it's assumed that in some way she must be unfeminine.

PLAYBOY: Have you, like Isadora, found yourself using your sexual wiles to get something you want out of a man?

JONG: I've never slept with an editor in order to get my work published or anything like that. But I've thought of it. And I'm sure I've done a lot of eyelash batting and handholding and kissing people on the cheek rather more warmly than I have meant it; everyone has. I was told, for example, that one woman author, when she was on a publicity tour, slept with all the book salesmen, and that they'd never had it so good. I have no particular moral objections to that, but I would be incapable of doing it.

PLAYBOY: Germaine Greer, in her Playboy Interview, says that any coercion of women for sexual purposes, even if it isn't violent, is rape. "If a man takes you out on a motorway and stops the car and says, 'Now you can walk or fuck,' and you fuck, then you've been raped," she claims.

JONG: She's right. I think women frequently feel they have to give sexual favors to get ahead. Women still have to take crumbs of power from men, so what do they do? A lot of things they wouldn't ordinarily do, and sometimes those things imply a kind of sexual submissionpleasing, Uncle Tomming, niggering it up, pretending to ideas they don't really hold. Maybe Germaine Greer would call that mental rape, and maybe she would be right. Example of mental rape: women who will not sign a political petition for fear that their husbands might not agree with it. There are such women. I was shocked to discover that there were.

PLAYBOY: Are you politically oriented yourself? We recall that Isadora refuses to pet with boys who like Ike.

JONG: I care about politics, but I don't do enough about it. As for Isadora and Ike, that was true in my own life, only with me it was Nixon. I made it Ike in the book because it sounded more euphonious. I remember once back around 1955, when a prep school boy took me out in his car, and we went up to a secluded street in Riverdale and started necking. Then he said something about how Nixon was his ideal and I said, "Take me home." I was completely turned off.

PLAYBOY: You rejected him, then. Gay Talese, who has been studying modern American sexual lifestyles for a proposed book, has stated that women don't fear rejection as men do. Do you agree?

JONG: I like Gay, but I disagree with that statement completely. Women are very afraid of rejection. I think what Gay means is he thinks a woman can always get laid, whereas a man can't. I was at a party once where he asserted: "Any woman in this room could go out onto any street corner and get laid in half an hour, whereas I don't believe any man in this room could." And the men in that room were all very attractive. But if what he said is true, so what? Who wants to get laid in just half an hour? And who wants it on the street?

Women are very afraid of rejection. The rejection of not getting the telephone call, not being asked out, is just as bad as the rejection of being turned down for sex. But, you know, men are afraid of loneliness, too. I've seen men who fall apart more after a divorce than women do; men who have absolutely gone bananas when they've been left. I don't see vast psychological differences between the sexes. I'm not saying there are no differences; I believe there are. But I

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think it would be much healthier for us all to stress the similarities.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the differences you do believe in?

JONG: Well, I think men are truly afraid of castration, in a way that is symbolic and also affects their daily lives. I believe women are stronger, more resilient emotionally and physically, partly because they are not coddled in the way that men are. They have to take care of everybody, and that makes for incredible toughness.

PLAYBOY: Another male fear, you claim in your novel, is that women are talking about them. You wrote: "Men have always detested women's gossip because they suspect the truth: Their measurements are being taken and compared." Is that really true?

JONG: My friends tend to be very explicit—at least with me. We talk endlessly about men in bed and their dimensions and how they fuck. I think if men ever heard the things we say to one another, they'd wilt.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

JONG: Oh, I've had long conversations with women friends about the anatomies and techniques of various lovers: What shape was his penis? How long did it take him to come? I know that women aren't supposed to talk like that, but to my knowledge, they do it much more than men. A lot of very sensitive men have complained to me, as a matter of fact, that they don't have as close relationships with their men friends as I do with my women friends.

PLAYBOY: Is that because of the old homosexuality bugaboo?

JONG: Buggery-boo, you should say. Yes, I think it is. I think it's also that they're very afraid of showing weakness in front of one another. Men construe intimacy as weakness. That's part of the sexist brainwashing our society subjects men to. PLAYBOY: How about some of the other things our society lays on men? We hear a lot of talk that a woman should be free to choose between a career outside the home and a life as a housewife. Very few men have such a choice; they are expected to support at least themselves, if not a family.

JONG: I know lots of women who have absolutely no qualms about supporting a man, who do it and feel no conflict. I will tell you that I do not know very many men who can take it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

JONG: It's not because women won't let them but because a man's identity in this culture depends so much on his profession, his monetary status, the plastic credit cards in his wallet, that most men cannot do without these props.

PLAYBOY: You've said that a great deal of your own identity comes from your professional accomplishments. If you had to identify yourself—introduce yourself to

a stranger, say—without reference to your work, how would you do it?

JONG: That's really a very interesting question. Almost impossible, isn't it? Hmmm. I would probably say that I like to laugh a lot, that I'm a clown, which I tend to be; that I'm prone to put on weight; that I'm quite horny——

PLAYBOY: Does it surprise people when you admit to them that you're quite

horny?

JONG: It surprises me to discover it about myself. I don't know if I'm hornier than other people, but I think I may be more in touch with my sexual feelings. My life seems kind of incomplete if there isn't a sort of sexuality in it. I don't mean random, promiscuous sexuality. I'm not interested in that. What I mean is that unless there is a person to whom I am attached, feel warmly toward and have good sex with, I feel that my life is really truncated. It's an important component in my life that I don't like having to do without.

PLAYBOY: Linda Lovelace prescribes daily orgasms for everybody. Otherwise, she says, people get very uptight. Do you buy that?

JONG: I don't know whether you have to have an orgasm every day, although it would be, certainly, very nice. I hate to quantify, because then people who read this are going to say, "Oh, my God, I didn't have one today!" Sort of like taking your vitamins. Or like those marriage manuals you used to see that said no orgasm is a good orgasm unless it's simultaneous with your partner's. That has fucked up more people than anything. That is the biggest, silliest myth. I mean, sometimes they are simultaneous, they just happen to be, and that's fine. But if you're thinking about it, it won't

I do think one's feelings about orgasm are completely variable. Certainly there are times when, if you really love somebody, you can get totally into the idea of giving pleasure. This may sound like something that goes against all kinds of feminist beliefs, but a man can do it as well as a woman; I mean, there are times when you just want to give the other person pleasure. If it's consistently like that, then there's something wrong with the relationship. The fun in fucking is the variety.

PLAYBOY: Any particular variations you enjoy?

JONG: No, all kinds, I think. I like gentle sex, but I also like tough sex sometimes. I can get enormously turned on by being dominated in bed, although I would hate being raped. Sometimes I like to be the one who's active, absolutely driving the man wild, while he's relatively passive. Or you can both be equally active. I think it's nice to do it in all different positions, different ways, including hanging from the chandelier.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried it hanging from the chandelier?

JONG: No. And this house has no chandeliers. But I can heartily recommend sunken bathtubs, Jacuzzis, water beds.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever fuck outdoors?

JONG: A lifelong New Yorker? Fucking outdoors? Where? In Central Park?

PLAYBOY: Maybe you'll have more opportunity here in California. Speaking of fucking, what's your opinion of the diagnosis often made by men that all some women need is a good fuck?

JONG: A lot of men need a good fuck, but they're incapable of getting it because they regard their penises as sort of detached from the rest of their bodies. I think there are very few people who know how to get a good fuck, getting on that subject.

PLAYBOY: OK, how does one get a good fuck?

JONG: I think probably the essence of it is understanding that your body and your head are connected. The trouble with most people is that they're too focused on their genitals. I really think that's what makes some men bad lovers. There are certain men who will always grab for the clitoris, you know, massage it and then thrust home and that's it. And there are other men who-this is terrible-never take off their pajama tops while screwing. There are others who never take off their socks. There are others who never take off their glasses. Now, this bespeaks fragmentation. These men think sex is all in the genitals. There are other men who, immediately after having made you come, zing out, withdraw, roll over and go to sleep. For good sex, you should take time with it; treat it as something that's important, that you're not ashamed of, that is fun. Rolling around on the floor, licking apple butter off each other, if that's what you dig.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of licking in your poems, isn't there?

JONG: Yes. Well, I'm a very oral person. I like licking a lot.

PLAYBOY: Licking or being licked? JONG: Both. I also like barking.

PLAYBOY: Barking?

JONG: Arf! Arf! What I mean by barking is a certain kind of playfulness. Bed should be a place where you can to some extent regress and be childlike and funny and totally relaxed, and that relaxation can take any form, from making jokes to crawling around on all fours and barking like a dog. I think if adults don't have certain areas in their lives in which they can be playful, they crack after a while. And one of those areas, to me, is sex.

PLAYBOY: Have you always felt that way? JONG: To some extent, yes, but I feel freer, better about my own sexuality at this point in my life than I ever have. PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you felt.

bad about sex previously?

JONG: Oh, I think it's very clear in all my writing that for a long time I thought having pleasure was something to feel guilty about. My own adolescent sexual experience was fraught with guilt. I truly believed I was the only person in the world who ever masturbated, who ever finger fucked. I think I discovered masturbation to orgasm when I was about 13, and I was sure nobody else had ever done it.

PLAYBOY: Do you get off as well with masturbation as with intercourse? Or do you agree with another Greer dictum, that "a clitoral orgasm with a full cunt is nicer than a clitoral orgasm with an empty one"?

JONG: I much prefer an orgasm with a cock than without one. That's the best there is. But I think the distinction between vaginal and clitoral is totally mythic. Because, as far as I can see, every orgasm starts in the clitoris and ends up in the vagina, and it doesn't matter whether the orgasm is induced by somebody manipulating the clitoris with the hand or going down on you or putting his penis inside you. It was Freud who decided there were two kinds of orgasm. What did he know? He wasn't a woman. I would love to get him back here and ask him to explain it.

PLAYBOY: Demonstrate it?

JONG: God, no. Just explain. He said that a clitoral orgasm was immature and a vaginal orgasm was mature, and I think he probably meant that a woman who got satisfied by having a penis inside her was more "mature" than a woman who got satisfied by having her clitoris rubbed. What he was really saying was that whatever is good for men is "mature." I think the whole fuss is totally without foundation.

PLAYBOY: Some women swear they get their best orgasms with vibrators.

JONG: Really? Warm flesh is nicer.

PLAYBOY: Is it true, as reported in Newsweek, that some San Francisco sculptor sent you a marble penis?

JONG: It was a sculptor from Los Angeles and he sent me a marble penis to be used as a dildo.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

JONG: Marble makes a very cold dildo. But you know how it is with writers—anything for research.

PLAYBOY: How big was it? JONG: About life-size.

PLAYBOY: Now we get into the whole thing about prick size. Does it really matter?

JONG: Well, I remember in college they used to say it's not the size but the stroke. My personal suspicion is that it's both the size and the stroke, but any answer to that question is going to make men all over America feel terrible—because every man has a subjective view of the size of his own genitals. Most men are going to tend to feel inferior, even if



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they are in fact well endowed.

PLAYBOY: As women are self-conscious about their breast size?

JONG: Exactly. I always thought that *I* had very small breasts, but I've been told by a number of men that, while they're not enormous, they're a pretty respectable size.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever want big jugs?

JONG: Who didn't? But the nice thing about mine is they stand up.

PLAYBOY: Women's libbers are sometimes described as bra burners. Do you see any connection between liberation and brassieres?

JONG: None at all. I rarely wear a bra myself. I frequently go without any underwear at all. But I can get into stuff like Frederick's of Hollywood lingerie for fun. I enjoy wearing make-up; I like sexy clothes. I don't think that's a true feminist issue at all. And no bras were ever burned by anyone, in fact. That's a media myth—one of many used to discredit feminism, or any revolutionary movement.

PLAYBOY: You have, whether you've intended to or not, been taken up as something of a guru by elements of the feminist movement. Do you see other

feminist issues as bogus?

JONG: No, but I do get pissed when certain famous feminists say, "No more alimony" or "no more child support." They don't know what it's like to be 38 years old and have three kids, never to have graduated from high school or college, to have devoted your whole life to helping your husband up the corporate ladder, and then have him walk out with somebody else. I feel I'm in a privileged position in currently making a living writing, but a lot of women are not that privileged. They've spent their whole lives catering to men and children, and now they're supposed to start from scratch. It's impossible to expect that. Look-there are so many ways in which successful women are discriminated against; imagine how bad it is for the average woman.

PLAYBOY: Another burning feminist issue is abortion. What's your feeling about that?

JONG: Obviously, I think women should have the right to determine whether or not they need an abortion. I mean, that should be a basic premise. I personally have a lot of negative feelings about abortion.

PLAYBOY: You mean you couldn't have one yourself?

JONG: Psychologically it would be very tough on me, because I am 33 years old and have never had a child. I never lie about my age, by the way, with the result that frequently friends of mine who are five years older than I appear to be five years younger. But things happen to women who are past 30 and have never had a child; we get kind of crazy on the subject.

Abortions-I think there will always

be abortions. The question is whether there will be legal, safe abortions or back-street abortions. That's why the Right to Lifers infuriate me so. Their attempts to stamp out abortion through legal measures mean only that rich women will have safe abortions and poor women—the Puerto Ricans, the blacks, the college students—will die on kitchen tables. Or get blood poisoning or perforated uteruses. And I think that's just unconscionable.

PLAYBOY: Before we leave the subject of the dogma of women's lib, let's bounce this statement from an unnamed male observer off you: "A feminist who admits to liking men is comparable to a Nazi leader who says he loves Jews."

JONG: I hate it when people polarize us like that. I don't see why being a feminist should be inconsistent with loving men. I suppose the trouble is that a lot of women, in order to love a man, feel they have to submerge their own identities. So if they want to be themselves, they have to give up loving men.

PLAYBOY: Do such women often come on to *you* sexually? Have you gotten letters from women propositioning you?

JONG: No, I haven't gotten many propositions from women. I do remember getting a letter from three women who said, "Dear Erica, do you want to be made happy beyond your wildest dreams? We are dykes and we can make you happy. Please call us at such-and-such telephone number."

PLAYBOY: Did you call?

JONG: No, I never did. But I don't get many overtures like that—I think probably because my work seems so heterosexual that a lesbian would assume I wasn't interested. I've been criticized for that, by the way. For example, the feminist journal Off Our Backs did a very, very vituperative review of my first book of poems, Fruits & Vegetables, and the gist of it was that the trouble with Erica Jong is that her mind's not open to bisexuality or to lesbianism. I think that's a silly criticism to make of a writer's work, to judge somebody on his or her sexual orientation.

PLAYBOY: We take it that yours is pretty exclusively heterosexual?

JONG: Well, I must say I feel there should be utter freedom for gay people, that they're unfairly persecuted. I could say to you that some of my best friends are gay, except that it would sound stupid. But I, myself, really am oriented more toward men than I am toward women.

PLAYBOY: Somehow you sound as if you're apologizing for that. Do you feel you must?

JONG: Well, in this day and age, one almost has to apologize for not being bisexual.

PLAYBOY: Do you dig photos of nude men, such as the centerfolds in *Playgirl?* **JONG:** I'm not particularly turned on by those photos, but I think that's because I

look at those men and think, "God, I know how absolutely dumb he's going to be." One of the things that turn me on in men is intelligence.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think a man's dumb just because he poses nude? Are you really a female chauvinist prig?

JONG: Oh, those men always say they're posing to further their acting career or something. Besides, they never have erections! Real men excite me more than pictures.

PLAYBOY: What turns you on about real men besides intelligence?

JONG: Touch. And a real, live nude man walking across the room toward me turns me on immensely.

PLAYBOY: Some women, to the surprise of social scientists, are now admitting that they are aroused by pornographic movies. Are you?

JONG: My reaction to porn films is as follows: After the first ten minutes. I want to go home and screw. After the first 20 minutes, I never want to screw again as long as I live. Those endless blow jobs in slow motion, to me, are just tedious. The funniest porn film I've ever seen is one of two little girls in pigtails-they're really women of about 30. but they're dressed up as little girls in pigtails, with short skirts and knee stockings-making love to a man in an ape suit who has an enormous black-plastic penis that gets longer as they pull on it. One night I sat down with some friends in an apartment to watch some other porn films and we got so bored with running them forward that we decided to run them backward-so we could see the ejaculations returning and the cocks getting soft and the pants getting zipped.

PLAYBOY: Was that a turn-on?

JONG: No, but it was funny. None of those films was a turn-on, really. I found *Behind the Green Door* a turn-on for the first few minutes, but then it got repetitious.

I have been very turned on at times by erotic art, if the quality of the art is good. One thing that really turns me off is crummy prose, like you get in porn novels: "And then he pumped his hot pole into her wet pussy." It's so mechanical. Gigantic sexual organs thrusting at each other as if they didn't have people attached to them. Like those pictures in *Screw*.

PLAYBOY: You're not a fan of Al Goldstein's Screw?

JONG: I read your interview with Goldstein and I think he came across as a totally obnoxious human being from beginning to end. Both ends. Screw did publish a perceptive review of Fear of Flying, though. In the main, what I object to in Screw is those pictures of huge sexual organs taken out of context from the rest of the body.

You know, a friend of mine had a book of what people call wide-open beavers, crotch shots, that he got in

Copenhagen. It was just page after page of cunts. A black one, a white one, a Chinese one, with garters, without garters, with crotchless panties. And they were all pretty similar. The color of the hair or the skin might be different, but they were pretty much alike. Some people apparently find this sort of thing an object of fascination. I don't.

PLAYBOY: Your heroine in Fear of Flying is certainly fascinated with the idea of looking at her own cunt.

JONG: I can't imagine anybody growing up who hasn't had the desire to see her own cunt. I certainly did; I remember in my adolescence, like Isadora, putting my head through my legs and looking at myself backward in the mirror. It was just an object of intense curiosity for me.

PLAYBOY: But not beauty?

JONG: I may be killed by the feminists for saying this, but I think many women have the basic, gut feeling that their genitals are ugly. Maybe it has to do with the fact that your cunt is hidden, that you can't see it. Maybe it has to do with the fact that it has secretions and sometimes there are odors that are not pleasant. One of the reasons I think women are very gratified by oral-genital relations is that it's a way of a man's saying to you, "I like your cunt. It's good to me. I can eat it."

PLAYBOY: Is that the idea you were expressing in Isadora's fantasy of wanting her husband to go down on her while she was having her period? Is that one of your own unfulfilled fantasies?

JONG: I don't know whether I would really want to do it, but it does seem like a tremendous pledge of love. Do you love me enough to do anything? That's really what that's about. Do you love my menstrual blood? Would you eat my shit? Stuff like that. I don't think anybody actually wants to. You just want to hear the person say, "Sure I would." Reassurance.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that some kind of power play?

JONG: No. I think it's sort of asking for acceptance. One doesn't have to go on and do it.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you say there is rather a lot of emphasis on menstruation in your writing-your novel and your poems?

JONG: A lor? Every 28 days. Why not? I just think that for a woman it's a very. very important thing, that rhythm of menstruation. It's a kind of connection with your own mortality. Maybe it's hard to conceive of one's own death, but I don't think it's that hard to conceive of aging, or menopause. And one thing that's absolutely finite is your childbearing capacity. So every time a woman has a period, she knows that she is 28 or 27 or whatever number of days closer to the end-menopause, aging, death. It's a kind of biological time clock, a constant reminder of mortality.

PLAYBOY: A moment ago, you referred to



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vaginal odors, and certainly a multimillion-dollar industry devoted to feminine-hygiene sprays and such has sprung up in recent years. Yet many women put down these products and the advertising that promotes them. Do you?

JONG: I think those advertisements are terrible. My agent called me up one day and said some company wanted me to do a commercial for cunt wipers of some sort, and I said, "Don't even tell me who they are or how much money they're offering. I don't even want to know."

PLAYBOY: Would you have been tempted by the money?

JONG: No. I was shocked that anybody would ask a writer to do something like that. Nothing would have made me do the commercial. Anyway, what's wrong with soap and water? Bring the bidet to the New World! There's another thing I've always wanted to write to The Playboy Advisor about: OK, if you decide, as I have, that the form of contraception with the fewest side effects is the diaphragm and jelly, what do you do about oral-genital sex? The jelly anesthetizes the tongue and tastes terrible! Why don't companies come out with some kind of yummy-tasting contraceptive cream-grape flavor, maybe?

PLAYBOY: There are flavored douches and male-genital sprays on the market.

JONG: But that doesn't solve the contraceptive problem. And I really don't want to take the pill. I don't believe one should fuck up one's body with chemicals. I might take a sleeping pill occasionally, if I'm on a tour and can't relax in an unfamiliar hotel room. And I always used to carry penicillin tablets, because I have the greatest clap phobia of anybody in the world. I've always been terrified when I slept with somebody I didn't know well. I guess I'm just an alarmist, because when I travel someplace I take V-Cillin K, Lomotil and my diaphragms.

PLAYBOY: Diaphragms, plural? You have several?

JONG: A whole collection. I'm planning to send them to the Smithsonian. But—although this may go against the way people see me—I haven't really done all that much sleeping around. I was always preparing for it, just in case a really terrific guy came along—carrying around diaphragms in my briefcase and stuff like that, but the *number* of men I've slept with in my life is very small.

PLAYBOY: How many have there been? JONG: Not many. I don't notch my bedpost, so I don't know, exactly. I do, however, have a good imagination, and I can describe sexuality clearly.

PLAYBOY: Who was your first lover?

JONG: My first husband. He was my college sweetheart, my best friend, my constant companion—a person I took courses with, long walks with, read books

with, did everything with. If it had been 1968, we would have shacked up together for a year or two and that would have been it. But because it was 1963, we got married. And we were much too young and too broke.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

JONG: He was 24 and I was 21. We were married a year and a half, and then he had a nervous breakdown. That is the part of *Fear of Flying* that comes closest to something that actually occurred in my life.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet your second husband, the psychiatrist?

JONG: I met him in the fall of 1965 and we were married the next year. Then I went with him to Heidelberg, where he had a three-year tour of duty with the Army.

PLAYBOY: Like Bennett Wing, in Fear of Flying. Those were three years that Isadora Wing obviously hated. Have you been accused of being too rough on the Germans in that book? And why did you, or at least Isadora, lump the Viennese in with the Germans?

JONG: I know that makes the Viennese very, very angry, but I see them as being alike, Teutonic. Both Germans and Austrians were extremely anti-Semitic.

PLAYBOY: Were you being fair to them to generalize to such an extent?

JONG: I certainly wouldn't do it if I were writing nonfiction. But because I was writing a novel in which I was talking about people's gut feelings, I think I had the right to do it. You see, I had never been particularly conscious of being Jewish. My family was cosmopolitan; nobody cared much about religion. I never had been to a synagogue. All my life, I have had friends who were not Jewish-lovers, husbands, even. But in some way, that German experience changed something inside me, in that I came to understand what it means to have an identity you would fight for, and I began to burrow into those feelings. I wrote a lot of poems in Germany, and many of them dealt with the idea of being a victim and with rage. And from that I moved into writing about female rage and all those unexpressed negative feelings I had about family, about men, and so on.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have other means of venting your rage? Specifically, didn't you, like Isadora, undergo an extensive period of analysis?

JONG: I was in analysis for eight years. I didn't have as many analysts as Isadora did; I had three. I'm not really sure why I spent eight years in analysis; one reason was that I was married to an analyst and it seemed to be the thing to do. I was greatly helped in a lot of things by analysis, though. I did suffer from writer's block and I was terrified of flying. I'm not anymore. Analysis really did

help me enormously. It freed me to write about things that matter deeply to me. If you can learn to be authentic and honest about your feelings on the couch, you can bring that authenticity into your writing.

PLAYBOY: One prominent New York psychiatrist made headlines recently when he was convicted of prescribing sexual relations for a patient, with himself as the sex partner. What's your opinion of that technique?

JONG: I'm totally against it. I think it's like child labor. Exploiting the helplessness of somebody who depends on you. When a person goes to a psychiatrist and puts his or her life in that person's hands and then gets a pass out of it, I think that's utterly immoral. And the psychiatrists who rationalize it as good for the patient are the lowest of the low.

PLAYBOY: What's it like being married to a psychiatrist?

JONG: It probably depends on the psychiatrist you're married to. They do tend to bring their work home with them, I think, and sometimes you feel you're being analyzed in the bedroom. And this sounds like a frightful generalization, but in the marriages of most psychiatrists I've known, there's an awful lot of daddybaby stuff. The psychiatrist's wife plays a role: "Take care of me, Daddy." And the psychiatrist in turn plays a role: "I am the good daddy. I will protect you." For "protect," read: "control."

PLAYBOY: Is that what finally broke up your marriage?

JONG: It's very hard for me to talk about that marriage. But I'll say this: It was not the success of Fear of Flying that broke it up; my husband was immensely supportive of my writing, always. In fact, it was he who insisted that I use his name in my writing. I remember pointing out at a much earlier period of our lives, long before Fruits & Vegetables was published, that if I ever became a really well-known writer, it would ensure us much more privacy if I used my maiden name. But he was adamant about my using his name, Jong. He wanted this identification with me, as a bond between us-and he was relentless in his insistence. I think if he hadn't been so strong on it, I would have used my maiden name. Anyway, he was always proud of my work, proprietary, almost, and he never objected to the book. He read it all before publication and endorsed it heartily. Who can ever say why a marriage breaks up? We didn't share the same sense of humor-that's part of it.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your sense of humor?

JONG: I see the world as a tremendous circus. I am very anti-elitist, anti-authoritarian. My real view of the world is a satirist's view, and more often than not, I find the games we play to gain

status very foolish. And I want to share that laughter with somebody; I mean, I can't get on with people who take all that bullshit seriously.

PLAYBOY: And your husband did take it seriously?

JONG: Most people do, and I think he did more than I did.

PLAYBOY: Is he a Freudian analyst?

JONG: Ask him.

PLAYBOY: We wondered because Freudianism is an extremely authoritarian discipline. If you're such an antiauthoritarian, how could you ever get mixed up with a Freudian analyst?

JONG: Mixed up is the key phrase there. I don't believe in systems, and I don't believe in breaking the world down into two types of people or two types of orgasms or any of those things. I do not want anybody to feed me any kind of orthodoxy, whether it's Catholicism or Seventh-day Adventism or Calvinism or Freudianism or anything else. Doctrinaire Marxists bore me. Doctrinaire Gestalt therapists, doctrinaire sexologists bore me. PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of Freudian theories about sexuality?

JONG: There are a number of things in Freud's writing that lead me to believe he was extremely frightened of sexuality, very hung up and guilt-ridden.

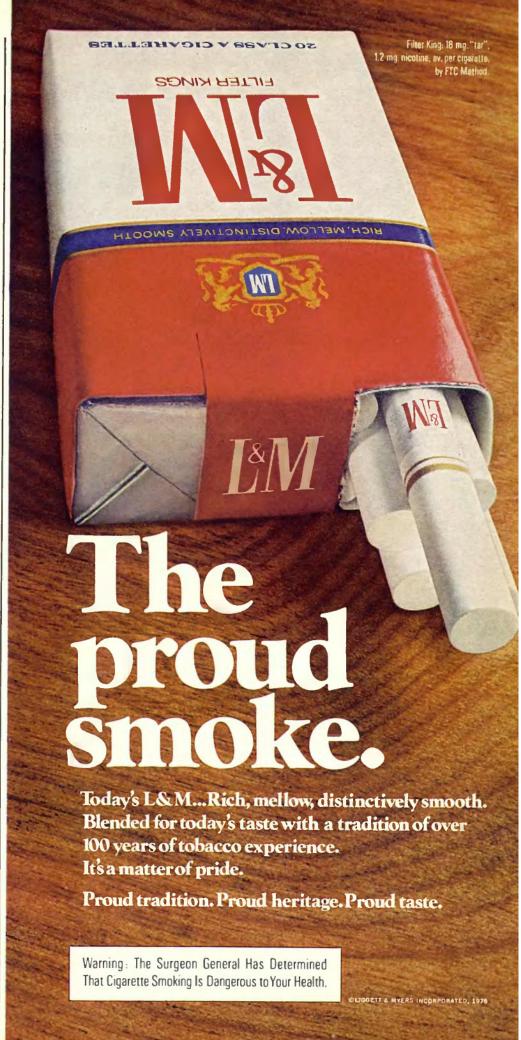
PLAYBOY: Specifically, how about one of Freud's most controversial theories: Do you believe in penis envy?

JONG: That has a certain lilt, like a singing commercial for peanut butter. No, I believe that women envy the power men have in our culture, and well we might: I don't think we literally envy the organ. We don't have to; there's so much else we can envy. We can envy the fact that men make more money; we can envy the fact that society is structured for their benefit; we can envy the fact that they can go out to restaurants unescorted without getting pinched in the ass.

PLAYBOY: We thought you *liked* getting pinched in the ass, or is that only Isadora's predilection?

JONG: Isadora likes it. Isadora—she's incorrigible. I like to be pinched on the ass, but only by some people. And I want to pick the people. Isadora has a lot of weird tastes that I don't share. Most of her fears, though, are mine. Or were. I've outgrown many of them.

PLAYBOY: What besides your fear of flying? JONG: I'm no longer afraid of being alone. That panic that Isadora feels—"Oh, my God, he's going to leave me and I'll be alone"—that actually is the irrational female panic that is ground into us from our earliest days and reaffirmed during our adolescence. God forbid that you should be without a date on Saturday night! God forbid you should be alone on New Year's Eve! God forbid your man should leave you! And then you discover, well, being alone is pretty nice. I like my own company. If I don't have a date



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on Saturday night, I'm reading a terrific book. I'm going out with a woman friend or with a man who is not my lover but whose company I enjoy. It's not so terrible. Life goes on.

PLAYBOY: You're in the process of getting a divorce. Why do you think so many marriages are breaking up these days?

JONG: Women are tired of bending, so they break up. I think that in some cases, divorce comes about through a healthy desire to fulfill one's own individuality. In other cases, it may be part of an endless quest for what is unfulfillable anyway. The things that used to hold the family together don't exist to the extent that they did. Childbearing is optional and even if you do have children, it doesn't take the whole of your life, because one child, or two children or even three children, is not a total lifetime's work in the way that it was when women had 14 children. I mean it doesn't go on as long.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying you have finally decided you'd like to have children.

JONG: I think I would. I certainly have waited and waited, as long as one can wait; but I don't believe I will get out of my childbearing years without having at least one child.

PLAYBOY: And it doesn't matter to you whether it is born in or out of wedlock?

JONG: Not at all. I'd rather be unwed than in a state of deadlocked wedlock. I don't think marriage guarantees a woman anything she can't have outside marriage-in terms of security, child support and the like. I only wish tax and inheritance laws did not discriminate against the unmarried. Unfortunately, they do. Other than that, I can't think of any reason one should be married. What can marriage offer me? It certainly doesn't guarantee that I won't stop loving somebody-nor does it ensure the continuance of a relationship. In some sense, it puts a sort of dutiful obligation on both parties that may make it harder to love freely. I'm not absolutely sure of this, but it's possible that if you feel locked together in a certain way, your love feels obligated rather than freely given. If you only live with somebody, it is taken for granted that you do so because you want to be with that person. Nothing in this world is more secure than that.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who claim the trouble with modern marriage lies in the nuclear family? Would you rather live in a commune?

JONG: Boy, if I could find six people with whom I could live happily, I'd be glad to have a commune. But I think it's hard enough to live with one. It's practically a miracle when you live harmoniously with anybody. You know, theoretically I always said I would like to have a variety

of people in my life, a variety of men. And yet I always wind up pretty consistently with one man and am monogamous for long periods of time. Ziplessness unzips me. Monogamy helps me work and function and write. I think it's just that there are so few people in this world whom one can really love, whom you feel that tenderness toward. It doesn't happen to me every day. More often than not, I've felt a sort of intellectual contempt for many men. I know that sounds terrible to say, but I can remember, from the time I was an adolescent, thinking, "Oh, gee, he's so attractive, but he's so stupid." PLAYBOY: Are you saying you couldn't go to bed with a man you didn't respect?

JONG: Oh. I could and I have, but I've always felt sorry afterward. For me, it is so much better to have a warm, loving, companionable relationship.

PLAYBOY: What would you consider an ideal relationship?

JONG: I have a new love poem that expresses it. It's about giving. I think we've always been afraid that if we give too much it will turn the other person off. And sometimes it does. Unfortunately, there are a lot of men—some women, too—in this culture who are terribly afraid of commitment. But I would think that if you could find somebody who was not turned off by it, you could just sort of renew each other, and that would be life's greatest pleasure.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a contradiction between what you've just said, about commitment and monogamous relationships, and what you, through Isadora, had to say about the excitement of being unfaithful? The croticism of sloppy seconds, so to speak?

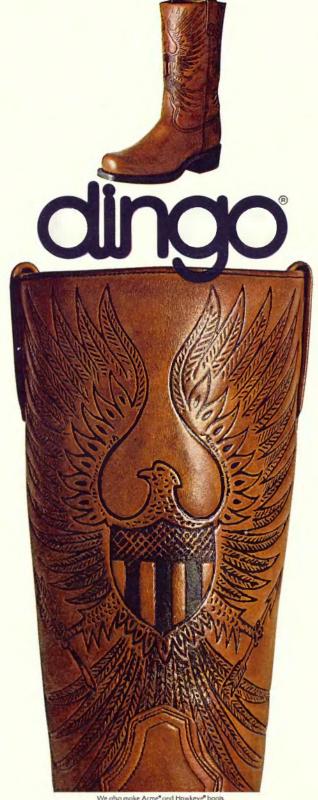
JONG: It's not fair to blame me, three years after writing a book, for my character's views. Sure, one of the fun things about adultery-at least for a little while—is the sense that you're getting the best of two men. There you are, having a little affair and then going home to your husband; fucking two men in one day. The only trouble is it's very superficial. It really turns out you're not getting the best of either man. You're just getting a little piece-that's a pun, I guess-of both. Infidelity seems like a tremendous turn-on at times, but you really don't get much out of it. It's much better to have one really rewarding relationship than to have several fragmentary ones.

PLAYBOY: Do you think total marital fidelity is possible?

JONG: I think it's unreasonable to assume that one's mate is always going to be faithful. You *know* that people are not going to go for 20 years without ever fucking somebody else—for whatever reason; maybe just to assert independence, to prove you aren't caged. Sometimes out of a genuine compulsion. Or overwhelming attraction. It's unreasonable to assume

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that there won't be such occasions. But I'm the worst person to talk about that, because I'm very jealous. I'm really fascinated with jealousy and the effect it has on a marriage. There's something of that in my new novel.

PLAYBOY: Some married couples deal with this problem by permitting a certain amount of sexual freedom. How would you feel about open infidelity? Wife swapping or consensual adultery?

JONG: I feel much less threatened by it than by secret infidelity, and I think maybe in this respect. I'm like a lot of other people. The thing that gets me the most crazy about infidelity in the way that it's practiced in a conventional marriage is the secrecy. It re-evokes all your child-hood terrors about things going on between the adults behind locked doors. When you find out that somebody has been cheating on you for years and that the night he was supposedly off studying for such and such he was really . . . that's what makes me crazy.

PLAYBOY: You don't subscribe to the "What you don't know won't hurt you" school of thought?

JONG: No, I don't, because I've had it both ways. I would have gone along with that idea until I actually experienced it. found out that things had been going on behind my back for years. And suddenly I understood all the overheard conversations, all the little innuendoes, whose car was parked in front of whose houseall those things-and they just came down on my head with sickening force. After that, I really felt I would rather know, painful as it is. I think lying corrodes a relationship. When you start lying to each other, you start with little things, lies by omission. And the lies grow and that ruins the relationship. I would rather have things out in the open.

I don't mean that you ought to call home from a business trip and say to the man or woman you're living with, or your husband or wife, "Darling, I just slept with So-and-So." I mean, you don't do that on the telephone. You wait until you're back together and talking in a kind of loving way.

PLAYBOY: What about, "Darling, I want to sleep with So-and-So"?

JONG: I honestly think that would be less threatening than keeping it a secret. But sometimes you take the steam out of the fantasy by actually speaking about it, and then you find you don't want to do it. But you see, if we all did that, there would be less fucking of other people out of rebellion and more doing it for the pure pleasure of doing it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a lot of fucking is done out of rebellion?

JONG: Yes, absolutely, in conventional monogamous marriages. And when you read a lot of the novels of adultery that have been written by women, you see that pattern. Very often the woman finds a lover who's not nearly as good in bed as her husband. Certainly, in Fear of Flying that's the case; the woman finds an impotent lover. He can't even get it up most of the time. So what's the need that's being fulfilled by this man? It's the need for rebellion, for saying, "Look, I'll show you." And I've talked to many, many women who have had affairs-sometimes persistent, constant affairs throughout their marriages-and they tell you overwhelmingly: "My husband is really a much better lover. He satisfies me more often; I reach orgasm more often with my husband; we're more attuned to each other." And so you ask, "Well, why the lover?" And they say, "Ah, I feel great. I feel alive. I feel reborn." What is going on that makes her feel that way? It's being appreciated again, not being taken for granted, being rediscovered as an individual, being validated in the eyes of a new

PLAYBOY: Do you have a need for validation in the eyes of men?

JONG: I don't believe I do, but I think that's the way many women live. I think validation comes very much from my work. But I must say that my sense of joy and of being at one with the world comes from having love in my life. I can live without it, as I said, but I really don't want to. I'm so much more crotchety when there's no man I love in my life.

PLAYBOY: In several articles that appeared earlier in the year, you were described as being depressed. Was the lack of a man in your life the real reason for that depression?

JONG: That may have been part of it. but I think mostly it was sheer exhaustion. I was inundated with mail after Fear of Flying came out, so much that I couldn't cope with it. This is something nobody can understand without going through it. Imagine opening your apartment door and finding a stack of mail that comes up to about mid-shin: four galleys in search of quotes, six books from editors saying, "Will you please write something about this?" 20 letters-15 of them from strangers, two from good friends, two or three requests for speaking engagements. It's amazing how many causes come out of the walls the minute your name becomes known. The Zionists of Upper Beverly Hills. The Feminists of Lower Mamaroneck. College Women in Search of Equal Pay. And they're all worthy causes, but nobody could keep up with them all. That was particularly difficult for me to deal with, because I'm the girl who can't say no. At first I tried to answer all the mail myself. I would categorize it, put it in big cardboard boxes: interesting fan mail, dumb fan mail, invitations to "stop for tea if you're ever passing through Secaucus."

PLAYBOY: What were some of the interesting letters?

JONG: Well, I get certain categories of letters that interest me. There's the letter of heartfelt appreciation: "Thank you very much for writing that book. You wrote about my thoughts and feelings." This type sometimes comes from a woman and sometimes from a man; almost equally from both sexes.

PLAYBOY: Men identify with Isadora?

JONG: Absolutely. A lot of men are surprised when they find out that women have the same feelings they have. I don't know why they're surprised. When I was a kid and read Great Expectations, I identified with Pip. I identified with any number of famous characters from literature-Tom Jones, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, for God's sake. I never thought I couldn't identify with them because I was a girl. And yet it surprises men that they should pick up a book about a female and be able to identify with her. But men and women do face similar problems, like those Isadora faced: the difficulty of separating oneself from one's family, of achieving a sense of adulthood; the dilemma of wanting to be sexually free and yet wanting to be grounded in a safe, secure relationship. That's not a female thing alone. And men will say to me, "I feel just like Isadora. I feel I am Isadora." Or sometimes, "I'm glad that you wrote about the feelings of women so that I can see that my feelings are not so different. Perhaps the sexes are not as far apart as I thought." I find that kind of letter very touching.

PLAYBOY: Do you get letters that aren't so touching? Hate mail, for example?

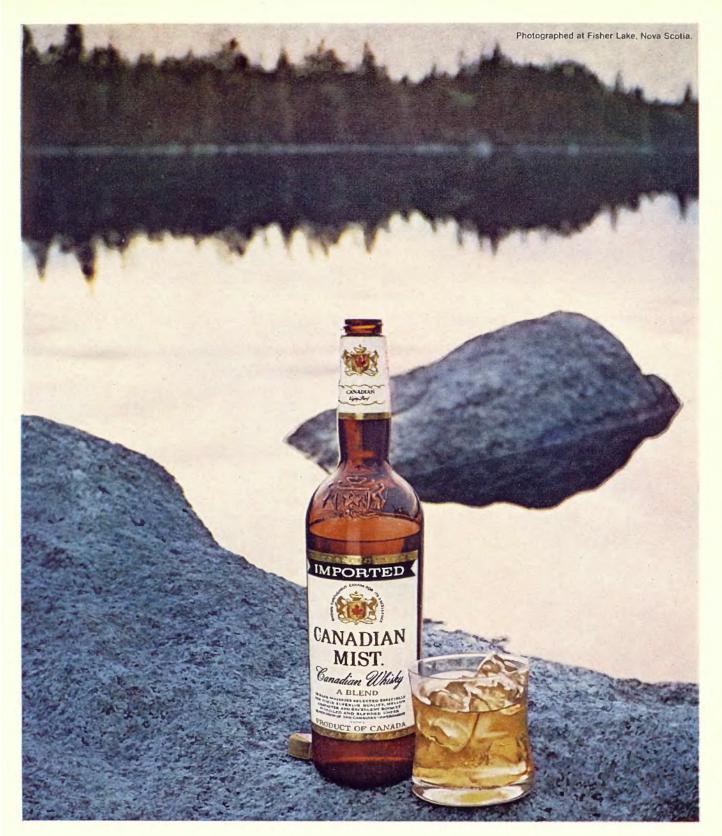
JONG: Rarely. I once got a crazy letter from a man that said, "Dear Erica, I would like to tear your poems into little pieces and lick them off your body," which struck me as destructive, though I suppose he meant well. Perhaps the oddest letter I ever received was from a former nun who wanted me to meet a young man, perhaps have an affair with him. I think she was in love with him but didn't have the nerve to do anything about it herself and was sort of using me as an intermediary.

Other letters come from men who want to meet me. Sometimes they will say things like, "I have a wonderful 30-acre farm and I'm very wealthy. With a very long cock." No, they don't say that.

PLAYBOY: They don't?

JONG: They don't use the word cock, but sometimes they talk about what good lovers they are.

PLAYBOY: In your own writing, you call a cock a cock, but not all writers—or publishers—are so explicit. Some months ago, The New York Times printed an article by Henry Miller praising your work, and at the end there's an italicized footnote: "The Times requested and Mr. Miller consented to alterations



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of some of the language in this article." One of the words the *Times* seems to have found it necessary to excise was bastard. How did that strike you?

JONG: As absurd. They wouldn't use the word lay, either. Or horny, which I thought was even funnier. I think writers should have full linguistic—even cunnilinguistic—freedom. But there are some people who scan down a page of prose, and if there's one cunt on that page, that's all they see. It's almost as if the thing were surrounded by a neon halo. This astounds me, because swearing was never taboo for me. It always seemed like an interesting way to make language emphatic.

PLAYBOY: With freedom, linguistic or otherwise, goes responsibility. Or so we've all been lectured. Do you feel that writers bear special responsibilities?

JONG: My own, as I've said, is to be honest. Beyond that, I've always felt writers should strive to be part of the common run of humanity, that they cannot be elitist. That's what bothered me so when I started having to delegate things, hire a secretary, get an answering service, retain an agent. I had always answered my own phone, my own mail. And I had to sort of reshuffle my head, tell myself, "OK, it's not terrible to have an answering service, to pull the phone plug out. You're still a nice girl." Once I made those decisions—and got out of New York—I felt much better.

PLAYBOY: Why did you have to get out of New York? What's a nice girl from Manhattan doing in a place like Malibu?

JONG: Hmmm. That's another whole book. I often wake up in the morning and don't know why the hell I'm in Malibu or how I got here. I think I'm probably a diehard New Yorker and that New York is so in my blood that I can't survive for too long away from it. But it was really getting to me. I used to think that writers who said they couldn't function in New York were being phony. because I wrote four books in New York. I had never anticipated what happens when you have a best seller, that you are suddenly on tap for the entire world. So it became necessary for me to get out of New York. I don't know if Malibu will become a permanent place for me. I somehow doubt it, but who can tell? Right now, I'm feeling more like a gypsy than ever before in my life. I have never had so few possessions as I have right now. I have three cartons of books and papers and four suitcases. I bought a portable typewriter and a couple of reading lamps at Sears Roebuck. Everything else is either borrowed or rented.

Actually, this is the first time in my life I've tried to live for myself. Simply. Not to worry about *things*, or about what people think of me, whether I'm pleasing people or not. Being able to choose my

friends from among people I really love. To be with a man I really love, some-body to whom I am extraordinarily close, with whom I can spend hours talking, giggling, laughing and kidding around, flinging jokes back and forth.

PLAYBOY: We assume you're talking about Jonathan Fast, the writer with whom you're sharing a home in Malibu.

JONG: Right. I think when I first met Jon, I had the sense that I was living with my other half, a sense I'd never had with another man, ever—that this was the other side of my personality. We are not exactly alike, but there is this tremendous kind of sharing of a way of looking at the world.

I had always assumed that men and women were sort of adversaries in a relationship, probably because of the experience I'd had before. The idea of living with someone without that sort of plea bargaining and competitive strife—I was astounded to find that that kind of a relationship could exist. I had convinced myself it was impossible and unfindable. But it's not. And that's a delight, I must say. We support each other in our work, too. Jon pushes me to work; he's much more disciplined in his writing habits than I am.

PLAYBOY: Which are you happier writing, poetry or prose?

JONG: I like doing both, but I think I enjoy writing poetry more. The sense of exhilaration is more acute. With a novel, you have to keep your eye on the thing over months and months, sometimes years. You have to keep track of the characters. You give a character red hair on one page, you don't want her to have brown hair two chapters later. So you have to keep rereading what you've written. I reread Fear of Flying so many times that now I can't even read it anymore. I don't think I could make it through one chapter.

PLAYBOY: Before long, you'll be seeing it onscreen. Did you ever think of playing the role of Isadora in the film version yourself?

JONG: Me? I'm not thin enough! I'm sure the book's fans will feel whoever plays the role is miscast, but then again, given the way Hollywood functions right now, it's a wonder they didn't get Robert Redford and change the heroine's name to Isadore.

PLAYBOY: What's your new novel about? Is it a sequel to *Fear of Flying*, with Isadora once more the heroine?

JONG: No. But the way I put together a novel is so anarchic and it goes through so many major versions that I never can say till the very end of the process what exactly it will become. I can tell you that it deals with a woman who has all the conventional female hang-ups and finally learns, as we all finally learn, that she has to be her own savior.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you're capable of writing outside your own experience? Must you write at least partly autobiographically?

JONG: I'm fascinated with the idea of writing a fairy tale, or science fiction, or a panoramic historical novel. But right now I have a compulsion to write what I call "mock memoir." I feel that for the first time in my life, by doing so, I'm doing something that's not only pleasurable for me but socially useful.

PLAYBOY: You mean you feel you have a message to transmit?

JONG: Yes, oddly enough. It sounds almost corny to say that, but I do. And that message, in the broadest terms, is: Be honest about your own life, your feelings, your fantasies, your sexuality. I really believe that women writers are now in a unique position, in which we can uncover stuff that has been buried for centuries. And I'm not ready to stop doing that.

PLAYBOY: Do you see an increasing vogue for so-called confessional writing by women?

JONG: It's often called confessional writing by male reviewers, but I think the word confessional in this instance is a put-down. It implies that what these women are doing is just sort of spilling out whatever they have in their guts and that there's no craft involved in the writing.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe it, then?

JONG: I think it's a kind of confrontation with self that women are exploring for the first time. Women are confronting their own sexuality, dealing with things inside themselves they've been afraid of dealing with before: their own aggression, their negative feelings toward their families, possibly toward their men. Part of it is an exploration of healthy anger, and there's something important about being in touch with your own anger and moving from there to love. I think this is what is new in writing by women, and that's sort of the contribution I feel I can make.

PLAYBOY: Are you working on anything else right now, besides your novel?

JONG: A book of love poems, which is going to be called *The Long Tunnel of Wanting You*. They are crotic poems. One of them is about giving one's lover a blow job just before being interviewed on television.

PLAYBOY: And what effect does that have?
JONG: It loosens the tongue. Makes one
feel very sassy. It's a wonderful poem, if
I do say so myself. I'd rather have you
print my poems than interview me. But
I guess PLAYBOY doesn't print poems,
does it?

PLAYBOY: Well, we might print a poem (concluded on page 202)

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of '56, safely content on half pay as a staff colonel, with not so much as a sniff of war in sight, except the Persian farce, and that didn't matter. I was comfortably settled with Elspeth and little Havvy (the first fruit of our union, a guzzling lout of seven) in a fine house off Berkeley Square which Elspeth's inheritance maintained in lavish style, dropping by occasionally at the Horse Guards, leading the social life, clubbing

and turfing, whoring here and there as an occasional change from my lawful brainless beauty and being lionized by all London-well, I'd stood at Armageddon (Balaclava, that is) and battled for the Lord (ostensibly), hadn't I, and enough had leaked out about my subsequent secret exploits in Central Asia (though government was damned cagey about them, on account of our delicate peace negotiations with Russia) to suggest that Flashy had surpassed all his former heroics. So with the country in a patriotic fever about its returning braves, I was ace-high in popular esteem—there was even talk that I'd get one of the new Victoria Crosses

Balmoral Castle, which reduced Elspeth to a state of nervous exultation close to hysterics and took me clean aback. I've puzzled over it sometimes and can only conclude that the reason we were bidden to Balmoral that September was that Russia was still very much the topic of the day, what with the new Tsar's coronation and the recent peace, and I was one of the most senior men to have been a prisoner in Russia's hands.

I didn't have leisure to speculate at the time, though, for Elspeth's frenzy at the thought of being "in attendance," as she chose to call it, claimed everyone's attention within a mile of Berkeley Square. Being a Scotch tradesman's daughter, my darling was one degree more snobbish than a penniless Spanish duke, and in the days before we went north, her condescension to her middle-class friends would have turned your stomach. Between gloating and babbling about how she and the Queen would discuss dressmaking while Albert and I boozed in the gun room (she had a marvellous notion of court life, you see), she went into declines at the thought that she would come out in spots or have her drawers fall down when being presented. You must have endured that sort of thing yourself.

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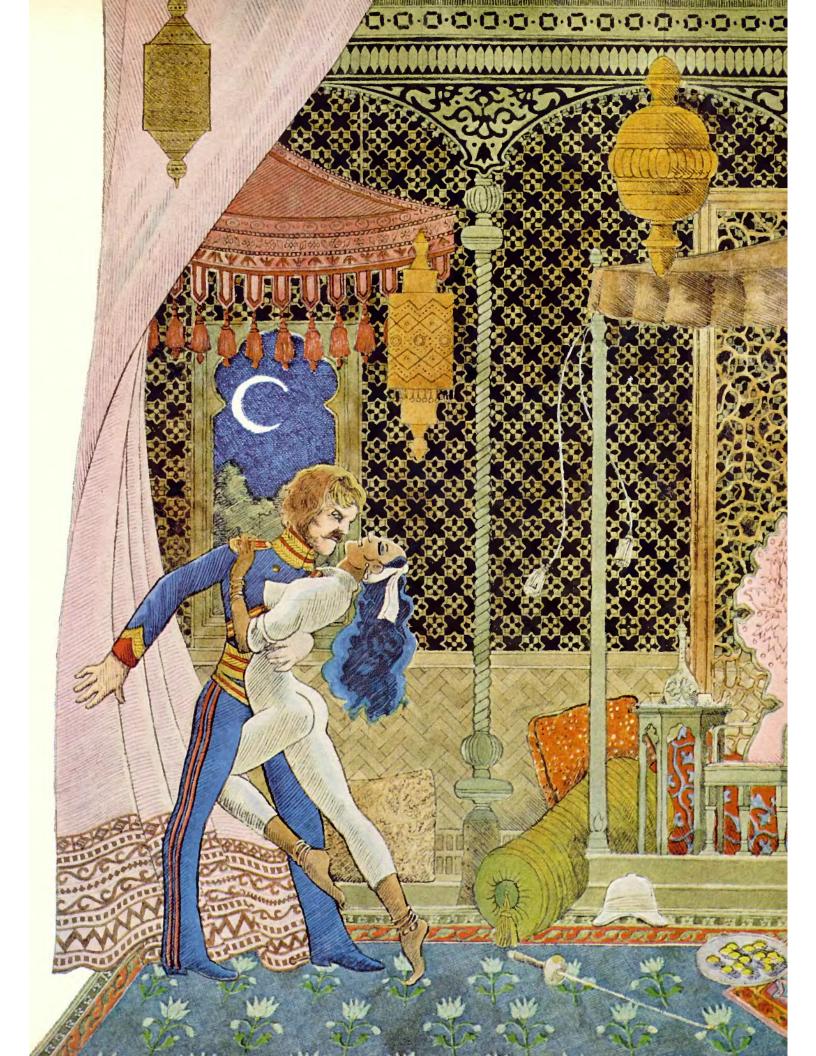
Part one of a new adventure satire By GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER

(for what that was worth), but it's my belief that Airey and Cardigan scotched it between them. Jealous bastards.

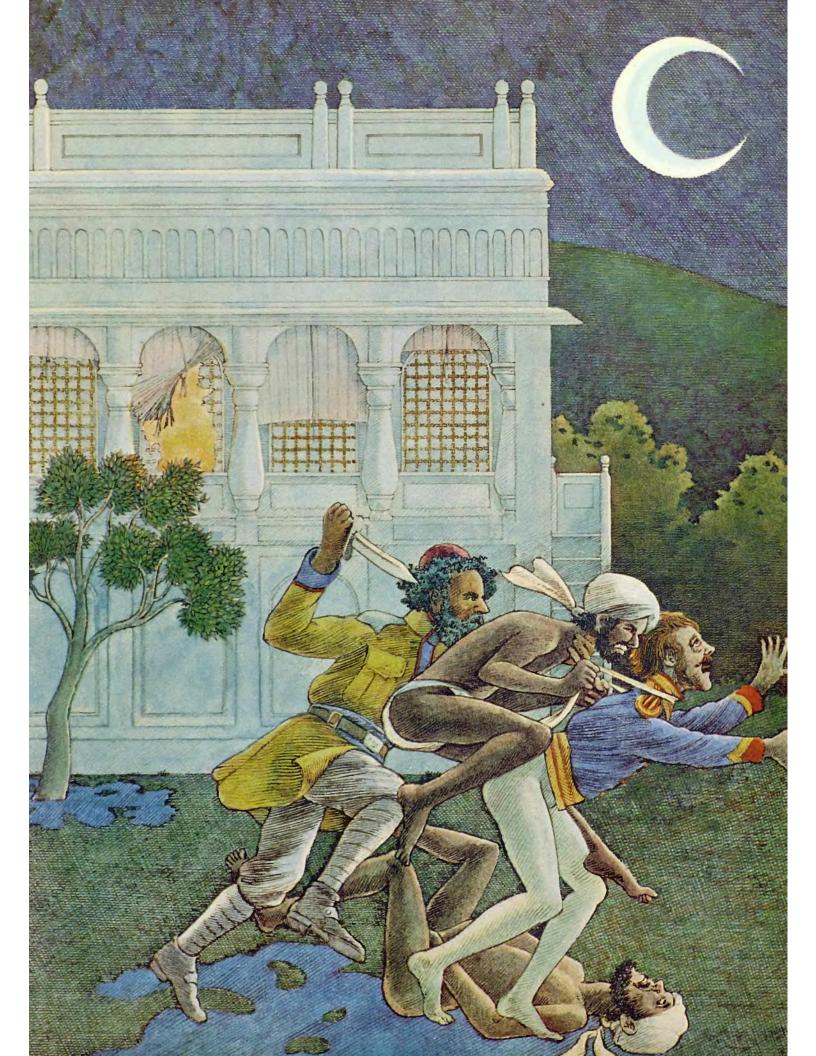
I was going happily about my business, helping my dear wife spend her cash—which she did like a clipper hand in port, I'm bound to say—and you would have said we were a blissful young couple, turning a blind eye to each other's infidelities and galloping in harness when we felt like it, which was frequent, for if anything, she got more beddable with the passing years.

And then came the royal invitation to

"Oh, Harry, Jane Speedicut will be green! You and I—guests of Her Majesty! It will be the finest thing—and I have my new French dresses—the ivory, the beige silk, the lilac satin and the lovely, lovely green, which old Admiral Lawson so admired—if you think it is not a leetle low for the Queen? And my barège for Sunday—will there be members of the nobility staying also?—will there be ladies whose husbands are of lower rank than you? Ellen Parkin—Lady Parkin, indeed!—was consumed with spite when I told her—







not to be put out by Lord and Lady Puffbuttock, who were now ignoring us with that icy incivility which is the stamp of our lower-class aristocracy. (I know; I'm one myself nowadays.)

It was quite handy that our companions kept their noses in the air, though, for it gave me the chance to loop a ribbon from the lady's enormous crinoline onto an occasional table without her knowing, and when the doors to the royal drawing room were opened, she set off and brought the whole thing crashing down, crockery and all, in full view of the little court circle. I kept Elspeth in an iron grip, and steered her round the wreckage, and so Colonel and Mrs. Flashman made their bows while the doors were hurriedly closed behind us, and the muffled sounds of the Puffbuttocks being extricated by flunkeys was music to my ears, even if it did make the Queen look more popeyed than usual. The moral is: Don't put on airs with Flashy, and if you do, keep your crinolines out of harm's way.

And, as it turned out, to Elspeth's lifelong delight and my immense satisfaction, she and the Queen got on like port and nuts from the first. Elspeth, you see, was one of those females who are so beautiful that even other women can't help liking 'em, and in her idiot way she was a lively and engaging soul. The fact that she was Scotch helped, too, for the Queen was in one of her Jacobite moods just then, and by the grace of God, someone had read Waverley to Elspeth when she was a child and had taught her to recite The Lady of the Labe.

I had been dreading meeting Albert again, in case he mentioned his whoremongering nephew Willy, now deceased, but all he did was say:

"Ah, Colonel Flash-mann—haff you read Tocqueville's Ancien Régime?"

I said I hadn't, yet, but I'd be at the railway library first thing in the morning, and he looked doleful and went on: "It warns us that bureaucratic central government, far from curing the ills of revolution, can actually arouse them."

I said I'd often thought that, now that he mentioned it, and he nodded and said: "Italy is very unsatisfactory," which brought our conversation to a close. Fortunately, old Ellenborough, who'd been chief in India at the time of my Kabul heroics, was among those present, and he buttonholed me, which was a profound relief. And then the Queen addressed me, in that high singsong of hers:

"Your dear wife, Colonel Flashman, tells me that you are quite recovered from the rigours of your Russian adventures, which you shall tell us of presently. They seem to be a quite extraordinary people: Lord Granville writes from Petersburg that Lady Wodehouse's Russian maid was found eating the contents

of one of her ladyship's dressing-table pots—it was castor-oil pomatum for the hair! What a remarkable extravagance, was it not?"

That was my cue, of course, to regale them with a few domestic anecdotes of Russia and its primitive ways, which went down well, with the Queen nodding approval and saying: "How barbarous! How strange!" while Elspeth glowed to see her hero holding the floor. Albert joined in in his rib-tickling way to observe that no European state offered such fertile soil for the seeds of socialism as Russia did and that he feared that the new Tsar had little intellect or character.

"So Lord Granville says," was the Queen's prim rejoinder, "but I do not think it is quite his place to make such observations on a royal personage. Do you not agree, Mrs. Flashman?"

Old Ellenborough, who was a cheery, boozy buffer, said to me that he hoped I had tried to civilise the Russians a little by teaching them cricket, and Albert, who had no more humour than the parish trough, looks stuffy and says:

"I am sure Colonel Flash-mann would do no such thing. I cannot unner-stend this passion for cricket; it seems to me a great waste of time. What is the proff-it to a younk boy in crouching motionless in a field for hours on end? Em I nott right, Colonel?"

"Well, sir," says I, "I've looked out in the deep field myself long enough to sympathise with you; it's a great fag, to be sure. But perhaps, when the boy's a man, his life may depend on crouching motionless, behind a Khyber rock or a Burmese bush—so a bit of practice may not come amiss, when he's young."

Which was sauce, if you like, but I could never resist the temptation, in grovelling to Albert, to put a pinch of pepper down his shirt. It was in my character of bluff, no-nonsense Harry, too, and a nice reminder of the daring deeds I'd done. Ellenborough said, "Hear, hear," and even Albert looked only half sulky and said all diss-cipline was admirable, but there must be better ways of instilling it; the Prince of Wales, he said, should nott play cricket but some more constructiff game.

After that we had tea, very informal, and Elspeth distinguished herself by actually prevailing on Albert to eat a cucumber sandwich; she'll have him in the bushes in a minute, thinks I, and on that happy note our first visit concluded, with Elspeth going home on a cloud to Abergeldie.

But if it was socially useful, it wasn't much of a holiday, although Elspeth revelled in it. She went for walks with the Queen, twice (calling themselves Mrs. Fitzjames and Mrs. Marmion, if you please), and even made Albert laugh when charades were played in the evening, by impersonating Helen of Troy

with a Scotch accent. I couldn't even get a grin out of him; we went shooting with the other gentlemen, and it was purgatory having to stalk at his pace. He was keen as mustard, though, and slaughtered stags like a ghazi on hashish—you'll hardly credit it, but his notion of sport was that a huge long trench should be dug so that we could sneak up on the deer unobserved; he'd have done it, too, but the local gillies showed so much disgust at the idea that he dropped it. He couldn't understand their objections, though; to him, all that mattered was killing the beasts.

Elspeth and I spent an evening at a birthday party at one of the big houses in the neighbourhood; it was a cheery affair, and we didn't leave till close on midnight to drive back to Abergeldie. It was a close, thundery night, with big raindrops starting to fall, but we didn't mind; I had taken enough drink on board to be monstrously horny, and if the drive had been longer and Elspeth's crinoline less of a hindrance, I'd have had at her on the carriage seat. She got out at the lodge giggling and squeaking, and I chased her through the front door-and there was the messenger of doom, waiting in the hall. He was a tall chap, almost a swell, but with a jaw too long and an eye too sharp; very respectable, with a hard hat under his arm and a billy in his hip pocket, I'll wager. I know a genteel strong man from a government office when I see one.

He asked could he speak to me, so I took my arm from Elspeth's waist, patted her towards the stairs with a whispered promise that I'd be up directly to sound the charge and told him to state his business. He did that smart enough.

"I am from the Treasury, Colonel Flashman," says he. "My name is Hutton. Lord Palmerston wishes to speak with you."

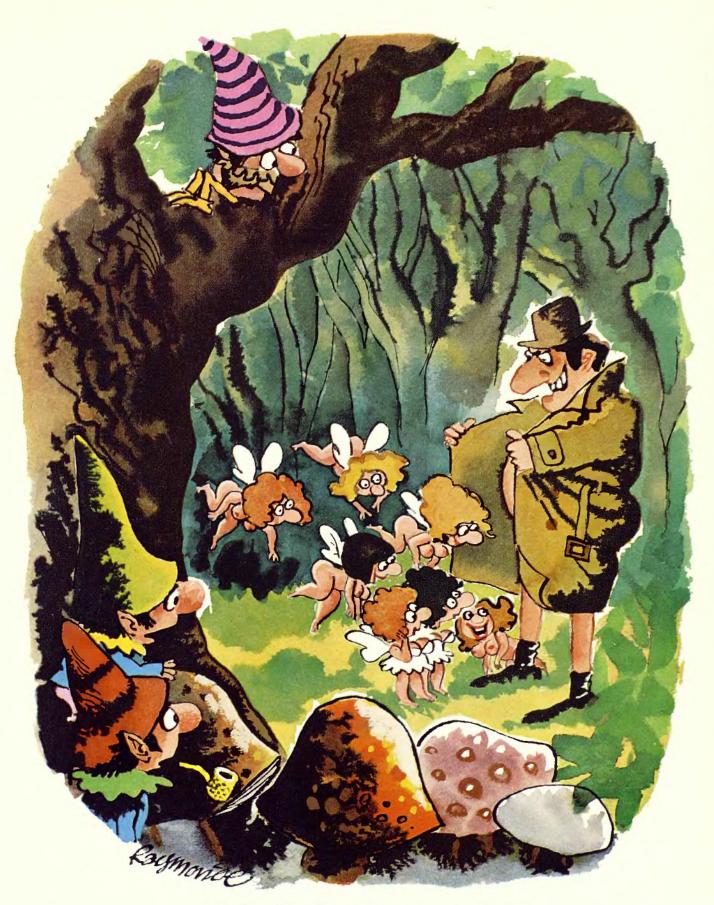
It took me flat aback, slightly foxed that I was. My first thought was that he must want me to go back to London, but then he said: "His lordship is at Balmoral, sir. If you will be good enough to come with me—I have a coach."

"But—but . . . you said Lord Palmerston? The Prime. . . . What the deuce? Palmerston wants me?"

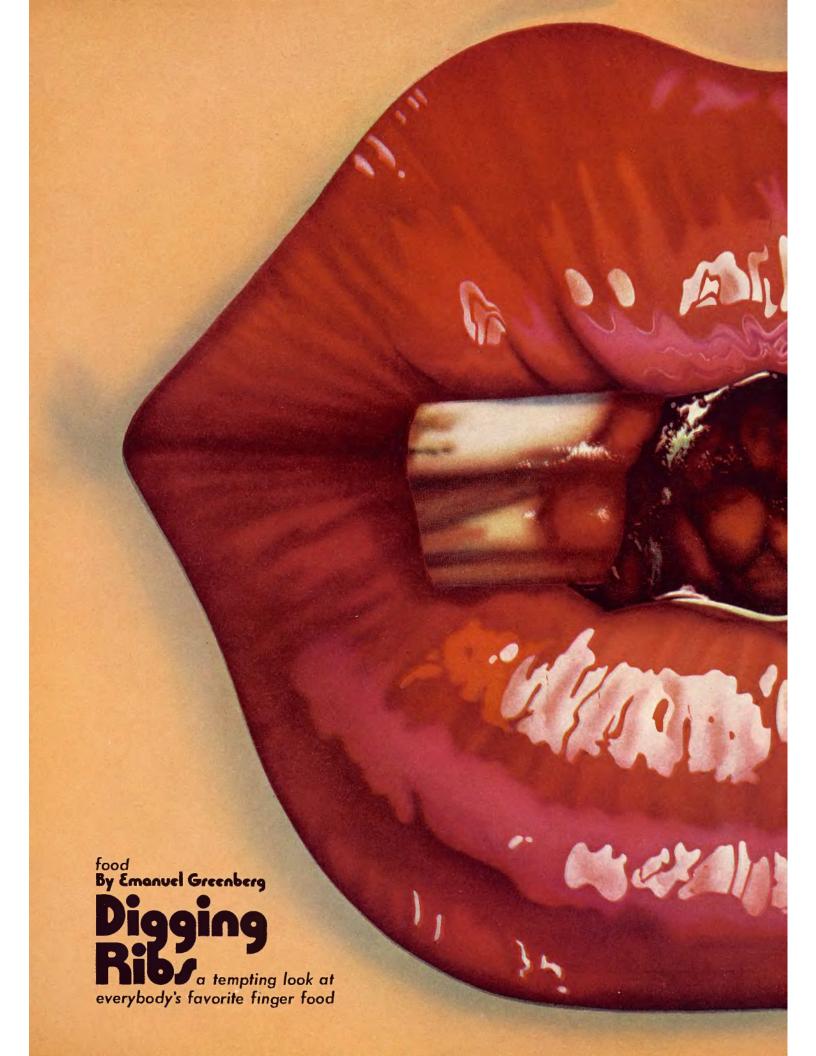
"At once, sir, if you please. The matter is urgent."

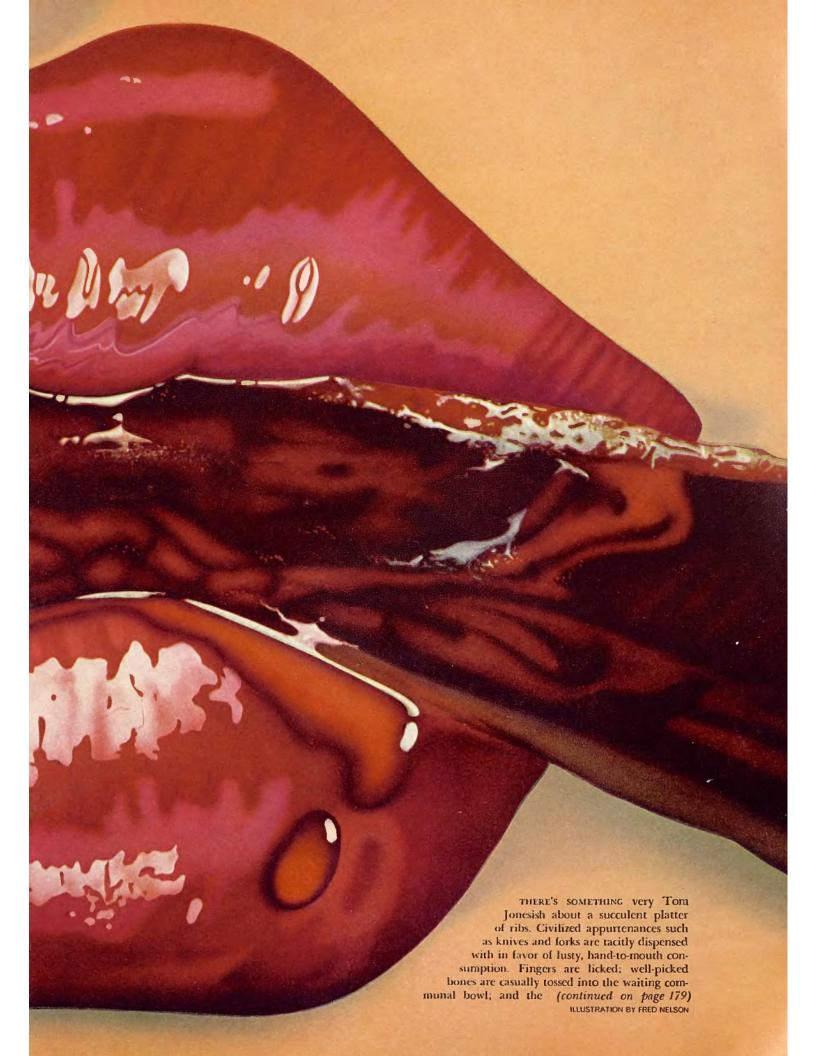
Well, I couldn't make anything of it. I never doubted it was genuine—as I've said, the man in front of me had authority written all over him. But it's a fair start when you come rolling innocently home and are told that the first statesman of Europe is round the corner and wants you at the double—and now the fellow was positively ushering me towards the door.

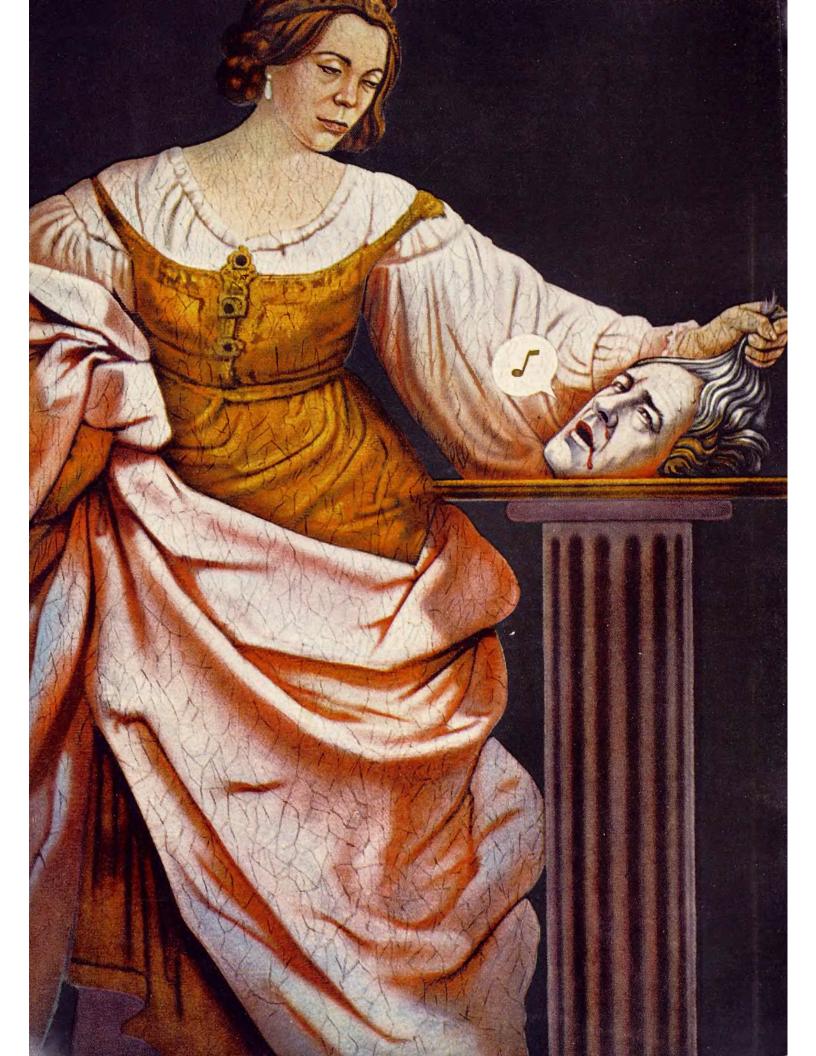
"Hold on," says I. "Give me a moment to change my shoes." What I wanted was a moment to put my head in the (continued on page 122)



"Oh, God! They'll never be satisfied after this!"







BRING METHE HEAD OF TIMOTHY LEARY

article

By CRAIG VETTER

it has been a strange, sad odyssey from clown prince to convict, from fugitive to fink

BY THE TIME Tim Leary fell for Joanna Harcourt-Smith, he'd been on the run for two years and the lords of karma had already begun to turn his fugitive doings back on him in hard ways.

His wife, Rosemary, had left with another man over a year before. She was a fugitive, too, and had grown tired of it, sick with their marriage, out of rhythm with the all-is-perfect cosmicprankster style they had been chasing since she helped him break jail that night in San Luis Obispo. They fled first to Algeria, but the Black Panthers ran them out only four months after they got there. Eldridge Cleaver said they used too many drugs and weren't serious enough about the big struggle, which didn't have anything to do with tripping naked among the sand dunes and goat herds of the Sahara.

They crept around North Africa, Asia and Europe and holed up finally, tenuously, in Switzerland, where they were almost welcome as long as they kept moving from canton to canton, from rented house to rented house. And Tim was bored at 50, into heroin-snorting it-and cocaine and lots of acid, as always. Whatever chalet they were in was full of the desperate circus that found them everywhere now: wired friends, dopers, revolutionaries, other fugitives, power peddlers, smugglers, informers, burned-out cases, some relatives, star fuckers, journalists, some babies, musicians, other women.

Rosemary's spirit was low when a friend of hers, John Schewell, arrived in October 1971 for a visit. He came with Dennis Martino and April White, two young friends of Tim's from the Laguna Beach Brotherhood of Eternal Love days. The Brotherhood was a ragtag bunch of young hashish smugglers. They bought the hash in Afghanistan in 100-pound bundles and then shipped it into Canada and the U.S. While Tim had lived in Laguna Beach, he had been something of their spiritual father. Dennis had been a courier for the operation and April was his girl.

Schewell had never met Tim, but he was in love with Rosemary. He'd helped her with the fund raising and legal scrambling during the six months Tim had spent in prison, and the night they arrived at the house, everybody took acid to celebrate. Except Rosemary: She was moody and blue and didn't take any.

The next day, Tim went into the hospital for car surgery, and while he was gone, Schewell and Rosemary talked and held each other and made love. By the time Tim got back, the shift of passions was complete. The day he went home, they took acid again and Tim finally looked at the two of them and asked Schewell if he and Rosemary had been getting it on. Schewell told him yes. Then Tim looked at Rosemary, and when she said yes, he told them, "I think the two of you should go away together . . . right now." Rosemary, crying, packed one suitcase, kissed April and Dennis

and went. It was the end of seven years together for Tim and Rosemary, through high times, arrest, trial, conviction, jail, escape and flight. And after this day, he would almost never mention her name again. When they'd gone, Tim walked down the hill and came back with a bottle of wine, a newspaper and another woman: Emily, the first of many.

Tim was never without a girl or girls from then on. They came and they went, but only after he had watched them, talked to them, made love to them and read his poetry to them. He was always looking to see if this was the one, his perfect one. For of all the things Tim Leary was-intellectual, psychologist, prince of the chemical Sixties-he was most of all girl crazy. He always had been. He was a man who believed that the highest you could get on this planet, straight or stoned, was to rock your loins in the loins of a beautiful woman who adored you, who could share your madness and even your sanity, who could play your games, call your bluff, chase your blues, undo you. With that you could play tablestakes poker with Alexander the Great. Without it you were begging.

He was still insanely handsome. He had sandy hair turning whitish, blue eyes, a strong jaw, straight teeth and that Irish smile that had weathered all the storms of his life and still came out like the sun.

The living situation around him was communal. Everybody slept in the living room and slid freely among one another as lovers. Tim (continued on page 96)

GALLOPINI (GUANAS)

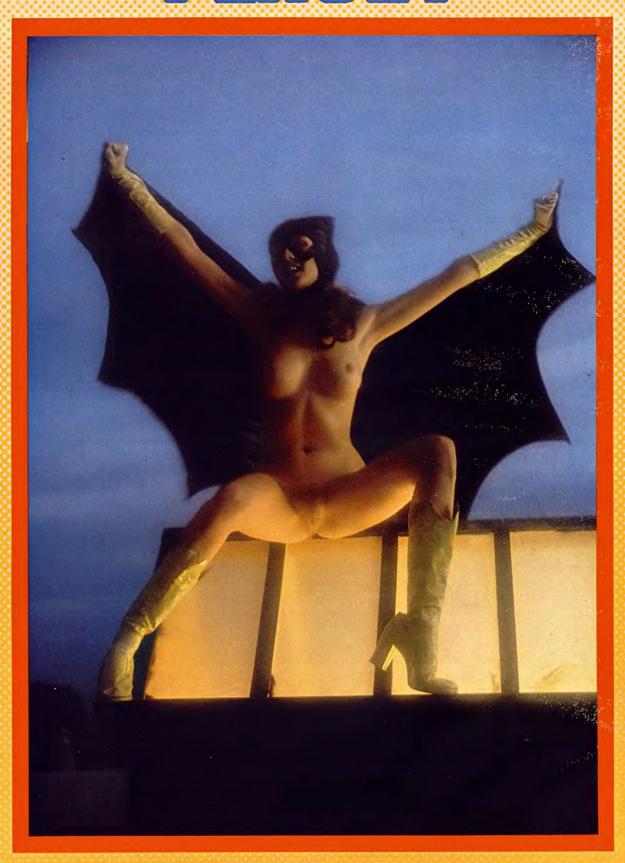


GEE WHISKERS, SAYS OUR FRIZZY-HAIRED MOP-PET, IT'S SURE HARD BEING AN ORPHAN WITH NO ONE TO LOVE YOU 'CEPT AN OLD MUTT. YOU CAN'T HELP BUT TURN YOUR BACK ON A PAL. A LITTLE LOWER WITH THE WHISKERS. ARFI



UP, UP AND AWAY. OUR SUPERHERO HAS DEPARTED WHILE THIS DAZED DAMSEL, NO LONGER IN DISTRESS, RECALLS THE CHANGES HE PUT HER THROUGH IN THE PHONE BOOTH AND HIS ABILITY TO GET IT ON WITH A SINGLE BOUND.

FLASH!



AN EERIE BEACON ILLUMINATES THE SKYLINE... ANOTHER SUPERMARKET OPENING! MEANWHILE, OUR GALLANT CRIME FIGHTER EMBARKS ON A MIDNIGHT MISSION TO EXPOSE A SINISTER— AND VERY SENSUOUS—UNDERWORLD PLOT.

PSHAVI,



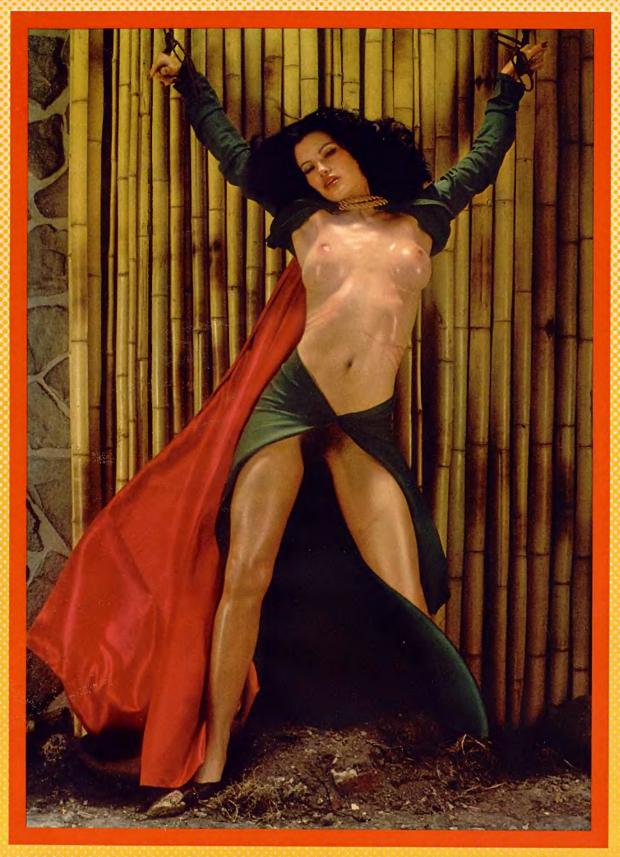
THE BIG-CITY SLICKAHS AIN'T WUTH THEIR WEIGHT IN SKONK CABBAGE WHEN IT COME TO RASSLIN' TECK-NEEK. THEY GETS THEIR FOOT IN TH' DOOR AND IT'S SLAM-BANG. AT LEAST TH' LI'L AH HAS ALWAYS LASTS A LONG TAHM.

FONDLES



CONSOLED BY HER KINDHEARTED EDITOR, OUR STAR REPORTER UNDERSTANDS AT LAST WHY SHE CAN NEVER FALL IN LOVE OR MARRY ONE OF THE MANY MYSTERY MEN WHO CONTINUALLY THROW THEMSELVES AT HER FEET. BRUTES.

C-R-A-A-A-C-K!



BENEATH AN IRON MASK OF INSCRUTABLE RE-SERVE BURN THE FIRES OF SELF-CRITICISM AND FREUDIAN INSIGHT. OUR TREACHEROUS LADY, THE TOUGH LEADER OF A PIRATE BAND, KNOWS THE ROPES AT BOTH ENDS OF A BULLWHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

TIMOTHY LEARY (continued from page 89)

was up early every morning; he read the newspaper every day, and sometimes when the intensity of the house was low, he would go to his typewriter and work.

He didn't have a passport in Switzerland, but he had money, which is like a passport for a man on the run. He'd written a book, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, with his friend and house guest Brian Barritt, a British novelist. Hope Fiend was supposed to be an account of his time in jail and the escape, but the two of them turned it into fiction and fantasy. Tim sold the 16th version to Bantam Books and he had borrowed from friends against the first part of an expected quarter-million-dollar advance. He was spending like a fugitive: making flashy memories against a time when they might again be the most of what he had for passing the days.

He bought a yellow Porsche and with Pink Floyd humming up into the earphones from the tape deck, he drove it like the roads had no turning. He bought a home recording studio, amplifiers, a synthesizer and mixers, and everybody in the house played with them. There were fancy dinners, ski trips and a casino evening when he tipped the doorman \$200 to let him in wearing tennis shoes. There was money that he gave to friends who showed up broke, money for dope, money for bribes and money he never saw that got skimmed by lawyers and agents who had influence with the Swiss government.

Michel Hauchard, a wealthy, shady character, was his archangel. At the end of *Hope Fiend*, Tim describes him this way: "A man emerged from booth eight and approached us. He was tall as a giant, silver-white hair swept into a leonine mane, face radiant with regal benevolence. He spoke to us in rapid Parisian French. It was Goldfinger, welcoming us to new life in Switzerland, land of freedom."

Hauchard lived in Lausanne and had strong enough and crooked enough lines into the Swiss council and other official agencies to keep Tim in the country and out of jail. But the price was high: Tim signed a contract with Goldfinger giving Hauchard total rights to everything he wrote for the next 15 years in exchange for money and favors that, in December of 1972, included an introduction to his sometime mistress, Joanna.

The house was in Immensee now; four bedrooms, built like a ship, with nautical bunks and fine woodwork. It was rented in Dennis' name. Tim's time in Switzerland was running out. Hauchard had warned him that his influence wouldn't keep him safely in the country past the end of the year and the government was making official noises that he had until

New Year's Day to find another place to hide from extradition to the U.S. But if Tim was worried, he didn't show it. He was living for the moment and had been since he broke jail.

He was in Bern the day Joanna called to meet him and when Tim pulled the Porsche into the driveway that night, Joanna's rented orange Volkswagen was right behind.

They came in together, smiling: Joanna, a slender body in jean coveralls and a pink sweater with a sunburst on it. There were introductions, some welcome-home chatter and then everybody sat in the living room by the fire listening to music, drinking wine, eating oranges.

Joanna told them she was Hauchard's mistress and not much more. She said that she'd always wanted to meet Tim, that she admired his work and that, really, she felt they'd met before. Tim flirted with her across the room. After a while, she reached into her pocket, pulled out two hits of windowpane acid and ate one. Then she said, "Whoever cats this other will follow me." Tim jumped up, grabbed the other, put it in his mouth and swallowed. No one else had any.

They stayed up all night, speaking French, making love and laughing, and in the morning, when the others awoke, Tim announced that he and Joanna had made a perfect genetic connection, achieved the ultimate helical embrace, that they had known each other in another life, that this was the perfect love he had waited for and that she was his mystical sister, sora mystica.

Over the next two weeks, things changed in a way they never had with Tim's other women. Everybody still slept in the living room, but more and more Tim and Joanna were becoming separate, whispering, moving their mattress to a corner. They took long baths in the big tub, made love all day, took long walks, tripped, talked about the poems Tim was writing.

She warned him again that he wasn't going to be safe in Switzerland much longer and then suggested that they take a trip together, to St.-Moritz—a ski fling. When they told the others they were going, they called it a honeymoon and said not to worry, that everything was perfect.

Tim liked to ski: He liked the metaphor of it. His theory of momentum was that if you get going fast enough in this life, you can't slow down, and then it doesn't matter if you get off the track. Sometimes, with a head full of acid, he would throw away his poles and take the hill in a straight schuss. Joanna skied well enough to keep up. After a week, they called April and Dennis to say that they missed them, that everything was high and fine and that they were leaving

Christmas Day for Vienna to make a film. Dennis, April and Tim's daughter, Susan, who had just arrived from India, made plans to join them. In early January, they did.

When they arrived, they found things happy but not quite perfect. Tim and Joanna were staying at the Bristol Hotel, making an anti-heroin documentary. It was in exchange for a passport promised by the Austrian chancellor, Bruno Kreisky. But Joanna had picked up hepatitis before she met Tim and the symptoms were just beginning to show. She began to look and feel worse and worse and the doctors told her that she should check into a hospital immediately. She said she was happy in the hotel room with Tim and refused to go.

Susan had arrived from India with a bottle of water from the sacred River Ganges, which was said to have healing powers. One night, Tim put Joanna into a bath, poured the water over her and then got in himself. But it didn't work. She was yellow now and weak and the doctors told her that if she didn't get treatment, she would die.

Joanna began to believe that the hepatitis was being used by one government or another to trap them, so they decided to run. She suggested Ceylon, said she'd been a movie star there as a child and that she knew the place. She wanted to stop in Beirut on the way to celebrate her birthday, January 13, then go on to Afghanistan. She'd never been there, she said, but she'd heard the hash was good and if she was going to die, she wanted to be high.

Dennis knew Afghanistan well. He had been there a dozen times to fill Citroëns and campers with hash to be shipped back to the States. He had friends and contacts there and spoke a little of the language, and they agreed that he should go along as guide and helpmate.

The money was almost gone and the three plane tickets took most of what was left. They told April and Susan to go to Amsterdam with most of the luggage and wait for word to join them. Tim was expecting money from Hauchard and he promised to send for them as soon as he got it. April was upset. Tim told her there just wasn't enough money to fly them all. As it was, they were going to have to jump their hotel bill.

The night before they left, everybody took acid in the hotel room. As Joanna began tripping, her strength seemed to return: she got out of bed, she looked better, seemed happy and excited about the trip. Tim took five hits of windowpane, waved his new passport and called it freedom.

Tim, Joanna and Dennis took an Ariana flight to Beirut, where they played for three days. Then they flew (continued on page 104)

AND DON'T FORGET THE ONE RED ROSE

fiction

By AVRAM DAVIDSON



his employer, a thickset and neckless individual who was there only part of the time. When not fawning upon the proprietors of retail used-appliance stores, he was being brutal to Charley. This man's name was Matt Mungo, and he arrived in neat, middle-class clothes from what he referred to as his "other place," never further described to Charley, who did not venture to be curious.

Charley doubted, however, that Mungo did—indeed, he was certain that Mungo did not—display to employees and patrons of his other place the insulting manner and methods he used in the stove warehouse.

Besides calling Charley many offensive names in many offensive ways, Mungo had the habit of shoving him, poking him and generally pushing him around. Did Charley, goaded beyond patience, pause or turn to complain, Mungo, pretending great surprise, would demand, "What? What?"-and, before Charley could formulate his protest, he would swiftly thrust stiff thick fingers into Charley's side or stomach and dart away to a distance, whence he would loudly and abusively call attention to work he desired done, and which Charley would certainly have done anyway in the natural course of things.

Charley lived on the second floor of an old and unpicturesque building a few blocks from the warehouse. On the first floor lived two old women who dressed in black, who had no English and went often to church. On the top floor lived an Asian man about whom Charley knew nothing. That is, he knew nothing until one evening when, returning from work and full of muscular aches and pains and resentments, he saw this man trying to fit a card into the frame of the name plate over the man's doorbell in the downstairs entrance. The frame was bent, the card resisted, Charley pulled out a rather long knife and jimmied the ancient and warped piece of metal, the card slipped in. And the Asian man said, "Thank you, so."

"Oh, that's all right," and Charley looked to see what the name might be. But the card said only BOOK STORE. "Funny place for a store," Charley said. "But maybe you expect to do most of your business by mail, I guess."

"No, oh," the Asian man said. And, with a slight bow, a slight smile and a slight gesture, he urged Charley to precede him up the stairs in the dark and smelly hall. About halfway up the first flight, the Asian man said, "I extend you to enjoy a cup of tea and a tobacco cigarette whilst in my so newly opened sales place."

"Why, sure," said Charley, instantly.
"Why, thank you very much." Social invitations came seldom to him and, to tell

the truth, he was rather ugly, slow and stupid—facts that were often pointed out by Mungo. He now asked, "Are you Chinese or Japanese?"

"No," said his neighbor. And he said nothing else until they were on the top floor, when, after unlocking the door and slipping in his hand to flip on the light switch, he gestured to his downstairs coresident to enter, with the word "Do."

It was certainly unlike any of the bookstores to which Charley was accustomed . . . in that he was accustomed to them at all. Instead of open shelves, there were cabinets against the walls, and there were a number of wooden chests as well. Mr. Book Store did not blow upon embers to make the tea, he poured it, already sweetened, from a Thermos bottle into a plastic cup, and the cigarette was a regular American cigarette. When tea and tobacco had been consumed, he began to open the chests and the cabinets. First he took out a very, very tiny book in a very, very strange-looking language. "I never saw paper like that before," Charley said.

"It is factually palm leaf. A Buddhist litany. Soot is employed, instead of ink, in marking the text. Is it not precious?"

Charley nodded and politely asked, "How much does it cost?"

The bookman examined an odd-looking tag. "The price of it," he said, "is a bar of silver the weight of a newborn child." He removed it gently from Charley's hand, replaced it in the pigeonhole in the cabinet, closed the cabinet, lifted the carven lid of an aromatic chest and took out something larger, much larger, and wrapped in cloth of tissue of gold. "Edition of great illustrated work on the breeding of elephants in captivity, on yellow paper smoored with alum in wavy pattern; most rare; agreed?"

For one thing, Charley hardly felt in a position to disagree and, for another, he was greatly surprised and titillated by the next illustration. "Hey, look at what that one is doing!" he exclaimed.

The bookman looked. A faint, indulgent smile creased his ivory face. "Droll," he commented. He moved to take it back.

"How much does this one cost?"

The dealer scrutinized the tag. "The price of this one," he said, "is set down as 'A pair of white parrots, an embroidered robe of purple, sixty-seven fine inlaid vessels of beaten gold, one hundred platters of silver filigree work and ten catties of cardamoms." He removed the book, rewrapped it and restored it to its place in the chest.

"Did you bring them all from your own country, then?"

"All," said the Asian man, nodding. "Treasures of my ancestors, broughten across the ice-fraught Himalayan passes upon the backs of yaks. Perilous journey." He gestured. "All which remains, tangibly, of ancient familial culture."

Charley made a sympathetic squint and said, "Say, that's too bad. Say! I remember now! In the newspapers! Tibetan refugees—you must of fled from the approaching Chinese Communists!"

The bookman shook his head. "Factually, not. Non-Tibetan. Flight was from approaching forces of rapacious Dhu thA Hmy'egh, wicked and dissident vassal of the king of Bhutan. As way to Bhutan proper was not available, escape was into India." He considered, withdrew another item from another chest.

"Well, you speak very good English."

"Instructed in tutorial fashion by late the Oliver Blunt-Piggot, disgarbed shaman of a Christian fane in Poona." He lifted the heavy board cover of a very heavy volume.

"When was this?"

"Ago." He set down the cover, slowly turned the huge, thick pages. "Perceive, barbarians in native costume, bringing tribute." Charley had definite ideas as to what was polite, expected. He might not be able to, could hardly expect to buy. But it was only decent to act as though he could. Only thus could he show interest. And so, again, ask he did.

Again, the bookman's pale slim fingers sought the tag. "Ah, mm. The price of this is one mummified simurgh enwrapped in six bolts of pale brocade, an hundred measures of finest musk in boxes of granulated goldwork and a viper of Persia pickled in Venetian treacle." He replaced the pages, set back the cover and set to rewrapping.

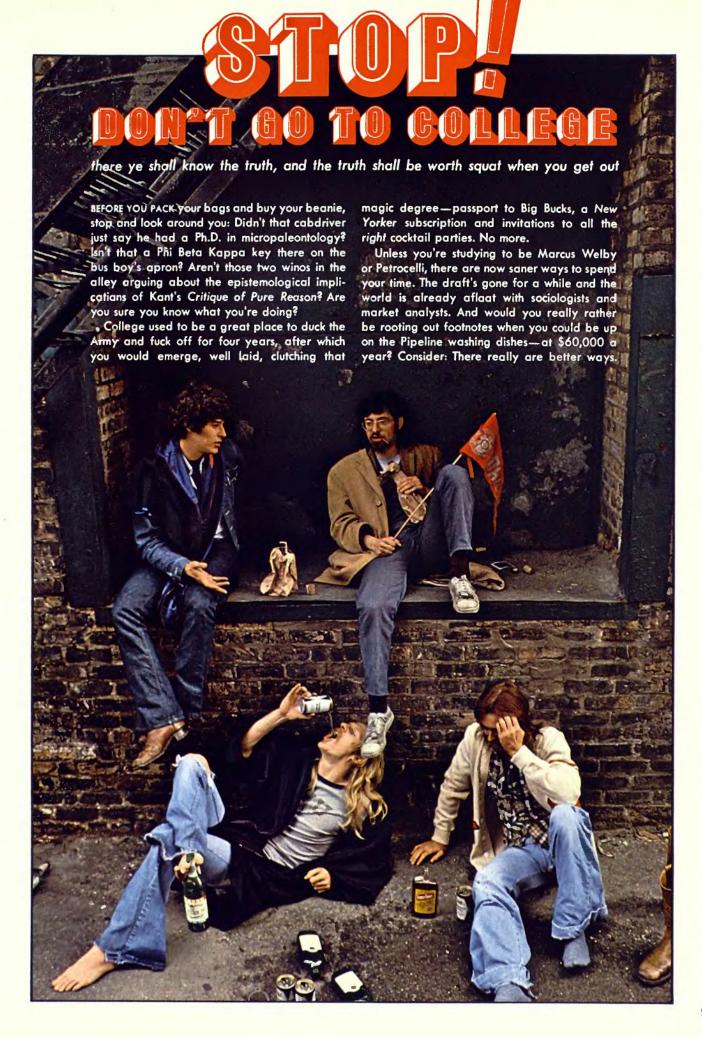
Charley, after some thought, asked if all the books had prices like that. "Akk, yes. All these books have such prices, which are the exceedingly carefully calculated evaluations established by my ancestors in the High Vale of Lhom-bhya—formerly the Crossroads of the World, before the earthquake buried most of the passes, thus diverting trade to Lhasa, Samarkand and such places. So."

A question that had gradually been taking form in the shape of a wrinkle now found verbal expression. "But couldn't you just sell them for money?"

The bookman touched the tip of his nose with the tip of his middle finger. "For money? Let me have thought. . . . Ah! Here is *The Book of Macaws, Egrets and Francolins,* in the Five Colors, for only eighty-three gold mohurs from the mint of Baber Mogul and one silver dirhem of Aaron the Righteous. . . . You call him Aaron the Righteous? Not. Pardon. Harun al-Rashid. A bargain."

Charley shook his head. "No, I mean, just ordinary money."

The bookdealer bowed and shook his (concluded on page 201)



DO YOU KNOW THAT plumbers make mare than professors of Austro-Hungarian history? Tennis instructors make more than lab instructors? Bush pilots, smoke jumpers, meatcutters, loan sharks, pimps, iron workers on high steel and auto mechanics all make great money and usually belong to strong unions (unlike most college grads). Besides, if you do take the plunge, look at the questionable company you'll be in.



One of the quickest ways to get to the top without that degree is to marry rich. Sometimes an heiress isn't exactly the prettiest thing in the world, but gosh, think of the personality!

covers. That's right, there really are big bux in motel management.

nately). You might even luck into a miniature-golf course. But the best joints (Eglin, Allenwood,



OK, WE ADMIT IT... there are a few things you'll miss by not going. Shooting pool at the Union ... shooting beaver in the library ... shooting up with your fraternity brothers ... but that's what we're here for. And so, at a price considerably reduced from the \$25,000 your old mon would hove parted with to get you through, we give you, including all necessary equipment, four big years on two entire pages....

If you'd gone to college, you'd have bluffed through the required reading list anyway, so you need only a few titles and incisive comments to mark you as deep. First, work The Catcher in the Rye into a conversation at the earliest opportunity, observing that "life itself is phony, for Chrissakes." Next, wait until someone mentions Henry IV and quickly ask, "Part One or Two?" which will stun everyone. Refer

next to Lord of the Flies and/or Rings, noting

the "metaphorical ambiguity" of the shipwrecked boys and/or the hobbits. Finally, always mention how Moby Dick, which no college student in history has ever read, changed your life. Just remember that the whale is not a fish or a mammal but "existential angst."

That's it. Now you're well read.

For the Greek life, try becoming an honorary member of 1 Phelta Thi or

Alpha Smegma Omaha: Cut out these

pins and throw up frequently on Saturday nights.

It's said that you learn os much at college from your peers as you do from your teachers, and that roommate you never had proved no exception. Sure, you'd have had to adjust to his personality, but what an education: the many varieties of body odor, socks that grew mold, the pitch and timbre of his gas emissions, his charming habit of wearing your underwear when he ran out of his—in short, a complete course in human relations. Fun, huh?

WITH COMEBACK COUPON

All college students have profound insights that they steal and pass along. For example: "There is no God" (freshmen); "There is no literature" (sophomores); "There is no justice" (juniors); "There are no jobs" (seniors). Below is a sampling of the kind of gens you're likely to run up against



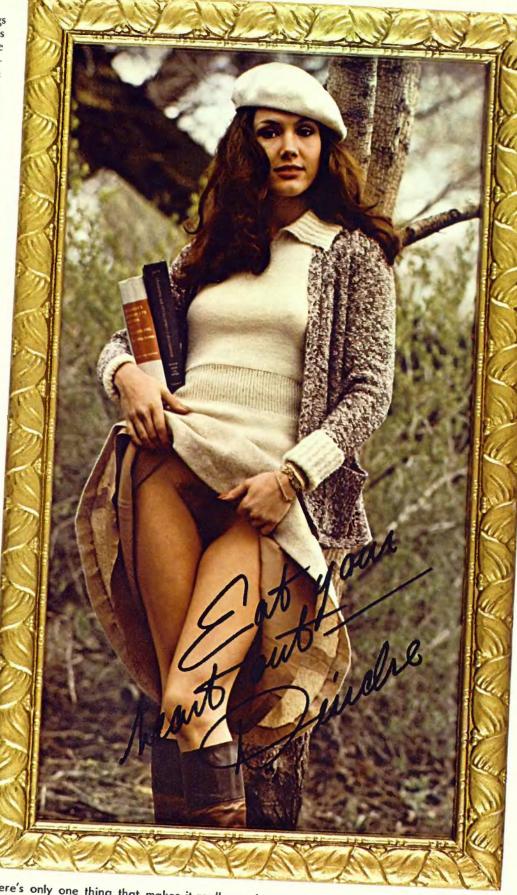
PLAYBOY'S

COMPLETE

COLLEGE

KIT

And yes, there are other things you'll miss (cue the oldies tape . . . "We will have these moments to remember") ... moments like discovering that both of your freshman roommates are sons of chicken farmers and regard sleeping past dawn as an unnatural act . . . like the Saturday night dorm diningroom special-Mystery Meat! Was it lamb? Flannel? Spaniel? . . . arguing that fat guy in the thick glasses down to 20 bucks for writing your Western Civ term paper . . . the pure romance of making it with your girlfriend while standing against a tree during a snowstorm . . . you and the guys getting behind some really good shit one night and deciding to drive to Michoacán to say thank you, and tooling all the way to the next county before you're nailed by the state patrol for doing 130 in a Falling Deer zone . . . getting an F on your Western Civ paper . . . stealing books from the co-op and reselling them the next day to pay for the first abortion for both of you . . . that flash of insight into life that illuminates you after nine pitchers of beer with your head in a urinal . . . missing the freak-out & orgy at Dee Dee or Jerry's apartment every time it happened . . . learning, to your great excitement, that John Milton inherited his father's musical tastes and during the latter part of his life spent part of every afternoon playing the organ . . . those crisp autumn Saturdays when cheers from the stadium ring in the air and you're alone in your room, writing a letter to an old high school girlfriend, telling her about how much action you're getting here in college . . . the first time you hitchhike home, freezing your ass in the middle of nowhere, when a salesman stops, greets you with a giggle and says warmly, "Well, hello, sailor!" sneaking into the fat guy's room with a master key and covering his sleeping head with Nair. . . .



There's only one thing that makes it really worth going to college. There, across the sylvan glade in front of the Business Management Building, your eyes meet for the first time. The next thing you know, not only has she made you a new man but you're on academic probation. And finally, after a semester of wild abandon and NoDoz, she tells you she's just not getting turned on like she used to and she's met this real nice quantum-mechanics major from Cleveland. But of course you get to keep the picture. For your college memories.

TIMOTHY LEARY (continued from page 96)

on to Afghanistan—a country that has no extradition agreements with the U.S. and where, they told themselves, they would be safe. Tim believed that he could go anywhere but home on his new passport.

When they arrived at the airport in Kabul, Tim and Joanna sat in the lounge while Dennis took their passports to the visa window. A nervous little man with a mustache watched them and a moment later began calling out "Timothy Leary." Tim identified himself and the man went over. He asked for their passports. Tim signaled Dennis to bring them and when he did, the man took them. He said he was from the American embassy and that their papers had been revoked. He told them to wait and left.

They waited. The airport cleared. Then an Afghan customs man walked over and asked to see their passports. They told him an American official had taken them. The Afghan looked surprised, said there were no American officials there and that if they didn't have passports, they would be taken into custody. Tim and Dennis argued, told the man in English and a little Afghan that Joanna was very sick and needed a hospital.

The Afghans put them into a car and took them first to a small police station, where there was more arguing and where they tried to separate the three. They clung to one another as if it were all they had left. Finally, they were put into another car, taken to a third-class hotel with a mud floor and one small oil heater and left under guard.

Tim insisted that they weren't really in trouble, that it was all a mistake, that they would be out soon. The Afghans brought them nan—the local bread—and water, but Dennis said if they ate it, they would get dysentery. They went hungry. Dennis was released the next day and checked into the Intercontinental Hotel. He called April to tell her that they needed money and help desperately.

Dennis took food from the hotel for Tim and Joanna and reported on the progress of efforts to get help. By then the three of them were beginning to suspect that Tim was going to be returned to the States. Then, three days after they were put into the hotel, an Afghan car picked them up and delivered them to the airport, where a Pan Am 747 waited on the runway. They were told that since they had no money and no passports, they were being deported to Beirut first, then to London. Then they knew for sure. Dennis was taken into a small customs room at the airport, then the car delivered Tim and Joanna to the door of the big jet. The two of them said later they knew who was going to be on the plane, that they'd read about him in Rolling Stone. His name was Burke and he was the head of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in Kabul. When they walked into the first-class cabin, he greeted them happily. He told Tim that his passport was being held and that he had been issued an identity card meanwhile. Tim's card had his passport picture on it and said he was born in Massachusetts, U.S.A., on October 22, 1920, that his occupation was philosopher, that he was six feet tall and that his eyes and hair were gray. Across the top of the card was typed, DIRECT RETURN TO UNITED STATES ONLY.

On the flight to London, Joanna told all the passengers who would listen that they were being kidnaped. At the London airport, while they waited for the polar hop to Los Angeles, Tim laughed and smiled and told reporters that he was going to get a lawyer.

Then they were put on another Pan Am flight, direct to L.A., and when they were over Montana, a couple of hours or so from landing, Tim took out pen and paper and wrote this note: "The right to speak for me I hereby lovingly give to Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who is my love, my voice, my wisdom, my words, my output to the world for our love, etc., etc., etc., etc., Timothy Leary. January 18, 1973, Montana, U.S.A."

It was raining hard when the plane taxied to a stop in Los Angeles. Immediately, ten Federal officers stormed aboard. They found Tim and Joanna in the upstairs lounge. One of the officers read the charges against Tim: escape from the Men's Correctional Colony in San Luis Obispo, California, September 13, 1970 . . . 19 counts of smuggling and conspiracy to smuggle in connection with the activities of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love . . and back-tax charges, \$76,000,000, also out of the Brotherhood indictments.

Then an agent told him, "You're under arrest."

"What's your name?" Tim asked him. But the game had run out.

"Stand up," the agent said. "You know the procedure."

They cuffed his hands behind him and put a light rain jacket over his shoulders. Fifty Los Angeles police with riot guns and helmets lined the way to a VW bus that was waiting to drive him to Parker Center. Tim smiled for the newsmen on the way. The agents smiled, too; his bail had already been set at \$5,000,000. They were going to lose the key this time.

Joanna was released. She had never been arrested. Dennis was still in Afghanistan. No one knew what had happened to him. It was the Government's game now. One adventure had ended, another was beginning.

Joanna was a stranger in Los Angeles, but it wasn't going to be a problem for her. Tim had given her a list of names—old friends, movement people, media contacts—and the note he'd given her was going to be better than a passport for travel in the underground. One of the first people she called was Art Kunkin, then editor of the Los Angeles Free Press, and he set up a press conference.

Joanna began it by reading her lovenote credentials with a slight French accent. Her eyes were the color of mustard by now. She said she and Tim had been kidnaped and then gave a short version of what had happened in Kabul. She finished the story by saying that she knew everything was going to be all right. One of the reporters asked her how she knew that. "I know that because I know that Timothy Leary is a free man . . . he's stronger than ever. He's happy." And then she said, as if it followed, "We were in Vienna by invitation of the chancellor, making an anti-addiction film. We're against hard drugs."

Someone asked her why the change of image for Tim. "It's not a sudden change of image," she told them as if it were true, "it's just two years later and there's perfect love. Timothy Leary never was for hard drugs."

Then she said she intended to stay in the United States "as long as it takes. Maybe it will take weeks, maybe months. I just intend to use every minute of my time and my life."

"Where's Rosemary?" they asked her.
"I don't know," she said.

April and Dennis arrived in the United States a week later. April had wired Dennis money from Amsterdam to pay the Kabul hotel bill, then he joined her and the two of them flew to Los Angeles, where he was busted going through Customs for passport and probation violations. They took him to the Hall of Justice, kept him there several days and then let him go. Dennis told everyone that his probation officer had interceded for him.

After legal tugs of war between Orange and Los Angeles counties, between Federal and state prosecutors, Tim was shipped to San Luis Obispo and put in solitary confinement to wait for his trial on escape charges. Joanna took a house in nearby Cayucos, where she began raising money and helping Los Angeles attorney Bruce Margolin prepare the defense. She visited Tim once a week, the maximum she was allowed, and the two of them continued to sing their song of perfect love for anyone who would listen. She was convinced that Tim would be free very soon and in mid-March, when a jury of 11 women and one man was seated in the heavily guarded courtroom, she told everyone that Tim would seduce them into returning a not-guilty verdict.

The trial was important to the prosecutors not only because they wanted (continued on page 204)



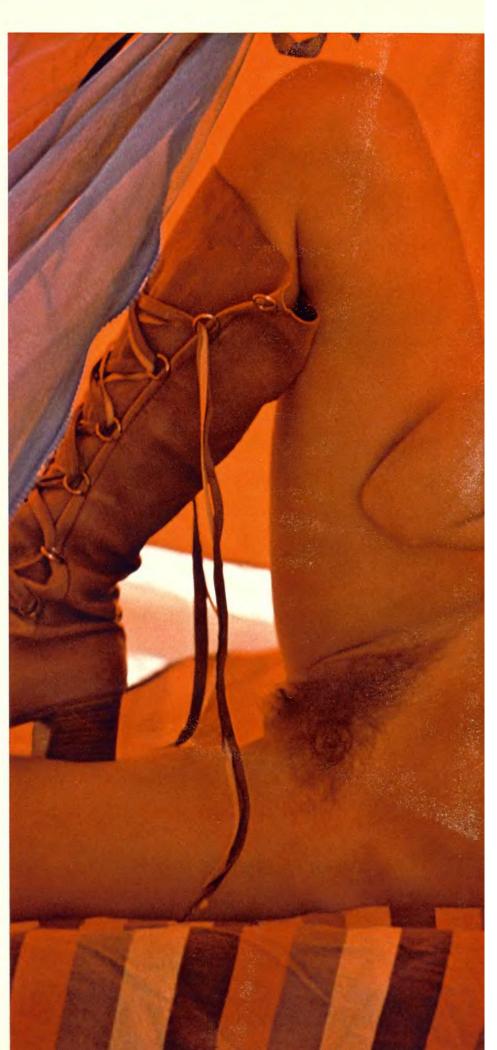
"When the guests are happy, the hostess is happy."

HIGH-FLYING HOMEBODY

miss september has her feet on the ground and her head in the clouds



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE





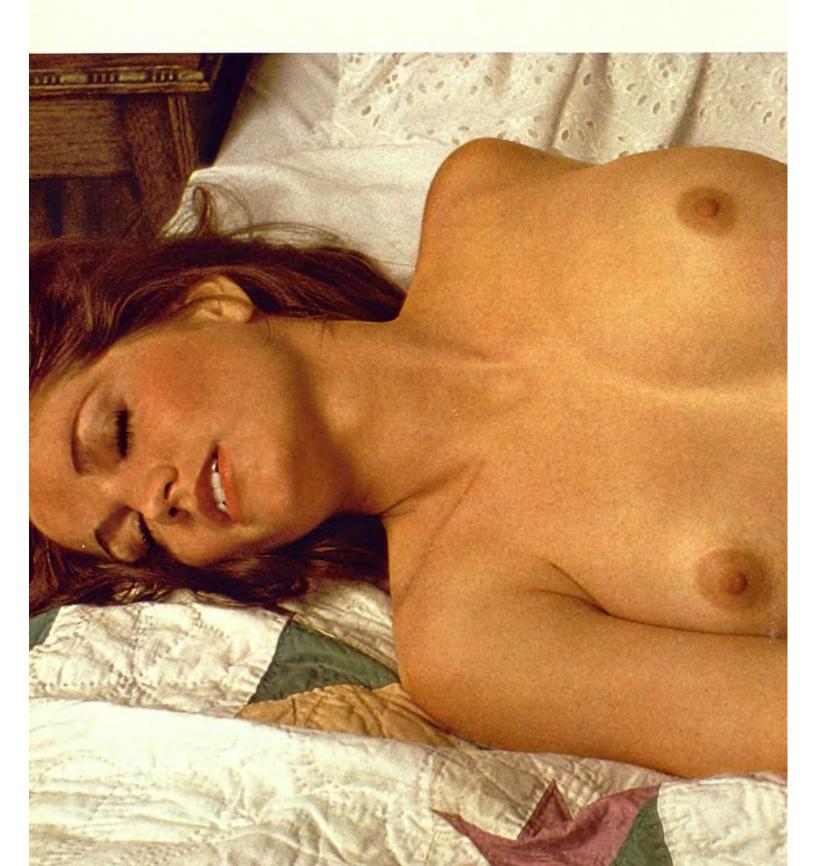


Is flying dangerous? Sure, but Mesina refuses to waste time worrying. "If you let yourself be afraid for a minute, you'll be afraid for the whole day."

ESINA MILLER is one of those Southern Californians who so love the great outdoors that they refuse to leave it in its proper place, turning apartments into house-plant jungles and glass menageries. Mesina has the usual assortment of cats and dogs-her newest acquisition is a scraggly parakeet, a real-life Woodstock, that she bought for a dollar at a swap meet. Wandering around a converted drivein theater on a Sunday, bargaining with the gypsy craftsmen who sell their goods from the backs of old Dodge vans, she spied a tiny ball of feathers in a shoe box. "I just had to rescue the poor thing," she says. "Fortunately, it was young and has responded to care. It has learned to talk, and if you're nice, it will let you kiss its little beak." Before you tar and feather yourself and climb into a box, chances are you won't find Mesina at that swap meet again. For a self-described homebody, our lady moves around a lot. Maybe this weekend she'll disappear across the Mexican border to a little town on the Baja for a few days of horseback riding. Picture her: hair flying, one hand curled in the mane of a stallion, racing the waves, shedding clothes for a dash into the surf. Catch her if you can. Perhaps she and a friend will throw a tent into a dune buggy and go camping in the desert. Come winter, she'll trade the tent poles for ski poles and the desert for the slopes of Lake Tahoe's Heavenly Valley. "I'm a few-people person," says Mesina. "A good friend and a good day are all I need to be happy. There is something profound



and beautiful about the exhaustion you feel after riding, camping or skiing together. Curled up with some hot spiced wine, by a warm fire, you can't help but feel tender and loving." On weekdays, Mesina tends her several careers—modeling and real-estate sales among them. Most of the time, she balances the books at her stepfather's flying school, learning about the business and taking advantage of the free lessons. She already has enough flight time under her scarf to qualify for a pilot's license; now she's focusing on aerobatics. "It's the most challenging way to fly," she claims. "The best thing about it, though, is that you get to fly the old planes. The new models can't take the strain of loops and rolls. I wish they still allowed barnstorming." We hope you're listening, Waldo Pepper, wherever you are.



"Some women don't know how to accept compliments, so they pretend their bodies don't exist. I happen to enjoy the way I look. So does my lover. Why deny it?"









No shy or tentative lovers for Mesina. "I want a man to be a lion," she confesses, "so that I can be a lioness." Growl-l-l.





GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL AND MEL FIGGE





"I love old-fashioned things, but it would be hard to do anything really interesting in a tub like this one. There's barely enough room for my bottom, let alone a friend's; and if something feels good, I like to share it."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

At a cocktail party, a young bachelor was introduced to a strikingly attractive girl and he immediately piloted her over to a corner for conversation. She proved to be a skillful questioner as well as an artful listener and drew the fellow out at length about himself—his background, his job, his hobbies, his philosophy of life, his hopes and dreams for the future—

"But enough about me," the man broke off with a laugh. "Now it's time to talk about you and your interests. Tell me, for example," he went on, offering the girl a cigarette, "do you or don't you fuck?"



No, no, no!" roared the protest leader as he glanced at the hand-lettered sign his bird-brained girlfriend had brought in. "Down with the establishment, not on!"

A notorious roundheels named Shore
Would allow horny sailors to score,
But employed every means
Of avoiding Marines—
She was rotten, they claimed, to the Corps.

On the way back from a weekend in Tijuana, the fellow in the sports car stopped at the U. S.-Mexican border for the formalities. "Are you bringing anything back?" asked the Customs man.

"A fifth of tequila and a cheap straw hat," replied the traveler.

"But nothing out of the ordinary?" continued the agent.

"I tell you what," said the fellow, "I'll let your Los Angeles office know in seventy-two hours."

We absolutely refuse to believe that there's a new breakfast cereal called Porn Flakes that goes "Snatch! Nipple! Crotch!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines satyriasis as early to bed and early to rise.

It was in Greenwich Village that a chap minced into a dentist's office, climbed into the chair, unzipped and began delicately to draw out his organ. "Hey, wait a minute!" exclaimed the startled D.D.S. "I'm a dentist, not a doctor!"

"I know, I know," lisped the patient, "but I've got a tooth in it."

The handsome young gallant, riding across the desert, sighted in the distance a small, round object on the ground. As he drew near, he found it to be the head of a beautiful young woman, buried up to her neck in the sand. "Oh, please, kind sir," she entreated him, "save me! My cruel husband has left me here to die!"

"And why should he have inflicted this terrible punishment on you?" asked the gallant. The young woman blushed and lowered her

The young woman blushed and lowered her eyes. "Because I was unfaithful to him."

"And if I do save you," continued the gallant, "what's in it for me?"

The young woman looked up at him, batted her eyes demurely, and then murmured, "Sand."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines premature ejaculation as a spoilspurt.

've examined this birdie's vagina,"
Said the vet, "and in South Carolina,
An indictment is due
For contributing to
The delinquency, suh, of a mynah!"

We've read about a not-too-bright London callgirl who was surprised to find herself pregnant. She thought all Members of Parliament had recessed filters.



During parents' day at a proper East Coast prep school, some of the visitors were auditing an English class. "And now," said the instructor, "for an exercise in improvisation. Mr. Parks, let us hear you complete—in a suitably literary fashion, please—the phrase 'A Grecian goddess on a hunt."

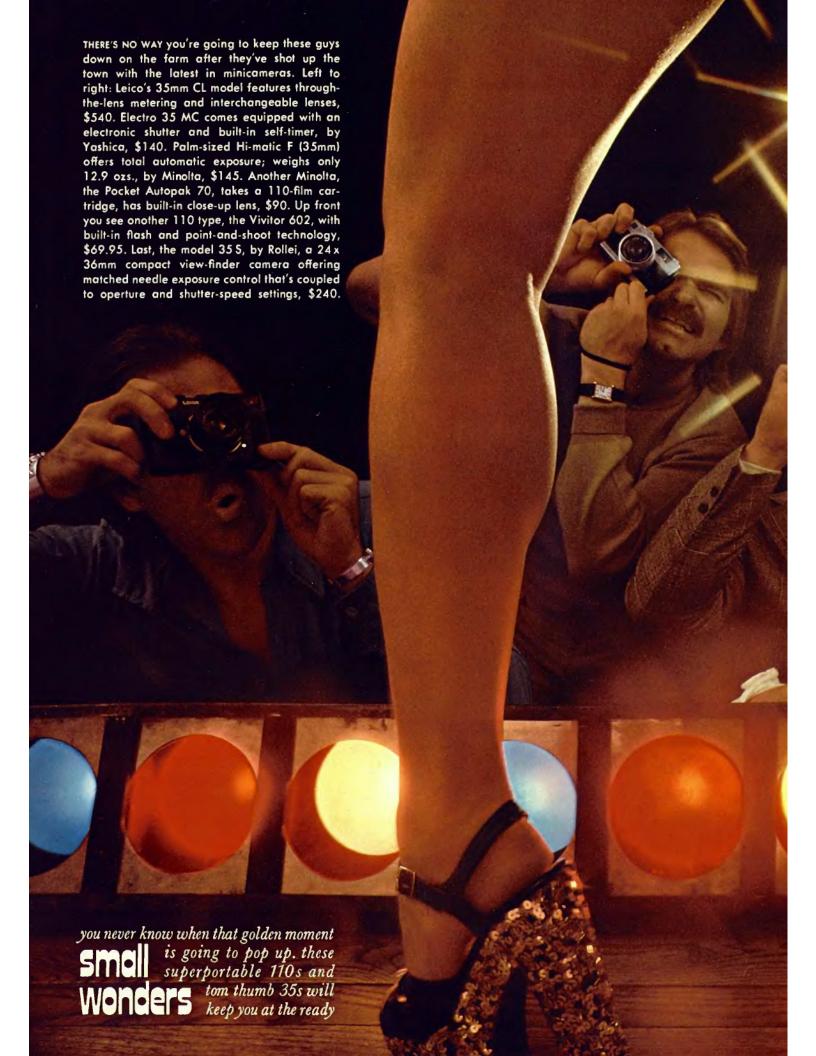
"In verse or prose, sir?" asked young Parks. "Prose."

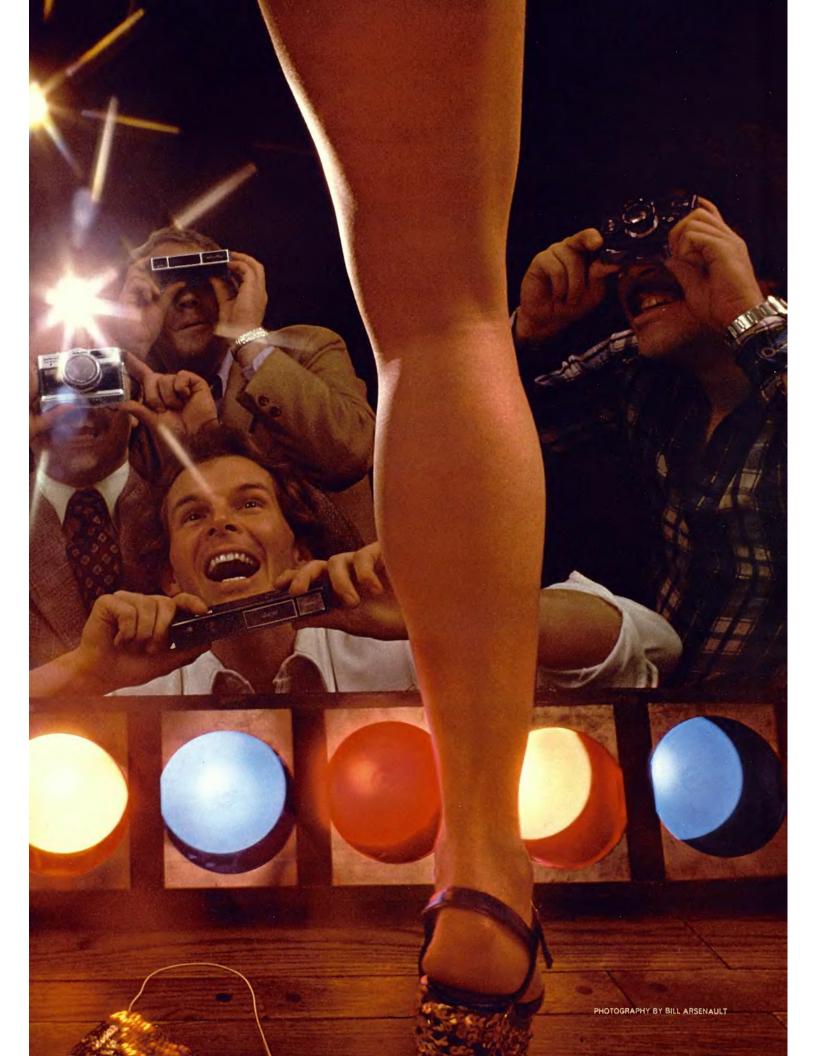
"In that case, sir," replied Parks, "I'd complete the phrase with: 'was ringed by dogs that sniffed her twat.'"

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.



"Now I remember you. You got a C-minus in Kama Sutra."





(continued from page 84)

washbowl and think, and despite his insistence, I snapped at him to wait and

hurried upstairs.

I went to my dressing room, fretting, donned my hat and topcoat against the worsening weather and remembered that Elspeth, poor child, must even now be waiting for her cross-buttocking lesson. Well, it was hard lines on her, but duty called, so I just popped my head round her door to call a chaste farewell-and there she was, damn it, reclining languorously on the coverlet like one of those randy classical goddesses, wearing nothing but the big ostrich-plume fan I'd brought her from Egypt, and her sniggering maid turning the lamp down low. Elspeth clothed could stop a monk in his tracks; naked and pouting expectantly over a handful of red feathers, she'd have made the Grand Inquisitor burn his books. I hesitated between love and duty for a full second, and then, "The hell with Palmerston; let him wait!" cries I, and was plunging for the bed before the abigail was fairly out of the room. Never miss the chance, as the Duke used to say.

"Lord Palmerston? Oooo-ah! Harry—

what do you mean?"

"Ne'er mind!" cries I, taking hold and bouncing away.

"But Harry—such impatience, my love! And, dearest—you're wearing your hat!"

"The next one's going to be another boy, damn it!" And for a few glorious stolen moments I forgot Palmerston and minions in the hall and marvelled at the way that superb idiot woman of mine could keep up a stream of questions while performing like a harem houri—we were locked in an astonishing embrace on her dressing-table stool, I recall, when there was a knock on the door and the maid's giggling voice piped through to say the gentleman downstairs was getting impatient, and would I be long?

"Tell him I'm just packing my baggage," says I. "I'll be down directly," and presently, keeping my mouth on hers to stem her babble of questions, I carried my darling tenderly back to the bed. Always leave things as you would wish

to find them.

"I cannot stay longer, my love," I told her. "The Prime Minister is waiting." And with bewildered entreaties pursuing me I skipped out, trousers in hand, made a hasty toilet on the landing, panted briefly against the wall and then stepped briskly down. It's a great satisfaction, looking back, that I kept the government waiting in such a good cause, and I set it down here as a deserved tribute to the woman who was the only real love of my life—and as the last pleasant memory I was to have for a long time ahead.

As we bowled along through the driving

rain to Balmoral, I told myself that it was far more likely to be fair news than foul. It wasn't at all like being bidden to the presence of one of your true ogres. Pam might be an impatient old tyrant when it came to bullying foreigners and sending warships to deal with the dagos, but everyone knew he was a decent, kindly old sport at bottom, who put folk at their ease and told a good story. Why, it was notorious that the reason he wouldn't live at Downing Street, but on Piccadilly, was that he liked to ogle the good-lookers from his window and wave to the cads and crossing sweepers, who loved him because he talked plain English and would stump up a handsome subscription for a prize pug like Tom Sayers. That was Pam-and if anyone ever tells you that he was a politically unprincipled old scoundrel, who carried things with a high and reckless hand, I can only say that it didn't seem to work a whit worse than the policies of more high-minded statesmen. The only difference I ever saw between them and Pam was that he did his dirty work barefaced (when he wasn't being deeper than damnation) and grinned about it.

So I was feeling pretty easy as we covered the two miles to Balmoral—and even pleasantly excited—which shows you how damned soft and optimistic I must have grown; I should have known that it's never safe to get within range of princes or prime ministers. When we got to the castle, I followed Hutton smartly through a side door, up some back stairs and along to heavy double doors where a burly civilian was standing guard; I gave my whiskers a martial twitch as he opened the door and stepped briskly in.

You know how it can be when you enter a strange room-everything can look as safe and merry as ninepence, and yet there's something in the air that touches you like an electric shock. It was here now, a sort of bristling excitement that put my nerves on edge in an instant. And yet there was nothing out of the ordinary to see-just a big, cheerful panelled room with a huge fire roaring under the mantel, a great table littered with papers and two sober chaps bustling about it under the direction of a slim young fellow-Barrington, Palmerston's secretary. And over by the fire were three other men-Ellenborough, with his great flushed face and his belly stuck out; a slim, keen-looking old file whom I recognised as Wood, of the Admiralty; and with his back to the blaze and his coattails up, the man himself, peering at Ellenborough with his bright, shortsighted eyes and looking as though his dyed hair and whiskers had just been rubbed with a towel-old Squire Pam as ever was. As I went in, his brisk, sharp voice was ringing out (he never gave a damn who heard him):

"So if he's to be Prince Consort, it don't make a hap'orth of difference, you see. Not to the country—or me. However, as long as Her Majesty thinks it does—that's what matters, what? Haven't you found that telegraph of Quilter's yet, Barrington? Well, look in the Persian packet, then."

And then he caught sight of me and frowned, sticking out his long lip. "Ha, that's the man!" cries he. "Come in, sir, come in!"

What with the drink I'd taken, and my sudden nervousness, I tripped over the mat—which was an omen, if you like—and came as near as a toucher to oversetting a chair.

"By George," says Pam, "is he drunk? All these young fellows are, nowadays. Here, Barrington, see him to a chair, before he breaks a window." Barrington pulled out a chair for me and the three at the fireplace seemed to be staring ominously at me while I apologised. Pam, with those bright steady eyes, took in every inch of me as he nursed his port glass and stuck a thumb into his fob—for all the world like the marshal of a Kansas trail town surveying the street. (Which is what he was, of course, on a rather grand scale.)

He was very old at this time, with the gout and his false teeth forever slipping out, but he was evidently full of ginger tonight and not in one of his easygoing moods.

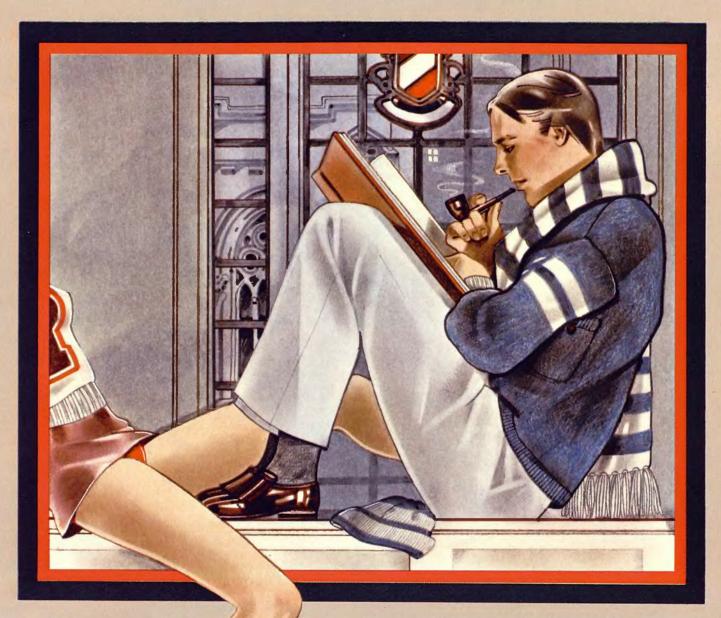
"Young Flashman," growls he. "Very good. Staff colonel, on half pay at present, what? Well, from this moment, you're back on the full list, an' what you hear in this room tonight is to go no farther, understand? Not to anyone—not even in this castle. You follow?"

I followed, sure enough—what he meant was that the Queen wasn't to know: It was notorious that he never told her anything. But that was nothing; it was his tone, and the solemn urgency of his warning, that put the hairs up on my neck.

"Very good," says he again. "Now, then, before I talk to you, Lord Ellenborough has somethin' to show you—want your opinion of it. All right, Barrington, I'll take that Persian stuff now, while Colonel Flashman looks at the damned buns."

I thought I'd misheard him, as he limped past me and took his seat at the table head, pawing impatiently among his papers. But sure enough, Barrington passed over to me a little lead biscuit box and Ellenborough, seating himself beside me, indicated that I should open it. I pushed back the lid, mystified, and there, in a rice-paper wrapping, were three or four greyish, stale-looking little scones, no bigger than captain's biscuits.

"There," says Pam, not looking up from his papers. "Don't eat 'em. Tell his (continued on page 128)

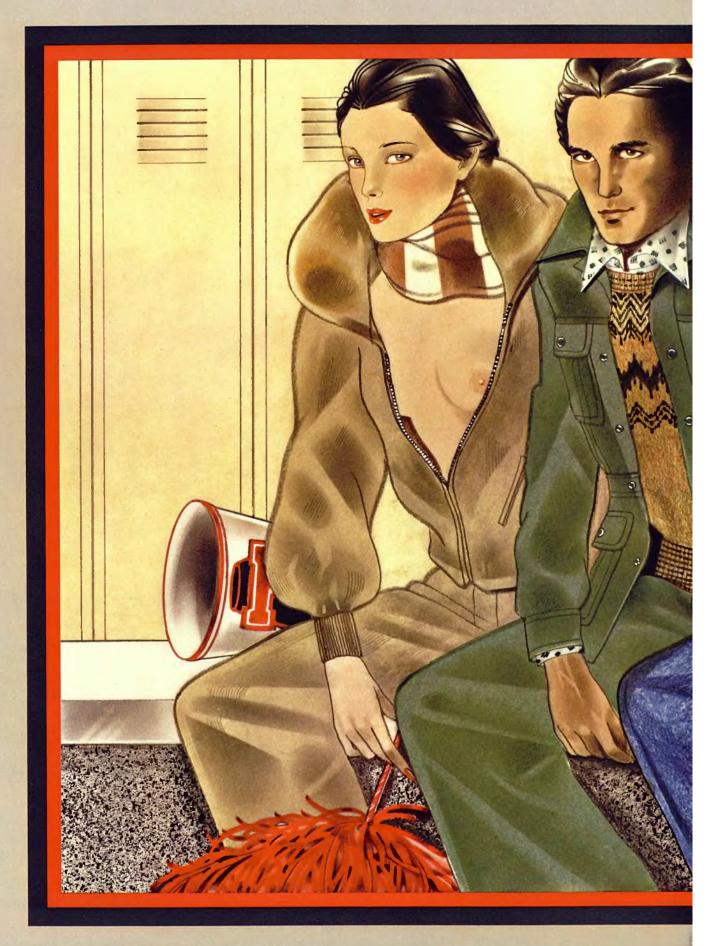


IF YOU STILL INSIST
ON RETURNING TO
COLLEGE, YOU
MIGHT AS WELL
DO IT IN STYLE

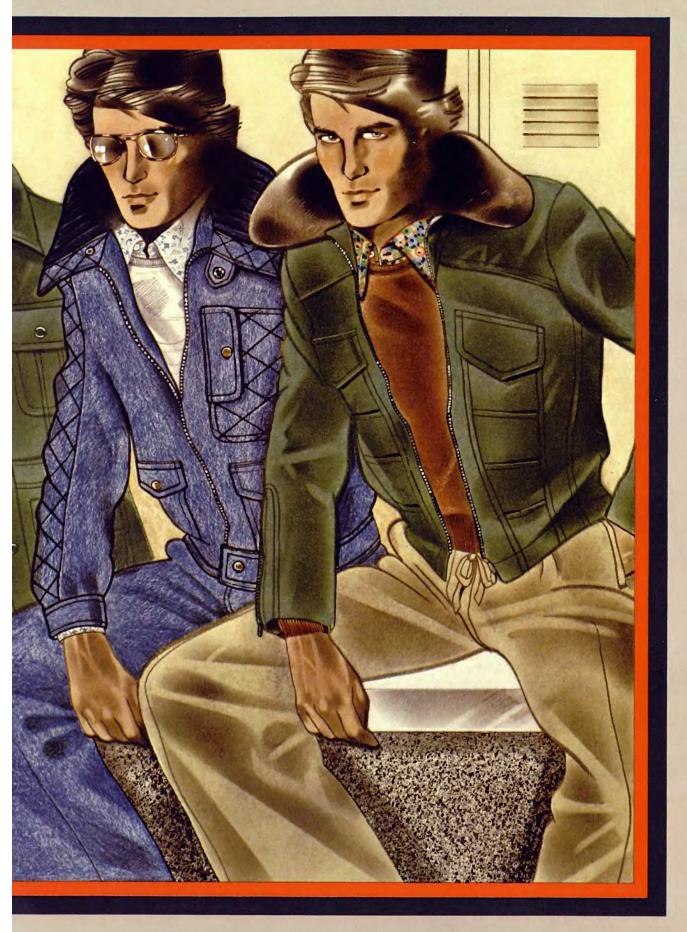
attire By ROBERI L. GREEN OUT IN THE "REAL" WORLD, empires crumble and ancient philosophies are reduced to Ozymandian rubble. But in the cool, secluded world of the campus, it doesn't really matter how the globe spins. It doesn't matter, either, if you don't know how you got there or where you're headed, because it's a nice place to play around for a few years without facing up to any important decisions—except maybe about what to wear. This fall, things are predictably casual—khakis and denims have been getting heavy play from the designers. Lots of sweaters and jackets. Lots of parties. Lots of time.

No old-school ties that bind here—just a nifty four-button pullover, \$27.50, worn with scarf, \$16, and knit cap, \$10, all by Gant, plus corduroy jeans, by Levi Strauss, \$17.

BACK TO CAMPUS?



The female freshpersan (abave left) sports a man's hooded carduroy zip-frant parka, by Windbreaker, \$35. She's coardinated the parka with matching slacks, from Anthony Gesture by Moyer, \$20. The male student at her side has on a snap-front catton jacket, \$25, with matching slacks, \$16, by H. D. Lee, with an acrylic knit pullover, by McGregor, \$19, and a print shirt, by Van Heusen, \$16.

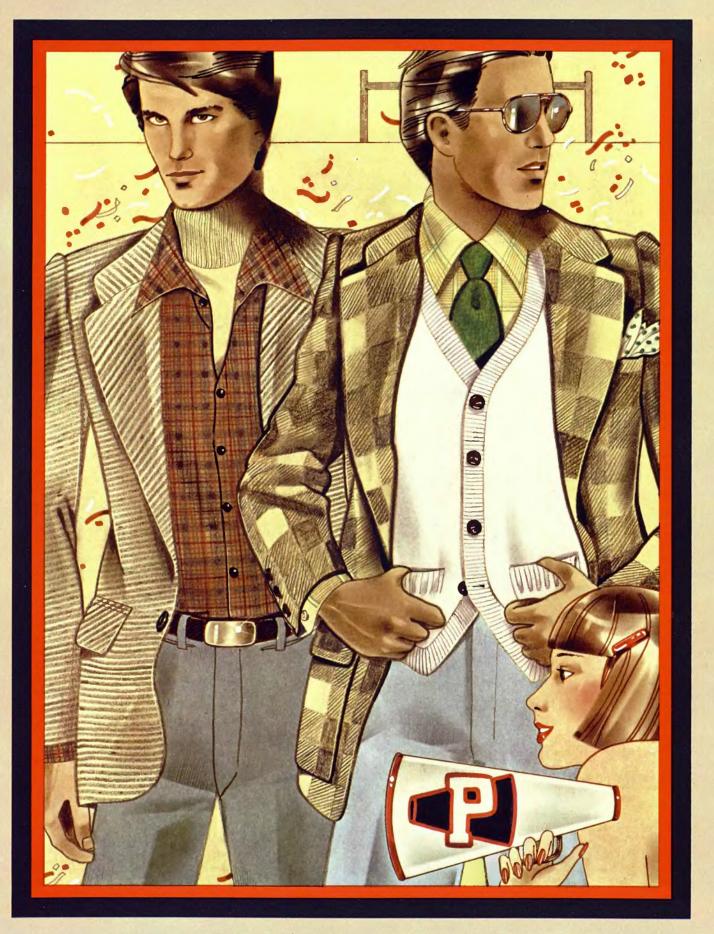


A zip-front jacket with quilted trim and matching pants, by Europe Craft, \$75, is what's happening for the college man above left; he's also donned a pullover, by Forum, \$18, and a floral-print shirt, by Van Heusen, \$12. His cohort sports a "bomber" jacket, by Scotts-Grey, \$85, a ring-neck pullover, by Jockey International, \$22, a cotton shirt, by John Henry, \$17.50, and tie-front slacks, by A. Smile, \$15.





Our three matriculants favor (fram left) a zip/snap-front denim jump suit, by Landlubber, \$30, worn with a ring-neck pullover, from Circus Maximus by Forum, \$12; a flannel shirt, by Golden Vee, about \$11, with self-suspendered denim jeans, by Levi Strauss, \$20; a gabardine hooded parka, about \$70, 126 worn with matching slacks, about \$25, and a cracheted turtleneck, about \$27.50, all by Faded Glory.



Two-button time. The undergrad at left has one af cotton velvet, by Stanley Blacker, about \$100, worn with corduroy jeans, by Wrangler, \$13, a wool shirt, by Pendleton, \$30, and a cotton pullover, by Gant, \$13. His comrade-in-books has a wool jacket with knit vest and slacks, by Cricketeer, about \$135, a plaid shirt, by Career Club, \$12.50, and a knit tie, by Wembley, \$5.50. 127

(continued from page 122)

lordship what you make of those." I knew, right off; that faint Eastern smell was unmistakable, but I touched

one of them to make sure. "They're Indian chapatties, my lord," says I, astonished.

Ellenborough nodded, "Ordinary cakes of native food. You attach no signal significance to them, though?"

"Why . . . no, sir."

Obviously, Ministers of the Crown don't ask damfool questions for nothing, but I could only stare at him. Pam, apparently deep in his papers at the table head, wheezing and sucking his teeth and muttering to Barrington, paused to grunt: "Serve the damn things at dinner an' they'd alarm me," and Ellenborough tapped the biscuit box.

These chapatties came last week from India, by fast steam sloop. Sent by our political agent at a place called Jhansi. Know it? It's down below the Jumna, in Mahratta country. For weeks now, scores of such cakes have been turning up among the sepoys of our native Indian garrison at Jhansi-not as food, though. It seems the sepoys pass them from hand to hand as tokens-

I just shook my head and looked attentive, wondering what the devil this was all about, while Ellenborough went on: "Our political knows where they come from, all right. The native village constables-you know, the chowkidars-bake them in batches of ten and send one apiece to ten different sepoys; and each sepoy is bound to make ten more and pass them on, to his comrades, and so on, ad infinitum. It's not new, of course; ritual cake passing is very old in India. But there are three remarkable things about it: First, it happens only rarely; second, even the natives themselves don't know why it happens, only that the cakes must be baked and passed; and third"he tapped the box again-"they believe that the appearance of the cakes foreshadows terrible catastrophe."

He paused and I tried to look impressed. For there was nothing out of the way in all this-straight from Alice in Wonderland, if you like-but when you know India, and the amazing tricks the niggers can get up to (usually in the name of religion), you cease to be surprised. It seemed an interesting superstition-but what was more interesting was that two Ministers of the Government, and a former Governor-General of India, were discussing it behind closed doors, and had decided to let Flashy into the secret.

"But there's something more," Ellenborough went on, "which is why Skene, our political man at Jhansi, is treating the matter as one of urgency. Cakes like these have circulated among native troops, quite apart from civilians, on only three occasions in the past fifty years-128 at Vellore in 'Oh-six, at Buxar and at Barrackpore. You don't recall the names? Well, at each place, when the cakes appeared, the same reaction followed among the sepoys." He put on his House of Lords face and said impressively, "Mutiny."

Looking back, I suppose I ought to have thrilled with horror at the mention of the dread word-but, in fact, all that occurred to me was the facetious thought that perhaps they ought to have varied the sepoys' rations. I didn't think much of the political man Skene's judgement, either; I'd been a political myself, and it's part of the job to scream at your own shadow, but if he-or Ellenborough, who knew India outside in-was smelling a sepoy revolt in a few mouldy biscuits, well, it was ludicrous. I knew John Sepoy (we all did, didn't we?) for the most loyal ass who ever put on uniform-and so he should have been, the way the Company treated him. However, it wasn't for me to venture an opinion in such august company, particularly with the Prime Minister listening: He'd pushed his papers aside and risen and was pouring himself some more port.

"Well, now," says he briskly, taking a hearty swig and rolling it round his teeth, "you've admired his lordship's cakes, what? Damned unappetisin' they look, too. All right, Barrington, your assistants can goour special leaves at four, does it? Very well." He waited till the junior secretaries had gone, muttered something about ungodly hours and the Queen's perversity in choosing a country retreat at the North Pole and paced stiffly over to the fire, where he set his back to the mantel and glowered at me from beneath his gorsebush brows, which was enough to set my dinner circulating in the old accustomed

"Tokens of revolution in an Indian garrison," says he. "Very good. Been readin' that report of yours again, Flashman-the one vou made to Dalhousie last year, in which you described the discovery you made while you were a prisoner in Russia, about their scheme for invadin' India, while we were busy in Crimea. 'Course, we say nothin' about that these days-peace signed with Russia, all good fellowship an' be damned, et cetera-don't have to tell you. But somethin' in your report came to mind when this cake business began." He pushed out his big lip at me. "You wrote that the Russian march across the Indus was to be accompanied by a native risin' in India, fomented by Tsarist agents. Our politicals have been chasin' that fox ever since-pickin' up some interestin' scents, of which these infernal buns are the latest."

But the information about an Indian rebellion had been slight, I replied. All we'd discovered was that when the Russian army reached the Khyber, their agents in India would rouse the nativesand particularly John Company's sepoysto rise against the British. I didn't doubt it was true, at the time; it seemed an obvious ploy. But that was more than a year ago, and Russia was no threat to India any longer, I supposed, and I said

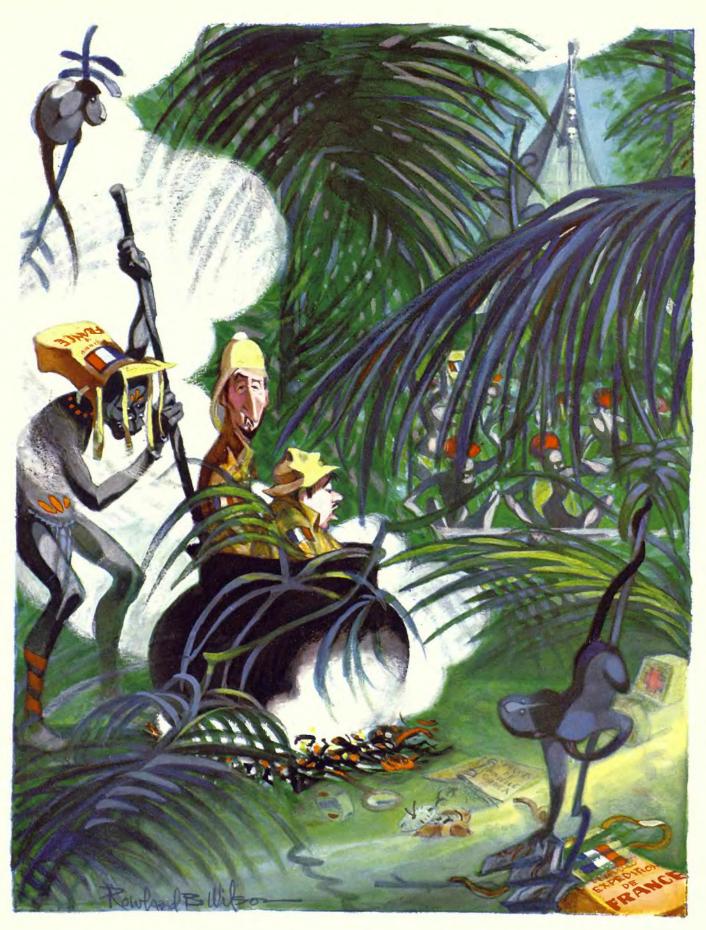
They heard me out, in a silence that lasted a full minute after I'd finished, and then Wood says quietly: "It fits, my lord."

"Too damn well," says Pam, and he came hobbling back to his chair again. "It's all pat. You see, Flashman, Russia may be spent as an armed power, for the present-but that don't mean they'll leave us at peace in India, what? This scheme for a rebellion-by George, if I were a Russian political, invasion or no invasion, I fancy I could achieve somethin' in India, given the right agents. Couldn't I just, though!" He growled in his throat, heaving restlessly and cursing his gouty foot. "Did you know, there's an Indian superstition that the British raj will come to an end exactly a hundred years after the Battle of Plassey?" He picked up one of the chapatties and peered at it. "Damn thing isn't even sugared. Well, the hundredth anniversary of Plassey falls next June the twenty-third. Interestin'. Now then, tell me-what d'you know about a Russian nobleman called Count Nicholas Ignatieff?"

He shot it at me so abruptly that I must have started a good six inches. There's a choice collection of ruffians whose names you can mention if you want to ruin my digestion for an hour or two, but I'd put N. P. Ignatieff up with the leaders any time. He was the brute who'd nearly put paid to me in Russia-a gotch-eyed, freezing ghoul of a man who'd dragged me halfway to China in chains and threatened me with exposure in a cage and knouting to death, and like pleasantries. I hadn't cared above half for the conversation thus far, with its bloody mutiny cakes and the sinister way they kept dragging in my report to Dalhousie-but at the introduction of Ignaticff's name, my bowels began to play the Hallelujah Chorus in earnest. It took me all my time to keep a straight face and tell Pam what I knewthat Ignatieff had been one of the late Tsar's closest advisors and that he was a political agent of immense skill and utter ruthlessness; I ended with a reminiscence of the last time I'd seen him, under that hideous row of gallows at Fort Raim.

Ellenborough cleared his throat and fixed his boozy spaniel eyes on me. "Count Ignatieff," says he, "has made two clandestine visits to India in the past year. Our politicals first had word of him last autumn at Ghuznee; he came over the Khyber disguised as an Afridi horse coper, to Peshawar. There we lost himas you might expect, one disguised man among so many natives-

"But, my lord, that can't be!" I couldn't (continued on page 160)



"Oh, ze barbarity of it, Anatole. I doubt zey have even ze proper table wine."

FOUR NAKED MEN stood on a cliff and howled. One hundred yards to sea, a woman wearing a bathing suit tried to control a drifting pulling boat. She was laughing. She seemed very strong and she was working hard. The boat was 30 feet long, however,

and so beamy that it was impossible for her to row effectively. She stood splay-legged and lunged at the oars. The boat continued to drift in the tidal rip. The naked men jumped into the sea and began to swim.

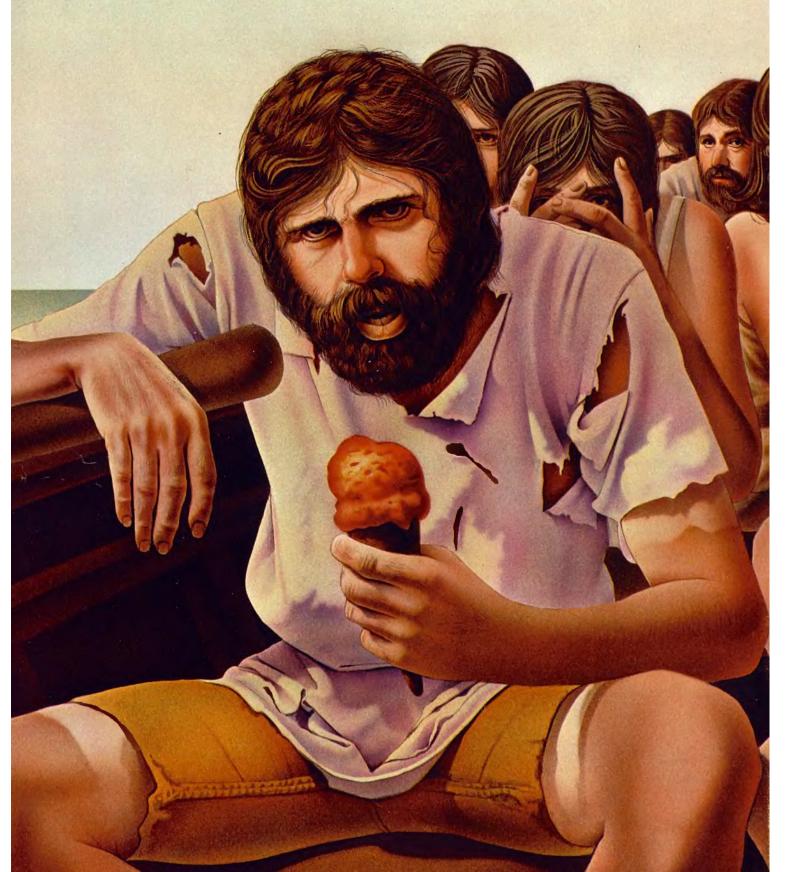
Each man continued to yell, to the extent that

the water in his mouth permitted. Each, as he reached the boat and hoisted himself over the high gunwale, regarded onlookers on shore with one brown eye. The woman, still laughing and apparently not likely to stop, now took the tiller. "Strokel" she yelled

as each man seized an oar. "Stroke! Oh, stroke!"

Students of the absurd will recognize immediately that the characters in this scene are (choose one):

- 1. Starkers
- 2. Bonkers
- 3. Actors in a Fellini film



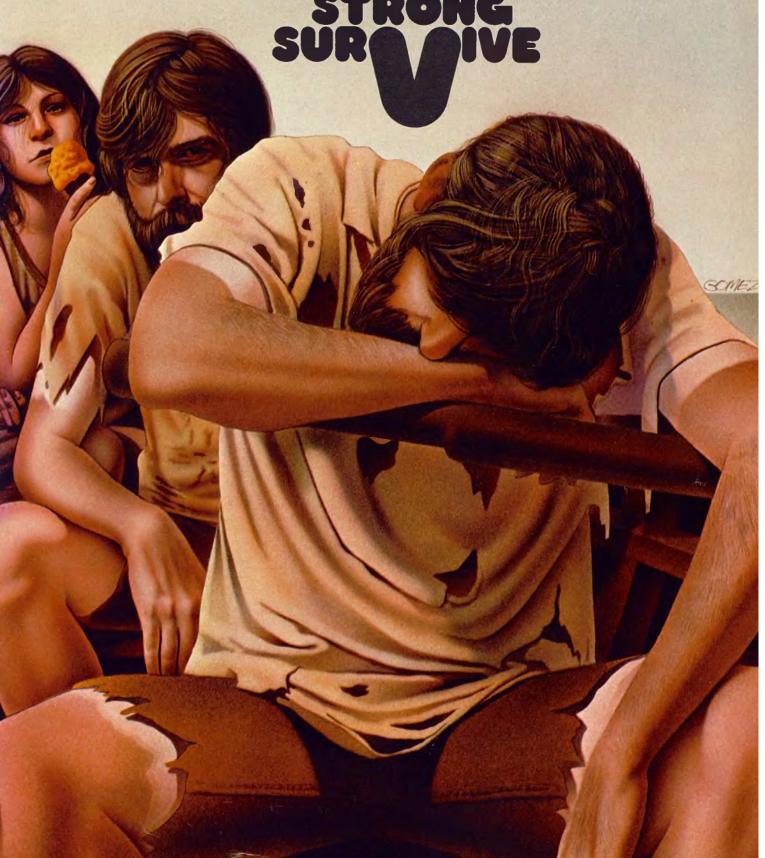
4. Salty dogs

Fellini could be close. Here is what God's eye might have observed a few days later:

Eight women and five men (all clothed and including among them the participants in the previous masque) were climbing an oak tree. They carried with them 11 oars and the pulling hoat's rudder and tiller, a small alcohol stove, food, 400 feet of rope and certain misgivings. These they expressed by aimless yelling and by reasoned analysis. The analysis sounded like this: "Ridiculous." "Insane." "It

article BY JOHH SKOW

ONLY THE TRONG and outward bound teaches you how you can do it without eating a single dead rugby player



makes no sense." As night fell, the 13 people in the oak tree cooked fried chicken. Then each made himself comfortable. One man felt uneasy. He knotted hundreds of feet of rope around himself. When dawn came, he was seen to be immobile and helpless, like a fly caught by a spider. The ground beneath the oak tree was littered with chicken bones.

The subject is survival, the wistful ambition and hopeless lifework of every creature. But survival in one's skin, in a pulling boat? At night, in an oak tree?

Survival as a reflex, yes: the squirt of adrenaline that answers the roar in the night; the sense to bury the silver and flee to the woods when foraging troops sweep through; the ability to migrate or mutate or simply burrow deep into the mud till the cold weather passes.

But survival as what . . . a sport? A city man's fantasy of scavenging through broken suburbs after the terminal atomic war? A marketing opportunity for the manufacturers of light-alloy pack frames, goose-down camp booties and freeze-dried chicken tetrazzini?

Survival as a teaching technique?

"You must understand that we are not a survival school," Josh Miner had said. He is the founding trustee of the U.S. branch of Outward Bound, an organization that runs seven extraordinary schools, popularly thought to have something to do with survival, in the U.S., and 23 others throughout the world. The school at Hurricane Island, off the coast of Maine, ran the summer course during which the two one-act enigmas mentioned earlier were staged. The course lasted 26 days and all survived.

Skepticism is a survival technique, especially for journalists, and it may be worth murmuring that any school not actually engaged in training kamikaze pilots is a survival school. Also, that by any reasonable modern definition, there is a higher survival potential in knowing how to guide a business lunch from bloody mary to brandy, and by what degree to pad the expense account, than in knowing how to find sow thistle in a frozen swamp and turn the stuff into a steaming four-course dinner.

There is, to pursue skepticism a bit further, a faint silliness in the recent urban enthusiasm for woodsy survival lore and gear (nothing at the shopping center is more chic than the lore-and-gear boutique). Yet something more appears to be involved than the national fondness for complicating simple pastimes with overengineered recreational gadgets.

What is involved, perhaps, is a kind of peasant uneasiness. The mind of the marketing executive is at peace in his office on the 48th floor of the Pan Am Building, but his meat and bones know that he is much too high in the air. 132 That may (and also may not) be a bit too delicate and literary. But it is true that technological society is far too clever and that its cleverest individual member is far too ignorant-true enough to wake a man with the four-A.M. sweats. The cardiovascular surgeon doing arterialbypass operations in Los Angeles hasn't a clue about how the Southwest power grid operates, and the Illinois corn farmer working 5000 acres with one hired hand and \$325,000 worth of equipment could no more make a pound of the nitrogen fertilizer that balances his books than the salesman who sold him the fertilizer could chop down a spruce tree and whittle himself a four-by-eight sheet of threequarter-inch exterior-grade plywood.

Yet brownouts seem to occur more frequently than before, nitrogen fertilizer is said to be hard to buy and the economy is sick and may itself be a kind of disease. A stockbroker lying awake at four A.M. in an apartment in Manhattan's East 60s reflects that, should things fall apart and the center no longer hold, he would be a long way from an Idaho potato. If things stopped, really stopped, how would he walk out of New York? Up the East Side Highway to the Triborough Bridge, then up the Bruckner Interchange, and then, maybe at the beginning of the third day, up I-95 toward New England? Probably not; the Boston Post Road might offer better foraging.

The stockbroker laughs sourly at himself, knowing that it is this sort of fantasy, slightly skewed, that makes the gun nuts cling so fearfully to their weapons. Light-alloy pack frames and steaming sow thistle seem to him better subjects to ponder than the sprung and sagging web of the industrial society's interdependence. As he drifts toward sleep, he decides that this would be a good summer to send his kid to the Hurricane Island Outward Bound School.

My hands shook as I huddled on the dock at Rockland, Maine. I had given up a two-drink-a-night alcohol habit ten days before, to the horror of friends and loved ones, who feared for my stability and advised that I squirrel away a supply of vodka martinis in my five-cell flashlight. It wasn't booze that was giving me withdrawal trembles, however. It was Watergate. As the Nixon Administration had begun to weather, peel, crack and then fall in great soggy chunks onto Pennsylvania Avenue, I had acquired a habit not dulled by three newspapers and many hours of televised peculation, traduction and malfeasance every day. What I would have liked to carry as contraband into the wilderness was the next month's editions of The Boston Globe. Other souls about to begin the Hurricane Island course were worrying about whether they could run four miles or climb a rock face. I could do these things, but I was unsure that I could retain my composure not knowing what Haldeman and Ehrlichman

would be saying in the next weeks.

(This admission and most of what follows are hopelessly personal, not really very useful to anyone else. Outward Bound experience seems to be that way. Two friends of mine-brothers, stalwart, openhearted fellows leathery of fiber and spirit-went through separate Outward Bound courses in their late 20s. One said afterward that the physical demands were nothing much and that although the social strains were intensely exasperating. they did not have in them the seeds of enlightenment. His brother said that his own 26-day canoeing, hiking and sailing expedition had been morally challenging and physically exhausting, a splendid turning point in his life. I have no idea which man would be more likely to survive if he were marooned in the Andes with nothing to eat but dead rugby players.)

The Hurricane Island Outward Bound School is a boot camp for humanists, and most of its recruits are of boot-camp age-16 and a half to 20 or so. An occasional adult up to the age of 60 or more will enroll and slog through a course with teenagers. Generally, males train with males, in groups of 12 or 13, and females with females, but there are also a few coed groups. My colleagues were atypical: 36 men and women, most of them in their 20s, most of them teachers. The vogue for humanistic boot camp is so great that no self-respecting prep school in the East could be without a serenitythrough-agony program styled after Outward Bound. There are public high schools whose students think it more prestigious, or at any rate more satisfying, to learn to climb cliffs and eat sow thistle than to play football.

At the Outward Bound office near the Rockland docks, a lanky fellow appeared, looked at us with dismay, amusement, surprise and rue and said in an English drawl that he was Ralph (pronounced Rafe) Parker, the course director, at our service night and day. We could, he said, looking at our fine pack frames and high-quality survival equipment, take with us all the gear we wanted, provided it fit into a sea bag. Here were the wretched sea bags, here were the wretched plastic tarps that we would use to make our wretched tents and here were our wretched \$14.98 cotton sleeping bags. We had five minutes, he said, before the bus left for Mount Desert Island, the nearest jumping-off point for Bartlett Island.

Only about half of our clutter fit into our sea bags, and from a few of the teachers came a buzzing sound that was to become familiar, the hum of wellreasoned complaint. They had been told to bring all this stuff and now there wasn't room.

Paranoia kept me calm. It hurt to leave behind my pack frame, my (continued on page 144)

PUT IT ON! PUT IT ON!



an exploration of the sensuousness beyond nudity, witness, occasionally, clothes can make the woman.









her body re-establishes its boundaries cell by cell. she imagines standing mid-thigh in a nylon stream.





the stockings encircle her legs, the touch is that of a lover, delicate, ascending, there's no escape.

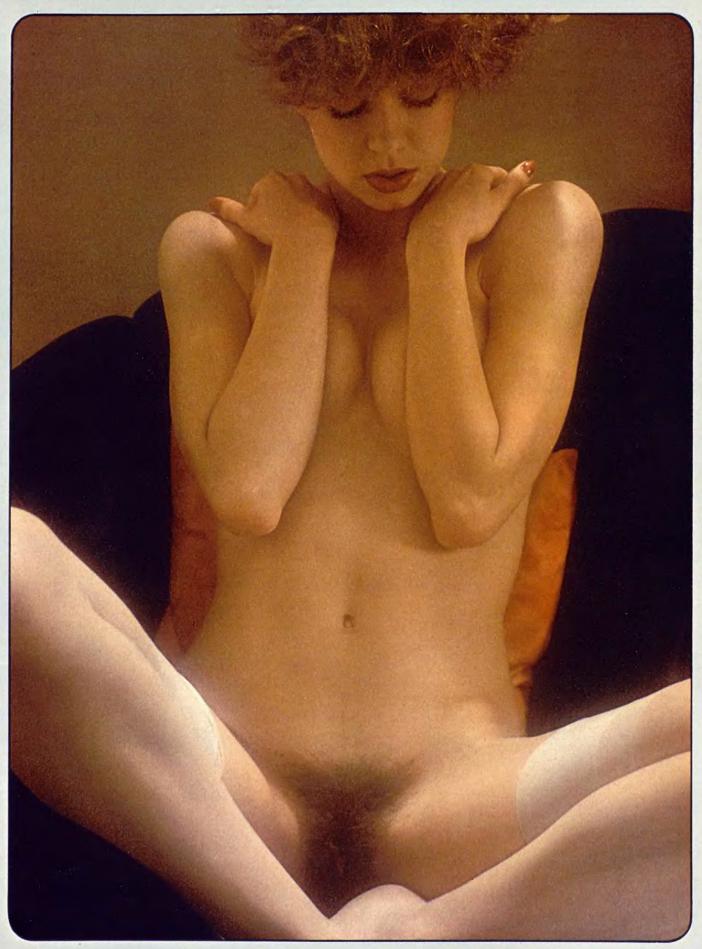








the light caress of a silk scarf creates the necessary diversion. her attention is drawn elsewhere.



she pauses for a moment. is it too late to reconsider? must she at last surrender to the inevitable?





she recalls the word that means full of whispering, rustling or murmuring—susurrant. say it softly.





enveloped in sensation, she bunches the slip around her breasts before letting it fall gently into place.



tactile delight yields to visual wonder. lingerie reveals what it was meant to conceal. what next?









a few final touches to achieve the desired effect—which means she'll soon have to start all over.



"It's my own blend."

IN ANCIENT JAPAN, there was an unmarried empress named Köken who had inherited the throne from her father and ruled the land well. Because of her great beauty, she had many suitors, but none pleased her. One day she fell ill and a handsome young Buddhist monk named Dōkyō went to her bedside to pray for her health. She recovered quickly and soon afterward, much to the surprise of the court, declared her wish to pursue a religious life. So, while still young, Empress Köken retired and became a Buddhist nun.

Nara, Japan's capital in the Eighth Century, was full of monks, men whose scant robes and carefully shaved heads attracted the attention of women both high and low. Dōkyō, especially, was a man who used his robe and head to advantage. A man of stunning presence and good connections, he very soon again met the young ex-empress.

"My lady, why have you, whose extraordinary beauty so fits that of these islands, retired as our empress prematurely?" he asked.

"Holy master," she replied, "as empress, I had the joy of great power. But I longed for a greater joy and no one could put me in touch with it. So I turned to religion to pursue the way to ecstasy."

Dōkyō pressed: "Worthy woman, I know something of religion. And I know a way to combine the greatest ecstasy with the greatest power. If you could regain the throne, I could become your personal chaplain and show you this way."

Overwhelmed by the handsome monk's willingness to serve her even in the inner chambers of secular government, Köken managed a return to power by retiring from her retirement; in 764, she returned to the palace.

Once empress again, she made Dōkyō her chaplain and he often went to court to teach her his version of the ins and outs of the faith. Soon she made him a permanent part of her apartment, a fixture to which she could turn again and again for private glimpses of nirvana's bliss. The record keepers of the time, always looking for double meaning in things, noted that Dökyö moved into her chambers during a year that, on the Chinese system, was called the Year of the Snake-that is, the year of one adept at working himself into places of interest and advantage.

The commoners of Nara were charmed by this daring fusion of church and state and composed songs to celebrate the illicit affair going on behind palace walls. At the inns and on the streets, they sang a lullaby the empress might have sung to the monk sharing her pillow:

Lie down, my handsome one, Here in this dark valley Between my two thighs,



And you will see how quickly To full manhood you will rise.

Dōkyō would spend the evenings in the palace's inner rooms, intoning the golden words of the Buddhist scriptures. His deep, powerful voice penetrated to every room and soon brought ladies in waiting out from every corner of the palace. They would sit behind the gorgeously painted screens and sliding doors and listen to the handsome monk chanting descriptions of ecstasy in nirvana. And then, when the beautiful empress herself would appear in silk kimono, the maids would scatter to give privacy to sovereign and chaplain.

The instruction would begin. Dōkyō would chant until Köken found a pleasant humming in her own body. Then, although the monk knew many positions for meditation, he would assume that of

the full lotus, the posture his ready disciple most enjoyed. For when he sat upright with his legs crossed under himself, the empress would carefully shed the layers of kimono that covered her royal body. Then she would climb onto the lap of her statuesque master, fondle the long lobes of his Buddhalike ears and place her naked arms around the pillar of his neck. He, in turn, would look the look of great peace into her eyes and let rise within her the pagoda of his love.

Except for the uncles of the empress. the people of Nara were fascinated with Dôkyō and some of his glory rubbed off onto his fellow monks, about whom now the following was sung in the streets:

Mock not the monks in robes Or think they're good for nothing, For under their frocks are majestically

Not weapons of war, murderous

But tools of peace, wondrous hammers

Which rise and prove they're awesome

And Dōkyō's social status, too, was on the rise. His royal lover appointed him to some of the highest government positions. She had him crowned Dharma King, a special title for a special man.

On New Year's Day in 769, the monk, rather than the empress, stepped out of the palace door to receive the traditional greetings from the great ministers of state. Then the empress' uncles realized their sons had slim chances for the throne and so hatched a series of plots to dispose of Dōkyō. But none succeeded and he lived in the palace until the empress died.

Then her uncles moved him out and into a temple. It looked as if Dōkyō's power were gone and as if the uncles had finally won. When two years later Dōkyō himself died, things seemed even more secure for them. But, for some reason, the capital was never quite the same after the passing of its illicit, but adored, palace lovers. Troubles, earthquakes and even armed rebellions rocked Nara for a decade and became so serious that it was decided to abandon it and build a new capital at Kyoto.

Did Dōkyō, now dead, have a hand in this, too?" people wondered and asked one another in the streets. "Did the monk. who had once so moved the empress and her people, now move the capital itself with power even from his grave?"

No one knew. But the royal scribes, as if paying their last tribute to Dökyö and hinting at their own answer to the question, wrote down in their books that the decision to move the capital was made during what, on the Chinese calendar, was called the Year of the Cock.

-Retold by Takeshi Hanamoto

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE (continued from page 132)

fashionable rock-climbing knickers, my second pair of socks and my copy of Thomas Pynchon's magnificent 17-pound novel, Gravity's Rainbow. I had heard enough about Outward Bound to know that one of its techniques for leading postulants to new realizations is to isolate them from old securities-the security of having a full set of gear, everything packed just so; the security of knowing what will happen next. A friend of mine who runs a winter survival program patterned after Outward Bound at a New Hampshire prep school once had two or three dozen schoolboys dotted about the frozen outback, sitting out their threeday solo ordeals. When pickup time came, he visited each lean-to and gave its lungry, ice-rimmed occupant a chocolate bar and a horrifying note. The note said, "A true survival situation does not have time limits. Your solo will last at least one more day." I was deeply suspicious of Ralph and determined not to be surprised.

The jumping-off point: Mount Desert Island, from which we could see the long green shore line of Bartlett Island across half a mile of water. Below our car park was a dock with three huge pulling boats tethered to it, bobbing prettily, ready to be photographed by summer people. In front of us was Ralph, telling us off into three groups of 12—called watches, since Hurricane Island is a sea school-and introducing us to our watch officers. Ours was a woman, Dagny Soderberg. Chunky, delicate, direct, sunburned, very feminine. Other qualities not yet evident. Twentyseven years old but weathered by 23 years of sailing; she looked older.

Dagny led us to one of the big boats. We climbed in. She said, "We have to go over there," pointing to Bartlett Island, After that, she said nothing.

A remarkable demographic coincidence now began to show itself. Of the 12 survivors in our watch, (1) there were 12 leaders, (2) there were no followers and (3) there was no one with any nautical genius, not counting Dagny, who refused to open her mouth except to giggle. After much leadership, we found ten oars and got five of them stuck into the water from each side of the ship. Several of the leaders yelled "Go!" and the oars began striking one another with resonant woody sounds. After no more than ten minutes of dispute, we discovered that everyone was shouting the same thing: Remove the numbers-two-and-four oars on each side, to give the others swinging room.

This worked. The pulling boat began to move toward supper, which seemed at least an hour overdue. Wonderful, said Dagny; now please boat all the oars and rig the rudder, masts and sails. The big boat was two-masted and fitted out after a fashion so primitive that no one had ever seen a lash-up resembling it. The mainmast, which was taller, was per-

manently stepped-no problem therebut the mizzenmast had to be stuck in its hole and tethered by dubiouslooking sprits. Two ambiguous spars remained, to be used as booms, or gaffs, or perhaps barge poles, but it was not clear how they should be attached to the masts and sails.

I was the oldest (at 41), the largest and arguably the loudest of this crew of captains. I decided after some minutes of closely thought-out yelling that it was up to me to establish order. I would try silence for a while, until the others finished babbling, then jump in with the clinching burst of good sense. About half of the others hit on the same stratagem and our clinching bursts of good sense came at the same time. We sounded like a meeting of Common Market ministers. Roared syllogisms beat across the water.

In the next days, we throve or festered, according to our natures and the immutable laws of society. The three watches separated themselves instantly and without argument into a Smart watch, clever at sailing; a Strong watch, our own, good at rowing: and a Screw-up watch, miserably inept at both. Seamanship was the basis for sorting out our pecking order in this sea school. But it was clear before very long that our group personalities, which we had accepted as unquestioningly as if they were volleyball uniforms handed out in three different colors, also governed our behavior ashore.

The Smart watch seemed to be cleverer at building shelters, making drinkable coffee and exercising the survival skill referred to by group-therapy professionals as "problem solving." Our Strong watch did splendidly whenever an ill-concerted individual output of ergs could command a situation and rather poorly at group problem-solving exercises. The Screw-up watch spent a lot of time moodily sucking its thumbs. One rainy nightfall, for example, the Strongs and the Screw-ups rowed back to Bartlett Island after an exhausting day of training on Blue Hill Bay. The Smarts were off doing something else and there was no one in camp. As might have been expected, the Screw-ups crept off, cold and hungry, to huddle in their tents, and we Strongs began the dreary work of building a tarpaulin shelter, gathering wet wood and getting a fire started. I have never built a fire under worse conditions, but after about two hours, we managed to warm some food, Generally, each watch did its own cooking, but the only sensible plan under these soggy conditions was to eat together. Someone went to call the Screwups to supper. A few of them slunk back down to the beach, where we were cooking. They looked sulky and sheepish. One of them said, after being questioned rather sharply, that they had stayed in

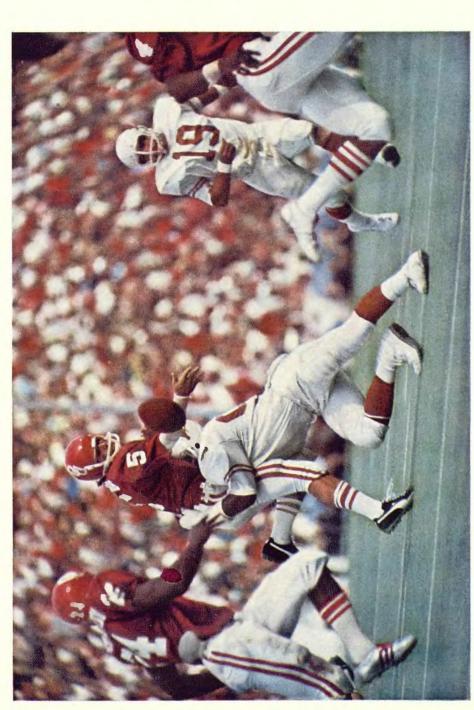
their tents, and away from the work of making supper, because they had thought they weren't wanted.

This childishness was typical of the Screw-ups. Tribal animosity takes a firm and early hold, and although some of my best friends were Screw-ups, I can feel contempt for their tribe even now, months later. There was no denying, however, that as individuals the Screwups were at least as admirable, intelligent and capable as the rest of us. My attempts to analyze their tribal lowliness were not very illuminating. The Screwups, it was true, had among them four or five worthy but uncommitted people who seemed to have wandered into Outward Bound by mistake, unprepared philosophically to get up at 5:30 A.M. and run four miles, then perhaps row from ten in the morning till dusk, and then climb a tree and stay there till morning. But the Smarts had about the same number of uncommitted souls and we ourselves had one or two.

I began to suspect that although it was necessary to have an outcast group-a Martian would grasp that principle of human social organization within two hours after parking his spaceship-the Smarts or the Strongs would have served equally well. In fact, the selection of our pariah group had turned on a rather narrow point. The Smarts, who had two good sailors among them, allowed that pair to run their boat through most of the course. We Strongs, having no sailors, immediately set about learning how to make our boat go, and succeeded more or less. The Screw-ups (who had not yet assumed their role) had one excellent sailor, but they decided correctly that if he were allowed to run things, no one else would learn much. He was relegated to passenger status. The rest eventually learned to sail, but perhaps because of the artificiality of the situation, they learned more slowly than we did. Once, while learning, they missed a rendezvous at a nun buoy in Blue Hill Bay by two and a half hours, forcing all of us to reach an unfamiliar landfall and set up camp long after dark. Our social order fell angrily into place as we stumbled over the weed-slicked tidal boulders that night. We had found our outcasts.

Morale was good among the Smarts, as might be expected, and we Strongs thought well of ourselves. The Screwups were gloomy for ten days or so, and then the survival value of chauvinism ("Why do the others hate us so?") became evident. The Screw-ups decided (wrongly) that they were as good as anyone else, maybe better, hell, yes, better, and their members finished the Outward Bound course with the glossiest and most verdant self-esteem on Bartlett Island,

Sleeping arrangements among the Strongs resolved themselves without difficulty. We had seven women, five men (continued on page 216)



In a perfect execution of the option pitch-out, quarterback Steve Davis tosses to PLAYBOY All-America running back Joe Washington as Oklahoma, PlayBoy's pick to repeat as the nation's strongest team, defeats the University of Texas in last October's showdown game.

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation sports By ANSON MOUNT The golden age of the underdog has arrived in college football. No longer are most conferences perennially dominated by one or two teams, no longer will the post-season "top 20" comprise a reshuffling of last year's edition. Yesteryear's cow colleges are musching into the big time. Many of this year's strongest teams were supposed to be pushovers when big-name schools scheduled them as breathers ten years ago. There will be more upsets than in any season in memory.

This will not be a passing phenomenon. Each year, more schools acquire major-college status. There are now 132 Division One schools; in three years, there will be about 150.

The reasons are both obvious and obscure. All football buffs are aware of the increasing quantity of athletic talent produced by high schools and the 30-scholarships-per-year limitation imposed recently by the National Collegiate Athletic Association—thus spreading that talent.

But, to the horror of many coaches who once turned out 200 players for practice, there is a strong movement to further cut the scholarship limit. Big Ten commissioner Wayne Duke wants the limit cut from the current 120 (over a four-year period) to fewer than 100. At Utah State, coach Phil Krueger produces perennial winners with a squad limited to 75, and he thinks that is probably too many. "Sixty-five carefully recruited players is all any coach needs," Krueger says. "Everyone would have a good (text continued on page 148)



Left ta right, top to bottom: Ike Forte (85), running back, Arkansas; Theopolis Bell (18), receiver, Arizona; Archie Griffin (45), running back, Ohio State; Dan Beaver (3), kicker, Illinois; Scott Gardner (13), quarterback, Virginia; Ken Long (77), offensive lineman, Purdue; Tom Glassic (79), offensive lineman, Virginia; Joe Washington (24), running back, Oklahoma; Dennis Lick (70), offensive lineman, S. Cal. lineman, Wisconsin; Johnny Majors, Coach of the Year, Pittsburgh; Rik Bonness (54), center, Nebraska; Bennie Cunningham (85), tight end, Clemson; Marvin Powell (76), offensive lineman, S. Cal.



Left to right, top to bottom: Andy Spiva (50), linebacker, Tennessee; Jay Chesley (7), defensive back, Vanderbilt; Ed Simonini (77), linebacker, Texas A&M; Pat Thomas (28), defensive back, Texas A&M; Leroy Cook (98), defensive lineman, Alabama; Ken Novak (74), defensive lineman, Purdue; LeRoy Selmon (93), defensive lineman, Oklahoma; Clarence Sanders (90), linebacker, Cincinnati; Steve Niehaus (70), defensive lineman, Notre Dame; Wonder Monds (26), defensive back, Nebraska; Joe Parker (9), punter, Appalachian State; Chet Moeller (48), defensive back, Navy,

TOP 20 TEAMS

1.	Oklahoma10-1	11. Penn State	8-3
2.	Michigan 10-1	12. California	8-3
	Southern California 10-1	13. Ohio State	8-3
4.	Alaboma	14. Colorado	8-3
5.	Texos 9-2	15. UCLA	8-3
6.	Tennessee 9-3	16. Mississippi State	9-2
7.	Michigan Stote 9-2	17. Arkansas	8-3
8.	North Carolina State 9-2	18. Arizona	9-2
9.	Texas A&M 9-2	19. Kentucky	9-2
10.	Nebraska 8-3	20. Arizona State	9-2

Possible Breakthroughs: Wisconsin (8–3); Duke (8–3); Georgia Tech (8–3); Boston College (9–2); Oregon Stote (8–3); Auburn (6–5); Purdue (6–5); Notre Dame (6–5); Pittsburgh (6–5); Maryland (7–4); Iowa (6–5); Kent State (9–2); Cincinnati (9–2).

THE ALL-AMERICA SOUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: John Sciarra (UCLA), Gene Swick (Toledo), Craig Penrose (San Diego State), Cornelius Greene (Ohio State), Dave Buckey (North Carolina State), Richard Todd (Alabama), Bob Bateman (Brown), Jeff Grantz (South Carolina)

RUNNING BACKS: Tony Darsett (Pittsburgh), Sonny Collins (Kentucky), Chuck Muncie (California), Billy Marek (Wisconsin), Louie Giammona (Utah State), Earl Campbell (Texas), Walter Packer (Mississippi State), Secdrick McIntyre (Auburn)

RECEIVERS: Dave Logan (Colorado), Mike Barber (Louisiana Tech), Steve Rivera (California), Tinker Owens (Oklahoma)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Bob Simmons (Texas), Mickey Marvin (Tennessee), Warren Bryant (Kentucky), Henry Sheppard (Sauthern Methodist), Terry Webb (Oklahoma), Chuck Fletcher (Auburn)

CENTERS: Ray Pinney (Washington), Orrin Olsen (Brigham Young), Al Gluchoski (West Virginia)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Gary Jeter (Southern California), Ben Williams (Mississippi), Phillip Dokes (Oklahoma State), Dewey Selmon (Oklahoma), Wilson Faumuina (San Jase State), Ecomet Burley (Texas Tech), Eary Jones (Memphis State), Steve Cassidy (Louisiana State)

LINEBACKERS: Greg Buttle (Penn State), Donnie Thomas (Indiana), Woodrow Lowe (Alabama), Reggie Williams (Dartmouth), Bill Hamilton (Texas)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Tim Fox (Ohio State), Wayne Fields (Florida), Kurt Knoff (Kansas), Don Dufek (Michigan), Jim Brechbiel (Maryland), Tom Marvaso (Cincinnati), Shafer Suggs (Ball State)

KICKERS: Dave Lawson (Air Force), Jose Violante (Brown), Mike Langford (Stanford), Bob Berg (New Mexico)

THIS YEAR'S SUPERSOPHS (Listed in approximate order of potential)

Dennis Harrison, defensive tackleVanderbilt Elliott Walker, running backPittsburgh Dwight Ford, running back Southern California Elvis Peacock, running backOklahoma Gordon King, offensive tackleStanford Larry King, defensive backSyracuse Mike Raban, quarterbackNavy Vic Major, running backSouthern Illinois

Mike Stensrud, defensive tacklelowa State

chance to play and squad morale would benefit enormously."

But the major reason for the recent spread of talent is that coaches are running scared during recruiting season. The N.C.A.A. has more than doubled its staff of sleuths and they are sniffing out some soon-to-break major recruiting scandals. And slaps on the wrist are now out of fashion. Until recently, honest coaches who lost too many games were fired in disgrace, while winners who got caught slipping money under the table were given pay raises. No more. The net is closing on the athletic departments of a half dozen major schools and before the year is out, the N.C.A.A. will force the resignations of the offending coaches.

THE EAST INDEPENDENTS Penn State Pittsburgh Villanova Boston College 9-2 Holy Cross Navy 7-4 Army West Virginia 6 - 5Rutgers 3-8 Syracuse Colgate IVY LEAGUE Princeton Harvard 4-5 Brown Cornell Dartmouth 6-3 3-6 Pennsylvania

Columbia

TOP PLAYERS: Buttle, Rafferty, Quinn, Cefalo (Penn State); Dorsett, E. Walker, Parrish (Pittsburgh); Kruczek, Barnette (Boston College); Moeller, Papak (Navy); Gluchoski, Owens (West Virginia); Preston, Allgood (Syracuse); Klecko, Bitterlich (Temple); Mastronardo, Ramsey (Villanova); Quehl, Morton (Holy Cross); Gillogly (Army); Toran (Rutgers); Basile, Healy (Colgate); S. Lang, Chamberlin (Princeton); Bateman, Violante (Brown); Williams, Cummins (Dartmouth); Palmer, Gesicki (Yale); Jiggetts, Winn (Harvard); Starks, Fanelli (Cornell); Wixted (Pennsylvania); Combs (Columbia).

Yale

Penn State prepares for its toughest schedule ever (only the Army game can be considered a breather) and it follows the graduation of 28 lettermen and 11 starters. There's never a lack of reserve talent, though, and Joe Paterno should have the same old juggernaut ready for Ohio State on September 20. Though new quarterbacks John Andress and John Carroll will have a tough time following Tom Shuman's act, Duane Taylor and Jimmy Cefalo will uphold the long Lion tradition of lethal ground attacks. The usual sterling offensive line is on hand, too. With green receivers and uncertain quarterbacking, the Lions will spend most of the time on the ground this fall. Greg Buttle, most recent of a long line of splendid Nittany linebackers, should make a record number of tackles playing behind a young defensive line.

In two years, Pittsburgh coach Johnny Majors has transformed the Panthers from perennial (and dull) losers to one of the most exciting teams in the country. This year, Majors will have one of the

(continued on page 186)

orticle By JAY CRONLEY 1 STOODUP and it was 3:05 A.M. as the alarm clock flies. I listened to my heart beat in quadraphonic and thought about the good times, as time permitted, most memorably the waitress in Barney Oldfield's who, not eight hours earlier, asked, did I have an opinion as to silicone?

I said I leaned toward Thousand Island.

As I looked at the headlight, which appeared to have momentum, a voice said, "The flight to the pearly gates with intermediate stops in the ghetto and intensive care is preparing to board. You need not fasten your seat belt."

I thought of other things, including how I could get from Barney Oldfield's to this condition in a mere eight hours, assuming this was Saturday morning, because with the exceptions of signing strange names to drink tickets and not turning in a man from Oklahoma City who spelled *Boomer Sooner* in script by urinating on the rest-room wall. I could think of nothing in my immediate past that warranted execution, with the exception of telling a man from Austin that the only good Stetson is a dead Stetson.

If for some reason I was to be only maimed—I remembered reading somewhere that a 1969 Chrysler



ran over an ancient woman, flattening a tire and causing multiple abrasions-I planned to repent by sending my daughter to Oral Roberts University in 1985, as opposed to the University of Oklahoma, beat the hell out of Texas, amen.

I began singing "Don't send your son to Texas," and my wife turned on an overhead light and asked, did I need the hotel doctor or a good puke, which?

I momentarily mistook a 100-watt light bulb for angels. Then it became obvious that I was standing in the center of my room in the Sheraton Inn-Mockingbird, Dallas, so named because of Mockingbird Lane, not because the room was laid out to accommodate two mockingbirds and their wives.

The motif of this Sheraton is the automobile, and my room was decorated with yellow racing stripes along one wall and the picture of an automobile headlight on another.

What can Sheraton do for me today?

Call AAA and AA, the auto club to remove the headlight, Alcoholics Anonymous to pump my stomach.

I called the night clerk and said God was coming to get me. And from where I was standing. He did not plan to yield, nor would He dim His brights.

She asked if this were the J. C. Penney

I asked if there was supposed to be a headlight on the wall, next to my bed, the size of a pond.

"Yes, sir."

"Then there is no chance a station wagon full of hamburgers from Conroc is driving through my room at this very minute?"

"No, sir."

"Is this, in fact, Saturday, morning of the day of the Oklahoma-Texas football game?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll give you Texas and fourteen points for the rent."

I went to the bathroom, shifted into second and fell off the bucket seat when somebody took a turn too fast.

Oklahoma and Texas began playing football against each other in 1900, when Texas won, 28-2, and the good thing about that game is that almost everybody who remembers it is dead. Although Oklahoma extinguished the Chilocco Indians 27-0 in the next game, beating the Chilocco Indians does not make your scalp tingle from the inside.

Oklahoma-Texas is a collegiate football rivalry equivalent to those of Alabama-Auburn, Michigan-Michigan State, Notre Dame-Purdue, USC-UCLA, Army-Navy, Ohio State-God.

The Oklahoma-Texas game distinguishes itself from other football games because while the Auburns and Ala-150 bamas may eventually bury the hatchet

because they are from the same state, and Army and Navy may bury the nuclear hatchet because they are from the same Government, Oklahoma and Texas do not have to agree on anything, because the Red River is a full-time moderator.

The Oklahoma-Texas game is a lot of

It is a diversion from the everyday routine of growing up.

It is a source of power to those who played alternate right trombone in high

It is entertainment.

It is a laxative.

Why else would a man from Ardmore, Oklahoma, buy 12 rolls of GO BIG RED toilet paper?

I have been to the Oklahoma-Texas football game 12 of the past 18 years, first in 1957, with my father, who was sports editor of The Daily Oklahoman of Oklahoma City. That year, on Friday night, somebody threw an easy chair out of the Adolphus Hotel and it landed 20 yards from us, and nobody seemed to notice, I suppose because the chair was made in Texas.

Friday night before the game is one of the charms of OU-Texas football. Policemen set up barricades to protect unwary pedestrians.

Drunks, those unfortunate few who are trying to find the road to Denton, and cops and robbers all mingle to form a mass of flesh that, for various reasons, is about to throw up.

Generally, 200 or so of approximately 10,000 applicants are arrested.

In 1966, when I was a senior at Oklahoma, where I played second base for a baseball team that carved its name into the record book by losing three in a row to Colorado to finish second in the conference behind the Oklahoma State Cow Chips, I went to the Oklahoma-Texas game with an organized date.

She was a tall one, of fine bone and auburn hair, but her most notable characteristic was her enrollment card, which proclaimed her to be a freshman. You must teach a freshman the ropes, the final knot being a pregame or postgame celebration in the relative privacy of a motel bed that shakes if you can hot-wire the box that takes quarters.

She wanted to stay in Norman and take an English midterm.

I said that as there is no sound without ears, there cannot be an English test without students, and since everybody was going to Dallas, what the hell were we doing standing there?

I used complex sentences until I got her into the car, then, 20 miles south of Norman, I stopped to check the rear left

tire, and when I inspected the spare, found that somebody had put 18 Coors beers into the trunk. It was me was who.

Between Paoli, which is a town in Oklahoma, and Dallas, I disposed of 11 awesome beers.

We slid into Dallas, and as I pulled my cleansed 1964 black Chevrolet up to a light on Commerce Street, a person in a pink Ford rolled down his window and said, "Screw you, pinhead."

I told my date that it must be her bouffant hairdo, and she removed approximately two dozen hairpins. I then said to the person in the pink Ford, "Hey, pal, you smell like goats."

My companion praised my attempt at

The pink Ford said, "Screw you, Oklahoma, and the spick you got sitting shotgun." My date began swaying as a preliminary to fainting and inquiring as to bus schedules, Dallas-Norman,

I explained that I was about to be detained for from five minutes to eternity, due to an altercation. I looked at my knuckles and drained the remains of a Coors of the quart variety. I made a fist and pounded it on the padded dash, and she went ohmyGod, caught up in the fever of it all.

We go to the curb.

Since Oklahoma's colors are crimson and cream, otherwise known as red and white, I am in red and white, and this other person is in orange of Texas. And as we get out of appropriate cars, mobs of red and orange and white form as seconds for the contestants, one of whom is me.

Kill him, my newly found friends are telling me. Smash him, rip him, plow him, gouge him, spit on him, hurt him.

Yes, I said, I have that.

I overhear the other side telling my opponent roughly the same, except that one of them said, "Don't use the switchblade unless you have to."

Policemen stood around, waiting to arrest a murderer.

During the Oklahoma-Texas weekend, policemen try not to arrest people except in the cases of personal injury—theirs.

My date planted an exclamation point on my cheek and I flinched.

I am in a \$105 herringbone sports coat, which, in 1966, is daring. Needless to say, I do not want blood on this coat, especially in contrast to the cream lining. I take my coat off and hang it on a parking meter.

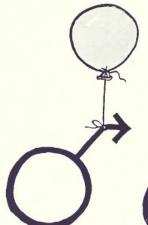
I prepare to get hit.

There is activity behind me, horn honking and gagging, and there goes a genius in orange with my sports coat, \$105, sparkling in the headlights.

My date looks at me and says, "Keyryest, the wool has just been pulled over (continued on page 181)

SYMBOLIC SEX

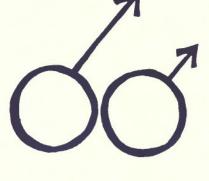
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times humor By DON ADDIS



AND I THOUGHT FOR THE PREVENTION



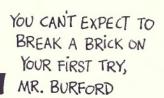
THEY WERE SOLD ONLY OF DISEASE!

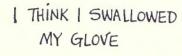


HOW COME YOU ALWAYS GET THE TALL ONE?

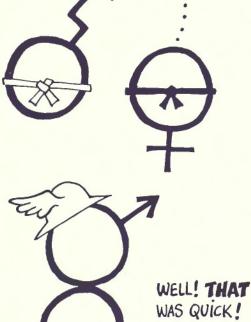
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD,

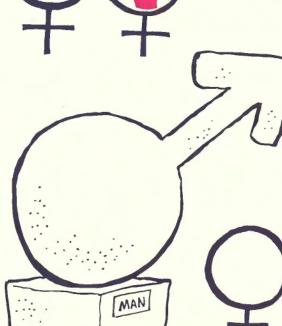
DOESN'T ANYBODY JUST BALL ANYMORE ?!



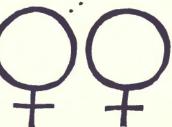


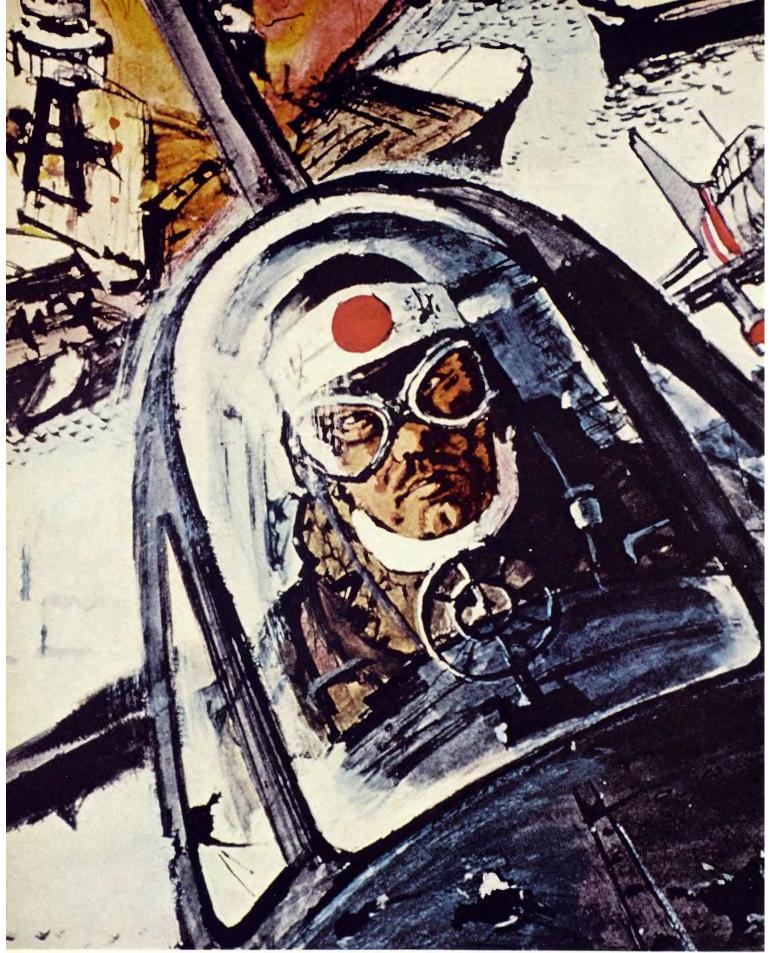






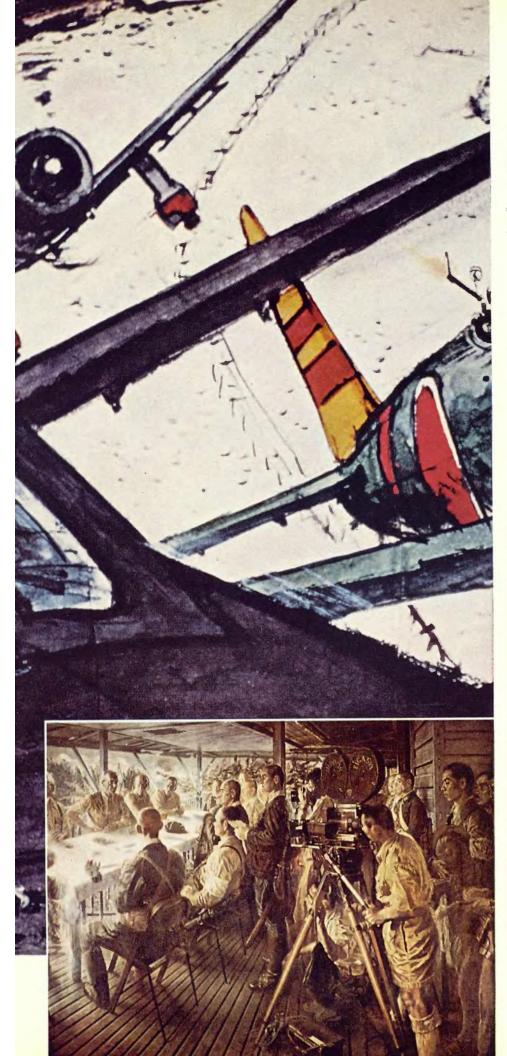
I CAN TELL YOU WHICH PIECE OF THE ROCK I'D LIKE TO OWN!





For the United Stotes, it all began with Pearl Harbar (above). It was Sunday marning in Hanalulu and almost everybody was asleep. The Japanese planes made one of the most devastating sur152 prise attacks in history and all of America was suddenly awake.

The war went bodly for America in the first months. The Joponese conquered island ofter island and finally chased General Mac-Arthur out of the Philippines. He vowed to return and left General Woinwright behind to surrender ofter Corregidor fell (right).



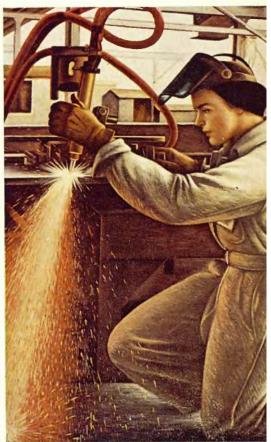
THE **EVOLUTION** SOLDIER

By JAMES JONES

world war two made america what it is, here are the paintings of artists who saw the war in all of its theaters-and the reminiscences of one of its foremost infantrymen

THERE WAS NEVER any question about the beginning of World War Two for the United States. Pearl Harbor began it crisply and decisively and without discussion.

Absolutely nobody was prepared for it. At Schofield Barracks in the infantry quadrangles, those of us who were up were at breakfast. On Sunday mornings in those days, there was a bonus ration of a half pint of milk, to go with your eggs or pancakes and syrup, also Sunday



But back home, America was gearing up. In a few manths, it would be the warld's most formidable arsenal. Rosie the Riveter would build countless ships, planes and tanks. 153









Soon American fliers ruled the skies. Some say they wan the war. Above: On the nose of olmost any worplane you would find a painting. Often, it told more about the pilots' longings and fontasies than anything else.

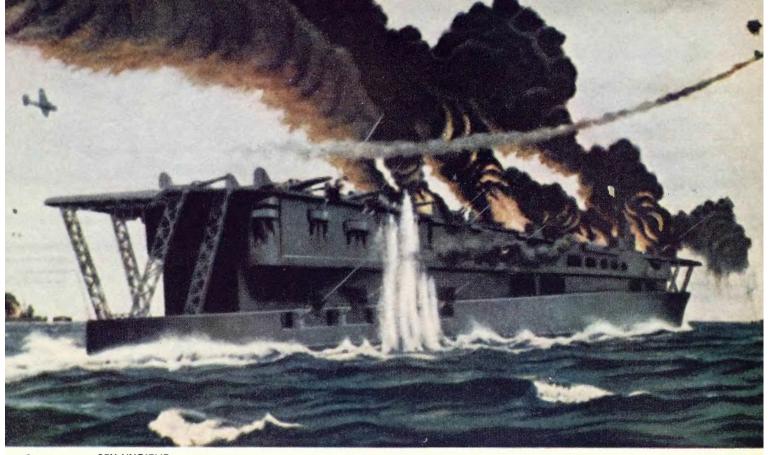
"Don't startle 'im, Joe-it's almost full."

specials. Most of us were more concerned with getting and holding on to our half pints of milk than with listening to the explosions that began rumbling up toward us from Wheeler Field two miles away. "They doing some blasting?" some old-timer said through a mouthful of pancakes. It was not till the first low-flying fighter came skidding, whammering low overhead with its machine guns going that we ran outside, still clutching our half pints of milk to keep them from being stolen, aware with a sudden sense of awe that we were seeing and acting in a genuine moment of history.

As we stood outside in the street, huddled back against the dayroom wall, another fighter with the red suns on its wings came up the boulevard, preceded by two lines of holes that kept popping up 80 yards in front on the asphalt. As he came abreast of us, he gave us a typically toothy grin and waved, and I shall never forget his face behind the goggles. A white-silk scarf streamed out behind his neck and he wore a white ribbon around his helmet just above the

Bill Mauldin's Willie and Joe suffered and endured with humor (below left). Humor kept you going. Especially when you knew that next time out, you could wind up like Tom Lea's shottered Marine at Peleliu (below).

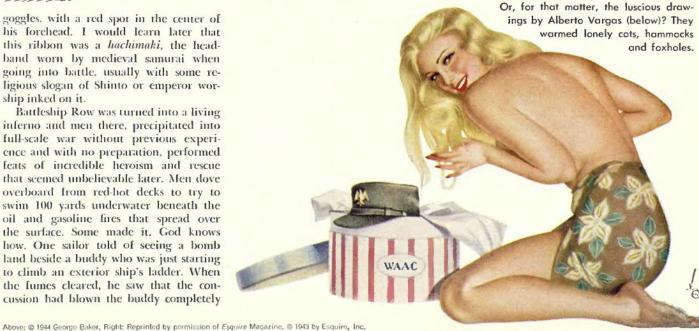






goggles, with a red spot in the center of his forehead. I would learn later that this ribbon was a hachimaki, the headband worn by medieval samurai when going into battle, usually with some religious slogan of Shinto or emperor worship inked on it.

Battleship Row was turned into a living inferno and men there, precipitated into full-scale war without previous experience and with no preparation, performed feats of incredible heroism and rescue that seemed unbelievable later. Men dove overboard from red-hot decks to try to swim 100 yards underwater beneath the oil and gasoline fires that spread over the surface. Some made it, God knows how. One sailor told of seeing a bomb land beside a buddy who was just starting to climb an exterior ship's ladder. When the fumes cleared, he saw that the concussion had blown the buddy completely In 1942, the war turned for the Americans at Midway. The Japanese fleet that sailed on that island included four carriers and seemed invincible. Against it, Admiral Nimitz could send only three old carriersone of them damaged-all of them carrying obsolete planes. But the Navy's pilots found the Japanese fleet with its planes refueling on deck. Torpedo planes attacked, but almost all of them were shot down without scoring a hit. And while the Japanese gunners were busy with the torpedo planes, the dive bombers came out of the sky. In the few minutes it took them to finish their work, they devastated the Japanese fleet, leaving all four carriers in flames and sinking. Is there an old GI anywhere who doesn't recall Sad Sack (left) and those V. D. films?





through the ladder and into neatly rectangular chunks the size of the ladder openings. "But I don't think he ever knew what hit him," the sailor said with a shaky smile.

There is always that exciting feeling about the beginning of a war, or even of a campaign. I guess the closest way to depict the feeling is to liken it to a sudden, unexpected school holiday. All restraints are off, everyday life and its dull routines, its responsibilities are scratched and a new set of rules takes over. True, some people are going to die, but probably it will not be oneself. And for a while, at least, adventure will reign.

Some men thrived on it. Whether they thrived or not, all of it was aimed at and directed toward that evolution of a soldier of which these were the first faltering child's steps, although the men did not yet know they were taking them. And which had as its purpose the sole concept of teaching each numbered individual, by the numbers, that he was a nameless piece of expendable matériel of a grateful Government and its ideals of

In Europe, the German saldier was, at first, invincible. German combat artists painted him as a romantic, decent and brave warrior (left). One German artist manqué was Adolf Hitler. The static drawing below indicates why he chase politics. After many hard battles, surrender scenes (right) became more common. But the German army was still capable of launching the Battle of the Bulge. Or inflicting 100,000 casualties an the Russians who took Berlin.





freedom just as surely as any artillery shell, mortar round or rifle bullet. And the men who thrived on it got promoted. Those who wept could write letters home. Censored letters, if that need arose, too.

Add to this the gross privilege accorded their sadistic sergeant overseers, which they were constantly having their noses rubbed in, and you had at least the beginnings, hopefully, of a soldier so bitter he would gladly take on both Jap and Nazi simultaneously.

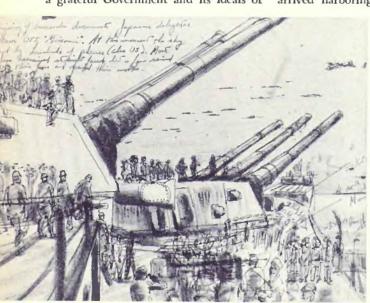
The men who reported to camp each arrived harboring in his secret core of

> The end for Jopan was horrible in a way nobody could hove expected. First the devastating air raids by B-29s and then two atom bombs. General Mac-Arthur accepted the Japanese surrender on the decks of the battleship Missouri in the Bay of Tokya (left). It was oll over for the men who had lived through the war. Now it was time ta go home and get started agoin. It sounded easy and a magazine cover made it loak easy (right). But for some men, it was gaing to be very hard.

cores his harrowing, never-shared knowledges and ignorances of himself. His panic terrors and his carefully held-incheck brutalities. Would he do well? Would he die? Would he be able to kill another man? Would he not be able to kill another man? Did he really know himself? These things could not be talked about. All that was taboo in America. And only the paradox of humor could function as a safety valve, pull together the split in the national personality.

The only real difference, the main difference, between World War Two and later wars was the greater over-all social commitment and, therefore, the greater social stigma attached to refusing to go, Besides, in World War Two, there was nowhere to run. Just about every nation was involved, one way or another. The whole world was caught up. Had some sanctuary existed, transportation to it would have been impossible under the Government control being exercised. Conscientious objectors went to camps. The mere awareness of this was perhaps a further step in that evolution of a soldier.

The question remained, always, that if





Top left, top right, center and opposite: Courtesy of U.S. Army Center of Military History. Above left: Courtesy of U.S. Navy Combat Art Collection. Above right: Reprinted with permission from The Saturday Evening Post. © 1945 The Curtis Publishing Company.



idealistic America had birthed a new man incapable of killing his fellow humans, who was going to protect him from those nations that had not yet evolved such a type?

It was not until the Battle of the Coral Sea on May 7 and 8, 1942, that the United States and its allies in the Pacific achieved a victory over the Japanese, and then it was a questionable one, because we lost the carrier Lexington in it, in the first sea battle of carrier forces. On the day before, however, May 6, Corregidor had fallen and the United States' mighty Philippines had become Japanese. And it was not until June 3-6, when a U.S. carrier fleet sank four Jap carriers in the great Battle of Midway (though losing the carrier Yorktown and a destroyer in the process), that the United States gained a decisive, course-of-the-war-changing victory in the Pacific.

Historically, the Battle of the Coral Sea was a type of milestone historians love, in that it was the first naval battle ever to be fought between two carrier fleets. All fighting was carried out by aircraft, without surface craft firing on each other at all. Tactically, it was a Japanese victory. The sinking of our carrier Lexington, plus the U.S. naval tanker Neosho (yes, Neosho was an American ship, not Japanese) and the destroyer Sims far outweighed the sinking of the Japanese light carrier Shoho. Strategically, however, Coral Sea was an American victory. The Japanese invasion sortie to take Port Moresby had to turn back, the first such withdrawal of the war, and for the first time the United States had sunk a major Japanese ship.

I first heard of the Battle of the Coral Sea from a drunken sailor in a bar in Honolulu. If news of it had come out in the papers or over the radio, nobody in my outfit had read about it or heard it. We didn't see many newspapers out in the field on the beaches, but we had radios. Wherever there was electricity available.

I was on my first pass since December seventh. After six months of martial law and living in the field far from the fleshpots, guarding Oahu's beaches from invasion, my outfit had begun to receive a few daytime passes as restrictions were gradually loosened. The only difference from the old days was that we had to be back at six o'clock, before sundown and the nighttime curfew and blackout.

The sailor was sitting at the bar of the old Waikiki Tavern, now long gone, which used to sit east of the Moana Hotel on Waikiki. He was with two other salts, all three curiously sun-blackened and with deep hollow eyes. And though it was nine o'clock in the morning of a glorious sunshiny day, all three were already drunk as hoot owls. I knew the moment I walked in and saw the three of them by themselves there that I was looking at

somebody different. Different from me.

They were not at all reluctant to talk. All three were off the carrier Yorktown. They had pulled into Pearl the day before, armor plate blackened and torn, to refit and repair bomb damage received in a sea battle off New Guinea and Australia. The area where the battle had taken place was called the Coral Sea. As soon as the Yorktown was in shape, they would be pulling right back out again, because "something was up." They did not know what. But right now they were putting away all the booze they could put away and were going to drink themselves into a stupor, and when they couldn't stand up anymore would get themselves driven back to the base. "Might not ever get another chance," the chief spokesman, a junior petty officer, said grimly. There was no self-pity in his voice. He had gone far beyond that. It was a flat simple statement of fact, and with it he gave me a bleak look of knowledgeable resignation.

As I listened, fascinated, the story of the wild, desperate battle slowly emerged. The sinking of an enemy carrier the first day and the rise of hopeful elation. On the second day, the "Lady Lex" taking two torpedoes on her portside while a dive-bombing attack developed overhead. The Yorktown, with her tighter turning circle, avoided seven or eight torpedoes, only to take an 800-pound bomb hit that penetrated to her fourth deck. At that, they had almost saved the Lex, and except for a series of internal explosions caused by fuel vapors, they would have.

"Listen, we better not be telling him all this," one of the sailors said anxiously.

"Aw, shit," the petty officer snarled, "Look at him. You think he's some Jap spy?"

"What about that bartender?" the sailor said.

"Fuck it," the petty officer said. "I've known that bartender for ten years."

I stayed with them through the morning and part of the afternoon. When I left them, they were well on their way to fulfilling their promise to themselves, particularly the petty officer, who was no longer able to walk by himself. But the two others, though rolling well themselves, were looking after him and would take care of him till the taxi got them all back to their ship, and I had an old friend in one of the whorehouses I wanted to see once more. At the moment, women did not seem to be one of my sailors' problems. It was as if, for now, women meant nothing to them.

With their sun-blackened faces and hollow haunted eyes, they were men who had already passed on into a realm I had never seen and didn't particularly want to see. As the petty officer said, factually, it wasn't the going there the one time but the going back again and again that finally got to you.

A few days later, when the news of

the victory at Midway came in, and with it the news of the sinking of the Yorktown, I wondered if any of the three of them got off or if all three had gone down with her. I never saw any of them again to find out. I was very young then and the whole encounter had been intensely romantic for me. More than anything in the world I wanted to be like them.

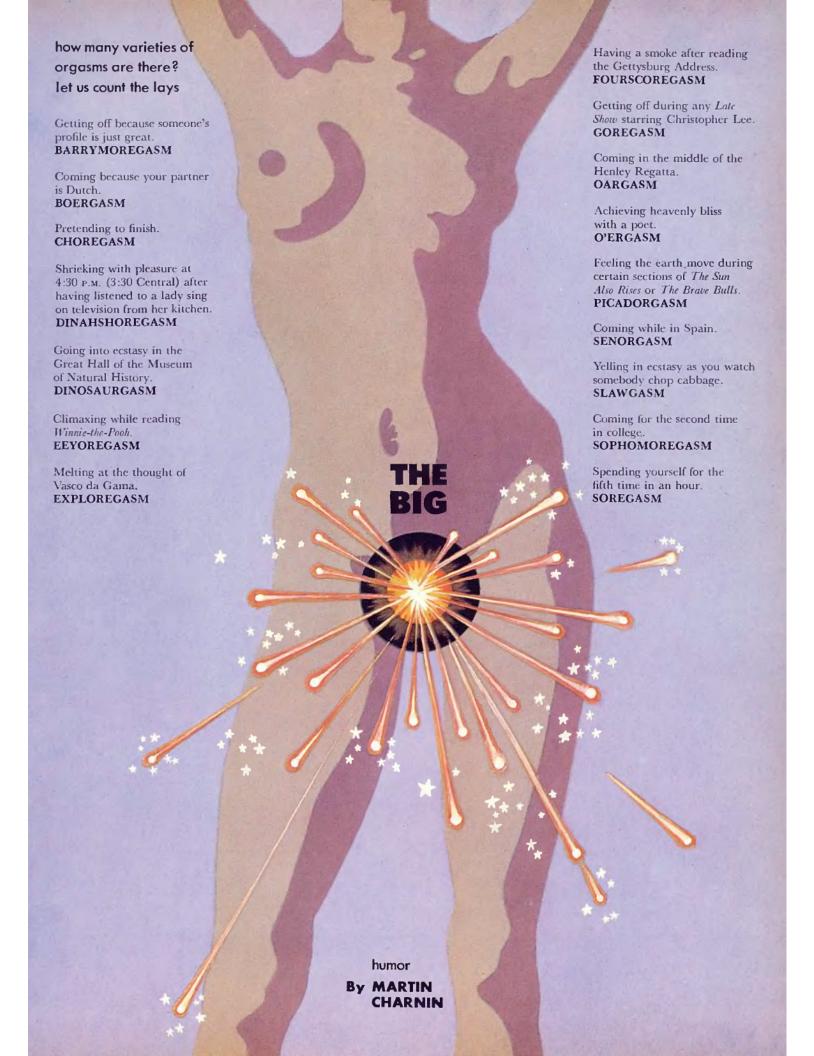
I had no idea what the date was that day. Years later, after the war, I learned that it must have been May 28. The Enterprise and Hornet had come in on May 26, the Yorktown on May 27. On May 28, Task Force Sixteen sailed with Enterprise and Hornet for Midway. The Yorktown, incredibly, was repaired and ready to sail on May 29, and did sail with Task Force Seventeen on the 30th, to join her sisters. The broken Japanese code, unbeknownst to all of us, had informed our Intelligence of Yamamoto's plan to draw our carriers into a last-ditch fight.

The Battle of Midway has been almost universally acclaimed as the turning point of the Pacific war against the Japanese. In four days, from June third to sixth, the outnumbered torpedo-bomber and dive-bomber squadrons from the three U. S. carriers accounted for four of Japan's fleet carriers, sinking the Akagi, Kaga, Hiryu and Soryu, over half of the entire Japanese elite carrier strike force. It was a crippling loss, which would force Japan back from a highly successful offensive strategy into a defensive strategy for the rest of the war.

Most of this near-ruinous damage was done in a single flaming five-minute attack begun at 10:22 A.M. on June fourth, by the dive-bomber squadrons from Enterprise and Yorktown, after the torpedo squadrons from the three U.S. carriers had tried and failed and been shot down. Coming on high overhead, unnoticed by the Japanese, who were occupied with the U. S. torpedo bombers that were making their runs, the dive bombers were able to swoop down like avenging hellions and deliver their loads on the Akagi, Kaga and Soryu, without losing a single plane. The three Jap carriers, turning into the wind with their flight decks crowded with rearmed and refueling torpedo planes and bombers readying for a second take-off, were reduced to blazing shambles in seconds, setting off the same dread series of internal fires and explosions that had done in the Lexington. So the suicidal attacks of the U.S. torpedo-bomber squadrons were not in vain.

There is no doubt that the three torpedo-bomber attacks were suicidal. The first two, by the Hornet's planes and by those of the Enterprise, were delivered singly, unaided and totally alone, without expectation of help. Of the 15 TBDs off the Hornet, only one pilot survived, by clinging to a rubber cushion from his

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help interrupting. "You can't lose Ignatieff, if you know what to look for. However he's disguised, there's one thing he can't hide-his eyes! One of 'em's half brown, half blue!"

"He can if he puts a patch over it," says Ellenborough. "India's full of oneeved men. In any event, we picked up his trail again-and on both occasions it led to the same place-Jhansi. He spent two months there, all told, usually out of sight, and our people were never able to lay a hand on him. What he was doing, they couldn't discover-except that it was mischief. Now we see what the mischief was"-and he pointed to the chapatties. "Brewing insurrection, beyond a doubt. And having done his infernal work-back over the hills to Afghanistan. This summer he was in St. Petersburgbut from what our politicals did learn, he's expected back in Jhansi again. We don't know when."

No doubt it was the subject under discussion, but there didn't seem to be a bit of heat coming from the blazing fire behind me; the room felt suddenly cold and I was aware of the rain slashing at the panes and the wind moaning in the dark outside. I was looking at Ellenborough, but in his face I could see Ignatieff's hideous parti-coloured eye and hear that soft icy voice hissing past the long cigarette clenched between his teeth.

"Plain enough, what?" says Pam. "The mine's laid. in Jhansi—an' if it explodes . . . God knows what might follow. India looks tranquil enough-but how many other Ihansis, how many other Ignatieffs are there?" He shrugged. "We don't know, but we can be certain there's no more sensitive spot than this one. The Russians have picked Jhansi with care-we annexed it only two years ago, on the old Raja's death, an' we've still barely more than a foothold there. Thug country, it used to be, an' still pretty wild, for all it's one of the richest thrones in India. Worst of all, it's ruled by a woman-the Rani, the Raja's widow. She was old when she married him, I gather, an' there was no legitimate heir, so we took it under our wing-an' she didn't like it. She rules under our tutelage these days-but she remains as implacable an enemy as we have in India. Fertile soil for Master Ignatieff to sow his plots."

He paused and then looked straight at me. "Aye-the mine's laid in Jhansi, But precisely when an' where they'll try to fire it, an' whether it'll go off or not . . . this we must know-an' prevent at all costs."

The way he said it went through me like an icicle. I'd been sure all along that I wasn't being lectured for fun, but now, looking at their heavy faces. I knew that unless my poltroon instinct was sadly 160 at fault, some truly hellish proposal was about to emerge. I waited quaking for the axe to fall, while Pam stirred his false teeth with his tongue-which was a damned unnerving sight, I may tell youand then delivered sentence.

"Last week, the Board of Control decided to send an extraordinary agent to Jhansi. His task will be to discover what the Russians have been doing there, how serious is the unrest in the sepoy garrison. and to deal with this hostile beldame of a Rani by persuadin' her, if possible, that loyalty to the British raj is in her best interest." He struck his finger on the table. "An' if an' when this man Ignatieff returns to Jhansi again-to deal with him. too. Not a task for an ordinary political, you'll agree."

No, but I was realising, with mounting horror, who they did think it was a task for. But I could only sit, with my spine dissolving and my face set in an expression of attentive idiocy, while he went inexorably on.

"The Board of Control chose you without hesitation, Flashman. I approved the choice myself. You don't know it, but I've been watchin' you since my time as Foreign Secretary. You've been a political-an' a deuced successful one. I dare say you think that the work you did in Middle Asia last year has gone unrecognised, but that's not so," He rumbled at me impressively, wagging his great fat head. "You've the highest name as an active officer, you've proved your resource-you know India-fluent in languages, includin' Russian, which could be of the first importance, what? You know this man Ignatieff, by sight, an' you've bested him before. You see, I know all about you. Flashman," (you old fool, I wanted to shout, you don't know anything of the bloody sort; you ain't fit to be Prime Minister, if that's what you think) "an' I know of no one else so fitted to this work. How old are you? Thirty-fouryoung enough to go a long way yet, for your country and yourself." And the old buffoon tried to look sternly inspiring, with his teeth gurgling.

It was appalling. God knows I've had my crosses to bear, but this beat all. As so often in the past, I was the victim of my own glorious and entirely unearned reputation-Flashy, the hero of Jalalabad, the last man out of the Kabul retreat and the first man into the Balaclava battery, the beau sabreur of the Light Cavalry, Queen's Medal, thanks of Parliament, darling of the mob, with a liver as vellow as vesterday's custard, if they'd only known it. And there was nothing, with Pam's eye on me, and Ellenborough and Wood looking solemnly on, that I could do about it. Oh, if I'd followed my best instincts. I could have fled wailing from the room, or fallen blubbering at some convenient foot-but of course I didn't. With sick fear mounting in my throat, I knew that I'd have to go, and that was that-back to India, with its heat and filth and flies and dangers and poxy niggers. But there wasn't the slightest chance to wriggle; all I could do was put on my muscular Christian expression, look Palmerston fearlessly in the eye, like Dick Champion when the headmaster gives him the job of teaching the fags not to swear, and say I'd do my best.

I had three days still left at Balmoral, and the first of them was spent closeted with Ellenborough and a sharp little creature from the Board of Control, who lectured me in maddening detail about my mission to Ihausi and conditions in India-and then, on the Wednesday morning, something happened which drove everything else clean out of my mind. It was such a shock, such an unbelievable coincidence in view of what had gone before (or so it seemed at the time) that I can still think back to it with disbelief-aye, and start sweating at the

I'd had a thoroughly drunken night at Abergeldie, to take my mind off the future, and when I woke cloth-headed and surly on the Wednesday morning, Elspeth suggested that instead of breakfast, I'd be better going for a canter. I damned her advice and sent for a horse, left her weeping sulkily into her boiled egg and ten minutes later was galloping the fumes away along the Balmoral road. I reached the castle and trotted up as far as the carriage entrance: beyond it, on the far side of the gravel sweep, one of the big castle coaches that brought quality visitors from Aberdeen station was drawn up and flunkeys were handing down the arrivals and bowing them towards the steps leading to the side door.

Some more poor fools of consequence about to savour the royal hospitality, thinks I. and was just about to turn my horse away when I happened to glance again at the group of geutlemen in travelling capes who were mounting the steps. One of them turned to say something to the flunkeys-and I nearly fell from the saddle, and only saved myself by clutching the mane with both hands. I believe I nearly fainted-for it was something infinitely worse than a ghost; it was real, even if it was utterly impossible. The man on the steps, spruce in the rig of an English country gentleman, and now turning away into the castle, was the man I'd last seen beside the line of carrion gallows at Fort Raim-the man Palmerston was sending me to India to defeat and kill: Count Nicholas Paylovitch Ignatieff,

Ellenborough plumped down on a chair, mopping at the shaving soap on his cheeks-I'd practically had to manhandle his valet to be admitted, and I'd left a trail of startled minions on the back stairs in my haste to get to his



 $"You were \ right, Dr. \ Whit comb-I \ didn't \ feel \ a \ thing."$

room. I was still panting from exertion, to say nothing of shock.

"I want an explanation of this, my lord," says I, "for I'll not believe it's

"What d'ye mean?" says he, goggling.

"Two nights ago, we talked of precious little else but this Count Ignatieff, this Russian monster-how he'd been spying the length and breadth of India, in the very place to which I'm being sent. And now he turns up-the very man! Is that coincidence?" I was in such a taking I didn't stand on ceremony. "How comes he in the country, even? Will you tell me Lord Palmerston didn't know?"

"My God, Flashman!" His big mottled face looked shocked. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"I mean, my lord," says I, trying to hold myself in, "that there's precious little that happens anywhere, let alone in England, that Lord Palmerston doesn't know about-is it possible that he's unaware that the most dangerous agent in Russia-and one of their leading nobles, to boot—is promenading about as large as life? And never a word the other night, when-

"Stay here," says he, and bustled out, and for ten minutes I chewed my nails until he came back, shutting the door behind him carefully. He had got his normal beetroot colour back, but he looked damned rattled.

"It's true," says he. "Count Ignatieff is here with Lord Aberdeen's party-as a guest of the Queen. It seems-you know we have Granville in Petersburg just now, for the new Tsar's coronation? Well, a party of Russian noblemen-the first since the war-have just arrived in Leith vesterday, bringing messages of good will, or God knows what, from the new monarch to the Queen. Someone had written to Aberdeen-I don't know it all yet-and he brought them with him on his way north, with this fellow among 'em. It's extraordinary! The damnedest chance!

"Chance, my lord?" says I. "I'll need some convincing of that!"

"Good God, what else? I'll allow it's long odds, but I'm certain if Lord Palmerston had had the least inkling. . . ." He trailed off, and you could see the sudden doubt of his own precious Prime Minister written on his jowly face.

And then, the wildest thought-was it possible. I asked, that Ignatieff knew about

"Never!" trumpets Ellenborough. "No, that couldn't be! The decision to send you out was taken a bare two weeks since-it would be to credit the Russian intelligence system with superhuman powers-and if he did, what could he accomplish here?-damn it, in the Queen's own home! This isn't Middle Asia-it's a civilised country-

"My lord, that's not a civilised man," says I. "But what's to be done? I can't 162 meet him!"

"Let me think," says he, and strode about, heaving his stomach round. Then he stopped, heavy with decision.

"I think you must," says he. "If he has seen you-or finds out that you were here and left before your time. . . . Wait, though, it might be put down to tact on your part. . . . Still, no!" He snapped his fingers at me. "No. you must stay. Better to behave as though there was nothing untoward-leave no room to excite suspicion-after all, former enemies meet in time of peace, don't they? And we'll watch him-by George, we will! Perhaps we'll learn something ourselves! Ha-ha!"

And this was the port-sodden clown who had once governed India. I'd never heard such an idiot suggestion-but could I shift him? I pleaded, in the name of common sense, that I should leave at once, but he wouldn't have it.

Strangely enough, by the time I went back to the castle with Elspeth that afternoon, my qualms about coming face to face again with that Russian wolf had somewhat subsided: I'd reminded myself that we weren't meeting on his ground anymore, but on mine, and that the kind of power he'd once had over me was a thing quite past. Still, I won't pretend I was feeling at ease, and I'd drummed it into Elspeth's head that not a hint must be let slip about my ensuing departure for India or Pam's visit. She took it in wide-eyed and assured me she would not dream of saying a word, but I realised with exasperation that you couldn't trust any warning to take root in that beautiful empty head: As we approached the drawing-room doors, she was prattling away about what wedding present she should suggest to the Queen for Mary Seymour, and I, preoccupied, said offhand, why not a lusty young coachman, and immediately regretted it-you couldn't be sure she wouldn't pass it onand then the doors opened, we were announced, and the heads in the room were all turning towards us.

There was the Queen, in the middle of the sofa, with a lady and gentleman behind; Albert, propping up the mantelpiece and lecturing to old Aberdeen, who appeared to be asleep on his feet: half a dozen assorted courtiers-and Ellenborough staring across the room. As we made our bows, and the Queen says. "Ah, Mrs. Flashman, you are come just in time to help with the service of tea," I was following Ellenborough's glance, and there was Ignatieff, with another Russian-looking grandee and a couple of our own gentry. He was staring at me, and by God. he never so much as blinked or twitched a muscle; I made my little bow towards Albert, and as I turned to face Ignatieff again, I felt. God knows why, a sudden rush of to-hell-with-it take hold of me.

"My-dear-Count!" says I, astonished, and everyone stopped talking; the Queen looked popeyed, and even Albert left off prosing to the noble corpse beside him.

"Surely it's Count Ignatieff?" cries I, and then broke off in apology. "Your pardon, ma'am," says I to Vicky. "I was quite startled-I had no notion Count Ignatieff was here! Forgive me," but of course by this time she was all curiosity, and I had to explain that Count Ignatieff was an old comrade-in-arms, so to speak, what? And beam in his direction, while she smiled uncertainly, but not displeased, and Ellenborough played up well and told Albert that he'd heard me speak of being Ignatieff's prisoner during the late war but had had no idea this was the same gentleman, and Albert looked disconcerted and said that was most remarkable.

"Indeed, Highness, I had that honour," says Ignatieff, clicking his heels, and the sound of that chilly voice made my spine tingle. But there was nothing he could do but take the hand I stretched

"This is splendid, old fellow!" says I, gripping him as though he were my longlost brother. "Wherever have you been keeping yourself?" One or two of them smiled, to see bluff Flash Harry so delighted at meeting an old enemy-just what they'd have expected, of course. And when the Queen had been made quite au fait with the situation, she said it was exactly like Fitz-James and Roderick

So after that it was quite jolly, and Albert made a group with Ignatieff and Ellenborough and me, and questioned me about our acquaintance, and I made light of my captivity and escape, and said what a charming jailer Ignatieff had been, and the brute just stood impassive, with his tawny head bowed over his cup, and looking me over with that amazing half-blue, half-brown eye. He was still the same handsome, broken-nosed young iceberg I remembered-if I'd closed my eyes, I could have heard the lash whistling and cracking in Arabat courtyard, with the Cossacks' grip on my arms.

Albert, of course, was much struck by the coincidence of our meeting again, and preached a short sermon about the brotherhood of men-at-arms, to which Ignatieff smiled politely and I cried "Hear, hear!" It was difficult to guess, but I judged my Muscovite monster wasn't enjoying this too much: he must have been wondering why I pretended to be so glad to see him. But I was all affability: I even presented him to Elspeth. and he bowed and kissed her hand; she was very demure and cool, so I knew she fancied him, the little trollop.

The truth is, my natural insolence was just asserting itself, as it always does when I feel it's safe; when a moment came when Ignatieff and I were left alone together, I thought I'd stick a pin in him, just for sport, so I asked, quietly:

"Brought your knout with you, Count?" He looked at me a moment before



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replying. "It is in Russia," says he. "Waiting. So, I have no doubt, is Count Pencherjevsky's daughter."

"Oh, yes," says I. "Little Valla. Is she

well, d'you know?"

"I have no idea. But if she is, it is no fault of yours." He glanced away, towards Elspeth and the others. "Is it?"

"She never complained to me," says I, grinning at him. "On that tack-if I'm well, it's no fault of yours, either."

"That is true," says he, and the eye was like a sword point, "However, may I suggest that the less we say about our previous acquaintance, the better? I gather from your . . . charade, a little while agodesigned, no doubt, to impress your Queen-that you are understandably reluctant that the truth of your behaviour there should be made public."

"Oh, come now," says I, "'t wasn't a patch on yours, old boy. What would the Court of Balmoral think if they knew that the charming Russian nobleman with the funny eye was a murderous animal who flogs innocent men to death and tortures prisoners of war? Thought about that?"

"If you think you were tortured, Colonel Flashman," says he, poker-faced, "then I congratulate you on your ignorance." He put down his cup. "I find this conversation tedious. If you will excuse me," and he turned away.

"Oh, sorry, if you're bored," says I. "I was forgetting-you probably haven't cut a throat or burned a peasant in a week."

It was downright stupid of me, no doubt-two hours earlier I'd been quaking at the thought of meeting him again, and here I was, sassing him to my heart's content. But I can never resist a jibe and a gloat when the enemy's hands are tied, as Thomas Hughes would tell you. Ignatieff didn't seem nearly as fearsome here, among the teacups, with chaps toadying the royals, and cress sandwiches being handed round, and Ellenborough flirting ponderously with Elspeth while the Queen complained to old Aberdeen that it was the press which had killed Lord Hardinge, in her Uncle Leopold's opinion. No, not fearsome at all-without his chains and gallows and dungeons and power of life and death, and never so much as a Cossack Thug to bless himself with. I should have remembered that men like Nicholas Ignatieff are dangerous anywhere-usually when you least expect it.

I remember young Fred Roberts (who's a field marshal now, which shows you what pull these Addiscombe wallahs have got) once saying that everyone hated India for a month and then loved it forever. I wouldn't altogether agree, but I'll allow that it had its attractions in the old days; you lived like a lord without having to work, waited on hand and foot, made money if you set your mind to it and hardly exerted yourself at all except to hunt the beasts, thrash the men and bull the women. You had to look sharp to avoid active service, of course, of which there was a lot about; I never fell very lucky that way. But, even so, it wasn't a half-bad station, most of the time.

Personally, I put that down to the fact that in my young days, India was a middle-class place for the British, where society people didn't serve if they could help it. (Cardigan, for example, took one look and fled.) It's different now, of course; since it became a safe place, many of our best and most highly connected

people have let the light of their countenances shine on India, with the results you might expect-prices have gone up, service has gone down and the women have got clap. So they tell me.

Mind you, I could see things were changing even in '56, when I landed at Bombay. My first voyage to India, 16 years before, had lasted four months on the creaking East Indiaman; this time, in natty little government steam sloops, it had taken just about half that time, even with a vile journey by camel across the Suez Isthmus in between. And even from Bombay, you could get the smell of civilisation; they'd started the telegraph and were pushing ahead with the first railways, there were more white faces and white businesses to be seen and people weren't talking, as they'd used to, of India as though it were a wild jungle with John Company strongholds here and there. In my early days, a journey from Calcutta to Peshawar had seemed half round the world, but no longer. It was as though the Company was at last seeing India as one vast country-and realising that now the wars with the Sikhs and Mahrattas and Afghans were things of the past, it was an empire that had to be ruled and run, quite apart from fighting and showing a nice profit in Leadenhall Street.

It was far busier than I remembered it, and somehow the civilians seemed more to the fore nowadays than the military. Once the gossip on the verandahs had all been about war in the north, or the Thugs, or the bandit chiefs of the Ghats who'd have to be looked up someday; now it was as often as not about new mills or factories, and even schools, and how there would be a railroad clear over to Madras in the next five years, and you'd be able to journey from Mrs. Blackwell's in Bombay to the Auckland in Calcutta without once putting on your boots.

"All sounds very peaceful and prosperous," says I, over a peg and a whore at Mother Sousa's-like a good little political, you see, I was conducting my first researches in the best gossip mart I could find (fine mixed clientele. Mother Sousa's, with nothing blacker than quarter-caste and exhibition dances that would have made a Paris gendarme blench-well, if it's scuttlebutt you want, you don't go to

a cathedral, do you?).

The chap who'd bought me the peg laughed and said: "Prosperous? I should just think so-my firm's divvy is up forty percent, and we'll have new factories at Lahore and Allahabad working before Easter, Building churches-and when the universities come, there'll be contracts to last out my service, I can tell you."

"Universities?" says I. "Not for the niggers, surely?"

"The native peoples," says he primlyand the little snirp hadn't been out long enough to get his nose peeled, "will soon be advanced beyond those of any country on earth, Heathen countries, that is. Lie



"My pimp doesn't understand me."

still, you black bitch, can't you see I'm fagged out? Yes, Lord Canning is very strong on education, I believe, and spreading the Gospel, too. Well, that's bricks and mortar, ain't it?—that's where to put your money, my boy."

"Dear me," says I, "at this rate, I'll be out of a job, I can see."

"Military, are you? Well, don't fret, old fellow; you can always apply to be sent to the frontiers."

"Quiet as that, is it? Even round Jhansi?"

"Wherever's that, my dear chap?"

He was just a pip-squeak, of course, and knew nothing; the little yellow piece I was exercising hadn't heard of Jhansi, either, and when I asked her at a venture what chapatties were good for except eating, she didn't bat an eye but giggled and said I was a verree fonnee maan and must buy her meringues, not chapatties, yaas? You may think I was wasting my time, sniffing about in Bombay, but it's my experience that if there's anything untoward in a country-even one as big as Indiayou can sometimes get a scent in the most unexpected places, just from the way the natives look and answer. But it was the same whomever I talked to, merchant or military, whore or missionary; no ripples at all.

So I didn't linger in Bombay. On the third day, I took the road northeast towards Jhansi, travelling in good style by bullock hackery, which is just a great wooden room on wheels, in which you have your bed and eat your meals, and your groom and cook and bearer squat on the roof. Such wagons have gone out now, of course, with the railway, but they were a nice leisurely way of travelling, and I stopped off at messes along the road and kept my ears open.

When I reached Bundelkhand, the looks of things began to change. It was broken, hilly country with jungle in the valleys and on the slopes, never a white face to be seen and the black ones getting uglier by the mile. The roads were so atrocious and the hackery jolted and rolled so sickeningly that I was forced to take to my Pegu pony; there was devil a sign of civilisation, but only walled villages and every so often a sinister Mahratta fort squatting on a hilltop to remind you who really held the power in this land. "The toughest nut south of the Khyber"-I was ready to believe it, as I surveyed those unfriendly jungly hills, seeing nothing cheerier than a distant tiger skulking among the wait-a-bit thorn. And this was the country that we were "ruling"-with one battalion of suspect sepoy infantry and a handful of British civilians to collect the taxes.

My first sight of Jhansi city wasn't uplifting, either. We rounded a bend on the hill road, and there it was under a dull evening sky—a massive fort, embattled and towered, on a great steep rock, and the walled city clustered at its foot. It



"And remember, Billy, don't take any crap from your teacher!"

was far bigger than I'd imagined; the walls must have been four miles round at least, and the air over the city was thick with the smoke of a thousand cooking fires. On this side of the city lay the orderly white lines of the British camp and cantonment-God, it looked tiny and feeble, beneath that looming vastness of Jhansi fort. My mind went back to Kabul and how our camp had seemed dwarfed by the Bala Hissar-and even at Kabul, with an army of 10,000, only a handful of us had escaped. I told myself that here it was different-that less than 100 miles ahead of me there were our great garrisons along the Grand Trunk, and that however forbidding Jhansi might look, it was a British state nowadays, and under the Sirkar's protection. Only there wasn't much sign of that protection-just our pathetic little village like a flea on the lion's lip, and somewhere in the great citadel that brooding old bitch of a Rani scheming against us, with her thousands of savage subjects waiting for her word. Thus my imagination-as if it hadn't been full enough already, what with

Ignatieff and Thugs and dissident sepoys.

My first task was to look up Skene, the political whose reports had started the whole business, so I headed down to the cantonment, which was a neat little compound of perhaps 40 bungalows, with decent gardens, and the usual groups already meeting on the verandalis for sundown pegs and cordials: there were a few carriages waiting with their syces1 to take people out for dinner, and one or two officers riding home, but I drove straight through and got a chowkidar's direction to the little Star Fort, where Skene had his office-he'd still be there, the chowkidar said, which argued a very conscientious political, indeed.

Frankly, I had hoped to find him scared or stupid; he wasn't either. He was one of those fair, intent young fellows who fall over themselves to help and will work all the hours God sends. He hopped from one leg to another when I presented myself, and seemed fairly overwhelmed to meet the great Flashy, but the steady grey eye told you at once that here was a boy

¹ grooms

who didn't take alarm at trifles. He had clerks and bearers running in all directions to take my gear to quarters, saw to it that I was given a bath, and then bore me off for dinner at his own bungalow, where he lost no time in getting down to business.

"No one knows why you're here, sir, except me," says he. "I believe Carshore, the Collector, suspects, but he's a sound man and will say nothing. Of course, Major Erskine, the Commissioner at Saugor, knows all about it, but no one else." He hesitated. "I'm not quite clear myself, sir, why they sent you out, and not someone from Calcutta."

Well, they wanted an assassin, you see," says I, easily, just for bounce. "It so happens I'm acquainted with the Russian gentleman who's been active in these parts-and dealing with him ain't a job for an ordinary political, what?" It was true, after all: Pam himself had said it. "Also, it seems Calcutta and yourself and Commissioner Erskine—with all respect haven't been too successful with this titled lady up in the city palace. Then there are these cakes; all told, it seemed better to Lord Palmerston to send me."

"Lord Palmerston?" says he, his eyes wide open. "I didn't know it had gone that far." I assured him he'd been the cause of the Prime Minister's losing a night's sleep, and he whistled and reached for the decanter.

That's neither here nor there, anyway," says I. "You cost me a night's sleep, too, for that matter. The first thing is: Have any of these Russian fellows been back this way?"

To my surprise, he looked confused. "Truth is, sir-I never knew they'd been near. That came to me from Calcuttaour frontier people traced them down this way, three times. I believe, and I was kept informed. But if they hadn't told me, I'd never have known."

That rattled me, if you like. "You mean, if they do come back-or if they're loose in your bailiwick now-you won't know of it until Calcutta sees fit to tell you?"

"Oh, our frontier politicals will send me word as soon as any suspected person crosses over," says he, "And I have my own native agents on the lookout nowsome pretty sharp men, sir."

"They know especially to look out for a one-eved man?"

"Yes, sir-he has a curious deformity which he hides with a patch, you knowone of his eyes is half blue, half brown."

"You don't say?" says I. By George, I hadn't realised our political arrangements were as ramshackle as this, "That, Captain Skene, is the man I'm here to killso if any of your . . . sharp men have the chance to save me the trouble, they may do it with my blessing."

"Oh, of course, sir. Oh, they will, you know. Some of them," says he, impres-166 sively, "are Pindari bandits-or used to be, that is. But we'll know in good time, sir, before any of these Ruski fellows get within distance."

I wished I could share his confidence. "Calcutta has no notion what the Russian spies were up to down here?" I asked him, but he shook his head.

"Nothing definite at all-only that they'd been here. We were sure it must be connected with the chapatties going round, but those have dried up lately. None have passed since October, and the sepoys of the Twelfth N.I .- that's the regiment here, you know-seem perfectly quiet. Their colonel swears they're loyalhas done from the first, and was quite offended that I reported the cakes to Calcutta. Perhaps he's right; I've had some of my men scouting the sepoy lines and they haven't heard so much as a murmur. And Calcutta was to inform me if cakes passed at any other place, but none have, apparently."

Come, thinks I, this is decidedly better; Pam's been up a gum tree for nothing. All I had to do was make a show of brief activity here and then loaf over to Calcutta after a few weeks and report nothing doing. Give 'em a piece of my mind, too, for causing me so much inconvenience.

"There's the other thing," I went on. "The Rani. I have to try to talk some sense into her, even though I gather she's not disposed to be friendly. I'll be obliged if you'll arrange an audience day after tomorrow. For the present, you can tell me your own opinion of her.'

He frowned and filled my glass. "You'll think it odd, sir, but I've never even seen her. At the palace, she speaks from behind a purdah, you know, and her chamberlain usually does the talking. She's a stickler for form and since the government granted her diplomatic immunity when her husband died and we assumed suzerainty-well, it makes her difficult to deal with. She's damned bitter, you see. Her husband, old Raja Gangadhar, left no children of his own-odd bird, really." Skene blushed furiously and avoided my eye. "Used to go about in female dress and wore bangles and . . . perfume, you see."

"No wonder she was bitter," says I.

"What I mean is, the Raja had adopted a boy named Damodar-but Dalhousie wouldn't recognise him as the heir. So the Rani, who'd hoped to be regent, was deprived of her power officially. Between ourselves, we let her run things pretty much as she pleases-with one battalion of sepoys and thirty British civilians to manage the administration, we can't do otherwise, can we?"

"Doesn't that satisfy her, then?"

"Not a bit of it. She detests the fact that she holds power only by our leave and, though she has a quarter of a million in her treasury, she's never forgiven us over some jewellery Calcutta confiscated."

"Interesting lady," says I. "Dangerous, do you think?'

He frowned. "Given the chance, she'd pay off our score double-quick. She's got no army as such, but every man in Jhansi is a born fighter who'd jump when she whistled, for they worship the ground she treads on. She's proud as Lucifer's sister, not to say cruel in her own courts, but she's uncommon kind to the poor folk and highly thought of for her piety. She was brought up like a Mahratta princetaught to ride and shoot and fence with the best of them. Yes, she's dangerous; if you can sweeten her, sir, we'll all sleep a deal easier."

However withered an old trot she might be, she'd be an odd female if she were impervious to Flashy's manly bearing and cavalry whiskers. Still, as I turned in that night, I wasn't absolutely looking forward to poodle-faking her and, as I glanced from my bungalow window and saw Jhansi citadel beetling in the starlight, I thought: We'll take a nice little escort of lancers with us when we go to take tea with the lady, so we will.

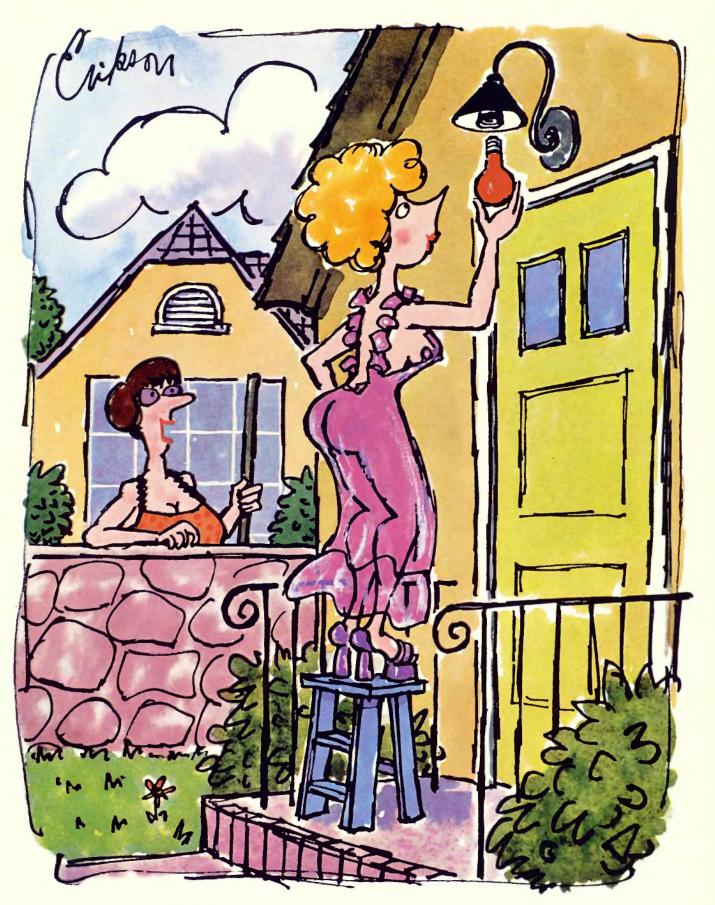
But that was denied me. The next day, as I was preparing to have a leisurely look about the city, up comes Skene in a hurry to announce that he'd had a reply from the palace about my audience. He'd been told that distinguished visitors were expected to present themselves immediately, as a token of respect. Colonel Flashman could shift his distinguished rump to the palace forthwith. "I . . . I thought, in the circumstances, it would be well to comply," says Skene apologetically. "We do find it convenient to humour Her Highness."

I blustered a bit, to be in character, and then said he might find me an escort of lancers.

"I'm sorry, sir," says he, "but we haven't any lancers and we've agreed not to send troop formations inside the city walls. I fear you must go alone."

"Damnation!" says I. "Who governs here, the Sirkar or this harridan?" I didn't fancy risking my hide unguarded in that unhealthy-looking fortress. In the end, of course, I had to lump it. I could guess the reason for her order-here you are judged on the size and richness of your retinue and one mounted officer wasn't going to impress the natives with the Sirkar's power. Well, then, I'd look my best and be damned to her, so I changed into lancer full fig-blue tunic and breeches, gold belt and epaulettes, white gauntlets and helmet, revolver and well-bristled whiskers, with Flashy's stalwart 14 stone inside it all. I took a couple of packages from my trunk to stow in my saddlebag, waved goodbye to Skene and, with only the syce to show me the way, trotted off to meet royalty.

Jhansi city lay a couple of miles from the cantonment and I had plenty of time to view the scenery. The road was crowded with bullock carts churning up the dust, camels, palankeens and hordes of travellers on foot. Most of them were country folk going to the bazaars, but now



"So this is how you're fighting inflation, Mrs. Tickwell?"

and then would come an elephant swaying along with a red-and-gold fringed howdah, carrying some minor nabob. Once the syce pointed out a detachment of the Rani's own bodyguard—a dozen stout Khyberi Pathans trotting along very military in double file, wearing mail coats and red-silk scarves wound round their spiked helmets.

Her city defences were a sight to see massive walls 20 feet high and beyond them a warren of streets stretching for near a mile to the curtain walls and round towers on castle rock. There were guns in the embrasures and mail-clad spearmen on the walls, all looking like business. It would be the deuce of a place to storm.

When we'd crowded our way through the inferno of smells and noise in the streets, we came to the palace. It was set apart from the fort with a park about it and a small lake. It was a fine, foursquare building with its outer walls decorated by paintings of battles and hunting scenes.

I presented myself to the Pathan commander of the gate guard, a fellow very splendid in steel back-and-breast and long-tail puggaree.² He sent off a messenger and, as I sat sweating and impatient, the Pathan walked slowly round me, eyeing me up and down. Presently, he stopped, stuck his thumbs in his belt and spat carefully on my shadow.

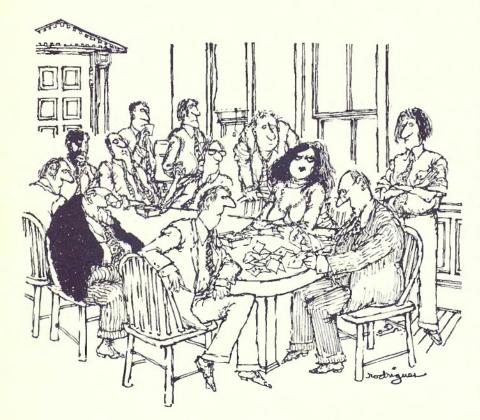
Now, close by the gate were a number

2 turban

of booths and side shows-lemonade sellers, a fakir with a plant growing through his palm-the usual things. Some ladies in a palankeen were watching a kind of Punch-and-Judy show. They were obviously Mahratta ladies of quality and four finer little trotters you never saw-one, a slim, languid beauty reclining; another, a plump piece in scarlet trousers and jacket beside her; and a third, very black but fine-boned as a Swede and wearing a pearl headdress that would have cost a year of my pay. Even the maid who stood beside the palankeen was a looker, with great almond eyes and the figure of a Hindoo goddess underneath her plain white sari. I was just touching my hat to them when the Pathan started expectorating. The maid giggled; the ladies looked; and the Pathan spat contemptuously again.

Well, as a rule, anyone who's large and ugly and carrying a tulwar³ can insult me and see how much it pays him. But, for the honour of the Sirkar and for my own face in front of the women. I had to do something. So I said in Pushtu, "You would be more careful where you spit were you still in the Guides, 4 hubshi." 5

5 literally, "woolly-haired"—a Negro



"No change. Eleven votes acquittal, one vote guilty with the same notation that he'll change his vote if Miss Fawcett will sit on his face."

He opened his eyes at that. "Who calls me hubshi? And who says I was in the Guides, feringhee?"6

"You wear the old coat under your breastplate. But belike you stole it from a dead trooper, for no real Guide would spit on Bloody Lance's shadow."

That set him back on his heels. "Thou?" says he. "The same who slew the four Ghilzais at Mogala?"

I nodded. That past episode had won me considerable fame and the extravagant nickname along the Kabul road (though no one living knew that, in fact, old Muhammed Iqbal had killed the horsemen while I lit out for the undergrowth). Obvious the legend had endured, for the Pathan gaped, came hastily to attention and threw me a barra salaam? that would have passed at the Horse Guards.

"Sher Khan, havildar,8 lately of Ismeet Sahib's company of the Guides, as your honour says," croaks he. "Now. shame on me, husoor,9 that I put dishonour on Bloody Lance."

I looked out of the corner of my eye to see how the ladies were taking this and was pleased to see that they were giggling at the Pathan's discomfiture. "Boast to your children, O Ghazi¹¹⁰-who-was-a-Guide-and-is-now-a-Rani's-porter that you spat on Bloody Lance Iflass-man's shadow—and lived."

I forgot the incident once inside the Rani's palace. Here was the finest garden courtyard I'd ever seen-a cool, pleasant enclosure where peacocks strutted on the lawns, parrots and monkeys chattered in the trees and a dazzling white fountain played. In the walls were shaded archways where well-dressed courtiers sat and talked. There were enough silks and jewellery on display to stuff an army with loot-even the pigeons on the pavement had silver rings on their claws. Until you've seen it, you can't imagine the luxury of an Indian prince-and still there are folks at home who will tell you that John Company were the robbers!

And, when a major-domo appeared to lead me to the durbar room, all was richness again—silk wall hangings, purple crystal chandeliers hanging from carved ceilings and Persian carpets. Lounging about were some people in clothes splendid enough to make the ones in the courtyard look like poor relations. Suddenly a gong boomed, a fat chap in a turban waddled in and announced that the durbar had begun. Music began to play. Everyone stood up and bowed stout Khyberi Pathans trotting along was not a wall but a colossal ivory screen, fine as lace. It was the Rani's

³ sword

⁴ Perhaps the most famous frontier unit in British India. It is curious that Flashman recognised the coat, since the regiment usually wore nondescript khaki.

⁶ a European

⁷ great salute

⁸ sergeant

⁹ sir, lord

¹⁰ hero

purdah screen, meant to keep out prying heathen eyes like mine.

The chamberlain led me to a little gilt stool close to it and there I sat while he called out my name, rank, decorations and (it's a fact) my London clubs. Then he asked me, in effect, what I wanted.

I replied in Urdu that I brought greetings from Queen Victoria and a gift for the Rani from Her Majesty—which I then handed to the chamberlain. It was a perfectly hellish photograph of Victoria and Albert looking, in apparent stupefaction, at a book held by the Prince of Wales in an attitude of sullen defiance—all in a silver frame and wrapped in muslin.

The chamberlain passed it behind the screen, listened and then relayed a question—who was the fat child in the picture? I told him and he relayed the glad news. His announcement that Her Highness was pleased to accept her sister ruler's gift was spoiled a little by a clatter from behind the screen, as if the picture had been dropped or thrown to the floor.

After further civilities, I asked for a private audience with the Rani, explaining that I had matters of mutual private interest between Jhansi and Britain.

"Does that mean you have proposals for the restoration of Her Highness' throne, the recognition of her adopted son and the restitution of the property stolen by the Sirkar?"

It didn't, of course. "What I have to say is for Her Highness alone."

He conferred again. I pictured the Rani, sharp-faced and thin in her silk shawl, muttering her instructions. What puzzled me, though, was a gentle, rhythmic swishing from behind the screen.

The answer came back—there was no reason to prolong the interview. Her Highness now permitted me to withdraw. At that, I arose, clicked my heels, saluted, thanked the chamberlain and his mistress for their courtesy, picked up my second package and did a smart about-turn.

I hadn't gone a yard before he stopped me. "The packet you carry," says he, "what is that?"

I'd been counting on this. I answered that it was my own.

"But it is wrapped as the gift to Her Highness was wrapped. Surely it is also a present?"

"Yes," says I slowly. "It was."

"Then you may leave it behind."

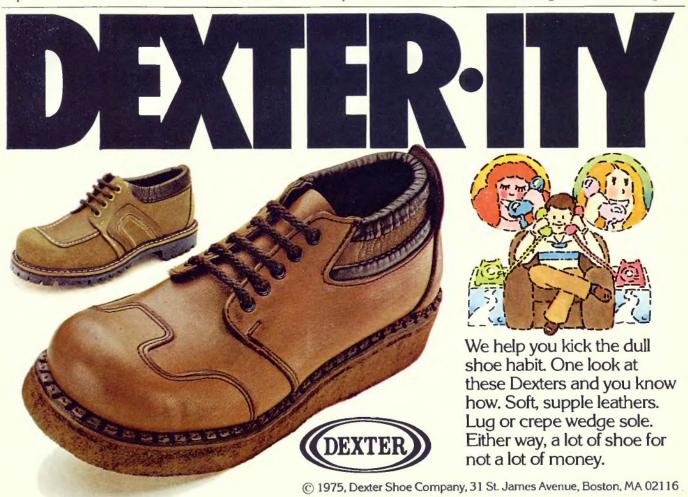
I weighed the packet in my hand and shook my head. "It was my personal present to Her Highness, but in my country, we deliver such gifts face to face, honouring both giver and receiver. By your leave." I bowed and started to walk away again.

"Wait! Wait!" he cried and put his head behind the screen for another conference. The rhythmic sound from behind the screen had stopped and there was the low murmur of a female voice.

When he came out, red-faced, he bustled everyone else from the room, bowed, indicated the screen to me and effaced himself quickly. I paused to give my whiskers a twirl, reminded myself to be civil and adoring for old Pam's sake, stepped around the screen and halted as if I'd run into a wall.

It wasn't the gorgeously carved golden throne nor the splendour of the furniture nor the sensation of walking on a shimmering Chinese quilt nor the bewildering effect of the mirrored walls. The astonishing thing was that, from the ceiling by silk ropes, there hung a great, cushioned swing. Sitting in it, wafting to and fro, was a girl-the only soul in the room. And such a girl-my first impression was of large, dark, almond eyes in a face the colour of milky coffee, with a long, straight nose above a red mouth and firm chin, of hair as black as night that hung in a jewelled tail down her back. She was dressed in a white-silk bodice and sari which showed off the dusky satin of her bare arms and midriff. On her head was a little, white, jewelled cap from which a single pearl swung on her forehead above the caste mark.

I gaped as she swung to and fro three times and finally let the swing drag to a halt, considering me. Then I recognised



her—she was the ladies' maid who had stood by the palankeen at the palace

"Your mistress," says I, "where is she?"
"Mistress?" she asks, tilting up her chin. "I have none. I am Lakshmibai,

Maharani of Jhansi." For a moment, I didn't believe it; I had been so used to picturing her as a dried-up old shrew that I stared speechless. Yet the richness of her clothes shouted royalty: the carriage of her head and the imperious black eyes told you here was a woman who'd never asked permission in her life. And, by George, I couldn't remember when I'd ever seen bouncers like hers, thrusting like pumpkins against the silk, which was open down to the jewelled clasp at her breastbone. If it hadn't been for a couple of embroidered flowers on either side, nothing would have been hidden. I wondered what it would be like to tear the silk aside, thrust your whiskers between those beauties and go brrr!

"Why do you stare at me so?" she asked in a quick, soft voice.

"Forgive me, Highness. I did not expect to find a queen who looks so"—I'd been about to say "young and lovely." but I changed it hurriedly for something less personal—"so like a queen."

"Like that queen?" She indicated the picture of Vicky and Albert that was now lying on a cushion.

"Each of Your Majesties looks like a

queen in her own way," says I with mountainous diplomacy.

"Perhaps you will open the gift," she said. I pulled the wrapping off. You may smile, but it was a bottle of perfume. It may be coals to Newcastle to take perfume to India, but in my considerable experience, there's not a woman breathing who isn't touched by a gift of scent. It was just the gift a blunt, simple soldier would choose—furthermore, it was from Paris and it had cost the dirty, old goat who'd presented it to Elspeth a cool five sovs. (She'd never miss it.)

'French," says she, "and very costly." touching the stopper daintily to her wrist. "And now what is there that can only be said face to face?" She stood up in one lithe movement-by Jove, they jumped like blancmanges in a gale-and swept off to the terrace at the end of the room. She jingled as she walked; like all rich Indian females, she affected as much jewellery as she could carry, with bangles at wrist and ankle, a diamond collar beneath her chin and even a tiny pearl cluster at one nostril. I followed, still wondering what I would say to her now that the moment had come. Pam, you see, had given me no power to make any concessions: I was supposed to wheedle her into being a proper little British subject.

So, when she'd settled herself on a day bed and I'd forced myself to ignore that silky naked midriff and the shapely brown ankle peeping from under her sari, I set my helmet on the ground and stood up foursquare.

"Your Highness," says I, "I'm a soldier, not a diplomat like Captain Skene, so I won't mince words." Thereafter. I minced them for all I was worth, telling her how distressed London was about the coolness between Jhansi on the one hand and the Sirkar and the Company on the other: how the Queen felt a sisterly concern for her; how I had been sent directly by Lord Palmerston. I ended on a fine flourish, with an appeal that she open her heart to Flashy, plenipotentiary extraordinary. It was the greatest gammon, but I gave it my best, noble compassion in my eyes and a touch of ardour in the curl shaken down over my brow.

Not a muscle moved in that lovely face. "There is nothing to talk about," says she. "They have been told my just demands for two years now and they have denied me."

"A disappointed client may find a new advocate," says I with my most disarming smile. "I can ask, Highness, what actions, short of removing from Jhansi and recognising your adopted son, would help to satisfy your grievances." I was hinting—without the least authority, mind you—at concessions, and devil a smell of those she'd ever had.

She gave me a long stare and then got up and walked over to the balustrade, looking out over the city. God, she was a black beauty, sure enough, and if I'd been the Sirkar, she could have had Jhansi and a pound of tea for just half an hour on the day bed.

"If Lord Palmerston," says she at last—and old Pam would have been tempted to restore her throne just to hear the pretty way she pronounced "Lud Pammer-stan"—"wishes my friendship for whatever purpose of his own, he must give earnest of good will by restoring the revenues confiscated since my husband's death." She stopped there, chin up, challenging.

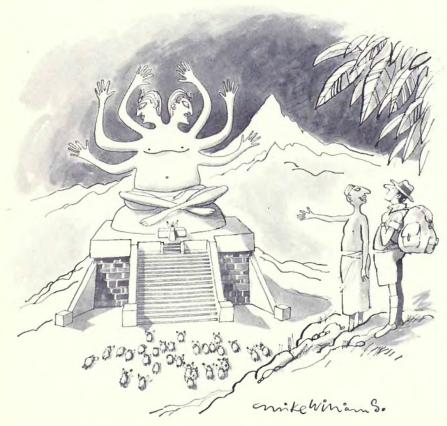
"Well," I said, "when I make my report, I'll help Your Highness as I can. . . ."

She laughed with a flash of white teeth, her head back, shaking her body most delightfully. "Oh, the subtlety of the British, like an elephant in a swamp! When Lord Palmerston, for his mysterious reasons of policy, wishes to placate the Rani of Jhansi after long denial, does he send a lawyer or an official of the Company? No-he sends a simple soldier." She folded her hands and came slowly forward, sauntering round me. "But how many lawyers are tall and broad-shouldered and, aye, quite handsome as Flashman bahadur?11 He is the one to convince a silly female not to stand on her rights."

"Highness, you misunderstand entirely...I assure you——"

"Do I? I am not sixteen, Colonel; I





"Shandrahib, the god of personal freshness."

am an old lady of twenty-nine. I may not understand Lord Palmerston's purposes, but I understand his methods. It may not have occurred to him that even a poor Indian lady may be persuasive in her turn." She eyed me with amusement, confident of her own beauty, the damned minx.

What could I do but grin back at her? "To do him justice, he'd never seen you—nor have many, since you are in purdah-nishin,"12

"And did he instruct you to captivate this foolish woman? Who could resist the champion who killed the four Ghilzais at—where was it?"

"Mogala in Afghanistan. Did you have the Pathan test me by spitting on my shadow?"

"His insolence needed no instruction," says she. "He is now being flogged for it." She turned and sauntered back into the durbar room. "You may have his insulting tongue torn out by the roots, if you wish."

That brought me up sharp, I can tell you. While we'd been rallying so famously, I'd all but forgotten the capricious cruelty of an Indian prince under that lovely hide.

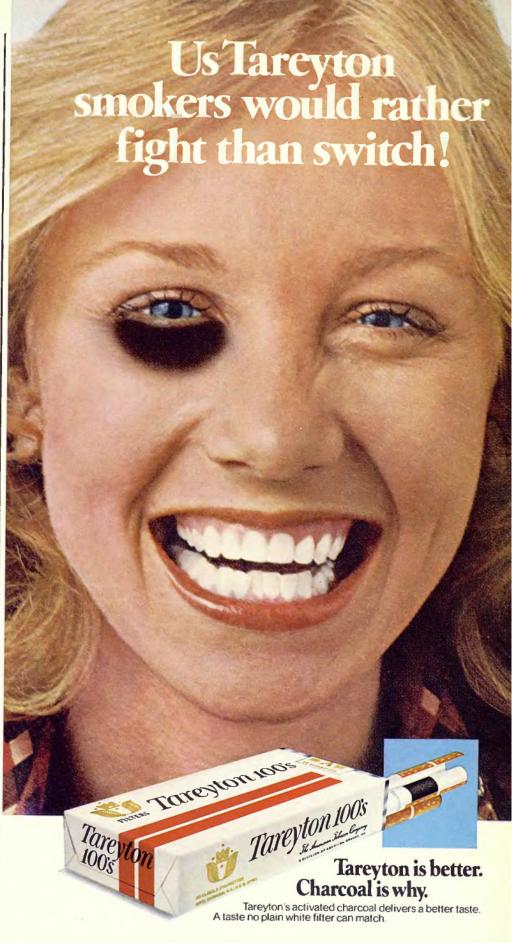
"Not necessary, Highness," says I.

She nodded and struck a little silver gong with her bangle. "It is time for my noon meal. You may return tomorrow and we shall discuss the representations you are to make to the subtle Lord Palmerston." She smiled in dismissal. "And I thank you for your gift." And, as I backed out round the screen, I noticed that she was inviting her maids to come and have a sniff of the perfume bottle.

I came away from that audience thinking no small diplomatic beer of myself. Of course, if I trotted a list of her grievances back to London, the Board would turn 'em down flat again—but, in the meantime, I could jolly her along for a week or two, hinting at concessions, and then be snug back in England when her hopes were dashed.

The delightful surprise was to find that the old beldame of Jhansi was really as prime a goer as ever wiggled a hip. And her warnings about my whiskery blandishments were pure flirtations. I know these beauties, you see, whether they're queens or commoners. The cool, mocking gaze is just a sure sign that they're wondering what kind of a mount you'll make-and these highborn Indian wenches are randy as ferrets, the lot of them. I cantered back to the cantonment full of cheery imaginings of how that tawny body would look when I peeled the sari off-and speculating on the novel uses to which we could put that swing of hers. In the interests of diplomatic relations, of course. She could

12 literally, "one who sits behind a curtain"



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

always say to herself, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria rogeri."

In the meantime, I had Pam's other business to attend to, so I spent the afternoon in the Native Infantry lines, looking at the Company sepoys to gauge for myself what their temper was. I did it idly enough, for they seemed a properly smart and docile lot, and yet it was a momentous visit. For it led to an encounter that was to save my life and set me on one of the queerest and most terrifying adventures of my career, and perhaps shaped the destiny of British India, too.

I had just finished chatting to a group of the jawans,13 and telling 'em that in my view they'd never be called on to serve overseas, in spite of the new act,14 when the officer with me-fellow called Turnbull-asked me if I'd like to look at the irregular horse troop who had their stables close by. Being a cavalryman, I said yes, and a fine mixed bunch they were, too, Punjabis and frontiersmen mostly, big, strapping ruffians with oiled whiskers and their shirts inside their breeches, laughing and joking as they worked on their leather, and as different from the smooth-faced infantry as Chevennes are from Hottentots. I was having a good crack with them, for these were the kind of scoundrels with whom I had ridden (albeit reluctantly) in my Afghan days, when their rissaldar¹⁵ came up-and at the sight of me, he stopped dead in the stable door, gaping as though he couldn't believe his eyes. He was a huge, bearded ghazi of a fellow, Afghan for certain, by the devil's face of him-I'd have said Ghilzai or Dourani-with a skullcap on the back of his head and the old yellow coat of Skinner's riders over his shoulders.16

"Jehannum!" says he, and stared again, and then stuck his hands on his hips and roared with laughter.

'Salaam, rissaldar," says I, "what do you want with me?"

"A sight of thy left wrist, Bloody Lance," says he, grinning like a death'shead. "Is there not a scar there to match

13 soldiers

14 The General Service Enlistment Act (1856) required recruits to serve overseas if necessary. This was one of the most important grievances of the sepoys, who held that crossing the sea would break their caste.

15 native officer commanding a cavalry troop

16 Irregular cavalry units of the British Indian armies occasionally dressed in a highly informal style, so the Afghan rissaldar might conceivably have been wearing an old uniform coat of Skinner's Horse ("The Yellow Boys"). But it is unlikely that he had ever served in that unit-the Guides would have been more 172 his mark.

this?"-and he pulled up his sleeve, while I stared in disbelief at the little puckered mark, for the man who bore it should have been dead, 15 years agoand he'd been a mere slip of a Ghilzai boy when it had been made, with his bleeding forearm against mine and his mad father, Sher Afzul, doing the honours and howling to heaven that his son's life was pledged eternally to the service of the white Queen.

"Ilderim?" says I, flabbergasted. "Ilderim Khan, of Mogala?" And then he flung his arms round me, roaring. and danced me about while the sowars17 grinned and nudged each other.

"Flashman!" He pounded my back. "How many years since ye took me for the Sirkar? Stand still, old friend, and let me see thee! Bismillah, thou hast grown high and heavy in the service-such a barra sahib,18 and a colonel, too! Now praise God for the sight of thee!"

So now it was Speech Day with a vengeance, while we relived old memories and slapped each other on the shoulder for half an hour or so. And then he asked me what I was doing here and I answered vaguely that I was on a mission to the Rani but soon to go home again; and at this he looked at me shrewdly, but said nothing more until I was leaving.

"It will be palitikal, beyond doubt," says he. "Do not tell me. Listen, instead, to a friend's word. If ye speak with the Rani, be wary of her; she is a Hindoo woman and knows too much for a woman's good."

What d'you know about her?" says I.

"Little enough, except that she is like the silver krait in that she is beautiful, cunning and loves to bite the sahibs. She has fangs-so beware of her and go with God, old friend. But, remember, Ilderim is thy shadow-I and these lootiewallahs and jangli-admis19 of mine," and he jerked a thumb towards his troopers.

I found his simile coming to mind when I attended her durbar next day and watched her sitting enthroned to hear petitions, dressed in a cloth-of-silver sari and, when she moved, looking for all the world like a gleaming snake stirring.

When the gong ended the durbar and the mob bowed itself out backwards, we were left alone with her two chief councillors. With a little cry of relief, she slipped from the throne, hissed at one of her pet monkeys and chased it with mock anger.

Then she returned to her swing and said. "You may refresh yourself, Colonel"-indicating a little table with a flask and cups-"while my vakeel20 reads my petition. I am wearing French perfume today; do you care for it? My lady Vashki thinks I am no better than an infidel."

The vakeel began to drone out her petition in formal Persian-a list of her own grievances, along with many of the usual objections Indian princes had towards British rule: demand for compensation for the slaughter of sacred cows, restitution of confiscated temple funds, reappointment of court hangerson dismissed by the Sirkar and the like. All a waste of time but splendid stuff to talk about while I pursued the really important business of charming her into a recumbent position.

In those early talks, I was often tempted: I found her enchanting. But I could hardly have taken her belly in one hand and her bum in the other and fondled her flat on her back as one would in more ordinary circumstances. No, with royalty, you have to wait a little. And usually, when she had dismissed her councillors and we were alone. I discovered that she was dead serious when it came to Ihansi and her own ambitions.

"Five years ago," she rounded on me once, "there was one beggar on the streets for every ten there today-and all because one white sahib comes to do the work that employed a dozen of our people. And who guards the state? Why, the Company soldiers, and so Jhansi's army must be disbanded and our men must steal or go hungry. And what of the traders whose commerce has decayed under the benevolent rule of the raj?"

"It ain't all bad," says I quietly. "Banditry has ceased and the poor folk are safe from dacoits and Thugs-why, your own throne is safe from greedy neighbours like Kathe Khan and the Dewan of Orcha-

"My throne is safe?" asks she, stopping the swing and lifting her brows. 'Oh, safe for the Sirkar to enjoy its revenues. As for Kathe Khan and the jackal of Orcha, if I had my soldiers"she picked up a fruit from the tray and nibbled it daintily-"and those vipers should come against me, they would crawl home again without their hands and feet.

"Then, you speak of the Thugs and how the Company suppressed themwas it because they slew travellers or because they served a Hindoo goddess? If they had been Jesus worshippers, would they not be roaming yet?"

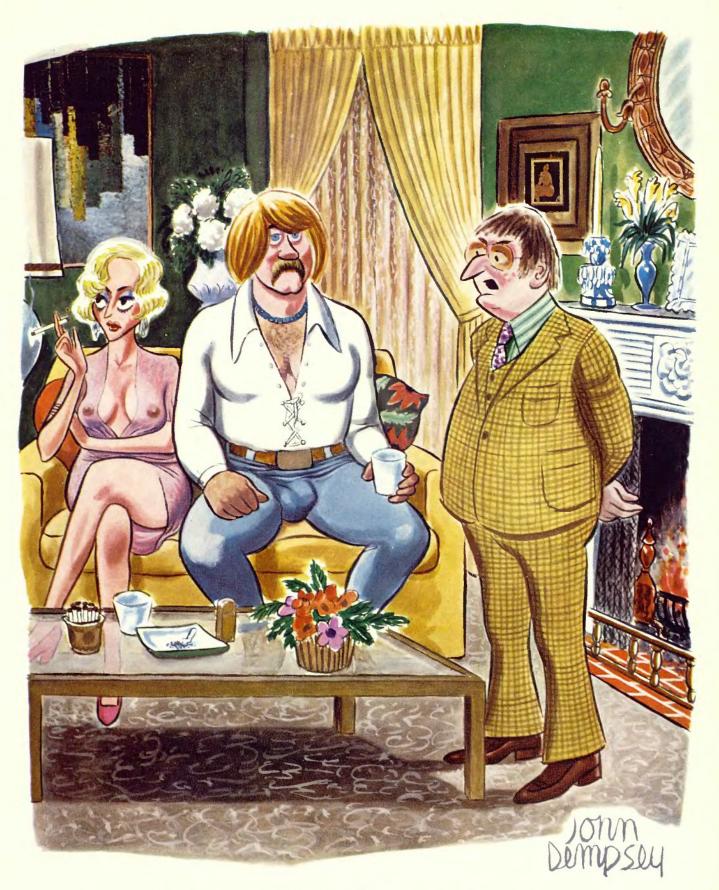
You can't argue with gross prejudice, and so I just looked amiable and said. "And in our Christian ignorance we forbade that fine old Hindoo custom of suttee, whereby widows were either tortured to death or had to live a life of slavery with their heads shaved." And, without thinking. I added, "I'd have thought Your Highness, as a widow,

¹⁷ troopers

¹⁸ great lord, important man

¹⁹ thieves and jungle men

²⁰ legal representative



"You know damn good and well, Irene, that when I suggested a ménage à trois, I meant another <u>woman</u>."

would thank the Sirkar for that, at least."

She suddenly flung her fruit across the room and stood up, blazing at me. "I thank the Sirkar? Do you think I would have submitted to suttee? The Maharani makes the law!" says she, all Good Queen Bess damning the dagos. I hurriedly cried thank heaven for that and gave her my steadiest smile, with a touch of ardent admiration thrown in. After a long moment, her stare softened; she even smiled as she sat down, saying, "Shall we return to the matter of the confiscated temple funds?" Altogether, it was a rum game those first days, with her natural tyranny at last being smoothed over by that warm, mysterious smile.

In the meantime, I occasionally paid attention to the other side of Pam's business, talking with Skene, and Carshore the Collector, and reassuring myself that all continued to go well among the sepoys. There wasn't a hint of agitation now, my earlier fears about Ignatieff and his scoundrels were beginning to seem like a distant nightmare, and now that I was so well established in the Rani's good graces, the last cloud over my mission appeared to have been dispelled. Laughable, you may think, when you recollect that this was 1856 drawing to a close-you will ask how I, and the others, could have been so blind to the fact that we were living on the very edge of hell, but if you'd been there, what would you have seen? A peaceful native state, ruled by a charming young woman whose grievances were petty enough and who gave most of her time to seducing the affections of a dashing British colonel; a contented native soldiery; and a tranquil, happy, British cantonment.

I remember a dinner at Carshore's bungalow, with his family, and Skene and his pretty little wife so nervous and pleased in her new pink gown, and jolly old Dr. McEgan with his fund of Irish stories, and the garrison men with their red jackets, slung on the backs of their chairs, matching their smiling red faces, and their gossipy wives, and myself raising a laugh by coaxing one of the Wilton girls to eat a "country captain" with the promise that it would make her hair curl when she grew older.

It was all so easy, it might have been a dinner party at home, except for the black faces and gleaming eyes of the bearers standing silent against the chick

It was all so easy, it might have been a dinner party at home, except for the black faces and gleaming eyes of the bearers standing silent against the chick screens, and the big moths fluttering round the lamps; afterwards, there was a silly card game, and truth or consequences, and local scandal, and talk of leave and game shooting with our cheroots and port on the verandah. Trivial enough memories, when you think what happened to all of them-I can still feel the younger Wilton chit pulling at my arm and crying, "Oh, Colonel Flashman, Papa says if I ask you ever so nicely, you will sing us The Galloping Major-will you, please, oh, please do!" And I can still see those shining eyes and pretty ringlets as she dragged me to where her sister was sitting at the piano. Luckily, we couldn't see ahead,

Lakshmibai was a fine horsewoman and she loved nothing better than to put on her jodhpurs and turban, with two little silver pistols in her sash, and gallop on the maidan or go hawking along a wooded river not far from the city. There was a charming little pavilion there, of about a dozen rooms on two storeys, among the trees, and once or twice we visited it on picnics with a few of her courtiers and attendants.

And so the days went by—inspecting her guards at field exercise, going to a race meeting (where she wore a purdah veil and enveloping robe), holding a children's party in her garden, almsgiving, with her treasurer tossing coins among the clamouring and stinking beggars at her gate. She was a queer mixture of schoolgirl and sophisticated woman, all scatter one moment, all languor and dignity the next. Sometimes I even found myself regarding her with an interest that wasn't more than four fifths lustful—and that ain't like me.

Once, as we were riding to her pavilion, just after an almsgiving, I remarked that what India needed was a Poor Law and a few workhouses.

She suddenly turned in her saddle and burst out, "Can you not see that your ways are not ours? Those customs you think so strange and foolish are our own. With your cold eyes and pale



"Oh, for heaven's sake, Miss Corbett! 'Sewercide'?"

²¹ a type of curry

faces, you come marching out of your northern ice to conquer and civilise us whether we will or no!"

She wasn't angry, just very intense, and her great, dark eyes were almost appealing for my understanding-which was most unusual. I said I'd simply meant that there might be some system of relief for all those going hungry and ragged about her city; come cheaper on her, too, if they put the beggars to picking yarn or mending roads.

"We do not care for systems!" says she, striking her riding crop on the saddle. "Where lies the virtue of your progress, your telegraphs, your railway trains, when we are quite content with our sandals and oxcarts?"

I could have pointed out that the price of her sandals would have kept 100 coolie families all their lives and that she'd most likely never been within ten yards of an oxcart, but I was tactful. "We have to do the best we can," says I. "You'll find the telegraphs and trains useful enough in time. Why, I'm told, there are to be universities and hospitals-

"To teach philosophies we do not want, sciences we do not need and a law our people cannot understand."

"But it's a fair law and, with respect, that's more than you can say for most of your Indian courts. When there was a brawl outside your palace two days since, what happened? Your guards didn't catch the brawlers, so they laid hands on the first poor soul they met and haled him into your divan22-and you had him hanging by his thumbs and sun-drying for two solid days. Fellow near died of it. I ask you, ma'am, is that justice?"

"He was well known to be a badmash,"23 says she, wide-eved, "Would you have let him go?'

"For that offence, yes, since he was innocent."

"With no example made? There will be little brawling near the palace, I think, henceforth." And, seeing my look, she went on, "I know that it seems unfair, even barbarous, to you, but it is what we understand.'

"Highness," says I, "there has to be peace and order, surely, and you can't have 'em without a law that's fair for . . . well, most people." I caught myself just in time before I'd suggested that the law was as much for her as for her subjects. "And when we make mistakes, we try to put 'em right, you see, which is why I'm here-to see justice done for you."

'Do you think that's all that matters?" says she. We had stopped in the pavilion garden while the horses were cropping. "Do you think it is the revenues, the jewels, even my son's rights that I care for most? No, it is this land and its life that you will change from bright



²³ scoundrel



"I have another couple who are bored with each other, too. Now, if I may make a suggestion. . . . "

to grey, from something free to something tame, orderly and bleak." Her voice was shaking, but the pretty mouth was set. "You may tell Lord Palmerston that, whatever happens, Mera Jhansi denge nay, I shall not give up my [hansi!"

D'you know, for a moment I almost felt moved, she seemed such a damned spunky little woman. I felt like saying "There, there" or stroking her hand or squeezing her tits or something. Now, you may be thinking to yourself, what's come over old Flash? He ain't going soft on this female, surely?

The next morning-two weeks to the day since I'd arrived in Jhansi-things began to happen in earnest. I sensed there was something up as soon as I presented myself in the durbar room. She was perfectly pleasant as she told me about some new hunting cheetah she'd been given, but her vakeel and the chief minister weren't meeting her eye and her foot was tap-tapping under the edge of her gold sari. Ah, thinks I, someone has been getting the sharp edge of missy's tongue. Soon she cut the discussion short, saying enough for today and that we'd watch the guardsmen fencing in the courtyard.

Even there, I noticed her finger tapping on the balcony rail as we gazed at the Pathans sabring away-damned active, dangerous lads they looked, too. But in a little while, she began to take notice, talking about the swordplay and applauding the hits, and then she glanced sidelong at me, and says:

"Do you fence as well as you ride, Colonel?"

I said, pretty fair, and she gave me

her lazy smile and says:

"Then we shall try a bout," and blow me if she didn't order a couple of foils up to the durbar room and go off to change into her jodhpurs and blouse. I waited, wondering-of course, Skene had said she'd been brought up with boys and could handle arms with the best of them, but it seemed deuced odd-and then she was back, ordering her attendants away, tying up her hair in a silk scarf and ordering me on guard very businesslike. They'll never believe this at home, thinks I, but I obeyed. indulgently enough, and she touched me three times in the first minute. So I settled down, in earnest, and in the next minute she hit me only once, laughing, and told me to try harder.

That nettled me, I confess; I wasn't having this, royalty or not, so I went to work-I'm a strong swordsman, but not too academic-and I pushed her for all I was worth. She was better muscled than she looked, though, and fast as a cat, and I had to labour to make her break ground, gasping with laughter. until her back was against one of the glass walls. She took to the point, holding me off, and then unaccountably her guard seemed to falter, I jumped in with the old heavy-cavalry trick, punching my hilt against the forte of her blade, her foil spun out of her handand for a moment we were breast to breast, with me panting within inches of that dusky face and open, laughing mouth; the great dark eyes were wide and waiting-and then my foil was clattering on the floor and I had her in my arms, crushing my lips on hers and tasting the sweetness of her tongue, with 175



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that soft body pressed against me, revelling in the feel and fragrance of her. I felt her hands slip up my back to my head, holding my face against hers for a long, delicious moment, and then she drew her lips away, sighing, opened her eyes and said, "How well do you shoot, Colonel?"

And then she had slipped from my arms and was walking quickly towards the door to her private room, with me grunting endearments in pursuit, but as I came after her, she just raised a hand, without turning or breaking stride, and said firmly:

"The durbar is finished . . . for the moment." The door closed behind her and I was left with the fallen foils, panting like a bull before business, but thinking, my boy, we're home-the damned little teaser. I hesitated, wondering whether to invade her boudoir, when the little chamberlain came pottering in, eyeing the foils in astonishment, so I took my leave and presently was riding back to the cantonment, full of buck and anticipation-I'd known she'd call "Play!" in the end, and now there was nothing to do but enjoy the game.

That was why she'd been jumpy earlier, of course, wondering how to bring me to the boil-the cunning minx. "How well do you shoot, Colonel?" She'd find out soon enough.

By way of celebration, I drank a lot

of bubbly at dinner and even took a magnum back to the bungalow with me. It was well I did, for about ten o'clock Ilderim dropped by for a prose-and there's nobody thirstier than a dry Ghilzai, Moslem or no. So we popped a cork and gassed about the old days until, in a while, the bearer appeared to inform me that there was a bibi24 at the back door of the bungalow and she insisted on seeing me.

Ilderim wagged his ugly head knowingly and I staggered out. Sure enough. at the foot of the steps was a veiled woman in a sari and I asked her what she wanted. She came up the steps, salaamed and held out a little leather pouch. I took it, wondering, and found inside a handkerchief which, even through the fumes of the champagne, smelled heavily of the French perfume of my gift.

"From my mistress," the woman says. "She bids you to come to the river pavilion in an hour." And with another salaam, she hurried down the steps and was lost in the darkness.

Well, I'm damned, thinks I, she couldn't wait! I strode unsteadily back inside, roaring for a clean shirt and for the syce to bring two ponies round.

"Where away?" asks Ilderim. "After some trollop of the bazaar?"

24 lady

"No. brother," says I, "something much better. If you could see her, you'd forswear small boys and melons for good." I was feeling prime as I rinsed my face and went out onto the verandah to meet the syce.

"You're mad," growls Ilderim. "Where do you go alone?"

"A secret," says I. But I would take the syce, for I wasn't too sure of the way in the pitch-blackness. As it was, he turned out to be a handy lad who kept me from tumbling out of the saddle, woozy as I was. After what seemed ages, we were among the trees by the river and there was the pavilion, half-hidden by the foliage.

I slid down, told the syce to wait there for me and pushed on, navigating from tree trunk to tree trunk. There were dim lights on the ground floor of the pavilion and in one room upstairs and even the sound of music on the slight breeze. All the Oriental refinements of romping. I hurried to the outside staircase, staggering quietly, so as not to disturb the musicians, who were fluting away sweetly behind the screens.

On the second floor, I found a small passageway with a slatted door at the end through which light filtered. I paused to struggle out of my loose trousers-I'd been just sober enough to leave my boots at home-and padded forward through the door.

Some dim, pink lamps gave just enough light to show a broad couch, shrouded in mosquito netting, against the far wall. And there she was, silhouetted against the glow, sitting back among the cushions, one leg stretched out, the other with knee raised. There was a soft tinkling of bangles. I leaned against a pillar and croaked, "Lakshmibai, chabeli-darling-I'm here!"

In one movement, she raised the net and slipped out, then stood motionless by the couch like a bronze statue. She was wearing bangles, all right, and a little gold girdle about her hips and some kind of metal headdress from which a flimsy veil descended from just beneath her eyes to her chin-not another stitch. I let out an astonishing noise and was trying to steady myself for a plunge, but she checked me with a lifted hand, slid one foot forward, crooked her arms like a nautch dancer and came gliding slowly towards me, swaying that splendid golden nakedness in time to the throbbing of the music beneath our feet.

I could only gape; whether it was the drink or admiration or what, I don't know, but I seemed paralysed in every limb but one. She came writhing up to me, bangles tinkling and dark eyes gleaming enormously in the soft light; I couldn't see her face for the veil, but I wasn't trying to; she retreated, turning and swaying her rump, and

then approached again, reaching forward to brush me teasingly with her finger tips; I grabbed, gasping, but she slid away, faster now as the tempo of the music increased, and then back again, hissing at me through the veil, lifting those splendid breasts in her hands, and this time I had the wit to seize a tit and a buttock, fairly hooting with lust as she writhed against me and lifted the veil just enough to bring her mouth up to mine. Her right foot was slipping up the outside of my left leg, past the knee, up to the hip and round so that her heel was in the small of my back-God knows how they do it, double joints or something-and then she was thrusting up and down like a demented monkey on a stick, raking me with her nails and giving little shricks into my mouth, until the torchlight procession which was marching through my loins suddenly exploded, she went limp in my arms and I thought, oh, Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, as I slid gently to the floor in ecstatic exhaustion with that delightful burden clinging and quivering on top of me.

The instructors who taught dancing to young Indian royalty in those days must have been uncommon sturdy; she had just about done for me, but somehow I must have managed to crawl to the couch, for the next I knew, I was there with my face cradled against those wonderful perfumed boobs-I tried feebly to go brrr! but she turned my head and lifted a cup to my lips. As if I hadn't enough on board already, but I drank greedily and sank back, gasping, and was just deciding I might live, after all, when she set about me again, lips and hands questing over my body, fondling and plaguing, writhing her hips across my groaning carcase until she was astride my thighs with her back to me. and the torchlight procession staggered into marching order once more, eventually erupting yet again with shattering effect. After which she left me in peace for a good half hour, as near as I could judge in my intoxicated state-one thing I'm certain of, that if I'd been sober and in my right mind, she could never have teased me into action a third time, as she did, by doing incredible things which I still only half believe as I recall them. But I remember those great eyes, over the veil, and the pearl on her brow, and her perfume, and the tawny velvet skin in the half-light. . . .

I came awake in an icy sweat, my limbs shivering, trying to remember where I was. There was a cold wind from somewhere out in the dark and I turned my aching head; the pink lamps were burning, casting their shadows, but she was no longer there. Someone was, though, surely, over by the door; there was a dark figure, but it wasn't naked, for I could see a white loincloth, and instead of the gold headdress, there was a



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tight white turban. A man? And he was holding something-a stick? No, it had a strange curved head on it-and there was another man, just behind him, and even as I watched, they were gliding stealthily into the room, and I saw that the second one had a cloth in his right

For perhaps ten seconds I lay motionless, gazing-and then it rushed in on me that this wasn't a dream, that they were moving towards the couch and that this was horrible, inexplicable danger. The net was gone from the couch and I could see them clearly, the white eyes in the black faces-I braced for an instant and then hurled myself off the couch away from them, slipped, recovered and rushed at the shutters in the screen wall. There was a snarl from behind me, something swished in the air and thudded, and I had a glimpse of a small pickaxe quivering in the shutter as I flung myself headlong at the screen. yelling in terror. Thank God I'm 14 stone-it came down with a splintering crash and I was sprawling on the little verandah, thrashing my way out of the splintered tangle and heaving myself onto the verandah rail.

From the tail of my eye I saw a dark shape springing for me over the couch; there was a tree spreading its thick foliage within five feet of the verandah and I dived straight into it, crashing and

scraping through the branches, clutching vainly and taking a tremendous thump across the hips as I struck a limb. For a second I seemed suspended, and then I shot down and landed flat on my back with a shock that sickened me. I rolled over, trying to heave myself up, as two black figures dropped from the tree almost on top of me: I blundered into one of them, smashed a fist into its face, and then something flicked in front of my eyes, and I only just got a hand up in time to catch the garrotte as it jerked back onto my throat.

I shrieked, hauling at it; my wrist was clamped under my chin by the strangler's scarf, but my right arm was free, and as I staggered back into him, I scrabbled behind me, was fortunate enough to grab a handful of essentials and wrenched for all I was worth. He screamed in agony, the scarf slackened and he went down, but before I could flee for the safety of the wood, the other one was on my back, and he made no mistake: the scarf whipped round my windpipe, his knee was into my spine and I was flailing helplessly, with his breath hissing in my ear. Five seconds, it flashed across my mind, is all it takes for an expert garrotter to kill a man-oh, Jesus, my sight was going, my head was coming off, with a horrible pain tearing in my throat, I was dying even as I fell, floating down to the turf-and then I was 177 on my back, taking in huge gulps of air, and the glaring faces in my eyes were merging into one.

Ilderim Khan was gripping my shoulder with one hand and massaging my throat with the other as he grinned down at me. "Inshallah. Flashman! You see what comes of lusting after loose women. Another moment and we would have been sounding the bugle over thy body. And so give thanks that I have a suspicious mind and followed with my badmashes."

"What happened?" I mumbled, trying

"As we waited, we saw the light and heard music, but presently all was still and then many came out to a palankeen, and so away. Again, there was silence until we heard thee burst out with these hounds of hell behind thee."

Two of Ilderim's ruffians were squatting in the grass over two dark shapesone of them gasping and wheezing and the other deadly still. Ilderim snatched a lantern from one of his men and went over to the body of the dead strangler. He beckoned to me. "Look." says he, pulling down the man's eyelid with his finger. Even in the flickering light, I could see the crude tattoo on the skin. "A Thug,"25 says Ilderim. "Now, what does this mean?"

"This one shall tell us," says he, and seized the man by the throat. "Look, now, shall it be a swift death or shall I trim off the foul appurtenances of thy body and make thee eat them?" He stropped his knife on the sole of his shoe. "Bide here, husoor, while we take this one into the trees."

I could not have moved if I'd wanted to, and so I lay there while dreadful grunts and an occasional choked-off scream came from the darkness. It made no sense to me that Lakshmibai had lured me off for assassination but had pleasured me like a crazy spinster first. I could have sworn that she was falling in love with me these two weeks pastthere was no earthly reason why she should want me dead.

At last, Ilderim came striding back and squatted beside me. "Stubborn." says he, rubbing his beard, "but not too stubborn. It is ill news. Six nights ago, these deceivers met with a strange fakir at Firozabad. He offered them gold and, in due time, an end to the raj and a rebirth of thuggee. Thou wert to be the first sacrifice to Kali. And now." he continued grimly, "thou art warned in time and this land is death to thee. It must be a fast horse to the coast and ship; across the kala pani,"26

I sat limp and trembling with this horror. I had to know, though, and so I finally asked. "This fakir, who is he?"

'A one-eyed man, fair of skin, from beyond the northern passes. He has money and he preaches in secret against the sahib-log."27

Ignatiesf-I almost threw up. The bastard was back and the devil a doubt that he knew all about my mission. Now I couldn't go running to Bombay, bawling for a first-class ticket home-I'd be seen obviously running away. I took my head in my hands-and then, slowly, inspiration began to dawn.

I'd told Skene that I might well vanish from sight, to go after Ignatieff in my own way. Well. now I would vanish, right enough. I scheme fast when I'm up against it. And so I said to Ilderim, "Look, brother, this is, indeed, a great palitikal affair and I cannot leave India until it is finished. Now I must lie low as a Khykeen pony pedlar or an Abizai who has done his time in the Guidesdamn it, I speak Pushtu as well as you do and Urdu better. When the time is ripe"-I started lying recklessly for effect—"I shall steal out again and break this one-eyed fakir and his stranglers."

"Inshallah!" cries he, grinning all over his evil face. "And I shall share in the sport. Thou'll send word to thy brother Ilderim when the knives are out?'

You'll wait a long time for it, my lad, thinks I. Give me a disguise and a pony and you'll not see me again until things have safely blown over and some other idiot has disposed of Ignatieff and his bravoes, "When there are throats to be cut, thou wilt be the first to know," says I.

"Tell Skene sahib of the one-eyed fakir and the Thugs and say that the axles are getting hot-he'll understand."

Ilderim nodded and called to one of his rascals. "Tell Rafik Tamar that I want all his clothes, his knife and his horse." In a few minutes, Tamar appeared, grumbling, in a rag of a loincloth, with his clothes over his arm. But he grinned through his beard when I told him that he could have my Pegu pony and that Skene sahib must see his kit replaced. I slipped into his shirt and cavalry breeches, drew on his soft boots, donned his hairy posteen,28 stuck the Khyber cleaver in my sash and began to wind the puggaree round my head.

"Have ye an eyry where no enemy can find thee?" asks Ilderim thoughtfully.

I confessed I hadn't and asked if he had any suggestions. He smiled slowly and then began to roar with laughter. "Some juice to darken thy skin. When thy beard has grown, thou must swagger enough, curl thy hair round thy finger and spit from the back of thy throat like a true Peshawar ruffler.'

"Where do you suggest I do all these things?" asks I impatiently.

"In the last place any ill-willer would look for a British colonel sahib. Wouldst thou live easy and grow fat and draw twenty-four rupees a month? Why not join the Sirkar's army, the native cavalry? Why, in a month, they'll make thee a daffadar!29 Would it not place thee close to affairs and ready to move at a finger snap?"

It was ridiculous-and yet, the more I thought of it, the more obvious it was. There was hardly a more comfortable hiding place if I were careful. I stood considering this while Ilderim urged me on.

"Go to my mother's cousin, Gulam Beg, who is now a woordy-major30 in the Third Light Cavalry at Meerut garrison, and say Ilderim sent thee. Let me see, now," says this mad rascal, chuckling as he warmed to his work, "we'll have thee a Hasanzai of the Black Mountains. They are a strange folk, touched and given to wild fits, so much may be excused thee. Thy name shall be Makarram Khan,31 late of the Peshawar police, and so thou art familiar with the ways of the sahibs. Never fear, there was a Makarram Khan until I shot him on my last furlough. He was too careless to watch the rocks, but he was a stout rider in his time and he'll give thee a shabash32 from hell. Well, Makarram," says he, grinning like a wolf in the gloom, "wilt thou carry a lance for the Sirkar?"

I'd decided even as he talked. There was no better choice and it seemed inspired at the time-but if I'd known what it would lead to, I'd have damned Ilderim's notion to his teeth.

He laughed and slapped my saddle and we shook hands in the dark under the trees. "When thou comest this way again, go to the Bull Temple beyond the Jokan Bagh. I will have a man waiting to meet thee for an hour at sunrise and an hour at sunset. Salaam, sowar!" cries he. I dug my heels into my pouy and cantered off into the dawn, still like a man in a wild dream.

²⁵ The society of Thugs (literally, "deceivers") worshipped the goddess Kali and practised murder as a religious rite. They preyed on travellers and often strangled their victims with a scarf. Sir William Sleeman destroyed the cult in the 1830s, but many Thugs remained at large. A Thug could often be identified by a tattoo on his eyelid or a brand on 178 his back.

²⁶ black water; i.e., the ocean

²⁷ lord-people; i.e., the British

²⁸ sheepskin coat

²⁹ cavalry commander of ten

³⁰ native adjutant of irregular cavalry-though the term seems misused by Flashman, since the Third were not irregulars

³¹ There was a real Makarram Khan who served in the Peshawar police and later became a notable leader of frontier raiders.

³² a cheer, a hurrah

This is the first of three installments of a condensed version of "Flashman in the Great Game." The second installment will appear in the October issue.

Digging Rib (continued from page 87)

boardinghouse reach for more is de rigueur. A rib bash definitely isn't for the faint of heart.

Furthermore, it's almost impossible to seriously botch a slab. You can roast, broil, braise, boil, stew, stir fry, deep fry, grill over coals outdoors or Char-B-Que ribs electrically on a terrace. Slather them with the most devilish hot sauce or anoint them with a light sprinkle of salt and pepper. You can do no wrong—other than turning them into a heap of cinders.

Ribs benefit from slow, moist cooking. They come out more tender, evenly browned and leaner, too. It's a good practice, however, to trim the fat carefully before barbecuing. Rub your rack with a bit of the trimmed fat, to prevent sticking. And don't crowd the grill or pan—leave room for circulation of air. Whatever baste you use should not be too potent, as the flavor concentrates during cooking. The sweeter mixtures, laden with sugar, fruit syrup or melted jelly, can be trouble. Apply them during the last half hour or so of cooking; otherwise, you risk scorching or charring.

In the following recipes, allow about a pound of ribs per person and don't count on having leftovers. No one quits until the last crusty nubbin is gone.

(Serves two)

OK, so they're not rhino ribs, but they're awfully large bones from the beef rib roast. They're available in meat markets that sell boneless rib roasts. You may not have seen them, because they go fast—they're so good and so much fun to eat. Ask the butcher to save some for you, leaving a little extra meat on the bone. You'll have to pay a little extra, but it's worth the difference.

3 lbs. beef-rib-roast bones

Garlic powder, lemon-pepper seasoning Melted butter

Ignite charcoal in barbecue unit and place grill 4 to 5 ins. from coals. Let charcoal burn down to a bed of glowing coals. Sprinkle rib-roast bones with garlic powder and lemon-pepper seasoning. Place meat on grill, bone side up. Grill about ½ hour, turning occasionally and brushing lightly with melted butter.

RIBS AFIRE (Serves four)

4 to 5 lbs. spareribs Salt, pepper, paprika 1 jigger Cointreau, warmed

Sprinkle ribs generously on one side with salt, pepper and paprika. Place on rack in shallow roasting pan. Roast in preheated 350° oven for ¾ hour. Turn and sprinkle other side with seasonings. Roast ¾ hour longer, until browned. Place on heatproof platter and pour warmed liqueur over ribs. Ignite. Allow

flames to die naturally. Carve between bones into individual ribs and serve.

GRILLED LAMB RIBLETS (Serves two)

2 lbs. breast of lamb

1/4 cup dry red wine

1/4 cup wine vinegar

1/4 cup salad oil

2 tablespoons finely chopped onion

I large clove garlic, crushed

I teaspoon sugar

3/4 teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon each pepper, dried thyme, rosemary, mint

Trim fat and membrane from lamb and cut between bones into riblets. Combine other ingredients and pour over riblets. Marinate for at least 1 hour. Start fire so coals have gray ash cover when you grill. Arrange rack 3½ to 4 ins. from coals. The fire is ready when you can hold your hand directly over the grill and keep it there to a slow

count of four. Grease rack lightly; place riblets on rack. Grill about 35 minutes, turning and basting occasionally with marinade, or until crisp and browned.

KOREAN ROAST SHORT RIBS (Serves three to four)

3 lbs. beef short ribs

1/3 cup soy sauce

2 tablespoons sesame or salad oil

3 tablespoons sugar

4 scallions with 2 ins. green stems, finely chopped

2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds, crushed

2 cloves garlic, crushed

2 teaspoons grated fresh ginger

Trim excess fat from short ribs. Make deep crisscross slashes in meat, almost to the bone. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over ribs. Marinate about 1 hour. Place ribs on rack in roasting pan. Roast in preheated 350° oven about 1 hour, turning and basting occasionally with marinade.

(concluded overleaf)





"Really, Clarice, if you had simply assured the Lord that the hors d'oeuvres were to be served presently...."

APPLE-GLAZED SMOKED RIBS (Serves two)

2 lbs. smoked spareribs Water 1½ to 2 cups apple juice 4 allspice berries

Cut meat into individual ribs. Place in large deep skillet and cover with cold water. Bring to boil and simmer 15 minutes. Pour off water and spread ribs in single layer, if possible. Add enough apple juice to come halfway up the ribs and toss in the allspice berries. Cover. bring to boil and simmer about 10 minutes. Uncover, turn up heat to boil down apple juice. Watch ribs carefully and turn occasionally. Remove ribs from pan when apple juice has almost cooked out and ribs are glazed. Good with Dijon mustard. Makes an unusual and interesting drink nibble.

CHINESE BARBECUED BACK BONES (Serves three to four)

These are actually ribs from the pork loin, occasionally sold as country-style spareribs. They're cut to leave more of the loin meat on the bone. You can also do your own from a loin roast, which will give you the meaty rib bones plus a boneless fillet that can be barbecued or roasted separately.

3 lbs. country-style spareribs 1/4 cup soy sauce 2 tablespoons sherry 2 teaspoons wine vinegar

1 tablespoon honey

2 cloves garlic, crushed

1/4 teaspoon pepper

1/4 teaspoon Chinese five-flavor spice (or use mixture of star anise, cinnamon, ginger and allspice)

1/4 teaspoon paprika

Marinate ribs in mixture of other ingredients for about 1 hour. Get charcoal grill ready as for Grilled Lamb Riblets. Remove ribs from marinade and grill about 1 hour, turning and basting occasionally with marinade until well browned.

CORNED RIBS 'N' KRAUT (Serves two)

1 sheet corned spareribs, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Water

2 tablespoons oil

1 medium onion, sliced

1 lb. sauerkraut

1 clove garlic, finely chopped

5 whole peppercorns

5 juniper berries (optional)

I large tart apple, peeled and cut into thick slices

1/9 bottle California Rhine wine

Have spareribs chopped into sections of 3 or 4 ribs each. Put in large pot and cover with cold water. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Remove ribs and pour off water. Heat oil in same pot and sauté onion just until softened.

Drain kraut and rinse in cold water. Add to pot along with garlic, peppercorns. juniper berries and apple. Return ribs to pot and toss some kraut over them. Add enough wine to come about halfway up the mixture. Cover and simmer over low heat about 1½ hours, or until meat is tender and beginning to pull away from the bones.

OWN-HOME RIBS (Serves four)

4 lbs. spareribs

3/4 cup catsup

2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

2 tablespoons vinegar

11/2 cups water

2 tablespoons brown sugar

11/2 teaspoons salt

I teaspoon chili powder (or to taste)

1/4 teaspoon pepper

I medium onion, chopped

I clove garlic, crushed

Cut spareribs between bones to make individual ribs. Place in single layer in large shallow pan and bake in preheated 350° oven ½ hour. Meanwhile, combine remaining ingredients and bring to boil: simmer 5 minutes and remove from heat. Drain fat from ribs. Pour warm sauce over ribs and bake about 1 hour, turning and basting occasionally with sauce in pan.

SHORT RIBS IN BEER (Serves four to six)

4 lbs. beef short ribs

2 large onions, sliced

1 clove garlic, chopped

2 teaspoons salt

I teaspoon marjoram

1/4 teaspoon pepper

1 teaspoon sugar

I tablespoon vinegar

1/4 cup chopped parsley

12-oz, can beer

Heat large heavy Dutch oven or casserole. Brown ribs in pan, a few at a time, over medium heat. Start with fat side down and turn occasionally to brown all sides. When ribs are browned, pour off all but 2 tablespoons fat in pan. Reduce heat, add onions and garlic and cook until onions start to color. Return ribs to pan and add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer over low heat, stirring occasionally, about 1½ hours, until meat is tender. Correct seasoning if necessary.

The fact that ribs are eaten with the fingers doesn't mean the festivities should turn into an animal act. Provide your guests with several damp cloth napkins that have been plunged into hot water, then wrung out. And whether you're serving tasty but tame Apple-Glazed Smoked Ribs or Down-Home Ribs that have been laced with chili powder, keep plenty of ice-cold beer close at hand. That's a rib tip worth remembering.

WIN OR DIE (continued from page 150)

your bloodshot eyes," I say it only seems that way, there is a time bomb in the inner pocket and I will gladly pay \$105 per Texan, whereupon I passed out in the

The next day, we took Texas for the first time in nine years, 18-9.

It was deserved, for I had not crossed the midriff mark on Friday night.

You cannot win them all, which is why Texas has won 42 of them. Oklahoma 25. Between 1958 and 1970. Texas won 11 of 12 games played in the Cotton Bowl in the middle of the Texas State Fair, which occupies a part of near-downtown Dallas that has never heard of Bab-O.

The best way to reach the Cotton Bowl is to parachute in. but if you must drive. parking is available in a lot, if you do not mind a parker who asks what the two pedals are for, or parking is available on the street, if you have wooden tires,

As I parked nine blocks from the staaium on game Saturday 1965, a small boy said. "Dolla."

I told him to tell his mother I was infected.

He said, "Dolla to park."

"Dolla's ass." I said. "Whereas this is a public street and whereas I am public. I can park this car right here, free of charge. It is in the Constitution."

The small boy began cleaning his fingernails with a razor blade.

"Dolla to watch the car," he said, "and a dolla to see it is not eaten."

The remarkable thing about the 1965 game was that it seemed to last 48 hours. perhaps because Oklahoma held Texas to 19 points while holding itself to no points. Nobody leaves early, because there is always the chance Oklahoma will score three touchdowns in 38 seconds or God will send the Goodyear blimp into section four, taking away Texas' headlines.

I walked out of the Cotton Bowl. through the gauntlet, as hundreds of Texans seemed to form nose-thumbing lines. Unless you leave the Cotton Bowl with three minutes left in the first quarter, you are going to be in a traffic jam similar to that of 1965.

After you have been snuffed, you are primarily concerned with removing the bumper sticker and moving north. I was sitting in a line of traffic, telling a stalled Oklahoman to my left that it is not who wins or loses that matters, it's how you play the game. He said it was a shame we played like horseshit. I said nice guys finish last and he said well, maybe. Then a person in a cowboy hat ran onto the hood of my automobile.

He was one of the most coordinated Texans I had ever seen, spelling an obscenity on my windshield so I could read it.

Then he went to the bathroom on my

All I could do was honk the horn and turn on the windshield wipers.

Such are the spoils of big-time-collegefootball victory.

There are two ways to get tickets for the Oklahoma-Texas football game. You may buy them or you may steal them. which is easier.

There are two ways to sell tickets. legally or illegally, but I am of the opinion that the rules of free enterprise afford me the right to sell tickets for whatever somebody is willing to pay.

This process is known down at the precinct as scalping, although the process of making a shirt for three dollars and selling it for \$21.95 is known in the executive washroom as brilliant.

And while they will let you throw footballs with gout at tiny tires at a booth at the fair, they will not let you scalp near the Cotton Bowl.

Detectives let their beards grow and then try to purchase tickets, posing as hungover citizens, and if you make scalping gestures, they say something similar to "Sorry, buddy, we got to crack down



on scalpers and rapists" and your posterior is hauled off to jail, and only heaven and the captain of detectives know what happens to the tickets.

The best way to scalp, I discovered in 1968, is to check the newspaper for ads that request Texas tickets, with things such as lake-front property as barter.

I called a man who said he lived just outside Oklahoma City, by Bethany, and I spoke through sweat socks.

"Got . . . Texas . . . tickets."

"Perfect," he said. "I'll give you fifty dollars apiece for them."

"No . . . shit?"

I said maybe he would hear from me, maybe he wouldn't, and in 30 minutes I was at his door, delivering the paper, with four Texas tickets stapled to the comics.

He, a doctor, wrote me a check for \$200 and I ran off through the bushes.

The doctor said that if I scored again next year, the girl of my choice could have herself checked on the house.

That left me with no Texas tickets.

If you have no tickets, you may still attend the Oklahoma-Texas football game, and this is achieved by sneaking in. I snuck in with the Oklahoma band, which practiced on the field the morning of the game.

I got into a crooked line, which said a lot for our band, and introduced myself to a horn, asking if he were up for the game.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"New flute. Been out with a harelip."

The people on the Cotton Bowl gate at ten A.M. would not know musician from iceman, so I marched in and watched people make popcorn for two hours, horrified to learn that the woman in charge of quadruple salting did not give a damn who won. I went to the bathroom for an hour, then, a half hour before the game, I selected a choice seat in the student section, because each year there are many dozens of student tickets sold to unsuspecting and unqualified adults by criminally inclined students.

My doctor friend and my horn friend and my popcorn friend and I watched Texas scrape us 26-20.

People do strange things, such as bet on football games.

In 1969, while living in the Park Royal Hotel in New York City, which is better than dying in the Park Royal Hotel in New York City, I took Oklahoma plus ten points with a bookmaker, who put his pants on one leg at a time, even if his were hand-tooled.

I was studying to become a stockbroker, and that week we were on 182 margins.

Here is the way you bet football:

You get the line, see, one team plus points, or the other team minus points. You take season records, injury reports, tradition and weather reports and flush all that down the toilet and take Oklahoma, come hell or high water, because you are loyal.

Here is the way you get a bookmaker in New York:

You ask any elevator operator what is happening and he will give you half a dozen phone numbers and you dial until a man answers, because very few bookmakers are women, and very few hookers are men.

Then you ask for the line. The line is established in Las Vegas.

On the day in question, the man said, "Yeah," and I said good afternoon and the man hung up. I called back and the man said, "Yeah, asshole," and I said Oklahoma-Texas, and the man said, "Oklahoma plus ten." and I said Oklahoma for a bet, which means Oklahoma plus ten points for \$100, and the man said to come to his place so he could memorize my face.

When you bet in Oklahoma, the barber doesn't care if you pay off two weeks from next Monday, but when you bet in New York, you can get hurt.

I was down for \$100.

One thing led to another, and it was 20-17, Texas, in the fourth of four quarters, which is why Oklahoma fumbled a punt in the general vicinity of Oklahoma's 20-yard line, which Texas recovered and converted into 27-17 for the exact spread of ten, which is a middle and all bets are off. "Only assholes and people who have had lobotomies bet Oklahoma-Texas," says the bookmaker.

The telephone rang to announce game day 1974, or else my brains were shifting.

"Good morning, sir, it is eight-o-two." "Fried egg."

"No, sir, it is Saturday."

I went to the bathroom and turned the top of the childproof aspirin bottle left and right, then I sat down on the side of the bathtub and wondered what a child with a hangover would do. Then I held a book of matches to the plastic top of the aspirin bottle; then I had four aspirins,

The desk clerk buzzed to say a call had been left for me at four A.M.

Perhaps it was the president of the Dallas Press Club, because the night before I had snuck into the mannerly establishment, signing guest chits as grand dragon of the Tulsa Press Club.

Perhaps it was my ex-wife, who lives in Dallas, to tell me to forget next month's child support.

Due to bad odds, I opted for scrambled eggs in Barney Oldfield's, hold the 10W-40.

I sat next to girls in Oklahoma red, who were doing their best imitation of girls who had spent the night before with a sorority sister; then I carried the fight to God, going outside.

A van of vigorous old women was parked next to my car and a sign on their machine said, TUCK FEXAS (if it did not say that, there was no use going to the football game).

"Are we going to win?" I asked.

"Yeah, tuck the bastards," the driver

The traffic to the Texas State Fair is the only funeral procession in which corpses are permitted to drive, and after only one hour and 25 minutes. I pulled into a parking lot, gave a woman two dollars and watched her spin my radial tires in gravel.

Everybody was a kid again.

Even me.

After riding a cart around the fairgrounds, leaning next to a man who smelled remotely of dead bodies and cherry vodka, I stepped up to a game booth next to the chili-dog booth to win a Teddy bear, because the wind was carrying chili-dog odors south, into a tree that was vomiting leaves.

"A winner every time, handsome," is what the woman with big forearms said, and she was correct, because after four throws, she had won my dollar.

I had an Orange Julius, a mystical drink of oranges and ices and thumbs, guaranteed to soothe the demon hangover. The waitress reminded me of a girl I had met in downtown Dallas in 1971, who claimed to have just been raped by a junior college basketball team. That was also the Friday night I had met a man from Muskogee who planned to sky-dive into the Texas huddle five minutes before game time, singing the Oklahoma chant.

I drank my 1974 Orange Julius underneath a tree and a woman carrying a red purse creatively shaped as an Oklahoma football helmet sat next to me and said, "You have to wonder why Texas hates blacks."

A man in orange chaps said he heard Oklahoma had a potential halfback staked out in Leavenworth, except all the kid could run over was hills.

I went to assume my seat in the Cotton Bowl, which was on the goal line, next to

My neighbor to the left was a woman chewing her fingernails and drinking warm whiskey, and when she asked what I thought, I said it was only a paper moon hanging over an artificial turf, and she said with that attitude, I could kiss her ass, except if I were an Okie, in which case I could share in the festivities of getting redrunk.

I had a pull of bourbon and was reborn.

Men came up the aisle, clutching their bald spots.

Wives and ladyfriends said, "For a big shot, these are some kind of lousy seats."

The game was preceded by a prayer, and when Oklahoma went out onto the field, "Those red ants are Sooners," our section cheered, and when Texas went onto the field, our section pissed

Oklahoma was an 18-to-85-point favorite, depending on which side of the Red River your bread was buttered on.

In the first quarter, Oklahoma fumbled twice inside Texas' ten-yard line, and it was the consensus of our row that the Oklahoma coach would get to like coaching junior varsity in Amarillo.

At the half-time recess, it was but 7-3 Oklahoma. The man at the second urinal said it was already a moral victory for Texas. And, as the man on the second stool, who we thought was dead, said, "What's morals got to do with the first half?"

By the fourth quarter, Texas had discovered that it was nowhere near as awful as Las Vegas had guessed.

With the score 13 all, Texas fumbled on fourth down with several hairs to go and Oklahoma recovered near mid-field, and pretty soon, on this October 12th, 69th of a series, to be continued next year, but next year counts only if you get beat this year, matters were reduced to an attempted field goal from the Texas 27yard line, with 5:25 left in the game.

Everybody stood to see if Tony De-Soto. DiRavachi-who the hell is number three?-DiRienzo would kick the football through the goal posts to win the game or if he would kick the rears of some 35,000 potential godparents.

Red banners waved, as if Tony could see 60 rows up.

Old hearts went on overtime.

The woman next to me said, "Pass, you sons of bitches,"

The football was hiked to Oklahoma's Baptist-minister quarterback, who blessed it and put it on a kicking tee, and Tony DiRienzo kicked the football to death, and everybody squinted to see who had been good boys and girls that year.

The kick was good, perfect, highly illuminating and better late than never.

Oklahoma got its fourth consecutive gold star.

As our section sang a medley affirming loyalty to Oklahoma, America and deceased alumni, time ran out on the scoreboard but continued elsewhere.

Three, two, one, Wall Street, convenience payments, taxes, kids, crab grass, rent, alimony, car keys.



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"HELLO, ALL YOU deco dandies and jive turkeys," says dapper smoothie Tim Hauser, introducing The Manhattan Transfer, which Andy Warhol's Interview recently dubbed "the hottest new group to emerge from the underground." From there it's a nirvana of nostalgia as Hauser in top hat and tails, Janis Siegel in a silver gown, Laurel Masse, a willowy redhead in black gown and long black gloves, and Alan Paul with hair slicked down and parted in the middle, re-create the music, costumes and flair of Tin-Pan Alley's heyday. And Transfer does it all in quartertone harmony. The origin of the group reads like the script for a Ginger Rogers musical: Fade in. Hauser, an unemployed singer driving a taxi in Manhattan, picks up Laurel Masse, a redhead in cape and hotpants, and tells her about his past as a singer with a group called The Manhattan Transfer. "Don't take me home," she says, "Take me out." He does. Weeks later, through another fare, Hauser meets Janis Siegel, an aspiring chanteuse. The three decide to combine but need a fourth. The redhead knows a guy named Alan Paul who's playing the role of Teen Angel in the Broadway musical Grease. They put together an act, dress up in Forties formalwear, resurrect the most forgotten tunes of the Thirties, Forties and Fifties and perform at New York's trendy Reno Sweeney's, They christen the act with an old Jimmy Dorsev hit. Blue Champagne. and climax with Paul's feverish imitation of a cretinous pelvisthrusting rock 'n' roller singing Guided Missiles. The audience is on its feet, and later Bette Midler's manager, Aaron Russo, takes the group under his wing, bringing them quickly to the fore with a chart-climbing LP, gigs at top clubs and a summer TV series. The rest is-well, you know how Ginger Rogers movies turn out. As the members of The Manhattan Transfer see it, though, their popularity transcends the nostalgia craze. "The music we perform lent a signature to an era," says Hauser. "We're just trying to maintain that tradition." We're hep.

MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS fresh nuts

IN ONE SCENE, a British government minister is seen debating a small brown patch of liquid. "possibly creosote." He is wearing a floor-length evening gown. In the next, a door-todoor encyclopedia salesman, in order to soothe the suspicions of a housewife, poses as a robber. And that's some of the saner material that's dished out weekly on public television by Monty Python's Flying Circus, a six-member troupe of Britishbased comedians. Having conquered the homeland on a regular basis since 1969, the Pythons invaded the U.S. not only with rebroadcasts of the TV show but also with their third LP, The Monty Python Matching Tie and Handkerchief (see our review on page 24), and their second film. Monty Python and the Holy Grail ("Makes Ben Hur look like an epic"). At first it was feared that their heavily British humor (Terry Jones, for example, specializes in playing public officials in drag) wouldn't go over in the States: but after a quiet beginning, the TV series is well on its way to becoming the most popular in the history of public television. Indeed, fans in Iowa got up a long petition when it was off the air for two weeks and lines outside the New York theater where Grail was playing began forming at five A.M. The troupe-Jones. Terry Gilliam (the American who's responsible for the surreal animation that ties the madness together), Graham Chapman, Eric Idle, Michael Palin and John Cleese-began by being funny individually for the BBC as writers and artists, then came together in the late Sixties to form their distinctly anarchic brand of dry, occasionally black humor (they recently did a sketch in which an undertaker gives a man three choices of what he can do with his mother's dead body-bury it, burn it . . . or eat it). "The idea," says Palin, "was to get away entirely from punch lines and tags. . . . If a sketch had a good first half, we'd use just that and then call in a man dressed as a knight to hit someone with a chicken." Of course! Why didn't we think of that?

CHARLES W. BUSH

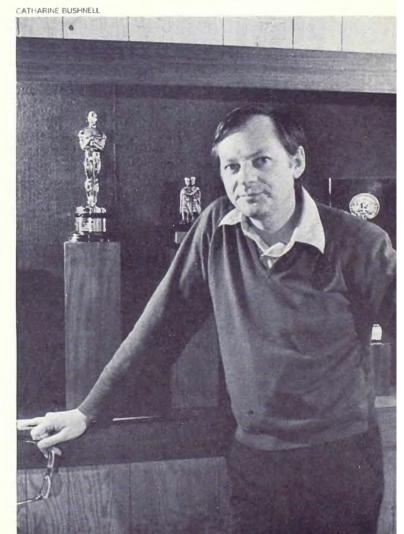




BEN MARTIN

RICHARD WILLIAMS walt who?

AS A CREATOR of animated cartoons, Richard Williams may still have some distance to go before he becomes a household name à la Disney, but we wouldn't give too-long odds that he won't make it. Williams, who won an Oscar in 1973 for A Christmas Carol. currently has the Pink Panther padding through the credits of the film that celebrates his return and has plunged into a monster project, a \$2,000,000 animated musical of Raggedy Ann 'n' Andy, which should be finished by the end of next year. That should keep him and his 40 staffers chained to their drawing boards, since his cartoon features use up to 24 hand-inked drawings a second (for one current project-The Cobbler and the Thief, an Arabian Nights type of epic on which he has labored for more than a decade—he will finish 800,000 drawings and use only 250,000). That painstaking devotion to detail has made Williams, 42, the acknowledged master of his craft. Fanatics like that are born, of course. His mother, an "allpurpose illustrator," used Disney characters in her work, and when Dick was 15, he made a pilgrimage from Toronto to the Disney studios in Burbank. After that, though, he soured on cartooning-also on high school-and went into "serious" art, It was while sketching in Spain that he realized his drawings were tending toward animation anyway. So he went to London, did commercials for money and-all by himself-made his first cartoon. Little Island, Since then, he has done features such as Christmas Carol, animated sequences for movies and a staggering number of ads (which have won him no fewer than 80 prizes). But so far, Williams-who currently divides his time between New York and London, where he plays cornet one night a week with a traditional-jazz band-has avoided one type of cartoon. Six years ago, a major company asked him to do an erotic feature. Name your price, it said. But Williams said no. He hasn't regretted that-but, to be honest about it, we have,



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PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 148) most talented (and youngest) backfields anywhere. Junior runner Tony Dorsett will be joined by sophomore Elliott Walker (who, in spring training, looked like another Dorsett) and junior quarterback Bob Haygood (who at most schools would be the best runner in camp). To take advantage of all this, Majors has installed the veer-T offense. The reserves are thin, so the Panthers must avoid excessive injuries if they are to challenge Penn State for Eastern supremacy. In any case, Majors' masterful rebuilding job at Pitt earns him our Coach of the

The Boston College team will again be one of the nation's more prolific scoring machines. The entire offensive backfield returns. Quarterback Mike Kruczek, who completed a phenomenal 68.8 percent of his passes last season, will throw to Dave Zumbach, who should become the top pass catcher in school history by December. Fullback Keith Barnette, who led the nation in scoring in '74, will power the ground attack. The good news is that there are adequate replacements for the graduates of last year's superb offensive line. The bad news is that the schedule is the toughest in the Eagles' history.

Navy nearly became the storybook team of the decade last fall. Entering the season picked to go nowhere, the Middies upset Penn State in a squall and nearly did the same to Notre Dame and Pittsburgh. A large majority of that squad returns to have another try at regaining Navy's once-prestigious standing in Eastern football. They'll have a good chance, because last year's major deficiencies, the offensive line and the passing game, looked much improved in the spring. Even more improvement will be seen in the defensive crew, led by PLAYBOY All-America back Chet Moeller.

With a flock of good runners and a two-deep offensive line, West Virginia needs only a capable quarterback to field a high-scoring team. Likeliest candidate for the job is Danny Williams, a high school All-America, a 4.0 chemistry major and a real West Virginia mountaineer. Williams is only 5'10" and throws remarkably unbeautiful passes, but he's a leader and looks like a winner. If the defense can be reinforced and an accurate kicker and an adequate punter found, West Virginia could again be a top Eastern team.

Coach Frank Maloney's reconstruction efforts at Syracuse are proceeding slowly and painfully. This year, he must rebuild the offensive line and try to find help among the incoming freshmen for a woefully slow backfield. The schedule is a bit easier and the defenders, with ten returning starters, should be sturdier than last year's leaky crew. Maloney had

a good recruiting year, so look for a half dozen freshmen to win starting roles by midseason.

Temple coach Wayne Hardin continues to build his Owls into a major Eastern power. Unfortunately, the schedule is heavily leavened with pushovers. Hardin will field the strongest defense since he went to Philadelphia. The attack will be run by sophomore quarterback Pat Carey, a transfer from Pittsburgh. Freshman runner Anthony Anderson could be an instant hero.

Villanova will have better players, a more realistic schedule and a new coach, Dick Bedesem, who has never lost a game. Bedesem has already assembled a strong collection of running backs (Ralph Pasquariello, Tony Serge and Vince Thompson) to go with a good passing attack (quarterback Brian Sikorski, receivers John Mastronardo and Jeff McGeehin) returning from last year. Best of all, the offensive line has been greatly strengthened with the arrival of 282-pound sophomore Zigmond Biernacki, who will be quite a large young man when he reaches full growth.

There is a heady optimism at Holy Cross, where 18 starters return, including the entire backfield and defensive line. The attack will be built around quarterback Bob Morton and receiver Dave Quehl.

Army will again be the sad-sack team of the East. Three arid recruiting years have left the Cadets so undermanned that many opponents this fall will need to show mercy. Coach Homer Smith, deeply immersed in perhaps the most difficult reconstruction job in college football, sees a light at the end of a four-year tunnel. "We had a tremendous recruiting year," he told us, "and a great many of the plebes will see a lot of action this year. If they progress well, we could be tremendously improved by the end of the season." Best of the recruits are linemen Tsu Kriedler and Mitch Mankosa and runner Joel Anderson.

Rutgers, enjoying a schedule that includes seven home games, will again be heavily dependent on freshmen and sophomores as coach Frank Burns continues his rebuilding job. If the offensive line can be rebuilt, the Scarlet will be a much better team by season's end. Quarterback Matt Allison, up from the junior varsity, will challenge incumbent Bert Kosup.

Colgate will have a plethora of good running backs, best of whom is supersoph Pat Healy. The Red Raiders, first Eastern team to utilize the wishbone offense exclusively, have a skilled wishbone quarterback, Bruce Basile, but need to find a good receiver to catch his passes. If a couple of mean linebackers can be developed, the defense, weak in recent seasons, will do a turnaround.

The Ivy League is nearly always so

well balanced that any team can beat another if a few variables are right. Wild, improbable games are won and lost every Saturday afternoon. With none of the squads deep by big-school standards, much depends on injuries. This year, an added uncertainty is the fact that every school except Princeton is searching for a new quarterback.

With the only proven quarterback in the league, 15 returning starters and a host of promising sophomores, the victory drought at Princeton appears to be over. Best of the sophs are halfback Bobby Isom, tackle Tony Maiocco and line-backer Doug Lang. Quarterback Ron Beible will likely break all school passing records before the season is finished. Neil Chamberlin could do the same with the pass-catching records.

Our prediction last year that Brown was on its way to being an Ivy power will be fulfilled this fall. The Bruins would have been invincible last year if the offensive system (officially titled Very Multiple) hadn't misfired so often. The needed sparkplug, a superb quarterback, walked onto the campus this past winter and asked for a job. Bob Bateman, who switched to Brown when Vermont dropped football, has the speed and size (6'5") to make pro scouts drool. The Bruin defense, one of the best in the East in '74, looks even stronger this time. Last fall was the first time in history that Brown had won four straight Ivy League games. This year it just might win them

With only one average runner and one good receiver, Dartmouth could have again won the Ivy title last season. Having neither, it won three games. The prospects are brighter this year, because the Big Green has at least two new runners (Sam Coffey and Curt Oberg) who can outrun their grandmothers, and star receiver Tom Fleming has recuperated. Two quality quarterback candidates, Mike Brait and Kevin Case, are in camp. The defense features two stellar linebackers; Reggie Williams is one of the best in the country and Skip Cummins is nearly as good.

Graduation gutted the Yale offense. Two of the leftovers, halfback Don Gesicki and tackle Charlie Palmer, are top quality, but they will be surrounded with raw recruits. As at most other Ivy schools, the quarterback position is the biggest pre-season question mark. The defensive team is anchored by two excellent linebackers, John Smoot (who is reputed to have the reddest hair in the league) and Brent Kirk (who is also captain of the Yale fishing team). One of Yale's best offensive weapons will be the foot of place kicker Randy Carter. who has changed his jersey number from 13 to 5 because, he says, "I like Paul Hornung.'

Harvard, popularly reputed to be the

team to beat in the brain chain, probably will be beaten several times. There isn't a quarterback on campus who has ever completed a pass in varsity competition. Ergo, the Harvards will do a lot of running behind a hefty offensive line anchored by tackle Danny Jiggetts and center Carl Culig. Best of the runners in coach Joe Restic's complicated-but-simple Multiflex ("thinking man's") offense are Tommy Winn and Neal Miller.

Cornell's search for a quarterback centers on sophomore Garland Burns, junior Joe Mollica and senior Bob Balash. Whoever gets the assignment will benefit from an impressive contingent of receivers. If halfback Don Fanelli can avoid the injuries that have plagued him the past two seasons, he will have an impressive final year as the team's power runner. He'll be helped by two promising soph runners, Larry Skoczylas and Neal Hall. The defensive crew, built around middle guard Steve Horrigan, is stronger, giving the Big Red an excellent chance to greatly improve on last year's three wins.

If Pennsylvania coach Harry Gamble can find an adequate quarterback when fall drills begin September first, the Quakers will again have a productive offense. Gamble, renowned for getting the most from available talent, will have to put his skills to full use this fall, because only 16 lettermen escaped graduation.

Columbia will be much improved but still not strong enough to be a title contender. This will be a transitional year, with an excellent sophomore group gaining experience while waiting for what appears to be an even better group of freshmen to join the varsity in '76. The running game, nearly nonexistent last season, will be good enough to take some of the pressure off new quarterback Kevin Burns.

The Michigan team was nearly stripped bare by graduation, but fans needn't fret unduly; many of the reserves and some of the incoming freshmen seem more impressive than their departed elders. The Wolverine defensive unit will again be one of the best in the nation; coach Bo Schembechler says the front line will be the strongest in his seven years in Ann Arbor. Mark Elzinga, of strong arm and quick feet, will be the quarterback. Jim Smith, one of the top wide receivers in school history, will also be used extensively as a runner, giving the attack an extra dimension. Team speed, impressive last year, will be even better. Bo needs only to find a tight end, but three talented ones (two of them scholastic All-Americas) are among the incoming frosh. There will be another bloodletting November 22, when Ohio

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State comes to town. But even if the Wolverines should win that one, the Conference elders would probably figure out a way to send Ohio State to the Rose Bowl.

Michigan State was the most improved team in the Big Ten last year, and with 33 of the top 44 players returning, the Spartans seem to have the best chance of challenging Michigan. The biggest problems are lack of senior leadership (only six seniors will see much action), shallow line depth and the graduation of last season's top two receivers. If some adequate targets can be found for quarterback Charlie Baggett's passes, he and fullback Levi Jackson will treat Spartan fans to East Lansing's best offensivefireworks show in a decade.

For the first time in modern history, Ohio State's early-season schedule isn't ridiculously soft, and the change couldn't have occurred in a more inappropriate season. On casual appraisal, the Buckeyes would appear to be prepared for another run for the national championship. Virtually all of last year's headline getters, including Heisman Trophy winner Archie Griffin, will be back in action. But in the anonymity of the trenches, it's a different story. Only two offensiveline starters and three members of the entire first defensive unit escaped graduation. Since coach Woody Hayes gets his kicks by running up humiliating scores on weaker opponents, the reserves-though talented-didn't get much experience last season. Nevertheless, there's always much untapped talent on the Buckeye practice field. Woody's recruiting network puts the CIA to shame. Everything this year depends on whether 13 adequate starters-ten of them linemen-can be found before the opening 188 grudge game with Michigan State.

Wisconsin coach John Jardine may go the Woody Hayes route this season and use the forward pass only as an occasional novelty. Reason: The quarterbacking will be uncertain at best, but the ground attack will feature the best offensive line in the Midwest, clearing the way for the most talent-laden crew of runners west of Pittsburgh. Veteran Dan Kopina and freshman Anthony Dudley are the likeliest candidates for the quarterback job. Runners Billy Marek, Mike Morgan, Ken Starch and Larry Canada man the infantry attack. PLAYBOY All-America tackle Dennis Lick will be joined in the offensive line by younger brother Steve. Best find in spring practice was junior college transfer linebacker Scott Sklare.

Purdue is the dark horse in the Big Ten. The entire offensive backfield returns and both lines are of traditional Boilermaker proportions. The offensive line features Ken Long, probably the best offensive lineman in the nation, and the defensive front is led by Ken Novak, a 6'7", 274-pounder who is almost as big and almost as talented as predecessor Dave Butz. We've selected both to our All-America team. The defensive secondary will get a helpful transfusion from former star tailback Mike Northington. If coach Alex Agase follows his usual pattern of getting 125 percent from his available talent, the Boilermakers will spring some upsets this fall. Agase has been waiting for a chance to take on Ohio State ever since he arrived in West Lafayette, and he'll get it October 25.

Adequate defensive depth is the only thing that kept Iowa from being the miracle team of 1974. After a winless '73 campaign, the Hawkeyes fielded a furious offense last fall, but defensive injuries piled up and the Hawkeyes were outmuscled in the second half by their last four foes. Coach Bob Commings' recruiting efforts last winter were geared accordingly and a host of impressive defensive types are among the freshman group. If they provide adequate reinforcement, the Hawkeyes will be a tough team to beat. The offensive players are again very able and very, very big. Only the quarterback position is uncertain, but three promising candidates are vying for the job. All of which gives us a

TH	IE MI	DWEST	
	BIG	TEN	
Michigan Michigan State Ohio State Wisconsin Purdue	10-1 9-2 8-3 8-3 6-5	lowa Minnesota Indiana Illinois Northwestern	6-5 6-5 6-5 2-9 2-9
MID-AM	ERICAN	CONFERENCE	
Kent State Miami Toledo Central	9–2 8–3 7–4	Western Michigan Ball State Ohio	6–5 6–5
Michigan Bowling Green	7–4 5–6	University Northern Illinois	5–6 4–7
	INDEPE	NDENTS	
Notre Dame Cincinnati Southern	6-5 9-2	Marshall Dayton	4-7 3-8
Illinois	4-7		

TOP PLAYERS: J. Smith, S. King, Perlinger, Davis (Michigan); Baggett, L. Jackson, Schaum, O. Smith (Michigan State); A. Griffin, Greene, Fox, Skladany (Dhio State); D. Lick, Marek, Wagner (Wisconsin); Novak, (lowa); (Purdue); Devlin, Walters Thomas, Simons, Beaudoin (Minnesota); Smock (Indiana); Beaver, Smalzer (Illinois); Boykin, Maly (Northwestern); Kokal, Faulk, Vrabel (Kent State); S. Smith, Carpenter (Miami); Swick, Zimmerman (Toledo); Jones, Gamble (Central Michigan); Preston, S. Studer (Bowling Green); McKerracher, Matthews (Western Michigan); Suggs (Ball State); Madison (Ohio University); Meyers (Northern Illinois); Niehaus, Browner, Bradley, Hunter (Notre Dame); Clarence Sanders, (Cincinnati); Major Filliez (Marshall); Major (Southern Marvaso Schwarber Illinois): (Dayton).

premonition that Iowa will be the surprise team in the country this fall.

Optimism abounds in Minneapolis. No one in the vicinity doubts that Minnesota will be enormously improved. But, alas, so will most of the teams on the schedule. The Gophers will certainly be more interesting to watch; coach Cal Stoll will no longer use the veer-T exclusively but will juice up the attack with a variety of other sets. If the defensive rookies congeal around superb tackle Keith Simons, opponents won't again run up huge scores on the Gophers.

Indiana coach Lee Corso is making happy noises again; he makes Pollyanna look like a fatalist. His Hoosiers, he says, will be greatly improved in every department. Indeed, Corso has the Big Ten's leading passer (Terry Jones) and two of the Conference's finest receivers





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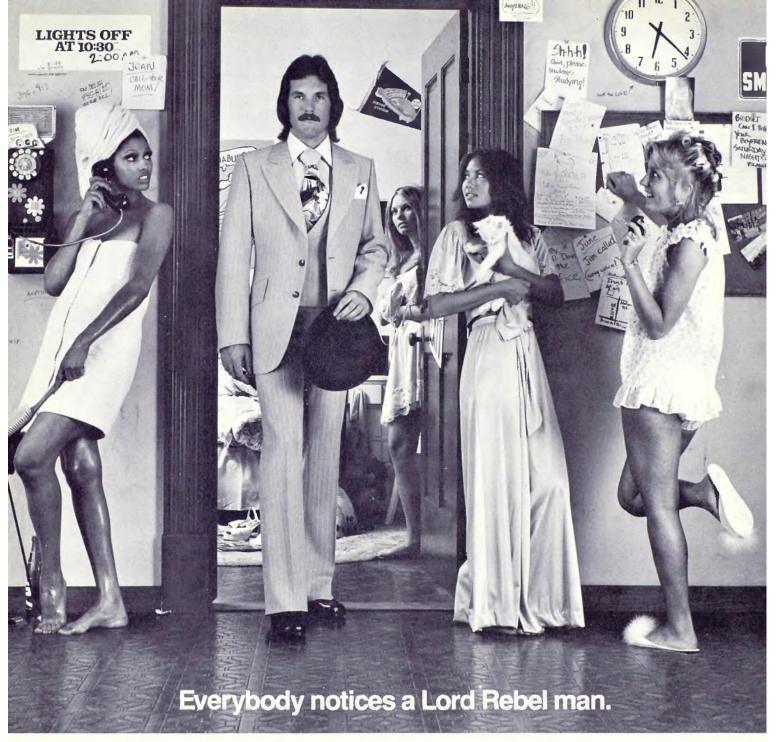
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(Trent Smock and Keith Calvin), and much needed outside speed will be provided by sophs Ric Enis and Nick Barnes, plus freshman Darrick Burnett. There is also validity in Corso's contention that the defense will be improved; it's hard to go downstairs when you're already in the basement. Corso insists his team has a good shot at the Big Ten title. If it comes through its last five games (against Michigan, Ohio State, Michigan State, Wiscousin and Purdue) unscathed, it'll deserve it.

With six impressive runners, a multitalented sophomore quarterback (Kurt Steger), a big and seasoned offensive line and playboy All-America place kicker Dan Beaver taking shots from anywhere within the 50-yard line, Illinois should field a point-productive team. The bad news is that it will be very difficult, indeed, to stop opponents. Veteran tackles John DiFeliciantonio and Mike Waller, plus budding star soph linebacker John Sullivan, will have to do most of the work until the rest of the defensive crew can jell around them.

It looks like another lean year at Northwestern. Runners Greg Boykin, Jim Pooler and Rich Boothe will give the Wildcats an impressive ground attack if a raw offensive line can provide adequate blocking. There are plenty of good receivers in camp, but the passing will be undistinguished at best. The defense will have to keep the floodgates closed if the Cats are to have a respectable season.

New Kent State coach Dennis Fitzgerald inherits the ingredients of an explosive offense. Quarterback Greg Kokal begins his fourth season as a starter with the help of powerful fullback Darwin Ashley and an improved offensive line. The linebacking crew, last season's weakness, will be reinforced by three bluechip freshmen and junior college transfer Joe Shaw.

Miami has long been one of the top defensive teams in the nation and will be again if the young replacements learn quickly. The offense, directed for the fourth year by quarterback Sherman Smith, will again be run oriented. Coach Dick Crum's biggest worry is finding a new place kicker and a punter. The schedule includes three non-Conference toughies, Michigan State, Purdue and Cincinnati, so it will be difficult to match last year's undefeated record.

Toledo is regaining much of the strength that characterized the all-winning Rocket teams of '69-'71. Last year's team lacked good running backs and an offensive line capable of giving sterling passer Gene Swick adequate protection. Both problems seemed to

have been solved in spring practice. With three good receivers, Swick will stage one of the nation's most impressive aerial shows.

Central Michigan, after having won the 1974 N.C.A.A. Division Two national championship in a runaway, has been promoted to Division One. The upgraded schedule and inroads of graduation will make it exceedingly difficult to approach last year's victory production. Local pride is a major factor with the Chippewas, because all 75 members of the squad are Michigan natives. Bowling Green's theme for 1975 is "Run, pass and sack." The ingredients are supplied by junior tailback Dave Preston, sophomore quarterback Mark Miller and the defensive line. Preston, a Paul Hornung type, scored 19 touchdowns last season; Miller, who was a starter as a freshman, can throw the ball 60 yards accurately; the defensive line has built a fearsome reputation for sacking opposing quarterbacks. Before the Falcons can challenge Miami, though, they'll have to find some linebackers



"It came with my membership in the Audubon Society."

and defensive backs, plus some receivers to catch those lengthy passes.

Western Michigan has a new coach (Elliot Uzelac), a seasoned squad and much better speed. Uzelac's biggest concern as fall practice opens is an impotent kicking game.

Ball State enters Division One competition with a tenacious defense led by superlative cornerback Shafer Suggs. Two transfers, tailback Earl Taylor and receiver Mel Dunklin, will give the Cardinal offense new vitality.

Ohio University coach Bill Hess, trying to inject some life into the aerial game, has moved senior Rick Lilienthal from receiver to quarterback. He'll work behind a good but dangerously thin offensive line. The Bobcats won't have much depth anywhere, but fortunately, the schedule is easy.

This is Northern Illinois' first campaign in the Mid-American Conference and the Huskies intend to make a splash. Much depends on how effectively last year's flaccid defense can be patched. The triple-option offense has been junked for a pro-set, because quarterback Jerry Golsteyn is an accomplished passer and he has two "burners" (Russ Hill and Bob Florence) to throw to.

This could hardly be a less auspicious year for a coach to make his debut at Notre Dame. Ara Parseghian and his record are a hard act to follow under the best of conditions, but new coach Dan Devine will have to make do with less-than-sensational quarterbacking, only average running (unless some hot-shots show up among the freshmen) and a green and generally untalented offensive line. The defense, fortunately, will be as strong as ever, with PLAYBOY All-America lineman Steve Niehaus teamed with returning expellees Ross Browner (at the other end) and safety Luther Bradley. Another returned prodigal is halfback Al Hunter, who will give the Irish some unaccustomed outside speed. The big problem, however, is at quarterback, where either Frank Allocco (a good mechanic and an adequate short thrower but a slow runner) or Rick Slager (a good runner) could win the starting role.

In only two years, coach Tony Mason has built Cincinnati from a perennial patsy to a major Midwestern power. Schools that scheduled the Bearcats for a breather must face a team capable of beating any opponent on its schedule. Only six of last year's top 44 players graduated and some of the incoming freshmen are good enough to threaten the security of their elders. Mason is a skilled defensive tactician and his stopper crew will be something to watch this fall. PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Clarence Sanders and defensive back Tom Marvaso are the best practitioners of their trades in the Midwest. With quarterback Henry Miller much improved in spring practice and four very good fullbacks available, the offensive platoon will share the laurels for a change.

The Southern Illinois team will field an offense directed by a sophomore quarterback (Gary Mann) who was a defensive back last year, and featuring a horde of quality runners, but with a dearth of receivers. If the new wishbone offense clicks, sophomore runner Vic Major could win national acclaim by season's end.

The Marshall defense will be the best in years, but new coach Frank Ell-wood must find a skilled quarterback and build a new offensive line around superb guard Jesse Smith. If he succeeds, and if last season's unbelievable injury epidemic doesn't recur, the Thundering Herd could enjoy its first winning season since 1964.

Most of the excitement in Dayton this fall will be generated by new quarterback Bill Nauman, a 6'4" transfer from Purdue who is an effective runner as well as passer. His prime target will be Kelvin Kirk, who is closing in on the school's all-time receiving records. But the Flyers will have trouble overcoming a poverty of both kinds of linemen.

If you can believe it, Alabama will be even stronger than last year's team that won 11 games. 'Bama's only weakness in '74 (and the principal cause of its Orange Bowl loss to Notre Dame) was an undersized offensive line. This year's line will be the biggest in school history. All the key offensive ingredients are back in camp. The defensive line, led by PLAYBOV All-America lineman Leroy Cook and unpredictable linebacker Woodrow Lowe, will again be nearly impenetrable. Coach Bear Bryant, just getting his second wind at 62, could have the best team in his long storybook career.

Tennessee must adjust to the absence of graduated superscrambler Condredge Holloway. Pat Ryan, who throws better than he runs, emerged as the top quarterback at the end of spring practice. Tackle Mickey Marvin stabilizes a big, strong and deep offensive line. After a couple of off years, the linebacking corps is again in the traditional Tennessee mold. Steve Poole and PLAYBOY All-America Andy Spiva are the best pair of linebackers in the South, and sophomore Russ Williams could outstrip either one before he graduates. The biggest minus will be the fall-off of the kicking game.

The energetic rebuilding program at Mississippi State continues apace. Coach Bob Tyler says, "We'll be stronger at 20 or 22 positions," which means the Bulldogs could be the scourge of the cotton patches this fall. Few teams in the country will have a better running threesome than Walter Packer, Dennis Johnson and Terry Vitrano. Best of all, the Bulldogs will be much more mature

than last year's 8-3 squad, which took 25 freshmen to the Sun Bowl. Tyler, a soft-spoken closet intellectual with a passion for Ralph Waldo Emerson, never allows his assistants to speak harshly to players. "If you brutalize a young man. you destroy 50 percent of his effectiveness as a player and you permanently reduce the effectiveness of any players who witness the incident," he says. With his gentle persuasion. Tyler has elicited an intense devotion from his squad. The morale, therefore, is permanently high. With a little luck, the Bulldogs could Southeastern Conference take the championship.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	11-0	Florida	6-5
Tennessee	9-3	Vanderbilt	6-5
Mississippi		Georgia	5-6
State	9-2	Mississippi	4-7
Kentucky	9-2	Louisiana State	4-7
Auburn	6-5		

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

North Carolina		Virginia	6-5
State	9-2	North Carolina	4-7
Duke	8-3	Clemson	4-7
Maryland	7-4	Wake Forest	2-9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Appalachian State The Citadel	10-1 8-3	Furman William & Mary East Carolina	6-5 4-7 3-8
Virginia Military	7-4	Richmond	2–9

INOEPENDENTS

Georgia Tech Memphis State	8_3 7_4	Southern Mississippi	6–5
Tulane	5-6	Arkansas State	8-3
South Carolina	5-6	Virginia Tech	7-4
Florida State	5-6	McNeese State	7_4
Miami	2-8	Northeast	
Louisiana Tech	8-2	Louisiana	4-7

TOP PLAYERS: Cook, Shelby, Todd, Lowe (Alabama); Spiva, Marvin, McCartney (Tennessee); Packer, Black, Hull (Mississippi State); Collins, Bryant (Kentucky); McIntyre, Fletcher, Telhiard (Auburn); Fields, T. Green, M. Williams (Florida); Chesley, Burton, Har-rison (Vanderbilt); Harrison, Randy Johnson (Georgia); Williams, Sweet (Mississippi); Cassidy, Robiskie (Louisiana State); Dave and Don Buckey, Stringer (North Carolina State); Slade, Clark, Bryan (Ouke); Brechbiel, Manges (Maryland); Gardner, Glassic (Vir-ginia); Betterson, Voight (North Carolina); Cunningham, Mills (Clemson); Armstrong, Harsh (Wake Forest); Parker, Ford (Appala-chian State); A. Johnson, Ruff (The Citadel); Upton, Moore (Virginia Military); Wier (Furman); Dalton (William & Mary); Strayhorn (East Carolina); Shaw (Richmond); Sims, Tierney, Sanford (Georgia Tech); Jones, Niemaseck (Memphis State); Bell, Garza (Tu-lane); Grantz, Shugart (South Carolina); G. Johnson, Bright (Florida State); Dunn, Camut (Miami); Barber (Louisiana Tech); Bower, Cheatham (Southern Mississippi); K. Jones, Malham (Arkansas State); Rogers, Philbrick (Virginia Tech); Files, Thibodeaux State); G. Fleming, Coleman (McNeese (Northeast Louisiana).

Kentucky will also wreak havoc in the Southeastern Conference. With a large majority of lettermen returning from the Wildcats' first winning season in nine years, there is more good manpower in Lexington than in any year since Bear Bryant left for Texas A&M. Coach Fran Curci has again recruited a bumper crop of freshmen, and many of them-especially the big linemenwill make immediate contributions. Best of the rookies is runner Rod Stewart, who will team with recuperated Sonny Collins to give the Wildcats a sizzling ground attack. The defensive unit, heavily laced with freshmen in '74, will be much improved with added maturity.

After 25 years on the job, Auburn coach Ralph Jordan has announced his intention to retire at the end of this season, and his players are determined to make it a memorable one. They will have to match last year's remarkable avoidance of injuries and mistakes if they are to duplicate the 9-2 record. Jordan has the ideal personnel for the veer-T offense; Secdrick McIntyre and Mitzi Jackson are two of the finest runners in the South and they will be reinforced by flashy freshman William Andrews. Another advantage is the Tigers' swarming 4-4-3 defense, which no other major team (except Penn State) uses and opposing teams find difficult to prepare for.

Florida was stronger last year than even its most ardent supporters had hoped. A big contributing factor was the emergence of two glittering freshmen, runner Tony Green and defensive tackle Scott Hutchinson. This year, the Gators will again be impressive on offense. All running backs, quarterbacks and some stout offensive linemen return, and incoming freshman Tony Stephens looks good enough to fill the big need in the receiving corps.

If new Vanderbilt coach Fred Pancoast shed tears at leaving all that mature talent when he left Memphis State. he was surely cheered when he saw the manpower awaiting him in Nashville. The Commodores are abler and bigger than ever before and their prospects are brighter than at any time since the halcyon days of Red Sanders in the late Forties. With quarterback Fred Fisher at the controls and many good receivers, led by Jesse Mathers, the point production will again be good. The squad's real strength, however, will be the defensive unit, which returns ten starters, including PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Jay Chesley.

Georgia has all the ingredients to be one of the best offensive teams in the country. The Bulldogs have two excellent quarterbacks (Matt Robinson and Ray Goff) and Glynn Harrison is probably the best runner in the Southeastern Conference. The bad news is that the defensive unit appears to be even more inept than it was last year. Look for several scoring extravaganzas in Athens this fall.

Ole Miss will have more experience and manpower than the lackluster squad that won only three games last year. Eighteen starters return and will be joined by a group of sterling recruits. Much of the Rebs' hope for a respectable showing depends on two big injury ifs: defensive tackle Pete Robertson's damaged neck nerve and tailback Michael Sweet's knee. Robertson and tackle Ben Williams could give Ole Miss one of the most impregnable front walls in the South, and Sweet was sensational in spring practice before his injury. The defensive backfield needs rebuilding, so the Rebs will probably be vulnerable to the pass in early games.

Last year was the worst in Charles McClendon's 13-year tenure as head coach at Louisiana State, and the prospects for this season don't seem much better. It is an extremely young team. with only two returning offensive starters. Though the offensive line seems fragile, the defensive front four could be the strongest in LSU history. One advantage the Tigers have is the unique playing surface in Tiger Stadium; it often presents opponents with difficult adjustment problems. It is natural grass.

North Carolina State, one of the nation's most prolific offensive teams over

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the past three years (it has averaged over 400 yards and nearly 33 points per game), will be even more voracious this fall, despite a schedule that includes Florida, Penn State and Michigan State. Quarterback Dave Buckey will again ignite the offense. Freshman runner Rickey Adams will add new pep to the already impressive running game. Two other newcomers, defensive tackle Tim Gillespie and center Frank Prior, are talented enough to become freshman starters.

A couple of junior college transfers will give the Duke team enough added skill and muscle to make a run for the Conference championship. The skill will be provided by field-goal kicker Vince Fusco, and guard Matt Cumberworth will bring enough muscle to the offensive line to make it a truly good one. A bevy of talented runners and receivers will be available to quarterback Hal Spears, if he doesn't lose his job to incoming freshman passer Mike Dunn. Keep an eye on Troy Slade; he's a superb receiver and a dynamite return specialist.

With 15 starters missing from last year's Maryland team, Terrapin fans will expect their team to be emasculated. They may be pleasantly surprised. Some of last year's second-teamers may turn out to be better than their elders. For example, quarterback Mark Manges has the ability to become the best quarterback ever to play at Maryland. As a bonus, three incoming freshman runners. Mickey Dudish, Steve Atkins and Alvin "Preacher" Maddox, are game breakers.

The University of Virginia, always known far more for academic excellence than for athletic prowess, hired football coach Sonny Randle a year ago and even Thomas Jefferson would be proud of what has happened since. The stormy Randle knocked heads all last season, installing a priority system that put studies first, football second and social life dead last (a heresy in Charlottesville). Consequently, 18 scholarship players have thrown in their uniforms; but the remaining crew is tough, hungry, disciplined and-on the offensive unit, at least-admirably talented. PLAYBOY All-America quarterback Scott Gardner is peerless and he will enjoy the protection of a superb line led by PLAYBOY All-America lineman Tom Glassic, who will probably be the first offensive lineman drafted by the pros next January. The schedule seems favorable, and if the Cavaliers get off to a fast start, it could be the most festive fall in Charlottesville since the authorities closed down the university bawdyhouse.

North Carolina tailbacks James "Boom Boom" Betterson and Mike Voight both rushed for more than 1000 yards last fall. It was the first time in history that two players at the same position on the same team topped that mark in a single 192 season. Both return, but unfortunately,

most of the offensive linemen who opened the holes for them have graduated. The defense will presumably be improved, since it can't possibly be worse.

The Clemson team will have a tough time matching its point production of '74, when it had its best record (7-4) since 1959. Although the offense sputtered during spring practice, the prospects are bright. Mike O'Cain will probably win the quarterback job, and he will be handing the ball to a better-than-average cast of runners and throwing to PLAYBOY All-America tight end Bennie Cunningham. Sophomore Jeff Mills is already one of the best defensive tackles in the country and he has a strong supporting cast. Unfortunately, most of Clemson's foes will be much stronger.

The gloom brought on by winning only two games in the past two seasons is beginning to lift at Wake Forest. The '74 team, small, slow and very young, matured greatly toward the end of the season. Nearly everyone returns and will be joined by a large contingent of beefy freshman linemen. The problem is the same as at Clemson; as the home team gets better, so do the opponents.

Appalachian State coach Jim Brakefield had his best recruiting year ever, and the Mountaineers will enjoy unaccustomed depth. Joyous reports from Boone say the running game will be vastly improved. The kicking game, conducted by PLAYBOY All-America punter Joe Parker, will likely be the best anywhere.

This is the third year of coach Bobby Ross's rebuilding program at The Citadel and the Bulldogs are bigger and stronger than ever. Two superstuds are linebacker Brian Ruff and fullback Andrew Johnson (one of three unrelated Johnsons who are starters). The running game could be hypoed by a couple of incoming freshmen, Andrew Perkins and Peter Bistrian.

The VMI team stunned fans and foes alike last season by winning the Southern Conference championship. It was the first time the Keydets had won as many as seven games since 1960. The major reason for the sudden turnaround was a tenacious defensive platoon that returns this year virtually intact. No convincing leader emerged in spring practice, so the quarterback job could go to incoming freshman blue-chipper Cliff Echard.

Furman's major problem is a severe lack of depth; only 55 players dressed for the spring game. Although 16 of last year's 22 starters are back, many of the backup positions will be held by frosh. Transfer tailback Dick Wier will help, but he will be running behind a thin offensive line.

With new quarterback Paul Kruis throwing, William & Mary will travel by air this year. The Tribe will be reinforced by an outstanding group of recruits, many of whom will see battle duty

in early games because the offensive ranks are thin and the schedule rugged.

Halfback Kenny Strayhorn will again give East Carolina an exciting ground game and the passing attack, woeful last year, will be much improved. A green defensive line will be the Pirates' major weakness.

Richmond enters its last year in the Southern Conference with a rejuvenated running attack, led by new quarterback Larry Shaw, to make up for the loss of last year's superior passing game. The flaccid defense has been pumped up with a host of junior college transfers. The ambitious Spiders have upgraded future schedules and are going the independent

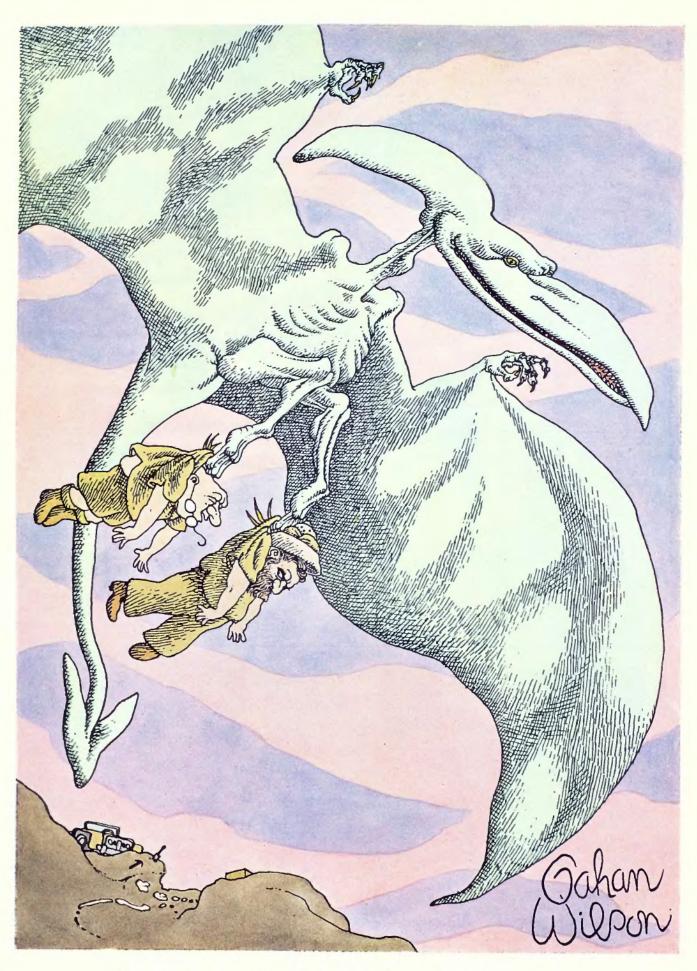
Last year, the Georgia Tech team had to adjust to a new coach, a new offense and a new defense. It was also extremely young; sometimes as many as eight freshmen and sophomores were in the defensive line-up. But it came on strong, winning three of its last four games. With 34 of the top 44 players returning, the prospects look even brighter this year. Sophomore linebacker Lucius Sanford is fearsome; he'll be a consensus All-America before he graduates.

Usually, when a new coach takes over a team, he has been called in to do a rebuilding job and he finds a shambles awaiting him. Rarely has a new coach found the wealth of talent that new Memphis State coach Richard Williamson has inherited. Thirty-seven of the top 44 players from last year's strong squad are back. Joining them will be a bumper crop of recruits, best of whom are quarterback Elgin Stewart and fullback Kraig Pride (son of country-andwestern singer Charley Pride). Both of them are good enough to become starters their freshman year. With the entire defensive line returning, including voracious tackles Eary Jones and Ken Niemaseck, no team will gain much ground yardage against the Tigers.

Optimism has returned to the Tulane squad after a disappointing season, when it became dispirited by injuries and other bad breaks. The offense has been tailored to the drop-back passing skills of Terry Looney and the catching artistry of Jaime Garza. The Green Wave, with a good blend of youth and experience, could regain its '73 role as the South's leading spoiler.

South Carolina will be stronger, if for no other reason than the presence of new coach Jim Carlen, who spent the spring reinforcing a dreadful defense. The areas of greatest concern should be helped by the switch of former offensive tackle Bubba Shugart to the defense and by the arrival of freshman linebacker Steve Bernish. The quarterbacking and running will again be excellent. Sophomore receiver Philip Logan has a very bright future.

Florida State, having won only one (continued on page 196)



"I'm afraid our expedition has been a trifle too successful, professor."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



GASHOUSE GANG

With all the attention being given to dressing functionally and casually these days, we suppose it was inevitable that somebody would eventually rediscover what must surely be the most comfortable and practical item yet: the gas-station jump suit. Yes, trendies, gas-station chic is where it's at-minus the genuine grease and oil that invariably adorn the real McCoy, of course. Men's white suits with a variety of motor-product patches can be had for \$50 each from Jenny Waterbags, 150 East 19th Street, New York, N.Y. The ladies are serviced at Ménage à Trois, 222 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. If you'll pardon our saying so, either model is a gas.

GET ON THE BAND WAGON

Feel like tuning into the BBC news? Maybe catch the Moscow Symphony orchestra or that new jazz group playing in Tierra del Fuego? Well, here's just the radio to do it—Panasonic's RF8000. It sports 12 short-wave bands, eight VHF, two marine and AM/FM, in addition to telling the time of day in any part of the world (so you don't miss the programs). If you're ready to plunk down \$2500 for it, you'll probably know what they mean when they say it has a double superheterodyne system. If you don't, Panasonic also makes nice TVs.





GREENING OF THE LP

If your rubber plant bitches because you never take it dancing, cheer up. An LP called *Green Sounds* (\$6.50) has just been released by Arlington House (P. O. Box 536, Belmont, California 94002) containing ten compositions claimed to be stimulating to plant growth. There's *Social Climbing Ivy*, *Song for a Bonsai* and *Transplant Blues*. The sounds are a cross between Donny Osmond and Muzak, so you may wish to check out flora earphones, too.



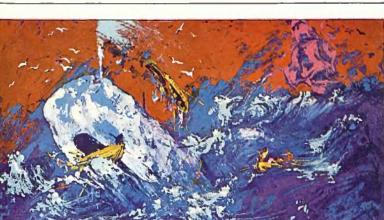
HOLY BOARD GAME, BATMAN!

When maturity finally arrives, what's an aging Boy Wonder to do? Burt Ward, who played the video version of Batman's constant companion, Robin, has grown up and gone into the adult-games business. His Malibu, California, firm—Abuse and Corruption Unlimited at 23901 West Civic Center Way, Tower 2, #345—specializes in board games that show players how they get ripped off in the real world by institutions such as hospitals and funeral parlors. Your play, Robin.



PIPE DREAMS

What do Bing Crosby, President Ford and Hugh Hefner have in common? Well, for one thing, they're all pipe smokers; and, for another, their pipes are all on display at an unusual museum, the Pipe Smoker's Hall of Fame, 218 East Griffith Street, Galveston, Indiana. The hall also features a display of pipes that look like nude women, including a sexy meerschaum of actress Lynda Day George, and holds classes in the art of pipe smoking. There's a lot more to it than just fondling the bowl.



FISH STORY

Moby Dick, Herman Melville's masterpiece of piscatorial symbolism, surfaces again, this time in a limited printing of 1500 hand-bound, morocco-leather copies that The Artist's Limited Edition, 40 Hartford Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York, is selling for \$450 each. Furthermore, each edition is signed by Jacques Cousteau, who wrote the preface, and LeRoy Neiman, who illustrated Ahab's obsession with 13 original paintings. It's a whale of a book.



BONNY FINE WHISKY

Labeled the Grand Liqueur Whisky of the Highlands and once reserved for royalty and private clubs, Usquaebach, possibly the world's rarest blended Scotch, now is available on a very limited basis from an enterprising firm, Twelve Stone Flagons, 4001 Greenridge, Castle Shannon, Pennsylvania. Shipped in hand-crafted stone flagons (hence the firm's name), Usquaebach-Gaelic for "water of life"-is 86 proof and a wee bit dear: \$330 per case or \$27.50 per flagon (not including shipping). At that bonny price, it sure as hell ain't served with a spritz, Charlie.



NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Let's say you're a tourist in New York City and you want to get a taste of what the Big Apple is really like. What do you do? Eat a pound of raw soot? No, contact Subway Tours of New York (527 Madison Avenue). Traveling exclusively by subway, the tour includes layovers at Wall Street and Chinatown, where you'll emerge aboveground for a stroll. Approximately four and a half hours long, the standard tour goes for \$9.75, which includes fares, an entertaining spiel on the history of the subway and all muggers' fees.



THE WILDER SIDE OF HOLMES

That madcap trio of Young Frankenstein fame, Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn and Marty Feldman, is at it again. Due for a Christmas release from 20th Century-Fox is The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes's Smarter Brother, with—you guessed it—Wilder playing Sigi, the younger sibling of the Baker Street sleuth. Kahn is a music-hall singer, Feldman is a Scotland Yard sergeant, Dom DeLuise is a rascally opera singer and Sherlock himself is portrayed by Douglas Wilmer. Quick, Watson, the laugh meter!

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

game the past two seasons, is bursting with potential. Only six starters are gone from a squad that came within a hairbreadth of springing several major upsets last fall. The defensive unit that held mighty Alabama without a touchdown will be much stronger. If that weren't enough good news, the incoming freshman crop is the best ever recruited at State. Best of the newcomers is nose guard David Jones.

New Miami coach Carl Selmer inherits a team gutted by graduation. Outstanding among the returnees are defensive tackle Gary Dunn (grandson of the school's founder) and defensive back Ernie Jones. Selmer's main job will be to find an adequate quarterback, last year's major lack. Newcomer George Mason could be the answer.

Having trampled all available opposition in Division Two last season, Louisiana Tech was upgraded to Division One status and will now see how many of the big boys it can knock off. Unfortunately, last year's group of superseniors largely responsible for Tech's winning 44 of the last 48 games is now populating pro squads.

Southern Mississippi has a new coach (Bobby Collins), a veteran squad (39 lettermen return) and another schedule without a single home game (while stadium renovation continues). With a year's added maturity for quarterback Jeff Bower and a crew of young runners, the ground attack will be much improved.

(continued from page 192)

Arkansas State enters Division One competition with an all-new backfield that should be a considerable improvement over the old one. David Hines, a converted safety, proved to be a skilled option quarterback in spring drills and will give the Indian offense a new dimension. Defensively, it would be hard to imagine how things could be much better in Jonesboro. Look for the Indians to make waves their first season with the big guys.

The Virginia Tech defense, the nation's worst only two years ago, will at last be respectable. The Gobbler running game will be impressive if a thin offensive line can avoid excessive injuries and if superquick Phil Rogers makes the transition to quarterback. Some of last year's many narrow losses should become victories in '75.

McNeese State, having upgraded its schedule impressively, also enters Division One competition this year. Johnnie Thibodeaux and Glen Moreau will again alternate at quarterback. They'll take the ball from James Files, who was converted to center after carning All-America honors as a tackle last year. State's 9.6 flash Mike "Super Mac" McArthur will inject new speed into the attack. Defense will be a problem, because the entire front wall was wiped out by graduation.

Northeast Louisiana faces its first season as a Division One team with eight home games while construction proceeds on a new 30,000-seat stadium. The home folks will be treated to quite a show if transfer (from Memphis State) quarterback Joe Bruner lives up to his advance billing. Bruner, who can throw the ball a mile, will have a prime target in Fred Coleman.

-				
	THE	NEA	R WEST	
		BIG EI	GHT	
	Oklahoma Nebraska Colorado Oklahoma St.	10-1 8-3 8-3 6-5	Missouri Kansas State Iowa State Kansas	5–6 6–5 5–6 2–9
	SOUTH	WEST C	ONFERENCE	
	Texas Texas A&M Arkansas Texas Tech	9–2 9–2 8–3 5–6	Texas Christian Southern Methodist Rice	4–7 4–7 3–8
	Baylor MISSOURI	4–7 VALLEY	CONFERENCE	
	Tulsa New Mexico St. Louisville		West Texas St. Wichita State Drake	6–5 2–9 3–8
	1	NDEPEN	DENTS	
	Utah State Air Force Houston	8–3 5–6 5–6	Lamar Texas at Arlington	4–7 2–9
	North Texas State	6-4		

TOP PLAYERS: J. Washington, LeRoy and Dewey Selmon, Webb, T. Owens (Oklahoma); R. Bonness, Monds, Fultz, Tony Davis (Ne-braska); Logan, P. Brock, Koncar (Colorado); Chlouber (Oklahoma State); Gal-Dokes, breath, Pisarkiewicz (Missouri); Pennington, Dorsey (Kansas State); Blue, Pittman (Iowa State); Knoff, L. Smith (Kansas); Campbell, W. Wilcox, Simmons, Akins (Texas); Simonini, Thomas, Bean (Texas A&M); Forte, Skinner, S. Little (Arkansas); Burley, Isaac (Texas Tech); Burns, Gregory Burley, Isaac Tichoo (Baylor); Cook, Elzner, Rent Cheppard, Morris Renfro (Texas Methodist); Norton, Lofton (Rice); Franklin, Blount (Tulsa); Hull, Dean (New Mexico State); Peacock, Wagoner (Louisville); J. Lloyd, F. Jones (West Texas State); Adkins, Vincent (Wichita State); Herndon, Gaffney (Drake); L. Giammona, Parrish (Utah State); Lawson, Milodragovich (Air Force); Belcher, Whitley (Houston); Chapman, K. Washington (North Texas State); Jackson (Lamar); Barnett (Texas at Arlington).

Oklahoma was the strongest team in the country last year (as we had predicted) and all the elements that made it great are still present. Though the devastating ground game, led by PLAYBOY All-America running back Joe Washington, is still on hand, the Okies will probably throw more this fall, because Steve Davis is an improved passer and he has two inviting targets, Tinker Owens and Billy Brooks. The defensive unit, again built around PLAYBOY All-America tackle LeRoy Selmon and his brother Dewey, will be as fearsome as ever. Entering fall practice, the Sooners' only apparent need is for a proven tight end, but coach Barry Switzer will probably find a gem among the legions of young hopefuls that always crowd the Norman practice fields. It should all add up to another national championship.

Though the new Nebraska passing



"Perhaps we should move along, Horace, and give the young couple some privacy."

attack probably won't be as effective as last year's, the running game could be the best in years if the offensive line, where only PLAYBOY All-America center Rik Bonness returns, can be rebuilt. That's a small if. The new line looked so good in spring workouts that it may be even better than the one that graduated. The quarterbacking duties will go to Sugar Bowl hero Terry Luck, Randy Garcia or Vince Ferragamo, who was a two-year starter at California before transferring to the flatlands. The defensive line is huge and deceptively fast and the secondary, anchored by PLAYBOY All-America Wonder Monds, looked much improved in the spring. The Cornhuskers will give Oklahoma a fast race for the Conference and national championships. Both honors could be decided when the two teams meet on November 22.

Colorado coach Bill Mallory led a raiding party on the junior college circuit during the off season in an effort to infuse some new blood into a pallid defense. Best of his finds are 282-pound tackle Charlie Johnson and linebacker Bill Muxlow. Also among the booty are two hot-shot offensive players, quarterback Jeff Austin and tailback Tony Reed. With ten starters returning from last year's superb offense, the Buffs might overwhelm most opponents—regardless of what the defenders do.

Oklahoma State is—and has been for several years—a good team in a superb league. A 6–5 record for the Cowboys can be equivalent to an 8–3 record for a Big Ten team. This fall, the Pokes' defense won't be quite as rock-ribbed as last year's, but the veteran offensive backfield won't be likely to suffer a recurrence of last season's injury epidemic. Coach Jim Stanley's versatile offense will make the attack a joy to watch.

Missouri will presumably be more consistent than last season, when the Tigers alternated between stunning upsets and humiliating defeats. The '75 offense will be wonderfully versatile. Tailback Tony Galbreath and speedy flanker Joe Stewart will contribute the running and strong-armed Steve Pisarkiewicz could become the best passer in the Big Eight. But the Tigers face a devastating schedule; in addition to the other seven Big Eight teams, the list includes Alabama, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin.

Kansas State has a new coach, Ellis Rainsberger; three promising sophomore quarterbacks; and a large supply of good runners, the best of whom could be two newcomers, sophomore scatback Kerwin Cox and transfer (from Tampa) slotback Mike Harris. Other transfers will add much strength to the defensive line, which was last year's major weakness. Also helping will be Theopilis Bryant, who has been shifted from linebacker to nose guard. With a little luck, Rainsberger could make a big splash his first year.

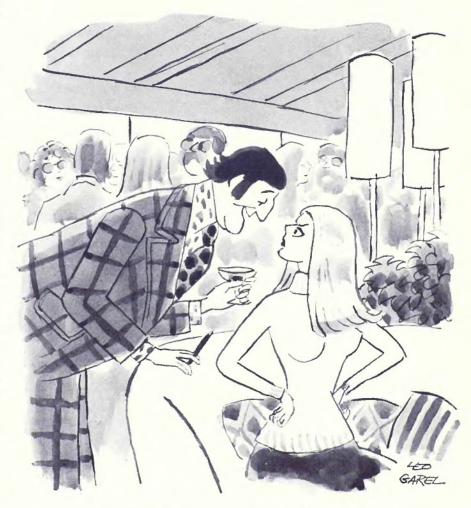
The Iowa State team, having lost its automatic three-point security blanket (kicker Tom Goedjen now belongs to the Vikings), will have to find some way to get the ball into the end zone. The Cyclones have two experienced quarterbacks (Buddy Hardeman and Wayne Stanley), but Mike Williams is the only proven runner. Thus, coach Earle Bruce is moving last year's big-play artist Luther Blue from split end to slotback, where he'll have a chance to run with the ball. Fortunately, the offensive line is well seasoned. Sophomore defensive tackle Mike Stensrud should be a consensus All-America before he graduates.

Kansas has a new head coach, Bud Moore, who served his apprenticeship under Bear Bryant at Alabama. Moore's new multiple offense will be aided by the return of quarterback Scott McMichael and runner Laverne Smith. The defensive secondary, last year's major strength, returns intact, but with weak linebackers and a thin defensive line, the Jayhawks will likely be vulnerable to enemy running attacks.

After suffering through a disastrous

(for Texas) 8-3 season, coach Darrell Royal held dark suspicions that his charges had become soft and fat from too many years of dominating the Southwest Conference. He ordered an old-fashioned head-knocking spring practice and the squad emerged looking better for the wear. Quarterback Marty Akins, already a good runner, is now an improved passer and a more confident leader. They'll still use the wishbone, but the Longhorns will pass much more this year in an attempt to keep opposing defenses honest. Says patriarchal publicist Jones Ramsey. "Our pore little boys are tired of comin' out of the huddle and findin' a 15-man defensive line facin' 'em."

Two teams in the Southwest, Houston and Texas A&M, always find some new and creative way to blow their season. It can't be the coaching, because both Bill Yeoman and Emory Bellard are among the best. This year, it will take an unusual degree of inspired goofmanship to keep Texas A&M out of a major bowl, if not from the Conference championship. The Aggies have 16 starters returning from the team that won eight games last fall



"Old enough to be your father? Perhaps. What's your mother's name?"

before it bellied up (a Pavlovian reaction with the Aggies) before a weaker Texas team. The Aggies' major strength is the defensive unit-second best in the nation last year-led by PLAYBOY All-Americas Ed Simonini at linebacker and Pat Thomas at cornerback. A heady, almost religious zeal was noticeable in athletic dormitory conversations last spring. The players are convinced they have a good shot at the national championship.

Arkansas will be a vastly improved team, simply from the healing of wounds. Coach Frank Broyles has installed the veer-T offense to better exploit the considerable talents of PLAYBOY All-America running back Ike Forte. The Razorbacks need help from the incoming freshmen at wide receiver, in the secondary and in the linebacker crew. If they find it, they'll have a good shot at the Southwest Conference title.

Coach Steve Sloan takes over a Texas Tech team that suffered last year from erratic quarterbacking. A former All-America quarterback at Alabama, Sloan must groom either incumbent Tommy Duniven or sophomore Rodney Allison to run the Tech offense. The problem will be complicated by a flaccid offensive line. Before the season is over, Sloan will probably wish he had stayed at Vanderbilt.

Last year, the Baylor team, displaying an uncanny proclivity for winning games in the fourth quarter, became the first team in Southwest Conference history to win the title the year after losing all its Conference games. It will be a tough act to follow. Fullback Pat McNeil is the only member of the offensive backfield returning and Mark Jackson is the only quarterback in camp with any experience. The offensive line, however, will be excellent and coach Grant Teaff says his defensive crew will be the best he's had since going to Waco. With a little luck, this year's team could be called Cinderella II.

Texas Christian will be a very young but extremely talented team. Lee Cook (who led the Conference in passing last year) and Jimmy Dan Elzner (a 6'3" soph with a howitzer arm) are the best pair of quarterbacks in the Southwest. Jimmy Dan and another supersoph, split end Mike Renfro (son of former pro star Ray), are both destined for greatness. Both lines are also loaded with promising greenies, so look for mistakes in early games. A further complication is the non-Conference schedule that includes Nebraska, Alabama and Arizona State. But keep an eye on the Frogs; they could suddenly mature during the season and wreak all sorts of havoc in the Southwest Conference race.

Southern Methodist will be trying for its fourth winning season in a row, and 198 that hasn't happened since the Doak Walker-Kyle Rote years of 1947-1950. Quarterback Ricky Wesson, fullback David Bostick and halfback Wayne Morris will all probably become the number-one career rushing leaders at their positions in SMU history. The defense, unfortunately, was nearly stripped bare by graduation, leaving little experience in the line and none among the linebackers. How quickly and how well the replacements learn their trade will be the key to the season.

At Rice, coach Al Conover's major reconstruction efforts are devoted to the ground game, which collapsed last fall. Ten returning offensive starters should guarantee some improvement. The Owls, as always, will be entertaining and upsetminded, but the schedule is murderous.

Tulsa coach F. A. Dry recruited several tons of beefy linemen last winter and many of them will be thrown into the fray immediately, since only one defensive lineman survived graduation. Fortunately, they'll be backstopped by two carnivorous linebackers, Byron Franklin and Robert Fomby. Quarterback Jeb Blount returns, but he could be displaced by Ron Hickerson, who had a spectacular spring. With its usual stable of good receivers, Tulsa will again be one of the top passing teams.

New Mexico State has more letter winners returning than at any time in the past decade. Although Jim Germany has departed for the St. Louis Cardinals, the running attack, now utilizing the wishbone, will be improved because it will be more diversified and will have the help of the best offensive line in Aggie history. Offensive tackle Gary Hull looks like a future All-America.

New Louisville coach Vince Gibson (late of Kansas State) has several topquality players but precarious depth. Best of the holdovers are diminutive runner Walter Peacock and quarterback Jim Wagoner. The latter could be moved to safety if incoming freshman passer Jim Didier proves to be as impressive as his advance notices. If excessive injuries can be avoided, Gibson, a skilled aerial ringmaster, will surprise some opponents.

West Texas State finished 6-5 in 1974, losing four games by a total of 12 points. The players felt they were a much better team than their record showed. With good returning depth and four or five incoming freshmen who could displace veterans, the Buffaloes will be out to prove their point. Quarterback Tully Blanchard won't have many receivers, but he will have use of a flock of swift halfbacks in the wishbone attack.

Most of the weaknesses responsible for Wichita State's dismal showing last fall have been healed. The offensive line, led by Ted Vincent, is stronger, three good jaycee transfer receivers are on hand and another transfer, Kent Van Vleet, will cure the calamitous kicking game.

Drake has changed its traditional image as a passing machine and now depends on the running of Jim Herndon and the accurate toe of kicker Todd Gaffney.

The Utah State team will be much stronger (as will the schedule) if coach Phil Krueger can find a passer with enough ability to keep opponents from using nine-man defensive lines in an effort to stop tailback Louie Giammona. Jaycee transfer Greg Van Ness will probably win the quarterback job. With the skilled blocking of fullback Paul Tidwell, Giammona, an incredibly tough little man, will try to duplicate his 1974 national rushing title.

The main cause of Air Force's '74 nightmare (the Falcons lost seven games by narrow margins) was erratic quarterbacking. If incumbent passers Mike Worden and Rob Shaw can be more consistent, the Falcons should have a banner season, because runners Chris Milodragovich and Ken Wood return along with kicker Dave Lawson, the team's leading scorer the past two seasons.

If Houston couldn't make a run for the national championship with the material on hand last year (12 seniors signed N.F.L. contracts), it will have a hard time being respectable this season. Only 58 players turned out for spring practice, one of the smallest contingents ever in Oilville. The schedule, fortunately-and as usual-is quite easy. Unless coach Bill Yeoman does some rapid rebuilding, the Cougars' entrance into the Southwest Conference next season will be a major embarrassment for everyone.

North Texas State coach Hayden Fry labored during spring practice to find some better-than-dreadful runners to help take the pressure off supersoph quarterback Ken Washington (little brother of Oklahoma's Joe). Fullback Garry "Tex" Smith, a 236-pound converted tackle, and tailback Mack Cumby (his injuries now healed) should solve the problem. If Washington's receivers learn how to catch the ball, he could challenge his brother for newspaper ink this season.

Lamar's defensive unit was demolished by graduation, so the Cardinals will depend on a more productive offense. The big question in Beaumont is whether quarterback Bobby Flores will be sufficiently recovered from injuries to regain his rookie form of 1973.

Last year's I-10 Texas at Arlington team lost only four seniors to graduation, while lettering 34 freshmen and sophomores. This team, therefore, will benefit from much more experience. Also, the Mavericks will be more familiar with coach Bud Elliott's wishbone attack and the blocking (dreadful last year) will be better. Another plus: This was the best recruiting year in the school's history.

There will be far more wins than losses for teams of the Pacific Eight Conference, with only one team, Oregon, destined for a dismal season. The reason, of course, is that most teams will fatten their won-lost records on non-Conference

THE FAR WEST			
PACIFIC EIGHT			
Southern California California	10–1 8–3	Washington Stanford Washington	5–6 5–6
UCLA Oregon State	8_3 8_3	State Oregon	6–5 2–9
WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE			
Arizona Arizona State New Mexico Brigham Young Wyoming	9–2 9–2 8–3 6–5 4–7	Texas at El Paso Colorado State Utah	3-8 2-9 2-9
PACIFIC	COAST	CONFERENCE	
San Jose St. San Diego St. Long Beach St.		Pacific Fresno State	7–5 7–4
INDEPENDENTS			
Hawaii	56	ldaho	6–5

TOP PLAYERS: Powell, Jeter, Ford, Farmer (Southern California); Muncie, Rivera, Von der Mehden (California); Sciarra, Frazier (UCLA); Brown, Cuie (Oregon State); Pinney, Robin Earl (Washington); McColl, (Stanford); Barschig, Hedrick (Washington State); M. Clark (Oregon); Bell, Dawson (Arizona); Haynes, F. Williams, Gordon (Arizona State); Myer, Berg (New Mexico); Oleon Plane (Printer, Verse) (Vols. (Mexicon)) Olsen, Blanc (Brigham Young); Kyle (Wyoming); McKinley (Texas at El Paso); McLain, Driscoll (Colorado State); Huddleston (Utah); Faumuina, Ekern (San Jose State); Penrose, Kertel (San Diego State); L. Jones, Lusk (Long Beach State); England, Brown (Pacific); Garcia, Young (Fresno State); Laboy, Woodcock (Hawaii); Duncan-son, Chadband (Idaho).

The loss of 14 starters from last year's superb Southern California team is a mixed nonblessing for coach John Mc-Kay; at least he doesn't have any incumbent superstar egos to deal with. He does have legions of able and speedy youngsters waiting in the wings. So the Trojans should again be scourging the landscape before the season is over. Quarterbacks Vince Evans and Rob Hertel will run more than the departed Pat Haden, because Evans is an excellent runner and Hertel is a good one. A lot of impressive candidates are vying for the tailback slot. Supersoph Dwight Ford, freshman Paul Rice and jaycee transfer Lynn Cain will combine with all three of last year's fullbacks to give the Trojans another superb running attack. The offensive line, whose major strength is PLAYBOY All-America tackle Marvin Powell, needs more depth, as does the receiving corps, which means the Trojans could be vulnerable to ill-placed injuries. Says McKay, "We'll have a very good team, but a lot of new people must come through."

Coach Mike White's long rebuilding



"No, no, no, Al, just the shoes!"

job at California having finally reached fruition, the Bears seem in a good position to challenge Southern Cal for the Rose Bowl trip. Believe it or not, even without Steve Bartkowski, the Bears' passing game will be stronger. Two gemquality quarterbacks, Fred Besana (who can throw the long bomb on a dime) and jaycee transfer Joe Roth (a quick-release artist), will vie for the starting job in fall practice. Whoever survives will have a collection of receivers that some pro teams would envy. Best of the bunch are Steve Rivera, Wesley Walker and Leon Washington (little brother of pro flanker Gene). The Bears won't need to live or die by the pass, either, because runners Chuck Muncie and Tom Newton are All-America caliber. The Bears' downfall could be the defense, which was the worst in the Conference last fall, but help will come from a large contingent of jaycee transfers, best of whom are two lethal linebackers, Bob Warner and James Reed, and defensive end Jeff "Bad News" Barnes.

With the healing of last year's injuries to top players (most serious of which was quarterback John Sciarra's broken leg), the usual king-sized offensive line and good running backs, the ULCA attack should be most impressive. More familiarity with coach Dick Vermeil's veer-T offense will also help. Virtually the entire defensive unit graduated, but there is little lamentation, because the replacements appear to be better.

Dee Andros, beginning his 11th season as Oregon State coach, determined to juice up his offense, brought in 13 junior college transfers, including runners Ron Cuie (who can really fly) and Johnny Taylor (who's nearly as promising). Andros' defensive unit, as usual, is huge, deep and mean. The big question mark is the quarterback position, where veteran Steve Gervais, an excellent runner but only a fair passer, seems to have the inside track. Since the non-Conference schedule is cushy, the Beavers should make much improvement on last year's 3-8 record.

There are two very strong signs that Washington could be the most dramatically improved team in the country: First, 20 starters return from last year's young but talented squad; second, new coach Don James is one of the brightest and ablest young mentors in the land. In his first season, James could field an overwhelming offense. If quarterback Chris Rowland is healthy, the passing will be top grade, and 250-pound fullback Robin Earl is a Sherman tank on cleats.

Stanford will have a new look this season. Adding the I formation to better utilize the abilities of runner Ron Inge, the Cardinals will often resemble Southern California. The running game, therefore, should be much better than the flimsy '74 version. Whoever wins the quarterback job (Mike Cordova and Guy 199 Benjamin look equally fit) will have outstanding receivers, best of whom is Tony Hill. In order to shore up last season's weak ground defense, coach Jack Christiansen has moved Duncan McColl to nose guard, where he could develop into the best defensive player in the West.

The only blessing of last year's injury epidemic at Washington State is an experienced squad for this year's campaign. The Cougars have no established stars, but a couple of new players, jaycee transfer runner Kesel Thompson and sophomore quarterback Jack Thompson, could be making headlines by season's end. Coach Jim Sweeney has installed a new 5-2-4 defense to better contain the large number of yeer-T teams on the schedule.

Oregon's severe need for a good new quarterback could be filled by Phil Brus, a transfer from California, or by either of two quality sophs, Jack Henderson and Jerry Jurich. The Duck passing game should therefore be improved, which should help overcome last year's inability to get the ball into the end zone. The Ducks may fare better than the past two 2–9 seasons, but not much.

Arizona had its best season ever (nine wins) in '74, and 14 returning starters give promise of another good year in Tucson. The passing game will be dangerous, with Bruce Hill throwing to Scott Piper and PLAYBOY All-America receiver Theopolis Bell. The Wildcats' Achilles' heel could be a lack of depth in both lines.

After suffering the embarrassment of winning only seven games in '74 (plus the further mortification of not going to the Fiesta Bowl for the first time in four years), Arizona State will be back to its accustomed strength. The flock of youngsters who filled starting roles are older and smarter, especially in the much-maligned offensive line. Look for split end John Jefferson to have a spectacular year. The defense, which held off total disaster last year, features superb linebacker Larry Gordon and interception artist Mike Haynes, who is also one of the most feared punt and kickoff returners in the country.

The return to health of quarterback Steve Myer will make New Mexico a viable contender for the W.A.C. title. Myer led the nation in passing for six weeks last fall before busting a knee. He will enjoy the assistance of a muchimproved running attack and the protection of a solid offensive line featuring guards Edgar Bell and Ken Brown. An added offensive weapon will be Bob Berg, one of the nation's better place kickers.

It will be difficult for Brigham Young to retain its championship unless a quarterback can be found to adequately replace graduated Gary Sheide. The Mountain Cats also need a bruising fullback to go with tailback Jeff Blanc. A

strong offensive line, led by All-America candidate Orrin Olsen, will be the squad's major strength.

Everything will be new at Wyoming: the coaching staff (assembled by new head coach Fred Akers), the offense (Wyoming wishbone), the defense (4-3-4) and the desire and intensity that have been lacking in recent seasons. A group of talented runners, a rebuilt line and a jaycee transfer quarterback (Jim Hector) will produce a rejuvenated offense.

Coach Gill Bartosh engineered a nearly miraculous turnaround in Texas at El Paso fortunes last year, but it will be difficult for him to maintain the pace. Numerous freshmen were used in '74, so there will be much experience on the squad. Also, Bartosh captured some hefty talent in the recruiting wars. The key performer will again be quarterback Bobby McKinley, who looked phenomenal in spring practice.

Although quarterback Mark Driscoll is the all-time Colorado State passing leader, his job could be threatened by fabulous freshman Pete Cyphers. Tailback Ron Harris, the most productive freshman runner in the country last year, should be a terror before he graduates. Kicker Clark Kemble adds an effective third dimension to the attack. If a limp offensive line can be stiffened, the Rams will score a lot of points.

The Utah team, binding up the wounds of a 1–10 season, will have more quality athletes than in recent years, but most of them, especially on the offensive unit, will be grass green. Coach Tom Lovat has installed the I formation to better utilize the excellent new backfield speed.

Despite San Jose's severe graduation losses (twelve '74 seniors have signed pro contracts), there is still plenty of talent in camp. Roger Proffit is the obvious choice to replace Craig Kimball at quarterback, but either of two redshirts, Blair Thomas or Steve DeBerg, could win the job. A stable of flashy runners and receivers, plus a fine offensive line, should make the offense as prolific as last year's, whoever is at the controls. How well the Spartans fare this season could depend upon whether last season's strong senior leadership can be duplicated.

Despite the loss of 14 starters, San Diego coach Claude Gilbert feels his team will be improved in all areas. Much of this optimism is based on the presence of quarterback Craig Penrose and defensive tackle Mike Gilbert, who was a one-man wrecking crew in spring drills.

Long Beach coach Wayne Howard is a college version of the Washington Redskins' George Allen: a defensive strategist, a caldron of enthusiasm and a high priest of togetherness. He made astonishing progress his first year and this fall the

49ers will probably again be the most improved team in the Conference. Tight end Leanell Jones is the best of one of the classiest groups of wide receivers in the country.

Last season was a nightmare for Pacific as an injury-riddled defense totally collapsed en route to a disappointing 6–5 record. Therefore, coach Chester Caddas changed the defensive alignment and concentrated his junior college recruiting on beefy types. Despite the departure of Willard Harrell, the running attack will again be emphasized, with Oreaser Brown (Harrell's high school running mate) the heir apparent. A tough schedule will make it difficult for the Tigers to keep their winning streak alive.

With 19 starters returning, Fresno State could be the surprise team of the Conference. Neftali Cortez will throw frequently to tight end Calvin Young and flanker Jimmy "The Flea" Ball, who, at 5'7", 134 pounds, may be the smallest receiver in the country. Kicking phenom Alvaro Garcia will likely make the difference in several games.

Hawaii announced early this spring that its team would celebrate the inaugural of its sparkling new stadium with nine home games. However, construction schedules have proved to be as farcical on the Sandwich Islands as on the mainland, and those nine visiting teams willit has been announced-have the nostalgic experience of playing in the same old termite palace. Other than the rustic accommodations, most of those nine teams should have a pleasant visit, because the Rainbows will field a squad seriously depleted by graduation. Eight blue-chip jaycee transfers and a contingent of hopeful walk-ons must provide dependable depth if the islanders are to have a winning season.

With 20 starters returning, Idaho will be much stronger. Fullback J. C. Chadband and tight end Steve Duncanson will do most of the scoring.

Hopefully, when this football season has run its course, the new spread of talent in the land will force a refreshing change in postseason games. Last year, the bowl committees, with television moguls looking over their shoulders, made some ludicrous selections. "Name" teams with 6-5 and 7-4 records were chosen, while stronger teams with better records were left at home. More rational bowl pairings are inevitable, whether this year or later. Which leads us to a final prediction: On January 1, 1984, you'll sleep late, take a couple of hangover pills, switch on the TV set and settle back to watch Appalachian State meet Panhandle A&M in the Sugar Bowl. It will probably be a good game.

ONE RED ROSE (continued from page 98)

own head. "Neighboring sir," he said, "I have not twenty-seven times risked my life, nor suffered pangs and pains innumerable, merely to sell for ordinary money these treasures handed down from my progenitors, nor ignore their noble standards of value. Oh, nay." And he restored to its container *The Book of Macaws, Egrets and Francolins*. In the Five Colors.

A certain stubbornness crept over Charley. "Well, then, what is the cheapest one you've got, then?" he demanded.

The scion of the High Vale of Lhombhya shrugged, fingered his lower lip, looked here and there, uttered a slight and soft exclamation and took from the last cabinet in the far corner an immense scroll. It had rollers of chalcedony with ivory finials and a case of scented samalwood lacquered in vermilion and picked with gold; its cord weights were of banded agate.

"This is a mere diversion for the idle moments of a prince. In abridged form, its title reads, Book of Precious Secrets on How to Make Silver and Gold from Dust, Dung and Bran; Also How to Obtain the Affections; Plus One Hundred and Thirty-Eight Attitudes for Carnal Conjunction and Sixty Recipes for Sub-

stances Guaranteed to Maintain the Stance as Well as Tasting Good: by a Sage." He opened the scroll and slowly began to unwind it over the length of the table.

The pictures were of the most exquisitely detailed workmanship and brilliant of color on which crushed gold quartz had been sprinkled while the glorious pigments were as yet still wet. Charley's heart gave a great bound, then sank. "No, I said the *cheapest* one——"

His host stifled a very slight yawn. "This is the cheapest," he said, indifferent, almost. "What is cheaper than lust or of less value than alchemy or aphrodisiacs? The price . . . the price," he said, examining the tag, which was of ebony inlaid with jasper. "The price is the crushed head of a sandal merchant of Babylon, with a red, red rose between his teeth: a trifle. The precise utility of that escapes me, but it is of no matter. My only task is to obtain the price as established—that and, of course, to act as your host until the stars turn pale."

Charley rose. "I guess I'll be going, anyway," he said. "I certainly want to thank you for showing me all this. Maybe I'll be back tomorrow for something, if they haven't all been sold by then."

His heart knew what his heart desired, his head knew the impossibility of any of it, but his lips at least maintained a proper politeness even at the last.

He went down the stairs, his mind filled with odd thoughts, half enjoyable, half despairing. Heavy footsteps sounded coming up; who was it but Mungo. "I thought you said you lived on the second floor," he said. "No use lying to me; come on, dumbbell, I need you. Earn your goddainn money for a change. My funking car's got a flat; move it, I tell you, spithead; when I say move it, you move it!" And he jabbed his thick, stiff fingers into Charley's kidneys and, ignoring his employee's cry of pain, half guided, half goaded him along the empty blocks to the empty block lined with closed warehouses where, indeed, an automobile stood, somewhat sagging to one side.

"Get the goddamn jack up: what're you dreaming about? Quit stumbling over your goddamn feet, for cry-sake; you think I got nothing better to do? You think I do nothing but sell greasy stoves to greaseballs? Move it, nipplehead! I want you to know that I also own the biggest goddamn shoe store in Babylon, Long Island. Pick up that tire iron!"





PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 78)

about that. [In fact, we're printing three erotic Jong poems.—Ed.] JONG: It begins,

My mouth seeded with your sperm, I talked back to the interviewer. It may also be this way with God. Approach with a mouthful of stones, you will be mute; But speak semen and seed and the

words will flow.

Is heaven a television show? Everything points to it....

and it goes on like that.

PLAYBOY: Your love poems are graphically candid, not to say earthy, and yet the public's image of a poet is of someone ethereal, fragile. Wouldn't you agree?

JONG: I'm not responsible for the public's false image of poets. The poets I know tend to be very full of their own sexuality. A lecherous lot. Male poets, especially. They go on tours, traveling from college to college, and they tend to use their poetry as a way of seducing college girls, teachers, other poets. They're desperate to get laid; they always come without their wives. In both senses of that word. A really terrific poet, of course, is supposed to be able to come just writing a poem. The muse screws.

PLAYBOY: The muse screws? Is that true of you? Can you come just writing a poem?

JONG: My head comes-in a manner of speaking.

PLAYBOY: At least your poetry has brought you other rewards. Loveroot, your latest volume of poems, made publishing history of a sort by being named a Book-ofthe-Month Club alternate selection this

JONG: I hope all the people who buy my poems simply because they think I'm an outrageous celebrity will really discover they like poetry.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as an outrageous celebrity?

JONG: Well, you see me, you see the way I live. I'm not an outrageous person at all; I live rather quietly. But certainly that's not my image. I'm shocked by some of the things I read about myself in print. I begin to sympathize more and more with people like Eisenhower, who never made a statement to the press that you could understand. Therefore, nothing he said could be held against him. But certainly I can't restructure my whole personality because now I'm the subject of interviews. It would go against everything I stand for. I am outspoken. I am candid. And if an interviewer is out to get me, I will come out sounding awful. I didn't understand at first that such people are directing their hostility at Erica, the commodity, not at Erica, the person-who is five years old inside, insecure and scared in the middle of the 202 night like everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Why should Erica Jong, the famous author, feel insecure?

JONG: Fame can make you insecure. I mean, if your status can change so radically that people who previously would not even return your phone calls are now sucking up to you, asking you to lunch, dinner, breakfast, bed, you have to develop a tremendous sense of insecurity about the world. At a time like that, you need your friends more than ever and you find out who your friends really are. PLAYBOY: So who are they?

JONG: Special people, people whose values are real. That's one of the things I like about Henry Miller, that his values are real. He will treat as equals a famous writer and some kid who has never published anything. He will be interested in both of them.

PLAYBOY: How did your friendship with Miller begin?

JONG: It all started when he wrote me a letter after having read Fear of Flying. He wrote, "You have written a female version of Tropic of Cancer. You have done for women in your book what I did for men in Tropic of Cancer." He raved on about the book and then he said, "Use any portion of this letter you wish with your publishers. Xerox it as many times as you want; send it anywhere you want." And as if that weren't enough, he wrote another letter to the publisher, saying the same thing. I was absolutely knocked out by his tremendous generosity. But Henry is like that. I first met him in person when I flew out here last fall to work on the screenplay of Fear of Flying, and since then, his house has been like a home to me. There are certain people who never are spoiled by fame, who never become aloof and who always remain folks. Henry Miller is like that, Anne Sexton was one of those. Actually, Anne and I saw each other only a few times, but we corresponded a lot and there was instant rapport. There are certain people in this world whom you meet and know you love, know that you could call them in the middle of the night and talk about anything. Anne was that kind of person; a very vulnerable lady and totally without any of the protective coloration of fame. I miss her.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt low enough to do yourself in, as Anne Sexton did?

JONG: Yes-but I don't think I'm a potential suicide. I identify with suicides; I could write about one. I know what they're feeling and I know why they want to shut off the world. They just feel so much pain that taking each breath is painful. I think that's what happened to Anne. But I don't think that I would ever actually do it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

JONG: Perhaps because I tell myself,

"Well, the depression will lift. They always do. Ride it out." Perhaps because I think it's a terrible waste and because at just those times in my own life when it seemed that everything was falling apart, suddenly things got better. All last summer and fall, I was as low as I have ever been. I thought there was nothing to look forward to. I thought about suicide. I was in constant turmoil, partly brought on by the fact that my marriage was dying and I didn't have the guts to admit it to myself. So I just sat there immobilized, in pain. And then it all came together for me.

PLAYBOY: What pulled you out of it?

JONG: A couple of things. Making the decision to dissolve the marriage. Learning to live with the demands put on me by this whole fame thing; realizing that I was really very lucky to be able to do my own work and make a living at it, to be able to choose my friends from the people I really loved and not have to kiss ass to anybody.

The assumption is, I think, that what happens when you become "famous"and I always want to use that word in quotes, because it really doesn't mean anything-is that people expect you to be different. A lot of friends drop away for that reason. J.F.K. is supposed to have made a statement about that that was marvelously quotable. One of his friends said, "Well, now that you're President, Jack, you're not going to have time for your old friends." And he said, "Oh, yes I am. The White House is a terrible place to make new friends." I think that's true of fame, also. Fame is a terrible place to make new friends, 'cause you never know who's asking you for what, I mean, you never know whether the man who's making himself so charming wants to publish your new book or wants to take you to bed or just likes you as a human being. And that's kind of sad, because fame is not one of the things that really matter.

PLAYBOY: What is?

JONG: Well, in the cosmic scheme of things, how hot you are today, or whether your picture is on the cover of a magazine, or how much money you get for the movie rights to your novel, matters not at all. It's nicer to have fame, success, than not to have it, just as it's nicer to be comfortably fixed than poor, but the things that truly matter, and I think will always matter, are: Can you write a poem that will last, like one of Emily Dickinson's poems? Not will they put your picture on the cover of a magazine but can you write something that people will still be reading to each other 100 years from now? Can you really love people, care about people and give yourself to them? Those are the things that matter. And all the rest is total delusion.

THREE LOVE POEMS BY ERICA JONG

TIME ZONES

I start my day when dreams
are strangling you,
your eyelids flutter with the melon breasts
of women too enormous to be true.
You are fucking, muttering, loving
in your dreams;
I am in a taxicab downtown.

And then you wake—and I
sit down to lunch,
bored by another boring interview.
I interview the self I know by heart.
My luncheon partner interviews his dreams.

Meanwhile you pour your soul
into your fingers

to type the night's accumulated dreams.
to then once more I find myself a cab.
The driver drives himself—thinking it's me.

I am moving to a bare house of overlooking the Pacific.
I will furnish it with the mult of my red-bearded, green-eyed with the crushed kaleidoscope

At three o'clock, I find myself alone.
You are running on a beach
under the sun.
You are lying in the glare & seeing me.
I tap the keys to reach you
through the clouds.

& then I go to dinner; you are home writing to me & writing to yourself.
The two are one; we don't require carbons.
I feel your thoughts before you write them down.

& so to bed—I lie there until three—
to phone your midnight bed before I sleep.
I dreamily embrace you through the maze
of multicolored continental cables.

I'd put the telephone between my thighs
or wrap the cords & wires
around my waist
if it would bring you closer
but the time
is wrong, is wrong—
we have to chase the sun
from east to west
before we both come home.

PROPERTY SETTLEMENT

As we bought the furniture we thought it would root us together: every chair would be a child, every mirror a glass for our passion, every painting a patch of cracked wall covered & covered forever.

But now we are moving on— & all our treasured junk which seemed so solid, so unmovable, is like ashes in the fist of a mourner outside the crematorium.

Scatter it over the sea!

I am moving to a bare house on a bluff overlooking the Pacific.

I will furnish it with the multicolored love of my red-bearded, green-eyed lover, with the crushed kaleidoscope of our passion,

& the bottle glass we find along the beach, & the pure unclouded sunlight that we pour over & over each other.

If we don't have a bed,
we will make nourishing love
on the sun-struck kitchen floor.
If we don't have a chair,
we will rock
on each other's thighs.
If we don't have a table,
we will eat out of each other's
delicious bodies.
He will lick honey from my cunt,
& I will cover his cock with jam
& suck it off like a hungry baby.

Take the desk, the analytic couch, the posters we bought in dead Vienna. Take the scholarly journals, the brokerage receipts, the money, the money, the money, & churn your worthless stock.

Put coins in your pocket; they will not buy you love. Make a blanket of bonds & passbooks; they will not keep you warm. Quilt yourself over with checks; they will not bounce for you as I did.

You will be solvent & sane huddled in the coinage of your coldness but I am gone.

THE PUZZLE

They locked into each other like brother & sister, long-lost relations, orphans divided by time.

He bit her shoulder & entered her blood forever. She bit his tongue & changed the tone of his song.

They walked together astonished not to be lonely. They sought their lonelinesses like lost dogs.

But they were joined together by tongue & shoulder. His nightmares woke her; her daydreams startled him.

He fucked so hard he thought he'd climb back in her. She came so hard her skin seemed to dissolve.

She feared she had no yearning left to write with.
He feared she'd such him dry & glide away.

They spoke of all these things & locked together.
She figured out the jigsaw of his heart.

b he unscrambled her b placed the pieces with such precision nothing came apart.







the cocky acid prince back behind bars but also because both he and the Weathermen claimed they had broken him out. The Weathermen, a radical political group of bombers led by Bernardine Dohrn, had sent letters to newspapers and TV stations just after the bust-out claiming that they had "the honor and pleasure of helping Dr. Timothy Leary escape from the POW camp at San Luis Obispo, California." None of them had been arrested.

Tim sent out letters of his own after the escape, from Algeria, and in them he let down his peace-and-love prattle and picked up the revolutionary rhetoric of his wheelmen. "Resist actively," he wrote back, "sabotage, jam the computer-hijack planes-trash every lethal machine in the land . . . shoot to live . . . blow your mind and blow up the controlling systems of the genocidal culture." Then he called the police pigs and warned them that he was "armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or freedom."

The trial lasted over two weeks. When Tim took the stand, he swore that he was tripping when he escaped and that no one had helped him. He said he shinnied along a cable, jumped a 12-foot Cyclone fence and hitchhiked to a supermarket, where he bought a pair of khakis and a fishing hat. That was it, he told

them; no Weathermen, just a lucky run. When they asked him his occupation, he said he was a philosopher and a neurologician and that he'd coined that last word. He also said he was a time traveler from beyond the 20th Century and he was being persecuted for his ideas. But, he said, he was used to it: In other lives, he'd been Socrates and several witches burned at the stake.

The nub of Margolin's defense was that Tim was in a state of involuntary LSD flashback when he ran away. Tim confirmed that by saying most of the time he was not Dr. Timothy Leary. When he was driving a Chevrolet, he said, a fragment of his nervous system was a Chevrolet. Then he turned to the jury and explained in long detail his system of neurologics, a pseudoscientific and philosophical theory that sees man crawling up through seven levels of consciousness to reach his ultimate evolution, which waits somewhere in outer space. Then he told them, "I escape from everything . . . we've got to escape from this planet, from ourselves, or we will be destroyed."

In his final argument, Margolin called Tim an eagle beating his wings against a cage. The jury retired, talked about it for an hour and a half and then pronounced him guilty. Judge Richard Harris added five years to the ten he was serving when he escaped, and this time,

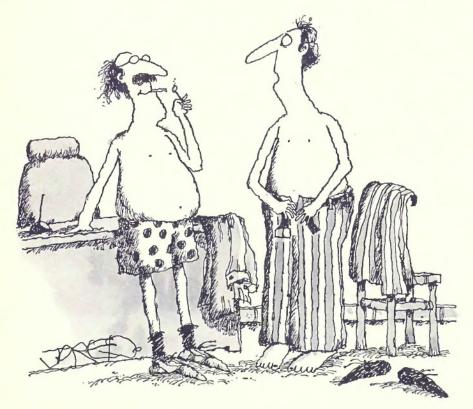
instead of a country-club assignment, they sent Tim off to do hard time at Folsom.

Joanna broke down at the verdict and for the first time since she'd arrived in the country, she avoided newsmen. Then she and her secretary, Betsy Klein, and Dennis packed her things and moved her to an apartment in San Francisco, where she began a devastating nine-month run through the Bay Area underground that was going to leave everyone who had contact with her sorry about it.

Tim began his time in Folsom still talking like Socrates. He made a video tape that was supposed to be shown on TV but never was. In it, he said that millions of people all over the world thought he was the greatest philosopher of the 20th Century. He said that he'd taken LSD over 500 times but that he thought he'd misled a lot of kids and other people about acid. "I don't want anyone to listen to this broadcast and get any other idea than I'm telling you, stay away from LSD. In the first place, 99 percent of what's called LSD isn't LSD and 99 percent of the things said about LSD are totally lies or fabrications." At the end of the interview, he talked about the comet Kohoutek, which was then being promised as the greatest astronomical phenomenon of the century. He said it was a sign from a higher intelligence in deep space that we were visitors on the planet Earth and we weren't going to be here very long. He said he and Joanna had renamed the comet Starseed and that it was a symbol of unity and hope. It turned out to be a comet nobody saw.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, Joanna had changed her name legally from Harcourt-Smith to Leary and opened the Starseed Information Center to collect money and coordinate benefits for the Leary defense fund.

The benefits, mostly in San Francisco and Los Angeles, were always well attended, but they never made much money for the cause. Rock-'n'-roll bands played and gurus spoke of kidnaping and repression, but whatever money was made Joanna squandered-on cocaine and long-distance phone calls to her mother in Spain, on boots from I. Magnin and on jewelry from Cartier's. Finally, her style was too much for Baba Ram Dass, the man who had been Richard Alpert years earlier and was an old Leary friend. He refused to give Joanna \$800 from one of the shows and told her in hard terms that the money was going to Margolin, who hadn't seen a penny for his work, and that she was sabotaging all their efforts to help Tim. Then Allen Ginsberg, the poet, another old Leary friend, went with Joanna to visit him at Folsom. He told Tim, in her presence, that Joanna was blowing precious money and turning off a lot of otherwise



"Was that the only reason you wanted to see me, warden?"

sympathetic people. Tim looked at her and she said, "Oh, you know; he just hates women." It was a reference to Ginsberg's homosexuality and Tim took it as explanation enough from his girl. He told Ginsberg that Joanna was one of the smartest women on the planet and that whatever she did was OK with him. And when "Neurologic" was published as a small blue pamphlet, the by-line read, "Transmitted by Joanna and Timothy Leary."

Joanna continued her romp among the people she thought could keep her going and maybe spring Tim. There were no hippie hangers-on around the apartment or the Starseed office. Joanna didn't like them, called them losers and spent most of her time with rich men, dope dealers, politicos of stature and lawyers who had at one time or another represented Tim or, like Bill Choulos, were even then in the process of filing briefs and appeals in an attempt to free him. April and Dennis were closest to her now. April was acting as secretary and Dennis continued as helpmate, drug errand boy and would-be lover.

In November, Tim was transferred to the medium-security prison at Vacaville, about 60 miles northeast of San Francisco. He'd been there before—not as a prisoner but as a psychologist who had designed the personality inventory he took as they checked him in. Joanna visited him often and sometimes, taped in a yellow notebook, she took him acid. They hugged and cooed in the visitors' room. Tim would take the notebook and write ideas, people to see, projects to start, things for Joanna to follow up.

His spirits were good: He was working on a book called Terra II, which spun out his plan for a multibillion-dollar "sperm ship" that was going to take him and 500 of the most evolved people on earth out through the "Van Allen Belt Womb" into intergalactic space in search of the parental intelligence that had become his obsession since he had gone to prison. He said the problems of the journey were mostly behavioral, not technical. New patterns of interaction would have to be worked out for the huge crew of Terra II to replace the petty ways people treated one another on this planet, new forms that would transcend the silly, obsessive fear games people play with one another.

In December 1973, one of the oldest games of all reared up out of secrecy and changed everything. In pretrial discovery proceedings in a drug case, lawyer Michael Kennedy found Dennis named as the free-lance narc who had set his client up for the bust.

Then in January, Dennis signed a statement for Tim's then-current lawyers, Choulos and Kent Russell of the Melvin Belli firm, elaborating some of the details of his cooperation with the Federal narcs:

I, Dennis Martino, am 27 years old and I am currently living in San

T.G.I.F

Thank Goodness It's Fridays. Every day of the week.



Outrageous style, brilliant design, wonderful to hold. Fridays is the new, filter-tipped little cigar that gives you real flavor, genuine taste, a slimmer, longer shape, every day of the week.

New slimmer, longer Fridays. T.G.I.F.

Francisco, California. At or about Thanksgiving time 1973, I first approached Dr. Leary's attorneys at the request of Joanna Leary. I communicated with them the details of my undercover activities, which are summarized below. . . . During Dr. Leary's exile from the United States, I lived with him in Algeria, Switzerland, Austria and Afghanistan, thereby gaining his complete confidence.

On or about January 16, 1973, I was arrested in Afghanistan contemporaneously with Dr. Leary's abduction. Although I was not officially charged, I was told by James Senner of the American embassy that I could only leave Afghanistan by contacting Mr. Burke in the Justice Department of the embassy. Mr. Burke indicated that I would be permitted to return to the United States if I consented to become an informant for the BNDD

I consented to this arrangement and was assigned a contact agent in Los Angeles. However, upon my arrival, I was again arrested at the Los Angeles airport, jailed in special custody in the informant block of the Hall of Justice and then approached three days later by my contact. This individual indicated that I could secure my release from custody and have all passport charges dropped if I would consent to assist as an undercover informer. Part of my assignment was to gain the confidence of the Leary defense team and to let my BNDD superiors "know what's going on with that [escape] trial." . . .

I periodically reported for debriefings to narcotics officers during the pendency of the escape trial. On at least some occasions, members of the Orange County district attorney's office were present when I discussed what I had heard at the San Luis Obispo home being rented by Dr. Leary's defense team.

Furthermore, during the trial, I was asked to place a phone call to Joanna Leary and to discuss the trial with her. The phone call was recorded without Mrs. Leary's consent and was placed from the offices of the Orange County district attorney. After completing the conversation, I asked my superiors whether there were many other tapes relating to Leary and I was informed that "there's a library."

When he was through, Dennis swore it was all true and signed it.

When Tim and Joanna found out and confronted Dennis, he pleaded his case the way every rat in history has pleaded it: They think I have been spying on you, my friends, but really, I have been peep-206 ing on them. I have studied their ways and know that the only chance to beat them is to pretend to join them.

Joanna believed him, saw a new kind of survival wisdom in what he said. She had nearly run her game out, anyway. She was close to broke and had, one by one, alienated the people who could have helped her raise more money. Most of the lawyers had long since deserted her for lack of payment and Tim was no closer to freedom than on the rainy day they brought him back. Now Dennis, her confidant and almost lover, a longtime innercircle tripper, a 5'3" hustler with a silver tongue and bright eyes, was telling her that what looked like treachery was really a plan.

Tim had been under pressure from the prosecutors to talk since they picked him up. He had specific information on the Brotherhood and the Weathermen that they wanted, but, more than that, he had pieces they were missing-little pieces that probably no other person could have. The symbolic weight of breaking him, turning him into a fink, into someone who would trade other bodies for his own, was not lost on the other side. You hold the keys to your cell in your own pocket, they told him. Talk and you walk.

He had refused whatever vague offers of special treatment or even freedom they had made to him by the end of 1973. But now, in the first month of the new year, with his perfect love discouraged and desperate and his best friend a rat, he was close to going over.

In January, he was subpoenaed to testify for the defense in the trial of Nick Sand, an acid chemist for the Brotherhood. All charges against Tim in connection with Brotherhood activities had been dropped by now for lack of evidence and the Sand defense counted on him as a helpful witness. He'd agreed that he could help and he was shipped to a holding cell in the San Francisco Hall of Justice to wait to be called. Joanna visited him there and put him through the kind of ordeal the Government never could have. At one point, she began to cry. "They tell me you can free yourself," she said and then went berserk. She began hitting herself in the head with the telephone receiver and yelling that if he was the greatest scientist of the 20th Century, he would stop her bleeding, end their separation. Very soon after that, Tim sent word to the Sand defense that what he might say on the stand would not be beneficial to their case. He was sent back to Vacaville without testifying.

When he got there, he sent a telegram to the Federal narcs in Southern California, saying that he wanted to help them with their "drug-education program."

In the four months that followed, the Feds considered the game. There was going to be much internal scrambling in the Justice Department over how the case should be handled and by whom.

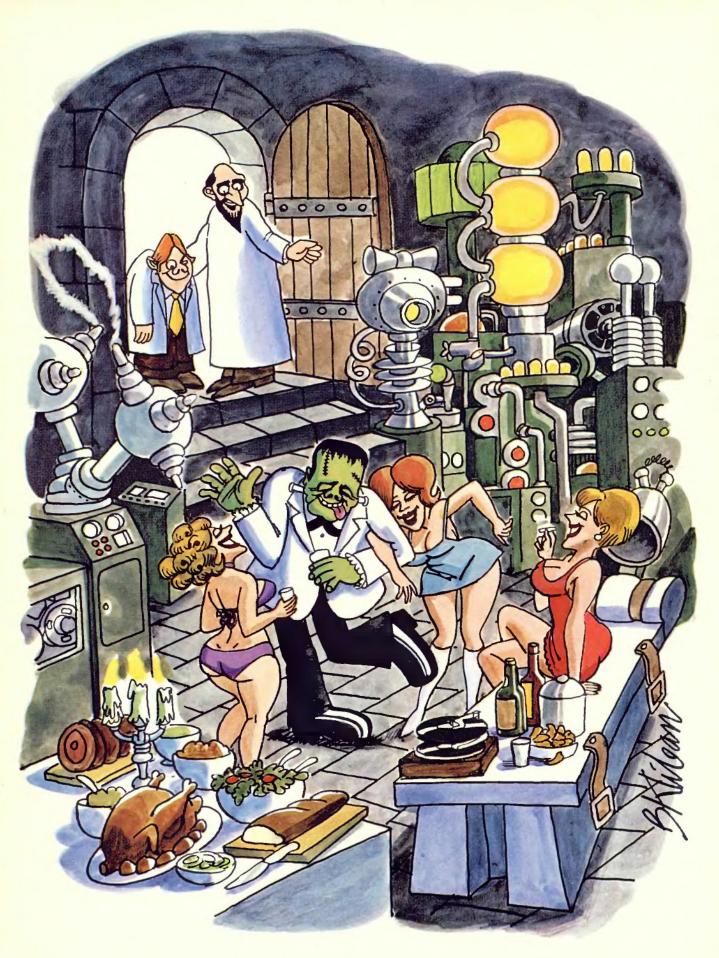
While Tim waited for word, he began a series of encounter-type interviews with a prison psychologist named Wesley Hiler. He rambled on about neurologics and space travel, teleportation and time in prison. He put down his old friends, Ginsberg and Ram Dass, he talked about love. Now and then, he dropped a melancholic plurase or train of thought that betrayed his real fear-that he was going to end his days behind bars. Between state and Federal charges-two roaches in Laguna Beach and an ounce of grass smuggled across the Texas border from Mexico and his escape—he stood to be in jail until he was 71 years old.

Meanwhile, Dennis, Joanna and April were busy playing both ends against the middle. Dennis continued to report to the men he called his superiors, while Joanna cast about for money in the hope that something bold would spring Tim as it had once before.

In March, the three of them moved to a cabin on the side of Mount Tamalpais and Joanna learned that her uncle, Stanislaw Ulam, a distinguished nuclear scientist and one of the fathers of the H-bomb, was a candidate for the prestigious Enrico Fermi Award. When Joanna learned that a cash prize went with the award, she visited Ulam and made a series of phone calls that built finally to vague threats on his wife if he didn't give her \$25,000 to help free Tim. Ulam stalled and the plan died, but only because a kinkier plot involving more money had begun to congeal.

Joanna had met a rich and mysterious man named Walter. He was involved in drug deals, false papers and gunrunning and he introduced her to a mildmannered Buddhist, one of the Bay Area's largest acid chemists. His name was Frank. Joanna convinced him that she knew people at the Sandoz laboratory in Switzerland, where LSD had been developed. She said she knew Hoffman, the original acid chemist, and that she had a girlfriend in San Francisco whose uncle worked at the Swiss lab and could get quantities of ergotamine tartrate, a central component of LSD and one of the most difficult to get. Frank told her that if the quality and the source were what she said, he wanted five kilos. They agreed on \$60,000 and arranged a meeting at the Hyatt Regency. They met in the bar and Joanna told him that the Swiss chemist's niece, a girl named April, was waiting in a room at the Holiday Inn near Chinatown with the ingredient.

In fact, they had taken four rooms at the hotel: April was in the first, where they would take Frank with his briefcase full of money. Next door, a girl was waiting to hold the elevator at the right moment. There were two other rooms, several floors up. The suitcase Frank was buying was in one. Across the hall, a fourth confederate waited behind a door



"Look, Igor, the monster lives! . . . and not badly, either!"

with a peephole to signal Frank's arrival at that room to the others downstairs. Dennis waited out front in April's car with the motor running.

Joanna arrived with Frank, took him to April's room and introduced them. Then she broke out some French champagne and though the young Buddhist protested that he never drank, she and April convinced him that there was celebrating to do. After a few glasses, he was having a little trouble forming his words. April asked to see the money. He opened the briefcase and April and Joanna counted the packets of \$100 bills: 30 of them, 20 new hundreds in each and an extra bill on top, in case he'd miscounted. They laughed and hugged him, gave him the key to the upstairs room and then, with their eyes full of the promise of sex, they told him to come back after he'd picked it up.

The plan had been for them to wait for a phone call from upstairs to say that Frank was in the room before they made their run. But he left his coat and that panicked them. They gave him a minute and made their dash. The elevator was waiting and they were still stuffing money into their purses as they scrambled on. Downstairs, they went through the lobby on a dead run, piled into the car and Dennis drove them straight to a house in Berkeley.

Upstairs, Frank found an aluminum suitcase with a combination lock on it. Joanna had forgotten to give him the combination. But while the three of them were together, they had talked about Aleister Crowley and the magic number 777. He tried it as a guess. It worked and for his trouble and his money, he found the typescript of "Neurologic," along with some prayer paraphernalia and holy bells from the East. Joanna would say later that they hadn't really ripped him off, that the manuscript alone was priceless.

Tim knew about the plan as it evolved and he loved it. When he got word that it had come off perfectly, he asked Joanna to send him \$60 for himself and \$60 for a friend. He was still waiting for official acceptance of his offer to fink and, meanwhile, money meant options. His spirits rose.

Joanna immediately scored a quarter ounce of coke in Berkeley. She and Dennis and April drove back to San Francisco and took a lavish room at the Hyatt Regency. The next day, Joanna called the Starseed answering service to see if Frank had called. And in his voice she heard this: "You're free as the wind: fly like a bird. How could I have done such an honored thing?"

They were elated: They had ripped off a man on whom they had a bunch of damaging information. They were safe.

For two weeks, they snorted and shopped for cameras and jewelry, stereos 208 and clothes. Every night, they are out.

The three of them were getting their coke from a San Francisco dealer named Charley DeWald and they were using close to five grams a day. It was costing them almost \$2500 a month.

Joanna needed a public explanation for her sudden windfall, so she called her mother, Maryita, who lived in Marbella. Spain, and who Joanna had always claimed was wealthy. She and Dennis picked Maryita up at the airport in a rented Rolls-Royce and took her to the new house that they had rented, this one on Mount Tamalpais also, with naturalwood decks, a huge tub, rented furniture and a spectacular view. Mother stayed a month.

During that time, Joanna took the Rolls to Vacaville for visits and she and Tim plotted and schemed and waited for word from the Feds. But even with the money, there was a dead-end feeling to their plans. Joanna and Dennis were growing close in ways that were finally going to leave both Tim and April out, Still, there was to be one last bizarre fantasy that all of them chased before Tim took the last part of his fall.

At the end of March, a mountain man, big, grubby and carrying a gun in his pack, showed up at the Starseed office and said he was from a family of people who wanted Tim out of jail and were willing to die to accomplish it. Joanna and April took him to Enrico's, where he hypnotized Joanna and asked if she was willing to die to free Tim. She said she was. Then she and April took him to the house. Over the days he stayed, eating with his fingers and refusing to bathe, they planned an escape that Tim would love and that they truly believed would work.

April had been clipping flying-saucer reports out of the newspapers for Tim. She believed that she had seen one herself years earlier in Laguna Beach, and with the spirit of Terra II still in their heads, they decided that if they could get two helicopters, and pilots good enough to fly them, they could spring Tim. Some midnight, the mountain man and his group were going to plant explosives around the prison and on signal set them off as a diversion. Then over the gentle hills that surround Vacaville would swoop one of the copters, with huge mirrors on the bottom and weird lights all over it to make it look like a UFO. While the guards fled in preternatural fear, it would hover, land on the tennis courts, Tim would jump aboard and fly away. The second copter was to be painted with Air Force insignia and was to buzz the prison as if it had come from nearby Travis Air Force Base to give chase. Joanna said she wanted to be naked in the UFO copter, so that she and Tim could make love as soon as he jumped on. The mountain man argued that whoever was in the UFO copter had to be able to use a gun. Joanna insisted,

said she'd go naked except for a machine gun. Dennis was to ride shotgun in the other copter and April was to wait some miles away with a Porsche in which Tim and Joanna would race to the ocean, where a boat would pick them up and run them out of U. S. territorial limits.

Joanna had between \$25,000 and \$30,000 left, and since the San Luis Obispo escape had cost only \$25,000, she believed it was enough. But finally they couldn't stand the mountain man; he began to scare them. The plan collapsed of its own absurdity.

April was cooking and cleaning and running errands and by the middle of April, things in the house had become worse than awkward. Dennis and Joanna were drawing away from April, and though she was angry and sad, she was taking care of herself. Every few nights, she would walk to the bottom of the hill, where their coke contact would pick her up in his Jaguar, and the two of them would drive to the beach and make out. On those evenings, when she got home, Dennis and Joanna would grill her and shout at her. Though they didn't want her around, they were afraid of how much she knew and might tell if they threw her out.

Dennis and Joanna made two trips to Los Angeles around the third week in April to talk to his drug-agent bosses about the logistics of full cooperation from Tim and what he might expect in return. When they came back from the second trip and visited Tim, he took his yellow notebook and divided it into three parts: Love, Life and Freedom. They went back to the house that night with the Freedom portion filled with about 15 names. They were people Tim was willing to trade for himself: his wife, Rosemary, some Weathermen, some lawvers who had handled his cases, political activists who had come too close and said too much to him or to Joanna.

Of all the names on the list, the most important to the Feds was Rosemary's. She had been hiding where she couldn't be found since she and Tim had split up and she was the only one who could give firsthand testimony as to who arranged the connection and passed the money to the Weathermen for Tim's San Luis Obispo escape. The prosecutors believed. and Tim had told them, that it was a prominent San Francisco lawyer, active in the National Lawyers Guild and for years a fighter in unpopular and radical causes. But Tim had been in jail when the escape was arranged and only Rosemary could finger him for sure. And time was running out: In September of 1975, the statute of limitations would be up and no one involved in the escape, except Tim, could ever be tried

Very close to the time Tim made his list, a friend of April's named Donna, also a close friend of Rosemary's, called the house. It was possible that she knew where Rosemary was. Joanna and Dennis told April that she had to meet with her and get the address. The two of them had lunch in Sausalito and when April told Donna what Dennis wanted, the two of them decided to make up an address in Florida. April took it home with her and the next day Dennis and Joanna flew to Miami, where they were met by Federal agents. Together they raided the ghost address.

April picked them up at the San Francisco airport the next day. Joanna called her a cocksucking bitch and then Dennis slugged her in the stomach and threw her into the back seat. When they got home, April pleaded that her friend had made up the address, that she had no way of knowing. Dennis and Joanna apologized, called her "our little girl" and even invited her to bed with them. She refused.

The next morning, Donna called and Dennis answered the phone. He asked her why she had lied to them. She said that she and April had done it together. And that was it. After a screaming scene, and threats of death if she talked, April left with a few of her things in a cab to stay with Charley DeWald in San Francisco.

By May 25, all decisions had been made. Tim took the code name Charles

Thrush and in great secrecy was moved from Vacaville to Chino, where he could be processed out of the state-prison system and into the hands of Federal authorities who had assigned the notorious witch-hunter of radicals, Guy Goodwin, to shepherd Tim's grand-jury testimony. Goodwin was the man behind the Berrigan indictments and most of the other important Government cases against the radical peace movement. None of the dozen or so highly publicized cases he ran resulted in conviction, but that was never their first purpose. It was more important to Goodwin and his team to gather dossiers on the left and then harass them until they either cooperated or were forced into long costly trials. His bosses in the Justice Department were Robert C. Mardian and Henry Peterson.

Tim refused to see or communicate directly with his friends, but he was sending cryptic messages to everybody: "Nobody should have any secrets anymore.... I'll be out of sight for a while.... I won't hurt anybody... the only people who haven't ripped me off are the Feds...."

According to rumors leaked by the Government, Tim was to be flown from Sandstone Prison in Minnesota to Chicago, where he would testify before the Goodwin grand jury. For some reason, he never testified, although the Government continued to leave the impression that he had. In fact, his trip to Sandstone,

where he was kept in special custody and wore a black bag over his head when moved in sight of the general prison population, may have been punishment for an abortive escape attempt that he and Joanna had planned and almost gone through with in June.

There were many rumors by then that Tim was singing, but no one was sure what he was saying or to whom—or even where he was. Neither the California prison authority nor the Feds would say anything. Tim was in contact with only Dennis and Joanna on the outside and they had pretty well dropped from sight. Almost no one knew for sure where the two of them were, including April, who had spent the weeks with Charley in San Francisco, planning her revenge.

On the evening of June seventh, she and Charley and mysterious Walter drove to the Mount Tamalpais house with the intention of holding Dennis and Joanna at gunpoint while they ransacked the house. No one was home, so robbery turned to burglary: a fur coat Joanna had bought, a stereo, some jewels, sleeping bags and, most important, 15 or so tape recordings, most of which Dennis had made over the course of their bizarre doings. The tapes included telephone calls to and from the house, plans, names of people, details of the cooperation Tim had begun, blackmail and drug deals. The Hiler tapes were there, too, along with

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To do this, we had to make a change: we changed the basic shape of the prophylactic so it would fit you better.

Sensitivity: The change wasn't drastic, but from the shape you know to a slightly contoured shape at the head. We feel this slight change will make Conceptrol Shields conform easier to you, and give you a fit you're not getting from an ordinary prophylactic.

Strength: Conceptrol Shields are made from very thin latex. The thinnest we can possibly use and still maintain our quality control standards.

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Lubrication: They have a special dry lubricant which makes them neater than prophylactics with wet lubricants. They're also available non-lubricated.

Conceptrol Shields. Comfortable, strong and allow sensitivity.

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the yellow notebook and Joanna's address books. The next day, they phoned Dennis to say that he could have the recordings and address books back for \$20,000.

They arranged a meeting at the Townehouse Hotel in San Francisco a few days later. When April met Joanna in the lobby and asked for the money, an army of Federal agents and San Francisco cops closed in on her. Charley was upstairs in a room with the suitcase that held all but four of the most damaging tapes; and a few minutes after they pinched April and sat her in a patrol car, they dragged him through the parking lot, hands cuffed behind him, yelling "Mum's the word." The police took them downtown, booked them both for attempted extortion and April for possession of heroin, cocaine. marijuana and a deadly weapon. She had a little butane torch in her purse. When the San Francisco cops were through with them, they were driven across the bay and booked for burglary in Marin County, where they both eventually pleaded guilty. The four tapes April had held back were never found.

At the end of August, the Government admitted to The New York Times, through a Justice Department spokesman, that Leary was cooperating with Federal authorities in the hope of making a deal. They also said he was in Chicago testifying before a grand jury about the Weathermen. They claimed that Leary was filling in a lot of gaps for them and that the reason for the heavy secrecy and security was that they had information that his life was in danger. They never said who might want to kill him, but it was a theme they were going to hang on to in order to manage the story, leak it on their own terms and in their own time. Over the months that followed, they would change the story as to whose custody he was in, they would deny that they had him and then take the denial

On September fifth, the first really ugly result of the Thrush testimony hit. George Chula, an Orange County lawyer who had represented Tim in his original marijuana bust, and who had helped him for no money at other times, was himself busted in Orange County. First reports said that the indictment was the result of Leary's testimony the day before in front of an Orange County grand jury in which he had accused Chula of smuggling hashish to him while he was awaiting arraignment for his escape trial. The testimony itself was still secret, however, and no one really knew what Tim had said, or Joanna-reports said she had testified, too.

With Chula's arrest, the paranoia that had been building among Tim's old friends and associates and among the people who had known and run with Joanna reached a breaking point and two 210 weeks later, a committee called People

Investigating Leary's Lies (PILL) held a press conference in San Francisco.

Ken Kelley, a San Francisco journalist/ activist, called the whole thing "the death of the Sixties." He was most responsible for putting the group together and whether or not it was the death of those years, it was certainly a flashback. There were over 100 journalists and longhairs, people with sitars and babies, arrogant and pushy television crews and up front a table full of faces from a time when Leary's name fit in the same breath with the Beatles and peace and love. Jerry Rubin was there, in a velvet coat and bow tie and one gold carring. He hadn't been in front of the cameras in three years and said he was sorry to be there now. Kelley sat next to him, then Ram Dass, Ginsberg and on the end, Jack Leary, Tim's 25-year-old son.

Kelley said PILL was lashed together to dispel the rumors and to condemn the pressure brought by the Government on prisoners to convince them to fink on their friends. He compared it to the McCarthy era and the Rosenberg affair. He called Guy Goodwin a "swinster" and said he himself had been before one of his grand juries in the Midwest a few years before. He said it was like being in the court of the Queen of Hearts: no lawyer, no appeal, no right to refuse selfincrimination. Before he introduced Rubin, he said that although "the fantasies of an acid-addled mythomaniac like Leary are easily impeached in a court of law . . . no one who has had any contact with Leary over the years should be surprised if an FBI agent comes knocking at the door "

Then Rubin read the facts as they knew them up to that time. It was a loose chronology and they didn't know much for sure. Chula had been indicted on the basis of Tim's and Joanna's testimony. Tim had been completely out of touch for months and there were rumors that he had made a video tape in which he named names and pointed the finger at old friends. Rubin said one theory was that 'Tim's spirit had been killed but that a phantom Tim lived on, cooperating with his executioners. But most prisoners don't break, he said, and he knew from personal experience that Tim never had a firm grasp on where truth ended and fantasy began. He finished with this: "He is trying to give his jail cell to someone else. . . . I feel sick for the death of Tim Leary's soul."

Ginsberg began by chanting Om for a couple of minutes. He'd written what he called "Om Ah Hum: 44 temporary questions on Dr. Leary." They ran a mood range from serious to bitchy, worried to funny: "Trust. (Should we stop trusting our friends like in a hotel room in Moscow?) . . . Are all my serious prefaces to his books and imperious antithought-control declarations reduced to rubbish? . . . Doesn't he recently hear of

voices from outer space, does he want to leave earth like a used-up eggshell? . . . Are not the police, especially the drug police. corrupt and scandal-ridden, Watergate persons like Liddy and Mardian connected with his long persecution? . . . Is Joanna Harcourt-Smith, his one contact spokes-agent, a sex spy, agent provocateuse, double-agent CIA hysteric, jealous tigress, or what? . . . What was Joanna's role in isolating him from decade-old supporters, using up crucial legal-defense money? . . . Does Leary see himself as spiritual President like Nixon, and is he trying to clean the karma blackboard by creating a hippie Watergate? Will he be pardoned by the next guru? . . . '

Ram Dass rambled and hedged and held out that Tim had always been more of a rascal than a scoundrel and that he wanted to reserve judgment. But if he and Ginsberg were holding out, Jack. Tim's son, wasn't.

Everyone in the room sat pretty much stunned as he took the mike and said. "I know that there's a lot of people who have always supported my father and still do and don't believe that he could ever do anything wrong. I hope this blind devotion, which I don't think he ever deserved, doesn't make people believe that he hasn't become one of the police. Most public figures have two lives-one public and one private. Timothy certainly did. . . . As incredible as it might seem for many people to realize that Timothy has become a Government informer, his action comes as no surprise to me. I know Timothy Leary lies when he thinks it will benefit him. He finds lies easier to control than the truth. . . . Timothy has shown that he would inform on anybody he can to get out of jail, and it would not surprise me if he would testify about my sister and myself if he could. He had already implicated my sister in his escape. Knowing this, I have avoided him in prison. . . . As for his new girlfriend, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, we know few actual facts concerning her status. Some people are convinced she has been a police agent all along. My immediate reaction to her was that she is crazy."

Crazy, maybe; mean, for sure. When the grand-jury testimony against Chula was revealed, it was Joanna's that had done the heavy damage, not Tim's-although he had talked, too. But it was Dragon Lady, Joanna D'Amecourt of Washington, D.C., Joanna Tambacopoulos of Athens, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, now Leary, who had set up the Orange County lawyer. Tim knew about it and if some of his old friends at the press conference were trying to believe that he was just playing cosmic prankster again, it was only because they had not yet seen the words of testimony.

IN SUPERIOR COURT IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY

OF ORANGE, THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA VS. GEORGE CHULA, SEPTEMBER 4, 1974.

Joanna sat in front of 19 grand jurors and answered the questions an assistant D.A. asked her.

Approximately June 16 of this year, did you have a phone call with Mr. Chula?

Yes, I did . . . I called him . . . told him that I was coming to Orange County from San Francisco on Monday and that I would very much like to meet with him.

At the time you made this call, were you working in conjunction with investigators from the district attorney's office?

Yes, I was.

And other officers from the Drug Enforcement Agency?

Yes. I was.

After the phone call, did you have occasion to meet with Mr. Chula?

Yes, I told him I was checking into the Saddleback Inn and he told me he was going to call around eight o'clock. . . . We got in touch and 30 minutes later he showed up in my room. . . . I told him that Timothy was at Terminal Island and that was the reason I was now in Southern California. . . . Then the telephone rang and it was the investigator.

What investigator are you talking

I think it was Dick Stewart.

All right, this is a person who is employed by the DEA?

Yes, sir.

And he called while Mr. Chula was in the room?

Yes.

Where was he calling from?

He called from the next room.

So there were investigators in the room immediately adjoining your own?

Yes.

What next happened?

[Chula] pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket and he approached the night stand and he said, "Would you like some cocaine, girl?" So I said quite loudly, "Oh, cocania----"

Cocania? What is that?

That is cocaine in Spanish, you know, I was just, I was very amazed, I didn't ask him for anything. . . . Then I said he was a generous man and he said. "Let's make some lines." . . . Then he asked, "Do you have something sharp so I can cut it?" . . . So I gave him a photograph . . . of Timothy and myself that we had taken in the afternoon at Terminal Island. . . . He takes



"I've got to try to bag a duck this time, darling. Edith is getting suspicious."

the photograph and starts tapping on the white substance . . . tap, tap, tap, you know what I mean. . . . He made three very quite thick lines. . . . And then he gets up and says, "Let's do this in style," and pulls out a hundred-dollar bill. . . . Then he says, "Put it in your nose and take it." . . . So I pretend to aspirate a little bit and I left him the rest and then I told him I would like to keep some for later . . . and I asked him at that point, "Do you know how to fold a cocaine paper? because I don't." . . . So he made it into this flat piece of paper and then he said, "Keep it in a safe place," and I said, "Well, I will put it in my passport, because if something happens to me, that is the last thing they will take," and he said, "No, that is not a safe place," so then I put it in a brown-sucde purse-

I would show you a clear-plastic envelope with a white piece of paper bearing several initials on it and ask you if you could recognize——

Yes, that appears to be the piece of paper.

Did you place those initials on it here?

Yes, those are definitely my initials... So then we leave the room and go to his car, which is a black Fiat... And as soon as we start driving... he pulled out a blue Kleenex and said, "Let's have a joint."... Then I said, "Where did you get this?" because I knew he had been to Mexico, and he said, "Oh, it is Mexican. of course," and I said, "Did you bring it in with you?" and he said, "Yes," and I said, "It must be quite easy for lawyers to smuggle dope." and he said, "Not so easy as that."

I think you are at the point where you are about to arrive at the restaurant.

We sat down in a booth and he introduced me to the owner . . . and then I got up and went to the phone and I called the Saddleback Inn and let the police representatives know at what location we were. . . . I went back. . . . Then I got up again and went to the ladies' room and I met with officer Carol Nease and I gave

her the cocaine in the little paper that I just identified. . . .

Four days later, Joanna repeated the setup, at the Newporter Inn, again with Orange County and Federal narcs in the next room. Only this time, she gave Chula a Newporter postcard to cut up the coke.

She testified that on July second she met with him again and this time asked him to get her a half ounce of cocaine and gave him \$700 of police money to make the buy. Just before he was to deliver the powder, he got an anonymous phone call saying that four police cars had been following the man in the black Fiat and that he was going to be arrested that night. Chula drove to Joanna's motel and asked flat out if she had anything to do with the setup. She said he was just paranoid because he was snorting so much coke and when she told the grand jury about it, she added, "I took this opportunity to tell him that it was very bad to take this much cocaine, or any cocaine, because it just makes you see life in a crazy way." When they asked her why she was testifying, she said:

Because the first year I spent in this country, I met a lot of people who were part of the drug culture. . . . I found 99.9 percent of them to be dishonest, lying people.

Are you interested in helping Mr. Leary?

Sure, but if I didn't like the people I was working with, I wouldn't do it.

You are talking about the police agencies you are working with?

You

During Tim's testimony, he told the jurors that he was a psychologist and a philosopher, but he left out the stuff about Socrates this time. He said he was testifying voluntarily and that on January 30, 1973, just after he had been brought back to America, Chula had given him a chunk of hashish in the hallway of the Orange County courthouse and that he had eaten it. He said Chula did the same thing the next day in the visitors' room at the jail. When they asked him, he said that he liked Chula and bore him no animosity. "I have moral judgments," he told them, "but no emotions. I feel a certain responsibility for ending what I think is a coverup . . . and I feel that lawyers . . . I call them two-ply lawyers . . . with their left hands are very friendly and in some cases profit by and encourage and sponsor activities which are illegal and then, on the other hand, they defend the people with whom they have been collaborating and cooperating." Then he gave them the nut of his rationalization for becoming Charles Thrush: "I think that we are at a time now in this country when everybody has to tell the truth. . . . If Watergate hadn't happened, I probably wouldn't be here today. . . . I feel no shame or guilt for the things I have done in the past.... I think the truth should be open for everyone to see."

Even the grand jury didn't believe they could sell *that* coming from Tim Leary. They indicted Chula for possession of the marijuana and cocaine Joanna had told them about.

Through the fall of 1974, the game continued on its crooked, hidden way: The Feds said nothing, Tim kept his deadman's silence, Joanna and Dennis lay low.

Ginsberg became convinced that Tim was being held incommunicado against his will and that his testimony was the product of some horrible brain beating, part of the Government's grand plot to bust and harass the most daring thinkers in the society. He wrote to Tim, asking for a note that he was OK and acting freely; he wrote to Senators and Representatives; he badgered the DEA and the FBI for word; and when none of that came to anything, he prepared to file a writ in an attempt to force the Feds to produce Tim in open court.

At the end of December, Tim did send a letter, but it was to the lawyer Bill Choulos, not to Ginsberg. In it he said he was fine and happy and that he was satisfied with the evolution of his legal situation and that he wished Choulos and everybody else who thought they were helping him would just let it be, leave him alone.

In January of 1975, Chula was found guilty on a reduced charge of marijuana possession and was sentenced to 45 days in the Orange County Jail. At the same time, rumors and a hoax telephone call placed Tim in a safe house near Sacramento and predicted that his parole was imminent.

Then, in late January, Tim was subpoenaed to testify at a California personnel-board hearing that was to decide the official fate of Wesley Hiler, the psychologist who had made the tape recordings with Tim at Vacaville the spring before. Hiler had been fired for showing transcripts of the tapes to a magazine editor and he was appealing the action on the grounds that his original agreement with Tim had included the possibility of publication. The state said that Hiler had violated Tim's privacy. Joanna and April were subpoenaed, too.

Late on the night of January 26, Tim was delivered from Folsom, where he had been in special custody—probably in a house on the prison grounds—to Vacaville, through the back gate. In the morning, he was led by a small army of Federal agents into the closed hearing, well dressed and tan, according to Hiler and his attorney. He testified honestly, they said. But it didn't do Hiler any good: His firing was upheld. Tim sank back into custody.

Joanna lied when it was her turn, they said. She had been in Europe with Dennis and the two of them had returned so that she could appear. They stayed a few weeks and then flew back, to Joanna's mother's house in Marbella. Before they left, Dennis told friends and a reporter that he and Joanna were the perfect love duet now and that Tim was out of it and a fool.

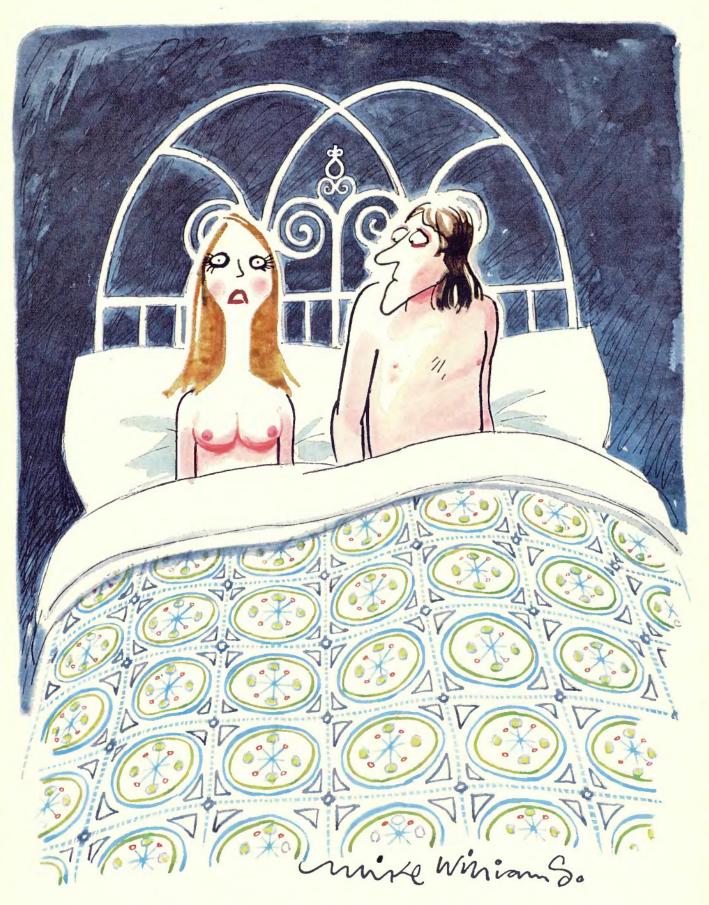
Three weeks after the hearing, the authorities began to show their gratitude in the way Leary had hoped for. On February 28, the California state-prison system officially discharged him, after 31 months, into the hands of Federal marshals. He still had ten years of a Federal sentence for marijuana possession hanging over him and a minimum of 18 months to serve on it before he could walk. By Federal law, the only one who could reduce or pardon those months was Gerald Ford, and since that was unlikely, the best his jailers could do was to start him serving his time as soon as possible. The Justice Department said he was in an undisclosed Federal penal institution, the DEA said he was in custody of Federal marshals, rumor said that he was in Los Angeles for a while. In March, an old Leary friend, Jaakov Kohn, had a visit from FBI agents who asked him if he would like to take a call from Tim. Kohn said yes and Tim phoned to say that he wished his friends would cooperate with the FBI, that Ginsberg was being a Jewish mother in his efforts to help and that he was just trying to rip off the first interview, and, again, that the Feds were nice people and were treating him well.

No one has heard another word from him,

Two weeks after Leary's call to Kohn urging cooperation and honesty, Dennis Martino was found by a Spanish maid, dead in a cheap Malaga hotel room, where his body had lain for several days. He was 29.

First reports said it was an overdose of alcohol and Valium. Then a Spanish autopsy said it was gastritis and peritonitis: a ruptured appendix. The underground scoffed at both and held it up as rat's karma: what happens to informers when the Government is finished with them. Joanna hid at her mother's, refused to look at the body and said nothing publicly. Dennis was flown back and buried in Southern California.

Whether it was suicide or murder is hard to know. For a reporter who has chased the story for nine months, all things are possible and nothing is for sure. Except maybe this: The game goes on and Dennis died of the game. Which may be better than being its ruined prisoner, somewhere in an undisclosed Federal penal institution.

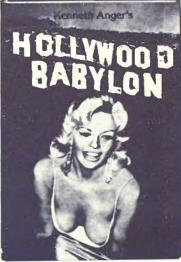


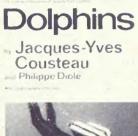
"Before we start, Harvey, I'd just like you to know I'm a vegetarian."













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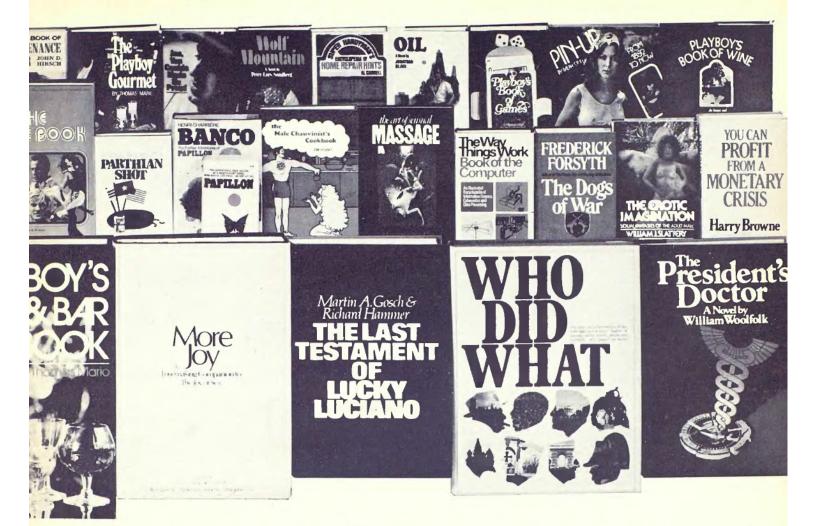
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ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

us either did not or were exceptionally discreet. All was groovy.

(continued from page 144)

and three tents. Each of the tents was a close fit for four souls and their attendant bodies, dirty laundry, flashlights and toothbrushes. If sexual segregation had been our aim, we could have divided ourselves at best into a female tent, a male tent and one tent with three women and one man. If integration had been our aim, we could have decreed two tents with two men and two women in each, and one with one man and three women. Two women, in fact, said that they anticipated enough trouble hacking the physical requirements of an Outward Bound course and didn't want the additional hassle of sleeping in the same tent with men. Two other women said, hell, they didn't give a shit, but that in the interest of sisterly solidarity, they would sleep with the separatists. The rest of us split into a tent with two men and two women, and one with three men and one woman,

Everyone, as far as I know, was pleased. In my own tent were one small, square woman; one small, slim one; one medium-large man who looked like Clark Kent with his shirt on and the Hulk with it off—and myself. I resemble half a cord of firewood, in or out of clothes, and I take up a lot of tent space. But we liked one another, feet in face, graying underwear and all. No squabbles, resentments or spasms of sexual deprivation became obvious. Three of our 12 survivors made sexual arrangements within or without the group, and the rest of

Bathing suits disappeared from general use after about four days, in the following manner: As we returned, windburned, lightheaded and hollow with hunger, from a three-day training voyage in our pulling boat, Dagny handed a note around the boat. It said that we were to be marooned for an indefinite period on a knob of rock off Bartlett Island. We could take two sea bags of the 12 we had brought, the two gallons or so of water we had in our jerry cans, five matches, two plastic tarps and the six mackerel that our staff fisherman had caught while trolling. We landed on our rock, took the bits and pieces we were allowed and cast Dagny off with the

All proved to be sufficient-the tarps, which made a shelter; the matches, which started a fire on the first try; the mackerel, which made a fine fish stew when mixed with the several quarts of clams and mussels we found; a couple of kinds of beach weeds, which made a salad; and some huckleberries, which made dessert, The rock was bountiful, except in bathing-suit material, and, after a starry night, the day was fine. Salad hunting, trying to match living shrubbery with enigmatic line drawings in our Euell Gibbons pamphlets, led to clam digging in the shallows, and clam digging led to private peeling and splashing at spots a dignified

pulling boat. She disappeared.

distance apart along the shore. Then, with almost everyone bobbing and jouncing in the morning air, there seemed no need for distance. The group converged, rather proudly, it seemed to me. There was a good deal of entering the water and emerging from it and of walking about purposefully on the shore rocks. No body contact, of course, but a fair amount of eye-to-eye contact and even some eye-to-body contact. The 11 faces I could see wore a single expression, that of a prospective borrower facing a loan officer and trying to look trustworthy.

After we returned to the permanent camp on Bartlett Island (following the Fellini incident, in which three other men and I swam naked to the pulling boat, which Dagny was trying to land, and rowed her ashore), we found that nudity had flowered among the two other watches. Thereafter most, though not all, of the 36 survivors and six staff members swam naked and took no excessive pains to hide when changing clothes. People stopped trying to look trustworthy. Giddiness passed. Bodies remained intensely interesting, in more or less the way that faces are interesting.

There were a few lumpy people among us. A couple of lumpy women hung back for a day or so and then found the courage to go naked like the rest. I felt relieved. I had not known what to expect, never having been in the presence of a naked lumpy woman nor seen a picture of one. Their bodies looked like bodies.

A four-mile run at 5:30 in the morning hurts for the first ten minutes, which at our sedate pace meant for the first mile. Then clammy shorts, clammy T-shirt and clammy sneakers become warm with fresh sweat, breathing begins to work and legs stop feeling like splintered furniture. If the runner is used to running, his mind floats free, almost as if he were staring out of a train window and dreaming.

It felt good to move through the chill air. Each morning, we ran up a twisting path to a logging road that followed the spine of the island to a cluster of abandoned houses. Those of us who felt lithe and powerful ran an extra mile, down to an old barn and hayfield at the edge of the bay and back to the houses. Then back along the spine and down past our tents to the water. I outlined the plots of novels as I ran the outward leg and witty acceptances of the Nobel Prize for Literature on the return trip. Submersion in Blue Hill Bay, whose temperature was about 50 degrees, cleared my skull of bosh and I ate breakfast warm and mindless as porridge.

The running was easy for me, because I run three or four times a week in the real world. Most of the men had done some running. Most of the women had not, and for them survival was a matter



"If he weren't such a good lay, I'd tell him to go screw himself!"

of getting through the morning run. One or two wept. Several walked. One hid in her tent. Most of them simply ran; they sweat, felt sick, saw visions, went on running, and finally got used to it.

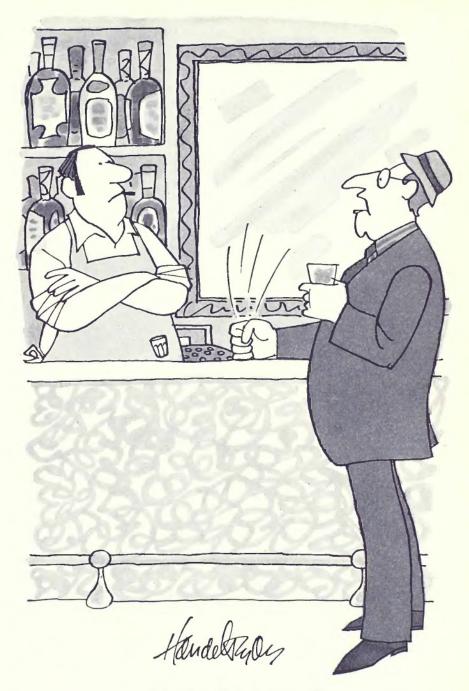
It may be that women are better suited to some kinds of physical exertion-distance running, for instance-than men are. But until girl children are raised with the assumption that this is true, it will always be relatively easy for men and relatively hard for women to go through severe physical training together. One night early in the course, I shared anchor watch with a sad, smudged woman in her early 30s. She had signed up for Outward Bound because she admired the fierce femme lib sisters who said that women should have tough bodies. She couldn't run, she said. She had tried. It made her feel like throwing up. She had had two children and a divorce. Not being able to run made her feel like a failure. A couple of days later, someone ferried her to the mainland and drove her to the bus station at Rockland.

One day, as we were sailing near Bartlett Island, Dagny threw out of the boat the wooden cover of the compass case and yelled, "Man overboard!" We had been drilled; someone threw the life ring. I had the tiller. The wind was light and the heavy pulling boat was sailing sluggishly, but in a little over two minutes I had given the correct orders and we had come about. We drifted toward the ten-inch square of mahogany, yelling encouragement, urging it not to lose heart.

I missed. We ghosted by just out of boat-hook range. I tried to come about again, without enough momentum, and failed. The boat lost way altogether. The cheerful yelling stopped. After the sails had flapped and filled again, we were 250 yards from the life ring, and by the time we had circled slowly back toward it and located the compass cover, some 20 minutes had gone by.

This was rotten performance and it might have mattered. We had seen alarming proof of what exposure can do. A couple of days before, the male watch officer of the Screw-ups (in what seemed to me a brave and stupid display of stoicism) had staged a man-overboard drill by jumping out of his boat. Like our compass cover, he had spent 20 minutes in Blue Hill Bay. When the Screwups fished him out, he was so thoroughly chilled on that August day that he had to spend an hour in a sleeping bag before his body temperature rose enough so that he could talk.

We put in at Bar Harbor one afternoon. One of the men had a dollar or two and he bought each of us an icecream cone. Mine tasted good, but I had been away from civilization for about ten days, which turned out to be precisely the incubation period of a lively



"As a free American, I will not submit to being spied on by the CIA! It will be the FBI or nobody.'

contempt for the world of mercantile survival and three-tiered bellies. I was in a hurry to get out of the harbor. I think the others were, too. Our allegiance in that boat of 13 people now was to our journeying.

The course was split at mid-point by a three-and-a-half-day solo, during which each survivor lived alone, ate what he could forage and made whatever interior journeys seemed good. We took a few matches, a fishhook and line, a couple of tin cans to cook with, a sleeping bag

and a plastic tarp. Dagny kept our wrist watches. Ralph dropped us off, one by one, at isolated spits and coves on Bartlett's far shore. The noise of his outboard faded away.

Solo notes, day two: An ant makes a fantastic free climb up the metal earpiece of my specs, which lie beside my sleeping bag on the pine floor of the land spit where I am camping. He finds nothing there and bustles off. Another ant lugs a pine needle in some direction he seems sure of. I wonder if he knows his business. There are several billion pine 217 needles here, all the same. Why lug one home when home is full of them? Or are they all the same? Do I know my business?

Later, after sleep, I watch the sun set into a fog bank and listen to the chuff of someone's lobster boat on the long line home.

Day three: A sparse collection of raspberries for breakfast, with the usual glasswort and sea blite, and a clump of sheep sorrel. The seals across the cove are barking, or belching, and at the distance of 150 yards, their commotion sounds exactly like my stomach rumbling. It is foggy and moisture drips off the trees.

Day four: I face a breakfast of mussels and don't really want it. But clams and mussels, gathered at low tide and steamed in a number-ten tomato can, are the only sustaining foods I have found large amounts of. Foraging takes time and enforces a humble perspective: A cow must keep its head down. In my days alone. I have eaten:

- · two meals of mussels
- · two meals of clams
- glasswort (in some quantity)
- sea blite (in quantity)
- · sheep sorrel (very little-good but scarce)
- · goosetongue and sow thistle (good, bitter greens when boiled)
- · spruce gum
- · about five blueberries (a bad, late crop here)
- about five gooseberries (blighted)
- · about 25 huckleberries
- · about one half pint of raspberries (good crop but mostly unripe)

My energy level has been low, maybe because of too much sea blite. I've slept a good deal. I wrote a poem, carved an idol to leave in the clearing and generally had a pleasant time. But Outward Bound is designed for teenagers, and at 41 I have learned that a three-and-a-halfday solo isn't long enough to shake my rigidities. Six weeks would be a good solo squat for adults.

The Boston Whaler chugged around the headland with Ralph in it and one of the pulling boats lashed alongside. My fellow tribesmen were jumping up and down in the boat, happy to see me. I don't much like tribal solidarity-it is what keeps the plastic bombs detonating in Palestine and Northern Ireland-but I felt it, just the same.

And so we grubbed and grumbled through the exercises in Outward Bound's bag of tricks, skillfully produced by Ralph and Dagny and the rest of our whimsical captors as if they were random astonishments and not a careful orchestration of challenge and response. We barged about the island with compasses during a humbling day of orienting. We pondered and solved after a fashion the 218 old riddle of how to get 12 people over a

14-foot wall, and in the enjoyable heaving and grunting came to the old realization that it is satisfying to touch other adults in a nonsexual way and that in the real world, where we climb our walls by ourselves, we seldom do so.

But the 14-foot wall did not really stand between us and rescue, and the oak tree in which we spent a night was not (as Dagny wanted us to pretend) rooted in earth awash after a monstrous tidal wave. This was a pity, because we needed commitment. "Shape up, or weaken, die and be eaten" was the choice offered by circumstance to those rugby players plane-wrecked in the Andes, but it wasn't something Dagny could have said with any chance of being believed. One of our troopers, wiry and wrongheaded, spent the oak-tree night climbing down out of the tree, because he was damned if he would roost in an oak on anyone's whim, and then back up again, because he was loyal, then down, then up. He ended up up, arm-weary and loval, but the seed of rebellion had sprouted.

Ralph had told me that prep school kids have no trouble making a strong commitment to Outward Bound. Their older brothers and cousins have done the Hurricane Island course. An Outward Bound pin, in the preppies' world, entitles the owner to a certain respect, the way having fought with the Tenth Mountain Division confers barroom clout on old skiers. Ghetto kids, on the other hand, often haven't heard a word about Outward Bound until some recruiter lays his pitch on them or until some judge says it's either reformatory or 26 days in the pulling boats. Some ghetto kids see the point and some don't. Climb a fuckin' tree, mah fuckin' ass.

Perhaps deliberately, Ralph and the rest had not been very specific about goals. We were outward bound, but in what direction? With what degree of determination? We never agreed. Argument was frequent, lengthy and finally incessant. It got nowhere, and in the end, we did not get far, either.

Debate got a good start one morning when Ralph said that Outward Bound people usually gave one day of each course to some kind of public service. He thought we might help out at the other end of the island, where a caretaker was cleaning out one of several dilapidated farmhouses that had stood empty for years. Muttering began immediately, gained force through breakfast, then broke in a drizzle of complaint: About half of the survivors refused to help with the farmhouse, because it belonged to the Rockefellers, notorious oppressors who didn't need or deserve any help.

Ralph was startled, I think. Outward Bound is to some extent an establishment pet, and its staffers aren't accustomed to thinking in Maoist terms about the wealthy work-ethic types who serve on the board of directors, raise the quantities of money necessary and occasionally dock at Hurricane Island, wearing denims and deck shoes, to share a meal in the mess hall. What Ralph said, however, was simply that cleaning out the farmhouse would be a way to help the caretaker, who had done a number of favors for us, and to say thank you to the Rockefellers for letting us use their

In the days that followed, nothing more was heard of the class war. It vanished utterly, as if we had all been Rockefellers. But debate continued, voluminous, well phrased, intense and fruitless. The rumble of compound-complex sentences went on all day, interrupted by shorter and shorter periods of surviving. The new dispute was about our five-day expedition, a sort of final exam and last adventure with which Hurricane Island courses customarily end.

We were supposed to agree on a destination, then go there. We would sail in a convoy of four boats-the Screw-up boat, the Smart boat, the Strong boat (which we had named Fat City) and a boat manned by staff members tagging along to baby-sit. The only condition was that we reach Hurricane Island, about 40 miles distant, on the fifth day, But the staff was careful to tell of mighty voyages made in those pulling boats, of expeditions that fell just short of reaching Greenland or the Canary Islands, of fair winds out and no wind home, of blisters and back spasms, of 72 hours straight at the oars. It was pointed out that the Outward Bound motto, taken from Tennyson, is "To serve, to strive and not to yield." Greatness was expected of us.

Our own motto was also taken from Tennyson. We reasoned why. There was, indeed, a greatness faction. About half of the 36 apprentice survivors-very roughly, those who had helped clean up the Rockefellers' farmhouse—wanted to reach Greenland, at least. The other half-roughly, the former Maoists-said that busting a gut was infantile. They wanted to sail when the sun was shining and the wind propitious; they wanted to dock and explore whaling villages; and they wanted to quit at quitting time each afternoon. What they did not want to do was row, under any circumstances, or attempt mighty voyages.

Late in the afternoon of the expedition's first day, at the southeast end of Eggemoggin Reach, we sighted the Victory Chimes, one of the last three-masted schooners on the Coast. Everyone thought the old ship looked grand. It was our journey's single moment of consensus.

The watch captains-I was one of them-were of the onward-to-Greenland persuasion, and we decreed that there would be no landfall the first night. The way we phrased the announcement, as I recall, was that we would do a "night sail"

of Eggemoggin Reach. The likelihood hidden behind this lyricism was that the light winds of the day would die by evening and we would have to row for eight hours, since there was no place to bivouac in the narrow, 12-mile passage from Blue Hill Bay to East Penobscot Bay.

The wind died on schedule, Muttering rose to mutinous on Beaufort's scale. We rowed through thickening fog. The effort was rather pleasant, I thought; warmer and slightly less difficult than curling up under a tarpaulin in the bilge and trying to sleep while off duty. By five in the morning, we had traversed Eggemoggin Reach and landed at Pond Island to cook breakfast and consider the future.

We Greenlanders now spoke expansively of rounding Monhegan Island, fully 60 sea miles away and 30 miles from Hurricane Island, our destination. If necessary, we said, we could row. At two knots an fibur, we could make 24 miles in 12 hours; four days, 96 miles. But the quitat-quitting-time caucus had no intention of helping us act out our sweaty fantasies. Monhegan was out. We decided, unwisely, to postpone decisions and for the day set a moderate goal: the Seal Trap on Isle au Haut, about six hours away on a favoring breeze.

We set sail, but almost immediately the Screw-ups blew a rendezvous signal and our boats, spread across 500 yards of the Atlantic, clumsily drew together and lashed up. What if the winds failed or turned against us? was the question put to the assembled and drifting flotilla. At worse, it could take 12 hours to row to the Seal Trap. Was there an alternate landfall en route? If not, why not?

It took about an hour, during which we bobbed perhaps half a mile off course, to decide to keep going, with an eye out for the wind. During the day, two more rendezvous were called. I calculated that we had used about two and a half hours for these water-borne legislative sessions and about seven hours for actual sailing, a ratio that was to hold constant for the remainder of the expedition. We reached an emergency landing—on an island about halfway to the Seal Trap—at eight P.M., just before dark.

It was another 24 rhetoric-sodden hours before we sailed into the pretty cove on Isle au Haut. Everyone was tired and very cross. Ralph suggested that we thrash out our differences, and at the meeting I made a proposal that I thought brilliant. Since our two factions were irreconcilable, why not shake hands and form two expeditions? One could dawdle happily and the other could set a course for the Azores.

I explained my schismatic brain storm so persuasively that it failed to attract any vote other than my own. In the morning, though we lacked a Columbus, we sailed on. Before noon, two more mid-ocean therapy sessions had been convened. The weather was beautiful, but the scene was bad, and I made another try at revolution. My pitch was that the crew of our own boat, the Fat City, would pick a course and follow it, leaving the three other boats to follow or fester.

Our crew favored secession by ten to two, but I had asked for unanimity. We stayed and festered with the rest. That night we slept on Brimstone Island, on a beach paved with strange, smooth rocks, the shape and color of buzzards' eggs. In the early morning, the wind rose and the boats got loose. We reached Hurricane Island the next day, after a short haul, without debate. Everyone chewed quietly on failure.

The next day, I stood in the parking lot behind the police station in Rockland, waiting for the bad air to ooze out of my Volkswagen. There was a stale Boston Globe on the front seat, and the first print I had read in a month was a column that said that the world faced famine, amounting to a "protein war." I wondered whether my month at humanistic boot camp had taught me anything useful about what might happen during a protein war. As I drove home, I wasn't sure, but I was afraid that it had.





SULDIER (continued from page 158)

crashed plane. Of the 14 from the Enterprise, the commander and nine others of his force were shot down. It was sheer luck that the dive bombers of the Enterprise and the dive bombers and torpedo bombers of the Yorktown, these last already veterans of the Coral Sea, arrived just at that moment. Of the Yorktown's 12 TBDs, two survived. The few torpedoes that got launched at all were easily avoided by the Japanese carriers. No Japanese kamikaze pilot later in the war ever went to his death more open-eyed or with more certain foreknowledge than these men.

It is hard to know what was in the depths of these men's minds. It is plain, though, that the suicidal nature of their mission was clear to them. We can only speculate about the rest. Certainly, professionalism was a factor. Many were regular Navy men, and the rest had the benefit of the semiprofessionalism of the U.S. Naval Reserve. A certain sense of sacrifice would help. But they could not be sure their sacrifice would aid anything; and, indeed, those who died in the attacks almost certainly did not know whether their deaths had helped their cause. Esprit de corps? Surely; they were America's elite: the fly boys, and Naval carrier pilots in addition. Then, too, personal vanity and pride are always important factors in situations of this kind, and the sheer excitement of battle can often lead a man to death willingly, where without it he might have balked. But in the absolute, ultimate end, when your own final extinction is right there only a few yards farther on, staring back at you, there may be a sort of penultimate national, and social, and even racial masochism-a sort of hotly joyous, almost sexual enjoyment and acceptance-that keeps you going the last few steps. The ultimate luxury of just not giving a damn anymore.

Of course, patriotism has to be taken into account, too. Despite the milking of that word to death. And perhaps some of them had wives they didn't care about anymore and were glad to get rid of. Though probably they were all too gentlemanly to say so openly. But whatever it was, these men went in and died, and they were relatively healthy young Americans with no tradition of medieval warrior Bushido, and with good fortune, their sacrifice was a big factor in the Midway victory. They were probably not the first, and certainly they were not the last, to carry out a deliberately suicidal mission, but they were the first large group whose suicides were blessed with success. Much was made over them in the press and in the national propaganda services. They were given about the fullest coverage the media of the time allowed. At least one movie was written about them. And in its secret heart. America heaved a sigh of 220 relief to know that its humping parents

could still produce men like them. None of this detracted from what they did. Or from what they gained for themselves, in their own private satisfactions.

It is scarcely believable that I can remember Guadalcanal with pleasure, and affection, and a sense of beauty. But such are the vagaries of the human head. One can hardly credit that a place so full of personal misery and terror, which was perfectly capable of taking your life and on a couple of occasions very nearly did, could be remembered with such kindly feelings, but it is by me. The pervasive mud, and jungle gloom and tropical sun, when they are not all around you, smothering you, can have a haunting beauty at a far remove. When you are not straining and gasping to save your life, the act of doing so can seem adventurous and exciting from a distance. The greater the distance, the greater the adventure.

But, God help me, it was beautiful, I remember exactly the way it looked the day we came up on deck to go ashore: the delicious, sparkling tropic sea, the long, beautiful beach, the minute palms of the copra plantation waving in the sea breeze, the dark-green band of jungle and the dun mass and power of the mountains rising behind it to rocky peaks. Our bivouac was not far from the ruined plantation house and quarters, and you could look at its ruin-not without awe-and imagine what it must have been like to live there before the armies came with their vehicles and numberless feet and mountains of supplies. Armies create their own mud, in actual fact. The jungle stillnesses and slimes in the gloom inside the rain forest could make you catch your breath with awe. From the mountain slopes in midafternoon, with the sun at your back, you could look down to the beach and off across the straits to Florida Island and one of the most beautiful views of tropic scenery on the planet. None of it looked like the pestilential hellhole that it was.

The day we arrived, there was an air raid, trying to hit our two transports. Those of us already ashore could stand in perfect safety in the edge of the trees and watch, as if watching a football game or a movie. Around us, Marines and Army old-timers would cheer whenever a Jap plane went smoke-trailing down the sky, or groan when one got through and water spouts geysered up around the transports. Soon we were doing it with them. Neither transport took a hit, but one took a near miss so close alongside it sprang some plates and had to leave without finishing unloading. Almost immediately after, a loaded barge coming in took a hit and seemed simply to disappear. A little rescue boat set out from shore at once, to pick up the few bobbing survivors. It seemed strange and curiously calloused, then, to be watching and cheering this game in which men were dying.

Later, after our first time up on the line, we would sit out in our bivouac on the hills above Henderson Field and watch the pyrotechnic display of a naval night battle off Savo Island with the same insouciance and not feel calloused at all. They took their chances and we took our chances.

Everybody, at least everybody of my generation, now knows how the Marines landed virtually unopposed on the 'Canal itself, after heavy fights on two smaller islands, Tulagi and Gavutu; how the Japanese, for reasons of their own, deciding not to accept their first defeat, kept pouring men and equipment onto the island; how Major General Vandegrift's tough First Marine Division, learning as it went along, fought them to a standstill, while the Navy sank their loaded transports of reinforcements behind themuntil in the end they were finally forced to evacuate it anyway. Not many, even of my generation, know that from about mid-November 1942 on, U.S. Infantry was doing much of the fighting on Guadalcanal, and from mid-December was doing it all. The doughty First Marine Division, dead-beat, ill and tired, decimated by wounds and tropical diseases, but evolved into soldiers at last, had been relieved and evacuated.

The first elements of the Americal Division had landed in mid-October. The first elements of my outfit landed in late November, the rest in early December. No living soul looking at us, seeing us come hustling ashore to stare in awe at the hollow-eyed, vacant-faced, mean-looking First Marines, could have believed that in three months from that day we would be known as the famed 25th Infantry Tropic Lightning Division, bearing the shoulder patch of the old Hawaiian Division Poi Leaf, with a streak of lightning running vertically through it. In the interim, we had taken over from the First Marines, prosecuted the final offensive on the 'Canal, chased the Japanese to Tassafaronga in the whirlwind windup that gave us our name and begun to move up to New Georgia for the next fight of our campaign. By then we would have had a fair number of casualties and sick and, as a division and as individuals, have made our own evolution of a soldier.

My own part in all of this was relatively undistinguished. I fought as an infantry corporal in a rifle company in a regiment of the 25th, part of the time as an assistant squad leader, part of the time attached to the company headquarters. I went where I was told to go and did what I was told to do but no more. I was scared shitless just about all of the time. On the third day of a fight for a complex of hills called The Galloping Horse, I was wounded in the head through no volition of my own, by a random mortar shell,



"I may be good-for-nothing, but I'm certainly not bad-for-nothing."

spent a week in the hospital and went back to my unit after the fight and joined it for the relatively little that was left of the campaign. I came out of it with a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star for "heroic or meritorious achievement" (not the V-for-Valor one), which was given to me apparently by a process as random as that of the random mortar shell that hit me. At least, I don't know anything I ever did to earn it. I was shipped out after the campaign for an injured ankle that had to be operated on.

It's funny, the things that get to you. One day a man near me was hit in the throat, as he stood up, by a bullet from a burst of machine-gun fire. He cried out, "Oh, my God!" in an awful, grimly comic, burbling kind of voice that made me think of the signature of the old Shep Fields Rippling Rhythm band. There was awareness in it and a tone of having expected it, then he fell down, to all intents and purposes dead. I say to all intents and purposes because his vital functions may have continued for a while. But he appeared unconscious, and of course there was nothing to do for him with his throat artery torn out. Thinking about him, it seemed to me that his yell had been for all of us lying there, and I felt like crying.

Another time, I heard a man yell out, "I'm killed!" as he was hit. As it turned out, he was, although he didn't die for about 15 minutes. But he might have yelled the same thing and not been killed.

One of the most poignant stories about our outfit was one I didn't see myself but only heard about later. I was in the hospital when it happened. One of our platoon sergeants, during a relatively light Japanese attack on his position, reached into his hip pocket for a grenade he'd stuck there and got it by the pin. The pin came out, but the grenade didn't. No one really knows what he thought about during those split seconds. What he did was turn away and put his back against a bank to smother the grenade away from the rest of his men. He lived maybe five or ten minutes afterward, and the only thing he said, in a kind of awed, scared, very disgusted voice, was, "What a fucking recruit trick to pull."

A lot of the posthumous Medals of Honor that are given are given because men smothered grenades or shells with their bodies to protect the men around them. Nobody ever recommended our platoon sergeant for a Medal of Honor that I know of. Perhaps it was because he activated the grenade himself.

I think I screamed myself when I was hit. I thought I could vaguely remember somebody yelling. I blacked out for several seconds and had a dim impression of someone stumbling to his feet with his hands to his face. It wasn't me. Then I came to myself several yards down the slope, bleeding like a stuck pig, with blood running all over my face. It must have been a dramatic scene. As soon as I found I wasn't dead or dying, I was pleased to get out of there as fast as I could. According to the rules, my responsibility to stay ceased as soon as I was burt. It really wasn't so bad and hadn't hurt at all. The thing I was most proud of was that I remembered to toss my full canteen of

water to one of the men from the company headquarters lying there.

When all the patriotic slogans and nationalistic or ideological propaganda are put aside, all the straining to convince a soldier that he is dying for something, I think the evolution of a soldier is perhaps one's final, previous acceptance of the fact that one's name is already written in the rolls of the already dead.

That is easy enough to say. It's not all that easy to do. And yet it is easy to do, because it is with himself or with fate that he is lost. Only then can he function as he ought to function, under fire. He knows and accepts beforehand that he's dead, although he may still be walking around for a while. That soldier you have walking around there with that awareness in him is the end product of the evolution of a soldier.

Between those two spectator episodes I described earlier, that first air raid we watched and cheered, albeit guiltily, and the naval night battle we watched and cheered with callous pleasure, something had happened to us. Between those two points in time, sometime during our first long tour up on the line, we changed. Consciously or unconsciously, we accepted the fact that we couldn't survive. So we could watch the naval battle from the safety of the hills with undisguised fun.

There is no denying we were pleased to see somebody else getting his. Even though there were men dying. Being blown apart, concussed, drowning. Didn't matter. We had been getting ours, let them get theirs. It wasn't that we were being sadistic. It was just that we had nothing further to worry about. We were dead.

Now, not every man can accept this. A few men accept it immediately and at once, with a kind of feverish, self-destructive joy. The great majority of men don't want to accept it. They can accept it, though. And do accept it, if their outfit keeps going back up there long enough. The only alternative is to ask to be relieved and admit you are a coward, and that of course is against the law. They put you in prison.

And yet, strangely, for everyone, the acceptance and the giving up of hope create and reinstill hope in a kind of reverse-process mental photo-negative function. Little things become significant. The next meal, the next bottle of booze, the next kiss, the next sunrise, the next full moon. The next bath. Or, as the Bible might have said but didn't quite, Sufficient unto the day is the existence thereof.

This is a hard philosophy. But then, the soldier's profession is a hard profession, in wartime. A lot of men like it, though, and even civilian soldiers have been known to stay on and make it their life's work. It has its excitements and compensations. One of them is that, since you have none yourself, you are relieved of



"Lecture time!"

any responsibility for a future. And everything tastes better.

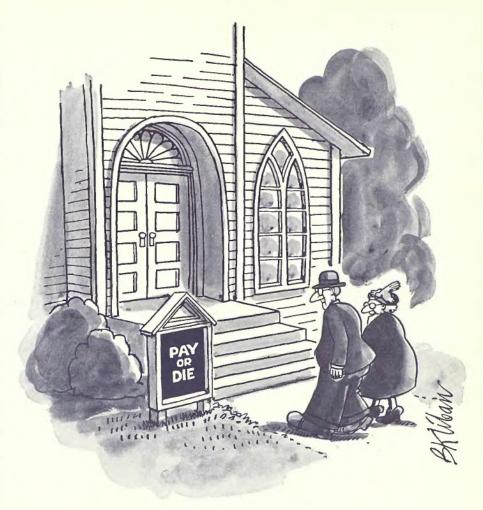
Something strange seems to happen when a man is hit. There is an almost alchemic change in him and in others' relationship to him. Assuming he isn't killed outright, and is only wounded, it is as though he has passed through some veil isolating him and has entered some realm where the others, the unwounded, cannot follow. He has become a different person, and the others treat him differently.

The dead, of course, really have entered a different realm, and there is a sort of superstitious mystique of dread and magic about the dead. Where do people really go when they die? Do they go anywhere? Nobody has ever gone through death and lived to tell the tale. So it can only remain a question. There is a sort of instinctive dislike of touching them, as though what has happened to them has contaminated them and might contaminate the toucher.

Perhaps part of this feeling passes over to the wounded as well. Perhaps we think some of their bad luck might rub off, too. In any case, while they are treated as tenderly as humanly possible, and everything to make them as comfortable as possible is done for them that can be, they are looked at with a sort of commingled distaste, guilt and irritation, and when they are finally moved out of the area, everybody heaves a sort of silent sigh of relief without looking anybody else in the eyes.

The wounded themselves seem to acquiesce in this attitude, as though they are half-ashamed for having been hurt in the first place and feel that now they can only be a drag and a weight on their outfit. Nor do the wounded seem to be less isolated from one another. Being in the same fix does not make them closer but even farther apart than they are from the well.

The first wounded I ever saw were the remnants, picked up by the rescue boat, of the bombed-out barge that was hit in the air raid the day we arrived at Guadalcanal. Of course, we were all totally green hands at the time, so perhaps we watched with more awe than we would have later. But only a short time before, some of us had been talking to some of these men on the ship. With practical comments as to the extent of the various injuries in our ears from nearby old-timers who had been there longer, we watched as the survivors were landed and led or carried up from the beach to where a field dressing station had been set up at dawn. A few of them could walk by themselves. But all of them were suffering from shock as well as from blast, and the consummate tenderness with which they were handled by the corpsmen was a matter of complete indifference to them. Bloodstained, staggering, their eyeballs rolling, they faltered up



"It's nice to see a return to old-time religion."

the slope to lie or sit, dazed and indifferent, and allow themselves to be worked on by the doctors. They had crossed that strange line and everybody realized, including themselves dimly, that now they were different. All they had done was climb into a barge and sit there as they had been told. And then this had been done to them, without warning, without explanation, perhaps damaging them irreparably; and now explanation was impossible. They had been initiated into a strange, insane, twilight fraternity where explanation would be forever impossible. Everybody understood this. It did not need to be mentioned. They understood it themselves. Everybody was sorry, and so were they themselves. But there was nothing to be done about it. Tenderness was all that could be given and, like most of our self-labeled human emotions, it meant nothing when put alongside the intensity of their experience.

With the Jap planes still in sight above the channel, the doctors began trying to patch up what they could of what the planes had done to them. Some of them would yet die, that much was obvious, and it was useless to waste time on these that might be spent on others who might live. Those who would die accepted this

professional judgment of the doctors silently, as they accepted the tender pat on the shoulder the doctors gave them when passing them by, staring up mutely from liquid eyes at the doctors' guilty faces. We watched all this with rapt attention. The wounded men, both those who would die and those who would not, were as indifferent to being stared at as they were to the tenderness with which they were treated. They stared back at us with lackluster eyes, which though lackluster were made curiously limpid by the dilation of deep shock. As a result, we all felt it, toowhat the others, with more experience, already knew-these men had crossed a line, and it was useless to try to reach them. The strange, wild-eyed, bearded, crazily dressed Marines and soldiers who had been fighting there since August didn't even try, and stood around discussing professionally which wounds they thought might be fatal and which might

Even the Army itself understood this about them, the wounded, and had made special dispensations about their newly acquired honorary status. Those who did not die would be entered upon the elaborate shuttling movement back out from this farthermost point of advance, as only 223



a short time back they had been entered upon the shuttle forward into it. Back out, farther and farther back, toward that amorphous point of assumed total safety: home. Depending upon the seriousness of their condition, they would descend part of the way or all of the way to the bottom of the lifeline home. The lucky ones, those hurt badly enough, would go all the way to the very bottom, and everybody's secret goal: discharge. . . . (I suppose I should confess here that parts of the above passage about our first air-raid wounded I have excerpted from a longer similar passage in a combat novel I wrote about Guadalcanal called The Thin Red Line. Realizing when I came to write about them that I could never write about them better than I had done there. I used

Casualties are one of war's grimmer realities. In a way, perhaps, its most important element. An army that cannot take casualties cannot fight. And an army that takes too many will lose. Somewhere in between there is the ultimate fact that whatever you do, you are going to have casualties, if you fight. Like the poor, they are always with us. We got more inured to them, as time went on. But, unless you are too busy yourself to notice, there is always that sense of awe and sorrow when a man you know goes down. Or even a man you don't know. But people, civilians, really don't like to think about casualties. Even combat soldiers don't.

The two casualties I've remembered the most vividly were both men I didn't know and never met. I don't know why these two, instead of some others, but whenever I read or hear that word, casualty, it is my mental pictures of these two that come leaping into my mind.

The first was a man who was not even in my battalion. My company had been ordered up to relieve a company from the other battalion, and my platoon took over along a hilltop from a platoon of the other company. In the confusion of making the relief, and then the excitement of having to repel a light, feeling attack of Japanese almost immediately after, we had paid little attention to our surroundings, and so hadn't noticed our dead friend lying on the downslope behind us. But then, in the quiet following the attack, in the shifting, light hill breeze, a faint waft of him got up to us for a moment. And there was no mistaking that smell.

He must have been killed the day before and been missed by the medics. And it had rained quite a lot during the night. With that uncanny ability the dead have of seeming to fade into and become part of the terrain, in his grimy green fatigues and olive-drab helmet, he was not easy to spot. But the fellows on the line, when they began to look around for him, spotted him easily enough. Then the uproar began.

"Medics! Medics! Where the fuck are

those lousy lazy medics? Get this fucking stiff out of here!" They were indignant at his having been left there for them to see and smell. Soon all the rest of us joined in the chorus, and the outcry was so great that battalion headquarters down the rear slope sent somebody up to see what was the matter. It didn't take the messenger long to find out, and he hurried back down to battalion. A few of us walked over to take a look at the stiff. Far below we could see four straggling medics with a stretcher starting the long climb.

He wasn't even swollen enough to be grotesque, only a little. Rigor mortis had obviously set in. He was lying on his side with his knees pulled up and his hands clenched and bent up beside his face. There was no blood, and no visible signs of a wound. He apparently had curled up as he died. But the clenched hands were not touching the face; they were just stuck out there in the air at the ends of the bent elbows. In that manner of all combat dead, he appeared to be faceless. He had all the parts of a physiognomy. eyes, ears, nose, lips, but there was a peculiar indistinct haziness about them when you looked. I don't know what causes this effect. I used to think it was that we did not want to look closely, and so let our eyes slide away from the face. But later I noted the same effect in photos of the dead. He seemed, instead of being a collection of limbs and bones and parts, to have become a single, solid object of the same density and texture all the way through, like a loose boulder or a tree stump or the bole of a downed tree. Anyhow, there he was, And he was not even a man anymore. As short a time ago as yesterday, he had been. But he wasn't now. Subdued, we walked back to the rest of the platoon. We had all seen plenty of dead men by now, but this one seemed to move us more than usual. I think his being alone like that, and from a stranger outfit, all alone on a slope that was supposed to have been already cleaned up, moved us in a way that a whole slope full of our own dead and wounded might not have. I just felt there ought to be something more significant about it all. Suddenly, one of us gagged and went off and puked in the weeds. But nobody kidded him, as they might have done normally. We all seemed to know that his puking was not from the sight and smell of a dead man so much as from a kind of animal protest at the idea itself.

When the medics got up to the dead guy, they couldn't make him stay on the stretcher, in his curled-up position. He kept rolling off it as they lifted, no matter how they placed him. Finally, two of them seized him by the wrists and ankles and carted him off down the hill that way, while the other two brought up the rear with the stretcher. From behind them at the crest, men from the platoon whistled their critical displeasure.

But why should that one man stick in my mind so strongly, all these years?

The other one was a boy I saw as I walked back the day I was wounded. I had had to cross a grassy little gulch and had to climb a long, steep hillside through sparse jungle trees. I was being fired at by snipers-puffs of dirt popped up around me from time to time-but I couldn't climb any faster. Halfway up the hill, I came upon a stretcher with a dead boy in it that had been abandoned. It lay among some rocks, tilted a little, just the way it had been dropped. He had obviously been hit a second time, in the head, and left by the stretcher-bearers, probably under fire themselves. He had certainly been killed by the hit in the head, but I couldn't tell if by a sniper bullet or something else. In any case, blood had run out of him from somewhere until it nearly filled the depression his hips made in the stretcher. And that has always stayed with me. It didn't seem a body could hold enough blood to do that. His hips were awash in it and it almost covered his belt and belt buckle. And somehow, though he was lying on his back, head uphill, blood had run or splashed from his head so that there were pools of it filling both of his eye sockets. All the blood had thickened and almost dried, so he must have been there since early morning. Undoubtedly, he belonged to our sister company, which was making the attack with us, but I had never seen him before. He looked so pathetic lying there, one hand dangling outside the stretcher, that I wanted to cry for him, But I was gasping too hard for breath and was too angry to cry for anybody. It was possible that if he had been hit by snipers, they might hit me also. But even if it was possible, there wasn't anything I could do about it. I couldn't move any faster, and I was so angry I didn't care. I don't even know what I was angry at. Life, I guess. I certainly wasn't angry at the Japanese for sniping wounded; we expected that. I was just angry. And that was all. I went on up the hill and left him.

I suppose every man has his own private casualties he remembers and cannot forget. Perhaps hundreds; who knows? I have plenty of others. But these two I used to dream about, back when I still had the nightmares. But why they became my private images for casualty. I have no answer for. Perhaps it was simply because they both seemed so insignificant and useless. Pointless.

Their deaths weren't pointless, of course. Not statistically. Even if they were killed at random, simply because they were moving forward though not doing anything particularly, they were part of the statistics that were gaining us the ground, and later I realized this.

Anonymity has always been a problem for soldiers. It is one of the hardest things about a soldier's life. Old-time regular



"It has been proven conclusively that as far as performance and sensation are concerned, the size of the sex organ is of absolutely no consequence. Nevertheless, if you show me yours, I'll show you mine."

soldiers (like Negroes, women and other slaves through history) learn ways to cherish their servitude and ingest it and turn it into nourishment for power over the very establishment figures who administer it for the establishment that creates it. The old-timer first sergeant is analogous to the Negro-mammy slave who ran the master's big plantation house and family with a hand of iron, or the modern housewife who carefully rules her lord and master's life with dexterity from behind the scenes.

But to do that, the soldier, like the slave and the housewife, must first learn duplicity. He must immerse himself in and accept wholeheartedly the camouflage position of his servitude-in his case, the unnamed, anonymous rank and file of identical uniforms stretching away into infinity, all of them sporting identical headgear (caps or helmets) to hide the individual faces, which themselves, even, must remain forever fixed and set in expressionless expressions to match all the other expressions. He must work within the mass of anonymity to find his freedom of expression, and this is probably the hardest thing of all for the wartime civilian soldiers to pick up and learn. Most never do learn it.

But to accept anonymity in death is even harder. It is hard enough to accept dying. But to accept dying unknown and unsung except in some mass accolade, with no one to know the particulars how and when except in some mass communiqué, to be buried in some foreign land

like a sack of rotten, evil-smelling potatoes in a tin box for possible later disinterment and shipment home requires a kind of bravery and acceptance so unspeakable that nobody has ever given a particular name to it.

Of course, the catch is always there: You may live through it. But the drain on the psyche just contemplating it is so great that forever after-or at least for a very long time-you are a different person just from having contemplated it.

I don't think I ever learned this one of the last steps in the evolution of a soldier, and I think it was just there that my evolution as a soldier stopped short of the full development. I remember lying on my belly more than once and looking at the other sweating faces all around me and wondering which of us lying there who died that week would ever be remembered in the particulars of his death by any of the others who survived. And of course nobody else would know or much care. I simply did not want to die and not be remembered for it. Or not be remembered ar all

I think it was then I learned that the idea of the Unknown Soldier was a con job and did not work. Not for the dead. It worked for the living. Like funerals, it was a ceremony of ritual obeisance made by the living for the living, to ease their pains, guilts and superstitious fears. But not for the dead, because the Unknown Soldier wasn't them, he was only one.

I once served on a grave-registration 225

detail on Guadalcanal, after the fighting was all over, to go up into the hills and dig up the bodies of the dead lost in some attack. The dead were from another regiment, so men from my outfit were picked to dig them up. That was how awful the detail was. And they did not want to make it worse by having men dig up the dead of their own. Unfortunately, a man in my outfit on the detail had a brother in the other outfit, and we dug up the man's brother that day.

It was a pretty awful scene. In any case, Even without the man's brother. The lieutenant in charge of grave registration had us get shovels out of the back of one of the trucks, and pointed out the area we were to cover, and explained to us how we were to take one dog tag off of them before we put them into the bags. He explained that some of the bodies were pretty ripe because the fight had been two weeks before. When we began to dig, each time we opened a hole a little explosion of smell would burst up out of

it, until finally the whole saddle where we were working was covered with it up to about knee-deep. Above the knees it wasn't so bad, but when you had to bend down to search for the dog tag (we took turns doing this job), it was like diving down into another element, like water or glue. We found about four bodies without dog tags that day.

"What will happen to those, sir?" I asked the lieutenant. Although he must have done this job before, he had a tight, screwed-up look of distaste on his face.

"They will remain anonymous," he said.

"What about the ones with dog tags?" Lasked

"Well," he said, "they will be recorded."

In the early Sixties, on a trip to Italy while living in France, I drove down from Rome to look at Anzio. Today what used to be mine fields is completely built over with seaside villas, restaurants and bars. But it is easy for any old soldier to see

the complete hellishness of the position, with the two towns dominated by the Alban Hills and no rear area at all beyond the harbor except the expanse of the open sea.

Afterward, I went around to look at the American Military Cemetery, which is placed off a few miles somewhere else. For a while, I walked around among the crosses that formed the headstones, on the green, well-kept grass. The magnitude of all the long lines of white crosses was truly awesome. I talked to the man in charge of the caretaking, a red-bearded American who lived right there. No, not many people came, he said. It was too far away and off the main tourist routes from Rome. And of course the local Italians had no reason to go there. But he liked to make sure the place was always well kept, anyway. Sometimes it was hard, on the budget the U.S. Government allotted him. But once in a while, somebody might come by who had a relative buried there; or else someone like myself, who was just interested. I thanked him and told him his caretaking was superb, which it was. What else was there to say? I got into my little car and drove back to Rome.

In March of 1943, I left Guadalcanal by ship, evacuated to the base hospital on Efate in the New Hebrides. On Efate, my right ankle was operated on and I was shipped to New Zealand, and from there, I shipped out home to San Francisco aboard one of the hospital ships that plied that long voyage between the United States and Australia.

In March of '43, my division was getting ready for the move up on New Georgia, and everybody who could get out was getting out. This was not so easy, however. Restrictions were being tightened up, and unless you had something pretty serious wrong with you, you didn't stand much chance. In late March, we went through the required division physical examination, before starting a newer intensive assault training, and a few malaria cases and several cases of jungle rot were singled out for evacuation to New Zealand. But most of us passed the rather perfunctory exam without much notice.

Then, a few days after the physical, I turned my right ankle again. I had had a bad ankle quite a long time, since long before Pearl Harbor. And I was used to taping it up before going out on marches or maneuvers or—later—up onto the line. I always carried a couple of rolls of two-inch adhesive tape in my pack for that purpose.

The day I turned it anew, I happened to be walking through the bivouac with our old first sergeant. Old, I say; but he must have been only about 38. In any case, I went down into the mud. I had turned it on one of those thick rolls of half-dried mud turned up by one of the jeeps.

"What the hell happened to you?" the



"Now, join hands and repeat after me..."

old first said, when I picked myself up and tried to brush some of the wet, gooey mud off my pants. "You're white as a sheet," he added.

It always hurt a lot when I did it. But I had learned to favor the ankle, and it didn't happen very often. I tried to explain to him about the ankle.

"You're crazy," he sneered, "Didn't you show that leg to them up at division?'

I only shrugged. They wouldn't pay any attention to a bad ankle, I said. They'd only think I was malingering.

"You go up there and show it to them at division medical," the first said. "If it's as bad as what I just saw, it could get you out of here. If it's as bad as what I saw, you got no business in the Infantry."

I just stared at him. The funny thing about it was that if I set it down carefully and absolutely straight on the ground, even after I'd turned it, I could still walk on it. It had never occurred to me that it might be bad enough to get me out of there.

"If you don't, you're crazy," he said, and turned and walked off to his orderly

I stared after his contemptuous back. He had presented me with a serious moral problem. I talked it over with a few of my buddies and with a few of the other noncoms in the company. (I was a corporal at the time.) All of them urged me to go up to division medical with it. They would certainly go up with it if they had it, if they were me, and maybe it could get them out of there. They echoed the first: I was crazy not to try. "But what about the company?" I asked the mess sergeant and the supply sergeant and a couple of the field sergeants. "Would you leave the company?"

"Are you kidding?" the supply sergeant said. "I'd be out of here like a shot."

I was smart enough to understand that if I did go, and did get sent out, it was not going to affect anything in any appreciable way. Some poor-ass, bad-luck replacement would replace me and one of the guys would get my corporal's rating. I understood that numbers were what counted in this war, vast numbers of men and machines, I was intelligent enough to see that. And I had no more romantic notions about combat. On the other hand, if everybody who wanted out got out, there wouldn't be anybody left to fight the Japs or the Germans. Of course, they couldn't all get out. Even if they wanted. They had to stay. The regulations were getting tougher and tougher about that, You had to have something genuinely wrong with you. Finally, I went.

The surgeon at division pursed his mouth into a silent whistle and raised his eyebrows, after he had wiggled my ankle around and bent it in to the point of almost turning it again. Certainly, I had no business in the Infantry. He did not know what they would do with me farther down the line, but he was sending me out. He looked up at me and grinned. I grinned back. If he could only have known how I was hanging on his every word and expression. But perhaps he did.

The head surgeon on Efate was a young man. He said he would like to have a try at operating on it, but he couldn't guarantee that he could fix it completely. He could probably tie it up sufficiently so it would not turn all the way like it used to, but it would almost certainly be partially stiff. It was an interesting problem, surgically. But of course it was up to me to make the final decision. Did I know the evacuation regulations? I nodded; I did: Roughly, the evacuation rules were that if your wound or ailment was such that you would be fit for duty in three weeks, you would be kept at Efate and sent back to your old outlit. If you were going to take six weeks to be fit for duty, you would be sent on to New Zealand and reassigned to a new outfit. Longer than that and you would be sent back home to the States and reassigned there. How long would I be in the cast? I asked. At least two months, or two and a half, he answered and grinned at me. I nodded and grinned back. "Then go ahead and operate."

The next morning, they wheeled me in and put the ether to me. Ten days later, I was on my way to New Zealand on a hospital ship. Three weeks later, on another, I left for the States. I remember that Major James Roosevelt, the President's son, was on the same ship. I saw him once, at a distance. But I don't remember the name of that lovely ship.

When we passed under the great misty pink apparition of the Golden Gate Bridge, I stood on the upper decks on my crutches and watched grizzled tough old master sergeants and chief petty officers break down and cry. I had been away three and a half years.

How did you come back from counting yourself dead?

The plans called for 9,000,000 Americans to be demobilized between June 1945 and June 1946. The slow demobilization was necessary. Not only were large numbers required for the armies of occupation until they could be replaced but the sheer physical logistics of transport made it necessary to string out the return. And what would happen to the happily humming economy, buzzing along, if you suddenly dumped 9,000,000 men onto the job market? Already the "veterans" were a problem, even before they got to be veterans. Many home-front assembly-line workers feared for their jobs, as the huge numbers of "vets" flooded back into the country.

If the vets were a problem to the economy and to the society as a whole, they neither minded nor cared. All they wanted was to get there: home. The combat men-the new "professionals"-of



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course got priority, or were supposed to. Out of the 9,000,000, very few had ever put their lives on the line, and fewer still had ever heard a shot fired in seriousness. There was a lot of payola under a lot of tables, but in general, the plans were followed pretty closely. If out of 9,000,000 men a few tens of thousands got home earlier than they should have, who was going to worry about it, except the men they had got themselves squeezed in front of? And among such huge numbers, who would hear or listen to such a small number of voices? In Europe, they started coming home even before it was finished in the Pacific.

Housing was a problem. President Truman begged the public to find living space for the veterans. Getting your old job back, or getting a new one, was less of a problem. And the civilian world went merrily on in its happy, dizzy whirl of prosperity in a booming economy. Articles appeared in women's magazines with titles like "What You Can Do to Help the Returning Veteran" and "Will He Be Changed?" Good Housekeeping said, "After two or three weeks [my italics], he should be finished with talking, with oppressive remembering. If he still goes over the same stories, reveals the same emotions, you had best consult a psychiatrist. This condition is neurotic." House Beautiful recommended that "home must be the greatest rehabilitation center of them all" and showed an apartment fixed up for some home-coming general. Ladies' Home Journal asked, in 1945, "Has your husband come home to the right woman?"

The answer, of course, was no. How could any woman be the right woman for a man who had just spent one year or two years as essentially a dead man, waiting, anticipating having his head blown off or his guts torn out? Even if she was the same woman he had left (and most were not; how could they be?), she was not the right woman for such a man.

Instead of talking about it, most men didn't talk about it. It was not that they didn't want to talk about it, it was that when they did, nobody understood it. It was such a different way of living, and of looking at life even, that there was no common ground for communication in it.

It was like a Ranger staff sergeant I met in St. Louis years ago told me: "One day at Anzio, we got eight new replacements into my platoon. We were supposed to make a little feeling attack that same day. Well, by next day, all eight of them replacements were dead, buddy. But none of us old guys were. We weren't going to send our own guys out on point in a damn-fool situation like that. We knew nothing would happen. We were sewed up tight. And we'd been together through Africa and Sicily and Salerno. We sent the replacements out ahead." He gave me a sad smile. "But how am I going to explain something like that to my wife? She'd think it was horrible. But it was right, man, right. How were we going to send our own guys out into that?" We had some drinks, got pretty drunk, in fact, then he went home to his wife. Who, I am sure, was angry at him for getting drunk.

Another time, an Infantry sergeant who had fought in the Bulge told me over drinks how his platoon had taken some prisoners west of St.-Vith. "There were eight of them and they were tough oldtimers, buddy. Been through the mill from the beginning. It was about the fourth or fifth day and we needed some information. But they weren't talking, not those tough old birds. You had to admire them. So we took the first one off to the side, where they could see him, and shot him through the head. Then they all talked. They were eager to talk. Once they knew we were serious. Horrible? Evil? We knew all about Malmédy, man, and Stavelot. We needed that information. Our lives depended on it. We didn't think it was evil. Neither did they. But how am I going to tell my wife about something like that? Or my mother? They don't understand the problems." We went on getting drunk, and talking, until he felt he was ready to go home.

Slowly, bit by bit, it began to taper off. Men still woke up in the middle of the night, thrashing around and trying to get their hands on their wives' throats. Men still rolled out from a dead sleep and hit the dirt with a crash on the bedroom floor, huddling against the bed to evade the aerial bomb or the artillery shells they had dreamed they heard coming. While their wives sat straight up in bed in their new frilly nightgowns bought for the home-coming, wide-eyed and staring, horrified. An old buddy would have roared with laughter. There is no telling what the divorce rate was then, in the early years. Certainly a lot higher than was ever admitted.

A number of men I knew slept for a number of months with loaded pistols or unsheathed bayonets under their pillows. Just made them feel more comfortable, they said shamefacedly, but it sure scared the shit out of their wives. And their wives' psychiatrists.

The de-evolution of a soldier was longer in coming in some than in others. Some never did lose it and some—a few—went off to the booby hatch. But not the vast majority. The majority, as they had survived the process of evolving into soldiers, now began to survive the process of de-evolving.

There was nothing the good old Government could do about that. As with Uncle Sugar's expensive, astonishingly rich, lavish care that was being expended on the wounded and maimed, so with Uncle Sugar trying to fix things up for the returnee. Omar Bradley was put in charge of veterans' affairs, to modernize it and clean up its graft. Not only was the Government sending everybody who

wanted to go back to college but it was sending anybody at all to college, anybody who asked, on the GI Bill of Rights. So much so that girls and civilian men who wanted to go had to score enormously high on the preschool exams in order to get in. There simply wasn't room for them. But the Government had never set up a de-evolution-of-a-soldier center, to match its induction centers. When you went in, they had the techniques and would ride you all the way to becoming a soldier. They had no comparable system when you came out. That you had to do on your own.

And with the de-evolving, as with the evolving, the first sign of change was the coming of the pain. As the old combat numbness disappeared and the frozen feet of the soul began to thaw, the pain of the cure became evident. The sick-making thoughts of all the buddies who had died. The awful bad luck of the maimed. The next thing to go was the professionalism. How could you be a professional when there was no more profession? The only way was to stay in The Profession. And some, quite a few, did.

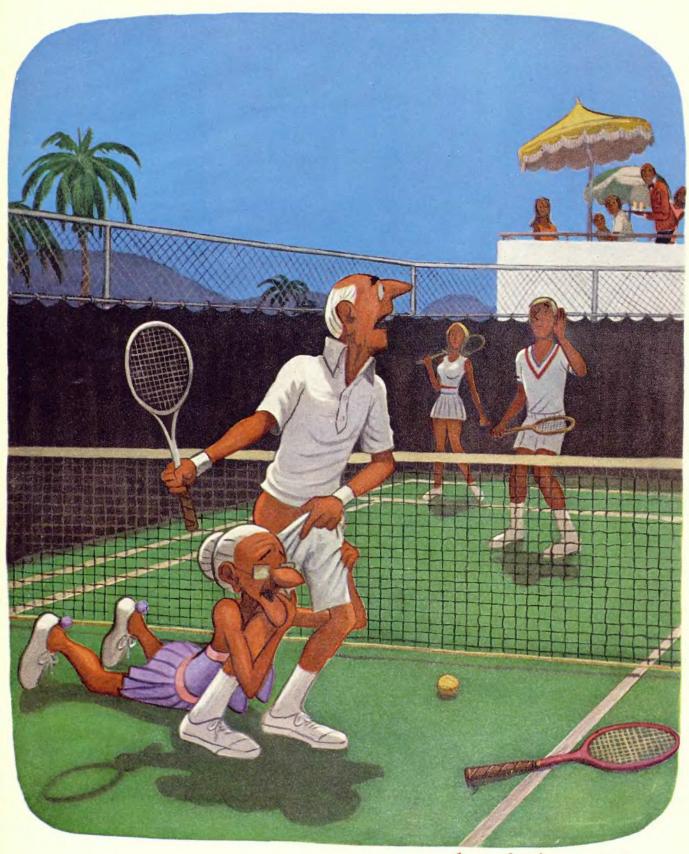
About the last thing to go was the old sense of esprit. That was the hardest thing to let go of, because there was nothing in civilian life that could replace it. The love and understanding of men for men in dangerous times and places and situations. Just as there was nothing in civilian life that could replace the heavy, turgid, day-to-day excitement of danger. Families and other civilian types would never understand that sense of esprit, any more than they would understand the excitement of the danger. Some old-timers, a lot of them, tried to hold on to the esprit by joining division associations and regimental associations. But the feeling wasn't the same, and never would be the same, because the motivation-the danger-was gone. Too many people lived too far away and had other jobs and other interests, and anyway, the drive was no longer there, and the most honest in their hearts had to admit it.

After all, the war was over.

When the veterans began to spend two nights a week down at the local American Legion, the families and parents and wives could heave a sigh of relief. Because they knew then that, after all, it—the war—was truly over.

How many times they had heard the old, long-drawn-out, faint field command pass down the long length of vast parade grounds, fading, as the guidons moved out front.

So slowly it faded, leaving behind it a whole generation of men who would walk into history looking backward, with their backs to the sun, peering forever over their shoulders at their own lengthening shadows trailing across the earth. None of them would ever really get over it.



but Brown

"Isn't there some alternate method of scoring? These constant references to love are upsetting my partner."

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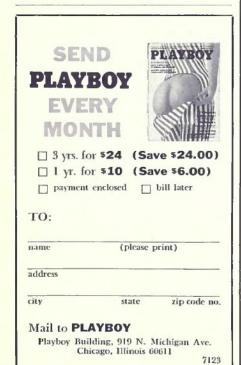
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